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INTERVIEW

From the Outside

A Non-Christian Perspective on Homosexuality and the Church

by AJ Gretz

Authors Note: This interview was conducted with my sister, Samantha Gretz, and her girlfriend Kate Simons. They are openly gay, and they are not Christians, although they both have experienced life in the Church in earlier years.

Not all of perspectives and ideas expressed in this interview reflect my own, as I affirm the positions taken by the CRC and Synod since 1973. This article is not meant to push a particular doctrinal or theological stance on issues related to homosexuality and the Church.

Instead, I wanted to conduct this interview in order to educate my fellow seminarians about the realities of what it is like to be gay. I recognize that sexuality is a touchy and difficult issue for many, many people. In order to be better prepared for ministry, I believe future pastors must hear the voice of the homosexual community. Through open communication, we can learn how to love them, serve them, and communicate the Gospel message to them.

It is my hope that this article will stir further questions, and that their words will encourage you to engage with members of the homosexual community in your own life. As we wrestle with these issues as a Church, may we all strive to listen to one another, and to speak and act slowly enough that we seek God's will in every interaction, and for every person we come across.

Kerux: So, who are you?

Sam: I'm Sam Gretz, and I'm 22.

Kate: I'm Kate Simons, and I'm 27.

Kerux: How long have you been together?

Kate: We've been dating for 5 months.

Kerux: How long have you been open with others about your sexuality?

Kate: It depends. Certain people I told when I was younger, but in general it's been for a couple of years.

Kerux: How young were you initially?

Kate: To my family and stuff I was probably 16. Being open with all people I was probably 24.

Kerux: Was there a catalyst that made you come out?

Kate: It was more about me just wanting to be myself and not wanting to hide myself anymore - it was a lot of work to keep it hidden. I had to be ok with it and accept myself, and then I wanted it to be known.

Sam: For me, it was probably about two years ago to people close - people I felt comfortable with. More just recently to anyone. There are still people I won't tell if I don't think they're comfortable with.

Kerux: Like who?

Sam: Like my Grandma Mona (laughs). People who probably wouldn't react well.

Katie: I'm in kind of the same boat.

Sam: As far as what prompted it, it's kind of the same thing. I discovered something really important about myself, and I wanted to be whole. I didn't want to hide from it.

Kerux: How long have you thought you might be gay?

Sam: Probably around middle school - I don't know the specific age. It was confusing. Girls would start talking about the dance. They'd say "oh, what handsome boy are you taking?" - you know because that's how middle school girls talk (laughter). I didn't understand it. When I was trying to make that attempt (to date), I always felt really uncomfortable with it. Mom would say things like "why don't you guys ever hug or anything?"

Kate: It started for me when I was 15. I thought it was just a phase - I thought I just needed to explore that and everybody went through that. It wasn't until I started to date men that I realized it was my preference.

Kerux: Was your coming out stimulated by anything external?

Sam: I thought it was just an attraction I had, and I didn't understand it. And then later I found out "oh, that's a thing."

Kate: I was kind of a tomboy and I had more guy friends in general, but I never felt attracted to them. When it came to romance/dating I always felt very uncomfortable with that idea. It was hard for me because my family told me I was wrong and that it was just a phase. I kind of believed that for awhile but that never felt right.

Kerux: Describe some of the reactions you've encountered when people find out you are gay?

Kate: When I told my family, they told me I was wrong. They said it was a phase, and I was too young to know the difference. I had to experience more of life. After I did, and I told them I felt the same, they were opposed to it - they don't want me to bring it up or talk about it. It doesn't exist in their world. With friends, they pretty much just wanted me to be happy. Same with people at work. So I guess I've had pretty much every kind of reaction you can get from all different parties.

Sam: It depends who you tell. How close you are with that person. The more that person cares about you, it seems the more they just want you to be happy. I think I was lucky that the majority of people I told have been supportive.

Kerux: Describe some of the reactions you've encountered from Christians when they find out you are gay?

Sam: I remember asking about it in high school - I went to a bible study with my friend Bethany. They were very adamant that it wasn't written in the bible, and it wasn't right. I completely respect that, but at the same time I feel like why would you let a book dictate your understanding of another person. Why wouldn't they just judge me for themselves first?

Kate: I went to a bible study as well in my twenties. Some of the people there took the Christian view to be "were not in a position to judge you." others would use the bible as a reason to not want to know me. It depended on that person's view of their faith.

Kerux: So when they said "the bible says this isn't God's will," it was like they didn't want to know you?

Kate: Exactly. They just wanted you to know that that's what it said. That its wrong. My father is a Mormon, and he just won't even address it with me. But some of the people I was in the bible study with were totally different - they were like "we love all people and it's not our position to make a judgement on that." I think the misconception is that gay people are deliberately choosing to be like that. But I didn't wake up one day and say "today I am gay." Why would you choose that?

Sam: No one wants to make their life harder. No one chooses that. Even important things are harder - if someone is sick, and you're not married, you wouldn't be able to visit them at certain points because you don't have the same rights.

Kerux: How has that impacted your own thoughts or feelings about Christianity?

Sam: I don't think those events necessarily did. It really depended on the person and how they judged me. So I'm going to judge a person based on how they are, and not necessarily what they believe. You can be a horrible person and a be a Christian, or a non-Christian.

Kate: I don't have any issues with someone because of their faith. I try to get to know a person and make an opinion based on their character and the kind of person that they are. For Christianity as a whole, nothing specifically has persuaded me one way or the other to be a Christian or not. It's been about me trying to study and learn it and finding myself not believing it.

Kerux: What are your current religious belief?

Kate: I don't really have a "religious belief." I haven't adopted anything specific. I'm not anti-religion by any means. I'm just not practicing anything specific.

Sam: I don't practice anything. I read the "Tao of Inner Peace" awhile ago. But that was all common sense stuff - "oh, you should be nice to people because you like it if they are nice to you." Stuff like that.

Kerux: Has your sexuality shaped your religious beliefs at all? Why or why not?

Kate: I think going back to when I was young, when I heard my parents and grandparents be so adamant against that lifestyle -I had a hard time with that. But as an adult it's been more about me just not believing it (Christianity). Because I tried to learn about Christianity for a good few years. It just didn't resonate with me. I saw a lot of people in the church I went to say one thing about being a good Christian and then saw them live their life a totally different way. I felt like the church itself was more of a business just trying to make money. They asked for money a lot - I guess I just kind of got annoyed with it in a way.

Sam: I think it is a small part of what I believe, there are a lot of other things. When I was a kid I had questions

like “where do the dinosaurs fit in,” and never really found real answers. It didn’t fit to me.

Kate: Science has had a lot to do with it. Science kind of contradicts the Bible in a lot of ways. You can twist the Bible to make it say anything you want, but there’s a lot of things it doesn’t address from a scientific standpoint. So that was a big thing for me to.

Kerux: How do you feel about Christians who believe that a homosexual relationship is sinful?

Kate: If someone said that to me, I would think they are entitled to their opinion, but I disagree with their judgement of me. I don’t really believe in God, so I don’t really believe what they believe about me. But I wouldn’t judge someone because of their religion, and I would hope that they wouldn’t hate me just because I don’t have religion.

Sam: People have a right to their opinions. But if someone said that to me I’d be offended.

Keux: Is there anything that can be done to bridge the gay community and those Christians, even though they disagree about homosexuality?

Sam: You just have to realize that regardless of what you think, you still have to learn to function in the world together. There’s no reason that just because you like cupcakes, and I like pizza, you can’t co-exist.

Kate: Whatever people believe happens after they die shouldn’t dictate how they live, and who they let in to their life. I know Christians have to spread the word of God, but they need to do it in a way that’s not domineering.

Kerux: This will be printed for seminary students, most of whom will soon be working in churches. Is there anything you want to say to them? Anything you want them to know?

Sam: If you’re going to be working in that field, you should go into it willing to accept anyone from any walk of life. Even if it’s not something you agree with, still be willing to work with those people, and you’ll find that that will open up your eyes a little bit. And you can help each other.

Essay

Educational Ministry in the Church

by Kevin Ha

Considering Anselm’s well-known phrase, “faith seeking understanding,” Christian faith and church education are inseparable. Every Christian is to know the Lord with diligence (Hos. 6:3). But a significant question could be, “for what?” Answering the question, I would say without hesitation, it is “for our sanctification.” It means Christians becoming Christ-likeness.

Humanity’s proper relationship in God’s creation was fatally impaired because of sin. Even after the grace of salvation, Christians are still living under the impact of brokenness. On the other hand, the good news is that, in spite of that reality, God’s kingdom is heading to its fulfillment, and we are preparing for the day of encounter with our Lord. In the meantime, because of our lack of knowledge and understanding, our stubbornness, and the necessity of the Holy Spirit’s guidance, we need proper church education.

The last chapter of Matthew teaches what the church, the community of Christ’s followers, core missions are – discipleship, baptism, and teaching. They exist for far beyond evangelism. As some people stress, spirituality is essential in Christianity. But without relevant knowledge, it could be dangerous and harmful in Christian faith. Granted, Church history is a good witness, for without proper understanding of biblical statement or doctrine, the faith can be shaken. Thus, intellectual maturity is necessary through education.

There is a more serious reason for education. Humans do wrong even when they have good knowledge and

understanding. Good education can contribute to this miserable situation. Without repentance, there is no hope in Christian life because no one is free from failing to walk uprightly in the Word of God. While sinning, people enjoy the moment by nature to some extent (Augustine). Church education should consistently lead Christians to see their condition, so that they can live with repenting hearts.

Finally, church education is to awaken Christians to the necessity of the Holy Spirit's guidance in their life journeys. "For lack of guidance a nation falls" (Prov. 11:14). The Spirit is the faithful teacher for Christians (Luke 12:12). Church education should emphasize humans' inability and uselessness without the work of the Spirit. He is close to repenting hearts.

Eventually no more education will be necessary in Jesus' glorious coming again because we will know Him as God knows us. However, until then Christians absolutely need it due to our ignorance and brokenness, repentance, and to be aware of the Spirit's guidance. Over all, church education exists to make Christians more holy. It does not necessarily mean a highly noble life, but our Christ-likeness day by day.

RECIPE

Southwest Pueblo Black Bean Soup

by Sara Bosscher

Zataran's Black Beans and Rice (8 oz. box)

1 1/2 cups cooked and cubed chicken

1 can cream style corn

1 can corn (drained)

1 cup salsa

1 can chicken broth

1 can black beans (drained and rinsed)

1 can diced tomatoes

optional: sour cream, cheese

optional: tortilla chips or corn bread

- 1) Start with a large pot. Prepare and cook Zataran's, as directed on box, for 15 minutes
- 2) While cooking the rice, you can cook and cube the chicken if you haven't yet. You can also open the cans and drain/rinse as needed.
- 3) After 15 minutes add the cooked chicken, as well as the rest of the ingredients to the pot. Stir well and simmer for 30 minutes.
- 4) Enjoy the soup hot by itself, or topped with sour cream or cheese. This recipe goes great with tortilla chips or corn muffins.

*It also freezes well and you can save yourself some time by putting leftovers in single serving containers before you freeze.

BOOK REVIEW

Book Review

Jesus, The Bible, and Homosexuality by Jack Rogers

by Brandon Haan

I grew up in the kind of community that had a lot of answers. For instance, we *knew* that homosexuality was a choice that people made. We *knew* that men were smarter than women. We *knew* that people on welfare were unmotivated freeloaders. We *knew* that people of other races were less capable than we were. We didn't know

how or why we knew the things that we did; we just knew them. For us, they were the facts that helped maintain the worldview we felt comfortable with.

Jack Rogers, author of *Jesus, the Bible, and Homosexuality: Explode the Myths, Heal the Church*, seems to have had a similar experience. Rogers's book was recommended to me two years ago by a mentor of mine who said that it had helped him think more fully through the questions over homosexuality that occasionally arose in the congregation he was serving at the time (an older RCA church in the suburbs of L.A.). Rogers's book chronicles his journey from a fairly staunch anti-homosexual position through a number of years of study and discussion to his current position of advocacy for inclusion and acceptance of practicing monogamous homosexual Christians in the church.

I appreciated a number of things about Rogers's work in the book. First, he spends the first four chapters rather candidly describing his own experiences with the issue—his hermeneutical methods, other contextual and ecclesiastical issues related to the issue of homosexuality, and the history of North American Reformed Biblical interpretative methods. This introductory framework sets the stage well for Rogers's later discussion of both the Biblical passages pertaining to homosexuality and the issue itself in the larger social context. Second, it's clear that Rogers is a committed Reformed Christian (he's a Presbyterian), intent on presenting his work from a Reformed perspective. For instance, he traces, rather extensively, the history of Reformed hermeneutical method on the North American continent and shows how it has evolved over time. Additionally, he regularly cites a number of Reformed confessions, including the Heidelberg Catechism, The Westminster Confession of Faith, and the Second Helvetic Confession, as well as others. Third, Rogers pays close attention to the issues of context present whenever one is interpreting scripture and applying it to today. He is careful to examine the contextual issues applicable to the text itself as well as those applicable to our current situation today, and he expertly navigates the resulting intricacies of interpretation. Fourth, and possibly most importantly, Rogers holds a high view of scripture, and he treats the text with care and respect, an important approach for any interpreter.

Following the introductory chapters in which he establishes a firm framework for his treatment of homosexuality and the applicable Biblical passages, Rogers moves through all eight texts most often cited against homosexuality; applicable questions and positions present in the larger debate, but outside of the Biblical discussion; his recommendations for the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) regarding its stances on the issue; and a final chapter on issues he views to be important to the redemptive flow of history present in the Gospel. In the end, Rogers emerges as a strong advocate for homosexual marriage and full homosexual membership in the church.

On the whole, the book is a fairly solid examination of a number of applicable issues regarding the homosexual debate. That said, Rogers does leave some somewhat substantial questions unanswered, and he also opens himself up to criticism regarding some of his arguments. I thought that, at times, Rogers relied too much on other examples of oppression in North American society and churches (he extensively works through developments in racial reconciliation, gender equality, and divorce and remarriage). The problem is that each of these issues has its own specific nuances and cannot always be directly or adequately applied to other contentious discussions. Also, Rogers's discussion over the presence of homosexuality in other species (which he uses as an argument for the position that homosexuality is part of the natural order) fails to make what I feel is an important pre-fall/post-fall distinction. Rogers argues, with sound scientific data, that homosexuality is indeed present, even monogamously, in other species. But he neglects to establish whether or not he believes that this was part of God's original created order, and his argument suffers from the lack of clarification.

Furthermore, Rogers makes what I think is a fairly weak argument in the book's final chapter, where he tries to find some positive scriptural evidence on behalf of homosexuals. Rogers argues that eunuchs in the Bible are the closest examples we have in scripture to modern-day homosexuals and that their interaction with early believers should convince modern Christians of the necessity of welcoming practicing homosexuals into the church. To be honest, I found this final assertion a bit of a stretch.

Still, despite the book's shortcomings, Rogers does make a number of important points that Christians need to keep in mind when working through the questions that homosexuality poses to the church. First, believers

need to be aware of how much socio-cultural prejudice we are allowing into this discussion. Second, our arguments for or against the inclusion of homosexuals in the church cannot be based on unsubstantiated pop psychology and unmethodical pseudoscience (the kind advanced by Fundamentalist Christian leaders working more off personal convictions and assumptions rather than accepted studies). Third, we must strive to be governed by love in talking with those we disagree with; after all, we are dealing with human beings, and we must keep in mind that we are to care for them. Finally, and again most importantly, we must turn to scripture for guidance on this issue, and we must engage in an appropriate, exegetically sound reading of the relevant texts in such a way that the Bible, as whole, can inform us on how to deal with this kind of issue and teach us humility in the process.

Rogers has come to the conclusion—after years of study and numerous personal experiences that helped him progress in his understanding of the issue—that an honest, Reformed reading of scripture allows for the full inclusion of homosexuality in the church. I recommend his book not so much because I agree or disagree with his position, but because I think that Rogers engages in the kind of honest discussion of a difficult issue that we, as a denomination, will be facing in the coming years, and I think that it is necessary for us to be well prepared when that debate comes to our front step. I don't think that this issue is going to go away, and I think that educating ourselves on all sides of the debate is the best way for us to be able to respectfully and reasonably engage in this discussion when the time comes, and this book could certainly serve as one voice in that process. Indeed, we might even find ourselves more empathetic and better able to care for God's people as a result.

SHORT STORY

Healing

By Jonathan Fischer

None of the clocks at this place told the correct time, and none of the nurses bothered to fix them.

Kate and Ravi must be back home by now. They had finally gotten him off their hands, and were probably throwing a fine dinner to celebrate. It was just as well; they had been getting on his nerves from when he had first moved in. At least his grandchildren were well-behaved. It would be different not to have them around anymore.

It seemed to have been only a few months ago that he had been in his office on the eightieth floor...his mahogany desk, exotic plants he had picked out (he assumed the maid kept them watered), and bookshelves filled with the writings of great thinkers and their impressive achievements. Below his office streamed the narrow rivers of cars, busily making their ways here and there—it was pleasant for him to sit by his window, overlooking all that lay below, above the hubbub and pettiness of city life.

He had once been there too, working every day after school at a grimy restaurant on Tenth Avenue. Thankfully that had not lasted long; he had found a prestigious internship during college, and after earning his MBA, had pushed his way over the years to where he was now: a Partner in one of the biggest venture capital firms in the country. He had climbed every step from that street far below, to finally arrive where he now sat in ease, overlooking the cityscape as traffic grew even more congested with evening drawing near.

He had made that life. He had recognized potential in fledgling companies and provided the funds they had needed. He had acquired a hefty portfolio over the years—security for any difficulties that might arise in the future. He had raised Kate by himself after her mother left. He had sent her to the top boarding school in the country. He had done all this.

Why didn't he work at the firm anymore? He vaguely recalled a memory of investments gone awry, and others pushing him to retire. They didn't want to share the power. A few months of living with Kate and Ravi, then this.

“Goshen Forest Homes” was tiny, and even as he walked in with Kate and Ravi that afternoon, he could tell that his chances of finding stimulating conversation would be slim. They had signed the paperwork...all that psychobabble and labeling for the benefit of those who just didn't want him around any longer. Then they had hugged him goodbye—a show for the nurses—and left. One nurse had tried to help him with his luggage,

but he had shaken off her patronizing attempts. He could carry his own bags.

His room was on a corner of the building, furnished with a bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and a floor lamp. Kate and Ravi would bring more of his furniture the next day, but he knew that only a fraction of it would fit. They would keep the rest.

The one picture window in his room looked west, with a poplar tree on one side and a juniper on the other. The manicured lawn climbed up a few hundred yards before reaching a cluster of houses, and then woods. Stow his suitcases in the corner of the room, check the bathroom—it seemed clean—and make a mental note of the bent corner of the window blinds. He would make sure they fixed it.

He left his room and closed the door behind him. To his left were the rest of the residents' rooms, from where a white-haired woman was slowly making her way towards him with the help of a walker. He turned away from her and went straight. As he walked down the hall, steadying himself on the handrail, he could see the dining area to his right. The schedule was on the wall: breakfast at nine, lunch at one, and dinner at seven. There were a few activities in between meal times, but nothing that interested him as much as his own reading or work. He was retired, but that did not have to stop him from pursuing new personal investment plans. Futures in oil, maybe. He would have to check his portfolio.

In such a place, he would have to depend upon himself to find stimulation and mental exercise. No matter; he had spent much of his life working his way up the corporate ladder, passing those who were less competent or less bright. He could do so again.

Further down the hall, there was a room about half the size of the dining area. It had a few sofas, some chairs, and two tables. He opened the door and went in. Older men and women sat scattered around the room, some watching television, one talking with a nurse. Two others were working on a puzzle at one of the tables, but their unsteady hands made the task difficult. He quickly turned around and went back out into the hallway. On his way back to his room, he passed the woman with the walker whom he had seen earlier, but did not return her glance; these people would drag him into their world if he let them. Just let him retreat to the company of Franklin, Virgil, and Machiavelli.

Turning right to follow the hall, he continued down to the residents' rooms. But the names on the rooms were not any he recognized...and what name was he looking for? He entered a room on his right to find an older man sitting up on his bed as a nurse gave him water and his medications to swallow. Such a small task, and the man couldn't do it himself. He despised him. Closing the door, he wandered back up the hall. Oh yes—there it was: "Charles Baker." That was his room. And it was in the corner of the building; it would be pleasant to have the extra privacy. He would have to talk to them tomorrow about changing the nameplate to Charles Baker, *MBA, VC*.

Fortunately, he had thought to bring one of his books with him so that he would not have to sit in boredom until Kate and Ravi brought the rest the next day. *A Biography of Charlemagne*: his most recent interest. Sitting down in a chair by his bed, he opened where he had left off and started reading. A few pages later, however, he found writing in the margins—unusual, as he had bought this book new. Ravi must have been reading it. But no—it was actually his own handwriting; he must have already been further along than he had thought, though he could not recall what it had said. He paused, started to close the book, opened it again, and then, placing a bookmark on the last page with his notes, he turned off the light and went to bed. He was probably just tired.

That night after dinner, as he was falling asleep, the grandfather clock in the hall sounded four times. It was dark out.

* * *

Kate and her husband would be coming soon. One nurse had reminded him of their visit—apparently they came every Thursday. He didn't think much of those times; it was good to see the grandchildren every once in a while, but to Kate he was only another time slot in her schedule. Go shopping, put out the trash, say hi to the neighbors, visit him...

He made his way from his room to the common area. He hadn't spent much time there before; he mostly preferred to stay in his room. But a change could be nice. A chair in the corner was empty, and he went there; next to him was the older lady he had seen the first day. She told him her name was Sally. Her cheeks were immortalized with the wrinkles of a ready smile. She greeted him: "I'm Sally. What is your name?"

“Charles.”

A pause, but he could not help commenting. “You smile a lot.”

“Oh, He’s blessed me with so much, I guess I just can’t help it.”

There it was again—that smile. And in this place? She must be pretty far gone.

The clocks seemed to chime a little faster when he was sitting with the others and Sally, and soon they were calling everyone for dinner. More nurses, lending a hand on the way to the dining room. Wasn’t he fast enough?

* * *

They would be coming in to take him to lunch soon, but he would beat them to it. Easing out of his chair, he supported himself on the doorknob as he opened it. A moment to recover his balance, and then out into the hall. The journey to the dining area had grown tedious, but he made it without aid. The room was dark when he reached it, and the door was locked. Lunch should be going on, but they must have changed the time. Why? Most likely to keep him wondering.

He turned around, and back down the hall, a younger man and woman rounded the corner, waving when they saw him. What did they want? The man was darker, and the woman had blonde hair. Dad? They were pretending that they knew him. He would go back to his room. They followed; perhaps they had visited before. He would let them in. Was it Thursday already? They said it was good to see him. He was not sure what most of the conversation was about, but it was a pleasant time. They were nice, and they listened. Maybe they would come again.

Nurse? He needed to use the restroom.

* * *

The day felt clearer; less foggy outside than earlier. There were many rainy days with fog afterward in this warm spring weather. Hard to see the houses outside his window. Some people came to visit—hopefully they had a good time, he certainly liked talking with them. Also with the others in the rooms near him—they had some interesting stories to tell. One had grown up on a street adjacent to his own in Queens. He still tried to read his books once in a while, but the pages didn’t turn as fast as they used to. Maybe the others would read to him when they visited...that would be nice. At his age he couldn’t entertain them much, but they came back anyway.

He heard the gonging from the old clock in the hall. Hadn’t it just gone off? When was dinner? The nurses would tell him when he had to go.

* * *

Not sure what time it was, or whether he had woken up from a nap or from a night’s sleep. But it seemed to be morning. He tried to get dressed, and a nurse buttoned his shirt for him when she saw his difficulty. On his way to the common room, Sally greeted him. They walked together, and sat in adjacent chairs in silence. It was a gentle silence.

Lunch, then back to the common room. No, it was the other way down the hall. Turn around and go back. He found his usual chair, and sat down. A minute, then he got up to look for something—what?—and sat down again. A nurse brought him his medication, and he gave her back the cup of water afterwards. Nice of her to bring them to him.

* * *

Where was he? These long hallways pressed in closer around him. He would get out and go—where? Somewhere. Who were these people? They kept saying a name—“Charles.” They had taken his map. He would have to find his own way. That door was locked: of course. The other opened outside, but there was a wall around the garden there. Where was he going? Nowhere. It was time for dinner, but he had to find his way. Supper would be on the table soon. Everyone was staring at him. Did they want his money?

There was the friendly, white-haired lady walking by. She smiled: “Hello, Charles.” Her words felt to him like a pillow. Soothing.

A young woman was saying something to him. Blonde hair, a smile. He did not respond, but something about her allowed him to forget that he needed to escape. She seemed familiar, and with her presence the walls in the hall expanded and allowed him to breathe a little more freely. She put his arm in hers and walked with him down the hall; it was okay now. She would take him wherever he needed to be.

Thank you.

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