
GOD LANGUAGE

Words of human derivement can only scratch the image of a poor reflection of the actuality of God. However, in our existence the only way in which to converse with or about God is by making him the greatest imaginable being confined by our limits. I can not, if I have never spoken Russian, tell another English speaking person about how good God is in Russian. It is impossible. First, because I do not know Russian. Second, because he does not know Russian. So it is with God and man. I can not converse about that which is outside of my limits to another about something that is outside of his limits.

This seems to be a losing proposition. Why spend time on that which is impossible, given the proposition of limits and limitlessness?

In calculus we talk about limits by approaching near to that limit but never actually arriving to it. To speak of limits is to speak of the points surrounding the limit and not the limit itself. For to speak of the limit is to speak of utter drivel because the actuality of the limit does not exist. We can never understand the limit by speaking of the limit itself. But to understand it we must understand the surroundings of the limit. If my talk concerns the points approaching the limit, then, in my realm of understanding, much more is learned of the limit.

The same it is with God. The problem with speaking of the unbounded in finite language is overcome by speaking, in terms of man, about that which is close to the unbounded, or God. Therefore, words such as omnipotent, omniscient, and omnibenevolent can never be understood in its unlimited meaning. I can, however, think in my terms of that which is more powerful than the most powerful thing I know; and that which knows more than knowledge itself; and that which is more of the essence of good than even the best element or force that I can know. The same happens when applied to words such as Love and Kindness. We can only see these words in a sense of perverted meaning. It is impossible for me to understand the word Love in its God-sense because 1) I do not or cannot understand God and 2) I do not and cannot understand a non-perverted Love (not sexually perverted).

I can, however, take my idea of Love and expand it by trying to lose its tarnished finish and give to the word Love (when used with respect to God) a greater meaning of Love by omitting the tarnish of self and other limiting factors. This process must also occur with the word 'God.' But when you put two unknowns together you receive an unknown. In math when two unknowns are put together an unknown is the result. However, If the unknowns are qualified by a sign then you know one vital bit of information: in which direction the unknowns are traveling. This is the same with language of God. We know that when we speak of God that it is in the positive. Therefore, this creates the unlimited, infinite relation of our words to the positive infinitude of God.

"The truth is the one thing that nobody will ever believe." - George Bernard Shaw-

A Tribute

A deep sadness overwhelms me.
 I watch the news.
 I never watch the news.
 I see you have died
 I think, how could you do this to me
 You, such an influence on my life.
 I always felt comfortable knowing you were there.
 There to back up what I did.
 I live your work, your thoughts, your style
 You understand me perfectly but never knew me.
 I'm on my own now
 Alone in this world.
 I'll try and carry on

It will be hard.
 I will cry
 I will miss you
 A deep sadness overwhelms me.

You were of another generation yet then,
 You were our generation.
 Ahead of itself, ahead of yourself.
 You knew the future.
 You knew how we would be, what we would think
 Where we would go.
 We will miss you
 I will miss you
 I will cry again.

They will use your talents for their gain
 Horde you creativity for money.
 You always were there
 They will keep you locked away.
 You will not be forgotten
 We will carry on
 We'll make you proud.
 Andy is dead and we will cry for him.
 I will cry for him.

"He was part of my dream, of course- but I was part of his dream, too." **Through the Looking Glass**

ABUSIVE METAPHORNICATION
A Treatise on Navigability

In light, cool, balmy days of the fall, we notice many sailing ships of worthy size being navigated upon that treacherous tributary of the Pacific Ocean: Taylor Lake. The ships are stately, graceful and sleek. The tall masts are trimmed with large colorful sails which billow with the West's misty winds. The green and yellow standards stir noble passions in the hearts of the young and the restless youth. Yes, pride dwells within all of us as we gaze upon these vessels which make our university that which it is.

But once, a brave lad amongst us perchanced to examine the ships with a spyglass. He observed the face of a young sailor upon a fair ship. The expression on the sailor's face made the young lad moan with sorrow.

Why? Because upon the sailor's face was etched an expression of extreme hopelessness, vagrancy and fear. Fear of the unknown seas that lay ahead.

Then, we, the writers, considered that, as we sat in our sumptuous lounge chairs beneath the Commons windows, all of us are like the sailor (except for our garb, Of course!). We spied upon our dining mates with their beautiful clothes woven of silk and the finest cottons and, through a spyglass of revelation, saw that their faces betrayed the same lack of fixation that the sailors had. These miserable and carefully clothed collegiate students were as scared and vulnerable as the lost sailors.

SO, if you or your friends are ever spying upon each other and notice this fearsome and desperate expression, then think of the sailor and then the seas, then think of truth. SO, mate-o, steer clear of the barbarous straits for they hold nothing but lostness.

"Rascality has limits; stupidity has not." -Napolean Bonaparte-

SELFLESSNESS

Pessimism is fed by the senselessness and blood thirst of society.
 A gang rape, a tortured child,
 Even the daily thoughtless cruelties.
 Expecting the worst, you are never dissapointed,
 But to be dissapointed, one must have hope, and
 Pessimism gives no cause for hope.
 Avoid the trap.
 Granted, each human has the capacity for evil

Know it, but don't dwell in it.
Be open for ideas, conservative or radical.
Accept others faults - you are not free, either.
Rejoice in friendship - it is a gift from God.
Look for the harmonies of joy in small things to place society's
dissonance in perspective.
In dealing with others, remember:
Love them.

"Imagination is much more important than knowledge." -Albert Einstein-

A LIMERICK FOR LOVERS

There once was a school named Wheaton
Whose students all were cretins
They all had obsessions
For worldly possessions
But at least they didn't call anybody names
Oops.

PEOPLE DISCOUNTING

Before I Begin, I realize that I'm using some examples that are still a sore spot with some. I apologize profusely in advance. I'm not trying to hurt anyone, but these instances are highly illustrative.

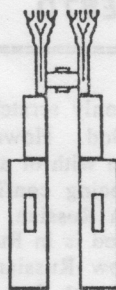
Isn't it funny how rumors go? On such a small campus, it's easy to get one started and circulated. 'Did you hear about Roger Dodger? Someone saw him smoking marijuana. You know a couple of times I've passed him, and he has smelled a bit like it...' Or, 'Jeanie Weenie came in real late last night and threw up. She looks a little hung over this morning, I wonder...'

I guess the rumor that finally made me think about the state and speed of gossip on this campus was the 'break-ins' last Monday. The incidents occurred at 4:30am, and I'd already heard about it at breakfast (appx. 7:30am). By 11:00, I'd heard three other versions and was ready to make up my own version. "Yeah, I heard he was in a black dress, had one leg and had walked in the front doors of both halls 'cos they were both unlocked..."

Granted, the 'grapevine' is a great source of quick information. It is also highly inaccurate and biased. Each teller gives his/her version of what he/she has heard. But as Christians, is it right for us to go about gossiping? Paul says in II Corinthians 12:20, "For I am afraid that when I come I may not find you as I want you to be, and you may not find me as you want me to be. I fear that there may be quarrelling, jealousy, outbursts of anger, factions, slander, gossip, arrogance and disorder." (Living Bible).

Next time you feel the temptation to spread a rumor, think first. If it is true, it may not be in the best taste to let the whole campus know what a wingmate did. And if it is untrue, you will hurt the subject. We have all seen both ends of these occurrences. Think of the other for once. If you were the next subject, you wouldn't want an incident or misunderstanding to become public knowledge.

"I speak to everyone the same way, weather he is the garbage man or the President of the University." -Albert Einstein-



As president
I would change
the bell tower
into a symbol
of our food
needs. The two
stalks of celery
would show this.



"There is no way that writers can be tamed and rendered civilized." -Dr. Richard Ames-

YOU GOTTA FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT

Even T.U. students are fighting for their right to be obnoxious. Don't believe it? Look for a minute to the next table. Chances are, there is a person who is 1) mashing rolls, cream puffs and ravioli into a glass of cottage cheese, 2) stabbing 50 forks into an apple, or 3) whipping half-eaten morsels at you. See what I mean? It's all a matter of rights: his right to look stupid and your right to eat a semi-pleasant meal. Who's right is greater? Can you ethically infringe upon his right to look stupid? I say you can. First, your right to a nice meal outweighs his right to gross you out. He's disturbing the peace and breaking the law. Second, his mess costs you money. Because dishroomies don't give a heck about 50 forks in an apple, they toss the whole mess into the trash. That costs money. Finally, it's up to you to cure his psychological problem. Suggest a day outside of the D.C. to exercise his obnoxious spirit: 1) a game of mud football, 2) an all night stay in pigland, or 3) an application to Ball State. Go ahead! It's your right to fight his right for his right to be obnoxious -- stuff your fist down his throat.

"The majority is never right." -Lazarus Long-

THE SOAP OPERA BOX

Now that Clyde Johnson had fully recovered from bone cancer and had signed a new 5-year contract, he knew that the writers would allow him to marry the girl of his dreams, Andrea Puffytush.

"So the way I see it," he said, "we're getting killed in the ratings and now that I'm gonna be here for five more years, and your contract's not up for another two, we should probably tie the noose."

"Oh Clyde, you romantic devil. Of course I'll marry you. When should we have the ceremony?"

"I think the February sweeps would be good. They'll probably want a big, huge, fancy church wedding to take two episodes, and then a two-part honeymoon...yea, I'd say February for sure."

Wait 'til the rest of the cast finds out. We can bring back people who have left and play top-forty songs and show flashbacks and go to Hawaii on location...I'm the luckiest girl in the whole world," she said, waving goodbye.

Clyde nodded and flashed his reassuring, Ultra-Bright smile, but inside he knew the truth. The horrible, awful truth. He knew that it was a long time until February again. He knew that he and Andrea would get into a fight and hurt each other and they would vow to never get back together again...until the story leaked to the Enquirer. He knew all these things...but held his tongue and rang for the nurse so she could try.

Tune in next week for...