

A CHOICE

I have come to the conclusion that most of the people here at Taylor do not understand what the basic thrust behind Christianity means and what it demands. If you are faced with an ultimatum which demands a certain action on your part to accomplish or you will die, then you know what needs to be done. Either you will live or you will die, unfulfilled and without a purpose. Christianity is much the same way. We have been confronted 2000 years ago with a man, idea and a life. Today 2000 years later, we try to squeeze by in our life by not doing anything with the excuse that he is not with us today. Maybe you do not speak that, but your actions betray your inner being. If we look at Christ and his ministry, we will see that he was not passive about anything. His whole life bred of a fervor that penetrated his surroundings and those that were not near him. Even today, years later, we feel his impact on society and individual lives. How is it that we, pretending to be followers, do not follow the example he set before us with a life devoted wholly to the work of his father, which is our father now? For some reason we see Christianity as calling some people to be 'active' and 'full-time' and some people to be the 'support' which is passive? Where have we lost the fervor which Christ had? What is the problem with our Church? Are we to be comfortable and turn into the church of Laodicea? There is a problem with our attitudes and our actions that emanate from these attitudes. That is that we can feel as though there is no need for real activity in the Church of God.

We feel as though we are in the last days and thereby signifying that we do not need to spend time on that which will not come to full fruition. A man was once asked, "If you knew that the world were to end tomorrow, what would you do?" His reply was "I would plant a tree!" What wisdom, what knowing, what dedication that we as 'Christians' have yet to see from our supposed 'good' church. Let us hope that we can change our lackadaisical view of religion and God from one that encompasses two hours on a Sunday to one that encompasses all hours of every day. There is no limit to what time we can spend serving God and proclaiming his word. By way of example, allow me to close. Do you remember the inter-state bridge that collapsed a few weeks back in New York? The bridge collapsed in the middle of the night with cars on it. Some cars on each side saw what happened and were able to stop before they plummeted to a certain death. What did they do then? Sit and wait for someone to stop the other cars coming towards the bridge? NO! The people got out and started to flag down the cars that were heading for the now open crevice. They saved lives.

Is not life and death the same but multiplied to infinity? We have the knowledge of the bridge that is out and that will plummet the souls of those heading for it to certain death. Will we wait for the 'qualified' personnel to slow the traffic? HELL NO! (And I chose my words carefully.) We will get out and help the cars to stop. However, unlike the bridge, we have a way to help the people across the bridge. We know the way to freedom. Will you not stop your busy life and help? Or will you be one who sits back and says there will be another who is called?

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him." Luke 11: 31-33

Stop Complaining

Question: What do you get when you write information as compactly and unopinionated as possible in hopes that you do not offend anyone? Answer: The Echo. I hope the writers for the Echo are reading this. Many people read articles in the

Brazilian and are disturbed. If you are one of those people, Stop Complaining! You have your rights! They are: 1) You have the right to submit a letter containing your biased, deviated feelings to the staff at the Brazilian. 2) You have the right to read the T.U. school newspaper--The Echo--which, I insure, will not offend you since it acts out exactly what the name implies. 3) You have the right to start your own paper, remember this is still a free country..."This isn't Russia, is it?"

The purpose of this article is not to slam the Echo, (it has its place), but rather to give an informed opinion to those ignorant of the Brazilian's intent. If you were one of the many people quite disturbed with the section "The Brazilian Morning Worship Service," begin paying close attention. When I heard, "I wonder what church the writers of this paper go to? I sure don't go to a church like that," I was quite amused--to say the least! But instead of 'casting pearls before swine,' I decided to choose option number one, mentioned above.

Concerning the "Service": I do not know the author, however, I believe that he/she would agree with my interpretation of his/her intent. The object was misunderstood; understand that: A) The service was not directed at any outstanding church, B) No service is completely like the one printed, but C) the revelation of such a service should provoke people enough to determine that similar services will not exist in our churches.

Every medium of communication needs some kind of catch to interest readers enough to consume its information. For example: Paul Harvey uses his clever wit to entertain during his broadcast, The Star and The Enquirer state facts while twisting them into lies to capture attention, The Brazilian uses sarcasm and cynicism which causes its audience to think. The Echo has no 'artistic catch' that would interest me to read it, that is why this opinion was sent to the Brazilian--more people read what offends them because people like to complain.

Think about it until next time.

"The newspapers are the ruling power." -David Thoreau-

WITHOUT DARKNESS

In the shadows of the darkness,

A soul cries unheard.

In the shadows of the darkness, A bird flies unseen.

Where are the boundaries?

Can I find them?

Can you find them?

Are they really there?

The voice of One sing out

To call me.

My soul doth yearn

And turn and burn,

Until the skies are

Read with Pain.

My mind twists and skewers

Until the mine

Is found.

The explosion rocks

A foundation that holds

Not like sand.

The answer builds another stone

In the wall of a house

Not seen.

A fortress that holds out

That darkness.

In the shadows of a darkness,

A soul is now found.

In the shadows of a darkness,

A bird doth perch.

The windows at an angle

Are opened to the darkness,

And from them frays

A light of invisibility.

The shadows of the darkness flee

From every day,
Until the radiant song of life is

Potent.

The souls unheard
And the birds unseen
All crowd together
Inwardly.

To find themselves
Within

A fortress of light.
Where are we now?
What are we now?
A tangled, bangled
Mess of incongruency!

No!

The windows close
While the shadows
Return.

The song is Muffled
No longer
Reality.

In the shadows of a darkness,
There is no more a soul.

In the shadows of a darkness,
There is no more a bird.

Of flight and voice,
Of light and song,
The darkness is void.

"It is as natural to man to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other." -Francis Bacon-

Brazilian Therapy Session

I've got a problem. It's one of those problems that's too deep to discuss with your mother and too personal to take to a campus psychologist--you know the kind I mean. It's the kind of thing that you desperately need to get off of your chest, and the Brazilian is the perfect forum for me--it offers the anonymity I need along with the assurance that my problem is being read and is striking chords with many other people. I know I might seem a little crazy, so let me stress that I am not part of the Brazilian board of directors (come to think of it--who is???) I'm just a poor underprivileged insecure freshman with emotional traumas and no real reason to expect you to read this far--but what the heck! Here goes:

I'm obsessed with Joe Maniglia.

Oh, it started out as a perfectly normal neurosis. We were young and impressionable blue-folderetes fresh out of orientation, and the names among us--Kesler, Yost, Tom Cain--you know, the history-makers, the true statesmen of the University. But the one name that make the girls swoon and the guys slouch a little lower in their chairs in vain efforts to emulate his greatness, was Joe Maniglia. Maniglia--the actor, the campus funnyman, the 'typical Taylor guy,' the all-around all-American good ol' hometown boy with a quick mind, devilish grin, and an eye for the ladies. In short, Joe was our idol.

One fateful day, after worshipping his aura of suaveness and charm from afar for weeks, I was unexpectedly introduced to the man himself (I can't reveal the circumstances.) I immediately froze up. Tongue-tied, my palms sweaty and knees knocking, I tried to croak out a few words of admiration and praise. Nothing happened. Just before I fell to the floor to kiss his wisdom-worn work shoes, he spoke to me, from his profound depths of wit and knowledge, from the same fount of genius that brought us wry humor and relevant social sarcasm and a flawless imitation of Sam Kinison imitating a den mother:

"Hello," he said, in a rich, warm voice.

Since then, I've been following his activities fanatically. When he appeared on stage with the lighthouse team, I spent the entire chapel nudging everyone for three rows

around me, whispering loudly "See the short one in the white suit? That's Joe Maniglia. I know him!" When he was part of youth conference chapel, I found myself almost running up to the front shouting, "I'll drop and give him ten for you, Joe." When his picture as Oliver Cool appeared in another publication, I stole the entire stack from the Wengatz line and papered my ceiling with them. I'm now working on a full-size latch-hook wall hanging of Joe. My 'life-saying' has changed to "Did I stutter?" My girlfriend, who prefers fashionably skinny guys, is appalled by the twenty pounds I've put on, and she regards my attempts to sing harmony with unbridled animosity. I'm a nervous wreck. I can't concentrate in Fitness for Life. I need your prayers and encouragement.

Or maybe I just need a blue pill. Could it be strep.
Can anybody relate???

"And the people in the houses all went to the university where they were put in boxes and they came out all the same." - Malvina Reynolds-

Life in General

When life seems too cluttered with things to be done,
and no time to relax.

That is when we go crazy.

We want to quit, give up,

but you can't seem to stop or you will fall miles behind.

The agony of despair.

You wish to go to a quiet and serene place,
letting time pass casually.

But what is life but hectic and insane.

why do we put up with it.

Late nights, early mornings,

Killing ourselves for the sake of a goal.

I want to quit, give up, and become a hermit lining all alone,
a peaceful and subdued life.

The quiet ride at night,

The soft air blowing on your haggard face.

The music of the air quietly passing you by.

Why can't life be carefree and mellow,

instead of everything mattering and being ebbed in by time.

I want out,

But LORD I can't so, help me make it through.

Give me strength to carry on,

and work with in my means to accomplish my goals.

"I wanted only to try to live in accord with the promptings which came from my true self. Why was that so very difficult?" -Herman Hesse-

We would like to thank you for the response that we have recieved from the faithful readers of the Brazilian. Most of it we will be able to put in at a later date. We look forward to hearing from more of you. Thank-You. -ed-

Our P.O. Box

Brazilian Manifesto

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P.S. Usually Tigers go after antagonists.

"It's not a question of whose habitat it is, it's a question of how hard you hit it." -Arthur Dent Hitchhiker Radio Scripts-

A LIMERICK FOR LAZY BASS-TURDS

When it comes to assignments, I rue it.

I toss it and kindly say "Screw it."

And it's not only me,

But the rest, A thru Z.

So why do the dirty profs due it?
