



# MOTIF

The Creative  
Arts Journal  
of  
Concordia  
University  
Chicago

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2025

# MOTIF

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**Vol. 47  
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**Radke/Sorenson  
Prizes for Writing 2025**

The English Department and the editors of *Motif* are proud to include in the 2025 issue the winners of the fourteenth annual Radke/Sorenson Prizes for Writing. These \$250 prizes, endowed by an anonymous donor, recognize an outstanding poem and essay written by a junior or senior English major.

The 2025 essay prize is awarded to Isaiah Tietz for his essay “The Interplay of Christianity and Paganism in *Beowulf*.” Isaiah, a junior from Ft. Wayne, IN, is a Secondary Education English major in the Lutheran Teacher Education program.

The winner of the 2025 poetry prize is Isabelle Campos for her poem “Sister.” Isabelle, a junior, is a Secondary Education English major from Burbank, IL.

The awards are named for two distinguished former members of the English Department, Dr. Merle Radke and Prof. Karl Sorenson. Dr. Radke, who specialized in American realist and naturalist fiction, taught English at Concordia from 1957 to 1987. He served for many years as department chair, in addition to editing the journal *Lutheran Education*. He passed away in 2017 at the age of 95. Prof. Karl Sorenson, who served in the English Department from at 1965 to 1999, taught a variety of courses in British literature and drama. He also directed and acted in many plays, both at Concordia and in local community theaters. Prof. Sorenson passed away in 2004.

We also gratefully acknowledge the Dr. Merle and Ruth Radke Endowment Fund, which helps to fund the annual publication of *Motif*. The endowment was established in 2017 to honor Dr. Radke’s service to the English Department at Concordia.

You may notice that a few of the photographic submissions in *Motif* this year, are from Italy. This is no coincidence since they were taken by some of our staff, students, and alumni who attended Concordia’s 2024 Classical Education Trip to Sicily. Since returning from their trip, they have shown these specific photos in two gallery shows in the Oak Park area as well.

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## The Interplay of Christianity and Paganism in *Beowulf*

Isaiah Tietz



Arising out of medieval Europe's famously complex backdrop, *Beowulf* may appear fairly structured, plot-driven, and symmetrical. The poem classically describes the fortitude of a heroic but flawed protagonist, whose journey progresses from heroism to tragedy. Yet a closer look at the text reveals a confounding paradox of values. Mythical monsters are genealogically traced to biblical characters, and the title character himself, who credits his victory in battle to "God [his] shield" (Tolkien, In. 1388), is cremated by his countrymen and entombed in a barrow. Throughout the plot, pagan and Christian elements overtly exist in an uneasy tension, leading to intratextual religious disunity. Based on these discrepancies, two primary questions arise. How, and for what reason, do paganism and Christianity respectively influence the *Beowulf* text? Also, with these paradoxical elements, can the reader come to any sense of mediation?

To answer these questions, it will be vital to determine the historical circumstances surrounding the text of *Beowulf* and specific instances in the text that show the effects of pagan and Christian impacts. By reconciling the historical context of the poem with its constituent elements, this paper intends to generate an understanding of textual unity between these seemingly incompatible components. Based upon the rich milieu of cultural influences coupled with the persistence of pagan and Christian elements, *Beowulf's* disunity is a time capsule of the religious discord present during the early medieval period, perceived from a Christian lens.

### Religious Tension in Early Medieval Europe

Throughout the early days of the medieval age, local folklore and ingrained pagan practices defined the religious landscape in Anglo-Saxon Europe. As Orton notes, before the introduction of Christianity by Augustine of Canterbury, "the Anglo-Saxons were pagan polytheists" (7). The strength of paganism's societal presence led to a profound difficulty with "tradition transition" even as conversion took hold around the year 600 (7). Those whose ancestral religion commanded the veneration of multiple gods representing different aspects of nature were asked to believe in one all-encompassing deity. This caused a sense of spiritual whiplash, and as such, "the opposition of . . . embedded culture can be seen as the chief bulwarks against the triumph of the Cross (Chaney 198). As the ancient Christian chronologist Bede describes, entrenched heathenism, especially the close connection between the pagan gods and nature, played an outsized role in stymying the missionaries' strivings (Orton 11). Fear of divine retribution was a primary concern for the metaphysically-minded pagan as many felt that conversion to the new Christian religion could end in famine and starvation. Since paganism undergirded their culture, many immediately resisted Christian conversion, and even for those who accepted Christ, apostasy and weakness of faith were constant battles confronted by missionaries (8). For these reasons, Christianity,

while accepted superficially by some, was largely regarded with an air of suspicion by the native people, corresponding to a complicated cultural relationship between old and new religions for years to come. As institutions began to involve themselves in large-scale conversion efforts, the religious topography of Europe became gradually more complicated, which may result in *Beowulf's* in-text tension.

Most importantly for the study of *Beowulf*, the natural outgrowth of Anglo-Saxon theological conflict was a type of syncretism or a blending of Christian and pagan belief systems. Chaney expresses that "the culture of the tribes and the old religion which helped form them, in turn, shaped Christianity, which was assimilated to them" (Chaney 199). Historical accounts are rife with strange blendings of Christian doctrine with northern folklore, particularly the "Nine Herbs Charm," which associates the power of an herbal remedy with the pagan god Woden and the death of Christ (202). Thus, the old Anglo-Saxon people, heavily saturated with the ideas of two belief systems combine to form a syncretized form of neo-polytheism. The common practice of blending and borrowing Christian and pagan elements in Old England must be considered as the reader digests the supposed theological incoherence of *Beowulf*. Just as the Anglo-Saxons continued to mix and match theological dogma in the centuries following Augustine's conversion work, *Beowulf* captures a syncretistic outlook by making Christianity and heathenism adjacent. Therefore, as the forthcoming sections will emphasize, the poet, looking back at former days, incorporates conflicting elements to reflect eighth-century society as it truly was.

### The Christianity of the Poet

For this paper, it is needful to consider where the *Beowulf* poet stands in the doctrinal hodgepodge of Medieval Europe. Scholars have long debated the poet's beliefs, but many attest to his potential faith in the Christian God. One scholar, Marie Hamilton, finds that the poet may have a cursory understanding of Augustine's *City of God*, influencing his "[reconception] of legendary tales in terms of Christian dualism" (314). The text reveals an alignment with Augustine's doctrine of grace when the poet writes, "Never might [Grendel] approach the precious Throne of grace . . . nor did he know His will" (Tolkien, In. 134-135). The fact that the poet reveals a rudimentary understanding of grace that reflects Augustine's doctrine agrees with Tolkien's assertion in "The Monsters and the Critics" that *Beowulf* is likely a poem reflecting upon a pagan past, written by a Christian author knowledgeable in heathen folklore (Tolkien 24). All of this sets the stage for a plot as religiously complicated as Europe itself.

### The Religious Duality of Grendel

As the plot of *Beowulf* unfolds, pagan elements, including monstrous characters, idol worship, and burial practices, directly conflict with biblical allusions and Christian overtones. The unmistakable presence of these polar opposite facets suggests that *Beowulf* embodies, in the literary form, early medieval religious tension in Europe. In the first place, the presence of Grendel contributes to the secular or pagan flavor of the overall work.

<sup>1</sup>For specific instances of royal institutional involvement, see Chaney 198 and Wentersdorf 99.

Continued. **The Interplay of Christianity and Paganism in *Beowulf***, Isaiah Tietz

Grendel is depicted as a “haunter of the marshes” who occupies a “troll-kind’s home” (Tolkien, ln. 83-86). By relegating Grendel to the fringes of society, the poet describes a being entirely alienated from civilization. His detachment serves to magnify the otherworldly status of Grendel, which creates an air about him that makes him supernatural in an entirely un-Christian way. The monster’s supernatural status is further concretized by his supernatural attributes, which utterly supersede human power. Grendel is chronicled as “the fierce killer,” and “a dark shadow of death, lurking, lying in wait” (127-128). This “sorcerer of hell” therefore maintains his supernatural abilities while being entirely alienated from God’s favor which signals the presence of either a devilish or pagan power presence within the text. Grendel, as a northern mythological creature, effectively facilitates, in Hill’s words, “a basic continuity with the past that is mythic” (Hill 40). The blend of pagan mythology, a category to which Grendel belongs, means that *Beowulf* can be seen as a myth because it establishes a connection with a lost past of a particular people group (39). As such, by incorporating a paganized, supernatural monster such as Grendel, the poet cements a continuity with a pagan past, at a time when Christianity was nascent, thereby providing a mythical link and a reference point to past and present polytheism.

The primary religious duality, in the case of Grendel, relates to his genealogical link with Cain and his complete alienation from God’s presence. As the poet writes, the Creator “proscribed [Grendel] with the race of Cain . . . of [whom] all evil-broods were born (Tolkien, ln. 86-90). Here, the poet makes a categorical claim about the status of mythological creatures as compared with the Christian God. In a spiritual sense, the two entities are inherently adversarial. Accordingly, these beasts and monsters “long time warred with God,” and for this, they were justly accursed (91-93). The existence of mythical, ogre-esque creatures, made continuous with the Christian religion, is a main incongruity within *Beowulf*. On the surface, the dichotomy is faulty, but viewing the poem as a continuous whole, every scriptural allusion occurs for a thematic purpose. Cherniss, in *Ingeld and Christ*, suggests that just as his lineage with Ecgtheow is used to establish Beowulf’s nobility, Grendel’s descent from Cain “places him firmly in an evil line” (Cherniss 23). Thus, the simultaneous persistence of Christianity and paganism implies an intentional continuity on the part of the author. Grendel is purposefully associated with Cain to reveal his disfavor with God and the inherent evil ingrained in his nature simply based on genealogy. Hill, continuing his argument about mythical continuity, asserts that kin lines form “a structural relationship . . . between two points [in history]” (44). The fact that the poet illuminates mythology, personified in Cain, as antagonistic to the Christian religion provides a microcosmic capsule of the actual religious tension happening in reality. The use of the genealogy, just like the use of the mythical characteristics of Grendel, taps into a social use of myth: to provide a structure of societal hegemony (39). Beowulf’s kin line with Ecgtheow, seen as an indicator of nobility, typifies lineage favored by God, while

Grendel’s genealogy confines him to the lowest levels of the hierarchy. Therefore, the poet uses the social construct of hegemony, embedded with biblical allusions to Cain, to establish a hierarchy using social devices familiar to the target audience. It also creates a hierarchy of value systems, placing Christianity above paganism, reflecting the historical movement toward Christianity in Anglo-Saxon society. In this manner, the dual religious perspectives on Grendel come from a recognition of historical trends, which indicates why the poet characterizes Christianity as preferable.

### **The Death Mythology of the Dragon and the Christian Confrontation**

In addition to Grendel, the dragon reflects pagan mythology that conflicts with a prevalent Christian tone throughout the narrative. Mythologically, the dragon closely connects to the idea of death and burial, and this mythological link appears recurring in the last section of *Beowulf*. This pagan link begins with the poet’s description of the place the dragon guards. According to the poem, the dragon protects “a barrow . . . secured by binding spells” (Tolkien, ln. 1884-1886). Barrows, or “burial mounds” (Wilson 67), were commonly used in Anglo-Saxon Europe as a manner of housing the dead. It is not by accident that the dragon essentially guards a grave. As Hilda Ellis Davidson discusses in *Gods and Myths of Northern Europe*, depicting the dragon as the guardian of a grave mound is a very common trend in Old English Mythology, and in some cases, pagans believed that “a man after death became a dragon and guarded the treasure” that had been buried with him (Davidson 161). In any case, mythology intrinsically associates the dragon with death and burial, and this is certainly depicted in the *Beowulf* account. As the dragon sits atop essentially a tomb containing “jewels of price and mighty heirloom of a noble race” (Tolkien, ln. 1878-1879), clear parallels appear with the Anglo-Saxon Pagan practice of accompanying inhumation rites with the burial of grave goods. It is entirely possible that the *Beowulf* poet or the source folklore was influenced both by the ghastly connotations of the dragon and the ritual praxis surrounding death. These alignments provide a useful connection with the historical circumstances and religious practices occurring in the background of *Beowulf*’s composition.

The profundity of the dragon rests in its dual relationship with both systems of theology. Not only does the dragon connect to the pagan ideas of death and burial, but it also has many parallels with the dogma surrounding Satan, leading to endless allegorical interpretations through the Christian lens. In *Beowulf*, the poet implements copious name variations to describe the dragon in several different ways. The narrative portrays the dragon as an “old despoiler” and a “despoiler of men” (Tolkien, ln. 1909, 1916). Upon the pillaging of his hoard by a thief, “The serpent woke [and] new strife arose” (1923). In this case, two distinctive qualities of the dragon are introduced for interpretation. In the first place, the dragon, whose passive purpose is to sleep atop the treasure, has one active purpose, which is to sow destruction, warfare, and division. The second notable quality is that the creature is a “serpent,” and Christian critics would argue that the poet intentionally selects this

<sup>2</sup>More information about specific types of grave goods in Wilson 86, 140-2.

Continued. **The Interplay of Christianity and Paganism in *Beowulf***, Isaiah Tietz

specific creature to symbolize the devil himself. Margaret Goldsmith, writing from a Christian perspective, attests to the dragon's allegorical purpose. Taking note of Hrothgar's earlier warnings to avoid pride and covetousness (1475), it is not accidental that Beowulf combats a creature "whose shape was the shape of the devil, the archetype of pride and greed" (Goldsmith 83). From the Christian perspective, the source of all vice is Satan, so all spiritual conflict is ultimately a war against the devil and sinful nature. Thus, the Christian point of view finds agreement with the pagan perspective that the dragon is a force of death and an inhabitant of graves. Moreover, the Christian allegory adds a layer by attributing Beowulf's battle with the dragon as a manifestation of man's unending battle against the forces of darkness.

Nonetheless, the illusion of a possible pure Christian interpretation is abruptly shattered by the text's account of Beowulf's burial. As Beowulf is laid to rest, they lay his body on a pyre, and "the warriors began the . . . funeral fires to waken" (Tolkien, ln. 2631-36). The Geatish warriors proceed to inhumate Beowulf's ashes and the treasure in a mound on the sea slope, mirroring some of the heathen practices already discussed (2645-2654). Ultimately, the entire dragon account epitomizes the religious conflict in *Beowulf* and within Anglo-Saxon society. A salient dimension to consider is that the "major period of barrow use is the seventh century," when Christian missionaries were most active, and erecting burial mounds "can be seen as the pagans' defiant reaction to the new church" (Wilson 70). In *Beowulf*, the poet presents a well-known bestial symbol of evil, and layers it with Christian undertones and allegorical applications. Through all this, the poet includes conspicuously pagan burial practices while giving the dragon a role as the barrow guardian, a predominant image in northern mythology. Based on these incongruous representations of the dragon and the indelibility of pagan burial, the dragon account contains a religious syncretism that gives a clear picture of the fusion occurring in Anglo-Saxon Europe throughout the early medieval age. These doctrinal contradictions signify, therefore, an inherently troubled relationship between religious practices, both within *Beowulf* and throughout Anglo-Saxon Europe.

### Conclusion

Containing discordant instances of pagan and Christian plot details, *Beowulf* acts as an embodiment of Anglo-Saxon Europe's religious undecidability. The two incongruous theologies are present because the poet fulfills the role of the facilitator of these two discourses by applying his Christian perspective to pagan source material. Mediation between *Beowulf's* heathenism and Christianity can be obtained by studying the text from a historical perspective and acknowledging the poet's role in reflecting the tension of his zeitgeist in his work. Therefore, the theological study of *Beowulf* attests to the importance of incorporating historical details in and with the features of a text in reorienting seemingly nonsensical literary characteristics.

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### Brothers

Sarah Redhage, Photo Collage



**Sister***Isabelle Campos*

Sister,  
 standing before an array of herbs at the Jewel,  
 I found that two dollars and sixteen cents was not much  
 for strangled spearmint in a little plastic coffin.  
 It could make a nice cup of tea or a mojito,  
 so I placed it in my basket  
 and planned to take it to your place.

On the drive over, the sun and the smell  
 of those green leaves reminded me  
 that behind the old garage  
 was a valley of broken red bricks and mossy stones  
 tumbled about with rusted nails scattered  
 like the lightning bugs we'd trap with claps  
 when the sunset silhouette was all I could see of your face.  
 Pa would warn us with a gentle voice.  
 Ma liked to threaten with a spoon.

Still, we ran barefoot through the spotted grass,  
 past the swing set and sandbox  
 to the back of the old garage  
 where we held hands to balance  
 our small feet on the smooth stones  
 as we crouched with sticky hands  
 to reach and rip off sprigs of spearmint  
 and stuff them into our pockets,  
 giggling giddy  
 at the abundance.

**Twin Goddesses***Glenford Pollard, Reduction Linocut*

## Lover of My Soul

Mariah Trevino, Acrylic on Canvas



## Let It Be Me

Elijah Kohlmeier

God, give me strength to do what must be done  
for love, because I love this girl so much,  
but for her sake I have to chain my tongue  
and mourn that I may never get to touch  
her hair, her heart. Lord, something has to give  
before this want can truly be resolved,  
but I don't want the life she has to live  
to be a life of pain that I'm involved  
in. I would rather not be there at all  
if she'd be happy and at peace without  
me. Even if I never get to fall  
in love again, I'd go without a doubt.  
Let me be chained so that she may be free.  
If something has to give, let it be me.

## English Whereabouts

Lauren de Guzman, Ink and Watercolor





## Springtime in Chicago

*Katelyn Whitlock*

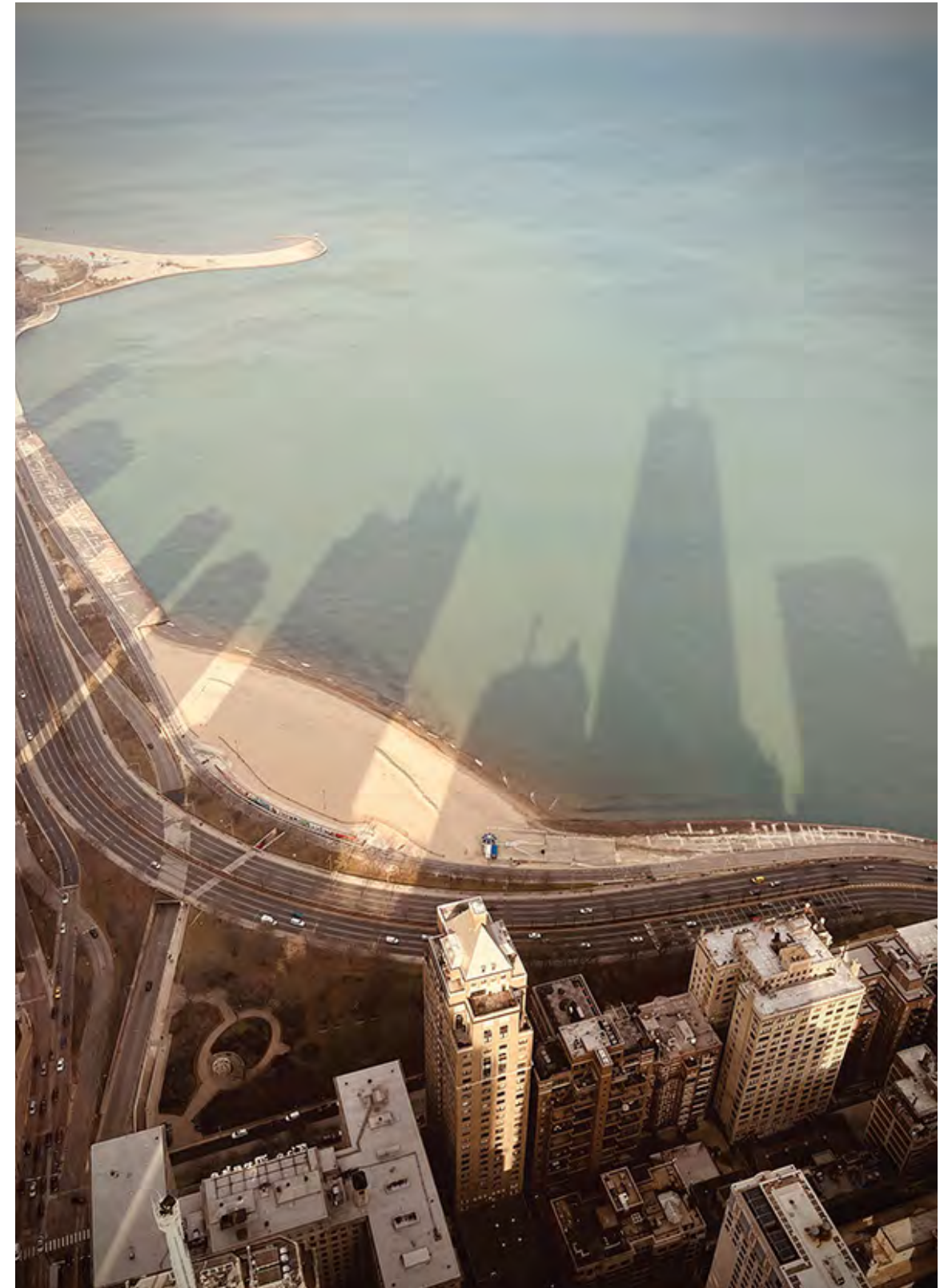
The gentle breeze caresses my cheek.  
Tendrils of sound arch around me,  
their gentle fingers brushing past my fingertips.  
Wind chimes.  
The trees speak among bungalows and one-way streets.  
I think I can hear the baseball game inside but  
it is lost in the serenity of the moment,  
sitting on concrete steps, knees bandaged from falling  
too many times on the bicycle I got when  
I was eight.

The gentle breeze taps me on the shoulder.  
It beckons me away  
from tortured suburbia,  
the purgatory that everyone thinks they will escape,  
into the warm hustle and bustle  
of car horns and police sirens,  
into the place of wind chimes  
and wrought iron fences.

The air is different here  
in the city that flows in my blood.  
And even when the wind shifts and it  
thrashes at my cheek  
and I am smitten by its crushing violence,  
I close my eyes and think of springtime.

## Shadows Just About Five

*Jonathan Scheer, Photograph*



## Grace Received: A Homily on Genesis 45

Rev. Dr. Patrick James Bayens

In the holy name of Jesus. Amen.

“The LORD is merciful and gracious,  
slow to anger and abundant in loyal love.  
He bears no grudge; His anger never lasts.”

So says the psalm, which you can make your own. Try it on. It fits. Looks good on you too.

It was the day of the big reveal. Joseph, before his brothers in Egypt. Weeping, kissing them, saying, “Do not be distressed or angry with yourselves because you sold me here.” This is radical stuff, and somewhat of a shock, actually. For in spite of the Sunday School books, Joseph was not really a very likeable guy. More of a snob, I’d say. Strutting about as a teenager in his technicolor dream-coat. Checking up on his brothers—all but one older than he. Tattling would be more like it; or, in Bible-speak, “he brought unto his father an evil report.” He was not the sort of guy with whom you’d share some bourbon and smoke a cigar.

He got dreams from God, and loved to tell of them, no matter how or who it hurt. Some things are best kept to yourself. Not once, way down in Egypt Land, did he try and find out how Dad was doing. If he was even alive. He was Secretary of Agriculture, of all things, and could easily have sent some lackey to go see. But not even a birthday card. And when his brothers finally show up to buy grain, he has Simeon bound before their eyes and thrown in a dungeon as surety that they’ll bring Benjamin back with them next year. They do, of course, but then Joseph has his own silver chalice slipped into the youngin’s sack, only to accuse him of stealing it. “I make him my slave. The rest of you—get out.”

So what happens next is the opposite of the build-up. As radical as the cross; the near self-binding of Jesus after Judah’s infamous kiss. As radical as you getting dressed up in the psalm. Bearing no grudge. Forgiving those who have trespassed against you.

“I am your brother, Joseph,” he says, “whom you sold into Egypt. But it was not *you* who sent me here, but *God*.” To see the hand of God in the chains of slavery. In the nails and crown of thorns. In the mockery and spittle; the slapping of the Adorable Face. In being bullied, passed over, ignored. In being rejected by one you say you love—“till death us do part.” To see the hand of God in divorce, in custody fights, and lawsuits. All that ugly stuff that should not be. To see the hand of God in the devil’s dance. In cancer, loneliness, and in the graveyard.

Don’t go telling me that you can’t forgive like God. Or see his hand. Not if you’ve been receiving the body, blood, soul, and divinity of your dear Jesus on your own tongue—week in, and week out. Not if you’ve been drowned in the font and live to tell of it. Don’t tell me you can’t. Your “can’t” only means won’t.

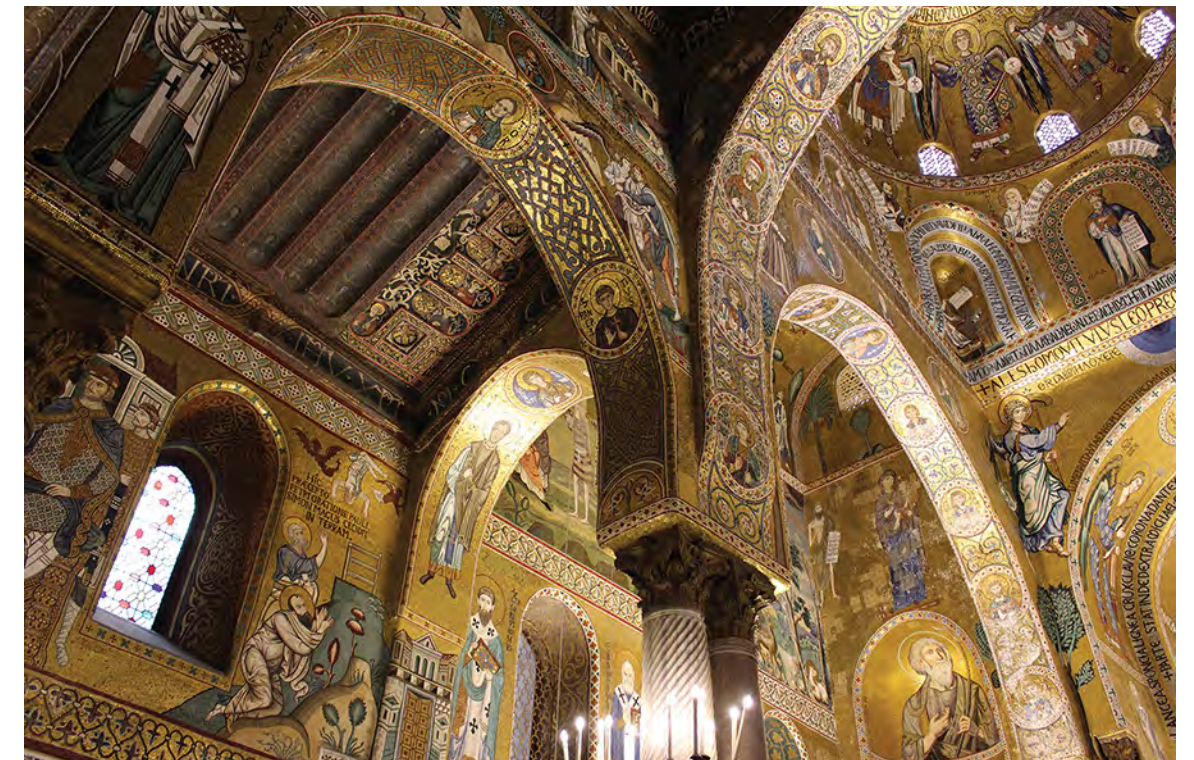
What made Joseph change? He didn’t have the Blessed Sacrament, like you. Or holy mother Church who raised you. Or the prayers of the saints and angels. Or the in-dwelling Spirit of God. What made Joseph change was a rather long speech by Judah, who offered his own life in Benjamin’s stead—not knowing, of course, the ruse about the cup. “Let your servant remain here as my lord’s slave,” he said. “How can I go back to my father without the boy?” It was only *then* that Joseph cleared the room, identified himself, and faced his brothers alone. Just he and they in the confessional, a forgiving priest with gut-wrenching tears. Only then does he ask, “Is my father still alive?” It took Judah’s expressed—dying—love for his dad to let Joseph long for Dad too. A picture, of course, of your Jesus and you. Joseph forgives, without asking for his brothers’ suppliant confession. They know not what they do. In their hate and spite, the work of God got done. Kind of like the torturous murder of Jesus for you.

So what *does* such love, such received grace, look like on *you*?

In the holy name of Jesus. Amen

## Sacred Arches, Palermo, Italy

Nicole Garza, Photograph



**Portal***Nathaniel Clayton, Photo Collage***Man vs. Nature I***Luis Saenz, Photo Collage***I've Never Seen My Dad Cry***Abigail Porter*

Except for once when I was young,  
 I never thought I would see it,  
 the tears rolling down his eyes  
 getting stuck in his long brown beard  
 like a dam before a waterfall.  
 It is not something you would expect  
 especially from a man with tattoos  
 with the names of his kids and images  
 of a Cross and the Holy Trinity  
 covering his clearly worked-out arms.

“Men don’t cry.”

That is what he always said, even to me, a girl.  
 But I was just like him,  
 trying to impress him with my apathy,  
 staying strong when things got tough.  
 I always wanted to make him proud,  
 but when that first tear rolled down his face  
 something in me changed;  
 my whole philosophy crumbled like the wall of Jericho,  
 leaving me with questions only my dad could explain.  
 That the world can be cruel  
 and take down even the strongest of men,  
 and that tears can be okay  
 to show the love that was once for a friend,  
 who he could not say goodbye to  
 as he skidded off his bike into the arms of Christ.



**My Sun***Josiah Gerlach*

Although perhaps  
I should want it otherwise,

Give me the winter's sun  
With her cruel, sarcastic rays  
Which blind me, even as I freeze.

Spring's sun hides her face,  
Yet even as she obscures herself behind a curtain of gray,  
Tries to warm me with her muted light.

**Colosseum, Rome, Italy***Abigail Porter, Photograph***Chicago Flag***Luis Saenz, Photo Collage on Polyester***Celadon Set***Emma Joy Balma, Stoneware and mid-range glaze*

# Surely He Has Borne Our Grief

Text: Jeremiah Schultz, b. 2002

RADDATZ

Tune: J. R. Freiberg, b. 2002

1 Sure - ly He has borne our grief, Car - ried all our sor - row.  
 2 I es - teemed my Sav - ior not, Spurned His hum - ble vis - age.  
 3 Like a sheep, I went a - stray, Heed - less - ly I wan - dered.  
 4 By His stripes I am made whole, I no long - er lan - guish.

He was blame - less, I the thief, Who re - fused to fol - low.  
 'Gainst my Sav - ior, I have fought, Scorn - ing His dear im - age.  
 I can hard - ly bear to say All the gifts I squan - dered.  
 Christ has raised my ail - ing soul, Death by death was van - quished.

How can I find peace of heart When I played the murd - 'rer's part?  
 He in ho - ly si - lence wept, Ten - der as a lamb who's kept  
 Why should Christ ac - knowl - edge me? Yet His love has set me free!  
 By the Ho - ly Spir - it now, I no long - er won - der how -

Crushed by my trans - gres - sion, Christ felt death's op - pres - sion.  
 To be bled and slaugh - tered. He Him - self He of - fered.  
 He has wrought sal - va - tion From my con - dem - na - tion.  
 Death is but a por - tal. Christ brings life im - mor - tal.

76 76 77 66

# Of Our Lord

Lauren de Guzman, Linocut with Chine Collé



**Frustrated***Katherine Sievert*

For what purpose is this stormy  
 Rage? Your stone skipped and made ripples that cannot be  
 Undone. But you neither worry nor weep while the water sweeps smooth. Your  
 Surface “sorry” earns surface forgiveness, but it will  
 Take Time to steady deep waters. As Time steadies, you stir up a “sorry”  
 Refrain, which flows without ebb. “Sorry” again and again and  
 Again. Your currents ever roaring. The supposed honor of these apologies leaves me  
 Thrashing. With no change in the waters, it is but a glass half  
 Empty – like me. I gave and forgave. Give and forgive. Please.  
 Do not take any more. I have run dry.

**The Color of Friendship***Emma Joy Balma, Photo Collage***Valentine's Eve***Isabelle Campos*

At the Jewel, men of all ages hover over  
 plastic-lined bouquets like buzzing bees,  
 wondering which shade of pink  
 will please their queen the most.  
 Glitter sticks like pollen to the coarse hands  
 of the most brutish among them.  
 They're on guard, stingers out to collect the last  
 heart-shaped boxes of cheap chocolate from the shelf,  
 yet curt nods at the self-checkout  
 prove solidarity among the wearied workers  
 united in this garden of red-tagged roses, overpriced doses  
 of you-shouldn't-haves and thank-you-dears,  
 ready to remind their honeys of sweetness.

**Sunny Rest***Sarah Redhage, Photograph*

## The Wallflower

Evalynn Berg

I first moved into the apartment a little over a month ago. I didn't care where I went or even necessarily what shape it was in; I just couldn't stay on campus after what happened.

I started taking my classes online. All my girlfriends said they would stay in touch. They sent me "get better soon" texts like balloons and flowers accompanied them, as if a little blue bubble of pixelated words could replace the sincere tone of a friend's voice. But I didn't blame them too much. If I were them, I wouldn't know what to say to me either.

I thought moving deeper into the city would bring me close to the noise of people's lives, enough to distract me from my own. I understood how confusing it was to my friends and family. I wanted to be alone but not lonely. A connection with a comfortable distance, just to be safe, so it could never happen again.

It was my first night after settling in. I had been on my feet the entire day, sweating from the humid summer air that seeped into the apartment, hanging like a hot, heavy cloud. I made a mental note to call the landlord and ask him to fix the broken air conditioner.

I collapsed into bed without a thought, allowing myself to sink into the comfort of the mattress as I tossed onto my side. A thick, moist stickiness suddenly spread out under my thigh, like I had just submerged myself in wet glue. I shrieked, pulling my covers off. The smell of damp, musty socks wafted into the air, and I jumped out of bed.

A black and green stain was growing in the middle of the bedsheet, and the surrounding fabric was dark and soggy. I gagged, looking down at my legs, and began to wipe off the brown liquid dripping down the outside of my thigh. After composing myself, I lifted the mattress, revealing that the stain had spread all the way through.

I was peeling away the layers of decay. I pushed the mattress off the frame, the wooden support bars rotting in the same pattern underneath. It was only when I crouched down to the floor that I saw it: the mold, growing in the same spot on the ground as the stain on the sheets, as the mattress, as the bed frame.

"Oh my god," I whispered, dragging the bed frame out of the way to see how far the mold had spread. The mold was pervasive, stretching all along the floorboard, creating a dank, black void that reeked of earth and decomposition. I started moving away from the mold, determined to do something about it, but I suddenly stopped. After taking a few steps, I realized there was no sound. I peeked through the window's curtains; I saw people, cars, and lights, all moving past in silent indifference. It was as if I had been removed from the world, tucked away, alone in the vacuum of my apartment.

The floor above me creaked, only stopping when my head lurched upwards to acknowledge it.

*"The front door."*

A slow, dreary voice spoke loud and clear outside my head. I looked around, trying to locate the source of the voice, but I found nothing. It was just me and the mold.

*"He's going to come through the front door."*

My chest tensed up, and the footsteps from above rang out again, one step after another, a squeaky, ear-splitting creak in the floorboard. I didn't believe it, yet my heart began to beat faster. I knew it couldn't be true, but the voice was so specific. It couldn't be him.

*"You didn't lock the front door."*

My stomach flipped. I felt my body moving before I had a moment to convince myself that it was impossible. But no matter how much my rationality denied it, my eyes still followed the noise through the ceiling. The footsteps were growing heavier, louder, and more determined as they drew further and further away. It suddenly struck me, then, the direction they were moving towards: the staircase. And from that floor, the only way to go was down.

Upon this realization, his footsteps grew faster and faster, slamming so hard against the floor that it shook the ceiling above me. They were so familiar I couldn't keep it together any longer, and that was when I began to run towards the front door. I was racing against him, his steps just a second ahead of mine, my breathing suddenly on the brink of hyperventilation. In the darkness of the living room, my pinky toe smashed against the leg of the coffee table. I choked on my tongue, stifling a scream. I could hear just outside the door his feet smashing against the steps, hurdling himself downstairs and all the way through the hallway, throwing his whole body at the door the moment I got my hand on the deadbolt. I slammed it shut just in time to hold the door in place as the pounding continued. I stumbled to reach my phone in my pocket, pulling it out and nearly dropping it as my shaky fingers dialed 911.

And then it stopped. I put my phone up to my ear, filling the silence with ringing that went nowhere. I ended the call, and then tried again, and again, and again. I tried my mother, my father, my friends, my therapist; all dead lines. My body fell limp, sliding down to the floor as the adrenaline began to wear off. Waves of hot pain shot through my pinky toe, and I knew it was broken. I couldn't even think of walking on it without my eyes tearing up. I put my hand on the doorknob, using it as leverage to lift myself onto one foot.

An intense nausea came over me as I stood, the smell of the mold having finally reached the living room. I coughed violently, waving my hand through the air in front of me, desperately trying to get rid of the stench. I even briefly considered opening the door and making a break for it, just praying for the best. But that's what I did last time. The smell was suddenly tolerable.

I slept in the living room, what little was allowed in between the odd noises of the night that made me sit up and stare into the obscure, dark corners of the room. When I awoke the following day, I found myself drenched, head-to-toe, in the same brown, sticky liquid from the bed. I tore off the cushions, throwing them in frustration as the mold revealed itself once again. It had burrowed from the outside, growing like a tumor, and sprouted all over the cushions in a fuzzy, moist carpet.

I beat the couch, yelling that I had enough, storming into the kitchen to grab a sponge and a gallon of bleach. I doused the sofa and the floor with bleach, disregarding how much of it got on me. I scrubbed the mold down until the muscles in my arms ached, screaming for it to go away. The fumes were intense. A stinging headache was slowly building up between my temples as I huffed deeper breaths, gradually reaching a point of



Continued. **The Wallflower**, Evalynn Berg

physical exhaustion. I needed a break. I needed to feel clean.

*“He’s watching through the walls.”* It was the same voice from the night before, now speaking to my face.

“Shut up!” I yelled, banging the mold with weak fists. “Mold can’t talk!”

*“He wants to see you.”*

The sponge fell from my hand, making a wet slapping sound as it hit the floor. I refused to listen to it. Something was wrong with me; I knew there had to be something wrong with me.

“Mold can’t talk,” I reiterated, wiping the bleach from my hands onto my clothes.

“Mold can’t...”

I swallowed hard. My mouth was dry, my lips chapped, and my skin burned from the harsh chemicals. The sticky, brown substance from the mold had solidified into a thin membrane all over my body. I needed to feel clean.

I walked myself to the bathroom despite my painful limp. My pinky toe had grown swollen and purple like the blood underneath was about to burst through the skin. I could do nothing about it; I could only push on.

I turned on the shower. Hot water whipped my naked body, pounding on my head, beating and provoking the migraine. I held my bleached hands up toward the showerhead, closing my eyes, trying to imagine everything being stripped away. My skin, my memories, the mold: I longed for them to slip down the drain. Finally clean.

My eyes shot open. I gasped, nearly slipping in the tub, only catching myself by the safety bar. Thousands of little peepholes stared back at me, organized like the combs of a beehive. I was surrounded on all four walls, closing in on me. There was no doubt, then, that I had gone completely insane. That was the only explanation. I had to prove to myself that’s all it was.

I leaned forward, focusing on a hole, closing one eye to see through it.

He was looking right back at me, a bloodshot eye, pupil constricted and throbbing. I tried to scream, but nothing came out. I could hear him shuffling through the walls. I jumped out of the shower, forgetting all about my injury in the panic, my foot accidentally landing sideways. My body went crashing to the floor, pulling the shower curtains down with it. Everything hurt. I reached out for a towel, but I found nothing.

I took a walk of shame back to my bedroom, still wet and exposed. I shivered, opening up my closet in search of clothes. The mold had gotten to them, spotting them with black and green flakes of rot, leaving moth holes behind. I put them on, still damp, the clothes lined with the same mucus-y brown film. But there was something comforting about it. The way it clung to my skin, like a cold but firm embrace: a connection, a sudden understanding of my needs and its.

The mold had grown three times its original size, now crawling up the wall, reaching my hips in height. I struggled to speak, the quiet shrinking my voice into a soundless void.

“You were right. He’s here.” I whispered to the mold, kneeling down to its height, petting it as a means of a peace offering.

“What should I do?”

I waited in anxious anticipation.

*“Cover the walls.”*

*“Lock the doors.”*

*“Do not leave.”*

I didn’t have to think about it. I tore into my textbooks, ripping out the pages, wildly duct-taping them in thick sheets all over the walls. No more holes. No more looking. When I finished, I curled up beside the stain on the floor, its shape almost seeming human. I finally felt relieved.

My hands itched all the time afterward. Flaky, bloody, and irritated skin made it impossible to do my school work; typing had become unbearable, and using a pencil to write was too much friction on my fingers. I couldn’t stand on the foot where I had smashed my toe. The furthest I could go was to the kitchen to get a glass of water and make myself a bowl of cereal.

The water on the tap eventually went dry. I could ration for only two and a half weeks, knowing I needed more. I spent my days sitting across from the monolith of mold on the wall, waiting for it to speak when I asked it how I should get food. It hadn’t answered. It went silent for several days in a row, leaving me paralyzed in indecision, while it grew up to my neck in fierce indifference to my needs. I was becoming impatient, seriously considering going against the commands of the mold as the void in my stomach grew.

“Please, please, please . . .” I begged it all night, praying.

The next morning, I found my answer sitting on the table in the kitchen: a pile of fuzzy loaves of bread, soggy crackers, two withered strawberries, and a glass of dirty water. I didn’t know the limitations of the mold, but the food, despite its condition, felt like the best it could offer me. I knew if it could bring anything better, it would.

I lived another couple of weeks off the food it brought me, with only a few minor digestive problems. I would take it from the kitchen and bring it into my room, sitting there beside the body of the mold, the spot on the wall where it protruded out the most. I told it about my life and how I became what I was. It was like looking into the face of an eager, new friend. Even though it never spoke back, I knew it was listening. It had already done so much for me. It was building a fortress to keep me safe. The mold penetrated all the walls, the floor, my things, and my bed, wrapping everything up in its furry, warm, and moist grasp. I no longer had to feel the weight of indecision; the mold knew I wasn’t ready. It was the only one that cared. I trusted that it would provide.

Yesterday, I suddenly received a phone call. I searched my room, discovering my phone hidden under a thick veil of dark mucus. The caller ID identified it as my mother.

*“He wants to know when you’re leaving.”*

Continued. **The Wallflower**, Evalynn Berg

I scrambled to be by the mold's side, its voice softer than before, barely audible. It was tickling my cheek.

*"He's waiting for you."*

I immediately rejected the call and sent a text message instead.

*"I really do love it here. I want to stay for a very long time. I don't want to go back."*

I scratched the dead skin off my knuckles, drawing in shaky breaths to keep quiet in case the mold tried to speak again.

*"What's he planning to do to me? What's going to happen next?"*

I pleaded with the mold, throwing myself on my hands and knees in front of its body, waiting for it to help me. I tried stroking it with my trembling hands, trying to please it, showing how much I revered it and how I would do anything to make it stay with me.

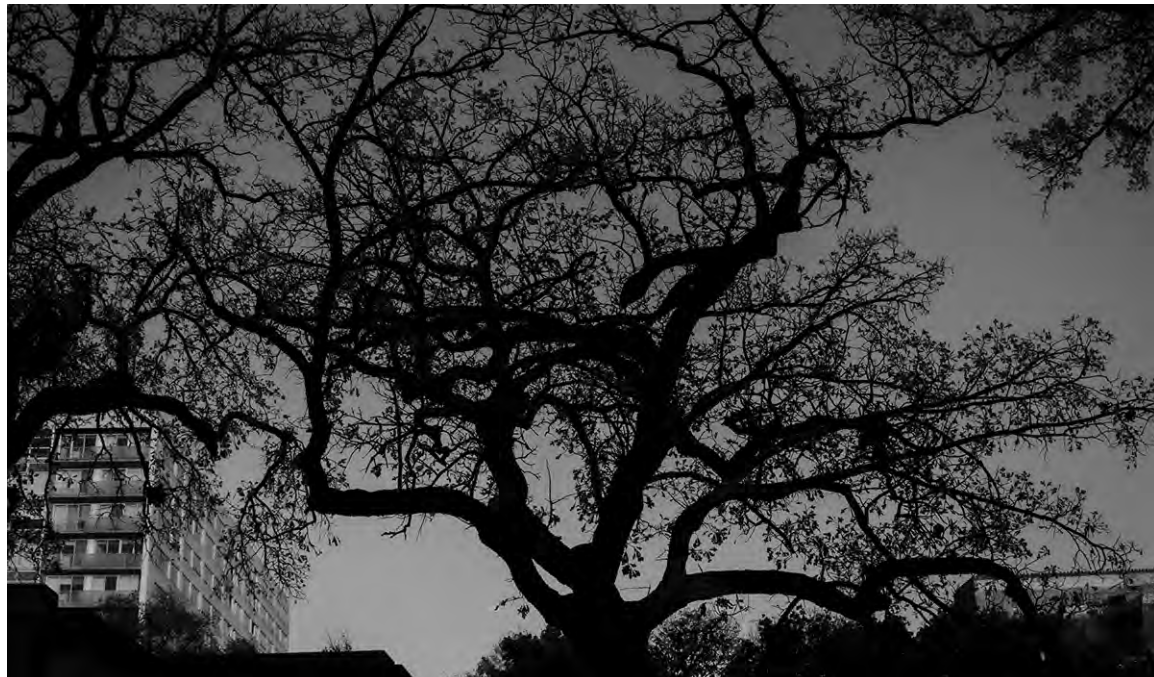
Today, I finally heard it again, a quiet, gentle whisper, but I can't make out the words. I'm weeping tears of joy, pressing my lips to the mold's body, kissing it, pushing myself deeper into the mold. I'm just barely within earshot of what it's saying, and I can almost hear the reassurance. I can feel myself sinking into the wall, becoming one with the mold. It's embracing me, accepting me, loving me.

It's grown on me. The mold keeps me safe.

It will wait until I'm ready to bloom.

## The Witch's Hand

Jimena Jimenez, Photograph



## Northbound on the Harlem 90

Katelyn Whitlock

Maybe the inner quiet punctuates  
 Every pounding rainstorm,  
 Library listening sessions to Billy Joel  
 And imagining  
 Neon lights and diner signs.  
 Contemporary is temporary;  
 Holy is the moment.  
 Outside in the pouring rain huddled masses  
 Languish at bus stops and  
 Inch along in the darkness  
 Apathetic, abundant, and alone.

On the slick streets cars careen past horns blaring,  
 Flaring high beams to match their tempers.

Technicolor lights reflect in puddles pooled in potholes.  
 Haggard eyes peer out tinted windows as people  
 Enter and exit to that same old tired voice.

Mind racing but don't know why, transfixed by this  
 Inkling of a moment as I  
 Now know what it means to feel like subways and laugh like strangers,  
 Desolate but not dismal. Different.

**Past Tense***Alexis Holliday*

Lately, I've been thinking about past tense,  
 stumbling over words,  
 tripping over time.

Is it *think* or *thought*? *Love* or *loved*?  
 I whisper them to myself,  
 but they don't sound right.

I search— *past tense definition*.  
 Read it once, then twice.  
 I nod, I pretend to understand.  
 But when do I use it?  
 That's the real question.

Because when I talk about you,  
 I don't know which words to choose.  
 I see pictures, frozen in time,  
 proof of days that came and went.  
 Those are past tense, I know for sure.  
 They belong to another place, another year.  
 But you are not—  
 or at least, you shouldn't be.  
 You are here, but slipping, fading,  
 your laughter now a distant sound.

Memories scatter like broken pieces,  
 falling faster than I can gather them from the ground.  
 something nameless, something cruel,  
 has stolen you from me.

I reach for your hand,  
 and for a second, you squeeze back—  
 a flicker of the father I knew.  
 Alzheimer's made you past tense?

How do I explain to those who ask,  
 that the man who held my hand,  
 who spoke my name with love—  
 is still here, yet somehow gone?

Because when I speak of you, I catch myself—  
 “My dad *was*.” “My dad *loved*.”  
 Words I never thought I'd use for you,  
 not while your hands still reach for mine,  
 not while your eyes still search the room,  
 though they no longer meet mine in time.  
 Your eyes have lost their light.

But something has taken you away from me,  
 bit by bit, day by day.  
 The father I knew is slipping away,  
 and I can't hold on tight enough  
 to keep him from leaving.

And I can't help but wonder  
     if it *was*.  
 Past tense.

**Quiet Moments***Sarah Gordon, Photograph*

# O Savior, Son of Grace

Jeremiah Schultz  
6.6.8.8

Josiah Gerlach  
FREIBS

1. O Sa - vior, Son of Grace, Your scarred and strick - en face  
 2. Lord, if I ven - ture near, Have I the need \_\_\_\_\_ to fear?  
 3. If I should hang up - on The cross of my \_\_\_\_\_ own wrong,  
 4. For dy - ing, you were born, To bear the nail \_\_\_\_\_ and thorn;  
 5. I am a thief be - side My Lord and faith - - ful guide,  
 6. I shall no long - er die, But live in love, \_\_\_\_\_ here - by.

Has turned and looked with love \_\_\_\_\_ on me,  
 For wrath was mine to taste \_\_\_\_\_ and see,  
 Then I would bear the pain \_\_\_\_\_ you bore,  
 Though ev - ery sin was mine \_\_\_\_\_ a lone,  
 Yet still you say that I \_\_\_\_\_ shall see  
 To my deep guilt, You turned \_\_\_\_\_ your face,

How can I look \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_ you guilt - free?  
 How could you keep \_\_\_\_\_ this \_\_\_\_\_ wrath from me?  
 but bear this pain \_\_\_\_\_ for - ev - er - more.  
 You bore the fruit \_\_\_\_\_ that \_\_\_\_\_ I have sown.  
 True par - a - dise \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ with You be.  
 And claimed me as \_\_\_\_\_ a \_\_\_\_\_ child of grace.

Music © 2024 Josiah Gerlach  
Text © 2024 Jeremiah Schultz

## IX Theses Contra Fortunam

Rev. Dr. Charles Schulz

*In 1517, Luther began his public work as a reformer of the Church by posting his 95 Theses against Indulgences. My own collection of 95 theses intends to humorously, sardonically, and seriously shed light on the theological implications of our common practice of wishing each other “Good Luck.” Since Luther wrote in Latin, I’ve chosen to do the same, giving readers not just the opportunity to reflect on the significance of “luck” for Christians but also the fun of seeing how the concepts might be conveyed in the ancient tongue. Since luck was worshiped by the Romans as the goddess Fortuna, these theses enter the lists against her on her ancient turf.*

**Thesis I:** Deus est. (God exists.)

**Thesis II:** Quando “bonam fortunam” aliis dicimus, erramus dirigentes spem eorum de spe vera, Deo. (When we say “Good Luck” to others, we are wrongly directing people away from their true hope, God.)

**Thesis III:** Nec Christus nec Apostoli “Bonam Fortunam” dixerunt sed “Pax tecum” et “Gratia et misericordia et pax et amor tibi.” (Neither Christ nor the Apostles ever said “Good Luck” but they said, “peace be with you” and “Grace, mercy and peace and love be yours.” Cf., 2 Peter 1:2, Jude 1:2.)

**Thesis IV:** Psalmi non orant fortunam sed ut Deus prosperitatem per benedictionem eius det. (The Psalms do not pray for luck but for God to grant success through His blessing. Cf., Ps. 67:1, Ps. 90:17)

**Thesis V:** Dicere “bonam fortunam” baptizato est oblivisci promissum Dei quod diligentibus eum omnia iam cooperantur in bonum. (Saying “Good Luck” to someone who has been baptized is to forget the promise of God that He already works all things together for the good of those who love Him. Rom. 8:28.)

**Thesis VI:** Pes leporis lepori fortunans non erat. (The rabbit’s foot was not lucky for the rabbit.)

**Thesis VII:** Trifolium cum quattuor foliis sine fortuna se invenit, quaesitum ita et ereptum (The four-leaf clover found itself without luck to be so sought and picked.)

**Thesis VIII:** Per saecula Romani antiqui sacrificia innumerabilia deae Fortunae sine ullo beneficio offerunt. (For centuries the ancient Romans offered innumerable sacrifices to the goddess Luck without the least benefit.)

**Thesis IX:** Romani antiqui deam Fortunam coluerunt et hodie ea manet idoleum superstitiosum. (The ancient Romans worshiped the goddess Luck and it remains a superstitious idolatry today.)

**Dry***Elijah Kohlmeier*

Red and calloused soles are burning,  
 cracking on this desert road;  
 Every step I think I'm earning  
 better than this heavy load,  
 Saying somewhere in this sadness,  
 "I deserve a greater wage,  
 Payment for these hours of madness,  
 weeks of pain, this lovesick age."

Dried and scarred, a sole wayfarer,  
 trudging through the wilderness,  
 Every shadow triggers terror  
 of the evil life I miss:  
 Bitter bad of sweetest savor,  
 that is why I don't deserve—  
 If I'm honest—any favor  
 For my walking down this curve.

"Cracked and breaking soul so heavy,"  
 says a voice that calls to me,  
 "Every tremble I can steady,  
 make your heart of stone beat free.  
 You do not deserve this, earning  
 it cannot be done, but I've  
 Called your name, so, broke soul burning,  
 full of dry bones, come alive."

**Stormy Prairie***Sarah Redhage, Reduction Linocut*

**My Father's Cross***Isabella Gentile*

Not a man of God,  
that's for sure.  
Never caught him shining his shoes  
for a Sunday morning.  
His Sunday's best,  
reversed for Saturday nights.  
The only cup that man raised and blessed  
was from a stale tap of whisky.

His words I don't remember,  
even before he was laid to rest.  
I could hardly understand what he meant,  
as if his mouth was muffled  
by his burdensome Molise accent.  
But the shroud that was laid over his face  
made it impossible to understand him now.

My Saturdays are spent  
rummaging through his room,  
most blackened by ash.  
Mother, still in black,  
tries to piece together their wedding photos.  
Not a man of faith,  
my father had no regard for men of the cloth,  
how even their garments were stained,  
laments written in the margins.

I know he's turning in his grave  
over being buried in our old parish,  
but now I worry how the man on the cross  
would regard him.

Far from his desk with his ink-low Pilot pens  
I found his Bible,  
well, what was left of it,  
underneath his bed, collecting dust.

Written inside the cracked leather cover—  
scribbled old prayers he would test me on.  
That was before he stopped praying.

In the basement,  
underneath his worn-out uniforms and rusting badge,  
I found his baptismal cross, kept in a velvet box,  
the gold one his mother gifted to him.  
The day his name was written in parish records.

I thought by now  
the gold would be tarnished,  
rusting and flicking away  
as the decades went,  
or that he would have sold the cross for something of greater worth,  
that he would have lost it, forgotten, forsaken it.

But no,  
kept away in a black velvet box.  
And the metal cross shines,  
the chain still intact.

**Season Change***Nathaniel Clayton, Photo Collage*

**Sound of the Sea***Alexis Wommack, Ink on paper***Childhood Friend***Antonia Monroy*

I will not forget what you meant to me.  
 Definitely not, your impoverished bare feet  
 your callused heels,  
 skipped meals and silent tears.  
 Bones moan against boulders; on this road  
 your treasured blue rubber flip-flops  
 the ticket out of your terrible home.  
 With them you would run away  
 far from your father.  
 Was he though?  
 Neglecting you for ale, I never thought so;  
 I wiped your tears and shared my meals.  
 We drew, and grew together,  
 shared secrets and stories of who we'd be.  
 Two girls content in each other company.

Pearl, girl, both titles of yours,  
 lost innocence is not the price to pay  
 nor the way to get away.  
 Look at your mother, how far she soared?  
 She sold her body and soul.  
 The last time I saw you  
 in your desperateness you alluded to her,  
 we both debate, and I beg you to think  
 selling your body won't clothe or feed it.  
 I beg you to remember the dreams we drew  
 your mother's shame was all an effort to free you;  
 she wanted more for you, a daughter not a twin.  
 Her failed efforts should be a lesson.  
 A lesson etched on you, callused heels,  
 skipped meals and silent tears.  
 I remind you of her because I care for you  
 I stare at your face to find a clue,  
 but a blank stare is all I get from you.  
 I will never know what became of you.  
 Dear Pearl, where are you?

**Veracruz***Alexis Holliday*

Veracruz, a tropical land,  
 where mangos ripen under golden suns,  
 where sugarcane sways in the warm breeze,  
 where roots run deep, like stories passed down.

Veracruz is where my *viejito* grew,  
 where time shaped the man who would shape me.  
 The land that gave me my *abuelito*,  
 the man who taught me what a real man should be.

A man who showed me strength in kindness,  
 who taught me to ride a bike  
 though he never learned himself.

A man who walked me to school every day,  
 his love as steady as the morning light.  
 A man who made sure I knew my worth,  
 who carried wisdom in his calloused hands.

Veracruz gave me my favorite fruit—  
 the sweetness of mango, the taste of home.  
 Though my feet have never touched its soil,  
 Veracruz gave me life,  
 because it gave me him—  
*mi abuelito.*

**Across the Meadow***Sarah Gordon, Photograph***Ripples of Grace***Addison Guerrero, Photograph*



**Loose Change** *A Vacation Pantoum**David Rogner*

My pockets, day by day, fill up with change.  
 As I roll down the highway, town by town,  
 I wince as each transaction brings me more.  
 I hand off bills; the change comes back in coin

as I roll down the highway. Town by town,  
 the nickels, dimes, and quarters weigh me down.  
 I hand off bills. The change comes back in coin  
 until my pockets jingle as I walk.

The nickels, dimes, and quarters weigh me down.  
 The pennies—worst of all—just multiply  
 until my pockets jingle. As I walk,  
 the mass of metal clanks, a cold, dead weight.

The pennies—worst of all—just multiply,  
 despite attempts to give some coins away.  
 The mass of metal clanks, a cold, dead weight  
 that goads me to unburden and divest.

Despite attempts to give some coins away  
 (a fountain takes some, then a homeless man  
 who goads me to unburden and divest),  
 it all comes back, the coins cascading as

a fountain. (Take some! There's a homeless man!)  
 I wince as each transaction brings me more.  
 It all comes back, the coins cascading as  
 my pockets, day by day, fill up with change.

**Perch 'n Ride***Adelheid Jones, Photograph*

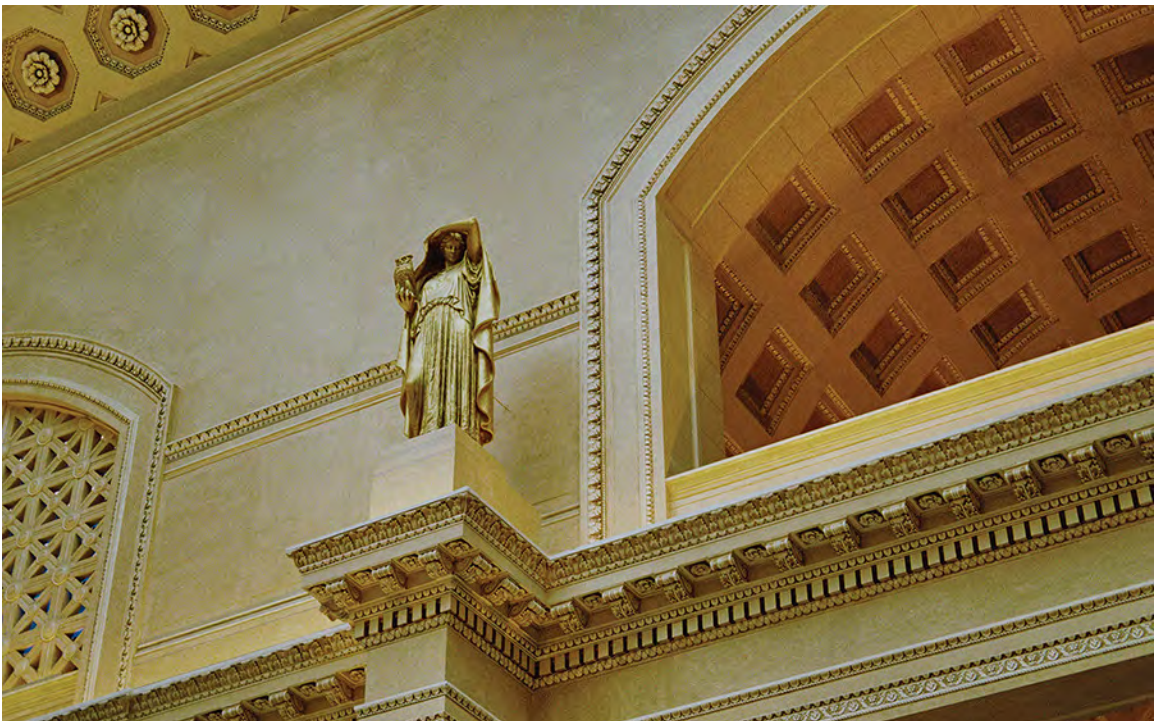
## Ragusa, Italy

*Russell Dawn, Photograph*



## Vigilance

*William McLain, Photograph*





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