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Chapter 1 : Burnt Sienna - Mercyisnotasignofweakness, Shivra - Undertale (Video Game) [Archive of Our C

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Nothing here below affected me; and neither at present do I see anything in heaven or in earth which can trouble me as regards myself. Her desire is to become a nun, but her parents instead arrange a marriage to a wealthy forty-year-old aristocrat whose mother treats her cruelly. The loss of her parents, a sister, and a son and daughter adds to the anguish of her twelve-year marriage. Widowhood at the age of twenty-eight comes as a relief. All the while, however, she finds solace in God through mystical experiences, convinced that suffering draws her closer to God. So consumed is she with spiritual discoveries that she leaves her two young children behind and begins an evangelistic tour. Her confessor, she insists, gives not only his blessing but also the command of the Lord: What else could God require of me but to rear them? You know whether God had made you recognize that he wished something of you. If it is so, there is nothing which should hinder you from doing his will. But the local bishop orders them out of town. She later returns to France, where she publishes her mystical insights and is once again forced into exile by a local bishop. Her flight from persecution becomes an opportunity to evangelize. She preaches in marketplaces and private homes and is amazed at the spiritual hunger she finds. Her ministry reaches every social class and vocation, from an impoverished "laundress" to a prominent physician. She preaches to those she encounters along the way and also seeks the rich and famous. In Paris she forms a group of "ladies of rank," including a countess and two duchesses. Convents and monasteries also become regular stops on her journeys. In fact, she is permitted to present her message at the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, where no woman has before entered. When she encounters a suicidal nun, she writes, "I endeavored to explain to her she must no longer rely upon observances, or trust to personal merits, but must trust in Christ and resign herself to Him alone. Indeed, she is regularly given to bizarre behavior. In an effort to gain holiness and comprehend the suffering of Christ, for example, she sucks bitter herbs, rolls in stinging nettles, puts stones in her shoes, and pulls out healthy teeth. She is convinced that in identifying with Christ she has actually ceased to exist and has become one with God. Church authorities seek to silence her, but she is a Quietist who will not be quieted. Following her release, she is examined by theologians and signs a recantation. But she continues on with her ministry and is again imprisoned, this time in the Bastille. In , after seven years of suffering, the last two years in solitary confinement, she is released. She lives the rest of her life with her son, writing poetry and following the injunction not to preach.

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Chapter 2 : Full text of "The works of James Russell Lowell"

There's even sawdust on the floor to soak up all the spilled blog.quintoapp.com Prufrock has big plans to accomplish before "toast and tea" in the blog.quintoapp.com In this famous metaphor, Prufrock says that the spoons he uses to measure his coffee are like a "measure" of his life, as well.

It extends from 42 degrees of north latitude, to 54 degrees and 40 minutes, and from the Pacific eastward, five or six hundred miles, to the ridges of the Rocky or Oregon mountains. The name is taken from the river which, long before its actual discovery, had been supposed to exist beyond the mountains, and which was first called the Oregon by Jonathan Carver of Connecticut, who travelled in the interior of the continent in 1791. How he got the name, or whether he invented it himself, it is impossible, at the present day, to determine. The stream was not actually seen till 1811, many persons until then believing it to be fabulous. The name, however, remained, and is now not only applied to the country from which its waters are gathered, but, as the name of the river itself, is in Marryat's immortal verse, "The continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound, Save his own dashings." This country is traversed by ridges of lofty mountains. The shores are bold and high; in many parts, mountains rising immediately from the sea. Up to the 48th parallel there are few inlets, or islands, but further north there are thousands of islands, and a network of bays and peninsulas. The valleys of the interior are generally narrow. The climate is drier and milder by many degrees than on the Atlantic side in the same latitudes. Of the soil, different accounts have been given, some representing it as fertile, and others as of little value. The most valuable portion of it undoubtedly lies south of the river, though by far the best part of the territory, for its harbors and maritime advantages, lies around the strait of Fuca. To us as a trading power on the Pacific, these are invaluable. Until within a few years there have been but scanty settlements; a few trading posts and missionary stations. But the tide of American emigration has lately set in that direction, and nothing but some fatal misstep on our part, can prevent its habitable portions being occupied in a few years by our countrymen, and a vast trade thence carried on over all the Pacific. That the discovery of a river is and other nations. That all treaties and engagements late declarations of the English ministers between governments, of an executory try, there remains no arbitrament but nature, are annulled by a subsequent the sword. It is difficult, however, to war. The first their pretensions to the extent of a war, settlements in the new world were all while we are confident that our government made on its eastern shores. The Pacific eminent, in maintaining the rights ocean was discovered by Balboa at of America, will see the propriety of discussing them with moderation ventured to the north west coast as far as well as firmness, doing no act to as Oregon till, when Ferrello, a pilot provoke, and sedulously abstaining from in the service of Spain, penetrated to even the appearance of disregarding the the latitude of Thirty-six years obligation of treaties. But while it afterwards, Drake made his famous does this, it has also a duty to perform voyage round the world, and it is mainly to Americans. It is time that the untamed by the English government that lence of Englishmen, now become he sailed as high on this coast as 48; but almost habitual, were rebuked. Let us while one account of his voyage has it indeed be just; let us appear just; and 48, the other has it 43; and there is good let England and consequences take reason to think that this last account is care of themselves, the true one. The discrepancy in the That we may present a concise as two accounts destroys their value as well as a just view of the real merits of evidence, and no reasonable person this question of the Oregon, we shall endeavor to think of resting any title upon deavor to condense into as small a space them. Drake did not land on any as possible the grounds, both of fact, part of this coast, and from that and of public law, on which our rights period for about two hundred years no are founded. In doing this we shall Englishman visited it. In that 1. That in respect to newly discovered great navigator sailed along the coast, ered countries, the first discoverer has particularly examining the upper parts the prior right to occupy, provided he near the 47th and 48th parallels, and stop- does so within a reasonable time. Afterwards the What is a reasonable time depends coast was frequently visited by the vessels upon the nature of the country, the of the

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different maritime nations. The uses to which it may be applied, and river remained undiscovered. Vancouver the wants of mankind in respect to it. Gray, an American, in the not rightfully prevent other nations from American ship Columbia, however, dis- occupying and cultivating it if he did not covered it on the 11th of May, , and see fit soon to do so himself. If on the sailed into it a considerable distance. That if the first discoverer does in run along the shore, and on the not occupy within this reasonable time, 15th of August, at six in the evening, he is deemed to have abandoned his arrived opposite a bay in the latitude of right, and the next discoverer stands as 46 degrees 17 minutes, where the if he had been the first, and so on currents and eddies were so strong that. These eddies and currents caused him to believe that the place is the mouth of some great river or of some passage to another sea. Notwithstanding the great difference between the position of this bay and that mentioned by De Fuca, he had little difficulty in con- cluding they might be the same. He found it difficult on the following morn- ing to enter, and continued his voyage towards the south. This does not appear to us to be a discovery of the river, or what was equivalent to it. The other remarkable places on the coast are the Strait of Fuca, and Nootka Sound. The former was discovered by De Fuca, a Greek pilot, in the service of Spain, in The first visits to this country, overland, were made, one by McKenzie, in the English service, from Canada, crossing the Rocky mountains to the north of the head waters of the Columbia, in , and passing to the sea in the parallel of , the other by Lewis and Clarke, in the American service, who traversed the greater part of the Oregon region in , and explored the river from its source to its mouth. So far then as the right of discovery is concerned, it should seem very clear, that the Spanish government had the title to the coasts and the country about Fucas Straits, and that the American government had the same title to the interior washed by the river Oregon and its tributaries. After the Ameri- can war a considerable trade in fur sprung up on the north-west coast: This trade provoked the jealousy of the Spanish government, which all the while claimed the dominion of the coast, so that, in , the Viceroy of Mexico sent two vessels, the Princesa and the San Carlos, to inquire particularly respecting the Russian establishment at Prince Wil- liams Sound, and then to explore the coasts southward to California, looking for places convenient for the reception of Spanish colonies. The commanders on their return reported that the Russians had eight settlements on the coast, containing altogether Russian sub- jects, all west of Prince Williams Sound, and that they were informed that two vessels had been sent that summer from Kodiak to form an establishment at Nootka Sound. The Viceroy thereupon despatched vessels early in , with orders, in case any Russian or British vessel should appear at Nootka, to receive her civilly, but to declare the paramount rights of the Crown of Spain. Up to this period, May, , no settlement or establishment whatever had been at- tempted, for the alleged settlement of Meares at Nootka must be regarded as a mere pretence, and no civilized nation had exercised any jurisdiction in any part of the west coasts of the new world be- tween San Francisco and Prince Wil- liams Sound. Arriving at Nootka, the Spanish Coin- manders landed materials and built a fort; and afterwards seized two British vessels, which were engaged in the trade of the coasts. For this proceeding the British government demanded repara- tion; a warm dispute arose between the two governments, that had well nigh ended in war; but finally under the me- diation of France it was brought to a close, by a convention, commonly called the Nootka treaty, or the convention of the Escorial; which, as it is important in this controversy, we shall give entire in the course of this article. The Spaniards also formed another settlement on the south side of the Strait of Fuca: Since then they have had no settlements north of San Francisco. The first settlement of any kind made by British subjects west of the Rocky Mountains was in , by Simon Fra- ser, who formed a trading establishment at a small lake, in the 54th parallel of latitude. Neither he nor any other British subject saw any of the waters of the Oregon until five years after- wards, and after Astoria had been founded in the Oregon country itself by American citizens. Henry, an agent of the Missouri Fur Company, had established a trading post on a branch of the Lewis River, one of the tributa- ries of the Oregon. The hostility of the Indians, and the want of provisions, led to its abandonment, however, in that year. He built a house, and planted a garden; but the site not being good, he left it before the close of the year. As- tors expedition had been fitted out, and in March, , Astoria was founded at the mouth of the Oregon. During the war it was captured by the British, but was restored in October, , in pur- suance of the

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stipulations of the treaty of peace. From that time to the present, the two governments, with few intermissions, have been engaged in negotiations about the title to the country. And it was agreed between them, first in , and afterwards in , it might be temporarily occupied by the people of both nations, without, however, impairing in any way the title of either. So far then as occupancy is concerned it appears scarcely disputable that the first settlements were by Spain, the second by America, and the last by England, and that the rights derived from occupancy are held in the same order. The rights we have been hitherto considering, are those which are derived from discoveries and settlements, on the Pacific Coasts or overland, from the eastern side of the mountains. But there are certain other rights which must not be overlooked; the rights derived from discoveries and settlements on the Atlantic Coasts. On the first colonization of the new world, the discovery and settlement of the Atlantic border were claimed to give a title across the Continent. The enlarged charter to the first colony of Virginia, for example, granted the country extending along the sea coast four hundred miles, and into the land through.. De Soto, a Spaniard, was the discoverer of the Mississippi: Up to the peace of , France claimed and possessed the countries watered by the St. It is agreed that any country that may be claimed by either party on the north-west coast of America, westward of the Stony Mountains, shall, together with its harbors, bays, and creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within the same, be free and open for the term of ten years from the date of the signature of the present convention, to the vessels, citizens, and subjects, of the two powers; it being well understood that this agreement is not to be construed to the prejudice of any claim which either of the two high contracting parties may have to any part of the said country, nor shall it be taken to affect the claims of any other power or state to any part of the said country; the only object of the high contracting parties, in that respect, being to prevent disputes and differences among themselves. All the provisions of the third article of the convention concluded between the United States of America and his Majesty the King, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the 20th of October, , shall be, and they are hereby, further indefinitely extended and continued in force, in the same manner as if all the provisions of the said article were herein specifically recited. It shall be competent, however, to either of the contracting parties, in case either should think fit, at any time after the 20th of October, , on giving due notice of twelve months to the other contracting party, to annul and abrogate this convention; and it shall, in such case, be accordingly entirely annulled and abrogated, after the expiration of the said term of notice. Nothing contained in this convention, or in the third article of the convention of the 20th October, , hereby continued in force, shall be construed to impair, or in any manner affect, the claims which either of the contracting parties may have to any part of the country westward of Stony or Rocky Mountains. By the treaty of Utrecht A. By the treaty of , the treaty of Utrecht was confirmed, and the river Mississippi was irrevocably fixed as the boundary between the English and French possessions. In terms it declares: In order to re-establish peace on solid and durable foundations, and to remove for ever all subjects of dispute with regard to the limits of the British and French territories on the continent of America, that for the future, the lines between the dominions of his Britannic Majesty in that part of the world, shall be fixed irrevocably by a line drawn along the middle of the river Mississippi, from its source to the river Iberville, and from thence by a line drawn along the middle of this river, and the lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, to the sea. Nothing is said of the western limits of the French possessions, or of any claims of the English in that quarter. Now if England had then any title to the north-west coast, another boundary should have been settled between her and France, on that side. The omission to do so, implies that she had no title, or if she had, that she then renounced it for ever, to all territory west of the Mississippi, and south of its source, or of the 49th parallel. We have thus explained all the original titles to the country. It remains to trace them to the present claimants, Great Britain and America. Great Britain has no title by cession except what she may have obtained by the Nootka treaty: America has received by formal cession from both France and Spain all their rights: At the peace of , France ceded to Spain all the country known under the name of Louisiana. In , by a treaty between the Republic of France and the King of Spain, in consideration of the Republic enlarging the territories of the Duke of Parma, Spain ceded to the French Republic the colony or

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province of Louisiana, with the same extent which it now has in the hands of Spain, and which it had when France possessed it, and such as it should be, according to the treaties subsequently made between Spain and other states. And in , the same territory was ceded to the United States, in the name of the French Republic, for ever, and in full sovereignty, with all its rights and appurtenances, as fully and in the same manner as they have been acquired by the French Republic, in virtue of the above mentioned treaty with his Catholic majesty. Considerable discussion has been had respecting the proper western boundaries of Louisiana as thus ceded. We are inclined to the opinion that it reached to the South Sea. To us, however, the question appears to be of less importance in its relation to the present controversy, for the reason that it could only concern America and Spain, and that their differences respecting it were settled by a full cession to America by the treaty of Florida. Louisiana might have been greater or less; it might have stopped at the mountains, or have gone to the Pacific, but England, in either case, had no rights there: The restitution of Astoria, after the war, is another important fact, by no means to be overlooked in this part of the argument. It will be recollected that the post was surrendered by Great Britain to the government of this country, by a formal act, so late as , and if, as is asserted, there was any reservation in respect to its bearing upon the question of right, there is no evidence that any such reservation accompanied the act of delivery, or was made known to our government. One thing is quite clear, that if Astoria was upon British soil, it was unauthorized, and, having been taken in lawful war, this government had no claim whatever, to its restitution. The act of restitution, therefore, admitted that America had rights in the territory, even so early as the breaking out of the war, and long before the cession by Spain, of her rights by the treaty of Florida. The States on their part ceding Texas to Convention is in these words: The buildings and tracts of Whatever title, therefore, either France land situated on the north-west coast of or Spain ever had to the Oregon, the continent of North America, or on except so far as the Nootka treaty the islands adjacent to that continent, of may have modified the rights of Spain, which the subjects of his Britannic Majesty has been completely vested in this territory were dispossessed about the country. So that, with that exception, month of April, , by a Spanish which we are about to consider, whether officer, shall be restored to the said we regard the title acquired by the on-British subjects. A just reparation shall be fixed and the Straits of Fuca, or by the Spaniards made, according to the nature of the fish settlements on that Strait, or at Nootka, for all acts of violence or hostility on the Sound, or that derived from the discovery which may have been committed sub-very of the river Oregon, the overland sequent to the month of April, , by exploration of its stream, and the settlement of the subjects of either of the contracting parties on its branches, or the title denied to the subjects of the other; and in case said respective subjects on the Atlantic coasts and on the north-west coast shall since the same period have been discovered.

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Chapter 3 : Port Manteaux Word Maker

It's a call to peace with God—a call to receive the gift of salvation and life God has given us in Jesus. Jesus said he came to give life (Jn.). He can do this because of his death on the cross and his resurrection from the dead.

Mercy is not a sign of weakness, Shavra Summary: This is about half a year in the making guys! Check the new tags at the bottom of the tags list before indulging in the new chapter. Update schedule is roughly every weeks for a new chapter. He can hardly hear the noise of his own steps crunching through the layer of slush below his boots over the banshee howl of the gusts tearing at him and threatening to topple what remains of his equilibrium. But a little snow, he knows, is nothing compared to what lies ahead. He can almost see the tensed form of his brother sitting on the couch, back to the door and arms crossed tightly over his chest, his image the very definition of passive aggressive disappointment. The door has barely cracked open and his brother has already started. Decide to go get drunk with those meddling canines! Despite me reminding you just yesterday that I wanted you to stay far away from them! Sans is satisfied with his night and he just wants to shut his bro up so he can sleep. Of course, talking back at him only makes the problem much worse. They literally threatened to kill you just last week! Sans stares hard at Papyrus, hands clenched into tight fists at his sides. He breathes deeply through the sting of anger and hurt in his chest, repeating his rehearsed pattern over and over again. When he finally feels in control enough to open his mouth without something horrible spilling out, he forces himself to straighten and relax his tensed body. Papyrus has always found some sort of morbid satisfaction in always being right. Sans is the owner of the house and he can damn well go to his own room without permission from his brother if he wants to. Sans stands frozen on the bottom step of the staircase, looking at the obvious evidence that his brother has finally lost his damned mind. Leaving is very impolite and disrespectful when standing before a superior ranking Guard. Tonight it just pisses him off. He slowly turns from the bone lodged in the wall and the splintered wood, trapping Papyrus with one of his strongest glares. Stars forbid I wanted to hang out with my friends and get a drink instead of listening to your constant belittlement and pessimism! The bastard had fucking thrown an attack at Sans while sitting down?! Once you gain some common sense, then maybe you can come yell at me about how right you are. I raised you, you little ungrateful shit. How about you start showing me some respect?! How can I respect someone like that? How is it any different when I say it? All you do is drink and get in the way! Cold talons wrap around the heat surrounding his soul, piercing through the heady anger. It would help him keep the tears rapidly building up in his sockets hidden from his brother. Fists clenched and body tense, Sans just tries to breathe through the pain. Papyrus lets out a deep, tired sigh. A clear sign that he is done fighting. Papyrus just steps over it. Halfway up the stairs he pauses. He turns his head so his words only just pass above his shoulder. He hides them by looking away. It soaks through the shoddily placed wooden planks making up their house, creating a hollow, weak howl that fills the empty, silent space between Sans and his brother. All that magic that was supposed to help him combat the threat that had made him angry in the first place. The second he lets go, he knows something is wrong. It feels different, and a moment of panic surfaces through the blanket of anguished shock. The shift is instant. As soon as the haze of crimson magic vaporizes before his eyes, he knows he fucked up. He teeters on his feet and catches himself with an elbow on a nearby surface - a counter? He bares his teeth at the multiple blurry figures, pointing the weapon wildly at the closest in turn. What will the neighbors think!?! You should have at least told me first so I could prepare them a proper bed! His eyes screw shut again as a flare of splitting agony rips through his skull, and he curls in on himself with a series of jerky movements. With an audible groan, he does his best to disappear below the lip of the covers while using the least amount of movement possible. His vision takes in an extremely gaudy version of his own home before he regrets the action and squeezes his eyesockets shut again. Even the pathetic amount of light shining from a nearby table lamp is too much for him. He can feel the burning imprint of the room in the back of his skull and bile rising in the back of his throat. Sans grimaces under the blanket, trying unsuccessfully to block out the noise. He can

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easily imagine the set of curious eyes boring into the top of his skull right now. A low chuckle follows soon after. The clone huffs in annoyance and shakes his head at whoever is standing off to the side. He points an accusing finger towards the direction of the voice. People could get seriously hurt. The clone then straightens before brushing some imaginary dust off his clothes and rests a fist on his chest. A little eye-watering at times, maybe, but not satanic. It allows him to muster the courage to ask the important questions. He flinches back instinctively and the sharp motion sparks a new pain in the base of his skull. Everything swims in his head in a whirlpool of confusion and horror. Sans lurches off the couch, feeling his magic creep onto his face in what he imagines must be a sickening pale shade. He very nearly tips off his feet, but a hand latching onto the back of his jacket stops him. The not-Papyrus leans back into the couch, both palms raised in front of him in a gesture of peace. Instead, Sans turns his unpleasant expression back towards navigating; it takes almost all of his concentration. He slams the door behind him and steadies himself with one hand on either side of the sink. He turns away from the mirror to lean his back against the counter. He knows without checking that he looks exactly as he feels right now: One hand steadies himself while the other presses the base of the palm into his right temple. Okay, he has to figure this shit out. This whole scene has gone on too long for him to call it all a hallucination, and generally, hallucinations are not compounded by very real, very crippling hangovers. Well, one way to find out. Sans tests his magic, allowing the familiar red to expand and saturate his eyelights. Trying to ignore the way it aggravates his migraine, he watches the dusky energy spread over his gloved right hand, partially obscuring both material and fingers alike. He releases the magic. That relief disappears when he looks up to see the brooding line of trees. The light from the single kitchen window shines onto the snow to his left, but something about the shadow from the windowpane is off. Confusion seizes his soul, and then an unexplainable tension. Had he missed his destination? Somehow gone off course? The deep red from his eyes reflect off of the wood, and casting them around, he notices a very familiar kitchen window. He stuffs his hands into his jacket pockets as they start shaking. Welcoming light pours out of the former, and there are curtains drawn across the latter, but there are no bars on either. His fingers clench at the inner material of his jacket pockets. Anxiety converts into anger fast enough to give a normal monster whiplash, but Sans welcomes the distraction from the growing pit of realization in his stomach. Fuck, so he was right. The lack of eyelights combined with the sharp lighting from the cigarette makes the fraud eerie and uncomfortable to look at, but Sans is too nervous to simply turn away. As if it was an option. Fuck, how many times has he doubted his own mind since he woke up here? The thought makes him laugh harder. The stars on the edge of his vision have returned with a vengeance, and a persistent ringing has sprung up in his hearing. Sounds like a good one. What does he really have to lose at this point? The punchline is that when I tried to leave The other leaning skeleton regards him somberly as he takes another drawn-out drag on his cigarette.

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Chapter 4 : The Upside-Down Kingdom - PDF Free Download

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Once again Sarah Palin benefits from the soft bigotry of low expectations. Look how proud she is of herself. This is right after Palin delivered a speech that where she did not start to babble incoherently, or confuse dates and addresses, or become overly defensive and combative. In other words it was not filled with the kinds of gaffes that we have all come to expect from a Palin speech. And that has managed to impress a handful of reporters. Such as Sam Levine from the Huffington Post: Her latest remarks were certainly clearer than a confusing speech she gave last month at the Iowa Freedom Summit, which was criticized by conservatives and cheekily applauded by Democrats. The focus of her Tuesday speech was also a contrast to her previous two CPAC speeches in which she focused more on lobbing zingers at President Barack Obama. Yes the speech was clearer, and there were fewer mistakes, while also offering only a crouton or two of word salad, so I guess that makes it a good speech? A typical Palin speech usually involves props: Seuss books or Big Gulp sodas. This year, she has none. A typical Palin speech is usually an incoherent string of Palinisms haphazardly strung together in her folksy twang. This year, she is subdued and barely has any accent at all. What the hell is going on? Has she purposefully been lowering the bar for her public appearances so that she could come out and impress just ahead of Republican primary season? So the bar for a successful speech by Sarah Palin is simply coherence. Man I certainly wish this lady had been my professor in college, I would have aced every test. And look how easily Nuzzi is sucked in. All it takes is one speech where Palin does not drool all over herself for her to suspect that all of her other incomprehensible speeches were some kind of set up. Has she not heard Palin struggling to answer simple, unscripted questions? Of course not all journalists were fooled. This from Margaret Talev at Bloomberg news: Christians and ignoring the lessons of the Nazis. No Sarah Palin has not changed, improved, or been tamed. She is now, and always will be the same ignorant, vindictive, grifting lunatic she has always been. And just because she is occasionally caught without flecks of foam gathering around her herpes infested maw is no reason to think otherwise.

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Playing chase and tumble games with the lynx kittens. and loaned animals for roles in shows when asked "lion cubs being the most popular. Antonina grew used to the thick aroma of their agendas" biological threats. and just visitors. a tail that seemed too long for her body" a wobbly confused newborn dropping into life's sensory bazaar.

Includes bibliographical references and indexes. Sociology, Christian Mennonite 5. Revised editions , King, Cascadia Publishing House. With two days notice, I found myself pinch-hitting for a teacher caught in an emergency. That striking picture, which gave birth to the first edition of this book, has intrigued and stayed with me over the years. I find myself drawn to Jesus and his upside-down kingdom again and again. His creative stories and powerful images keep pulling me back to the reign of God. Rereading the gospel stories in preparation for this twenty-fifth anniversary edition stirred my spirit once again, in ways only Jesus can. I write as a confessing Christian. A close encounter with the life of Jesus takes me to the heart of Christian faith and the very nature of God. Although the earlier editions form its core and stretches of text remain unchanged, this third edition has been completely revised, line-by-line and word-by-word. Amid the changes and updates, the original argument remains intact: Moreover, the kingdom of God continues to have upside-down features as it breaks into diverse cultures around the world today. This revision taps many of those rich resources. Many things have changed since I wrote the first edition, but much remains the same. The organization of the material remains intact. I have revised the text word by word to enhance its clarity 9 10 Preface and flow. Recent scholarship on Jesus and the synoptic gospels provided new insights for updating some of the chapters. And while I have leaned heavily on the work of many scholars in preparing this edition, it remains a book for lay readers, not for scholars. Whenever possible I have dispensed with academic jargon, trying to tell the story accurately in a lively and creative style. It is quite a challenge to shrink a big story into a short book. Many paragraphs could easily be expanded into full-length scholarly tomes. But that was not my aim. Quite the opposite, I tried to capture key ideas of the Jesus story and summarize them for students and lay readers. A trail of sources in the endnotes will aid those who want to pursue more in-depth study of particular topics. There are many books on Jesus with many different spins on his story. The pages that follow show how I have spun the story. I say story because I have crafted the narrative in ways that reflect my interests as an Anabaptist Christian and as a sociologist. As you read this story, two key questions loom large. First, is this a fair reading of the story? If it is, then what do we do with Jesus and his upsidedown kingdom? Our images of him may come from storybooks, bumper stickers, or theological words we hardly understand. In many ways, Christians have domesticated Jesus, taming him to fit our culture and time. In retelling the story, I have tried to peel off some of the filters so we can see him more clearly in his own cultural setting. He may be a Jesus we never knew before. The Jesus we find may startle us. Preface 11 I write from an American perspective as a citizen of a superpower nation. In the global context, I am wealthy simply because I live in the United States and hold a professional job. The Jesus story may sound very different to someone who searches for food and shelter everyday. It will carry a different meaning for those serving an endless sentence for murder, drinking dirty water, dying with AIDS, or tortured because of their faith. I have tried to make the story accessible to all regardless of our social location or the burdens we carry, whether they be wealth or poverty, health or illness. Thanks be to God, the story is big enough and filled with grace enough for all of us regardless of our culture or condition. I have resisted the temptation to make specific applications for several reasons. First, issues and events quickly become dated. My task is to tell the story as carefully and creatively as possible, as Jesus did with the parables, letting the listeners apply the meaning to their own setting. Third, the kingdom of God will look quite different in different cultural settings. The issues for readers in a democratic nation will hardly match those of readers who suffer persecution under a brutal tyrant. For all of these reasons I have resisted the lure to spell out specific applications. Throughout the text I have spoken of the Old Testament rather than of the Hebrew Bible, even though the latter tends to be the more common practice among many scholars. The

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books of Moses, the prophets, and other writings before Jesus are considered scripture by both Jewish and Christian communities. The two communities, however, interpret and use these same sacred writings quite differently. In one case they are interpreted in light of the Talmud and the ongoing Jewish tradition. Among Christians, these early writings set the stage for Jesus and the formation of the early church. I write as a Christian within this two-testament tradition and thus use the Old Testament label but do it with genuine respect for its central role in Jewish faith and practice. My debts are heavy to the many friends and colleagues who have helped with this project over the years. I am especially grateful to those who have helped prepare this twenty-fifth anniversary 12 Preface edition. I deeply appreciate the willingness of Herald Press to undertake the project. As he did for the second edition, Michael A. For the efforts and skills of these fine people I am greatly indebted. I have been blessed with good clerical assistants—Terri Hopkins at Messiah College and Sandy Metzler at Elizabethtown College—who key-stroked the changes and helped at every turn. Kudos as well to the library staff at both colleges for their assistance in gathering sources. Linda Eberly kindly prepared the creative illustrations. I am especially pleased to have the art of my friend, Paul Grout, grace the front cover. He has captured the meaning of Jesus and the upside-down kingdom in a series of striking images of art. I am truly blessed to have the support and assistance of these kind and generous colleges. Previous editions of this book have touched thousands of readers in different languages in many countries. Letters of affirmation have come from prisoners, pastors, professors, students, and others in many cultures. I am grateful that the earlier editions have helped to interpret the Jesus story and energize Christians around the world. I hope this edition continues to do likewise. Thanks be to God. Prepare the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God. The dramatic pictures portray a revolutionary new kingdom. Paving the way for Jesus, the Baptist describes four surprises of the coming kingdom: He expects radical shake-ups in the new kingdom. Old ways will shatter beyond recognition. John warns us that the new order, the upside-down kingdom, will transform social patterns but amid the ferment, all flesh will see the salvation of God. Along with the Baptist, she expects the Messiah to inaugurate an upside-down kingdom filled with surprises. For the Mighty One has done great things for me, and holy is his name. His mercy is for those who fear him from generation to generation. He has shown strength with his arm; He has scattered the proud in the thoughts of their hearts. Those at the top of the social pyramid—the proud, the rich, and the mighty—topple. Stripped of their thrones, they are scattered and sent away empty. Meanwhile the poor and hungry, at the bottom of the pyramid, take a surprising ride to the top. Mary sings words of hope and judgment. Hope for the lowly, as she describes herself, and judgment for those who trample the helpless. A poor Galilean peasant girl, Mary expects the messianic kingdom to flip her social world upside down. The rich, mighty, and proud in Jerusalem will be banished. Poor farmers and shepherds in rural Galilee will be exalted and honored. For several centuries the Jewish people had been ruled by outsiders—pagan outsiders. She spoke for the masses who prayed for the day when the Messiah would expel the pagan invaders and establish the long-awaited kingdom. An Inverted Kingdom The central theme in the ministry and teaching of Jesus is the kingdom of God, or as Matthew calls it, the kingdom of heaven. This key idea ties his entire message together. It is the undisputed core, the very essence, of his life and teaching. His fellow Jews expected a political kingdom that would protect and preserve the Jewish faith. Over the centuries, scholars, theologians, and churches have developed different views. Debates on what Jesus meant have swirled down through the ages. It certainly challenged the patterns in ancient Palestinian society and does the same in our world today.

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life in norman england. The tall frowning keep and solid walls of the great stone castles, in which the Norman barons lived, betokened an age of violence and suspicion. Beauty gave way to the needs of safety.

of J. Alfred Prufrock Summary Meet Prufrock. He wants you to come take a walk with him through the winding, dirty streets of a big, foggy city that looks a lot like London. Also, he has a huge, life-altering question to ask you. Cut to a bunch of women entering and leaving a room. The women are talking about the famous Renaissance painter Michelangelo. Like really, really foggy. The fog has a delightful yellow color, and it acts a lot like a cat. Where did the women go? Pleeen-ty of time for Prufrock to do all that really important stuff. Well, his clothes are sharp-looking. The rest of him is kind of not-so-sharp-looking. But he still has pleeen-ty of time. Those are pretty big accomplishments, right? Prufrock says something about how he wishes he were a crab. Wait, you were serious? He was going to tell someone something life-altering, but he was afraid of being rejected. Meanwhile, Prufrock keeps getting older. Instead, he worries about other important things, such as whether to roll his pant-legs or eat a peach. It turns out that Prufrock really likes the ocean. Boy, you sure do talk a lot about yourself, Prufrock. Finally, he brings us back into the conversation. It turns out we were asleep in the ocean, but all of a sudden, we get woken up by "human voices. Boy, what a day. Lines LET us go then, you and I, When the evening is spread out against the sky Like a patient etherised upon a table; "We" are being invited on a trip somewhere. But who am "I"? Am I the reader of "J. Alfred Prufrock," or am I someone else? For the purposes of the poem, you are someone else. We know this from the title, which tells us that the speaker is a guy named J. Alfred Prufrock – this is his song. In olden times, poems were called "songs". Feel free to giggle now if you want. But, this is not your ordinary evening: What does that mean? The image compares the evening sky to a patient strapped to an operating table and given ether, a kind of anesthetic, to numb the pain of the surgery that is about to happen. In case you were wondering, the word is pronounced: This is how you start a love song? Give us a moment to calm down. Lines Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets, The muttering retreats Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells: Prufrock repeats his invitation for us to come along with him. Now, usually when you go on a walk with someone, especially someone you love, you try to pick someplace romantic – a moonlit beach, a tree-lined avenue, that sort of thing. These are the kind of streets that are filled with "cheap hotels" where you might stay for one night only as a last resort, if you had no other options. Well, at least the street has "restaurants. Eliot is sending us a lot of small signals in this section. It looks like Prufrock has taken us on a stroll through the seedy red-light district, where prostitutes and vagrants hang out. Lines Streets that follow like a tedious argument Of insidious intent To lead you to an overwhelming question – Oh, do not ask, "What is it? The streets twist and turn like a "tedious argument. But, by this point, we might feel that Prufrock is also being "insidious" by trying to trick us into taking a walk through the seedy part of town. We could even go a step further and say that both the streets and Prufrock resemble Guido da Montefeltro, who tried to fool God see "Epigraph". The streets are leading somewhere, however. They lead "to an overwhelming question," a question of huge and possibly life-altering significance. Oh, tell us, tell us! Sounds pretty tricky, if you ask us. For good measure, he repeats his favorite phrase, "let us go," for a third time. Seriously, folks, when people warn you about bad peer-pressure situations, this is what they mean. Lines In the room the women come and go Talking of Michelangelo. Women are entering and leaving a room talking about the Italian Renaissance painter Michelangelo. Eliot loves those Italians. They do, however, add to the general atmosphere. For one thing, the women must be pretty high-class to be talking about Renaissance art, but their repeated action of "coming and going" seems surprisingly pointless. Remember how we said that Eliot includes sneaky references to Dante everywhere? Just something to think about. Finally, these lines have an incredibly simple, singsong rhyme that could get really annoying if you had to listen to it for a long time. Lines The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes, The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the

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window-panes Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening, Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains, Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys, Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap, And seeing that it was a soft October night, Curled once about the house, and fell asleep. It appears that the poem is back to talking about the "half-deserted streets" from stanza I. The streets are filled with a "yellow fog," which sounds really nasty, actually. This detail might allow us to take a stab at the location of the poem. Eliot was really interested in England, and he moved there before this poem was published. The capitol of England is London, which gets really foggy. Around the beginning of the 20th century, London was a really modern city that also had some of the roughest, seediest neighborhoods anywhere. This fog seems pretty acrobatic. It has a "back" and a "muzzle," which sounds like either a dog or a cat. Also, it "licks" things and makes "sudden leaps. The poem is comparing the quiet, sneaky, and athletic movement of the fog to a common housecat. The fog is wandering around the streets like a cat wanders around a house. Finally, the fog gets tired and "curls" around the city houses to "fall asleep" like a cat would curl around something smaller, maybe the leg of a table or chair. Lines And indeed there will be time For the yellow smoke that slides along the street, Rubbing its back upon the window-panes; Eliot knew a lot about literature. He read more books than almost any other writer in the 20th century – maybe more than any other writer, period. He could make subtle references to all kinds of literary figures without even trying. His brain worked like that. Sometimes, though, they are fun to point out. The poet is saying, "Look, we both know you want to sleep with me, and if we had until Eternity to be together, it would be fine for you to waste time playing games. Lines There will be time, there will be time To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet; There will be time to murder and create, And time for all the works and days of hands That lift and drop a question on your plate; Time for you and time for me, And time yet for a hundred indecisions, And for a hundred visions and revisions, Before the taking of a toast and tea. Plenty of time to get your "face" ready to meet other people. Also, plenty of time to "murder and create," which sounds pretty sinister. Is this supposed to be a good thing or a bad thing? Works and Days was the name of the name of a work written by the Greek poet Hesiod. Hmm – 'pointless existence' sounds like someone we know, eh, Prufrock? Also, have you noticed how Prufrock seems to refer to individual body parts instead of people? So far we have "faces" and "hands. Plenty of time for that later. We have all this time "before the taking of a toast and tea. This lines seem to "come and go" from the poem just like the women they describe. Lines And indeed there will be time To wonder, "Do I dare? The setting gets more specific, too. We might imagine him standing outside the upstairs room his "love" is in. He paces back and forth and tries to decide whether to ask his big question. He turns around and heads back downstairs.

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Chapter 7 : Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer - Christian Classics Ethereal Library

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Cole asks a lot of questions. But sometimes the questions are really fucking hard to answer. Connor gonna talk about me? The audible version of closing your eyes, he supposes. Just to be sure. I wanna hear it from you, not just Mr. Connor as your teacher? Now he reaches for Hank because he has to. He dresses like a J. Crew mannequin on its way to a wake: His hair is perfect aside from a single flyaway hair, which he attempts to tuck back as he greets Hank and Cole. He has this strange complexion, pale almost to the point of glowing, but with the faintest of freckles across his nose and several prominent, dark moles on his face and neck. He makes you want to look at him. Come with me, Cole. The kid starts playing a game immediately and ignores the kiss Hank plants on his head to say goodbye. Hank takes the seat across from him as instructed. Being back in a classroom makes him nervous, he realizes. He wonders if Connor can tell. No wonder he hates me, Hank grumbles inwardly, hating that this situation is funnier than it feels. It helps me assess their progress in writing and self-reporting, among other things. Connor is unphased by the feedback. It only takes him a moment to decipher what Cole has written, backwards letters and all: He wants to hear something. The three of us lived there together. Finally realized I was sick of sleeping in same room where I slept with my dead wife, so. So much for not sharing moreâ€”at least Hank kept the drinking under wraps. After a period of silence, Connor finishes jotting down whatever it is. Which is what he gets from Connor. Amazing how this weird-ass twink with a superiority complex keeps finding new ways to get the better of him. Hank wants to smack him and pat him on the back in the same gesture, because he knows that pattern well. Hank leans back, gaze floating toward the ceiling. Is this how these conferences are supposed to go? What kind of dog is it? Got a soft spot for them. He sighs, louder than is subtle, and slaps his thighs. Anything else you want to hear? He starts reaching across the desk, and Hank thinks, what the hell, until he recognizes the gesture: Connor wants to shake his hand. The way he offers it makes Hank feel like he might be a fucking space alien, but yeah, Connor is definitely trying to shake his hand. Once the hubbub of the handshake and what the fuck was that, really? The only explanation is pity, and that makes Hankâ€™s grumpy. He taps his temple. Not the most readable of expressions, but he figures he ought to save face, anyway: And sorry I keep swearing in your house of learning, or whatever. This turns out to beâ€™ unfortunate. He has a lot of thoughts. But it lingers under a noisier thought, which is that he likes talking to the freaky hot twink teacher, and he wants to do it some more. Is it bad to hope your kid starts fucking up more so you can earn face time with their teacher? Hank glances at the reflection of a sleeping Cole in the rearview. An unrealistic crush is exactly the sort of torture his brain would come up with to distract him from the painful reality of his life. He holds up his phone.

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Chapter 8 : Of J Alfred Prufrock Summary -

As we allow God to carry the weight of our worry, the burden of our anxiety and the penalty of every sin in our life, peace will reign and leave no room for the deadly trap of stress. Today, girlfriend, I pray that you will trust God and rest in Peace.

THE history of St. Louis presents some peculiarities such as do not seem to appear in connection with that of any other distinctively American city. Louis is, intensely modern in its character and impulses, yet its foundation rests upon a substructure of very ancient associations, such as lead research and investigation into the affairs of the earliest white settlers of the North American continent. The first white man looked upon the site of St. Louis was not brought into the Union until ; it did not fairly commence to grow until ; it was no more than a frontier trading-post and garrison town when it was incorporated as a city in Yet we must seek its beginning in ethnic influences and race movements and colonies which are antecedent to the planting of St. The Spaniards who governed St. Louis at the opening of the nineteenth century had already discovered the Mississippi River in the third decade of the fifteenth century, and the French forts and towns in Illinois which eventually contributed their population to augment the growth of St. Louis were all of them planted and thriving before the Peace of Ryswick, and before New England had entirely recovered from the desperate struggle with the Wampanoags. Louis and New Orleans are the only American cities which have owned both the French and Spanish sway before yielding allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. New Orleans continues French to the core. Louis is thoroughly Americanized; but in the process of transformation the city has become cosmopolitan in a remarkable degree. In this respect likewise St. Louis is markedly distinct from other American cities. None is less provincial, none so thoroughly metropolitan in the composition of its population, which is yet blended together in one homogeneous whole that makes it an effective unit in every article of action and enterprise. Quebec, like New Orleans, has never been completely naturalized in the Anglo-American family; Boston, like Baltimore, is provincial; New York is still Dutch in warp, and Philadelphia has not outgrown the peculiarities of the formal sect which founded it; Chicago is a camping-place of the nations, with Yankee machinery to give it electrical swiftness of motion; but in St. Louis nationalities are fused and welded together, so that every inhabitant feels the local spirit and patriotic impulse of the Latin, who knew no higher boast than "Civis Romanus sum. Such a history is naturally attractive and picturesque. It is tintured with romance, it is pervaded with adventure. There is something about it which resembles the sweeping and various contours of the circumjacent prairies, forests, and rivers, and withal there is a smack of local flavor and individuality in it which recalls the bonhomie and careless, easy grace of its earliest inhabitants. To catch such vivid traits and reproduce such changing and various tints is a work of art at which the most skillful need not blush to fail, but it is a labor also of love at which the artist will toil with ardor. The pleasing hypothesis that St. Louis is naturally 2 the geographical, commercial, and political centre of the North American continent may be entertained or dismissed as one chooses, without injury to the present hopes or future prospects of the great city. Louis as a common focal point. This is not peculiar to one epoch, but common to all. It is the tradition of nearly every Indian tribe and nation, and notably of the Natchez, and the Algonkin and the Iroquois who dispersed them and drove them south, that they originally came "in the dim legendary past" from the northwest, upon such a diagonal line of migration as would bring them to the Mississippi at or about the latitude of St. In , when the Governor of New Galicia, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, set forth upon his memorable march from Compostella and Culiacan, upon the Gulf of California, to discover and conquer the apocryphally rich "seven cities of Cibola," he did not stay his footsteps in the strange wilderness until he had reached the fortieth parallel at a point half-way between Leavenworth and Omaha. The French who went west from Quebec to Lake Superior, those who descended the Wabash, the Illinois, the Kaskaskia, and the Mississippi, and those who ascended the latter stream from the Belize, all met and settled within forty or fifty miles of the city whose history we are writing, and the oldest settlement,

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Cahokia, is within sight of its taller spires. It is rather more than a coincidence that Coronado and De Soto, the one starting on the Pacific coast and the other on the Atlantic, would actually have crossed paths if they had projected their outward marches two hundred miles farther, and their meeting point would have been very near the site of St. Louis. It is rather more than a coincidence likewise that the road of the trading-pack and wagon of the New England emigrant, the path of the Virginia ranger and Kentucky hunter, the devious way of the Canadian coureur des bois and voyageur and route of the trapper, should all of them have led to St. Louis, but in no other place on this continent, it would have been natural for Daniel Boone, "backwoodsman of Kentucky," to meet and exchange adventures with the Yankee peddler from Connecticut, the Jesuit priest from Minnesota, the Canadian half-breed trapper from the headwaters of the Missouri, and the sugar-planter of Opelousas and Terrebonne. So races and nationalities confront one another today in St. Louis and its establishment as the key-city of the mightiest river-system upon the globe. The causes of the discovery and settlement of the valley of the Mississippi were identical with those which led to the discovery and settlement of America. The lust for gold, made keener by the currency requirements of a period of restless expansion of trade, the desire to plant proud royal banners and the humble cross of Christ upon new lands and to subordinate new realms to European monarchies and Catholic orthodoxy, and the eager jealousy with which the Western nations of Europe, just newly born to commerce and the possibilities of the unlimited expansion of trade over the ocean spaces, beheld the relations of Venice with the wealthy East, "these are the causes which led Prince Henry of Portugal to push south and Christopher Columbus to press westward in quest of that Far Cathay the unexampled riches of which had been exhibited in glowing colors by the fertile pen of Marco Polo. Father Marquette, when he sought the Mississippi, hoped to find that it emptied into the Gulf of California, and thus would afford to France an easy route to China by way of the St. Lawrence and the lakes. La Salle named his fort and village near Montreal "La Chine," in token of the intentness with which he pursued his original object of seeking a navigable route across the continent to India. Both Columbus and the early explorers of the continent by land were deceived in regard to the size of the globe and the proximity of Europe to Asia. Columbus fancied that China lay just across the "ocean stream," not more than fifteen hundred or three thousand miles from Palos. De Soto, Hudson, Raleigh, and the French explorers all seem to have supposed that the girth of North America on the line of the fortieth parallel was not much greater than on the parallel of the city of Mexico. This was a fortunate error on the part of Columbus, for his great voyage never would have been undertaken if he had been aware of the breadth of the great Atlantic, and that another continent and a second and mightier ocean still interposed between him and the goal of his hopes and vigils. Columbus had the same religious reverence for the opinions of Ptolemy and the elder geographers that the philosophers and theologians of his day had for Aristotle. He accepted the view put forth by them that the sea covered only one-seventh of the extent of the globe, instead of three-fourths, and he did not think the globe was near so big as it proved to be in the sequel of his discoveries. The geographers upon whom he relied had projected the Caspian Sea very far eastward, advanced the coast-line of China to the meridian of the Hawaiian Islands, and taken away eighty-six degrees of longitude from the actual distance between the Canary Islands and Cathay. If Columbus had not accepted these opinions, he might well have shrunk from an undertaking so vast as that of traversing the immense breadth of unknown space between Spain and Japan. But the failure of Columbus, while it might have delayed, would not have prevented, the discovery and settlement of America within a short period of time. The thirst for adventure was abroad, the compass and the quadrant gave to the seaman the means of navigating the ocean on certain paths without needing to keep the land in sight. The last half of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries was the peculiar epoch of human energy and enterprise directed to and concentrated upon the field of maritime discovery, just as the next hundred years was peculiarly the period of colonization and settlement in the new lands. A sudden "new sense," in the happy phrase of Humboldt, was developed in that interval for the appreciation of the grand and the boundless. The bosom of the unknown ocean teemed with the most desirable images that come in dreams. Brandon, the realm of gold and pearls and diamonds, where the fountains bubbled with the sparkling waters of perpetual youth.

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Here were the Hesperides, the isles of the blessed, where golden apples grew on rippling trees. In these regions the dim light of the traditionary memory just caught gleams of the shrine of St. There was a spirit ripening in these times which would have led men abroad to search for the improbable and the impossible, if nothing more substantial had offered. But there was evidence of land beyond the seas which did not need to be corroborated by the dreams of poets and the speculations of philosophers. Discovery had outrun imagination already. The narrative of Marco Polo far exceeded in splendor the most exaggerated accounts by the ancients of the wealth and wonders of India. The Azores, the Canary Islands, and Madeira were fitting outposts of an American paradise, so bright were their skies, so soft and balmy their airs of perpetual spring. For that matter, Mexico and Peru were more magnificent than the Cathay which Columbus sought, and the gold-bearing kingdoms of Theguaio and Quivira which Marquette, Joliet, Hennepin, and La Salle aimed at, the seven cities of Cibola which Coronado strove to attain, could never have proved half so rich in mineral wealth as California and Nevada turn out to be. Brandon and the island of the Seven Cities, and the bard Meredith ap Griffith, who died in , certainly reported the voyages to a new land of the Welsh prince, Madoc, whether those voyages were ever made or not. It is even claimed by French writers that in , four years before Columbus undertook his voyage from Palos, Cousin, a seaman of Dieppe, was blown westward from the coast of Africa to the shores of a new, unknown continent, in which he saw the mouth of a great river. One of his seamen was a Pinzon, who mutinied, was dismissed from the maritime service of Dieppe, and went to Spain, where he met Columbus, and accompanied him on his first voyage. Parmentier states that the French fishermen were at the Banks in It is a curious fact, in reviewing the scene of the discoveries and the ocean adventures which distinguish the latter part of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries, that the French, the most chivalrous people of Europe, and at that period scarcely yet emancipated from the sort of religious enthusiasm which led to the crusades, should have been the first of the European nations to utilize the newly acquired acquaintance with the Western Continent for the comparatively humble purposes of the fisheries, colonization, and legitimate trade. They were not dazzled with the splendor of imperial conquest such as sent hosts of Spanish adventurers abroad in the train of the successors of Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro, Ponce de Leon, Pamfilo Narvaez, De Soto, and others. On the contrary, it was the Norman fishers, the descendants of the followers of Rollo the sea-rover, the hardy Biscayan coastmen of Breton and Basque blood, who first planted the white standard of France and erected the symbol of the cross above their fish-drying sheds on the coasts of Newfoundland, Labrador, Nova Scotia, and the desolate islands in the Gulf of St. France has lost all her other possessions in North America, but the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, on the coast of Newfoundland, where probably the French fishermen landed very early in the sixteenth century, are still retained by that country for the fishery uses to which their convenient shores were originally set apart. The bold promontory of Finisterre points westward with singular emphasis, and the experienced sailors of Dieppe, St. Malo, Morlaix, and Brest would not dread to encounter the difficult navigation of the Gulf of St. Cape Breton was named by these sailors at least as early as any part of our continent has been named by Europeans, and the French were the originators of the American fur trade as well as its most successful prosecutors. Wherever the French landed in America it was to settle and improve, not conquer and despoil, and they were the only foreign dwellers upon American soil who won the esteem, the confidence, and the affection of the native tribes, who coalesced with them and did not poison and destroy them by their contact. If the Cabots undoubtedly discovered the shores of our continent and main-land to the advantage of England, it is certain that the French began their settlements upon our coasts much earlier than the English, and it is probable that there were many in formal settlements, landings made, and fish-houses planted by seamen and individuals, without government support or sanction, long anterior to the embarkation of Cartier. The language of Postel, as quoted by Lescarbot, would seem to be conclusive upon this point: We know, from the contemporary chronicles, that in fifty vessels, under the French, Spanish, and Portuguese flags, were at one and the same time engaged in the fisheries upon the cod-banks of Newfoundland, and it is recorded that on Aug. John eleven sail of Norman vessels, one Breton, and two Portuguese. A business of this magnitude is not built up in a day. Cartier, when

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he first came out in , found that the bays and capes of Newfoundland had already been named by the French voyagers who preceded him. Nearly all these names are still retained, to bear witness in favor of the French claims to priority in navigating along that part of the continent, and they prove, moreover, that the French did not simply touch at, but circumnavigated, the island. If some one familiar with the family histories of the French fishermen of Normandy, Brittany, and Gascony were carefully to spell out the names upon the map of Newfoundland, he would perhaps establish many dates which are now uncertain. The ignorant fishermen, unblenching in presence of natural dangers, shrunk appalled from these supernatural regions, nor did they venture into the mountains of Labrador, which were fabled to be the habitation of dragons and griffins, and to harbor all the strange creations of faery myth in the depths of their antres vast and caverns horrible. But, for the rest, wherever a ship could go they pushed their little barks. Denis, of Harfleur, explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence as early as , and two years later Aubert, a navigator of Dieppe, completed his work. Baron de Lery, in , made an unsuccessful attempt to settle on the bleak and perilous Sable Island, and the cattle which he landed, the descendants of which are still to be found there in great numbers, proved that he intended his settlement to be a permanent one and the nucleus of a colony. The claim of England to all the territory of North America north of Cape Hatteras rested upon the voyages of discovery made by John Cabot and his son Sebastian in and . This claim covered, and eventually was enforced against, the territories of New France and New Netherland, though the energies of England in that direction did not begin to be put forth until the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successor, when English ships swarmed every sea in pursuit of the wealth-bearing galleons of Spain. Cabot had a commission under the great seal of England, empowering him and his three sons, their heirs, and their deputies to sail into the eastern, western, or northern sea in search of islands, provinces, or regions hitherto unseen by Christian people; "to affix the banners of England on city, island, or continent, and, as vassals of the English crown, to possess and occupy the territories that might be found. This voyage is described by the eager chronicler Peter Martyr, who, from his vantage ground in Spain, sent to the Pope and the other sovereigns of Europe a series of regular bulletins, reporting the daily progress of adventure and discovery. The spirit of the age and its fructifying curiosity inspired Peter Martyr in an intense degree. Our friend Pomponius Laetus could scarcely restrain his tears of joy when I communicated to him the first accounts of so unexpected an event. What aliment more delicious than such tidings can be set before an ingenious mind? It is like an accession of wealth to a miser. Our minds, soiled with vices, become meliorated by contemplating such glorious events. In Manuel, King of Portugal, dispatched Gaspar Cortereal to these waters in search of a northwest passage to India. His two caravels explored seven or eight hundred miles of coast-line, as far north as the fiftieth parallel, when their progress was obstructed by the ice. He gave the name of Labrador to the black shores which still bear it, "a name of sombre omen, for it emphasizes the fact that this navigator kidnapped fifty of the natives, to sell them for slaves on his return. Cortereal discovered the Gulf of St.

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Chapter 9 : The Immoral Minority: February

The Hill of Venus. BOOK THE FIRST. CHAPTER I. THE SUMMONS. I T was the time of the summer solstice in the year Evening was falling on the Basilicata, the shadowy, hazy twilight of the fading midsummer day.

Psychology helped here by suggesting a unit "the point of history when man held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe. Eight or ten years of study had led Adams to think he might use the century, expressed in Amiens Cathedral and the Works of Thomas Aquinas, as the unit from which he might measure motion down to his own time, without assuming anything as true or untrue, except relation. The movement might be studied at once in philosophy and mechanics. The "Education" proved to be more difficult. The point on which the author failed to please himself, and could get no light from readers or friends, was the usual one of literary form. Probably he saw it in advance, for he used to say, half in jest, that his great ambition was to complete St. Augustine, like a great artist, had worked from multiplicity to unity, while he, like a small one, had to reverse the method and work back from unity to multiplicity. The scheme became unmanageable as he approached his end. Probably he was, in fact, trying only to work into it his favorite theory of history, which now fills the last three or four chapters of the "Education," and he could not satisfy himself with his workmanship. At all events, he was still pondering over the problem in , when he tried to deal with it in another way which might be more intelligible to students. He printed a small volume called "A Letter to American Teachers," which he sent to his associates in the American Historical Association, hoping to provoke some response. Before he could satisfy himself even on this minor point, a severe illness in the spring of put an end to his literary activity forever. The matter soon passed beyond his control. The author could no longer withdraw either volume; he could no longer rewrite either, and he could not publish that which he thought unprepared and unfinished, although in his opinion the other was historically purposeless without its sequel. In the end, he preferred to leave the "Education" unpublished, avowedly incomplete, trusting that it might quietly fade from memory. After midsummer, , the rule was made absolute. Collect about me the innumerable swarm of my fellows; let them hear my confessions; let them groan at my unworthiness; let them blush at my meannesses! Let each of them discover his heart in his turn at the foot of thy throne with the same sincerity; and then let any one of them tell thee if he dares: Most educators of the nineteenth century have declined to show themselves before their scholars as objects more vile or contemptible than necessary, and even the humblest teacher hides, if possible, the faults with which nature has generously embellished us all, as it did Jean Jacques, thinking, as most religious minds are apt to do, that the Eternal Father himself may not feel unmixed pleasure at our thrusting under his eyes chiefly the least agreeable details of his creation. As an unfortunate result the twentieth century finds few recent guides to avoid, or to follow. American literature offers scarcely one working model for high education. The student must go back, beyond Jean Jacques, to Benjamin Franklin, to find a model even of self-teaching. Except in the abandoned sphere of the dead languages, no one has discussed what part of education has, in his personal experience, turned out to be useful, and what not. This volume attempts to discuss it. As educator, Jean Jacques was, in one respect, easily first; he erected a monument of warning against the Ego. Since his time, and largely thanks to him, the Ego has steadily tended to efface itself, and, for purposes of model, to become a manikin on which the toilet of education is to be draped in order to show the fit or misfit of the clothes. The object of study is the garment, not the figure. At the utmost, the active-minded young man should ask of his teacher only mastery of his tools. The young man himself, the subject of education, is a certain form of energy; the object to be gained is economy of his force; the training is partly the clearing away of obstacles, partly the direct application of effort. Once acquired, the tools and models may be thrown away. The manikin, therefore, has the same value as any other geometrical figure of three or more dimensions, which is used for the study of relation. For that purpose it cannot be spared; it is the only measure of motion, of proportion, of human condition; it must have the air of reality; must be taken for real; must be treated as though it had life. Had he been born in Jerusalem

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under the shadow of the Temple and circumcised in the Synagogue by his uncle the high priest, under the name of Israel Cohen, he would scarcely have been more distinctly branded, and not much more heavily handicapped in the races of the coming century, in running for such stakes as the century was to offer; but, on the other hand, the ordinary traveller, who does not enter the field of racing, finds advantage in being, so to speak, ticketed through life, with the safeguards of an old, established traffic. Safeguards are often irksome, but sometimes convenient, and if one needs them at all, one is apt to need them badly. What could become of such a child of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when he should wake up to find himself required to play the game of the twentieth? Had he been consulted, would he have cared to play the game at all, holding such cards as he held, and suspecting that the game was to be one of which neither he nor any one else back to the beginning of time knew the rules or the risks or the stakes? He was not consulted and was not responsible, but had he been taken into the confidence of his parents, he would certainly have told them to change nothing as far as concerned him. He would have been astounded by his own luck. Probably no child, born in the year, held better cards than he. Whether life was an honest game of chance, or whether the cards were marked and forced, he could not refuse to play his excellent hand. He could never make the usual plea of irresponsibility. He accepted the situation as though he had been a party to it, and under the same circumstances would do it again, the more readily for knowing the exact values. To his life as a whole he was a consenting, contracting party and partner from the moment he was born to the moment he died. Only with that understanding "as a consciously assenting member in full partnership with the society of his age" had his education an interest to himself or to others. As it happened, he never got to the point of playing the game at all; he lost himself in the study of it, watching the errors of the players; but this is the only interest in the story, which otherwise has no moral and little incident. A story of education "seventy years of it" the practical value remains to the end in doubt, like other values about which men have disputed since the birth of Cain and Abel; but the practical value of the universe has never been stated in dollars. Although every one cannot be a Gargantua-Napoleon-Bismarck and walk off with the great bells of Notre Dame, every one must bear his own universe, and most persons are moderately interested in learning how their neighbors have managed to carry theirs. This problem of education, started in , went on for three years, while the baby grew, like other babies, unconsciously, as a vegetable, the outside world working as it never had worked before, to get his new universe ready for him. Often in old age he puzzled over the question whether, on the doctrine of chances, he was at liberty to accept himself or his world as an accident. No such accident had ever happened before in human experience. For him, alone, the old universe was thrown into the ash-heap and a new one created. He and his eighteenth-century, troglodytic Boston were suddenly cut apart "separated forever" in act if not in sentiment, by the opening of the Boston and Albany Railroad; the appearance of the first Cunard steamers in the bay; and the telegraphic messages which carried from Baltimore to Washington the news that Henry Clay and James K. Polk were nominated for the Presidency. This was in May, ; he was six years old ; his new world was ready for use, and only fragments of the old met his eyes. Of all this that was being done to complicate his education, he knew only the color of yellow. He first found himself sitting on a yellow kitchen floor in strong sunlight. He was three years old when he took this earliest step in education; a lesson of color. The second followed soon; a lesson of taste. On December 3, , he developed scarlet fever. For several days he was as good as dead, reviving only under the careful nursing of his family. When he began to recover strength, about January 1, , his hunger must have been stronger than any other pleasure or pain, for while in after life he retained not the faintest recollection of his illness, he remembered quite clearly his aunt entering the sickroom bearing in her hand a saucer with a baked apple. The order of impressions retained by memory might naturally be that of color and taste, although one would rather suppose that the sense of pain would be first to educate. In fact, the third recollection of the child was that of discomfort. The moment he could be removed, he was bundled up in blankets and carried from the little house in Hancock Avenue to a larger one which his parents were to occupy for the rest of their lives in the neighboring Mount Vernon Street. The season was midwinter, January 10, , and he never forgot his acute distress for want of air under his blankets, or the noises of moving

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furniture. As a means of variation from a normal type, sickness in childhood ought to have a certain value not to be classed under any fitness or unfitness of natural selection; and especially scarlet fever affected boys seriously, both physically and in character, though they might through life puzzle themselves to decide whether it had fitted or unfitted them for success; but this fever of Henry Adams took greater and greater importance in his eyes, from the point of view of education, the longer he lived. At first, the effect was physical. He fell behind his brothers two or three inches in height, and proportionally in bone and weight. His character and processes of mind seemed to share in this fining-down process of scale. He exaggerated these weaknesses as he grew older. The habit of doubt; of distrusting his own judgment and of totally rejecting the judgment of the world; the tendency to regard every question as open; the hesitation to act except as a choice of evils; the shirking of responsibility; the love of line, form, quality; the horror of ennui; the passion for companionship and the antipathy to society "all these are well-known qualities of New England character in no way peculiar to individuals but in this instance they seemed to be stimulated by the fever, and Henry Adams could never make up his mind whether, on the whole, the change of character was morbid or healthy, good or bad for his purpose. His brothers were the type; he was the variation. As far as the boy knew, the sickness did not affect him at all, and he grew up in excellent health, bodily and mental, taking life as it was given; accepting its local standards without a difficulty, and enjoying much of it as keenly as any other boy of his age. He seemed to himself quite normal, and his companions seemed always to think him so. Whatever was peculiar about him was education, not character, and came to him, directly and indirectly, as the result of that eighteenth-century inheritance which he took with his name. Resistance to something was the law of New England nature; the boy looked out on the world with the instinct of resistance; for numberless generations his predecessors had viewed the world chiefly as a thing to be reformed, filled with evil forces to be abolished, and they saw no reason to suppose that they had wholly succeeded in the abolition; the duty was unchanged. That duty implied not only resistance to evil, but hatred of it. Boys naturally look on all force as an enemy, and generally find it so, but the New Englander, whether boy or man, in his long struggle with a stingy or hostile universe, had learned also to love the pleasure of hating; his joys were few. Politics, as a practice, whatever its professions, had always been the systematic organization of hatreds, and Massachusetts politics had been as harsh as the climate. The violence of the contrast was real and made the strongest motive of education. The double exterior nature gave life its relative values. Winter and summer, cold and heat, town and country, force and freedom, marked two modes of life and thought, balanced like lobes of the brain. Town was winter confinement, school, rule, discipline; straight, gloomy streets, piled with six feet of snow in the middle; frosts that made the snow sing under wheels or runners; thaws when the streets became dangerous to cross; society of uncles, aunts, and cousins who expected children to behave themselves, and who were not always gratified; above all else, winter represented the desire to escape and go free. Town was restraint, law, unity. Country, only seven miles away, was liberty, diversity, outlawry, the endless delight of mere sense impressions given by nature for nothing, and breathed by boys without knowing it. Boys are wild animals, rich in the treasures of sense, but the New England boy had a wider range of emotions than boys of more equable climates. He felt his nature crudely, as it was meant. To the boy Henry Adams, summer was drunken. Among senses, smell was the strongest "smell of hot pine-woods and sweet-fern in the scorching summer noon; of new-mown hay; of ploughed earth; of box hedges; of peaches, lilacs, syringas; of stables, barns, cow-yards; of salt water and low tide on the marshes; nothing came amiss. Light, line, and color as sensual pleasures, came later and were as crude as the rest. The New England light is glare, and the atmosphere harshens color. The boy was a full man before he ever knew what was meant by atmosphere; his idea of pleasure in light was the blaze of a New England sun. His idea of color was a peony, with the dew of early morning on its petals. The opposites or antipathies, were the cold grays of November evenings, and the thick, muddy thaws of Boston winter. With such standards, the Bostonian could not but develop a double nature. Life was a double thing. After a January blizzard, the boy who could look with pleasure into the violent snow-glare of the cold white sunshine, with its intense light and shade, scarcely knew what was meant by tone. He could reach it only by

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education. Winter and summer, then, were two hostile lives, and bred two separate natures.