Peace is Illogical

By Caleb Yoder

Contributing Writer

This is a tense time for EMU and the broad Mennonite church. We often write, through the words of scripture and times when it seemed sweet to my ears. We deal with divisions, different interpretations and ill-use of text, but there is no reason to lose hope or refuse to believe in its message. All is possible in God, and we have Christ’s promise above belief (I Cor 1:8-31).

Reading the Bible is not always easy; but I realize the spirit of God when the Lord’s spirit spoke to me through the words of scripture and times when it seemed sweet to my ears.

We do not want to associate, wherever it lies, even in the heart of those who are transformed by the spirit of the incarnate Word, and through the written Word – written to teach us and give us hope (Rom. 15:4-5). Our researched theologues and critical scholarship must not obstruct our understanding of what it means to believe the written Word of God with the faith of a child. Knowledge can teach and help us, but we must not use knowledge for pride or to put ourselves above others.

The relevant reference is I Cor. 1: 20 – 25. “...For the foolishness of God is wiser than man’s wisdom, and the weakness of God is stronger than man’s strength.” (NIV)” Following Christ is foolishness according to the logic of the world (man’s wisdom) – in fact it looks like weakness compared to the power wielded by governments and nations (man’s strength).

But Christians know that, in a context within which George W. Bush is just another mortal, we are better off living a life of peace no matter how illogical it may look to the rest of the world. In Christ we are freed from both the systems of the fallen world and the logic that seems to force humanity to accept them. –jby

Sickness and Snowshoes

By Emily Chamelin

Contributing Writer

I am looking out the window at the snow falling outside of the heavens—beautiful, pure and unmarred by human hand. Falling delicately to the ground silently, anonymously; yet I am aware of their falling. As I stare out the window my trance is interrupted as I hear voices coming from the hall. Everyone is going outside to go sledding. I decline, sadly, and watch them leave. Bundled up like colorful Staypuff Marshmallow men, their voices fade and the sound of their footsteps dissipate into the stairwell. I am left again to sit in my room while the sky falls outside.

Left to my thoughts, I ponder the most unfair situation that I could think of: being sick on a snow day. A snow day at college, a snow day at EMU for that matter. These things only happen once in a blue moon. Here I am with a bug that will keep me inside indefinitely. Not just inside, but mostly out of the room and distance. I have been kept away from my snowshoes…until this year. The cruel irony of the situation is that I can’t use them because of both illness and distance. I have been kept from my snowshoes once again. I suppose the snowshoes prefer it that way.

As I sit gazing out of the window, I often wonder why I am left sitting in the snow, but then again, if I actually had the snowshoes with me, I bet there would have been no snow at all. So, it is probably for the best. I will let my snowshoes rest for another year. For now, the snowshoes and I will lie idle, waiting until a healthy day and a thick blanket of snow are both in our favor.

Emily Chamelin can be reached at emily.chamelin@emu.edu.