

**The heavens declare the glory of God;
the skies proclaim the work of His hands.**

PSALM 19:1

CORNERSTONE

A Christian Journal of Literary Arts at Brown University and the Rhode Island School of Design



Religion in the Age of Religious Terrorism 4

Christianity Against Religious Fanaticism

An Interview With Professor Susan Ashbrook Harvey 16

Why Studying Religion Is Valuable

#where'sbae? 22

Using Your Time of Singleness to Serve God

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Contents

ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

- 3 Bridge**
SUJAY NATSON
- 5 Good Friday in Santiago de Compostela**
SUJAY NATSON
- 6 Sunset Over the Pond in Iceland**
SUJAY NATSON
- 9 Signs in Spain**
SUJAY NATSON
- 10 Sunset in Cadiz**
ISABELLA MARTINEZ
- 13 Far From Tivoli**
LAUREN GALVAN
- 14 Wheel, London**
SUJAY NATSON
- 15 On Wings Across Leaf Mountain**
LAUREN GALVAN
- 17 Beneath the White, There Are Catholic Walls**
LAUREN GALVAN
- 18 Douarnenez Sunset**
ISABELLA MARTINEZ
- 20 Pilgrimage**
DIEGO LUIS
- 22 Light, New Hampshire**
SUJAY NATSON
- 24 Bobbing Boats**
ISABELLA MARTINEZ
- 26 Doors to Cologne**
SUJAY NATSON
- 28 Branches Against Sky**
SUJAY NATSON
- 29 In Line, Munich**
SUJAY NATSON

NON-FICTION

- 2 Letter from the Editor**
NICHOLAS CHUAN
- 4 Religion in the Age of Religious Terrorism**
THOMAS HALE
- 8 Partnering With God for Sanctification**
NICHOLAS CHUAN
- 10 Unedited**
ISABELLA MARTINEZ
- 12 Finding Providence**
JENNIFER CURRIER
- 16 An Interview with Professor Susan Ashbrook Harvey**
JUSTIN SOHN
- 20 On Missions**
BRANDON CHIA
- 22 #where'sbae?**
GLORIA EISSEN
- 26 Church Spotlights**
- 33 A Prayer for Brown and RISD**
REV. KIRSTIN BOSWELL-FORD

FICTION & POETRY

- 6 Under the Painted Sky**
ANNA DELAMERCED
- 14 Irrepressible Gyroscope**
STACIA JOY GRABBER
- 15 Im/mortal**
STACIA JOY GRABBER
- 18 when you look up**
ANNA DELAMERCED
- 19 Today I Wore Pink**
ALLISON BRIGHT DOLCY
- 25 Upside Down Definitions**
MATTHEW MARTINEZ

Mission Statement

Cornerstone Magazine seeks first and foremost to celebrate the Christian Gospel by presenting its richness and beauty to Brown and RISD students and faculty. Open to those of all denominational persuasions, we provide a literary and artistic outlet for followers of Christ. We publish works of art, prose and poetry that exhibit intelligent and creative approaches to current events, history and Christianity in general.

Letter from the Editor

Committing Amidst Shopping

We live in an age where to commit is to limit. This is an age where marriage is seen as nothing more than a certificate that puts constraints on a relationship. In our society, the highest expression of love is conditioned not on commitment, but consent. We are constantly, restlessly searching for new things to do, new classes to shop, new people to meet. To commit is to put yourself into a box, where you are defined by the body you belong to. Against that, the desire to be free from obligations and rules pulls us away from commitment.

I propose an alternative position: commitment is in fact the best way we can show love to one another.

Let's break down what secular society is telling us. Society is telling us that love is defined by full, unconditional, and unlimited acceptance. If you stop right there, I will give a resounding amen to that. God does love us fully, unconditionally, and limitlessly. What I feel has gone wrong, however, is when we take that to the extreme and say that love means letting the loved one do whatever he or she wants. This is the exact mindset that pushes back on the concept of marriage because to the skeptics, all marriage does is restrict what one can and cannot do within its confines. In response to that, pastor and author Timothy Keller, in *The Meaning of Marriage*, writes,

... when someone says, "I don't need a piece of paper to show love," you might say, "Yes, you do. If you love the way the Bible describes the love of two people who want to share their lives together, you should have no problem making a legal, permanent, exclusive commitment."

Keller goes on to argue that the very act of entering into holy matrimony with a loved one is one of the highest expressions of love that one can display. Yes, we will definitely fall short of the wedding vows we make, but the genuine commitment to strive for them is itself a beautiful display of love.

So what does all this have to do with (mostly) unmarried college students?

Let me be clear: how we view marriage speaks truth about how we view all other forms of love, because, short of God's love for us, marriage is our best example of love given to us by God. It is greater than parental love (Gen 2:24), more important than military considerations (Deut 24:5) and was in fact the analogy that Paul used to describe Christ's love for the church (Eph 5:25, 31-32). So if marriage is defined, at least in part, by commitment to one another, shouldn't our other expressions of love be defined by it as well?

Let's look at this on the level of friendships. Let's say a few of your friends go for a party together and have a whole lot of fun.

I would argue that the highest form of love that you can show to your friends is not helping them have more fun, dancing with them or even introducing them to that attractive person across the hall. The highest form of love is committing to keeping them safe, making sure they don't get too hammered or even coerced into anything they would regret doing. This is true even if, under the influence of some chemicals, they seem to really want to do that very thing they will regret. Of course, this is conditioned on the assumption that you made that commitment to your friends earlier in the night, though I would personally say that it should be implicit in all friendships. Loving your friends doesn't mean letting them do anything they want; it means committing to their well-being.

Shifting gears to the Christian community, you best show love to your leaders, your brothers and sisters in Christ, and even God by committing to a community. It is God's design for humanity, and what the author of Hebrews had in mind when he called his audience to not forsake their own assembling together but to encourage one another (Heb 10:25). To be clear, when I say "commit" here I do not mean blindly choosing a community and never looking beyond that; God knows that I visited a few churches and campus ministries before settling into the one to which I felt called. Instead, take away the idea of shopping when visiting churches and campus fellowships. Of course, look out for things like health and right doctrine, but beyond that, do not ask what the church can do for you as an individual, but instead prayerfully consider which community God wants you to serve and yes, grow in. And once you have the conviction from the Holy Spirit, commit to the community, meaning attending regular meetings, getting to know people, building relationships, holding yourself accountable to others and so on. This does not mean that you close yourself off to the other communities by forbidding yourself from ever attending their meetings; by all means, go for it. What it does mean is that you sink your roots and invest in the community to which God has called you. And here I commend each and every campus fellowship on Brown's and RISD's campus for being faithful, Gospel-preaching and healthy communities that God is using to build up believers on the campuses.

However, let me not neglect the vital role of the local church. When Saul met Jesus on the road to Damascus, en route to massacring Christians, Jesus said to him,

Saul, Saul, why are you persecuting Me?
(ACTS 9:4, NASB)

Remarkably, Jesus does not ask why Saul persecuted His people, or His church; He asks Saul why he persecuted Him. Clearly, Jesus closely identifies with His people, and Paul (post-conversion Saul) describes the church as the body of Christ (1 Cor 12:27). Yes, both Jesus and Paul are referring

to the universal (catholic) church and not the local church, but the local church is our most tangible part of this organic whole in which we can find our place. Meaning, part of what it means to belong to the universal body of Christ is to belong to a local church. The local church is where preaching of the Word ministers to you. It is where you build relationships with other brothers and sisters in Christ. But most uniquely, it is where you partake of the sacraments that Jesus decreed for us, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The Bible calls you to commit to a local church, and it is the best way that we can show love to others and thus, to God (Matt 25:34-36).

Admittedly, this is something hard to do as college students. We are transient residents of Providence, often with a church at home and it can be tempting to see campus ministries as checking that box off the list, especially if we attend a church on Sunday mornings. This, however, is the reality. When you walk out of those gates you walked in the day before classes started your freshman year, unless you become a staff member of a campus fellowship, this institution will cease to be a relevant one for you. What are waiting for you beyond it are local churches. And yes, there will come a day you outgrow being a leader in your youth group. They may not be the college students we are used to conversing with, but imagine

what an incredible witness it would be for visitors to see an elderly couple having lunch with a couple of young college students. That is the result of committing to a local church.

Let us not be too hasty to accept society's definition of love as being uninhibiting. We love others and allow others to love us best by committing to one another, as friends, members of a campus fellowship and as members of the church. Even if you do not identify as a believer of Jesus, consider this as you read through the other articles of this magazine and look out for this consistent theme of commitment: to spreading the Gospel, to loving others, to seeking God. Commit your way to the Lord,

Trust also in Him, and He will do it.
(PSALM 37:5, NASB)

In Christ,
Nicholas Chuan



Editor-in-Chief

Religion in the Age of Religious Terrorism

THOMAS HALE

“Religious terrorists are motivated by blind conviction based on a religious code
As a Christian, I am motivated by blind conviction based on a religious code

Therefore, I am a terrorist.”

Logical fallacies aside, there is something bothersome about that thought, that Christianity and religious terrorism share a basic premise. After all, Christ calls us to follow him blindly, without second thoughts or doubts. “No one who puts a hand to the plow and looks back is fit for service in the Kingdom of God.” Jesus even commands us to ignore our parents’ burial--a violation of the Ten Commandments! (Luke 9: 59-62 NIV)

Now, clearly a line is drawn somewhere between going to church and acts of terrorism, but is there a fundamental difference? If so, is the difference unique to Christianity? And how does one keep oneself in check and prevent a descent to religious fanaticism? After all, countless atrocities--the Inquisition comes to mind--have been committed in the name of Christianity.

More often than not, religious fanaticism is based on a small minority misinterpreting a religious text and projecting their own interpretations or expectations over the “objective” or commonly accepted understanding. Intra-Islamic violence is not exactly a pillar of Islam; however, the vast majority of Islamic terror is in Muslim countries, often Sunni-on-Shiite, or vice versa. Furthermore, according to a recent Pew study, a vast majority of Muslims disapprove of or are concerned about Islamic terrorist groups. Finally, Islam hardly has a monopoly of violent terrorism: groups such as the Army of God, Kahane Chai and Bodu Bala Sena have justified their actions respectively by Christianity, Judaism and Buddhism; not to mention groups such as the KKK.

Thus, terrorism and fanaticism tends to evolve on the fringes of religion, far from “mainstream” understanding. So fanaticism is easily avoided: maintain a conventional system of beliefs. Unfortunately, this doesn’t really work. Christians are called to be outsiders; after all, “small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few

find it” (Matt 7:14). If we must exist on the fringe of society, outside of the mainstream, what keeps us from fanaticism? Suppose then that objective study of religious texts prevents fanaticism. If terrorists’ misguided views are based on misunderstanding then an in-depth study of the text they follow should correct their path. Unfortunately, this is hardly the case. Deep objective study of religious texts is simply not enough to prevent fringe groups. On the contrary, it can enable them--after all, Taliban is Arabic for “students”, and although, this is hardly the place for an in-depth interpretation of Qu’ranic justification of terror it is clear study of the Qu’ran did not stop the Taliban.

Instead, let us turn to the foundation of our faith--Christ. Religious terror as we know it was not a staple two thousand years ago, but its basis--religious zeal and an obsession over religious text--most certainly was. Furthermore, Christ had rather a lot to say about zealots, which allows the direct application of Biblical text to something as seemingly unrelated as terrorism.

Christ’s comments are on the Pharisees--the teachers of the law, men whose entire lives revolved around the study of the Torah. One would expect that Christ would approve of such behavior--focus on the law and on God’s will; however, we find the complete opposite. Jesus despised the Pharisees. In Matthew 23, Jesus presents a comprehensive list of their failures. He describes the “teachers of the law” as hypocrites overly focused on outward appearances without taking into account the spirit of the law:

Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You give a tenth of your spices [to God] ... But you have neglected the more important matters of the law--justice, mercy and faithfulness.
(MATTHEW 23:23)

Thus we find that there are key Pharisical failures that are almost always found in extremists--hypocrisy, an obsession with literal interpretation of the law, and the leading of others astray. Terrorists and fanatics are always hypocritical, focusing on a particular aspect of the law to the detriment of many others, or using a particular element of the law to advance their own interests. Taliban insiders

describe a culture of opportunism and corruption as well as sexual immorality. We find the same blatant hypocrisy in the Islamic State, as we would probably do in any other similar structure. As such, it is perfectly reasonable to say that Christ's teaching is incredibly explicit about fanatics. Christ has no time for Pharisaical hypocrisy, and this applies perfectly to terrorist groups. To a degree this answers my question--Christ's teachings fundamentally differ from the foundations of fanaticism and terrorism.

Christ has no time for Pharisaical hypocrisy, and this applies perfectly to terrorist groups... Christ's teachings fundamentally differ from the foundations of fanaticism and terrorism.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, at our core as Christians we are not following a static code. Christ calls us to follow him

as the fulfillment of the law. If one believes in a resurrected Christ and the Holy Spirit living in us, one is no longer blindly following a religious code, but understands the exact opposite--that the law is not the be-all and end-all; rather, it is fulfilled by Christ and made complete (Matt 5:17). Then, Christ's violations of the law--miracles on the Sabbath, not fasting--make sense and we begin to understand that we are not following a static code at all, we are not blindly convicted in a religion; rather, we are followers of the living Christ (Matt 12:13, Mark 2:19). We are not blindly following a static code or obsessing over a ruleset, but have come to understand the basis of the ruleset, the fulfillment of the law--Christ Jesus. This is the fundamental difference I was looking for--the difference between following the law and following the fulfillment of the law.

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Under the Painted Sky

ANNA DELAMERCED

Wisps of gray clouds hover above, covering the last rays of the setting sun. The chill of the night stings my bare cheeks as I wait outside the hostel. Tugging at my mittens, I rub my hands together to try to generate some warmth.

The low rumble of an engine crescendos as I see something come closer and closer. The glare of bright, white lights strike my eyes as a minibus pulls up onto the side of the street, and out jumps a tall, middle-aged man in a thick, red coat. A blue knit hat dons his head.

“Hello!” he smiles, holding out his hand, “I’m Magnus. You must be here for the tour?”

“Hi,” I reply back, shaking his hand, “Yes, I’m Lisa.”

“Ah, yes, there is your name,” he says, checking it off on his clipboard, “You’re the last one we’re picking up.”

He gestures for me to follow him into the vehicle, where he introduces me to the seven other people in our tour group. It seems as though everyone is a couple or part of a family, and I am the only one who came alone, and I can’t help but think there should have been someone here with me, too. But instead, he is not.

Magnus revs the engine up. “And off we go to chase the northern lights!” Everyone whoops and hollers, and I want to, too, but it’s almost as if there’s a chain around my neck, choking me slowly. All around me I hear voices, but all I want to hear is my father’s voice.

The bulbs of the street lamps flicker as we navigate through the city center. We pass by wooden houses, the roofs decked with sharp icicles. When we cross a bridge, the water below us looks as though it is frozen. We leave behind the city and venture into the darkness, the open road leading us further and further away from Tromsø and farther and farther into the wilderness.

We head north, unknowing of what is to come. I can hear the tour guide’s voice, explaining the science behind the aurora borealis, pointing out how particles escape from the sun, hurtling solar wind into space. But it only thinks of my father, even more. He is, was,

an astrophysicist. His voice echoes in my mind.

“And when these winds reach the earth,” he would say, pointing up to the heavens, “they light up the sky.”

I look at the window, trying to be present, marveling at the snow-capped mountains all around us as the bus is driven further and further into the darkness. But images of the past start to surface. A telescope, the hill near our house, the orange rays disappearing into the velvet sky, my father’s hand holding mine. Crickets chirping, the warmth of July, my eyes peering through the lens of a telescope. My father at my side, gazing at stars, in the days before his cancer. This trip was his graduation gift for me. He didn’t live to see this day.

The bus begins to slow down as we turn a bend and stop in what seems like the middle of nowhere. Not a single lamp illuminates the path. Darkness surrounds us.

“We’ll be stopping here, for a bit,” Magnus says, parking the vehicle yet leaving the engine running “Feel free to stretch your feet outside. While we’re waiting, we can pass around the hot cocoa.”

I step outside, my boots sinking into the frosty snow. The polar night pulses with the glacial aura of Norway. Though it is cold and my toes are already freezing, I stand in silence for a moment, letting my lungs drink in the fresh, crisp air. Snowflakes begin to fall slowly, landing gently on my nose, and I close my eyes and breathe.

The same memories of my father swirl in my head, all those summer days in July when we’d go out to the park, climb the hill, set up the telescope, and wait for the sun to set.

But when do the stars come out, Papa? I used to ask, impatiently.

We have to wait until it gets darker, my father would explain, or else we won’t be able to see the light. When the evening waned into night and darkness enveloped the land, I didn’t fear, for he was with me. And when I finally did peer through the telescope, I traced my

eyes over the tails of shooting stars and fixed my eyes on distant galaxies. I began to realize it was in those darkest of nights when everything shone brightly even more.

The arctic wind picks up, stinging my eyes. I pull my scarf up around my cheeks and head back into the bus, where I wait with the others in warmth and listen to Magnus spin tales of Norwegian legends. Every few minutes, someone rushes outside to check if any signs of the aurora borealis arise. When nothing appears in the sky, Magnus decides to take us to another checkpoint. As the land turns even more rugged and icy, it seems like he is taking us farther and farther away from civilization. We look out the window, keeping our eyes wary for any signs of the northern lights, but when a few hours pass and midnight approaches, we sense we might not get to see them at all.

We stop at the final checkpoint, the farthest post, the coldest, and the darkest. Everyone sits in silence, their eyelids slowly drooping under the weight of sleep, but my heart is being stirred in a way I've never felt before.

We have to wait until it gets darker...or else we won't be able to see the light. His words repeat over and over in my head.

Pain is a part of life, but so is joy.

I look up to the sky, and my eyes widen.

"Look!" I exclaim, waking everyone up. We rush out of the bus and stand amazed.

All around us are ribbons of light, billowing across the ebony sky. Streams of sapphire dance in the sky, mingled with tints of magenta. Emerald green hues shine brightly, and everything glows under the painted sky. It is as if an artist is at work, displaying his creation.

A quiet, gentle voice is whispering to me. My father's suffering had not been in vain. Pain is a part of this life, but so is joy. And sometimes, it is in those darkest of moments when light arises.

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Partnering with God for Sanctification

NICHOLAS CHUAN

This is an adaptation of a message given in Grace Harbor Church.

Have you ever felt that the commandments and statutes in the Old Testament are too ancient and obsolete to have any relevance today? Knowing this, many churches intentionally avoid preaching out of more difficult and outdated texts of the Bible. If you don't believe me, think of how many sermons you have heard come out of the book of Leviticus or Numbers. This is my burden, and hereafter, I seek to explain an ancient Biblical verse, Deuteronomy 10:16.

In the earlier chapters of Deuteronomy, Moses describes the history of Israel after the Exodus event, before exhorting the nation to trust in God's promise to enter the land of Canaan. He stops this long list of commands to remind the Israelites of how they partook in idolatry by worshipping the golden calf. Then, beginning in verse 12 -

And now, Israel, what does the Lord your God ask of you except to fear the Lord your God by walking in all His ways, to love Him, and to worship the Lord your God with all your heart and all your soul? Keep the Lord's commands and statutes I am giving you today, for your own good. The heavens, indeed the highest heavens, belong to the Lord your God, as does the earth and everything in it. Yet the Lord was devoted to your fathers and loved them. He chose their descendants after them—He chose you out of all the peoples, as it is today.

Therefore, circumcise your hearts and don't be stiff-necked any longer.

Let's zoom in on verse 16, the last sentence. Moses is telling the Israelites to do two things - circumcise their hearts, and, stop being stiff-necked. Actually, they are two sides of the same coin - a positive imperative to circumcise their hearts, and a negative one to stop being stiff-necked. Circumcision was a badge of having the covenant identity, having its roots in the Abrahamic covenant. Being circumcised meant that you were part of God's chosen people. On the other hand, the heart symbolises the inner man, what one really thinks and feels. When you put that together, circumcising one's heart means removing the stubbornness that prevents the heart from properly loving God, which is really the same as the second part of the sentence to stop being stiff-necked, an ancient way of describing stubbornness. Moses is basically saying that God wants more than just outward conformity to His laws, He wants the hearts of the Israelites.

In light of that, this is the main point of the passage - Partner with God in His sanctification of your soul. This is done in three ways - 1) Accept God's immeasurable love for you, 2) Recognize your need for a Savior, and 3) Allow the Holy Spirit to work in you.

Firstly, accept God's immeasurable love for you. The first word of the verse is the conjunction, "therefore." This tells us that there is a reason why Moses is asking the Israelites to circumcise their hearts. The reason is clear in its preceding verse - God chose the Israelites.

Moses is basically saying that God wants more than just outward conformity to His laws, He wants the hearts of the Israelites.

Moses is saying that because God chose and loved the Israelites, therefore, they should circumcise their hearts and stop being stiff-necked. God didn't just choose the Israelites, He chose you (Eph 1:4). He didn't just love the Israelites, He loves you. All He's asking you to do is to accept this great love that He has for you. To be clear, God didn't choose you because of anything you have done. Isaiah says that all of our righteous acts are like filthy rags (Isa 64:6), and that includes the exam you aced, that huge sum of money you gave to a charity and that sleepless night when you consoled your depressed friend. None of that can stand up to the perfectly just God, because of the sin in our hearts: the sin that causes us to lust, raise our voices in anger and be arrogant. We all deserve the judgement of God, but instead, He gives us love and grace.

So how do you accept it? The same truth Moses spoke of thousands of years ago still apply - give your heart to God and stop being stubborn. One of the best ways to do this is committing to come under the teaching of the Word every Sunday at church. That is how you can accept God's love for you, by listening to His Word preached and explained. Beyond that, accept God's love through daily devotions, quiet time and prayer. When we intentionally take time out of our schedules to read the Word or come into God's presence, we let Him and His love into our hearts. This is how we partner with God in His sanctification in us, by accepting His love for us.

But, we cannot do this alone. Moses tells the Israelites to circumcise their hearts and stop being stubborn. But God knows that we cannot achieve this on our own. He knows that we are sinful and that we cannot cleanse



our hearts ourselves. This is why later, Moses says,

The LORD your God will circumcise your heart and the hearts of your descendants, and you will love Him with all your heart and all your soul so that you will live.
(DEUTERONOMY 30:6, HCSB)

But even this was not enough. This commandment for Israel to cease from being stiff-necked is echoed throughout the Old Testament. Even God's elected people, with the Law, were unable to fully circumcise their hearts and be freed from sin. We aren't any different. We are completely unable to free ourselves from the clutches of sin on our own. That's why we need a Savior, and God is asking you to recognize your need for one.

We need a Savior, and the good news is that God has given us One. Remember how God gives us love and grace? Well, that love and grace was fully manifested in Jesus. While we were still yet sinners, He died on the cross for our sins, taking on the full punishment of all of them, that we might be reconciled with God. Then, He rose triumphantly from the dead, which symbolized God accepting His sacrifice for our sins. Jesus is the way, and that means that we can only go to the Father through Him by believing in Him and accepting Him as the Savior that we need.

Maybe you're thinking, "Come on, tell me something I don't already know." Let me tell you this, the minute you find yourself getting bored by the Gospel, you know that something is not right with your soul. Everytime that I have felt that I know the Gospel already, and was tired of hearing it, I have found unrepentant sin in my heart that needed to be confessed to God. Never stop recognizing your need for a Savior by preaching the Gospel to yourself and confessing sin daily. This is how you constantly remind yourself how you need the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in your life, that is, how you need a Savior to partner with God in His sanctification in you.

However, that is not the end of the story. Thousands of years later, in the book of Acts, the martyr Stephen rebukes the Jews for rejecting Jesus Christ as their Savior, saying,

You stiff-necked people with uncircumcised hearts and ears! You are always resisting the Holy Spirit; as your ancestors did, so do you.
(ACTS 7:51, HCSB)

Stephen's words echo those of Moses, and he equates being

uncircumcised of heart and stiffneckedness with resisting the Holy Spirit. How about us? Maybe we think that we have accepted God's love and recognized Jesus as our Savior, but somehow, we resist the Holy Spirit. How this can look like is a self-identifying Christian who lives in unrepentant sin.

One of the surest ways that I know the Holy Spirit works is through our brothers and sisters in Christ. And it makes sense too, since He dwells in them. Therefore, how you can allow the Holy Spirit to work in you is to meet up with brothers and sisters in Christ and hold yourself accountable to them through confession of sin. By placing yourself bare before others in Christ, you are allowing the Holy Spirit in them to work in you through their words. This definitely requires a huge amount of honesty and trust, and the wisdom to always respond to repentant sin with the assurance of grace. There is no way that we can do this on our own without hurting one another, but the Holy Spirit that indwells us gives us the ability to do so.

By placing yourself bare before others in Christ, you are allowing the Holy Spirit in them to work in you through their words.

Beyond these relationships, you can allow the Holy Spirit to work in you by circumcising your heart daily, that is, actively fighting sin. This means fleeing from any temptation of sin that comes up. Stop your wandering eyes from going where they do not belong. Switch off the television when you see something that can possibly cause you to stumble. And intentionally avoid situations that have the chance of causing you to sin. Personally, every time I find myself in a situation where I am prone to sin or have sinned, I shut my eyes and imagine myself at the foot of the cross where Jesus hung. I ask myself if I can bring myself to continue in this sin, knowing full well His sacrifice for me. This is when I confess my utter need for Him and ask for forgiveness. Circumcise your hearts, to allow the Holy Spirit to work in us and thus partner with God to sanctify our souls.

In conclusion, let us partner with God in His sanctification of our souls by looking at each person of the Triune Godhead - by accepting God's immeasurable love for us, recognizing our need for Jesus our Savior, and allowing the Holy Spirit to work in us. God wants our hearts, and when we give it to Him, He will work in us and give us life.

Nicholas Chuan is a junior concentrating in physics and philosophy.

Sunset in Cadiz
Isabella Martinez '17



Unedited

ISABELLA MARTINEZ

So much of what we see today is edited. Tumblr, Instagram, and even Snapchat contain photos that have been tweaked and manipulated until they look “just so.” Editing tools erase our blemishes on senior portraits, make a sunset just a bit brighter, our smiles whiter, and the shadows that define a building darker. But then we aren’t seeing anything real. Although I enjoyed that touch-up on my senior portrait, editing a sunset or the ocean waves takes away the breathtaking beauty that made it awe-inspiring in the first place. When we employ a filter or a photo-editing app, we take it upon ourselves to change something that God made “good” the moment He created it. Every freckle on our faces or that tree with the weird bend that seemingly ruins an entire photo is part of God’s marvelous creation. And when we take photos in order to preserve the memory for ourselves, when we post it online to show others what we’ve been doing and where we’ve been... doesn’t editing take away that spark of majesty that made us snap the photo in the first place?

This summer, I traveled the Western European coast on a 2-masted brigantine called the Corwith Cramer. I have never seen such a beautiful sunset nor a night sky so full of stars. I felt alone in the world while simultaneously feeling God’s presence in the sway of the waves and the glare of the setting sun. Here are some of the things I saw.

Unedited.

**Scattered throughout this issue are photos from Isabella’s trip.*

Isabella Martinez is a junior concentrating in biomedical engineering.



Finding Providence

JENNIFER CURRIER

Long ago I made an agreement with God, that if he wanted me to do something, he would have to give me obvious signs. Of course, I'd prefer burning bushes that are not consumed, and doves that descend while a James Earl Jones-like voice narrates, but I'll settle for road signs and online magic eight balls. Now, to be clear, I don't ask for signs because I'm "testing" the Lord, and I don't actually make demands of Him; I only ask for signs because I don't trust the decisions I make—are they of God's will or my own desires? When something outside of my control agrees with my inclination, it's just one of the ways I affirm the still, small voice inside. I think God understands this and meets me where I am, and the fact that I am here, in Providence, working at Brown, is a testament to God's answer to my request.

Two-and-a-half years ago, I quit my job, packed up my Prius, and drove across the country to live in Rhode Island. The most pressing question I receive when people find out I did this is "Why would you want to move here?" as though I've chosen to live on the surface of the sun (which, for the record, sounds quite nice with winter approaching). They assume I came for work or for school, and because I did neither, and because I am not married to someone who came here for work or for school or is a native Rhode Islander, I am an enigma. But it's hard to explain in one sentence why I came to Rhode Island. I did not create an Excel sheet with color-coded columns and square little boxes to rationalize my move. I used gut feelings and inner voices; I spent time praying and fretting and, of course, looked for signs. But in the end, I admit that it was Providence who brought me to Providence.

**

I am originally from Roswell, New Mexico, a city known for UFO incidents and little else. It's located within a state that's often confused with a foreign country, so regularly, in fact, that I've stopped correcting people when they compliment me on my English. I discovered New England because of graduate school, where I attended Dartmouth College, but I discovered Rhode Island because of a boy. I fell in love immediately with his writing and with his accent: he sounded like he was orchestrating a mafia takedown whenever he'd talk to his parents on the phone. It was a mixture of Rhode Island and Boston and Long Island—something so foreign to my ears that listening to him felt like watching a movie. His dark curly hair was

kept back with a headband, and he had the palest of blue eyes, the color of morning sky through a layer of mist. He had a scar near his right eye that would disappear in the wrinkles of his smile, and features so chiseled they could have been cut from stone and brought to life. The students in our program likened him to a Greek god and nicknamed him "Hot Dan from the MALS department," which I shortened to HD. He was mortified when he found out.

I learned that going where there is peace is the same as going with God.

In the summer of 2011, he brought me home for the first time. We watched fireworks on the 4th of July from a mansion in Jamestown; we dug sand-couches in Charlestown beach and drank craft beer out of red plastic cups; we played paddleball by the ocean and soccer in his parents' backyard. We kayaked and visited tourist destinations, walking the Cliff Walks in Newport, and he introduced me to true Rhode Island cuisine: Del's lemonade, stuffies, clamcakes, grinders, and coffee milk. He even drove me through College Hill, around Brown's campus, a place I'd never been but I knew I'd return to someday. I'll never forget the way I first saw Brown as a secret garden, green and gated, with magic hidden behind its walls, but at the time the observation melted into the rest of summer. It was the type of summer that love stories are written about, where dreams and reality blend until you aren't sure which is which. And perhaps for that reason, our story had to end. I knew the end was inevitable because I knew him, but it broke my heart just the same.

**

I was living in Roswell again when I first considered moving to Rhode Island. I don't remember how or when it happened, but the image of Rhode Island popped into my head like an advertisement flashing on the television screen. Did I really just see what I thought I saw?

At that time, HD and I were no longer speaking, and the idea of relocating to a state in which the only person I knew was my ex-boyfriend seemed absurd. I had a great job; my apartment was perfect; my parents lived nearby and I had a routine. I had no reason to leave.

But on New Year's Day of 2013, I woke up as if from a nightmare, unable to fathom another year in Roswell. A paradigm shift occurred overnight—suddenly I dreaded



every day ahead of me. My job became a lead weight, and I found myself crying at least once a week because I just wanted it to be over. I felt like teaching wasn't right for me, that I wasn't doing a good job, that I didn't belong—and not just in the teaching profession, but also in Roswell. In New Mexico, I saw my future unfolding, twenty years down the road, still in exactly the same place in life, only older. By staying, I was prohibiting myself from reaching my potential, even though I didn't know what my potential was. I took career quizzes and applied for jobs on the east coast, any job I qualified for, but especially those within higher education. Working in Rhode Island, at Brown University specifically, was my pipe dream.

I don't know why this was. I don't know why I connected with Brown, why I marked my own words that I'd be back there someday, or why I felt like Providence was the Goldilocks of cities. But I know that I am here today because I was called to be here; this is where I'm meant to be. Whenever I thought of Rhode Island, and Providence, and Brown, I felt peace and joy, and I learned that going where there is peace is the same as going with God.

...in all your ways, submit to Him, and He will make your paths straight
(PROVERBS 3:6, NIV)

Post Script: I didn't talk about the signs, but there were many. I found them not only when I was contemplating leaving Roswell, but also once I arrived. I came to Rhode Island with no job, no place to live, no friends. I started with nothing, but I ended up with everything: a job at Brown, an apartment, friends, a church community, an opportunity to be a writer and to travel. I love Rhode Island: the woods, the beaches, the WaterFires, the artists, the food, the people, the potential to sow seeds in thirsty soil. Even during my earliest days of waitressing, when I'd bring home \$9 after a lunch shift and worry I wouldn't be able to pay rent, I still gave thanks that I was here. It felt like home, even before it was home. One of my first friends told me that it was no coincidence I ended up in Providence: "God will provide," he said. "It's in the name." It was he who first showed me that Providence was at the center of it all.

Jennifer Currier is a staff member in the Center of Alcohol and Addiction Studies at Brown University.

Irrepressible Gyroscope

STACIA JOY GRABBER

I shanghaied myself
But my shelf life
Is running out
I can't stand stagnant any more
'Cause they're "Toe the line
But don't dare cross
It's bully, boys
Just believe the boss
Go under the knife
'Cause life's about
Fitting in – that's what you're for."

No

What you're for?
What you're for?
What you're really for?

Scintillate
Elevate
You daring, wild thing
Raise your voice amid the noise
But raise it up to sing
Dance to the drum
While they march to cope
– For they've got to march to cope –
For the world turns on to spinning out
But you've turned to something more devout
You irrepressible gyroscope

Speed and pace
Ladder rat race
The time is now
And now is all you have
For stars align
And oceans rise
Empires fall
And we realize
Our tiny size and how
We've somehow revolved into this havoc

But

What you're for?
What you're for?
What you're really for?

Scintillate

Elevate
You daring, wild thing
Raise your voice amid the noise
But raise it up to sing
Dance to the drum
While they march to cope
– For they've got to march to cope –
For the world turns on to spinning out
But you've turned to something more devout
You irrepressible gyroscope

Axes shift and colossal breaks
Along the deep fault lines of society
Rock and sway
Buckle and fade
And yet
And yet
And yet...
The gravity of your existence
Transcends this ashen substance
You have stardust in your veins
Your inherited bearings will remain
Despite the unsteady balance of this planet
This mortal coil circles faster
From disorder to disaster –
Yet you spin in time but not in tune with this orbit

For you are polarized
By the one who designed
The mere and vast intangible law of gravity
You spin wild, fleeting, fast
In your vapor-length solar path
But your stability is founded in eternity
You irrepressible, soul-bearing gyroscope

Stacia Joy Grabber is an author of speculative fiction and currently in her second year of the RISD:CE Certificate program, concentrating in character design and book illustration.

Im/mortal

STACIA JOY GRABBER

Ours is the wounded God,
Ours the deity who mourns,
Whose blood has soaked into
The very sod from which
He brought us and to which we shall return.

He is not only with us,
But within us,
Not only in us,
But us.

Humanity, divinity,
One.
Mortality, eternity,
One.

Im/mortal.

An Interview With Professor Susan Ashbrook Harvey

JUSTIN SOHN

Susan Ashbrook Harvey is the Royce Family Professor of Teaching Excellence and the Willard Prescott and Annie McClelland Smith Professor of Religious Studies. I had the privilege of chatting with her about her early years, her journey to Orthodoxy, and her work as a professor at Brown. The following exchange is from our conversation.

JS: Could you tell me a little bit about your childhood?

SH: I was born in Rochester, NY, one of four children. My father was a theology professor in an American Baptist seminary, and also an ordained minister. My mother was an early childhood educator and later a social worker. Our family was very active in church and seminary life.

Two things were instilled in us as children from the very beginning: love for books, and love for religion. Books surrounded us at home, and with them a love of learning for its own sake. Perhaps as part of this, we all studied Latin at the public high school we attended. My brother went on to become an environmental scientist, as did one of my sisters; the other is a musician. But there was always a great devotion to liberal learning, which we shared as a family.

Love for religion was inextricably tied for us to religion as the root of social justice. We were deeply immersed in the civil rights and anti-war movements, which in many ways defined my growing up. I knew that religion was responsible for much of the injustice in the world. But personally, religion for me was so intimately part of these justice movements that it wasn't until I got to college that I really began to think about religion's oppressive powers.

We attended an inner city public high school, which had its share of racial tension and violence. We had some inspiring teachers there, and I thought I might want to teach in such a setting as a career.

JS: What was your experience of college?

SH: I attended Grinnell College in Iowa. It was very much like Brown, although much smaller. I had always had a deep love for the ancient world. Simply out of interest, I took Ancient Greek my freshman year. It transformed my life! It was an intensive course (#1 on the Grade Point Homicide List, even beating Orgo!), and we began immediately with Homer's Iliad. It was thrilling and illuminating, taught by one of the greatest teachers I ever had. I declared my Classics major in the first week. It began a journey that led to everything else.

JS: You were born into the Baptist tradition, but I understand you slowly gravitated toward Eastern Orthodoxy. The latter is not as well known in the United States. Could you tell us a little bit about your spiritual journey?

SH: I spent my junior year of college in Greece, intending to focus on Homer and Greek tragedy. I had never heard of Orthodoxy, never encountered it before. On the first day, we travelled to the site of Apollo's shrine at Delphi. On the way, we stopped to look at two Byzantine monasteries. I was thunderstruck. I had never seen icons, never seen church architecture of the kind. It was Christianity unlike anything I had known, but with an extraordinary, penetrating beauty. I changed my academic schedule, keeping Homer and some tragedy but taking everything Byzantine-related on offer.

The study of religion opens the human capacity for beauty, meaning, and an awareness of something more than ourselves.

My personal journey toward Orthodoxy took many years from that point. There were really two trajectories, one academic and one religious. Academically, what I came to appreciate was that in Byzantium, the Bible and classical Greek tradition – the two great loves of my life – were brought together with singular richness.

Religiously, it was a harder journey. I had loved the church in which I was raised. But I had become deeply disillusioned with Christianity, as my frustrations over the political realities deepened. I started to ask myself: Why be Christian at all? I had to work on that at a fundamental level. Then, because of my studies, I had come to know Orthodoxy better than the Baptists. I spent some years visiting and participating in different churches: Protestant, Catholic, Orthodox. But I could not find elsewhere what I found in Orthodoxy. It was difficult because of my family history. But my parents were open and accepting of my choice; they didn't feel it was a rejection. Rather, we were all exposed to a much bigger view of Christianity because of it.

JS: What do you hope Brown students will receive from your classes?

SH: I hope that students can find learning to be a life of discovery. The study of religion opens the human capacity for beauty, meaning, and an awareness of something more than ourselves. In turn, it also reveals the capacity for oppression, fear, and evil. I hope my classes can open religion in its tremendous complexity.



Beneath The White, There Are Catholic Walls
Lauren Galvan '16

Religions are vast receptacles of human experience. It doesn't matter which religion students are interested in; all religions offer profound ways of encountering human life. Religious studies is a highly interdisciplinary field; it can be a place where human learning and human knowledge are brought to bear on the quest for meaning. Religion doesn't mean checking your brain at the door. It is intellectually challenging and exciting. It deals with the biggest questions of our lives. Most importantly, the study of religion is the study of people -- religion is something that people do. The existence of God may be fabricated, but religion exists! And it is worth studying.

Of course, the same is true for literature, art, philosophy, the sciences. This is what makes being in a university such an endlessly powerful experience.

To students who particularly want to study Christianity, I would say: you can't only study the beautiful parts. You can't pretend the bad stuff isn't there. You have to know how religion can work and be used negatively as well as positively. Pick up a newspaper on any given day: religion is so much a part of the violence. Yet there is more.

JS: What are your principal academic interests?

What are you currently working on now?

SH: My research involves a number of different areas of Byzantine Christianity. I work most often in Syriac Christianity. Syriac is a Christian language of the Middle East, a dialect of Aramaic (the language Jesus spoke); but I also work a lot in the Greek traditions. Right now I am working on women's choirs, especially between the fourth and eighth centuries. I also continue to work on religion and the senses, a long-standing interest of mine.

Don't be afraid that faith and intellect are opposed. They aren't.

Working on the Syrian materials is both devastatingly painful and also urgent at this present historical moment of Middle East. These Christians have an incredible history.

JS: Is there something you would like to say to students who identify as religious?

SH: It is really worth your time to study your religion academically: it brings richness, depth of knowledge, depth of appreciation. Don't be afraid that faith and intellect are opposed. They aren't. As the ancient Christians liked to say: faith seeks understanding.

Justin Sohn is a senior concentrating in English.

when you look up

ANNA DELAMERCED

do you see skies of sapphire
or cotton candy clouds
or strokes of pink paint at nearly sundown?

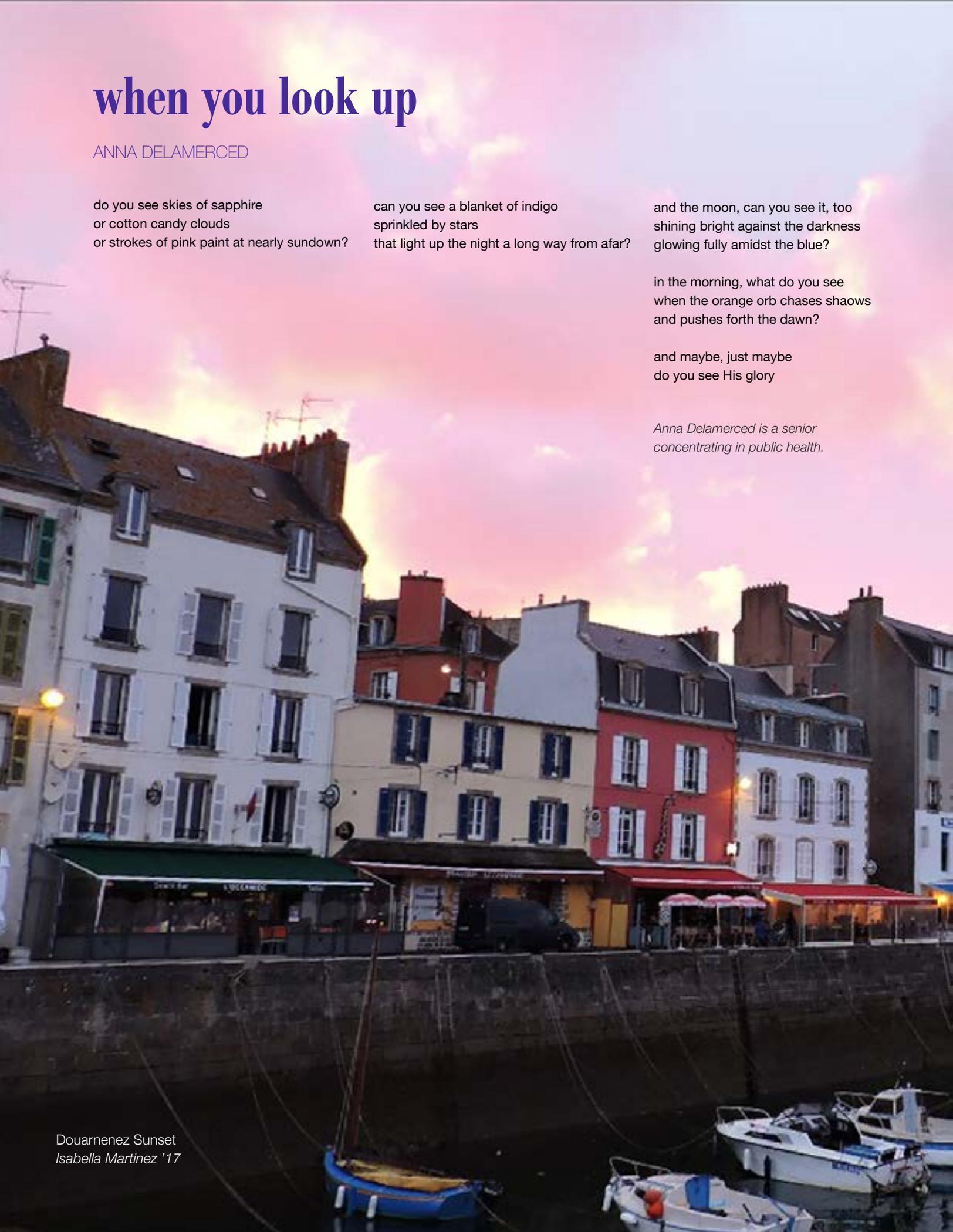
can you see a blanket of indigo
sprinkled by stars
that light up the night a long way from afar?

and the moon, can you see it, too
shining bright against the darkness
glowing fully amidst the blue?

in the morning, what do you see
when the orange orb chases shadows
and pushes forth the dawn?

and maybe, just maybe
do you see His glory

*Anna Delamerced is a senior
concentrating in public health.*



Today I Wore Pink

ALLISON BRIGHT DOLCY

Today I wore pink.

I remember my heart sinking when the call came whispering that my mother had been diagnosed.

I remember a week later the unimaginable call that my aunt had been diagnosed too.

I remember feeling helpless. Wanting to help and not knowing how.

I remember being angry at God. Not my mother. You will not let this happen to my mother. Not fair, God, You are not playing fair.....

Today I wore pink.

I learned that in her pain was my breaking too.

I learned that she belongs to Him and that no physician on earth could care for her better than God can.

I learned that her sisters are her fiercest champions. They are sister, mother and friend to her all in one.

Today I wore pink.

I honor the power of a faithful God.

I honor Him because "He sent His word and healed them."

My mother included.

I honor the mothers, daughters, sisters, aunts and wives still battling.

My heart overflows in gratefulness for her life and His goodness, so today I wore pink.

Allison Bright Dolcy is the daughter of Arlene Bright who is an accountant in Brown University's Controller's office.



On Missions

BRANDON CHIA

Who is a missionary? The story of Burma's first missionary.

On 168 Lloyd Avenue, at the door of the Judson house, lies a bronze plaque commemorating the life of Adoniram Judson, a Brown Alumnus. Judson, one of the first missionaries to Burma, embodies the spirit of missions. Prior to his missions, Judson sought to marry his fiancée, Ann Hasseltine, and wrote a letter to her father asking for her hand in marriage. Instead of sweet words pledging to provide eternal love and security for Ann, Judson lays out the harsh truth of his future to Mr. Hasseltine:

I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world? whether you can consent to her departure to a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life? whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death? Can you consent to all this, for the sake of Him who left His heavenly home and died for her and for you; for the sake of perishing, immortal souls; for the sake of Zion and the glory of God?

By faith, Mr. Hasseltine consents. Indeed, over the span of the tumultuous Anglo-Burmese War, Judson faced arrest, torture, and imprisonment in the vermin-infested Burmese prison of Ava. He was bound in fetters, starved and occasionally suspended and trussed by his mangled feet in prison. He lost Ann and his third child to illness. Yet Judson steadfastly declared that every missionary's motto was to be "devoted for life", and the ruling motive to please the Lord Jesus.

What are missions?

For many a skeptic, missions may be associated with the dark history of cultural imposition, colonialism, and imperialism that often accompanied the spread of Western empires. Even in the modern day, missions trips can frequently be seen as 'religious tourism'. Beyond these misconceptions, missions actually reach far beyond this, drawing its beginnings from the words of Jesus to His disciples, on a Galilean mountain:

Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you.
(MATTHEW 28:19-20, NIV)

At its heart, missions are about sending out followers of Jesus into the world, to make Him known to the nations. This calling has been an essential part of the Christian faith from the issuing of the Great Commission (cited above). Scriptures record the early Apostles, such as Peter, Paul and James, spreading the Gospel to the regions of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Spain and Rome. These journeys form much of the historical context for the Book of Acts and the Epistles in the New Testament.

Missions and Development

In the modern era, development and aid efforts have accompanied the spread of the Gospel. This draws from the principle outlined in James 2:16, which is a call for Christians to demonstrate their faith through good works:

If one of you says to them, "Go in peace; keep warm and well fed," but does nothing about their physical needs, what good is it?
(JAMES 2:16, NIV)

The essence of modern missions still remains the same - to bring the Good News of the Gospel authentically and authoritatively to every tribe and people and nation (Rev 5:9). Development and aid have, however, served as a strong supplement and partner to missions work. Prayer accompanies poverty alleviation efforts and humanitarian disaster relief. Missionaries boldly go to minister in the prisons, the brothels, the orphanages, the refugee camps, and the hospitals. They share God's heart for the broken and the forgotten, serving as His hands of love and compassion for each and every individual that is in need.

Not just evangelism, but discipleship

It is noteworthy that Jesus, in the Great Commission, did not use the word 'converts', but rather, 'disciples'. John Piper explains the basis of missions thus:

Missions is not the ultimate goal of the church. Worship is. Missions exists because worship doesn't. Worship is ultimate, not missions, because God is ultimate, not man. ... [Missions] is a temporary necessity. But worship abides forever.

Missions aims at, brings about and is fuelled by the worship of Jesus. The aim of the missionary is not simply to win converts for Christ, but to nurture individuals to be disciples; to deny themselves, take up their cross and follow Jesus daily (Luke 9:23). It is never about the masses who are claimed



for God, but rather, it is about the hearts that are turned to Christ. It is not about the numbers, but about each individual and each soul that comes to Christ which truly matters.

Missions aims at, brings about and is fuelled by the worship of Jesus

Where is my missions field?

Missionary organizations offer programmes to equip and send those with the distinct call to be missionaries in a place not their own. The work of missionaries is also enabled by the work of families, home churches and friends in praying, supporting, and caring for those in the missions field.

In another sense, the Christian should see the home as a lifelong missions field. The Great Commission is very much

addressed to every disciple of Christ. So let us seek to share the hope that is found in Christ with our coworkers, friends, families, and neighbors. Indeed, it is a privilege to be called to share the peace, love and hope of God wherever we find ourselves. God doesn't need us, but is pleased to call us into partnership in His work of changing hearts and lives, of restoring individuals to live as they were truly intended to live, and of being part of the greatest story ever told.

So for the Christian, missions may be about many things; a call to obedience, a spirit of discipleship, a partnership with God, a heart of worship, and a means of development. Nonetheless, the heart of missions is a striving to be salt and light in a world that very much needs to know God, such that, as it is written in Psalms 67:4, 'the nations may be glad and sing for joy'.

Brandon Chia is a freshman concentrating in economics.

#where'sbae

On Being Single in Christ

GLORIA EISSEN

I recently discovered that people still go on dates? Which got me thinking... Where he at, though? From the moment I stepped foot on this campus, I've spent so much time being hyper-aware of the hookup culture that exists so rampantly on College Hill that I've failed to realize dating is still a thing. People get dressed up, go out together for a few pleasant hours, and call it a night - all while keeping their clothes on. There are people out there who are still covering the checks on date night for a shared meal without expecting reimbursement through Venmo! Pardon me if I'm sounding a little too shocked right now, but

I'm just saying, I'm not a picky person - so where's bae?! The following words are for all of you who are discouraged by your singleness and equally for all of you who couldn't care less about it: singleness is not a waiting room. We live in a society that places such a bright spotlight on romantic relationships that it, more often than not, fails to acknowledge the value that exists in the absence of one. But your time alone - your season of solitude - serves a definite purpose. It gives you time to cultivate your character. Forgive me for sounding a bit cliché, but singleness allows you the time and space to look into yourself, to discover not only who you are, but also to see more clearly your intentions, goals, and aspirations as an individual.

Let's look to the creation story in Genesis for a brief moment here. After the light, the waters, the plants, and the animals, God went on to create a man, namely Adam, from the dust of the earth and the breath of His spirit (Gen 2:7). Adam is alone for some time, walking and talking alongside God in the garden before God sends Eve his way - but he is not left alone to live aimlessly. In the same verse where we see God placing Adam in the garden, we find Him putting Adam to work:

The Lord God took the man and put him in the Garden of Eden to work it and take care of it.
(GENESIS 2:15, NIV)

At first glance, it would be easy to look past this verse, assuming it to be trivial and empty as a transition into the next part of the story. But when I delve deeper into the context of this passage, I see substance and relevance. Adam is given time to spend alone with God and to spend carrying out His work. The time that Adam spends being productive as a single man is the same time he spends in God's presence. Adam's singleness isn't exactly singular because he isn't alone. So, could the manner in which Adam spends his time as a single man parallel with how we should be spending our time alone?

Singleness is not a waiting room.

In the seventh chapter of 1 Corinthians, Paul (another single man who you can read all about in Acts 9) speaks extensively about relationships, time, and the purpose of remaining single. Plainly spoken, Paul views romantic relationships as outright distractions. For this reason, he encourages us to consider the value of singleness, so that our primary focus and attention can be directed toward carrying out God's work:

I would like you to be free from concern. An unmarried man is concerned about the Lord's affairs - how he can please the Lord. But a married man is concerned about the affairs of this world - how he can please his wife - and his interests are divided.
(1 CORINTHIANS 7:32-34, NIV)

Paul is right. God created us in His image to exist in His presence and to expedite His will. We were created with a purpose, we all have jobs (which brings me great joy to hear as a student soon entering the real world): as products of God's hands, we are employed and commissioned to carry out the Gospel to all nations with the authority that we have been granted through Jesus' life, death, and resurrection (Matt 28:18-20). So I think what Paul is saying here is that time is of the essence. We are only given so





much time on this earth, so our best use of it would be to live in undivided devotion to God. But even Paul understands that to many, singleness in itself can be a distraction. He sincerely wishes that were not the case, but if it is, he urges us to go for it, forming Christ-centered relationships and working together to carry out God's will (1 Cor 7:7,36). To any believers reading this, we need to remember to use our time alone as a time of service to God, granting him our undivided attention. To those who do not identify as Christians, I say the same: all of our time belongs to God. Of course, it's not easy to spend every waking moment questioning whether or not each and every one of our actions are in line with His will for our lives, but that's beside the point. Like Adam in the garden, we are created to be in God's presence. Throughout the Bible, we see that we messed up, creating all sorts of barriers between God and us. But ultimately, when Jesus died on that cross as a perfect sacrifice and the temple's veil was immediately torn in two, God reestablished that intimate connection, allowing His plan for us to reside in His presence to prevail. We belong to God, and He to us. In our singleness (and in our relationships no less), I believe we are called to serve Him.

Know that the point of this piece is not to detract from the value that lies in relationships. For many of us, our lives are designed to accommodate relationships. Whatever stage you are in in your life is immensely valuable and it is necessary

to treat it as such. While singleness holds immeasurable value, even God acknowledges our need and/or desire for a suitable partner not long after He instructs Adam to get to work (Gen 2:18). But remember that even in a relationship, your intention with your partner should be to glorify God.

We need to remember to use our time alone as a time of service to God.

To all my single readers: it's time to stop sitting around in wait. Our time alone is too precious and I am confident that God did not intend for us to view our solitude as a purposeless period of transition from one point in our lives to another. Singleness - whether you identify as "perpetually single" or whether you've been single for no more than a few days - is truly sacred, and both Genesis and 1 Corinthians give me reason to believe that God left Adam alone for some time in means of adequately illustrating the vitality of using that time to produce fruit (literally, in Adam's case). So, no more talk about waiting for "the one", because that time will come when it comes. But in the meantime, reinvent your period of solitude. Acknowledge the value it holds, and treat it as the gem that it is. Because only a period of solitude allows a caterpillar to grow its wings.

Gloria Eissen is a junior concentrating in contemplative studies.



Upside Down Definitions

MATTHEW MARTINEZ

This is how life comes to you
This is how life comes to you
It comes through
Slow death
Stolen breath
Torment and torture
Swollen face
Full disgrace
Blood stains all over
Sealed fate
Sealed graves
Death taking over

This is how life comes to you
This is how a king comes to you
It comes through
No rehearse
Peasant birth
Stables and mangers
Baby boys
Dying now
Imminent dangers
Royalty
On the run
Refugee strangers

This is how a king comes to you
This is how salvation comes to you
It comes through
Lost reign
Found pain
Giving of everything
Free life
Sacrificed
Friendly captivity
No release
Hands to feet
Bounded delivery

This is how salvation comes to you
This is how love comes to you
It comes through
Total risk
Wild pursuit
Painful infidelity
Broken trust
Broken flesh
Advocate for enemy
Perfect life
Sinful death
Symbol of abandon
This is how love comes to you
That is how Love came to you

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Church Spotlights

In most of our past issues, we profiled a campus ministry each to encourage readers to plug into them. This issue, we decided to profile local churches instead with the hope that readers would prayerfully consider visiting them.

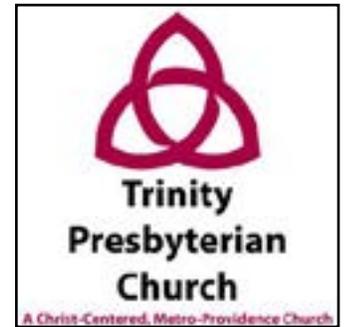


47 Fenner Street
Sunday 10am and 6pm
<http://graceharbor.net/>

Grace Harbor is a church that seeks to display God's glory among ourselves, our community, and the nations. We do that by being Gospel-centered and Word driven in our efforts to follow Jesus together. That means that when we gather as a church the Bible is shaping what we sing, how we pray, and the content of our sermons. Our desire is that these times would produce a Christ-like love for one another, so that our life together reflects gospel itself and the world may know the truth about Jesus (John 13:34-35; 17:23).

72 Clifford St, Providence, RI
Sunday 10:30am
<http://www.trinitypresri.org/>

Trinity Presbyterian Church, located just a short walk from the Brown and RISD campuses, exists to proclaim the good news of Jesus Christ crucified and raised from the dead. We have a long history, especially through our RUF ministry, of helping students to engage Scripture, to experience the warmth and acceptance of genuine Christian community, and to discover the life, hope, and joy that are to be found only in Christ. We gather for worship every Sunday morning at 10:30....please join us! We are grateful for the ways in which students, undergraduate and graduate, enrich our life as a church!



184 Broad St Providence, RI
Sunday 10am and 5pm
<http://www.renchurchri.org/>

Renaissance Church (REN) is a church that exists to give glory to Jesus. A nondenominational church started by Pastor Scott Axtmann in 2001, REN truly embraces the diversity of the Christian body. Members at REN come from all different church backgrounds, but unite in worship for the person that is Jesus Christ. After a few location changes, this year REN has settled into the South Side of Providence, at 184 Broad St. Located so close to downtown, REN church has a dream and a vision to see revival in this city, and for REN to be a vehicle for the Holy Spirit to pour out on Rhode Island. Services are at 10pm & 5pm on Sundays, and Refresh Prayer is on Wednesdays at 7pm.

500 Hope St, Providence, RI
Sunday 10am
<http://www.provpresri.org/>

Providence Presbyterian Church belongs to God. The Holy Spirit calls us together from around the world to be a welcoming and inclusive community of faith committed to Jesus Christ and the Word of God as proclaimed in the Bible. Through worship, education, and fellowship, we prayerfully use our diverse gifts and resources to proclaim God's message of unending love. We share Christ's reconciling message of love by nurturing the spirituality of each person, cultivating a justice-minded worshipping community, and creatively responding to the needs of our neighbors near and far. You're invited to our College Fellowship Brunch each 1st Sunday.

Providence Presbyterian Church





St. Mary's Episcopal Church, 81 Warren Avenue, East Providence, RI

Sunday 10am

<http://chrstrpc.com/>

Historic and biblically rich worship. Love of God and seriousness about the Bible. A joyful and loving church community. Whether you are a committed believer or trying to figure out what you think, we would love to see you at 10 on Sunday morning for worship; stay for catechism time and a class on Christian doctrine or life. Christ Reformed Presbyterian Church is a young congregation in the confessional Reformed tradition, and has been church home to many students from Brown, RISD, and further -- we're a walk or bike ride across the river in East Providence.

114 George Street, Providence, RI

Sunday 8am and 10am

<http://www.sstephens.org/>

Worship in the Episcopal Church is both liturgical and sacramental. It is liturgical in that worship follows a prescribed pattern, one that grounds the church today in ways that Christians have worshipped from early centuries. It is sacramental in that worship uses outward and visible signs ordained by Christ to convey inward and spiritual grace, most especially in the Holy Eucharist. Worship at S. Stephen's makes rich use of signs and symbols that appeal to all the senses so that through music, incense, candles, vestments, sacred images, and ceremonial, our hearts and minds are lifted to the unseen God.

St. Stephen's Church



15 Hayes St. Providence, RI

Sunday 9am and 11am

<http://sanctuaryri.org/>

Sanctuary Church began holding services in Providence in 2012 after residing in East Greenwich as a part of Christ Church. Our decision to plant in the city was due to a clear call by God to serve our community which was predominantly made up of people who lived in, or were already serving in the Providence. A vision to be a church by and for the city began to emerge.

Our leaders lived and served here.

Our outreach work was here.

Our partner churches in the city were excited for us...

And God allowed for us to continue with coaching, accountability, and resources by our network.



15 Hayes Street Providence, RI

Sunday 10:15am (Bilingual) and 1:30pm (Spanish)

<http://gloriadei-ri.org/>

Gloria Dei is a "mission" church focused intentionally on multi-cultural ministry and serving the poor, immigrants and other oppressed people. There are few Swedes left; the congregation is made up of people from 15-20 different countries. Our worship services are Sundays at 10:30 in English and at 2:00 p.m. in Spanish.

The church has established a very unique and special ministry referred to as Step Up Center International which is a 501-C3 that provides programs and support to the people in need. Programs include English as a Second language, music instruction, tutoring and other programs for children.

Gloria Dei Lutheran Church, located in the heart of downtown Providence, across from the Providence Place Mall, was constructed toward the end of the 19th century and the building itself was a product of the early 20th century. It was a Swedish congregation that built the magnificent church building now on the National Historic Registry and known as "the Swedish cathedral."

Gloria Dei Lutheran Church



Branches Against Sky
Sujay Natson '16





A Prayer for Brown and RISD

REVEREND KIRSTIN BOSWELL-FORD
Associate University Chaplain for the Protestant Community

*...if My people, who are called by My name, will humble themselves,
and pray and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will
hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal the land.*

(2 Chronicles 7:14, NIV)

O God in whom we live, move, and have our being, we come before you humbly, seeking your favor. You gave us the gift of salvation through your Son, Jesus, and through the example of His life, you have shown us how to live our own.

Lord, God, we welcome you into our hearts, minds, and souls. As we engage in our academic pursuits, let us not forget that it is you who are directing our paths. We pray that you make those pathways straight and we will seek to lean not unto our own understanding, but to acknowledge your presence in all that we do in this season of our lives, and beyond.

We ask, O God, that you help us to turn firmly from the wickedness that is so evident in our world. Help us to be agents of change in a time that is fraught with social ills such as: systematic racism; sexism; violence; and abuse of all kinds. Help us to be that city on a hill, confidently shining our light into the darkness around us, and to push on until justice and righteousness do indeed roll down like the waters of a mighty stream.

God, allow our time at Brown to be one in which we heartily seek to be men and women of God, called by your name, and appealing to you in heaven to heal our world. We ask that you send the Holy Spirit down among us like tongues of fire that inhabit our worship of you, and our care for each other as you did for your followers over 2000 years ago. Through our faithfulness to you and to your word, allow your church to be reborn and your word to be spread across campus, and to the very ends of the earth.

Amen.