

# critique

A Ransom Fellowship Publication

2013 Issue 4

BE PREPARED  
FOR ANYTHING.  
OUR WAR HAS  
JUST BEGUN.



## CRITIQUE



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### ABOUT CRITIQUE

*Critique* is part of the work of Ransom Fellowship founded by Denis and Margie Haack in 1982. Together, they have created a ministry that includes lecturing, mentoring, writing, teaching, hospitality, feeding, and encouraging those who want to know more about what it means to be a Christian in the everyday life of the twenty-first century.

Except where noted, all articles are by Denis Haack.

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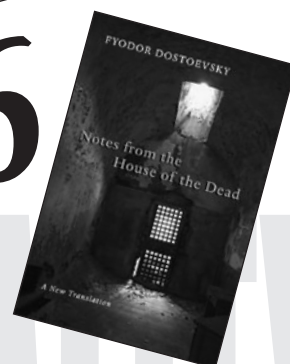


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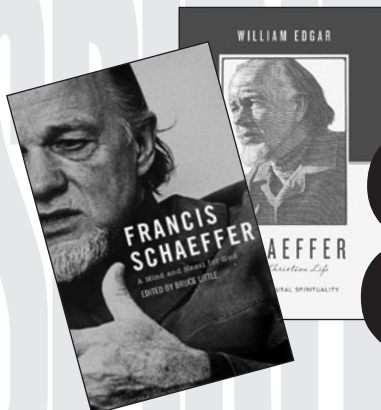
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# Slipping into Politicization



One of the characteristics of twenty-first century American culture—part of what earlier generations called “the spirit of the age”—is the politicization of life. What this means, simply, is that every issue of social importance is primarily framed in political terms. To watch it at work, raise an issue—a moral one like caring for the earth or a social justice one like immigration—and see how long it is before politics dominates the discussion. The point is not that politics should never touch on such things, but that it should arise only as one small part of how we try to live out what we believe about them.

Politicization is one of those things that simply crept up on us. Most of us probably didn’t pause one day, slap our forehead in sudden illumination, and believe that the primary way to institute real change is through the political process. Rather, the tendency to believe that simply began to appear in the social landscape, and we drifted along largely unawares.

It’s impossible not to be effected by our culture. Being discerning doesn’t pretend this doesn’t occur but acknowledges it. And it steps back occasionally and examines such beliefs to see if

we want to adopt them, alter them, or determine to lean against them.

Ignore for a moment the reasons politicization seems attractive, how it wormed its way into our cultural consciousness, and what things we might consider to keep conversations about issues from becoming opportunities to score political points. Instead, reflect on the politicization of life from a Christian perspective.

The first thing we’d have to say is that it is entirely wrongheaded. Everything is related to Christ, not to politics; culture is always prior to politics; and the gospel always trumps them both. Moral issues and social justice questions must be determined on their own merits, and only then can we determine what political implications, if any, exist.

Reducing cultural change to political effort replaces the moral persuasiveness of truth with the force of law. This week I received another mass e-mail from a Christian acquaintance promising the end to abortion if enough people rally around a specific political effort. But as a Christian I do not believe the question of abortion can be settled by such means. For one thing, I believe St. Paul is correct when he argues that the law can never solve the deepest issues of the human heart (see Galatians). Abortion is not primarily—or even secondarily—a political issue, but a deeply nuanced ethical and philosophical issue. Only a heart-level transformation of culture will bring justice, political,

and otherwise, for the unborn and the unwanted.

Politicization also reduces moral standards to political slogans. For example, some claim that no use of American military force has been legal since World War II because that was the last time Congress formally declared war. They point out, correctly, that *legitimate authority* is one of the necessary conditions for military force to be justified by just war standards. If we conclude only a formal declaration of war by Congress legitimizes the use of American military force, we are adopting a moral standard. If this is your position concerning the nature of justice, that’s fine, but be consistent. It is, remember, a conviction not a political sound bite. So, if we awaken to news that the president sent a special ops team in somewhere with deadly force where we haven’t declared war to successfully rescue medical workers kidnapped by extremists, maintain your standard. Explain why this action is illegitimate and why you must condemn the operation as unjust.

Still, my first point is the most essential. From a Christian perspective, the politicization of life is wrong because everything is related to Christ, not to politics. It subtly seeks to replace Christ as Lord, and thus reveals itself as idolatry. ■



**To the editor:**  
Perhaps someone  
has already passed on the  
source of Os Guinness's quote on  
the toolbox. It's from his book, *The  
Gravedigger File*, pages 43-44.  
Hope this helps.  
Sharon Lloyd, via e-mail

Denis Haack responds:

Indeed, you are the first, and so far, only  
person to answer my request [Critique  
2013:1] for locating the source, and I am  
grateful. Thank you.

The quote in question is one that captures  
the need for Christians today to develop skill  
in cultural discernment, so that they are able  
to know the times in light of the timeless:

Christians simply haven't devel-  
oped Christian tools of analysis to  
examine culture properly. Or rather,  
the tools the church once had have  
grown rusty or been mislaid. What  
often happens is that Christians wake  
up to some incident or issue and sud-  
denly realize they need to analyze  
what's going on. Then, having no  
tools of their own, they lean across  
and borrow the tools nearest them.

They don't realize that, in their  
haste, they are borrowing not an  
isolated tool but a whole philosophi-  
cal toolbox laden with tools which  
have their own particular bias to  
every problem (a Trojan horse in  
the toolbox, if you like). The toolbox  
may be Freudian, Hindu, or Marxist.  
Occasionally, the toolbox is right-  
wing; more often today it is liberal  
or left-wing (the former mainly in  
North America, the latter mainly in

Europe). Rarely—and this is all  
that matters to us—is it consis-  
tently or coherently Christian.

When Christians use tools  
for analysis (or bandy certain terms  
of description) which have non-  
Christian assumptions embedded  
within them, these tools (and terms)  
eventually act back on them like  
wearing someone else's glasses or  
walking in someone else's shoes. The  
tools shape the user. Their recent  
failure to think critically about cul-  
ture has made Christians uniquely  
susceptible to this.

**To the editor:**

I was happy to see a review of  
Francis Spufford's *Unapologetic*  
(which gets its American release this  
fall) in *Critique* [2013:2]. I share Cal  
Borough's concern about the book's  
more unorthodox turns, but I also  
share his admiration. The HPTfU  
[Human Propensity to Fuck things Up]  
in particular is certainly the best way  
to introduce the biblical concept of sin  
to a non-believer that I have read in a  
long while. There is more to sin than  
screwing up, of course, but Spufford's  
description of the audacity and heaviness  
of sin is never less than chilling. I  
laughed and cried when I first read it.

I wanted to point out something  
that I was surprised Borough's missed  
in his otherwise excellent review.  
Though Spufford is no theologian, the  
gleaming centerpiece of *Unapologetic*  
is the elegant fifth chapter entitled  
"Yeshua" in which Spufford retells  
the story of Christ's life, death, and  
resurrection in spellbinding fashion.  
It is a beautiful testimony to the fact  
that Christian faith is not a store-  
house of disembodied truths or a  
complex philosophical system but the

revelation of the God-Man. Though  
parts of the book make me very  
nervous, I can't help but thinking that  
Spufford's lively sketch of Jesus will  
draw many toward true faith.

Peace,  
Phillip Johnston  
L'Abri Fellowship,  
Southborough, Mass.

Cal Boroughs responds:

Thank you for taking the time to interact  
with my review of Francis Spufford's  
*Unapologetic*. You wonder why I neglected  
to mention his chapter "Yeshua." A good  
question—and one that caused me to go back  
and re-read the chapter. I agree with you that  
it is a lively sketch of the life of Jesus, but it is  
a sketch that makes me nervous. We live in a  
world in which everyone seems to have his/  
her idea of who Jesus is. It is too easy for any  
one of us to reinterpret Jesus to our own lik-  
ing, our own sensibilities. Spufford's picture  
of Jesus, while at times quite insightful, is  
still "Christianity light." How much of that  
can we afford? While Spufford's presenta-  
tion of Jesus may be a helpful conversation  
starter, I am not persuaded that it is ad-  
equate. Dorothy Sayers, in her essay "Creed  
or Chaos," wrote: "At the risk of appearing  
quite insolently obvious, I shall say that if  
the Church is to make any impression on the  
modern mind she will have to preach Christ  
and the cross. Of late years, the Church has  
not succeeded very well in preaching Christ;  
she has preached Jesus, which is not quite  
the same thing." This is the problem I have  
with Spufford's Yeshua. He writes sparingly  
about the cross and without any theological  
depth. His Jesus is an appealing figure and  
Spufford works hard to make him appealing  
to our modern mind—to make him emotion-  
ally attractive. He writes elegantly but I see  
little of Christ and the cross which Luther  
said is our only theology. That is the reason I  
did not commend the chapter.

# Living Faithfully as Embodied Creatures



In her debut book of fiction, a collection of short stories, Jamie Quatro has bequeathed a deliciously subversive gift to the world, and to the evangelical church.

As literature, *I Want to Show You More*, is a set of carefully crafted stories, with prose that is simple, and simply powerful in transporting us into the world of her characters. Writing successful short stories is a difficult task—one here, “Imperfections,” is only two pages—because no word dare fail to carry the story forward. And stories, to work, have an inner life, a trajectory of purpose, action, tension, and consummation that, if unheeded, keeps the reader from the moment of transcendence when we are drawn out of ourselves into the larger reality of imagination. But Quatro never falters. This is more than simply well done, this is writing as a gift, a calling.

As stories, *I Want to Show You More* is profoundly human, exploring desire, love, frailty, adultery, grief, faithfulness, and faith all within a context of life so ordinary we know it to be of the same reality within which we all move and have our being. Quatro exhibits an imagination schooled in both ancient wisdom and a thoughtful observation for what it means to live in our glorious yet deeply broken world. The novelist Walker Percy remarked that bad stories always lie about the human condition. There are no lies here.

The stories Quatro tells are unsettling, and are meant to be. Not unsettling in the sense of being page-turners, artificially raising tension to keep us reading, though I could not set aside the book once I began it. It is unsettling, rather, in the same way reality and scripture are unsettling. Life is always lived in the face of death when mortality and persistent appetites for things we do not and should not have keep a tight grip on the most carefully hidden recesses of our soul. The characters in *I Want to Show You More* are exposed, sympathetically yet relentlessly, the way we all know we are before the face of God. It is this instinctual and fearful knowledge that propels us to the busyness and other distractions that allow us to achieve efficiency and productivity without ever having to face ourselves. Part of the brilliance of these short stories is that the characters become mirrors so that the reader, in sharing their humanity, is similarly exposed—we share the brokenness even if we haven’t shared in the experience. But perhaps I should speak for myself—this was certainly my experience as I read.

Evangelical Christian readers of *I Want to Show You More* will find another layer in Jamie Quatro’s fiction. Quatro is a Christian, setting stories in the evangelical world; her husband, Scott, is professor of management on the faculty of Covenant College in Lookout Mountain, Georgia. Quatro’s stories are God haunted, not in a narrow religious sense but similar to Flannery



O'Connor's fiction, in being set in a universe in which God's reality is the only way things can make ultimate sense.

At times, too, the evangelical world is exposed, sadly, accurately, for being less than what its members believe it to be. In "Decomposition: A Primer for Promiscuous Housewives," a woman, deep in grief after ending an affair, seeks help.

*You find a Christian therapist named Bobbie in the yellow pages. You choose her not because she's Christian, but because her office is in Hixson, as far from Lookout Mountain as you can get without leaving the city limits. Bobbie asks you to list ten positive and ten negative memories from your childhood. You tell her that's not why you came.*

*You tell her there's a watermelon in your stomach.*

*You tell her that every sentence you were in the habit of crafting for the other man—every thought and feeling you were accustomed to sharing—is now taking up residence inside your body.*

*You tell her you might just need to unload.*

*I thought you were here because you wanted to save your marriage, Bobbie says.*

*That too, you say.*

*What we find, in most cases, she says, is that the woman lacked affirmation in her childhood. We'll identify the lies from your childhood and, using various techniques such as eye movement therapies, replace them with truths.*

*What if the truth is I'm in love with him?*

*you say. What if the truth is he was the one I was supposed to marry?*

*I assume that biblical truth is what you're most concerned with, Bobbie says.*

*We talked about having a baby together, you say before you walk out. [p. 11-12]*

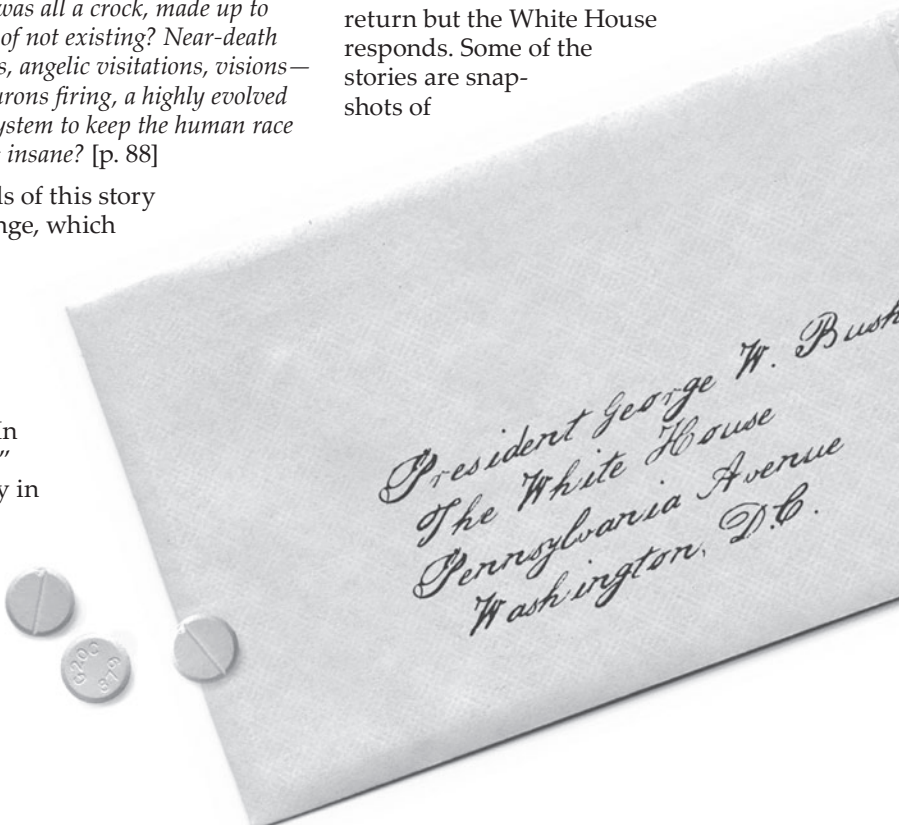
In "The Anointing," a wife asks the elders to pray for her husband. Mitch no longer gets out of bed, depressed since losing his successful medical practice after becoming addicted to painkillers. Increasingly desperate, Diane is trying all she knows to save her family, and begins to wonder if perhaps there is nothing that will turn the tide.

*Diane wanted to believe the anointing would be that thing. But she doubted it would work. Her faith was waning. What if it was all a crock, made up to quiet fears of not existing? Near-death experiences, angelic visitations, visions—all just neurons firing, a highly evolved response system to keep the human race from going insane? [p. 88]*

The details of this story made me cringe, which made the surprising revelation of grace at the end all the more miraculous. In "Demolition," the only story in which irony plays

a prominent role, a congregation dismantles their church after a deaf man confesses his disbelief and little sections of their stained glass windows begin inexplicably popping out of their frames. Then the steady dismantling of belief begins until Nature and God feel identical, the siren call of paganism far closer to a shallow evangelicalism than any of us would have suspected.

In a poignant story that never wanders into sentimentality, "Better to Lose an Eye," a fourth grader struggles with the embarrassment that overcomes her in public over her pious grandmother and wheelchair bound, quadriplegic mother. "1.7 to Tennessee" introduces us to Eva Bock, an 89 year old who walks to the post office because she has written a letter to President Bush. She doesn't return but the White House responds. Some of the stories are snapshots of



President George W. Bush  
The White House  
Pennsylvania Avenue  
Washington, D.C.

life containing the same characters. "Here" introduces us to a young widower trying to pick up his life after his wife has died from cancer. Later in the book is "Georgia the Whole Time," in which the wife tries to tell her children she is dying.

This past Sunday my pastor preached from a text written by the Hebrew prophet Hosea. It is not a comfortable text, too sexually charged for most evangelicals to rest in its message. Hosea is told by God to marry a promiscuous woman, a prostitute. So he marries Gomer and they have children, but then Gomer leaves for her old lifestyle. Perhaps life with a prophet was too tame after the adventures she had experienced. Whatever the reason, Gomer left, and God told Hosea to go win her back.

By this time Gomer was for sale in the market, which history tells us was a brutal place, women thrust nude onto a public stage as the bidding commenced. My pastor speculated that Gomer was shamed and that, perhaps in buying her, Hosea covered her nakedness as Christ covers his people's shame with righteousness.

It is a lovely image, and a sweet picture of redemption. But as I listened I wondered if perhaps a different speculation isn't also possible. Is it possible Gomer was not

shamed on that stage but rather enjoyed the exposure? She was, after all, the one who chose to leave, choosing to seek satisfaction in a series of lovers. Perhaps Gomer was rather more like the women who preen on the covers of glossy magazines spread out for our gaze on racks next to newspapers. Either way, we will fail to understand Hosea's message if we fail to understand the true nature of desire and fully embrace a biblical view of what it means to be embodied creatures. Jamie Quatro's stories help us do both.

(And to Christians who are offended by the language her characters use, I would respond that Quatro is writing truthfully. If you do not grasp that, you probably need to make non-Christian friends. To those offended by the sexuality, reread your Bible and look around at life. Living righteous lives does not include sheltering ourselves from reality.)

Here's a final excerpt, from Quatro's story, "You Look Like Jesus."

*I didn't keep the photographs he sent. At the time, deleting them felt like a way to esteem my husband.*

*I remember the important ones. A cell phone picture he took during a long run: waist-up, eyes squinting, face shining with sweat. Rows of white tombstones behind.*

*Here I am, his text said. Please call.*

*You're a beautiful man, I said when he answered.*

*You have no idea how much I needed to*

*hear that, he said.*

*Another one: he was sitting on the floor, stretching, legs long in front of him, feet bare.*

*People tell me I have nice feet, he said.*

*I looked, zoomed in, looked again.*

*They're shaped like mine, I said.*

*Show me, he said.*

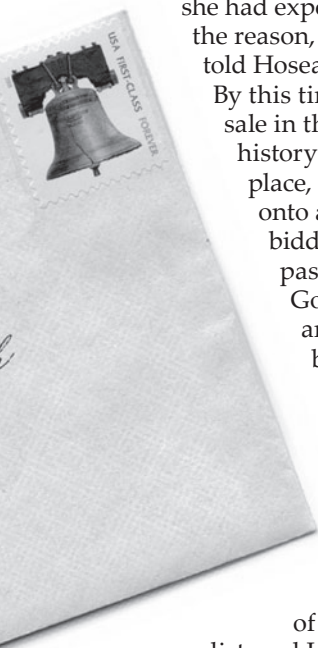
*I took my shoes off and angled the computer down, clicked the red camera.*

*That confirms it, he said. We're related. From the same soul-cluster.*

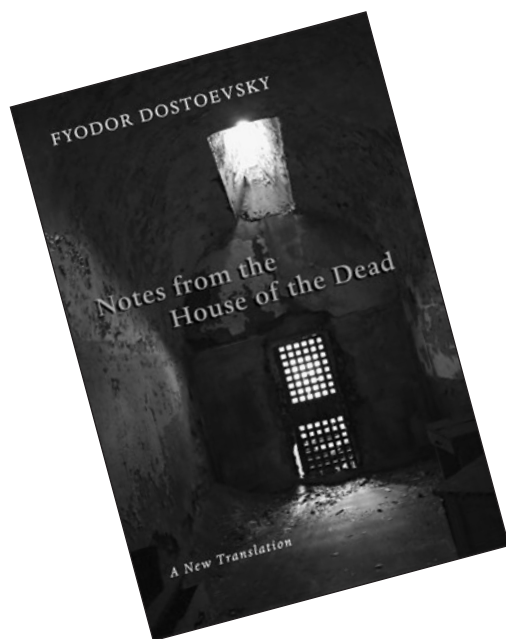
*I want to show you more, I said. [p. 101]*

Book reviewers are supposed to say something negative, but I have no criticisms here. Only a hope that Jamie Quatro will keep writing.

**Book recommended:** *I Want to Show You More* (New York, NY: Grove Press; 2013) 206 pages.



# A Place of Cold Suffering



On July 7, 1945, when Stalin shipped Alexander Solzhenitsyn off to a remote and brutal prison camp in Siberia as a political prisoner, he was following a pattern that had been established many years before when Tsars ruled Russia. Siberia has long been a convenient dumping place for those deemed inconvenient to whoever held the reigns of power. Isolated by fierce geography and harsh weather, Siberia was out of sight and easily forgotten in the halls of Moscow. The people sent there knew there was a good chance they would not survive their imprisonment or exile in that forbidding land.

Almost a century before Solzhenitsyn's sentence sent him to Siberia, another Russian writer suffered a similar fate except he was first treated to a cruel trick. In January 1850, Tsar

Nicholas I ordered a mock execution for a group of political prisoners. They were taken to the execution grounds, tied to the wooden stakes, heads covered with a shroud, the drum rolled, and at the moment the shots should have been fired an imperial edict was read that changed their sentence from death to imprisonment in Siberia. In that group was a man and writer named Fyodor Dostoevsky. For four years Dostoevsky languished in a military labor camp. Listed as "dangerous," Dostoevsky spent his entire four year imprisonment in iron shackles and was allowed only one book, a New Testament. After he was released, he recorded his experience in a powerful book, *Notes from the House of the Dead*. It is fiction but rooted in autobiography, not a smoothly told memoir but an effectively fragmented but compelling series of notes about life lived in a setting designed to remove dignity and extinguish hope.

I spent a long time trying to decide what brief fragment I could reprint here for you, to give you a sense of Dostoevsky's prose and this new translation by Boris Jakim. There were numerous possibilities, but I kept returning to this one, so here it is:

*In Tobolsk I saw men who were chained to the wall. The man is kept on a chain about seven feet long; his cot is right next to him. He's kept chained like this for some exceptionally atrocious crime committed after his arrival in Siberia. They're kept like this for five years, sometimes for ten. Most of these men were bandits. I saw only one man among them who seemed to be a former nobleman; he had been in the government service somewhere. He spoke very subserviently, with a lisp, and he had a mawkishly sweet little smile. He showed us his chain*

*and the most comfortable way to lie down on the cot. He was a queer sort of bird! All these men were generally well-behaved and seemed content, and yet each one of them was extremely anxious to serve out his term as quickly as possible. Why, one wonders? Here's why: so that he could get out of his dank, stifling room with its low-vaulted brick ceiling and take a stroll in the prison yard, and... that's all. He'll never be let out of the prison. He knows that men released from the chain will remain in prison forever, until they die, and they'll all be kept in shackles. He knows that, and yet he desperately longs for a quick end to his period of enchainment. After all, if not for this longing, could he remain for five or six years on the chain without dying or losing his mind? Where is the man who would be able to endure it? [p. 100]*

After his release in 1854, Fyodor Dostoevsky went on to write some of the classics of Russian literature, such as *Crime and Punishment* (1866) and *The Brothers Karamazov* (1880) before his death in 1881. And as you probably remember from reading such works back in school, Dostoevsky's novels are not only packed with intricately drawn characters and tightly imagined dialogue but touch on the deepest philosophical questions of the human heart. Critics claim that a careful reading of his work shows how many of the themes and characters developed in his later novels have their genesis in Dostoevsky's prison experience and are glimpsed in *Notes from the House of the Dead*. He has an ability to capture in words all the details of life in order to paint such an exquisite picture within his story that the reader seems to experience what Dostoevsky describes.





*At night it would be unbearably hot and stuffy. Although the cool night air would drift in from an open window, the convicts would toss and turn on their planks all night as if in delirium. Fleas swarmed in myriads. We had them in winter too, and in fairly large numbers, but beginning with the spring they multiplied in such quantities that even though I had heard about this before, I couldn't believe it until I had experienced it myself. And the closer we'd get to summer, the more ferocious they'd become. It's true that you can get used to fleas, and I myself was able to do so, but it's not easy. They'll sometimes torment you to the point where finally you'll be lying as though in a burning fever, feeling that you're not sleeping but only delirious. When finally, just before morning, there's a lull, and the fleas seem to subside, and just when, in the cool of the morning, you really do seem to fall into a sweet sleep—suddenly the pitiless rattle of the drum at the prison gate strikes up reveille. Wrapped in your sheepskin coat, you listen, cursing, to the loud, distinct sounds as if you're counting them, while through your sleep there creeps into your head the intolerable thought that it will all be the same tomorrow and the day after tomorrow and for years and years until the day of freedom comes. But you ask yourself, When will this freedom come, and where is it? But meanwhile you have to wake up; the daily round begins with the convicts scurrying around and pushing and shoving one another... they're getting dressed and hurrying out to work. [p. 241-241]*

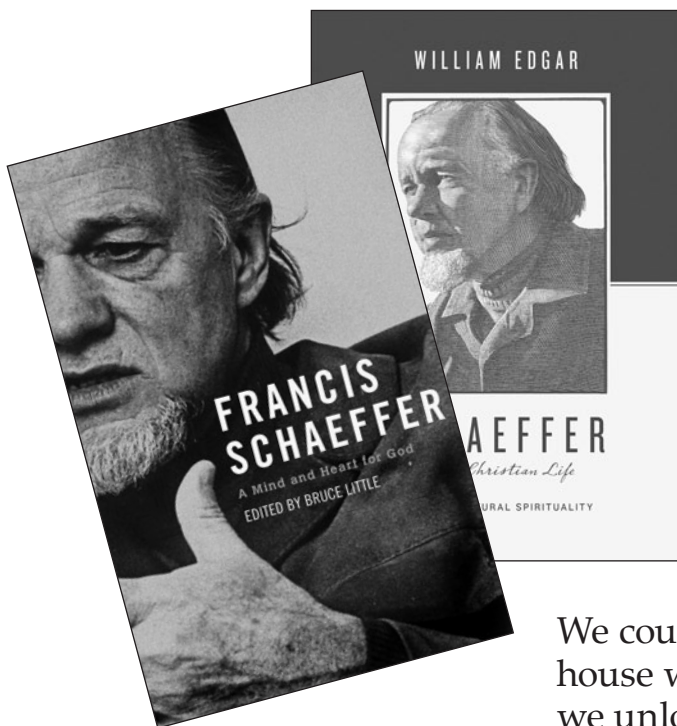
Far, far back in human history, the story is told of the first time a man killed his brother. It was, as murder always is, a foul act, and one that marked the killer and the victim's family for life. And as is always the case, the guilty man found himself confronted by God, for this is his world and we are his creatures, made of dust to flourish in his presence. Cain first claimed to have no knowledge of Abel's whereabouts, to which God said a startling thing. "What have you done?" the Lord asked him. "Listen; your brother's blood is crying out to me from the ground!" (Genesis 4:10) Centuries later the Hebrew prophet Habakkuk warned that those who gained wealth and power in unjust ways would find that even their houses would witness against them. "The very stones will cry out from the wall," Habakkuk said, "and the plaster will respond from the woodwork" (2:11).

If we had ears to hear, what would these cries sound like?

I am relieved that for now only God can hear them, as we would be overwhelmed to death by the cries emanating from the ground that has borne so much human injustice over the millennia. We can only bear little echoes, like those recorded by artists so that we can hear a little more clearly and be made to yearn more deeply for the justice only the rightful King can supply. ■

**Book recommended:** *Notes from the House of the Dead* by Fyodor Dostoevsky, translated by Boris Jakim (Grand Rapids, MI: Eerdmans Publishing Company; 1861, 2013) 316 pages + introduction by James Scanlan + translator's note

# A Mentor Making Sense of Thi



In the summer of 1981, friends helped us pack our belongings into a rented truck. The next day we drove from Albuquerque, N.M. where we had been living to Rochester, Minn. where we have lived ever since.

We could not move into our house when we arrived, so we unloaded everything into a storage unit. We visited family and, when our house was vacated by its old owners, we loaded everything back into another rental truck to unload it in our new home, which our children christened Toad Hall. We had moved to Rochester not because we had a new job here, or because we had friends or family here, but because it was where our spiritual mentors lived.

Thirteen years earlier, the year it was published, someone had given me a copy of *The God Who Was There* by Francis Schaeffer. I had never read anything remotely like it before. I had been raised in the church, but the Christianity I had known was not like this—open to culture, embracing all of life, and vibrant with a love for God, for people, for the gospel, and for seeking honest answers to honest questions without fear or defensiveness. This was the life I desired and a vision of the faith that made sense of things across all of life, reality and culture. Now we were moving to a new home in a new city simply because Francis and Edith Schaeffer lived here. All these years later I do not regret our choice. People need mentors, people who embody the ideas, worldview, values, and lifestyle that shape their vocation. It is an ancient notion but one confirmed by research, wise tradition, and common sense—it is a wonder to me that I haven't met far more people over the years that have moved at some point for the same reason.

For those who want an introduction to Schaeffer—the man, his life, his impact and his thinking—there are two books, both brief and accessible, that I would recommend.



# ngs

The first is *Francis Schaeffer: A Mind and Heart for God*. In 2008, a conference with that title was held at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary. The book collects five presentations made by four speakers that knew Schaeffer well. Udo Middelman ("Francis Schaeffer: the Man"); Jerram Barrs ("His Apologetics" and "His Legacy and His Influence on Evangelicalism"); Randal Macauley ("Francis Schaeffer in the Twenty-First Century"); and finally a lecture by Dick Keyes on sentimentality that demonstrates the approach Schaeffer used in thinking about culture in the light of the gospel.

My experience of Schaeffer resonates with what these four authors write. To give merely one example, I had grown up in a setting where witnessing had become a legalism, reduced to techniques we were taught and practiced, a rote task you did to prove your spirituality and because nothing else in life had any significance except trying to rescue a few souls from the coming judgment. Some argued for lifestyle evangelism which meant the Christian's life should be different enough that non-Christians will ask about it. In practice, few if any asked, so for most believers I knew it turned out to be a form of social withdrawal into a privatized faith. Then I came across Schaeffer and was astonished that he cared for people as he did, treating them with dignity and listening intently. He asked them about their story, their interests, their background, their spiritual pilgrimage, their dreams and fears, and so much more. The way I would express it is that he wanted them to flourish as human being across all of life and so he was interested in all of it, and in the process he delighted to

discuss the Christian story because it was an emotionally satisfying, intellectually coherent, and imaginatively open worldview that made true flourishing actually possible. This was the Christianity I craved with all my being. It was a faith in which evangelism didn't need to be taught because it was a natural part of caring for my neighbor as someone made in God's image, whom I could learn from and be blessed to have as a friend. Looking back now I realize that the reason evangelism had become a topic so fraught with tension and artificiality was that the fundamentalist faith it sought to commend did not result in flourishing but in mere conformity to a set of rules and expectations our tradition had come to identify as spiritually acceptable.

"I am often asked," Jerram Barrs writes, "'What about Schaeffer made the greatest impression on you?'"

*I think all of us who had the privilege of working with Schaeffer would respond to such a question: "His compassion for people."*

*Some who came to the Schaeffers' home were believers struggling with doubts and deep hurts. Some were people lost and wandering in the wasteland of twentieth-century Western intellectual thought. Some had experimented with psychedelic drugs or with religious ideas and practices that were damaging their lives. Some were so wounded and bitter because of their treatment by churches, or because of the sorrows of their lives, that their questions were hostile and they would come seeking to attack and*

*to discredit Christianity. But, no matter who they were, or how they spoke, Schaeffer would be filled with compassion for them. He would treat them with respect, he would take their questions seriously (even if he had heard the same question a thousand times before), and he would answer them gently. Always he would pray for them and seek to challenge them with the truth. But this challenge was never given aggressively. He would say to us (and he would model for us): "Always leave someone with a corner to retire gracefully into. You are not trying to win an argument, or to knock someone down. You are seeking to win a person, a person made in the image of God. This is not about your winning; it is not about your ego. If that is your approach all you will do is arouse their pride and make it more difficult for them to hear what you have to say."*

*Schaeffer believed and practiced the conviction that it is God who saves people. Indeed, he would frequently encourage people to leave L'Abri for a time and to go off by themselves to think through what they were hearing. He would say that we do not have to try to push and to pressure people into the kingdom.... [p. 34-35]*

*Schaeffer recognized that there are fewer and fewer people who truly hold to a biblical worldview. Consequently he saw that it is absolutely essential with the majority of people we meet to begin at the beginning. The beginning for modern people, and even more for postmodern people, is denial or doubt about the existence of God and denial or doubt about the existence of truth. While these might seem like abstract issues, they are not in fact abstract. Rather,*



*they are very practical. Nothing is more practical, nothing is more basic, than the conviction that there is truth that can be known. Without this conviction, life becomes more and more intolerable and more and more filled with alienation. The more consistently people live with the loss of truth, the more their lives will fall apart, for the center does not hold. [p. 39]*

**T**he second book I would recommend is *Schaeffer on the Christian Life: Countercultural Spirituality* by William Edgar. Edgar, long a professor of apologetics at Westminster Theological Seminary, came to faith at L'Abri in the early years of Schaeffer's ministry. His understanding of Schaeffer is thus both deeply personal and solidly scholarly, and his book reflects those strengths. He writes in an accessible style, covering Schaeffer and his times, Schaeffer's convictions about spirituality, and how Schaeffer sought to demonstrate practically what it looks like to live under Christ's lordship day by day. Edgar's treatment is especially helpful for those who wish to reflect not merely on Schaeffer and his impact in a historical sense but in terms of what we can learn from Schaeffer and the founding of L'Abri for our lives as Christians outside L'Abri as the twenty-first century unfolds.

*Schaeffer on the Christian Life* has the advantage of having a single author, so the voice throughout is consistent and the story told can move consistently forward. Transcriptions of good lectures make for good reading, but they still seem a bit choppy when compared to

a good book by a thoughtful author on the same topic. This is not a criticism of the book edited by Bruce Little, but an observation to prepare the reader for the experience of reading both titles. Edgar also weaves Edith Schaeffer into his narrative, her life and books and personality, and that adds another degree of richness to Edgar's book. Still, I commend both books, and do so warmly.

Edgar's *Schaeffer on the Christian Life* is part of series being published intended to include volumes on a wide variety of the most influential theologians on the Christian life. And that naturally raises the question as to whether Schaeffer should be considered as part of such a series—a question Edgar addresses at the beginning of the book.

*Is Francis Schaeffer in the same league as Saint Augustine, Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Wesley, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and the other figures in the Theologians on the Christian Life series? Had you asked me twenty years ago, I would have said no. It would be hard to overstate my love for the man. However, I thought he had neither the academic standing nor perhaps the influence wielded by these giants. His writings and films often seemed dated, and his principal legacy is no doubt people, not a movement based on revolutionary ideas. I was always a bit troubled by comparisons made between him and C. S. Lewis, whose stature is nothing if not towering. But today I gladly agree that Schaeffer belongs to this hall of fame.*

*A legacy of people is just the reason why. Schaeffer's importance is because of the way he could take God, thinkers, and truth and make them so profoundly exciting—to people! Os Guinness, one of Schaeffer's closest associates, tells us he has never met anyone like him anywhere "who took God so passionately seriously, people so passionately seriously, and truth so passionately seriously." While a number of Schaeffer's ideas or historical assessments could and should be put into question, what is unquestionable is the way Francis Schaeffer moved from the heart of the Christian faith, or "true spirituality," into every realm of life, with absolute continuity and astonishing freshness, and communicated all of that to so many people. I am honored to be asked to help defend such a legacy. [p. 14]*

I do not recommend these books in order to place Francis Schaeffer on some sort of pedestal. I realize he was not perfect, and neither book treats him as such. There are details in his books or lectures that I would dispute, having come to different conclusions about the topic, author, thinker, or event that he was exploring. He was not perfect in life, either, and we lived closely enough to him and his wife in the final years of his life to catch glimpses of the brokenness that wove its way through their relationships, actions, and choices. Still, the foundational principles that he taught and demonstrated—the reality of Christian community, that there are no little people, that doubts and questions are not to be feared but addressed compassionately, that prayer is central to the Christian life, that Christianity has something substantial to say to every sphere of life, that the truth of the gospel is to be exhibited by those who claim to believe it, that God has spoken

in a way we can understand—all these basic principles remain not just true but essential to Christian faithfulness. And yet, perversely, it is often the central, simple, foundational, essential ideas that can be easily forgotten.

There are two groups to whom I especially commend these books. First, those who, like me, were influenced by Schaeffer and could use a pleasant and challenging reminder of who he was and what he stood for. This can be especially helpful right now when a number of writers, pundits, and cultural warriors are claiming they are continuing Schaeffer's "legacy." Of course those who work in L'Abri Fellowship can make that claim, though they tend to make it not about themselves but about L'Abri. It's fascinating to me that the only people outside L'Abri who to my mind could plausibly claim such a thing—Jerram Barrs, for example—do not claim it but instead honor Schaeffer's memory by carrying on living out the gospel as Schaeffer insisted should be done. It seems to me that if you have to claim you are embodying Schaeffer's legacy you probably aren't. In any case, I need reminders of the essential things in life, and these books served that purpose admirably.

The second group of Christians to whom I recommend these books are those who have come to faith since Schaeffer's time and so only have a vague idea of who he was and what he stood for. You have come to adulthood at a period in history when the church has waned in cultural influence, so much so that the movers and shakers of society often dismiss the gospel as either dangerous or irrelevant. If you listen to the clamor in the public square

you will know that those claiming to speak for the evangelical community often seem more shaped by politics than by the resurrection. If you attend church you will know some churches are theologically orthodox but so solemn and strict as to be stifling while others are so doctrinally relaxed one realizes that their message has nothing unique to offer a fragmented culture populated by people seeking a vision of life that is both whole and compelling. In the midst of all the claims and counter-claims, you may wonder what Christian faithfulness looks like in our postmodern world. To you, I commend these books, not because Schaeffer is the final word in such things but because he so ably named and tried to embody how the gospel embraces the essential ideas and values, all distinct graces, that are necessary for human beings to flourish. Taking his ideas and the example of his life and applying them creatively to our particular cultural/historical setting can be a fruitful—and robustly countercultural—effort for everyone who names Christ as Savior and Lord. ■

#### **Books recommended:**

Francis Schaeffer: *A Mind and Heart for God* edited by Bruce A. Little (Phillipsburg, PA: P&R Publishing; 2010) 108 pages.

Schaeffer on the Christian Life: *Countercultural Spirituality* by William Edgar (Wheaton, IL: Crossway; 2013) 192 pages + appendix + indices.

## RESOURCE

Hearts and Minds bookstore is a well-stocked haven for serious, reflective readers. When ordering resources, mention Ransom Fellowship and they will contribute 10 per cent of the total back to us. ■

**Resource:** *Hearts and Minds bookstore*, [www.heartsandmindsbooks.com](http://www.heartsandmindsbooks.com)



# Taking the Long View in a Life

by Andi Ashworth

I have a love/hate relationship with hospitality. That may seem a strange thing to say about a practice that's necessary and good, highly valued throughout scripture, and deeply woven into the fullness of Christian life. But perhaps you know what I mean. Hospitality can be both beautiful and difficult.

## **Evolution and Rediscovery—Creating Space for Others and Ourselves**

We live in Nashville, Tennessee, aka Music City, where people are constantly flowing in from other places to make Nashville their home or passing through for song-writing appointments, shows, music business meetings, or just to visit. Since my family and I were once the new kids in town, having migrated from California for my record producer husband to do his work, I know what it's like to leave all that's familiar and make a home in a foreign land. I still remember the houses we were invited to in our first year, and how each instance provided a little more connection for four people who'd left family and friends on the other side of the country. But once we were established in Nashville on a property where our home, recording studio, and offices all join together, welcoming friends and strangers became a part of our daily life—the life we continue to tweak as we move from one life season to another.

After long years of living with an extremely open door, I've grown tired. Tired of the constancy, the messes to clean up, the lack of privacy, and the frustration of pushing other life-giving work to the side. In response, my husband, Charlie, and I are in a long period of adjustment. We're learning to be kinder to ourselves, maintaining a welcoming life still, but shifting to one that's welcoming to us too. We've been prone to lose sight of what it means to care for ourselves while caring for others, so that hosting became something to endure rather than enjoy. Even if you possess gifts, skills, and insights that have grown with experience, the satisfaction of caring for people in meaningful ways can turn to burn out,

especially when the care overshadows other callings or is lived without boundaries or breaks.

As we course correct, we're creating more space around our marriage, as well as opening more time to tend our expanding family, which now includes six grandchildren. In the process of changing things up, I'm rediscovering the parts of hospitality that I love—like imagining a menu, gathering people to the table, and then sending them back home again! In the last year I've cooked for recording sessions, meetings, family gatherings, friends, and strangers who became friends around the table. I find satisfaction and joy in creating food that feeds bodies and relationships.

A few weekends ago, we hosted a dinner with guests from various aspects of the music business—recording artists, songwriters, an actress/singer, a session guitarist, and other more behind-the-scenes music business folks. Some had lived in town for many years and some were new, three with hometowns and families on other continents. By the time we all said good-bye after a long and lingering dinner, which morphed into a spontaneous dish washing session and kitchen concert, everyone parted a little more anchored in place and friendships.

## **A Theology of Love in the Kitchen**

When visitors come into the well-supplied kitchen of our home, The Art House, with its Wolf 60" range and side-by-side refrigerators, they often rightly ask, "Do you like to cook?" I almost always stumble over a simple *yes* or *no* answer. After living most of my adult life feeding hungry people, I am very interested in food and cooking. But the interest has come alongside the necessity. Cooking has been unavoidable, a



# of Hospitality

skill developed with use. Thankfully, I was inspired early on to see the kitchen as a wholly creative and meaningful place to work, so I have leaned into all the need with an imagination formed by those ideas. There are plenty of times when I can't keep up with the volume of people coming through our lives, and I'm grateful for our local cafés and Nashville restaurants. But when I do cook I'm driven by something deeper than liking it, as much as I do. A theology of love, nurture, provision, imagination, creativity, and vocation is what inspires my work in the kitchen, along with the simple fact of hunger—my own and other people's. I love what M.F.K. Fisher said in *The Gastronomical Me*, "I still think one of the most pleasant of all emotions is to know that I, with my brain and my hands, have nourished my beloved few, that I have concocted a stew or a story, a rarity or a plain dish, to sustain them truly against the hungers of the world."

As I continue to encounter one situation after another where food is needed, I'm more aware than ever that learning to cook is not only necessary to daily life, but also a human kindness. There are hundreds of situations across a lifetime where people gather around food or need food brought to them in difficult times. Those that remain cooking-challenged always get a pass when it's time to contribute. In our current market times where so much of our personal life can be outsourced, it's easy to believe we will always be able to purchase what we need. That might not always be so! We never know what adventures await us around the next corner.

Last fall my daughter and son-in-law, Molly and Mark, spent six weeks in Uganda in the process of adopting their

son, Robert. While there, they stayed in a guesthouse—think Ugandan bed and breakfast—with other foreigners who were in Kampala for various reasons. Dinner was provided at an extra cost, but it was also permissible to use the kitchen, which the kids did from time to time, especially as their stay extended past the departure date they'd hoped for. When Thanksgiving rolled around and, soon after that, Molly's birthday, they took their discouragement and the helplessness of waiting and got creative in the kitchen.

*That boy is your company.  
And if he wants to eat up  
that tablecloth, you let him,  
you hear?*

*—Harper Lee  
To Kill A Mockingbird*

On Thanksgiving they put together a meal for the whole household, using the more easily obtained chickens instead of turkey, making pumpkin pie by roasting pumpkin and butternut squash, and even creating our family holiday favorite, Gratinee of Cauliflower. They did all of this and more with a tiny oven that fit one dish at a time and cooked at only one unknown temperature, guessing at amounts of flour, sugar, salt, and butter because there were no measuring cups or spoons, and using a pot lid for a pie pan. Even though it took an entire

day to cook, with Molly doing the lion's share because Mark was sick, they were able to give their hosts and their new son the experience of an American Thanksgiving meal, as well as turn a difficult day of homesickness into a better memory. For Molly's birthday, Mark and Robert made one of her favorites, Lemon Pudding Cake, an old recipe for a pudding that separates into a sponge-like cake on top with lemon custard on the bottom. In both cases, when a celebration was called for, the kids were able to adapt because they both have

lots of cooking experience and therefore could be creative in a much different environment.

## A Starting Place

Everyone has to start somewhere when learning to cook. Years ago when I had a young family and was just becoming interested in food, I gleaned from friends. I browsed their cookbooks and card files,

and wrote down recipes on scraps of paper. Later when I could afford it, I began buying cookbooks of my own. These recipes collected over many years have been my tools, my inspiration, and my teachers. With the plethora of Internet cooking sites, it's easier than ever to find good recipes, but I suspect for a cooking newbie it's also overwhelming. So in the interest of starting somewhere or perhaps adding to your repertoire, I offer two of my most frequently used recipes: Roast Chicken and Art House Granola.

They both originate from Ina Garten's first book, *The Barefoot Contessa Cookbook*. I have used these two recipes more times than I could ever count and have tweaked each one slightly so they've now become my own.

The roast chicken truly is perfect every time. I've only had one failure, and that was due to buying free-range chickens from a local farmer where the chickens had had a bit too much freedom! There was hardly any meat on the bone and cooking them resulted in shreds of dry meat. But that was an anomaly—for free-range chickens and the recipe. Every other time, the chicken has been just right, a wonderful, succulent centerpiece to any meal whether fall, winter, spring, or summer. I made roast chicken for our recent eleven-person music business dinner, I make it when there's no one home but my husband and me, and it's the recipe my kids used in Africa on Thanksgiving. It's very adaptable!

If I'm making dinner for two to four people I cook one chicken. Any more than that and I begin to multiply. Two chickens for four to eight, and so on. If the chickens are smaller—3 to 3½ pounds, I cook one per two people. I use a half-sheet pan when roasting more than one.

My second go-to recipe is granola. Many of our house guests over the years have been twenty-something musicians who work nights in the studio with my husband and sleep late in the morning. House-made granola is my answer to breakfast provision. I can put it on the table along with some bowls and spoons, fresh fruit, and milk (soy, almond, or coconut milk when needed)

and yogurt in the fridge. I'm free to go to my office knowing that whenever our guests get their beauty rest and come to the kitchen, they have something tasty and homemade to eat, but I don't have to wait to start my day until they appear.

Hospitality, simply put, is a lifestyle of sharing. It's big enough to extend across a lifetime, and small enough to elevate a simple cup of tea and conversation into something important. The needs we come across, including our own, will guide us. Whether sharing a meal, an afternoon, or a bed for the night, there's a time for everything. A time to offer and a time to rest, a time for family and a time for strangers, a time to refresh others and a time to be refreshed. ■

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**Andi Ashworth** lives in a century-old renovated country church with her musical husband, Charlie Peacock, where she cooks, writes, reads, and tends to people and place. Andi is the author of *Real Love for Real Life: The Art and Work of Caring* and editor-in-chief of the *Art House America* blog.



## Roast Chicken

Adapted from Ina Garten's Perfect Roast Chicken

[www.barefootcontessa.com/recipes.aspx?CookBookID=0&RecipeID=591](http://www.barefootcontessa.com/recipes.aspx?CookBookID=0&RecipeID=591)

Serves 3 to 4

**1 (4 to 5 pound) roasting chicken**

**Kosher salt**

**Freshly ground black pepper**

**1 large bunch fresh rosemary or thyme** (Other fresh herbs work well too—oregano, Italian parsley, sage... it's hard to go wrong.)

**1 lemon, halved**

**1 or 2 heads garlic** (Cut one in half crosswise to stuff in the chicken, and if you're a garlic fan, keep one whole with the root end cut off to cook in the roasting pan.)

**2 tablespoons (¼ stick) butter, melted**

**1 large yellow onion, thickly sliced**

- Preheat the oven to 425° F.
- Remove the chicken giblets. Rinse the chicken inside and out. Remove any excess fat and leftover pinfeathers and pat the outside dry. Liberally salt and pepper the inside of the chicken. Stuff the cavity with the bunch of rosemary or thyme, both halves of lemon, and 2 halves of the garlic (don't peel). Brush the outside of the chicken with the butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place the sliced onions in the bottom of the roasting pan and put the chicken on top.
- Roast the chicken for 1½ hours, or until the juices run clear when you cut between a leg and thigh. (If cooking smaller chickens, you may need a little less cooking time). Put the whole garlic in the pan when there is one hour left to go. When chicken is finished cooking, remove the pan and cover chicken loosely with aluminum foil for 10 minutes, allowing the juices to collect in the meat. Slice the chicken onto a platter and pour the pan juices on top. Serve with the whole roasted garlic.

## Bonus Chicken Stock

After dinner, take the chicken carcass with the lemon, garlic, and herbs still inside and place it in a pot with water just covering. Scrape whatever is left from the roasting pan into the pot—the cooked onions and the juices. Add salt. Gently simmer for two or three hours. If it's late, let the whole thing cool in the fridge until morning. Then scrape the fat off the top, and using a colander or sieve, pour the stock into another pot catching the bones in the colander. Pour the stock into several smallish (pint or quart) storage containers, and voilà, chicken stock! Freeze the containers until needed for making soups or stews. There are different ways to make stock starting with an uncooked bird, but this one is a handy way to use up the entire chicken or chickens and receive the blessing of yet another meal possibility.

## Art House Granola

Adapted From Ina Garten's Homemade Granola

[www.foodnetwork.com/recipes/ina-garten/homemade-granola-recipe/index.html](http://www.foodnetwork.com/recipes/ina-garten/homemade-granola-recipe/index.html)

Yields 12 cups (This recipe is easily doubled—a good idea because it goes fast! If doubled I bake in two pans.)

**4 cups old-fashioned rolled oats**

**2 cups sweetened shredded coconut** (I get the unsweetened variety whenever I can)

**2 cups sliced almonds or a combination of coarsely chopped nuts such as pecans, almonds, or walnuts**

**¾ cup vegetable oil**

**½ cup good honey**

**Cinnamon**

- Preheat the oven to 350° F.
- Toss the oats, coconut, nuts, and a liberal sprinkling of cinnamon together in a large bowl. Whisk together the oil and honey in a small bowl. Pour the liquids over the oat mixture and stir with a wooden spoon until all the oats and nuts are coated. Pour onto a half sheet pan or cookie sheet with sides. Bake, stirring occasionally with a spatula, until the mixture turns a nice, even, golden brown, about 30 minutes.
- Remove the granola from the oven and allow to cool. About 5 minutes out of the oven, use a spatula to scrape the granola from the bottom of the pan and move it around before it gets a chance to stick. It will be much easier to get out of the pan once it's cooled completely. Store the cooled granola in an airtight container.



# A REASONABLE FEAR



The final words uttered by Brad Pitt, the hero of *World War Z*, is actually the moment that the film comes closest to capturing the reality of Max Brooks' novel on which it is based. "Be prepared for anything," he says as a narrator, "Our war has just begun." Since at that point the zombies have essentially been defeated, if you wonder what he meant, I'd recommend you read the novel. In fact, I'd recommend the novel, period.

But about the movie: it's fun summer-movie fare, with amazing special effects, decent acting, and more than enough zombies to make it scary without becoming a cheap horror flick. It's quite different from the novel, taking the premise of a skillfully crafted work of science fiction and reducing it to a plot with a single hero. (The Brad Pitt character does not exist in the novel.) That's not the way life works, or the novel works, but as I say, it's a fun movie. Enough said about that.

As with the old myth of vampires, I do not discount the zombie myth as being utterly disconnected to reality. People in all cultures have always told stories to address their deepest fears and dreams and questions. And people who are not blind to reality know somehow that evil prowls the dark corners of space and time seeking to bring death and devastation into the lives of unsuspecting human beings across the face of God's good world. In a piece in the *New York Times*, journalist Taffy Brodesser-Akner made a fascinating comment about the author of *World War Z*, Max Brooks. "What's not clear," she says, "is just how much of this zombie stuff he

believes himself. One thing is for sure, though: Max Brooks is very afraid of something."

I was reminded of the novel when a friend of mine, Ralph van der Aa, e-mailed to mention he was the translator for the Dutch version of Max Brooks' novel and thought its themes would interest me. It's good summer reading and a serious, well-crafted work of science fiction. Brooks, who is the son of actress Anne Bancroft and film director Mel Brooks, has been giving lectures in place of the normal author-reading tour. Brodesser-Akner notes "he is introduced to his audiences as 'the world's leading zombie expert.' The audience laughs, he shakes his head, but in the end, he hopes that he has somehow passed along his message: Heads up! Look alive! Don't turn your back! It's coming."

Brooks has written for *Saturday Night Live*, so cynicism might be in order. Is he simply playing with his success in writing about zombies, laughing all the way to the bank? Or is he, as Brodesser-Akner suggests, merely reflecting the inner phobias of a troubled childhood? I do not know, but the seriousness in his prose suggests to me that, regardless of his personal motivations, his story captures a deeper truth that our world tends to disbelieve.



The truth is that there are threats facing us as human beings, there is evil abroad in the world, though most of us ignore them, seeking personal peace and affluence instead. What's more, all the solutions proposed by pundits and experts—mostly technological, medical, or political—clearly fall wide of the mark. The solution is not to discount the warning or to hope in our own resourcefulness but to acknowledge the evil and our inability to solve the threat by ourselves. We need a different story, one with greater power and a better ending. The one I recommend involves a long promised one who died and came back, not as undead but as risen. It's a crucial difference. ■



## QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION AND DISCUSSION

1. When you are with non-Christian neighbors, friends, and colleagues who have seen *World War Z* or read the novel, ask them what they think the zombies are a metaphor for in the story. Ask your Christian friends the same question. To what extent are the answers different? Why do you think this is?
2. If someone asked you about your personal experience with true evil, how would you respond? Why?
3. How does the quest for personal peace and affluence in a consumerist society full of technology tend to make the notion of threats to human life and well being seem, somehow, less threatening? How might this tend to blind Christians to the things their neighbors find threatening? How might this blind people—Christian and non-Christian—to the nature of evil?
4. An essential element in *World War Z* is the fact that the zombies are a global threat, so that no one is safe unless everyone everywhere is safe. Why is a global perspective so difficult to maintain, even for those who believe all human beings are one people, made in God's image, with equal dignity and worth? Though Christians are citizens of various nations, our primary allegiance must be to God's kingdom with Christ as Lord. To what extent should this more essential citizenship make a global perspective more natural and more essential for the Christian?
5. Max Brooks' message in his lectures is apparently a warning. "Heads up! Look alive! Don't turn your back! It's coming." In essence, that is also one part of the Christian gospel. Yet, I suspect that many thoughtful adults would find Brooks' message worth hearing while rejecting the Christian warning. Why does the truth appear less compelling, less attractive, less persuasive than a fictional account of zombies eating the faces off overwhelmed populations? In what ways, if any, should this be a concern for Christians? What, if anything, should we do about it?
6. What aspects of humanness are reflected in the plot of *World War Z*? Besides the evil that the zombies represent, what other literary themes are woven into the trajectory of the story? How significant in the plot, for example, is the fact that in the film the Brad Pitt character assumes a messianic role?

*Source: "Max Brooks Is Not Kidding About the Zombie Apocalypse" by Taffy Brodesser-Akner in the New York Times (June 21, 2013) online ([www.nytimes.com/2013/06/23/magazine/max-brooks-is-not-kidding-about-the-zombie-apocalypse.html?\\_r=0](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/06/23/magazine/max-brooks-is-not-kidding-about-the-zombie-apocalypse.html?_r=0)).*





#### Film Credits for *World War Z*

##### Starring:

Brad Pitt (Gerry Lane)  
Mireille Enos (Karin Lane)  
Daniella Kertesz (Segen)  
James Badge Dale (Capt. Speke)

Director: Marc Forster

Writers: Matthew Michael Carnahan, Drew  
Goddard, Damon Lindelof, J. Michael  
Straczynski

Producers: David Ellison, Dana Goldberg,  
Tim Headington, Graham King, and others

Original Music: Marco Beltrami

Cinematography: Ben Serensin and Robert  
Richardson

USA; 2013, 116 minutes.

Rated PG-13 (for intense violence and  
disturbing images)

