The Cost of Art

HOW TO PRODUCE
BEAUTIFUL IMAGERY
FOR LESS

Art is important.

Art is important.

Art is costly.

Who?


CT
CHRISTIANITY TODAY
GOOD WILL TO ALL
PEACE ON EARTH
CHRISTIANITY TODAY

The Gordon Film Society is excited to present the

first annual FILM exhibition 2001

PRESHOW:

GROUNDS CREW. Stephanie Encelewski. Writer. 2003

STUDENT SHORTS:

UNRAVEL. Amy Garofano. Director/Writer. 2002

GOODBYE. Ryan Bean. Director/Writer/Editor. 2003

ABUSE. Ryan Gahagan. Director/Writer/Editor. 2002

A POETIC SECESSION. Ryan Murdoch. Director/Writer/Editor. 2003

PUBLIC DEFENSE. Andrew Martin. Director/Writer/Editor. 2005

QUARTER. Rachel Imbriglio. Director/Writer/Editor. 2003

THE HOUSE of WINDSOR. Eric Thivierge. Director/Writer/Editor. 2003

INTERMISSION

STUDENT FILMS:

TRAILER for ALL NECESSARY MEANS. Josh Balmer. Editor. 2003

SHADOWS OF LILY. Rachel Imbriglio. Director/Writer/Editor. 2003

ALUMNI FILMS:

OIL & WATER. Joy Rodowicz. Producer. Class of 1999

CEREAL KILLER. Steven Stuart. Director/Writer/Producer. Class of 1989

GROWTH. Paul Van Ness. Director/Writer. Class of 1973

PANEL DISCUSSION:

Peter Bohush, Director and Writer

Jon Cairns, Editor and Cinematographer

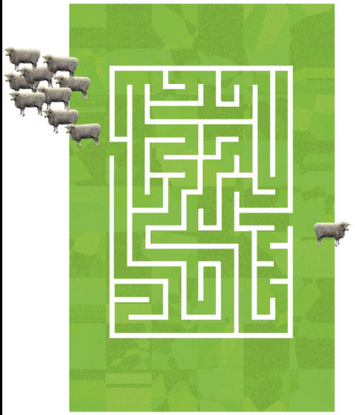
Tenth Sunday After Trinity

Advent III

EPIPHANY 2

EASTER

II



TRINITY XIII

What?

Cost = money

Cost = money + time

Cost ≠ Value

$$\text{Value} = \text{Cost} + \text{Impact}$$

Impact = Engagement

Why?

Why art?

Why art?

- ☞ Intrigues & delights
- ☞ Ignites a word/image relationship
- ☞ Sets the tone
- ☞ Tells it's own story

SHOWDOWN

It may not, yet, reach the level of Tiananmen Square. But the **DEMONSTRATIONS IN HONG KONG** are rattling the world, China's leadership and financial markets

by Bill Powell

THE POWER OF MANY
Pro-democracy demonstrators first flooded Hong Kong's streets to protest a controversial extradition bill, but after violent confrontations with police, the city's residents are pushing for bold answers and dramatic change.

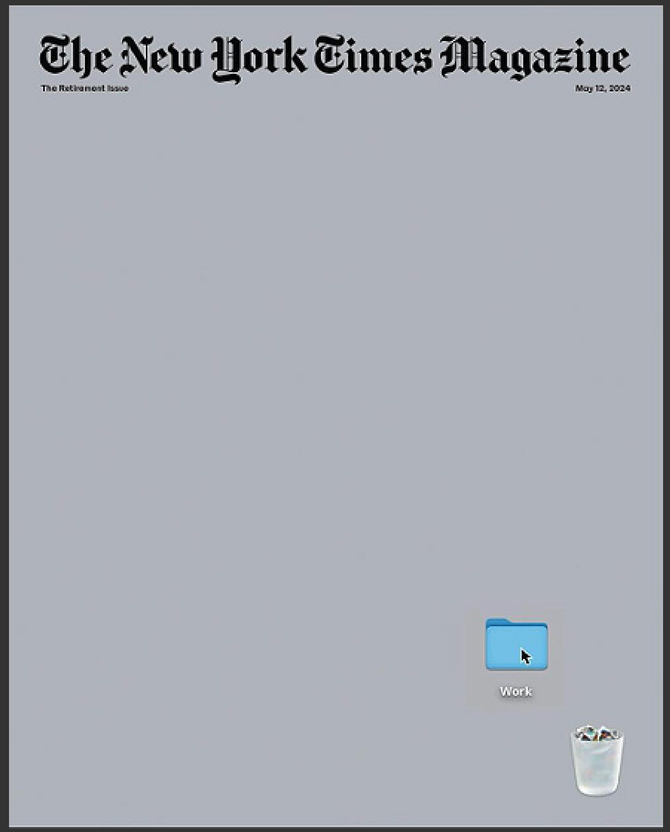
PROTEIN NATION

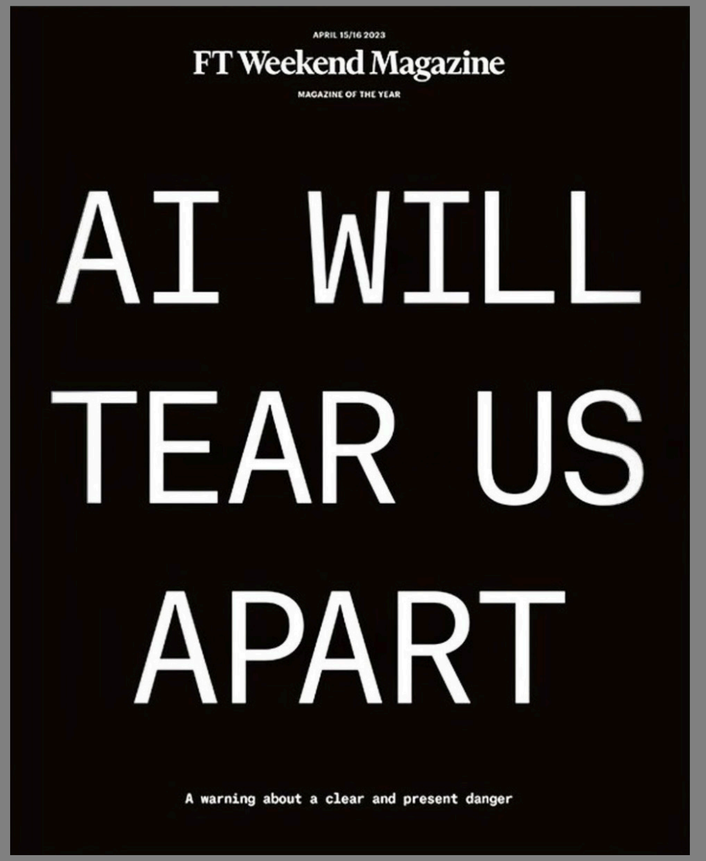
You know this trend has reached epic proportions when you spot protein in everything from pancake mix to bottled water. We break down how much is enough, the best sources, how it powers muscles and its link to weight loss.

BY SHAUN DREISBACH ★ PHOTO BY CAITLIN BENSEL

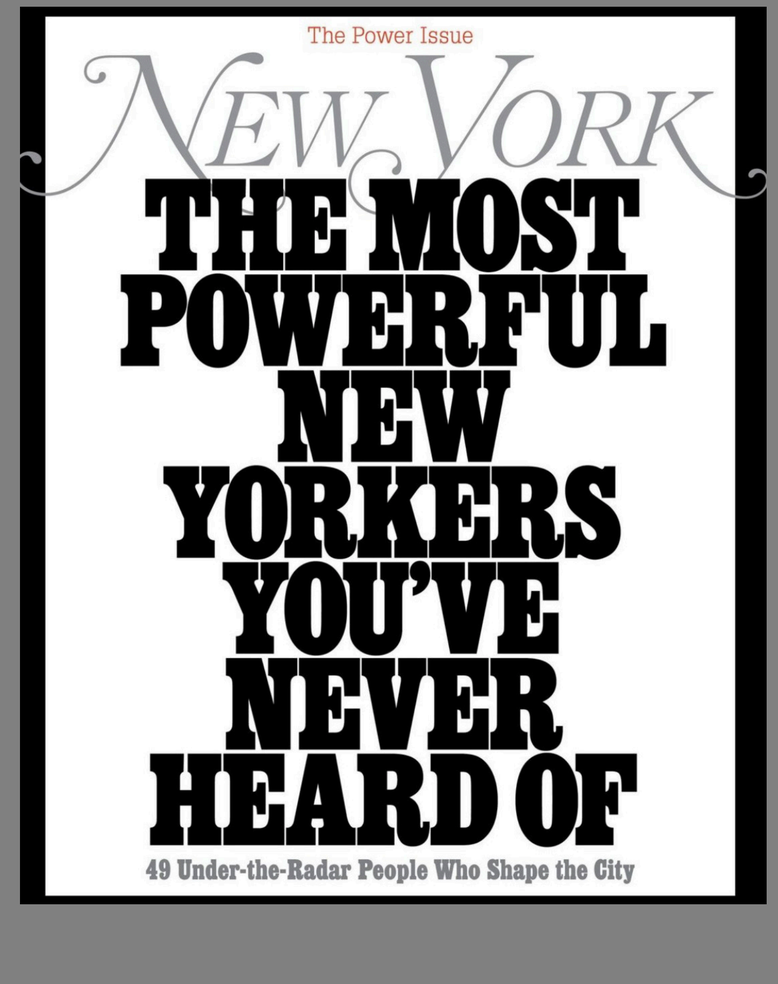

CT
CHRISTIANITY TODAY
MARCH 2024
In this Issue: THE IDEOLOGY THAT DRIVES HAMAS p.32 VISITING AN EMPTY JERUSALEM p.44


TIME
SEPTEMBER 11
2001


The New York Times Magazine
The Retirement Issue
May 12, 2024
Work


APRIL 15/16 2023
FT Weekend Magazine
MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR
AI WILL TEAR US APART
A warning about a clear and present danger


"All the News That's Fit to Print"
The New York Times
EARLY EDITION
VOL. CLXIX .... No. 58,703
© 2020 The New York Times Company
NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 24, 2020
U.S. DEATHS NEAR 100,000, AN INCALCULABLE LOSS
They Were Not Simply Names on a List. They Were Us.
Numbers alone cannot possibly measure the impact of the coronavirus on America, whether it is the number of patients treated, jobs interrupted or lives cut short. As the country nears a grim milestone of 100,000 deaths attributed to the virus, The New York Times issued obituaries and death notices of the victims. The 1,000 people here reflect just 1 percent of the toll. Nine were nurses or numbers.
Patricia Dowd, 57, San Jose, Calif., audior in Silicon Valley • Marion Kroeger, 85, Kirkland, Wash., great-grandmother with an easy laugh • Jeannine Ferro, 77, Lee County, Fla., wife with little time to enjoy a new marriage • Cornelius Lawyer, 84, Bethlehem, Wash., sharecropper's son • Lavinia Nicolaia Dionisio, 68, Los Angeles, cancer survivor born in the Philippines • Jordan Driver Haynes, 27, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, generous young man with a delightful grin • Patricia Ferraro, 61, Chicago, former nurse • Luis Juarez, 54, Romeoville, Ill., traveled often in the United States and Mexico • Merle C. Dye, 55, Tulsa, Okla., accidental minister • Alan Lund, 61, Washington, conductor with "the most amazing ear" • Rhoda N. Wiltz, 61, New Orleans, bouncer D.J. and radio personality • Michael Mita, 53, Chicago, Vietnam veteran • John Cofrancesco, 52, New Jersey, administrator at a nursing facility • Donald Raymond Hawn, 56, Jacksonville, Fla., administrator of Holy Eucharist to hospital patients • Fred Walter Gray, 75, Benton County, Wash., liked his bacon and hash browns crispy • JoAnn Szukovszki-Sevcik, 67, Charleston, S.C., loved to travel and invented much of the globe • Ronald W. Lewis, 68, New Orleans, preserver of that city's performance traditions • John-Sebastian Laird-Hammond, 38, Washington, D.C., member of a Franciscan monastery • Carl Redd, 62, Chicago, supported in every moment he could with his only grandchild • Larry Raleigh, 50, West Bloomfield Hills, Mich., engineer behind the first 205-m.p.h. stock car • Alvin Elam, 56, Chicago, followed in his father's bootsteps as a pipefitter • Arnold Obey, 73, San Juan, Puerto Rico, educator and marathoner • Donald J. Horsfall, 72, Rydal, Pa., co-wrote nine books about computing • Kevin Charles Putz, 64, Seattle, active in the AIDS Foundation • Mike Longo, 83, New York City, jazz pianist, composer and educator • Walter Robb, 91, New York, former Georgia Electric Co executive • Dave Edwards, 68, New York City, college basketball assist wizard • Deo-Ann Seaman, 36, New York City, innovative high school principal • Lauvka Borkovsky, 97, Detroit, ballroom dancing star • Carole Brookins, 78, Palm Beach, Fla., early woman on Wall Street and a World Bank official • George Freeman Winfield, 72, Shelburne, Vt., could make anything grow • Harold L. Upjohn, 91, Burlingame, Calif., conducted clinical research at Walter Reed Army Medical Center • Terrence McNally, 81, Sarasota, Fla., Tony-winning playwright of gay life • Theresa Elsie, 62, New Orleans, renowned for her business-making detailed pies and cottages • Sterling Maddox Jr., 78, Arlington, Va., developer known for his friendliness • Alan Finder, 72, Ridgewood, N.J., unflappable New York Times journalist • Floyd Cardoz, 59, Montclair, N.J., Indian chef of fine dining • Kinso Kelly, 68, New York City, nurse in the Covid fight • Roni Cohn, 91, New York City, saved 56 Jewish lives from the Gestapo • Kenneth Jason D. Going, 57, Grafton, Wis., Green Bay Packers season ticket holder for 39 years • Frederick Carl Harris, 70, Manchaverim, an caricaturist and psychiatrist who served his patients until the end • Mark Blum, 69, New York City, Obie Award-winning stage and screen actor • Robert Carl Schaefer, 74, Ohio, radiologist, woodworker, artist and scholar • John C. Wert Jr., 71, Camden, S.C., avid observer and participant in South Carolina politics • Gerald Anthony Morales, 91, Louisiana, an encyclopedic knowledge of old Hollywood • Landon Spradlin, 66, Concord, N.C., preacher and blues guitarist • Maria Linda Villanueva Sun, 65, Newport News, Va., organized food programs for children in the Philippines • Susan Bohon, 73, Virginia, reading tutor focused on student success • Freddy Bonjour Sr., 69, Detroit, played the saxophone at Downtown's oldest jazz club for 40 years • Christine McLaurin, 56, Chicago, never at a loss for words • Peggy Rukeyser, 72, Matteson, Ill., loved reading, especially mystery novels • Wanda Bailey, 63, Corte, Ill., one of nine siblings • Rocco Patrick Urzino, 89, Bellevue, Wash., preceded in death by his wife of 63 years • Sandy Pratt, 56, Bellevue, Wash., engineer forever chasing the wind • Leroy Perryman Jr., 74, Hazel Crest, Ill., ultimate entertainer • Mary Virginia McKeon, 65, Chicago, devoured art in every medium • Roger Lehse, 93, Fargo, N.D., could be a real jokester • Michael Sorkin, 71, New York City, champion of social justice through architecture • George Valentine, 66, Washington, D.C., lawyer who mentored others • Susan McPherson-Gottsegen, 74, Palos Beach, Fla., loyal and generous friend to many • Andreas Kostoxodakis, 58, New York City, trailblazer for TriBeCa • Bob Barnum, 64, St. Petersburg, Fla., leader in Florida Pride events • Saul Sinkiat, 64, Chevy, Md., nurse planning for retirement • Thomas E. Anglin, 67, Cumming, Ga., created many wonderful memories for his family • Robert Manley Arga Jr., 75, South Bay, Calif., member of Del Amo Figure • Michael McKinnell, 84, Beverly, Mass., architect of Boston's monumental City Hall • Hugonte Dorsey, 94, Somerville, N.J., coached several championship-winning junior high girls basketball teams • Lynne Sierra, 68, Roselle, Ill., grandmother who was always full of ideas • Leonesia Henderson, 63, Newport, N.Y., proud single mother of three • Carol Sue Rubin, 69, West Bloomfield, Mich., loved travel, mahjong and crossword puzzles • Marion Lucille Kuhn, 82, Rayal Oak, Mich., would cut chalk and oil paints to capture beautiful portraits • Alex Chavdarian, 52, Michigan, loving, generous and adventurous spirit • Rosary Offering, 25, Michigan, saw friends at their worst but never stopped being there • Bobby Joseph Hebert, 61, Cut Off, La., a 33-year career with the Louisiana Department of Transportation • Minette Goff Connelly, 61, Louisiana, loved big and valid people she loved them all the time • Jacqueline Beverly Carter, 57, Los Angeles, immigrated to the United States three years ago • Mario Carreira, 64, Norwood, N.Y., iconic figure in the business community • April Dunn, 33, Baton Rouge, La., advocate for disabilities • Jim Roberts, 69, Vancouver, Wash., an authority on aviation • Muriel M. Going, 92, Cedarburg, Wis., taught her girls sheepshead and canasta • Beverly Collins, 63, Portland, Maine, longtime registered nurse and hospital volunteer • Scott Mahler, 60, Wyoming, Minn., worked as an engineer with Comcast • Florencia Almazo Murias, 65, New York City, one-man army • Jennifer Robin Arnold, 47, New York City, Broadway costume dresser • Jo-ann Roxan Melendez, 49, New York, famous in family circles for his heroic beef stew • Ralph Plaisance, 67, Massapequa, N.Y., "we called him the Grand Poobah" • Audrey Malone, 66, Chicago, sang gospel music as a member of the Malone Sisters • Terrence George Driscoll, 67, Plymouth, Mich., father figure • Lucius Hall, 87, Chicago, dubbed the "quick-packing preacher" • Bonnie Estes, 73, Streeterville, Ill., always wanted to see the ocean • Anita Fiel, 67, New York City, marketing expert who brought exotic foods to grown grocers • Patricia Bosworth, 86, New York City, actress who wrote biographies of famous friends • Asade Kilic, 69, New York, nonstop cancer survivor • John E. Brunelli, 64, Scituate, Mass., honored to march with the American Legion in many parades • Julia Mays Alexander, 83, Upland, Ga., St., taught math, English and history for over 30 years • Bruce W. Sensibar, 66, Sand Lake, N.Y., found his special place at Big Bowman Pond • Samuel Kramer, 93, Potomac, Md., congregation's founding member • Sean Baynes, 46, Annapolis, Md., pharmacy manager with young daughters • Norma Hosa, 103, Wilmette, Ill., mom to six sons • Harold L. Hayes, 96, Fort Wright, Ky., original member of the Kenny's elite Underwater Demolition Team • Glenn Daniel Bollins, 62, New York, town councilman • Robert Lee Ames, 66, Columbus, Ind., expert marksman and firearms instructor • Judith Pinkin-Goldberg, 65, Massachusetts, noted voiceover artist for radio and TV • Coby Adolph, 44, Chicago, entrepreneur and adventurer • Steven J. Raher, 64, Jefferson City, Mo., loved creating perfect smiles • Dan Whan, 67, Indiana, sports fan who loved Purdue University • Albert K. Webster, 82, New York City, executive behind New York Philharmonic's economic growth • Kevin Masterson, 74, New York City, joined Goldman Sachs in 1973 • Randy G. Addison, 64, Carrollton, Ga., survived being shot in the line of duty in 1994 • Ronald Wilkerson, 73, Wisconsin, proud to have helped give five million rides behind the wheel • Lloyd Paul Leftwich, 91, Louisiana, inventive harmonica player • Helen Nelma, 65, Washington, ally and staunch supporter of the Washington Huskies • Ronald Burdette Culp, 64, Redding, Calif., helped countless people by providing housing and support • Norman Walker Jr., 80, Chevy Township, Mich., shared his produce with friends, neighbors and his neighbors • Peter Bainum, 82, Bethesda, Md., former aerospace engineering professor at Howard University • Helen Kafkis, 91, Chicago, known for her Greek chicken and stuffed peppers • John A. Ballengeron, 72, Davenport, Wash., true gentleman • Vinal Darukhanavala, 71, Huffman Estates, Ill., worker at O'Hare International Airport • Chevrier Dwalet, 68, Burlington, Mass., proud Union lineworker of Local 7 for 45 years • John Timothy Barr, 76, Rochester Hills, Mich., trustee for the Retired Detroit Police and Firefighters Association • Julie Butler, 62, New York City, veterinarian who served New York City, downtown New York City, first black woman to graduate from Harvard Law School • Vincent Lionti, 60, New York City, Met Opera violist and youth orchestra conductor • Ann Youngerman Sendor, 87, New York City, had a passion for social justice • Thomas Waters, 56, New York City, armed the affordable housing movement with data and analysis • Luke Workoff, 33, Huntington, N.Y., New York City, trailblazer for his family and friends • José Díaz-Ayala, 58, Palm Beach, Fla., served with the Palm Beach County Sheriff's Office for 14 years • Antonio Nieves, 73, Chicago, always seemed to be busy with some home project • Jeanne Hammond Byrnes, 97, Danbury, Conn., received numerous awards for her accounting skills • Alice Cooperswith Purse, 87, Kentfield, Calif., in the first class of girls admitted to the Bronx High School of Science • Bobby Lee Barber, 84, Buckley, Wash., Seahawks season ticket holder • Thomas A. Adamavich, 78, Sheboygan, Wis., especially proud of his Lithuanian heritage • Kyra Swartz, 33, New York, volunteered for pet rescue organizations • Rhoda Hersh, 72, Chicago, first in her family to graduate college • Regina Dia-Parsons, 75, Schenectady, N.Y., member of the church gospel singer • LaJoha Willis White, 45, Orlando, Fla., was helping to raise some of her children's grandchildren • Barbara Vasbeck Verbarbe, 74, St. Clair Shores, Mich., she was known as many as Babe • Jane Beverly Hill, 85, Sacramento, no one made creamed potatoes or fruity sweet cues the way she did • Kimarion Nguyen, 33, Everett, Mass., writer who inspired her Brooklyn high school • Kamal Ahmed, 68, New York City, hotel banquet worker and Bangladeshi leader • Raymond Copeland, 66, New York City, sanitation hard-core • Johnnie B. Jones Sinn, 22, Broken Arrow, Okla., new father-to-be • Lester Eber, 82, New York, worked for over six decades in the fur and apparel industry • Harry F. Minihon, 87, San Francisco Bay Area, Calif., loved the ocean and enjoyed swimming and boating • Lee Sroufe, 88, Seattle, preferred bolo ties to neckties, suspenders to belts • Robert Kurghuan, 88, New York City, could fix almost anything • Patricia H. Dawson, 79, Clifton Park, N.Y., sang in her church choir for 42 years • Howard Sanders Nelson Jr., 84, New Orleans, strong advocate for health care policy • Allan Joseph Hickman Jr., 67, New Jersey, loved the Jersey Shore music scene • John Cannon, 75, Point Pleasant, Pa., family jokester • Eugene Lamar Limbrick, 45, Colorado Springs, loved automobiles, especially trucks • Jon J. Wall Sr., 72, South Holland, Ill., known as a "Big Wall" to the basketball players he coached • Robert LeBlanc, 67, Cambridge, Mass., worker in construction and served in the Army • Jennifer Marie Lutz, 41, Cheriss, Conn., candy stripper at St. Raphael's Hospital • Vincent L. Franco, 49, Bellingham, Wash., served Franco Water trucks for 44 years • Andrew Kovalcyck, 63, Coral Gables, Fla., a beast of service • Jean Prince, 63, Genoa, La., social worker who dedicated her life to helping people with disabilities • Joseph Wigboldt, 85, White Plains, N.Y., fourth-generation owner of Marie's restaurant, a Bronx institution • Reuben Gistoff, 92, New York City, founded Strategy Associates • Gerard Rosenberg, 83, New York City, longtime New York Supreme Court justice • Marty Dreve, 56, New Jersey, loved to referee basketball games • Harold Reisner, 76, Pittsburgh, took furniture repair to the level of an art form • Clark Osojnicki, 56, Stillwater, Minn., well known in the world of agility dog training • Kevin John Cahill, 63, New York City, directed Allied House Cornerstone Bookstore in low or Manhattan • Anziwa Dehaynes, 32, Havrertown, N.Y., known for having a smile on her face • Clifford J. Williams, 86, Schaghticoke, N.Y., member for over 16 years of the Operating Engineers Union, Local No. 106 • Robert L. Cruben, 87, Wisconsin, 90s, nicknamed "Bonzar Bob" for his luck in shaking dice • Elizabeth Batista, 57, Staten Island, N.Y., unwavering faith and dedication to the Catholic Church • Timothy Brunnemann, 32, Chicago, always busy looking out for others • Paul Warrech, 66, Vineland, N.J., solidly surmised he could have played Major League Baseball • Marlon Alston, 46, Chicago, bus driver and school safety guard • Hailey Herrera, 23, New York City, budding therapist with a gift for connecting • James V. Walsh, 78, New Jersey, volunteered his time to church car raffles, fund-raisers and picnics • Lizdas Karolis Mikalonis, 86, Berkley, Mich., immigrated to New York from a German refugee camp after World War II • Gene Zahas, 78, Oakland, Calif., fierce advocate for educational opportunity • Jeffrey Lee Puckett, 40, Oakland, Calif., hosted dinners • William D. Gresko, 83, Massachusetts, thought it was important to know a person's life story • Beatrice Rubio, 96, New Jersey, her size belied her strength and spirit • Jack Butler, 75, Indiana, lived in the house he grew up in • Susan Grey Hopp Crelost, 91, Westwood, N.J., took great joy in writing little ditties under her pen name, Penelope Penwiper • James David Gewirtzman, 72, New City, N.Y., spent some of his happiest hours hiking in the Adirondacks • Henry F. Graf, 86, Greenwich, Conn., Columbia University historian of U.S. presidents • Mari Jo Davies, 82, Thornton, Ill., people were her hobby • Yaakov Perlow, 85, New York City, leader of the Novominsker Hasidic dynasty • Joseph E. Kelly, 81, New York City, did two tours through the Panama Canal to Antarctica • John Prine, 73, Nashville, country-folk singer who was a favorite of Bob Dylan • Perry Bechalter, 63, Florida, quiet hero • Monica Maisy, 74, Rehoboth Beach, Del., loved animals, had dogs and cats, and rode horses • Thomas Tarbell Russell, 83, Longmeadow, Mass., mentored by the computer science pioneer Grace Hopper • Ruth Shapleigh, 85, Pawleys Island, S.C., backyard birds were known to eat from her hand • Faralyn Havir, 82, Minnesota, her favorite thing was meeting new people • Tomie Jutsal Howard, 35, Waterbury, Conn., gentle giant, athlete and musician • James O'Brien Johnson, 74, Joplin, Mo., graduated from high school at Science • Bobby Lee Barber, 84, Buckley, Wash., Seahawks season ticket holder • Thomas A. Adamavich, 78, Sheboygan, Wis., especially proud of his Lithuanian heritage • Kyra Swartz, 33, New York, volunteered for pet rescue organizations • Rhoda Hersh, 72, Chicago, first in her family to graduate college • Regina Dia-Parsons, 75, Schenectady, N.Y., member of the church gospel singer • LaJoha Willis White, 45, Orlando, Fla., was helping to raise some of her children's grandchildren • Barbara Vasbeck Verbarbe, 74, St. Clair Shores, Mich., she was known as many as Babe • Jane Beverly Hill, 85, Sacramento, no one made creamed potatoes or fruity sweet cues the way she did • Kimarion Nguyen, 33, Everett, Mass., writer who inspired her Brooklyn high school • Kamal Ahmed, 68, New York City, hotel banquet worker and Bangladeshi leader • Raymond Copeland, 66, New York City, sanitation hard-core • Johnnie B. Jones Sinn, 22, Broken Arrow, Okla., new father-to-be • Lester Eber, 82, New York, worked for over six decades in the fur and apparel industry • Harry F. Minihon, 87, San Francisco Bay Area, Calif., loved the ocean and enjoyed swimming and boating • Lee Sroufe, 88, Seattle, preferred bolo ties to neckties, suspenders to belts • Robert Kurghuan, 88, New York City, could fix almost anything • Patricia H. Dawson, 79, Clifton Park, N.Y., sang in her church choir for 42 years • Howard Sanders Nelson Jr., 84, New Orleans, strong advocate for health care policy • Allan Joseph Hickman Jr., 67, New Jersey, loved the Jersey Shore music scene • John Cannon, 75, Point Pleasant, Pa., family jokester • Eugene Lamar Limbrick, 45, Colorado Springs, loved automobiles, especially trucks • Jon J. Wall Sr., 72, South Holland, Ill., known as a "Big Wall" to the basketball players he coached • Robert LeBlanc, 67, Cambridge, Mass., worker in construction and served in the Army • Jennifer Marie Lutz, 41, Cheriss, Conn., candy stripper at St. Raphael's Hospital • Vincent L. Franco, 49, Bellingham, Wash., served Franco Water trucks for 44 years • Andrew Kovalcyck, 63, Coral Gables, Fla., a beast of service • Jean Prince, 63, Genoa, La., social worker who dedicated her life to helping people with disabilities • Joseph Wigboldt, 85, White Plains, N.Y., fourth-generation owner of Marie's restaurant, a Bronx institution • Reuben Gistoff, 92, New York City, founded Strategy Associates • Gerard Rosenberg, 83, New York City, longtime New York Supreme Court justice • Marty Dreve, 56, New Jersey, loved to referee basketball games • Harold Reisner, 76, Pittsburgh, took furniture repair to the level of an art form • Clark Osojnicki, 56, Stillwater, Minn., well known in the world of agility dog training • Kevin John Cahill, 63, New York City, directed Allied House Cornerstone Bookstore in low or Manhattan • Anziwa Dehaynes, 32, Havrertown, N.Y., known for having a smile on her face • Clifford J. Williams, 86, Schaghticoke, N.Y., member for over 16 years of the Operating Engineers Union, Local No. 106 • Robert L. Cruben, 87, Wisconsin, 90s, nicknamed "Bonzar Bob" for his luck in shaking dice • Elizabeth Batista, 57, Staten Island, N.Y., unwavering faith and dedication to the Catholic Church • Timothy Brunnemann, 32, Chicago, always busy looking out for others • Paul Warrech, 66, Vineland, N.J., solidly surmised he could have played Major League Baseball • Marlon Alston, 46, Chicago, bus driver and school safety guard • Hailey Herrera, 23, New York City, budding therapist with a gift for connecting • James V. Walsh, 78, New Jersey, volunteered his time to church car raffles, fund-raisers and picnics • Lizdas Karolis Mikalonis, 86, Berkley, Mich., immigrated to New York from a German refugee camp after World War II • Gene Zahas, 78, Oakland, Calif., fierce advocate for educational opportunity • Jeffrey Lee Puckett, 40, Oakland, Calif., hosted dinners • William D. Gresko, 83, Massachusetts, thought it was important to know a person's life story • Beatrice Rubio, 96, New Jersey, her size belied her strength and spirit • Jack Butler, 75, Indiana, lived in the house he grew up in • Susan Grey Hopp Crelost, 91, Westwood, N.J., took great joy in writing little ditties under her pen name, Penelope Penwiper • James David Gewirtzman, 72, New City, N.Y., spent some of his happiest hours hiking in the Adirondacks • Henry F. Graf, 86, Greenwich, Conn., Columbia University historian of U.S. presidents • Mari Jo Davies, 82, Thornton, Ill., people were her hobby • Yaakov Perlow, 85, New York City, leader of the
Continued on Page 12


The Power Issue
NEW YORK
THE MOST POWERFUL NEW YORKERS YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF
49 Under-the-Radar People Who Shape the City

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE

by NINA BURLEIGH Portraits by CHRISTOPHER LANE

THE MOON AT 50 MISSION

Fifty years ago the race to the moon galvanized a nation in turmoil. → Can we do it again?

MOON OR BUST
The Saturn rocket lifts off July 16, 1969.

How?

1

CONCEPT

How do I arrive at the right idea to execute?

2

SOURCE

How can I find visual resources?

3

CREATE

How can I make something unique?

CONCEPT

How to arrive at the right idea to execute.

IDEA

What best suits the content and the medium?

EXECUTION

What is possible with what I have?

IDEA  EXECUTION

IDEA  EXECUTION

IDEA

READ

What does it mean?

RESEARCH

What else can I learn?

BRAINSTORM

What comes to mind?

IDEA

READ

What does it mean?

RESEARCH

What else can I learn?

BRAINSTORM

What comes to mind?

EXECUTION

BUDGET

What can I afford?

RESOURCES

What can I use?

SKILLS

What can I offer?

What can I afford?

TIME — *or* — MONEY

What can I afford?

TIME — *or* — MONEY

Find the right image

Use type

Create art

Purchase an image

License artwork

Assign to an artist

What can I use?

☞ Are there existing images (e.g. photos)?

☞ Is there a work of fine art?

☞ What are my stock options?

☞ Can I make use of the medium?

☞ Have done something *I* can reimagine?

What can I offer?

What can I offer?

☞ Design skills: *set some type*

☞ Photoshop skills: *modify or collage images*

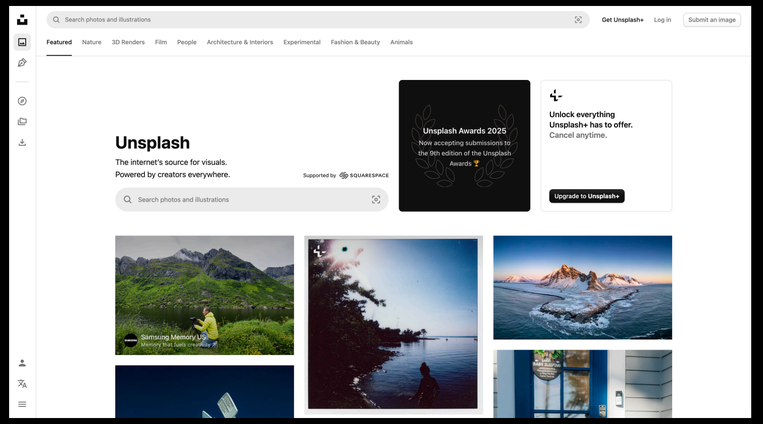
☞ Art or Illustrator skills: *draw something*

☞ No matter what: *you are creative!*

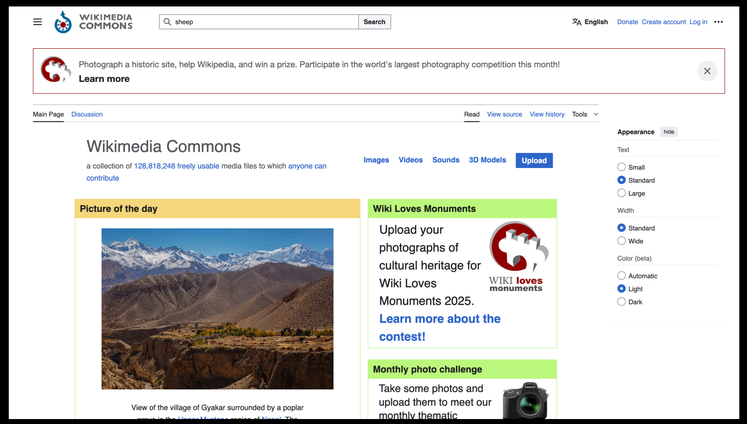
SOURCE

How to find the right visual resources.

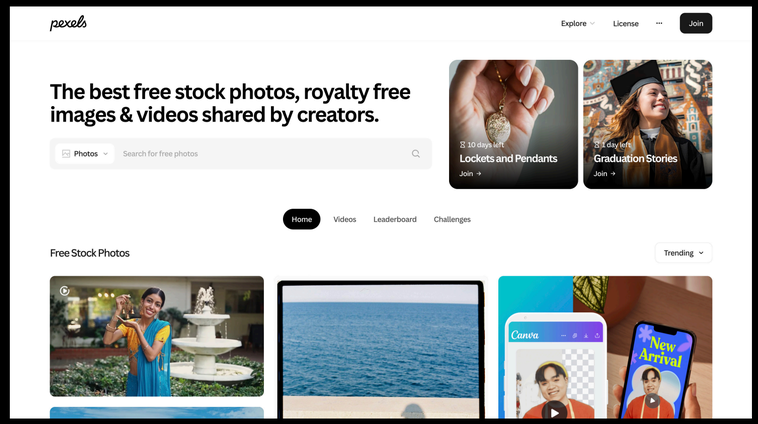
FREE STOCK IMAGERY



unsplash.com

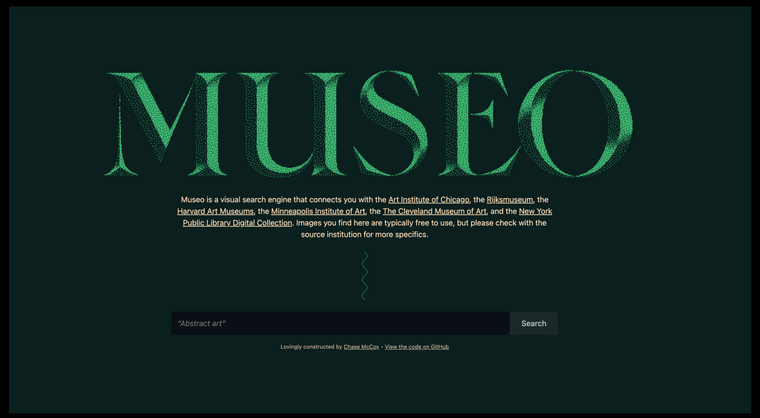


commons.wikimedia.org

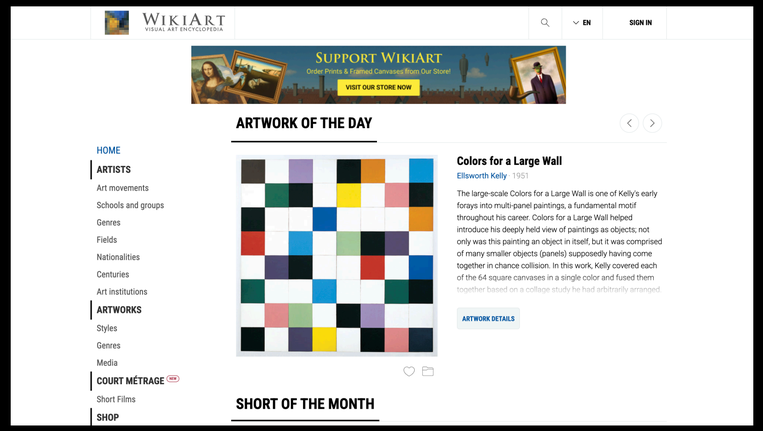


pexels.com

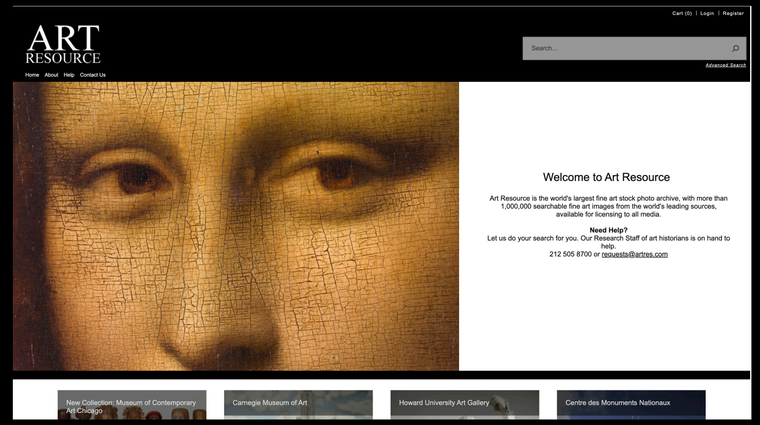
FREE ART RESOURCES



museo.app

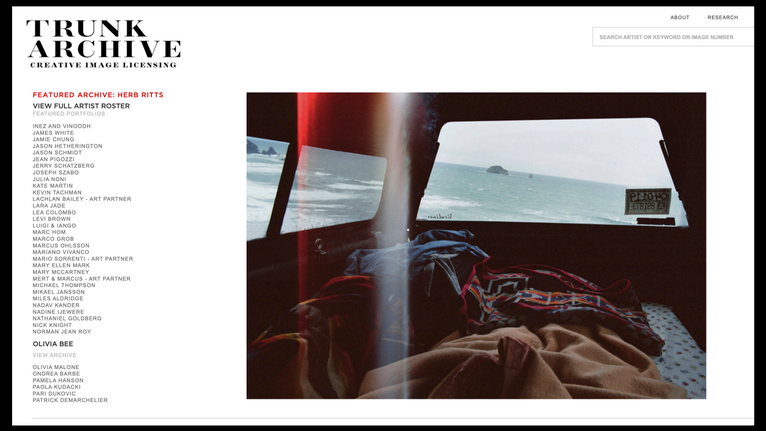


wikiart.org

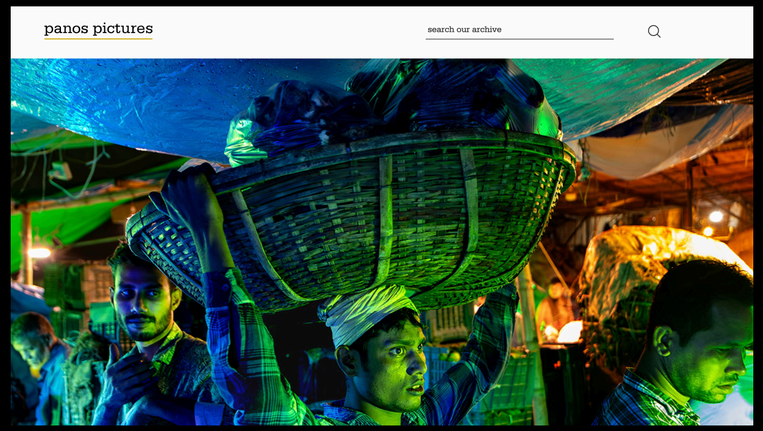


artres.com

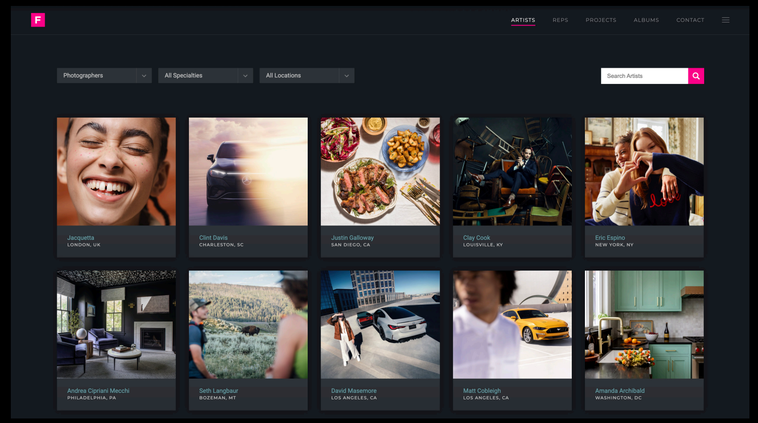
PHOTOGRAPHY RESOURCES



trunkarchive.com



panos.co.uk



foundartists.com

(not free)

USING IMAGES

☞ Always check the license

☞ Never use an image if you don't know source or licensing info

☞ Always attribute the artwork regardless of licencing

☞ Never use a stock image without paying

☞ Use caution with AI

CREATE

How to make something unique.

EXISTING ART

THE SUMMER THAT CAMPS WENT QUIET

PHOTOS COURTESY OF SENECA HILLS

Christian camps have pivoted plans, canceled sessions, and braced for lower enrollment due to the coronavirus.

By Megan Fowler

The sounds of Christian camp are the soundtrack of my summers. Joyful shouts from the athletic fields echo across the valley in the afternoons, and voices lifted in praise roll from the chapel at dusk.

Each year, my family moves to the grounds of the 250-acre camp in rural northwestern Pennsylvania, where my husband serves as executive director. During the off-season, we long for camp and pray for the rowdy campers and staff members who will trek down the gravel lane the next summer.

Camp can be a peaceful place. But this year, many camps are eerily quiet. The ones that are open are emptier than usual. Staffers wave instead of smacking high-fives. The smells of disinfectant and hand sanitizer overpower the familiar cedar cabin scent. "Let's go wash our hands!" is a common refrain. Like so many things in the age of coronavirus, camp is not the same.

When the pandemic shut down schools and businesses back in the spring, Seneca Hills Bible Camp and Retreat Center, where my husband works, became a food distribution site for kids to get free meals on the weekends. Other Christian sites, like Camp Cho-Yeh outside Houston, offered their cabins to health care workers who needed to isolate from their families while treating COVID-19 patients. Crescent Lake Bible Camp in Rhinelander, Wisconsin, was among the locations that replaced spring break camps with childcare programs for frontline workers.

Like most businesses and ministries across the country, Christian camps felt the economic halt right away. Church retreats and events were called off in March, April, and May due to bans on mass gatherings across the states. Before long, camps were forced to grapple with the unimaginable: no summer camp.

By May's end, more than 100 Christian camps had announced cancellations. Most of the rest made dramatic changes to summer programming. Summer camp can represent half of a camp's annual revenue or more, so skipping it for a year comes as a massive financial blow.

Dan Busby, president emeritus of the Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability, predicted camps and conferences would be among the ministry sectors hit hardest by the shutdowns because of their seasonality. Camps owned by a single church or regional church body can barely hold on from month to month.

In March, Vanderkamp Center, an ecumenical campsite in upstate New York, announced it would be shutting down for good after 55 years of ministry, citing faltering finances and the COVID-19 pandemic. LifeWay Christian Resources canceled 311 camps and events scheduled for this summer. It announced plans to sell the Southern Baptist Convention's Ridgecrest Conference Center in North Carolina, which called off its traditional two-week camp sessions and postponed the rest of its programming (like sessions for families).

Industry experts predict that summer 2020 is only the beginning, and the coronavirus crisis is going to hamper enrollment for years to come. With families unable to afford the cost or afraid to send their kids into close quarters where viruses can spread quickly, Christian camps aren't just asking whether they can survive one year with no camp or fewer campers—they're looking at perhaps two or three years below the capacity they're used to.

Camp directors and staff will tell you it's not the financial pressure but the campers themselves who inspire them to keep camp going somehow. They see camp as a crucial place to train the next generation of Christian leaders—a gospel-infused, community-centered environment away from screens and school pressures.

Camp staff know firsthand that the concentrated fellowship time in the cabins and on the grounds stands to bear gospel fruit in young believers.

PHOTOS BY ALYSSA CHILTON (LEFT) AND BRADY KING (RIGHT); COURTESY OF CAMP CHO-YEH

CAMP CAN BE A PEACEFUL PLACE. BUT THIS YEAR, MANY CAMPS ARE EERILY QUIET.

"After COVID-19, we will see a groundswell of support for this distinctive ministry," said Gregg Hunter, president of the Christian Camp and Conference Association (CCCA). "People will be hungry for a new experience, and I believe their souls will need feeding."

Experts agree.

"We have to be prepared that there will be long-term impacts on the psyches of these young people," said Jacob Sorenson, a researcher and consultant specializing in Christian summer camps. "They need places of healing when this is done, and camp can be one of those places."

But the pandemic isn't over, and this year, many camps decided to do the unthinkable. They called off summer offerings, some for the first time ever. Others opted to transfer activities to the virtual realm they'd otherwise encourage campers to escape.

The future of Christian camps may depend on how ministries respond to this crisis. Camps stake everything on trust. Many of the CCCA's 870 members built their reputations on growing the faith of young campers over decades of ministry, establishing relationships with churches, and serving families across multiple generations.

Over the years, camps have reassured parents that their children will be spiritually nurtured and kept safe as they swim, climb, and play. In recent years, they have emphasized that staff members are background-checked and trained to protect campers from abuse. And now, camps must meet the challenge of keeping participants safe from the coronavirus—whether that means taking new precautions or canceling camp for a season.

Camp Cho-Yeh in Texas was among the first to say it would stay closed for the summer.

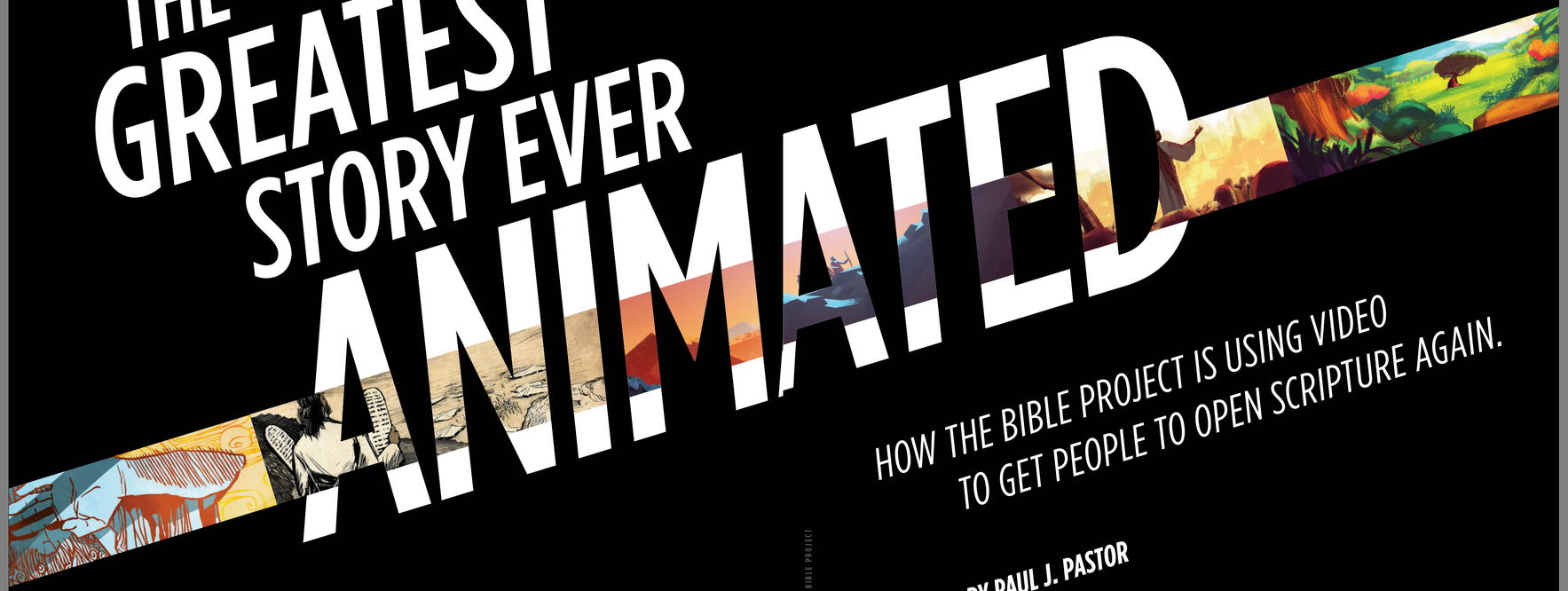
"It makes me so sad to think that this place is going to sit empty over the course of the summer," president and CEO Garret Larsen said in a video in late March.

With over 4,000 campers attending the camp each summer for Bible studies, color war competitions, rock climbing, archery, and water games, Cho-Yeh's enrollment ranks in the top 5 percent of summer camps in the US. It brings in $4 million of its $7 million budget during summer.

Cho-Yeh was set to run out of cash in May, but a Paycheck Protection Program grant extended the camp's resources by eight weeks. Larsen initially cut 42 of the camp's 50 full-time staff members. Then, once Texas lifted its mandatory 14-day self-quarantine rule for travelers, the camp opted to move forward with a shortened season—1,500 campers over five weeks instead of the typical ten.

COVID-19 represents a unique threat to the camping landscape. From hugs and high-fives to team-building activities and cabin bunk beds, camp

THE GREATEST STORY EVER ANIMATED



HOW THE BIBLE PROJECT IS USING VIDEO TO GET PEOPLE TO OPEN SCRIPTURE AGAIN.

BY PAUL J. PASTOR

VIDEO STILLS COURTESY OF THE BIBLE PROJECT

OUR CHECKERED PAST

BY TISH HARRISON WARREN

AS A SOUTHERNER, I HAVE TO GRAPPLE WITH MY FOREBEARS' TAINTED LEGACY.

AS A CHRISTIAN, I HAVE TO DO THE SAME.

Left: 1940, London: Residents sleep on stationary escalators in a London Underground station during Nazi all-night bombing raids.

Right: 2023, Kyiv: People sit on an escalator as they shelter in a subway station during a Russian missile attack.

(left) AP; (right) Getty

'LEARNING IN WAR-TIME' IN A WAR ZONE

A 1939 C. S. Lewis sermon offers wisdom and perspective for the Ukrainian people—and us all.

By Mark Meynell

When my friend Dima is kept awake at night, he goes out onto his eighth-floor apartment balcony in Kyiv's eastern suburbs to pray. In the skies above, wave upon wave of Iranian-made Shahed drones pass overhead—Kyiv's eastern flank is the most vulnerable to air attacks. With panoramic views of the city, Dima silently watches and prays.

The roar of the drones is considerable. They are nothing like the flimsy, pocket-sized photographers' gadgets I had envisaged before my visit last September. Shahed drones come in various models, but perhaps the most feared are the large, triangular ones: They are the height of a tall man and resemble miniaturized stealth bombers. Each is packed with explosives, and they arrive in overwhelming numbers. The Ukrainian people must endure aerial bombardment night after night.

Dima works for his local church in outreach and youth ministry and naturally has much there to pray about. But as drones tear across the sky, it is impossible not to pray for equally pressing concerns: for lives to be spared and for drones to be shot down. Surely such aims must take precedence in both life and prayer.

Eighty-six years ago, C. S. Lewis wrestled with similar questions. After Germany refused to back down from its invasion of Poland, Great Britain and France declared war in September 1939. The following month, Lewis, the Oxford literary scholar, found himself preaching a sermon he titled "Learning in War-Time" on the first Sunday of the academic year. He chose to tackle a question that would have troubled everyone present in the congregation that day: How could they continue academic pursuits now that there was "a war on"? Lewis's response offers wisdom that is remarkably relevant still, not only for the likes of Dima in Ukraine but for us all.

When I first saw the images of hundreds of Russian tanks bearing down on Kyiv in February 2022, the many Ukrainian friends I had come to respect and love quickly came to mind. I had visited the country several times, beginning in 2016, as part of my work for Langham Preaching, a program of Langham Partnership started by John Stott in 2002 to develop grassroots expository preaching movements, now in more than 100 countries.

I met Sergiy Tymchenko, a Baptist pastor and founding director of Realis (the Research Education and

Top: WWII, London: Two women stand amid debris from bomb damage.

Bottom: 2022, Kyiv: A man stands amid debris in front of a residential apartment complex that was heavily damaged by a Russian attack.

(top) Alamy; (bottom) Getty

Light Center). He had encountered Stott soon after the Soviet Union's collapse and, in due course, was named a Langham Scholar to do a PhD in public theology in Britain.

The very notion of theological engagement with the public square was inconceivable under Communism, and afterward still suspect. So Sergiy's vision seemed alien to those who, like him, had grown up under the Soviet Union's antireligious ideology. But he was committed to serving Ukraine's church and society as various needs arose in those exciting and troubling years. That meant developing counseling training programs, which were almost nonexistent in churches at that time. Since invasion has now traumatized an entire nation, this vision was sadly prescient.

Furthermore, the war has also proved the wisdom of Sergiy's passionate support for introducing chaplaincies (military, prison, and hospital) into Ukrainian life. These had been inconceivable in a culture forged by decades of Communist atheism.

The primary focus of our collaboration, however, came through Sergiy's desire to enhance local church ministries across Ukraine. We began seminars in earnest in 2017 in Irpin, near the Realis Center in western Kyiv.

So when the BBC showed footage of Ukrainian forces' defensive destruction of an Irpin bridge in 2022, as well as news of the most appalling atrocities in neighboring Bucha, everything suddenly gained horrific proximity for me.

Lewis knew war from firsthand experience. He matriculated at Oxford in the summer of 1917, knowing his undergraduate studies would be curtailed by the Great War, then in its third year. After volunteering for military service and completing his basic training at Oxford, Lewis was commissioned as a junior officer and plunged into the infamous trenches at the Somme in northern France. He remained there for the next five months until being wounded by friendly fire and invalided out in April 1918.

That conflict left an indelible mark on Lewis and his generation. Lewis was no pacifist even before his Christian conversion, but he did later say he respected, despite disagreeing with, those who genuinely were.

The fact that Lewis volunteered to serve in the war lends his October 1939 sermon a greater moral authority. That address, given at University Church at St Mary the Virgin in Oxford, was published under the title "Learning in War-Time" in *The Weight of Glory and Other Addresses*.

Could the university even justify staying open, Lewis asked? Perhaps it was more sensible to close the humanities' faculties to assign every resource to the war effort. After all, how on earth might the study of Petrarchan sonnets, J. S. Bach's masterpieces, or Renaissance portraiture possibly defeat Nazism? Such were the insecurities circulating in many university towns as Lewis ascended St Mary's grand pulpit.

Although Lewis did not expound a biblical text, there is no doubt that everything he said was grounded in his Christian faith. But that is not where he began:

> A university is a society for the pursuit of learning. . . . Why should we—indeed how can we—continue to take an interest in these placid occupations when the lives of our friends and the liberties of Europe are in the balance?

I found myself asking a similar question last year, after the UK Foreign Office eased its travel advice for western Ukraine. I was desperate to see friends but anxious not to compound burdens. I had never visited, let alone ministered in, a war zone before. Was it appropriate to be there in any capacity as a noncombatant?

As I reread "Learning in War-Time," not only did it provide impetus for my two-day preaching workshop and weekend seminar on the importance of the arts in wartime; Lewis's sermon became the subject of a lecture in its own right.

A key question we must answer is: What has the war changed? Pose that question to any Ukrainian, and the response is, invariably, "Everything!" No doubt those suffering the aftermath of a hurricane, the effects of seismic economic challenges, or communal grief after a mass killing can relate. Those from Ukraine's east have endured the destruction and occupation of entire communities since Russia's 2014 annexation of Crimea.

Once the full invasion was launched, millions fled the country to uncertain futures. Whether they left or stayed, nothing could ever be the same again.

During my visit last year, it was certainly a shock for this privileged Brit to experience nightly air-raid sirens for the first time, despite locals appearing to barely acknowledge them.

Reminders of war were pervasive. Highway billboards still advertised the same old stuff—new cellphones or kids' fashions—but they were now juxtaposed with recruitment posters for regiments or drone squads. Every few miles in Kyiv's outskirts, soldiers loitered at military checkpoints as the regular commuter traffic flew past; but roadblocks with antitank defenses, affectionately known as Czech hedgehogs, could be retrieved from the roadside and made operational in seconds.

In the center of Kyiv, I was relieved to see how intact the historic districts remained. Sergiy and I made the most of the autumnal sunshine, taking long walks across the magnificent city. We entered a large Baptist church in his

SURVIVING SPIRITUAL GENTRIFICATION

When neighborhoods change, how do churches know if they still belong?

BY KARA BETTIS

with research on gentrification showing that gentrifiers tend not to move into very Black or very poor neighborhoods unless, say, the neighborhood is right next to a central business district.

On the other hand, researchers like Duke's David Kresta have found that white churches in nonwhite neighborhoods can signal as a "beacon or an amenity" for new residents and contribute to further gentrification.

Among others, the Acts 29 church planting network has recognized this problem and recently launched a cohort called Church in Hard Places, sending or supporting a diverse group of pastors in poor neighborhoods—both rural and urban.

Churches can still flourish even if they're navigating gentrification imperfectly.

"The leadership reassessed that church planting was doing really well in upper-middle-class affluent neighborhoods—reaching white people, basically," said Tyler St. Clair, a network leader and pastor of a church plant in Detroit. "But we had no traction in poor white and poor Black [communities] all around the world." Their urban track equips city church leaders specifically to deal with gentrification and poverty.

After watching new church planters "parachute" into neighborhoods and draw people from the suburbs rather than their city block, St. Clair coaches new pastors to plant their lives in a community and learn as missionaries, not saviors. "You should receive the compliment 'I see you everywhere,'" he says. "I don't just sleep here."

Faison has observed this tension between his historically Black church and the white church planters that come to his Nashville neighborhood. In the past decade, he says, only one of the 12 churches that were planted near him has survived.

"Their motives will be tested by their willingness to be part of that community," he said. Instead of connecting with existing neighborhood churches, he thinks, many church plants see them as theologically or ecclesiologically inferior, or as competition. "It's not even evangelical; it's economic. It's seen in how they relate to the community. Their goal is to build a kingdom that's theirs and like them," he said.

But Williamson sees the flip side. He sees gentrification as an opportunity for legacy Black and brown churches to "grab the reins" of the multicultural conversation and lead the way, rather than being on the defensive and waiting for majority-white churches to debate the need for racial reconciliation.

He believes Black and brown churches can pursue multiethnicity and attract white brothers and sisters who are allies. "What does that mean for the next generation?" he said. "Who are we in 30 years if there is a mass migration of white brothers and sisters out of white megachurches to Black and brown churches around the city to be led and be discipled and lead and be disciplers?"

PHOTOS THIS PAGE: TOP COURTESY OF NASHVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY METRO ARCHIVES / BOTTOM GOOGLE MAPS PHOTOS RIGHT PAGE: COURTESY OF THE GROVE

The Edgehill neighborhood in Nashville, just down the street from The Grove in 1961 (top) and today (bottom)

The Grove's Nashville campus parking lot served its community during the pandemic with COVID-19 tests in June 2020 (right) and a food drive in November 2021 (below)

He's not alone. Only one-third of Black Americans think historically Black congregations "should preserve their traditional racial character," according to a 2021 Pew study. And 61 percent of Black Americans say that historically Black congregations "should become more racially and ethnically diverse," whether they attend majority-Black churches or not.

And in Portland, while Mark Strong's church ministers in a gentrifying African American neighborhood, he argues that the "issue of moved neighborhoods is not exclusively a Black neighborhood problem." All kinds of neighborhoods change, and Jesus is concerned equally about them, writes Strong.

ALL

OF THESE pastors have grappled with the question of identity—*Who are the people in my church? To whom does the local body belong?*—alongside questions of geography and space. Whether they realize it or not, they have wrestled with a theology of place.

David Leong, a missiologist at Seattle Pacific University, has been studying this concept for two decades. He says a theology of place starts with a recognition that to be human is to be *placed*. "Embodiment requires space," he said in an interview with CT. But it's not just about the biological reality that we are taking up space and sucking up air. Place demands that we ask, "What does it mean to live in this world?" Scripture refers to Jesus as being "of Nazareth," Leong writes in his book *Race and Place*, signaling that he "came from, and was shaped by, a particular place and the local communities found there" that "defined Jesus' life and ministry."

Ultimately, while Leong feels an understanding of place is vital to effective ministry, churches can still flourish even if they're navigating gentrification imperfectly. "When we look at Jesus' ministry and, after Pentecost, the ministry of the Holy Spirit, we find that the human boundaries we've constructed don't seem to interfere with God's work in particular places," he told CT in 2017.

Aaron Reyes, for one, doesn't think "theology of place" is the right way to approach the issue of gentrification and understanding church community.

"It's a theology of people rather than a theology of place," he said. In the New Testament, he pointed out, churches were described by a group of people rather than an address. The location could be anywhere, in any person's house (as in Acts 16:40).

Both Leong and Faison say pastors need to figure out their church's calling. Leong tells churches to be "really intentional" about the decision to stay and commit to a neighborhood even if there is pressure to leave. Those who do stay must be aware of and hospitable toward folks who are being displaced, he said.

"Churches can struggle to turn their direction outward," Leong said.

Faison also advises pastors, "You have to wrestle with *Are you called to this area? Are you called to this space?* And for every church it's a different answer. Maybe I'm called to those people that I serve, but I'm not called to this space."

For Watson Grove, the answer is clear. Faison says their calling is to be a Black church and not a multicultural one. And yet their calling is not to follow their people out of the city. It's to minister to their surrounding community.

"We have to adapt to what this community looks like. I cannot be stuck in remembrance only and wanting it to be what it used to be. It just ain't," he said. "Our calling is to be a community church. That's who we've been since 1889. We don't want to be a commuter church, we want to be a community church." CT

KARA BETTIS is an associate editor at *Christianity Today*.

Mekame Selam Kolala Meskel church is surrounded by a conservation wall that protects its woodland against encroaching fields.

PHOTO BY KIERAN DODDS

BY AMIR AMAN KIYARO
IN ETHIOPIA

The Churches in the Trees

How theology and tradition made Orthodox Christians the keepers of Ethiopia's forests.

In

church, Getnet Alemayehu's father liked to sit beneath a tree, one he had planted himself. In its shade the man would pray, worship, give thanks, and ponder the works of God.

Getnet grew up watching his father care for the tree in the small town of Hamusit, Ethiopia. It lies at the foot of the mountains adorning the centuries-old skyline of Gondar, a region known as the origin of the winds that amass as hurricanes and then batter the Atlantic coast in North America. Getnet—Ethiopians go by their given name—has always felt close to nature. Although he currently works in Bahir Dar, the picturesque and significantly larger capital of the Amhara state, his face lights up when he talks about his small hometown.

In particular, Getnet remembers growing up in church where, like many children in rural Orthodox Christian areas, he learned basic reading and writing. A sizeable number of children begin at a tender age the nearly two decades of spiritual education they must complete before becoming priests. Even the most liberal families with a tilt to modern education send their children to Sunday church schools that inculcate the creed of the Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo Church. Churches are open every day and some nights. This strong tradition of passing on Christian heritage is one reason some foreign scholars have designated Ethiopia as "the last fortress of Christianity."

Getnet's childhood congregation, St. Michael's Church, sits atop the hills looking down on the town of Hamusit, five kilometers away from his home. He fondly remembers the dawns as he hurried up the hills to attend Kidasse, the nearly three-hour daily service believed to have originated with the holy apostles nearly 2,000 years ago. Guided by the liturgy that came to be known as the book of Kidasse, priests pray and a deacon guides the people in chants. Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo, one of the oldest churches in the world, is highly creedal, using the verbs in the Nicene Creed in the original plural form ("We believe in one God").

Another strong memory for Getnet: Like his father, the rest of his neighbors had also planted trees in the church compound. Getnet was a nature-loving kid and followed in their footsteps, instructed by the church priests. "We used to plant trees," he recalls, "and tag our names onto them."

Today, the area surrounding St. Michael's is heavily covered with trees.

A THEOLOGY OF FORESTS

Getnet's childhood church is not unique. Throughout Ethiopia, Orthodox Christian churches can be found in the middle of thick clusters of trees. Even where there are no other trees around, a dense, leafy grove has come to indicate the presence of an Orthodox Tewahedo church. Planting trees is even part of the process of setting up a new church. Though the size of the forests has declined alarmingly across the country, patchy remnants of old-growth forests are still found around most churches.

Centuries before forest conservation became a science, the church was preserving trees out of its theology of creation care. Priests teach that Adam was given a responsibility to take care of what God created for him. They preach that only responsible use of nature, not exploitation, is allowed.

These strong notions of forest conservation and afforestation (adding a stand of trees where there were none) are backed by the church's creed. Getnet remembers being taught in childhood that the journey from one's home to church is symbolic of the Israelites' journey from Egypt to Canaan. The slavery and oppression the Israelites endured in Egypt is emblematic of the harsh realities of sin. The church should evoke Canaan, a blessed place flowing with milk and honey, and thick tree cover should mirror the church's protection of congregants from a sinful world.

Another creedal reason for conservation lies in the Ethiopian Orthodox belief that angels join humans in praising God during Kidasse. Unseen by humans, the angels are believed to be attracted by the holy ritual, during which they descend from above and find shelter in the church's forest. These angels are thought to bring both catastrophe and blessing upon people and, as a result, it is customary for adults to prohibit kids from running around outside during Kidasse.

A 2016 study aiming to understand why Ethiopian Christians value forest conservation identified another contributing factor: the Orthodox Tewahedo belief in the importance of the Tabot. A holy object found in all Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo churches, the Tabot is believed to be a replica of the original Ark of the Covenant into which the Ten Commandments were placed. A symbol of God's law, it is placed at the center of each church to represent divine authority.

As the study notes: "The sanctity and divinity of the Tabot is thought to radiate outwards from the church. The proximity of the Tabot dictates the rules of the sacred geography of the entire church compound, including the forest; the closer one is to the church the more divine the space." Thus, it goes on to explain, "the forest is a form of symbolic protection; it provides respectful 'cover' or 'clothing' for the church."

In several interviews, Ethiopian Orthodox priests expressed that a church without trees is like a man without clothing.

AN ECOLOGY OF CHURCH FORESTS

From a scientific perspective, Ethiopian church forests offer the usual ecological benefits. They purify the air and sequester carbon, capturing carbon dioxide from the air and, scientists believe, helping to mitigate global warming. They help

Worshipers gather early on a Sunday morning at Robit Bahita church in South Gondar, Ethiopia.

PHOTO BY KIERAN DODDS

A church without trees is like a man without clothing.

the soil to clean and retain water. They contribute to pollination and livelihood opportunities, and they nurture diverse species such as gazelles, monkeys, and birds.

Church forests are mostly made up of old-growth trees that have withstood the process of natural selection. But native species have been threatened by the expansion of non-native trees, according to forestry scholar Alemayehu Wassie. With their sprawling root systems, eucalyptus trees, brought to Ethiopia from Australia in the late 19th century, can deplete groundwater supplies and negatively impact soil fertility.

Furthermore, competition over forest land—for food, fuel, and forest biproducts—has led to overexploitation and compromised sustainability. Studies show that Ethiopia's estimated forest coverage, which was around 40 percent in the early 1900s, has dived to 4 percent today. Many argue that if not for the efforts of churches, that number would be even lower.

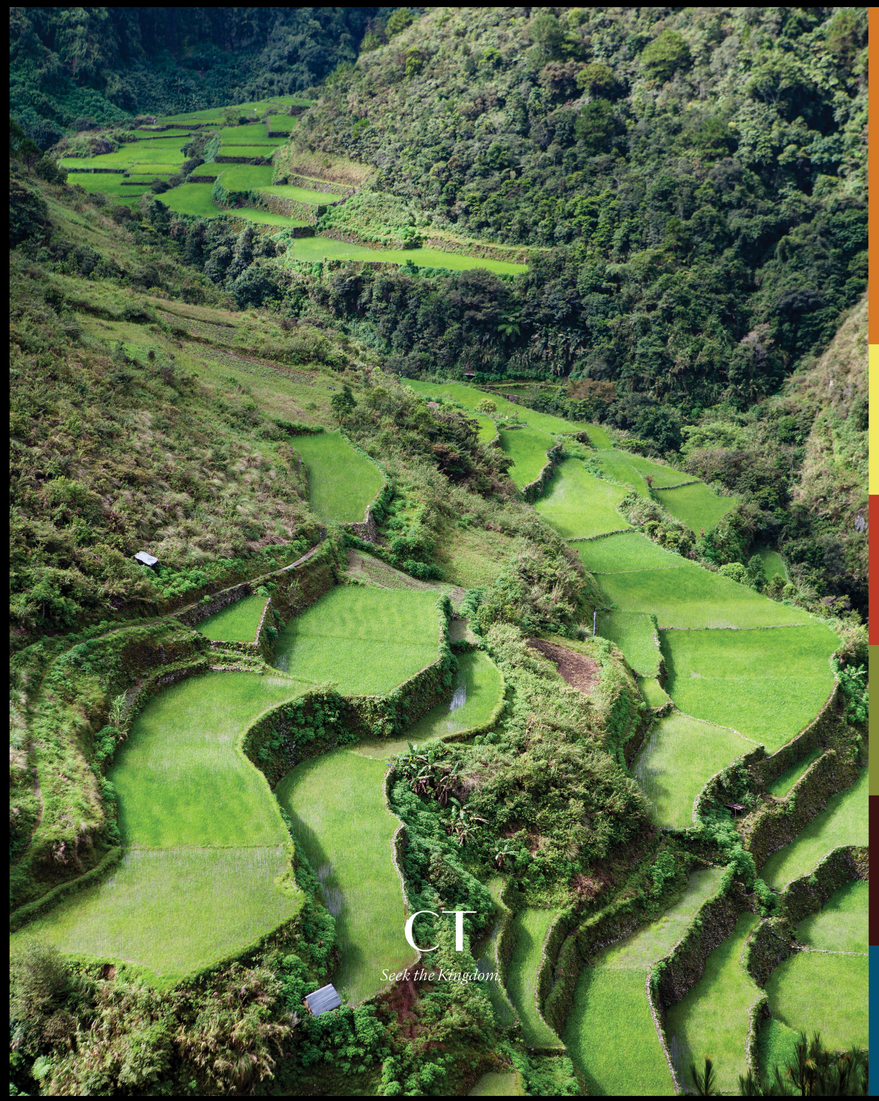
"Especially in the northern part of Ethiopia," says ecologist Birhanu Belay, "when you see patches of trees, you know that there is a church in the middle." Despite its limited manpower and finances, Birhanu says, the church has played an important role against deforestation. The church controls much of the surviving native forest in Ethiopia, so ecologists and researchers like Birhanu collect most of their samples from church properties. Governmental and nongovernmental actors also regularly seek the help of churches in educating citizens to be mindful of the environment.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FOREST?

Today, Getnet is pilot project manager at Plant with Purpose, a US-based Christian organization that aims to improve the quality of life for people in poverty-stricken areas. It began working in Ethiopia in 2018. Getnet, who earned his university degree in wildlife and ecotourism management, spent several years promoting conservation of church forests, including with an Orthodox Christian nonprofit, Mahibere Kidusan, in Bahir Dar.

"We are witnessing a war between mankind and the environment," Getnet says. "If humans had a choice, they would not fight against the environment."

Getnet agrees with many scholars that at least one reason for the gradual shrinking of church forests is poverty.



CT

Seek the Kingdom.

CHRISTIANITY TODAY *THE GLOBE ISSUE 2024*

CHRISTIANITY TODAY

THE GLOBE *ISSUE*

STOCK IMAGERY

HIS BODY WAS GONE

HOW JESUS UNEXPECTEDLY SHOWED UP IN MY ANATOMY LAB.

BY KATHLEEN G. TALLMAN

IMAGE BY TEAM STATIC/GETTY IMAGES

THE ULTIMATE WAGER

WHY PASCAL'S FAMOUS BET ON GOD IS STILL WORTH MAKING.

BY MICHAEL ROTA

Many Christians believe in God fundamentally because they sense his presence. But what if you don't sense his presence? Or what if it comes and goes—at times deserting you and leaving you doubting? What should we do when certainty proves elusive? Should we commit to living a devout Christian life only if we are absolutely convinced that Christianity is true?

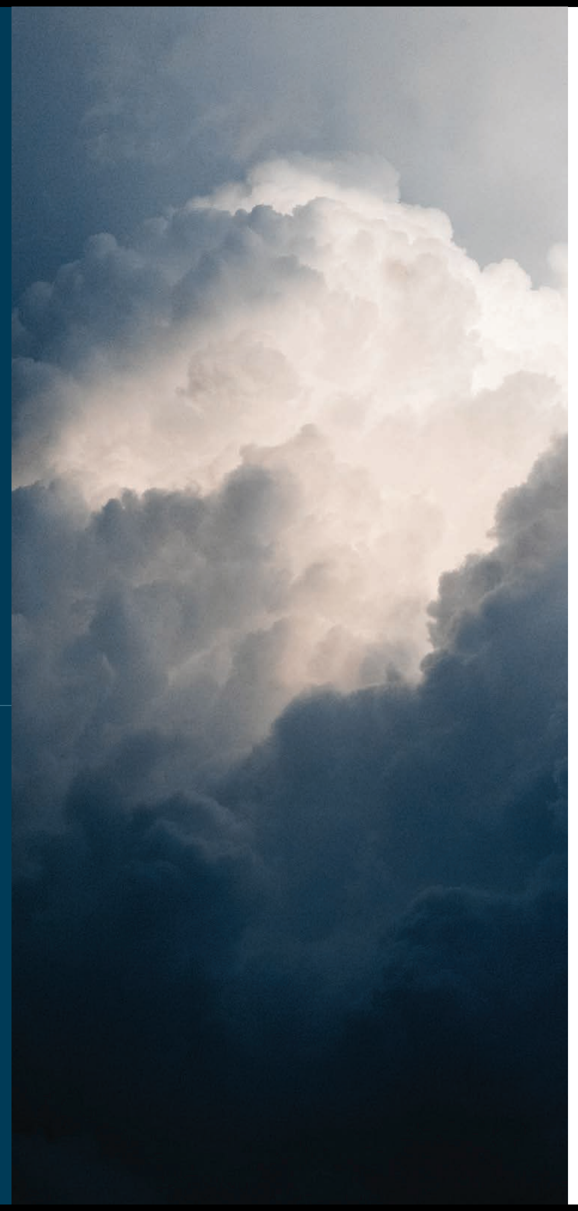
Blaise Pascal, a 17th-century thinker, famously addressed these very questions. An influential mathematician, scientist, and inventor, Pascal was also deeply religious. In his early 30s, he had a religious experience so powerful that he kept a written

ADVENT

THE REAL HOPE OF ADVENT

Are we awaiting the baby in the manger or the Judge who will come in power and glory?

BY FLEMING RUTLEDGE



I

IT WOULD BE HARD to say which is more alien to our contemporary ideas of getting ready for Christmas, the season of Advent or the figure of John the Baptist—the man who greeted the Pharisees and Sadducees by calling them a "brood of vipers" (Matt. 3:7, ESV throughout). How would you like to get that on a Christmas card?

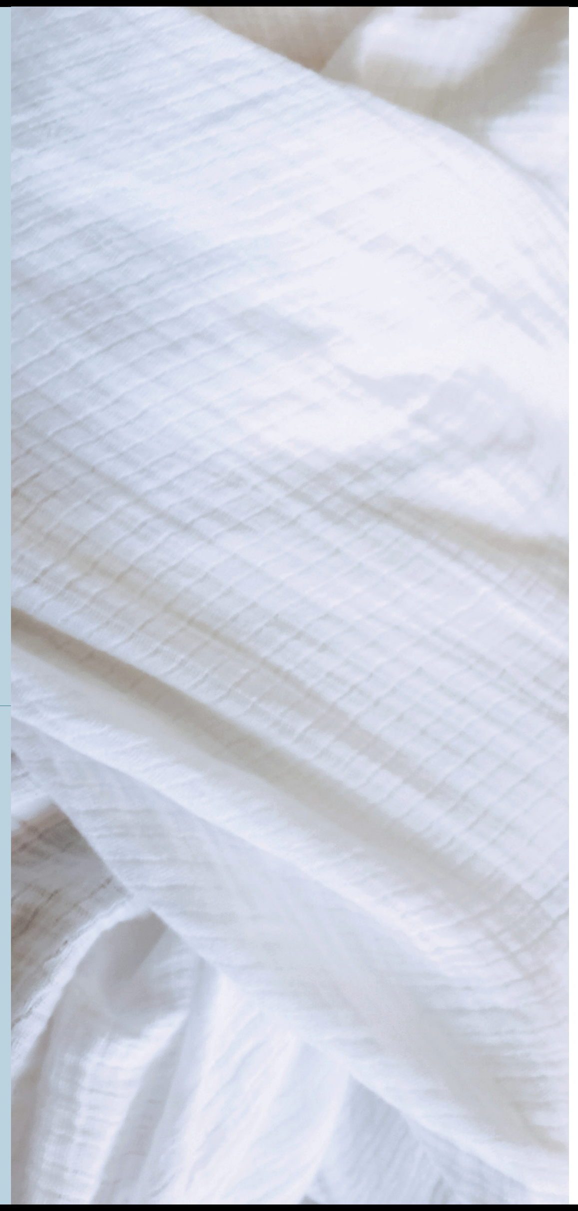
This unlovable figure is very much out of sync with our times, yet he is one of the foremost figures of Advent, at least in the preaching calendar followed in my own Episcopal Church tradition. Like John the Baptist, Advent is out of phase with its time, with our time. It encroaches upon us in an uncomfortable way, making us feel somewhat uneasy with

ADVENT

THE GIFT OF WRAPPING

Why swaddling itself is a sign unto us.

BY JEFF PEABODY



E

E. B. WHITE ONCE LAMENTED, "To perceive Christmas through its wrapping becomes more difficult with every year."

I wouldn't want to argue with the beloved author of *Charlotte's Web*. Yet I have an affection for Christmas wrapping precisely because it helped me perceive Jesus through a fresh lens.

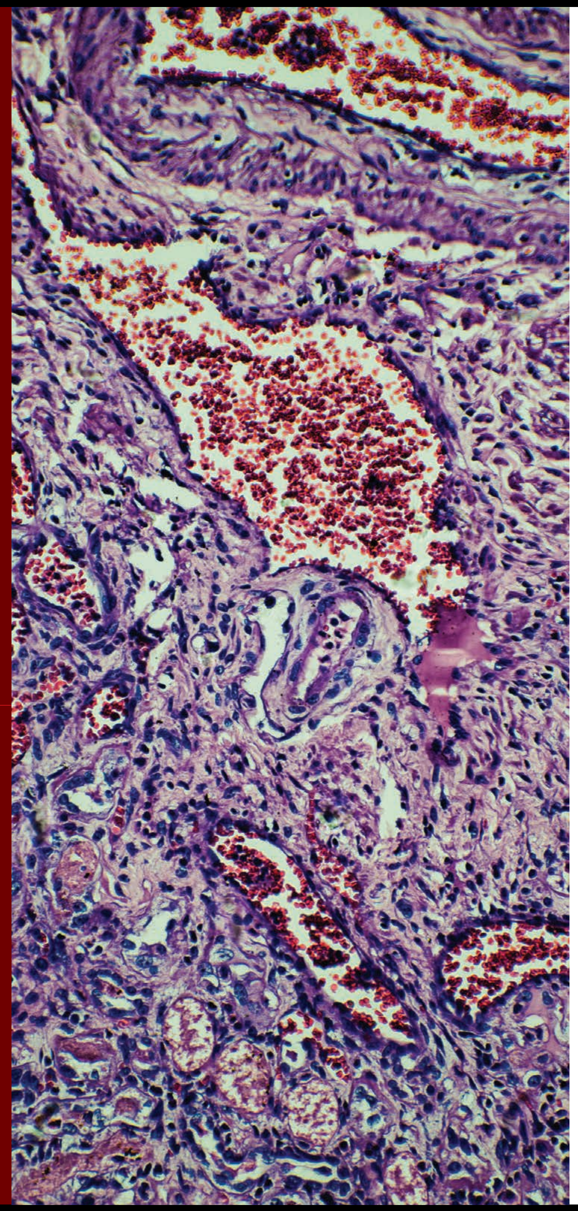
Several years ago, I decided to write a daily Christmas post on our church blog during the month of December. Saying something fresh about the Nativity every single day had me reaching far and wide for ideas. In my grasping, for one entry I decided to tackle the theology of Christmas wrapping. I vaguely recalled that some cultures use cloth instead of paper to wrap gifts, which sounded intriguing.

ADVENT

GIVING UNTIL IT HURTS

God sent his only Son. Why couldn't I let my husband donate a kidney?

BY ALEAH MARSDEN



T

THE NURSE HANDS my husband a bag for personal belongings and a bundle that includes a hospital gown, nonskid socks, and a heavy blanket. As Mike undresses, the weightiness of the moment is almost palpable. I do not allow myself to think of our four kids still sleeping right now at my parents' house, an hour away from us here in the University of California, San Francisco hospital surgical wing. I push back at all the what-ifs that punctuate my thoughts like the beloved freckles that dapple my husband's face. There is no doubt in my mind that we are meant to be here, but outcomes are never assured, and I tend toward worst-case scenario thinking.

A year ago, this journey had started off with a car ride

ADVENT

A CAROL FOR THE DESPAIRING

Penned during the Civil War, Longfellow's "I Heard the Bells" is a carol for our age.

BY KRISTEN O'NEAL

T

THE WORD *APOCALYPSE* in the Greek means "uncovering," and 2018 has been a year of uncoverings, of pulling back the curtain to reveal the worst things that people can do to one another. It has uncovered abuse and corruption at every level—spilled blood, separated families, failure of justice after failure of justice, each headline hitting so quickly that it feels impossible to give anything the attention it deserves. There will be more before the end of the year; there will be more before you even finish reading this piece.

It's hard to rejoice in an atmosphere like this. "The most wonderful time of the year" does not seem wonderful; shopping, twinkle lights, hot chocolate, ice skating and the bright bombardment

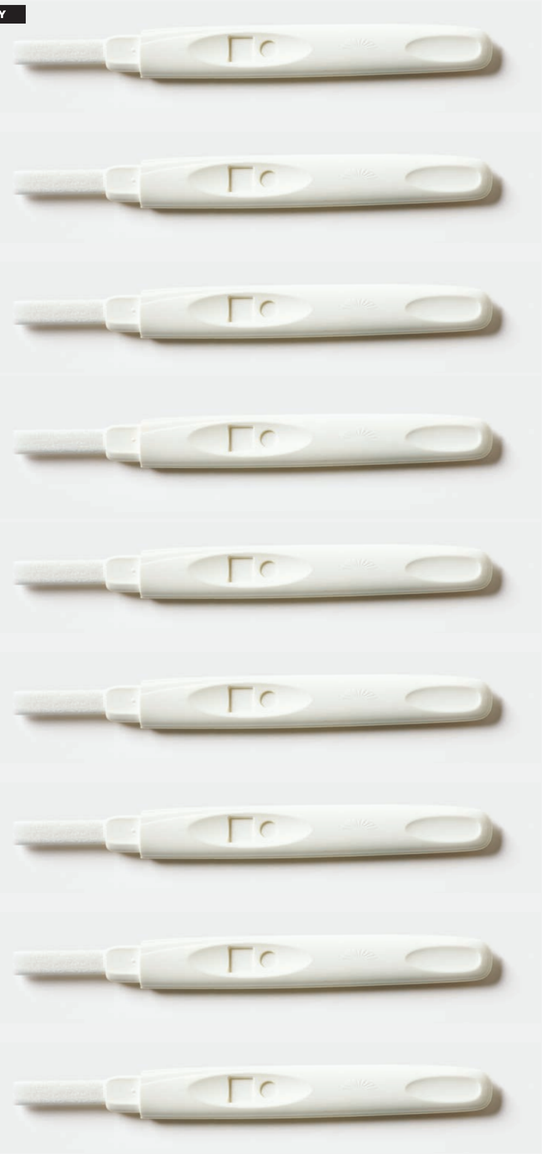


PHOTO BY MICHAEL H / GETTY IMAGES

THE CALLING OF THE INFERTILE WHO HOPE

Why the church needs the testimony of marriages without offspring.

BY MATTHEW LEE ANDERSON

Engineering Abundant Life

Science seeks to fix aging and death. But a Christian vision of the good life might actually embrace them.

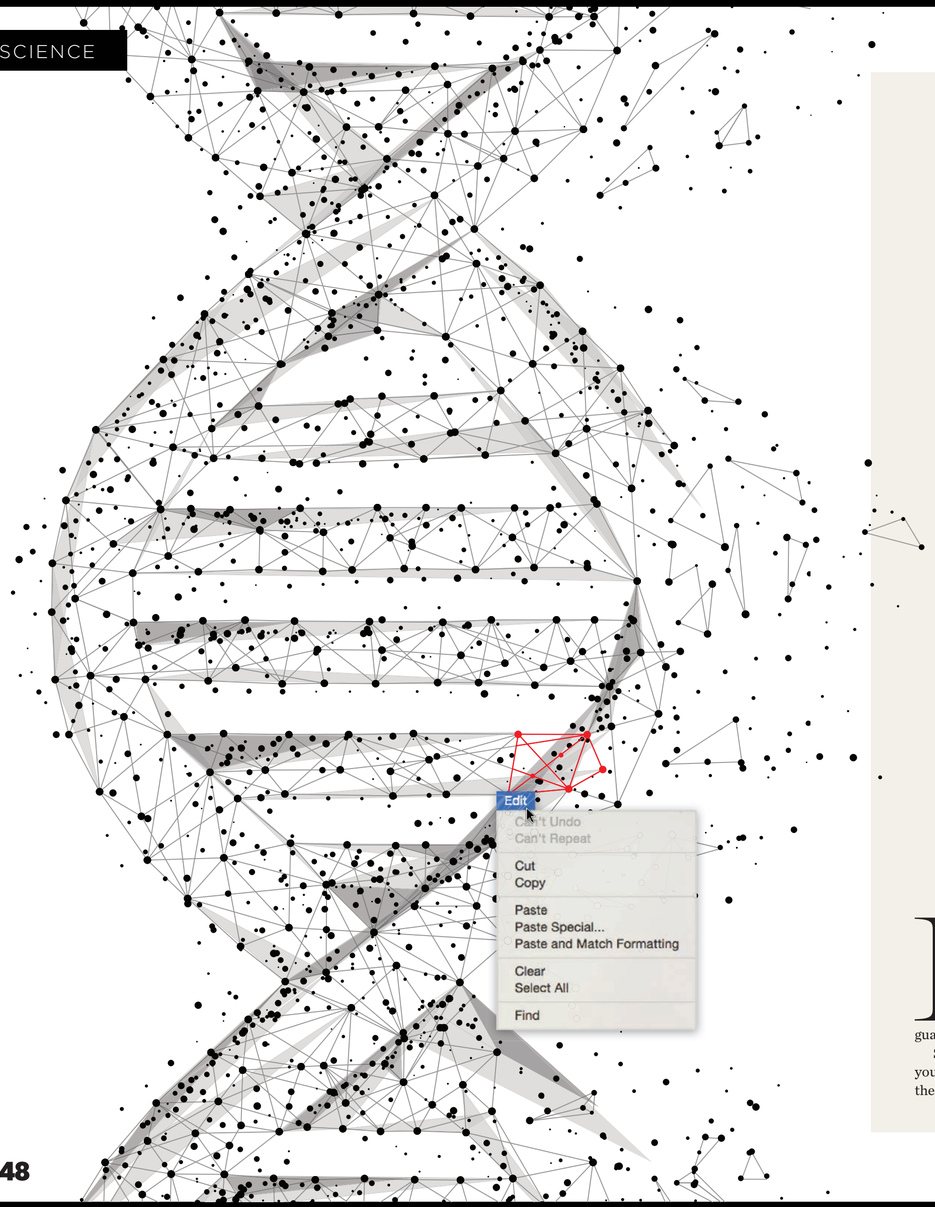
By Liuan Huska

A preacher's kid growing up in the Bible Belt, Micah Redding had a particular view of the physical world and God's work in it. Singing popular hymns like "This World is Not My Home" and "I'll Fly Away," he took away this message: *It's all going to burn anyway, so why bother with the environment or curing diseases? That's a distraction from the gospel. Our bodies don't go to heaven, just our souls.*

When he started studying the Bible for himself and reading authors like N. T. Wright and C. S. Lewis, Redding formed a theology that more closely embraces the material world. "If we believe the material world is good, we have to engage in the transformation of it," he said. He sees science and technology as part of God's vision for the world, which, for him, includes radical life extension.

Redding points to Isaiah 65, where "one who dies at a hundred years will be thought a mere child," as well as the extremely long-lived Genesis patriarchs. "Scripture really places this value on human life, relationality, and productivity," he said. "We have to appreciate that idea as part of our embrace of the material life."

In 2013, Redding founded the Christian Transhumanist Association (CTA), a group bringing faith and ethics into transhumanist conversations. Transhumanists, who believe that human



IN THE IMAGE OF OUR CHOOSING

In a new era of genetics, where's the line between healing and enhancement?

BY NATHAN BARCZI

Imagine sitting in a doctor's office with your spouse. As you discuss the possibility of starting a family, the doctor tells you that you have the option to genetically enhance your child's intelligence. Medical professionals can do this without risking the life of the embryo. They guarantee it to work. Would you do it?

Suppose you are pregnant. A genetic test reveals your child has Down syndrome, and you are offered the option to undo the genetic mutation. Would you?

These are among the questions asked by an unlikely fellowship of churches and scientists.

In 2013, scientists demonstrated that a technology known as CRISPR can edit the genes of living human cells at a fraction of the time and cost required by previous methods. Think of editing the genome like a "find-and-replace" function: a tool finds, removes, and replaces a specific sequence of genetic material. In older methods of gene editing, imprecise protein structures, which are laborious to construct, search

MINISTRY AFTER MASLOW

BY SUSAN METTES

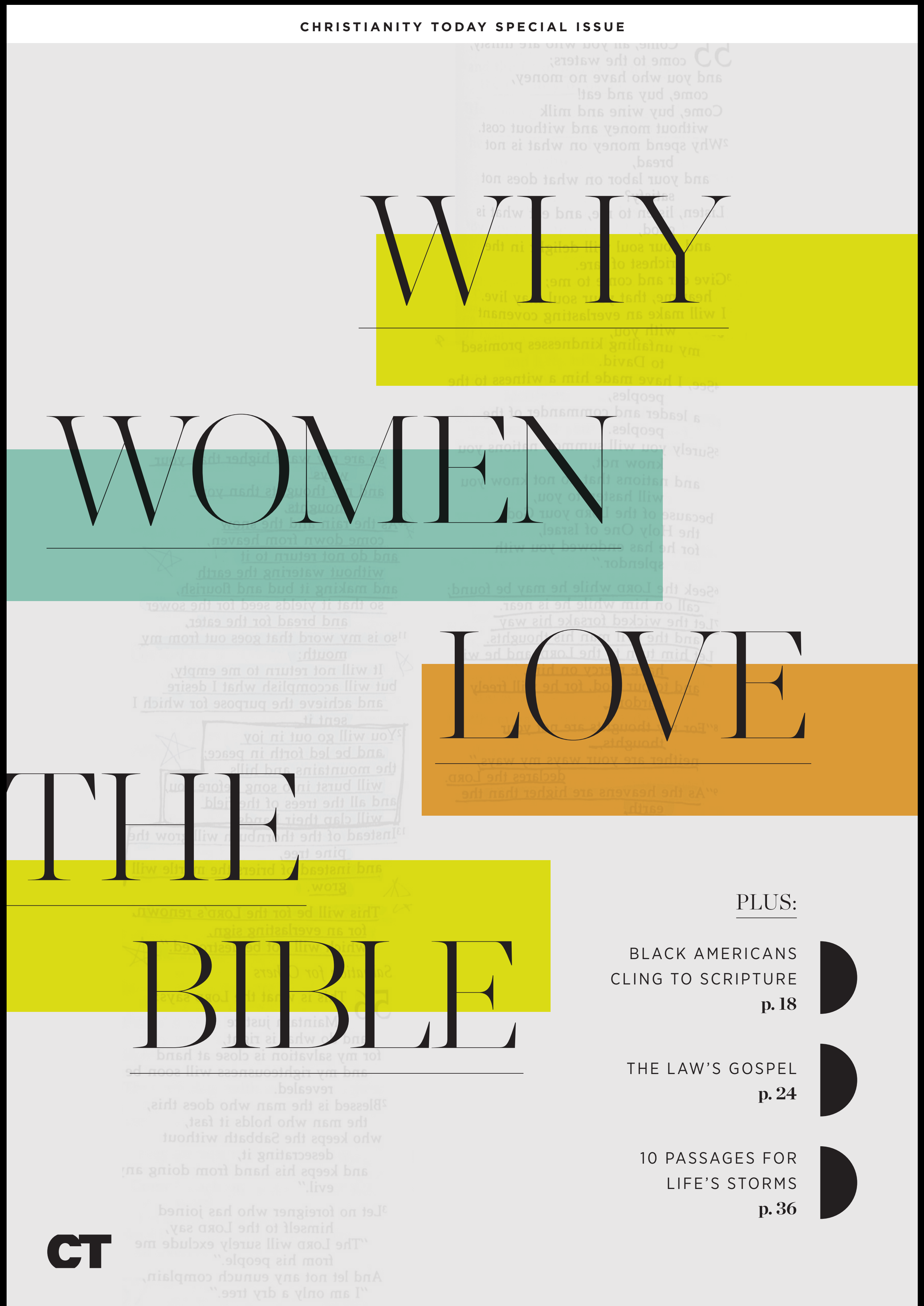
MASLOW'S HIERARCHY OF NEEDS HAS LEAVENED THE TEACHING IN AMERICAN CHURCHES. THAT'S A PROBLEM.

ILLUSTRATION BY SARAH GORDON

ANALOG CHURCH

New communications technology lets us preach to millions. It's time to unplug most of it.

BY READ MERCER SCHUCHARDT



CHRISTIANITY TODAY SPECIAL ISSUE

WHY WOMEN LOVE THE BIBLE

PLUS:

BLACK AMERICANS CLING TO SCRIPTURE p. 18

THE LAW'S GOSPEL p. 24

10 PASSAGES FOR LIFE'S STORMS p. 36

CT

WHY WOMEN READ THE BIBLE MORE

Bible teachers and study authors unpack the factors that drive women to prioritize time in Scripture.

HALEE GRAY SCOTT

PHOTOS BY SERGE KOZAK/FUSE / CORBIS / GETTY / DAVE & LES JACOBS / DIGITALVISION / GETTY

I have not departed from your laws, for you yourself have taught me. How sweet are your words to my taste, sweeter than honey to my mouth! I gain understanding from your precepts.

PSALM 119:102–104

When Anne Graham Lotz was a girl, she went on a 14-mile hike in the Blue Ridge Mountains with a friend. Eventually, they found themselves lost in a laurel thicket, unsure of the way home. “Laurel thickets can cover the side of a mountain, and you're dense in thicket,” Lotz told CT. “You can't see up, out, either side.” Fortunately, her friend had packed a compass, and with that compass, they were able to set their course for north and find their way out of the laurel thicket. “We got back to the trail that we had lost, and got to where we needed to be,” Lotz said, “and we were fine.”

Lotz compares that experience to how she approaches Bible reading each and every day. “When I get up in the morning and spend time with the Lord, it's like setting my compass, so that regardless of which

11

Patricia Raybon with her big sister and parents

Black Americans cling to Scripture. The reasons aren't confusing.

OUR LIVES DEPEND ON IT

PATRICIA RAYBON

PHOTOS COURTESY OF PATRICIA RAYBON

Consider him who endured such opposition from sinners, so that you will not grow weary and lose heart.

HEBREWS 12:3

It's a Sunday evening and we're just kids—black kids, in fact. We should be outdoors in fading daylight, slurping Mama's homemade ice cream, catching fireflies, watching our parents laugh with neighbors, changing the record player—turning it low to soft-serenade our long-running, after-church meal.

Instead, dinner's over and we kids are back at church. And get this: We kids are happy about it. "Sit next to me," a friend whispers, pulling me over to her. We compare

How the Old Testament can speak to spiritual seekers.

THE LAW'S GOSPEL

JEN POLLOCK MICHEL

ETCHING PHOTO BY ZU_09 / GETTY

The Lord your God commands you this day to follow these decrees and laws; carefully observe them with all your heart and with all your soul.

DEUTERONOMY 26:16

I first met "Carmen" and her husband after church one morning in midsummer. Raised in Spain, Carmen had been baptized as an infant and had a nominally religious background. She'd recently moved to Canada and, after a series of events, including the death of a friend named Grace and an early morning Google search, she found Grace Toronto Church—and arrived the first time wearing her pajamas.

Major depression plunged me into darkness. God met me there.

WHEN I COULDN'T READ THE BIBLE

JUANITA CAMPBELL RASMUS

Even though I walk through the darkest valley . . . you are with me.

PSALM 23:4

I woke up one morning, like normal, to prepare breakfast for our *familia*. After breakfast, my copastor and husband, Rudy, offered to take our girls to school. I hugged and kissed them goodbye, then headed to the bathroom to finish applying my makeup. But as I put on my mascara, a sudden tidal wave of feelings flooded my body—across between dread and nausea—and almost knocked me off my feet.

I called our church secretary to tell her that I wasn't feeling well and would come in around noon. But then, as though I was having an out-of-body experience, I saw myself hit redial. I mumbled, "I'm not coming in. I'm not coming back. I'm going to take a sabbatical or something, maybe a medical leave."

Then I hung up the phone, crawled into bed, and proceeded to have what my grandmother surely would have called a nervous breakdown.

I slept 18 to 20 hours a day for weeks and only awoke out of necessity; even with all that sleep, I still felt exhausted. After a week or so, my husband said, "Baby, I think you need to see a doctor." So I made an appointment to see a psychiatrist. At the end of our first visit, she gave me a prescription and a diagnosis: "major depressive episode." Then she said the dreaded words: "In six weeks, you should begin to notice changes for the better." *Six weeks? Oh God, can I live like this for another six weeks?*

When everything fell apart in my life, I had to learn for the first

Scripture's prayer book provides banks for the powerful currents in our hearts.

PRAYING THE PSALMS

TISH HARRISON WARREN

I will be glad and rejoice in your love, for you saw my affliction and knew the anguish of my soul.

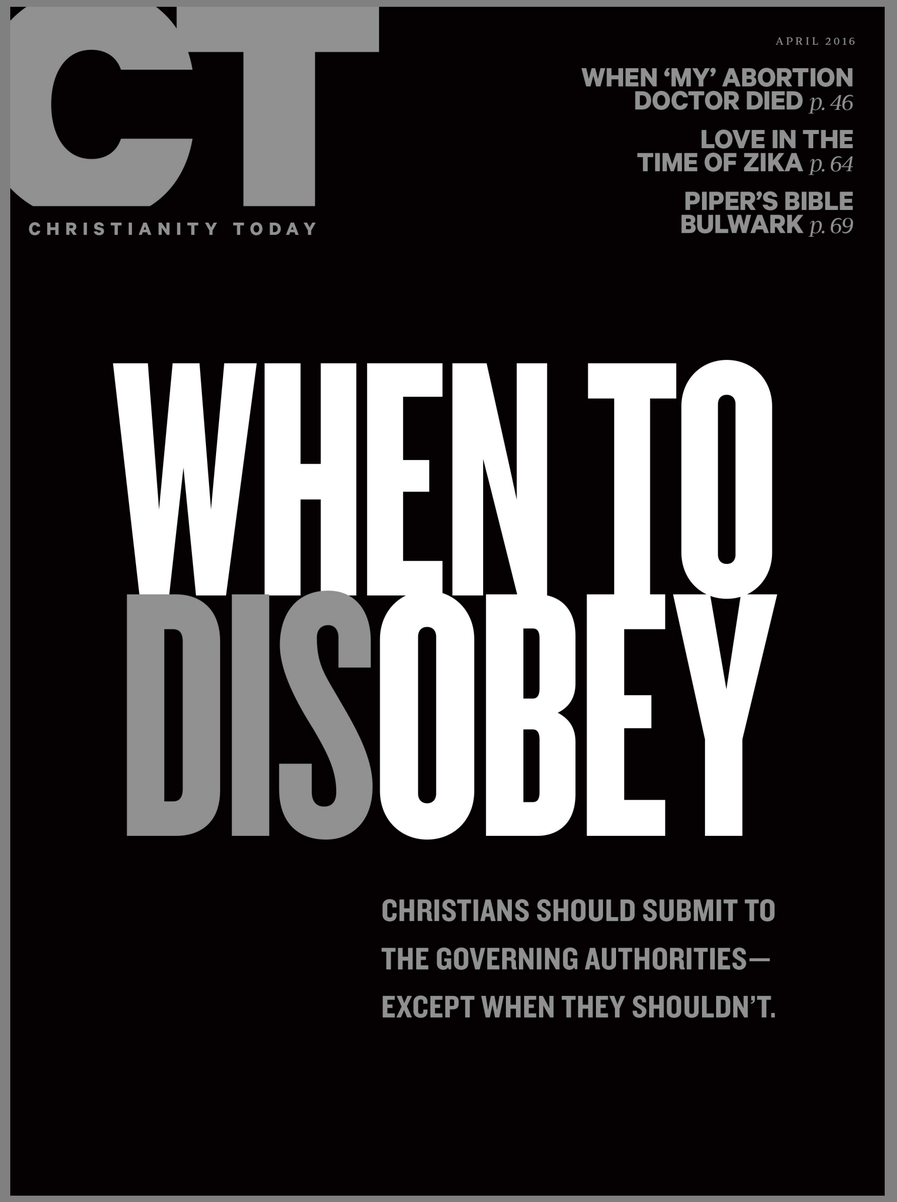
PSALM 31:7

A river cuts through my parents' land. It is the backdrop of countless happy memories. Every time I travel home, I still walk to the water's edge, visiting it like a dear, old friend.

But at times, my beloved river has become dangerous and destructive. In floods, its swollen currents toss debris like a tornado. Once, the river flooded my parents' house, even though they live hundreds of

T Y P E

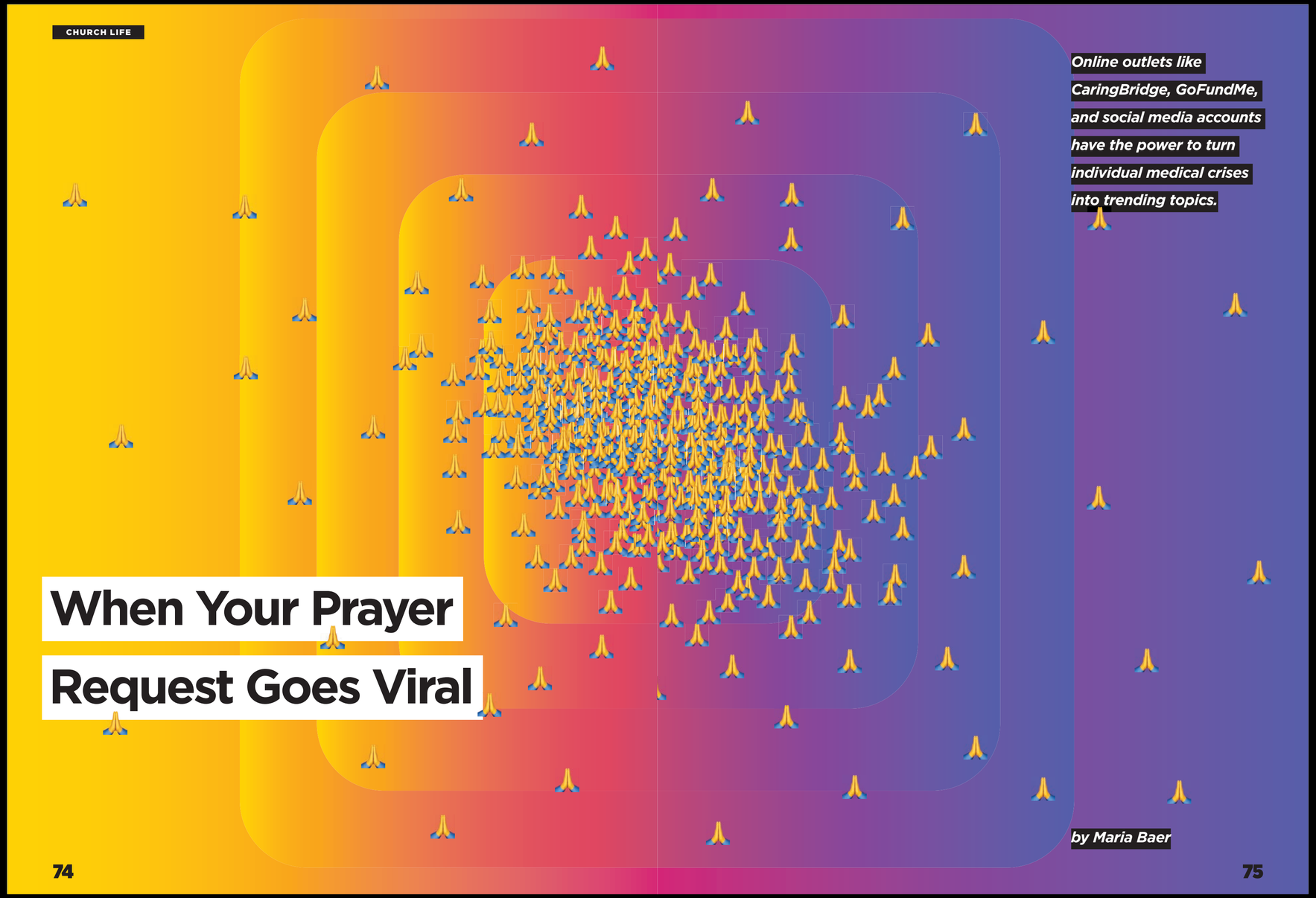

CT
CHRISTIANITY TODAY
MARCH 2022
CCM FOR THE METAVERSE
P. 17
BABIES BEHIND BARS
P. 38
CAUCASUS CHRISTIANS
P. 54
FAITH
YOU'RE NOT DECONSTRUCTING?
WHY THE EXVANGELICAL BUZZWORD MIGHT JUST RENEW YOUR LOVE FOR GOOD THEOLOGY.
03
0 73917 84052 6
CHRISTIANITYTODAY.COM
US $9.99 / CANADA $11.99


CT
CHRISTIANITY TODAY
APRIL 2016
WHEN 'MY' ABORTION DOCTOR DIED p. 46
LOVE IN THE TIME OF ZIKA p. 64
PIPER'S BIBLE BULWARK p. 69
WHEN TO DISOBEY
CHRISTIANS SHOULD SUBMIT TO THE GOVERNING AUTHORITIES— EXCEPT WHEN THEY SHOULDN'T.

CREATING A CULTURE OF RESILIENCE

The strongest witness for the gospel in a post-Christian society is not to blend in but to stick out.

BY MARK SAYERS



When Your Prayer Request Goes Viral

Online outlets like CaringBridge, GoFundMe, and social media accounts have the power to turn individual medical crises into trending topics.

by Maria Baer

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN NATION NATIONALIST?

THREE BOOKS EXPLORE THE CULTURAL AND RACIAL ANXIETIES THAT TEMPT SOME WHITE EVANGELICALS. BUT THE AUTHORS HAVE ANXIETIES OF THEIR OWN. **BY MATTHEW LEE ANDERSON**

IN THE MID-2000s, it was fashionable among journalists and academics to worry that America was on the verge of becoming a theocracy. Conservative white evangelicals had fueled the election of George W. Bush and helped turn Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ* into a box-office smash. They seemed poised for renewed political and cultural dominance. And so books and articles poured forth warnings about the peculiar dangers of "Dominionism," "Christian Reconstructionism," and various other movements conspiring to impose Christian beliefs on an unsuspecting populace.

This narrative came crashing down with the election of Barack Obama. Almost overnight, fears of America descending into a theocracy evaporated. Pundits began forecasting the death of the Religious Right, and the same evangelicals who had helped propel Bush to power spent the next eight years playing defense. More and more, they saw themselves not as ascendant governing partners but as targets of a crusading secularism.

And then Donald Trump broke everything. His surprising election, enabled in part by white evangelical support, reawakened fears that religious conservatives would mobilize underneath a theocratic banner. Margaret Atwood's 1985 novel *The Handmaid's Tale*, which imagines a fundamentalist dystopia where women are forced to breed, enjoyed a second life repurposed as a Trump-era cautionary tale (and a hit Netflix series).

Yet the idea of America descending into a genuine theocracy lacked the same surface plausibility it had during the Bush years. Though white evangelicals enthusiastically carried Trump into the White House, his lack of personal piety made him an unlikely candidate to preside over a thoroughly Christianized commonwealth. Nor, by and large, did his evangelical supporters mistake him for a godly statesman. Rather than King David, Trump was Cyrus, the pagan Persian emperor who, after conquering Babylon, allowed the Israelite captives to resettle in their homeland and rebuild the temple in Jerusalem.

God pays a lot of attention to

oops

negligence.

So should we.

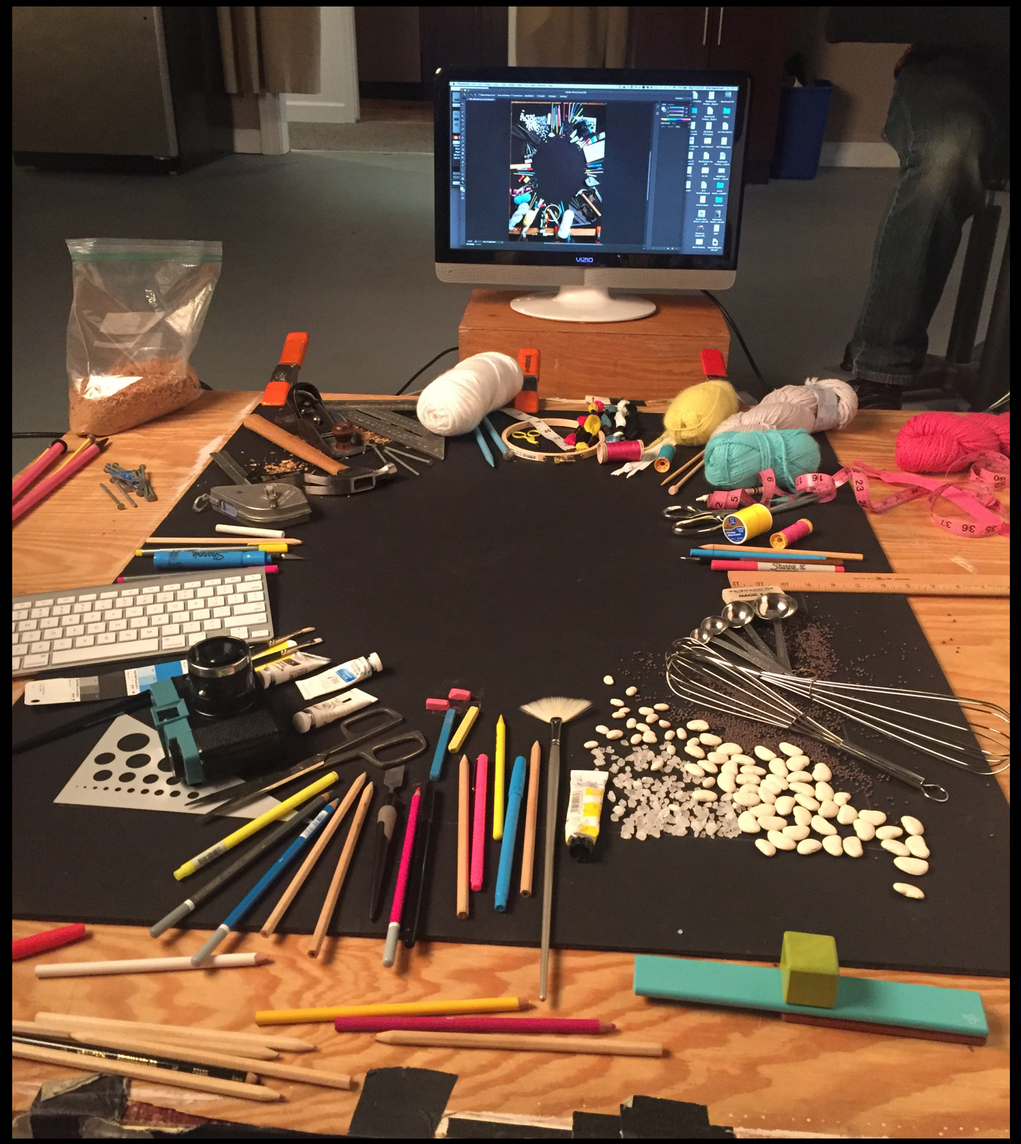
By Michael LeFebvre

According to US attorney Damian Williams, multiple workers had warned New Jersey builder Finbar O'Neill that the wall he had built was unsafe. But O'Neill ignored their warnings. He might have seen it as a small risk likely to pay off, but his employees were tragically right. O'Neill was charged in August for criminal neglect after those construction shortcuts turned deadly.

In 2017, O'Neill's company, OneKey, had been building multistructure luxury apartments along the Hudson River in Poughkeepsie. Site plans called for large mounds of dirt to be piled up to compact loose soil before construction began. Instead, the builder had a concrete-block wall erected to hold back a pile on one site while work began on a neighboring plot.

BONUS


CT
CHRISTIANITY TODAY
July/August 2016
MEET THE
Makers
20 LEADERS MIXING
FAITH AND INNOVATION
CHRISTIANITYTODAY.COM



ASSIGN

The case for a budget.

The Sprinter Who Held Fast

Eric Liddell's legacy for Christian athletes

100 years after his iconic Olympic victory.

Eric Liddell took his starting spot in the finals for the 400 meters. More than 6,000 paying spectators filled the stadium on that warm Friday night in Paris, a century ago, when the starting pistol fired and the Scottish runner took off from the outside lane.

And 47.6 seconds later, Liddell had set a new world record, leaving his competitors in awe and his fans grasping to make sense of what they had just witnessed.

Liddell's sprint at the 1924 Paris Olympics is a canon event in the history of Christian athletes, and not just because of what happened on the track. Liddell entered the 400-meter race only after learning that the heats for his best Olympic event, the 100 meters, would fall on a Sunday. He withdrew from that event, holding fast to his Christian convictions about observing the Sabbath.

Sports matter to us in large part because of the cultural narratives that give them significance. It's not just that athletes run, jump, reach, and throw with remarkable skill. It's that those bodily movements are fashioned and framed into broader webs of meaning that help us make sense of the world around us—both what is and what ought to be.

Liddell's performance in 1924 lingers because it was caught up in cultural narratives about what it means to be a Christian athlete and, by extension, what it means to be a Christian in a changing world.

His story inspired the 1982 Oscar-winning movie *Chariots of Fire*, which brought his accomplishments back into the spotlight and led to numerous inspirational biographies focused on his Christian legacy.

And as the Olympics return to Paris this summer, Liddell's name is part of the centennial commemorations. Ministries in Scotland and France are putting on events. The stadium where he raced has been renovated for use in the 2024 games and displays a plaque in his honor. His story still has something to teach us, whether we're Christian athletes or watching from the stands.

The son of missionaries, Liddell was born in China but spent most of his childhood at a boarding school in London. He was shaped by a broad British evangelicalism, developing habits of prayer, Bible reading, and other practices of the faith. He also had a knack for sports, both rugby and track. Speed was his primary weapon. Standing just 5 feet 9 inches and weighing 155 pounds, his slim frame disguised his strength.

Although he had an unorthodox running style—one competitor said,

BY PAUL EMORY PUTZ

Illustration by Nate Sweitzer

SAMSON WAS A FATALLY FLAWED HERO. SO WHY DID GOD STILL USE HIM?

A CONSECRATED FOOL

BY FRED SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY JONATHAN BARTLETT

Invasion Theology

By Andy Olsen

Thorns and thistles may be the Bible's classic metaphors for evil. But did the biblical writers ever meet kudzu?

Illustrations by Tim McDonagh

IN late spring across the Eastern United States, the shrub *Lonicera maackii* enters into its glory. It enrobes itself in cream-and-white blossoms that smell of citrusy syrup and drift to the ground as the days warm. By early autumn, its branches pop with shiny, pulpy berries that can linger into winter, a Christmas backdrop as lovely as mistletoe or holly.

October is the best month to kill this plant. But if you're busy then, really anytime will do.

East Coasters and Midwesterners once loved *Lonicera maackii*, better known as Amur honeysuckle. It was introduced into the US in 1898 by Niels E. Hansen, a Lutheran horticulture professor dispatched by the Department of Agriculture to scour the world for exotic plants that Americans might want to take for a spin. He told his students that he felt, as a botanist, he was "doing the Lord's work."

Hansen journeyed from Europe to China—by wagon, by train, and, for 700 miles, in a sleigh. He bagged carloads of specimens, shipping them back across the Atlantic. Among the first few hundred seeds was Amur honeysuckle.

The Department of Agriculture liked what it saw in this fast-growing, fruity shrub. It imported more from Britain and from Manchuria, the honeysuckle's homeland. From the 1930s to the '80s, the government's Soil Conservation Service distributed the plant to farmers and landowners across the United States to curb erosion and restore wildlife habitats.

We all make mistakes.

By the 1960s, folks from Chicago to Cincinnati were cursing the bush as a weed. Amur honeysuckle, also called bush honeysuckle, spreads like gossip and is nettlesome to eradicate. It leafs earlier than other trees and clings to its leaves longer, robbing native wildflowers and saplings of sunlight. It excretes chemicals into the soil that stunt nearby plants. It boosts tick populations.

In short, *Lonicera maackii* is the worst. It's banned from being sold in several states, and at least ten others blacklist it as an invasive species or as a "noxious weed." Where I live in Kentucky, a region that supplies much of the nation's valuable hardwood timber, forest managers watch helplessly as Amur honeysuckle floods the understory and smothers future generations of trees.

Bush honeysuckle simply wears people out. Billy Thomas, a forester at the University of Kentucky, calls it "a booger" and "our old nemesis." He says for anyone with ears to hear, "If you've got one or two plants on your property, now's the time to get them out of there."

I've obliged. Over the years, I've sawn, hacked, and poisoned the plant away from the edges of my property. I've trucked away more than 30 cubic yards of brush. I nearly lost a finger to a chainsaw while chewing into a 20-foot-tall thicket. More than once, I've slipped and fallen on the berry mash that accumulates underfoot when wrangling the felled limbs.

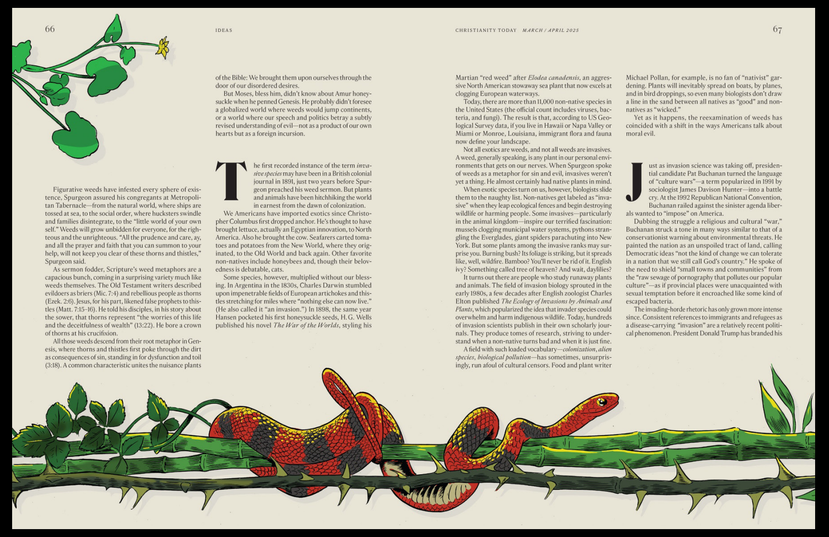
Maybe it's a kind of spiritual discipline. Gardeners tout weeding as the surest way to grasp all the Bible's talk of thorns and thistles: we don't fully contend with the curse of the ground until we sink actual shovel into hard dirt. "We could stand side by side, Adam and I, he in his skin shirt and I in my grubby jeans, hoeing, stopping to tear out an upstart cocklebur," the writer Virginia Stem Owens mused in *Christianity Today* in 1976. "We inhabit the same spiritual space."

I can't disagree. Spend a day excising a strawberry patch from a tide of Bermuda grass—disentangling the tentacular runners of one plant from another—and you'll relate to Christ's parable of the wheat and the tares in ways you wished you didn't.

Likely thousands of sermons have contemplated weeds. Some are weirdly laudatory.

Augustine, in his fight to prove the material world was not evil, argued that thorns and thistles, as part of God's creation, were, in fact, good. He envisioned weeds as a sort of biological Babel, a divine gift to restrain our worst impulses. "Even such herbs have their measure and form and order, which whoever considers soberly will find praiseworthy," he wrote.

In a similar vein, Charles Spurgeon preached a real downer of a message in March 1883. While Londoners readied their spring gardens, the Baptist pastor delivered 5,200 words about thorns and thistles, as if to brace his congregants for the toil that lay ahead. He said—*Cheer up!*—that weeds are a sign of God's mercy. The Fall could have been worse. Instead, the resulting curse does not strike Adam directly but "glances obliquely and falls upon the ground whereon he stands." (Did Spurgeon ever wake up blistered from poison ivy the day after clearing a fence line?)



Figurative weeds have infested every sphere of existence, Spurgeon assured his congregants at Metropolitan Tabernacle—from the natural world, where ships are tossed at sea, to the social order, where hucksters swindle and families disintegrate, to the "little world of your own self." Weeds will grow unbidden for everyone, for the righteous and the unrighteous. "All the prudence and care, ay, and all the prayer and faith that you can summon to your help, will not keep you clear of these thorns and thistles," Spurgeon said.

As sermon fodder, Scripture's weed metaphors are a capacious bunch, coming in a surprising variety much like weeds themselves. The Old Testament writers described evildoers as briers (Mic. 7:4) and rebellious people as thorns (Ezek. 2:6). Jesus, for his part, likened false prophets to thistles (Matt. 7:15–19). He told his disciples, in his story about the sower, that thorns represent "the worries of this life and the deceitfulness of wealth" (13:22). He bore a crown of thorns at his crucifixion.

All those weeds descend from their root metaphor in Genesis, where thorns and thistles first poke through the dirt as consequences of sin, standing in for dysfunction and toil (3:18). A common characteristic unites the nuisance plants of the Bible: We brought them upon ourselves through the door of our disordered desires.

But Moses, bless him, didn't know about Amur honeysuckle when he penned Genesis. He probably didn't foresee a globalized world where weeds would jump continents, or a world where our speech and politics betray a subtly revised understanding of evil—not as a product of our own hearts but as a foreign incursion.

The first recorded instance of the term *invasive species* may have been in a British colonial journal in 1858, just two years before Spurgeon preached his weed sermon. But plants and animals have been hitchhiking the world in earnest from the dawn of colonization.

We Americans have imported exotics since Christopher Columbus first dropped anchor. He's thought to have brought lettuce, actually an Egyptian innovation, to North America. Also he brought the cow. Seafarers carted tomatoes and potatoes from the New World, where they originated, to the Old World and back again. Other favorite non-natives include honeybees and, though their belovedness is debatable, cats.

Some species, however, multiplied without our blessing. In Argentina in the 1820s, Charles Darwin stumbled upon impenetrable fields of European artichokes and thistles stretching for miles where "nothing else can now live." (He also called it "an invasion.") In 1898, the same year Hansen pocketed his first honeysuckle seeds, H. G. Wells published his novel *The War of the Worlds*, styling his Martian "red weed" after *Elodea canadensis*, an aggressive North American waterway sea plant that now excels at clogging European waterways.

Today, there are more than 11,000 non-native species in the United States (the official count includes viruses, bacteria, and fungi). The result is that, according to US Geological Survey data, if you live in Hawaii or Napa Valley or Miami or Monroe, Louisiana, immigrant flora and fauna now define your landscape.

Not all exotics are weeds, and not all weeds are invasives. A weed, generally speaking, is any plant in our personal environments that gets on our nerves. When Spurgeon spoke of weeds as a metaphor for sin and evil, invasives weren't yet a thing. He almost certainly had native plants in mind.

When exotic species turn on us, however, biologists slide them to the naughty list. Non-natives get labeled as "invasive" when they leap ecological fences and begin destroying wildlife or harming people. Some invasives—particularly in the animal kingdom—inspire our terrified fascination: mussels clogging municipal water systems, pythons strangling the Everglades, giant spiders parachuting into New York. But some plants among the invasive ranks may surprise you. Burning bush? Its foliage is striking, but it spreads like, well, wildfire. Bamboo? You'll never be rid of it. English ivy? Something called tree of heaven? And wait, daylilies?

It turns out there are people who study runaway plants and animals. The field of invasion biology sprouted in the early 1980s, a few decades after English zoologist Charles Elton published *The Ecology of Invasions by Animals and Plants*, which popularized the idea that invader species could overwhelm and harm indigenous wildlife. Today, hundreds of invasion scientists publish in their own scholarly journals. They produce tomes of research, striving to understand when a non-native turns bad and when it is just fine.

A field with such loaded vocabulary—*colonization*, *alien species*, *biological pollution*—has sometimes, unsurprisingly, run afoul of cultural censors. Food and plant writer Michael Pollan, for example, is no fan of "nativist" gardening. Plants will inevitably spread on boats, by planes, and in bird droppings, so even many biologists don't draw a line in the sand between all natives as "good" and non-natives as "wicked."

Yet as it happens, the reexamination of weeds has coincided with a shift in the ways Americans talk about moral evil.

Just as invasion science was taking off, presidential candidate Pat Buchanan turned the language of "culture wars"—a term popularized in 1991 by sociologist James Davison Hunter—into a battle cry. At the 1992 Republican National Convention, Buchanan railed against the sinister agenda liberals wanted to "impose" on America.

Dubbing the struggle a religious and cultural "war," Buchanan struck a tone in many ways similar to that of a conservationist warning about environmental threats. He painted the nation as an unspoiled tract of land, calling Democratic ideas "not the kind of change we can tolerate in a nation that we still call God's country." He spoke of the need to shield "small towns and communities" from the "raw sewage of pornography that pollutes our popular culture"—as if provincial places were unacquainted with sexual temptation before it encroached like some kind of escaped bacteria.

The invading-horde rhetoric has only grown more intense since. Consistent references to immigrants and refugees as a disease-carrying "invasion" are a relatively recent political phenomenon. President Donald Trump has branded his

COVER STORY

A BORDER RUNS THROUGH IT

FOR TEENS TORN BETWEEN MEXICO AND AMERICA, BORDER MINISTRIES OFFER A HOME THAT TRANSCENDS BOTH.

BY BEKAH MCNEEL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CALEB BRYAN

JOCELYN DURAN’S

MOTHER CROSSED the US-Mexico border 17 years ago to give birth to her in a hospital in El Paso, Texas, making the baby girl the only American citizen in her family. When she was three years old, Duran moved from her mother’s home in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, to live with her grandmother in El Paso and begin attending school there.

An American education promised opportunity, an opportunity unlike any her family members had known and one she was expected to make good on. Together, she and her grandmother would turn nothing into something. “You start with zero,” Duran says. “Except this big dream.”

Her grandmother, who is undocumented, worked as domestic help. For a time they lived in whatever home the woman was tending. They struggled financially. Over the years, Duran felt torn between the life she was building in El Paso and the family she could almost see just across the trickling Rio Grande. She watched her grandmother, who felt abandoned, drift into hopelessness and eventually abandon her Protestant faith.

Once they were in an apartment of their own, Duran found her way to a church down the street and began developing what she characterizes as a “real relationship with Jesus.” It developed further when she was a student at Bowie High School, where she got involved in her church’s youth ministry. “If you don’t have Jesus, you’re just out here all alone,” she says.

The high school sits less than half a mile from the Cordova Bridge, one of four bridges connecting El Paso and Juárez. In Duran’s junior year, when her family felt she was old enough to walk over the bridge by herself, she decided to move back to Mexico to be with her mother, becoming one of hundreds of students who commute from homes in Juárez to schools in El Paso.

Now 17, Duran gets dropped off each morning at the bridge to stand in line and cross into America. The queue often stretches more than 100 people long, many of them students chatting outside in small groups or, typical for Duran, standing alone with earbuds in. They welcome the morning sun during the chilly desert winter but sweat beneath it in warmer months. Once inside the US Customs office, students separate into a special line just for them.

On foot, the journey from the Mexican side of the bridge to the front door of Bowie takes about an hour—relatively quick compared to the two hours it can take on rainy days when Duran catches a ride with a friend at 6 a.m. and crosses the bridge by car. Delays occasionally make her late to school, but not often. Students file through customs and walk across Chamizal National Memorial Park to Bowie, which is visible from the checkpoint.

At 3:57 each afternoon—Duran is precise about this time—she leaves school and does the crossing in reverse, catching a bus home on the Juárez side of the bridge. When she has tennis practice or swim team, she’s fortunate enough to miss rush hour and her mom picks her up on the other side.

Duran never notified the El Paso Independent School District about her change of residence when she moved in with her mother in Juárez; she’s still registered under her grandmother’s El Paso address. Technically, that is fraud. According to a district representative, any student who admits to living in Mexico “would put himself at risk, since by law we can only provide services to students who reside in El Paso County.” Even for US citizens, lying about residency for the purpose of attending a school district other than your own is grounds for nullifying credits or for expulsion; in some states it’s punishable with hefty fines and jail time.

But the practice has been common for decades in border cities like El Paso, and for the most part, school districts look the other way. (School funding in Texas is attendance-based, so binational commuters in fact bring districts additional state revenues.) Students residing in Mexico use relatives’ addresses to enroll in American schools. Families rent cheap apartments for the mailbox. One Young Life staffer remembers students banding together to pay for an apartment and putting different utilities in each of their names to prove residency.

School districts along the border have occasionally tried to crack down on such commuting, even posting photographers at points of entry to identify Mexican students. But Duran and binational students like her often feel they have little choice but to make such moral compromises, goaded forward by the decisions of their parents and by family expectations they may not even be aware of until adolescence. Like any teen, they are awkwardly searching for their place in the world only to realize a wall runs through theirs.

Jocelyn Duran waits in line outside a US Customs and Border Patrol checkpoint half a mile from her school in El Paso, Texas.

IMMIGRANT YOUTH COMMONLY FEEL STUCK BETWEEN TWO WORLDS—AND AS IF THEY MIGHT BE REJECTED BY EITHER OF THEM AT ANY MOMENT.

“Sometimes my conscience is like ‘aaahhh!!!!’ ” Duran says, making explosion gestures around her head. She describes filling out her FAFSA, the federal application for student aid and a standard part of the college application process, wrestling with right and wrong when asked for an address or information about her family’s income.

“It feels like I’m lying,” she says. “But it’s something I have to do if I want the best outcome for my life.”

Whether they have citizenship, temporary status, or no documents at all, immigrant youth commonly feel stuck between two worlds—and as if they might be rejected by either of them at any moment. That tension is especially acute for many teens raised along the southwest border, whose proximity to it makes it that much harder to navigate the societal and logistical difficulties that national boundaries create. For teens like Duran, church youth groups and national networks like Young Life offer a home that transcends the border—a rare place to feel like they belong and sort out what it means to live for Christ in a culture of “the middle.”

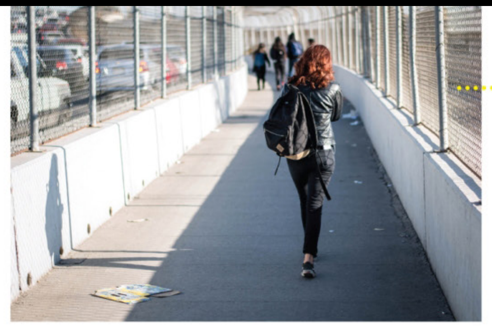
“[We tell them] their hope is not in America,” says Young Life leader Bridget Chacón, who focuses on college students in El Paso. “Their hope is in Jesus.”

LAST FALL,

the 33-year-old Chacón stood at a recruiting table in the University of Texas at El Paso (UTEP) student center. Young Life’s highly relational discipleship mission was a natural fit with her outgoing, charismatic personality. Connecting came easily. But the bridge crossers had been a hard group to crack. When she tried to reach out, the students declined invites to events or coffee and rarely explained why. Sometimes they walked campus alone; sometimes they moved in small groups, closed circuits of shared experiences.

Most international commuters at UTEP have student visas or are US citizens living in Juárez, but “if they don’t trust you, they won’t tell you they commute every day,” Chacón says.

That particular day at the Young Life table, however, a new student leader had joined Chacón at the table and she noticed something changing. Andrea Carolina “Caro” Perez Lopez, 24, was chatting with the commuters not only in Spanish, which Chacón could have done, but in the colloquialisms and slang of Juárez. Perez Lopez told the students that she too crossed the border every day on a student visa.



The morning commute for students crossing the US-Mexico border in El Paso can take an hour on foot or up to two hours by car.

When she began commuting to El Paso for college, Perez Lopez was surprised how isolated she felt. She had the one or two friends she crossed the bridge with every day, but once she got to campus she missed the big social network she’d left behind in Juárez. She was struck by the cultural divide between the Mexican Americans and the Mexicans. Which route you take to school each morning may seem trivial to outsiders, but it was consequential and disruptive to her.

“I felt very alone,” Perez Lopez says. “I needed to find my people.”

Chacón invited her to a pancake dinner, and soon Perez Lopez was hooked on Young Life. Others in the ministry helped her dig into some of the complicated parts of her life, including the pressure that comes along with going to school in the US, the pressure to prove that it was worth whatever sacrifices she and her family made. “I needed to figure myself out in multiple layers,” she says.

Perez Lopez came for the connection but soon found she loved Bible study too. While she grew up Catholic and still considers herself so, she’d never gotten to know the Bible like she did through Young Life, where she found herself “pulling up layers and layers of what Scripture offers.”

With Perez Lopez as their point of contact, more Mexican and binational UTEP students began coming to Young Life events. The ministry to students living in Juárez has grown to the point that Chacón is laying the groundwork to establish a Young Life club there.

COLO-RADO

Springs–based Young Life is best known for its work with high school students. But the $400 million ministry enrolls more than 300,000 youth a week in regular club meetings around the world, from middle schools to military bases.

Kim Prieto believes Young Life is, in many ways, the perfect ministry to students whose lives straddle the border. “We’re so used to dealing with messy lives,” says the 62-year-old, who recently retired after working for nine years with Young Life in El Paso and still keeps in touch with many of the high school students she mentored. For her, the complexities of border life pale in comparison to helping teens get out of troubles the border can exacerbate, such as dangerous living situations or sexual abuse. “We never really asked them much about their [immigration] situation unless something came up,” Prieto says.

A few years prior, a teen who had been living in El Paso under the assumption that she was a US citizen asked her parents if she could go to Young Life camp. That’s when her parents told her that she was undocumented and she could not travel. Not only could she not go to camp, she confided in Prieto, but all of her future plans suddenly felt uncertain. “We just walked with her in it,” Prieto says.

One of the most important jobs of Young Life staff on the border, Prieto says, is to build safe and stable relationships with students and offer spaces where they can work through their fears and uncertainties with others. El Paso is ground zero for the national immigration debate—President Trump launched his 2020 campaign there, as did Democratic challenger Beto O’Rourke—and the heat of the spotlight has heightened anxiety in students’ households. “People weren’t coming out of their homes,” says Prieto, who points out that illegal immigration is far less of a conversation in El Paso than it is in other parts of the country. “God is not a God of fear,” she emphasizes with students. “We go boldly with God.”

Holly Smith, 43, teaches high school more than 600 miles southeast in McAllen, Texas, just across the border from Reynosa, Mexico. As the faculty sponsor for Young Lives, a Young Life ministry to teen moms, she says she reminds students, “God has a plan for your life whether you are documented or not.”

Smith has students whose immigration status has trapped them in abusive situations or who were left effectively homeless after their families were

THE GENTLE ART OF MANLINESS

Jason Wilson is training young men for emotional and physical health. Sometimes, that means fighting for it.

By Sho Baraka

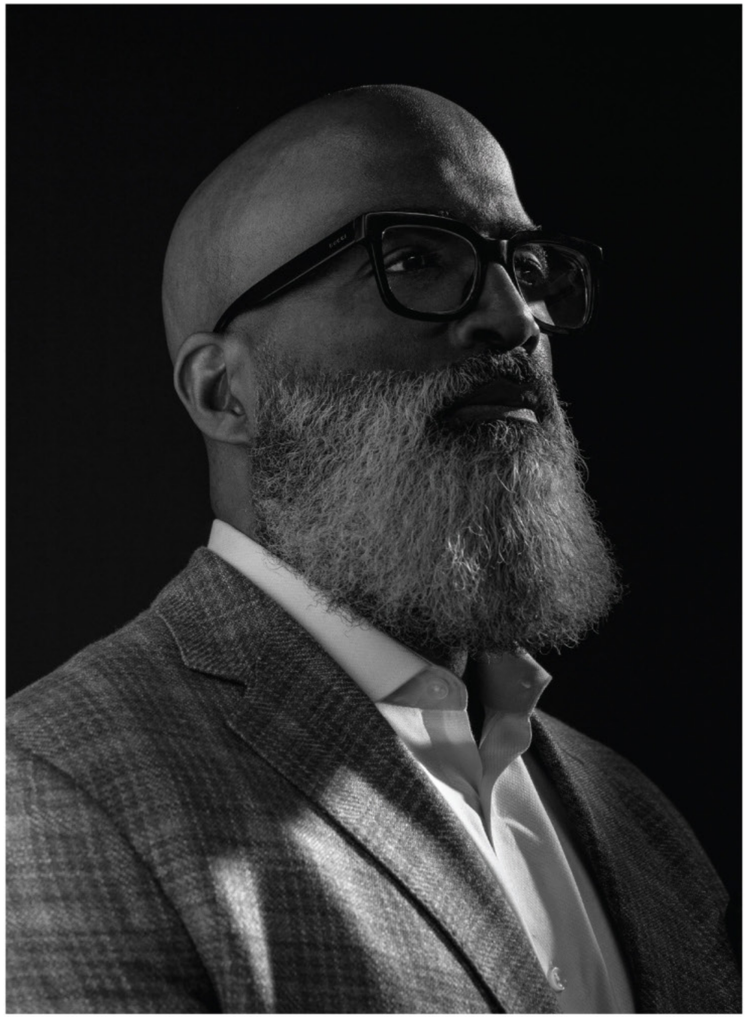
I STOOD AT THE PERIMETER OF A room carpeted with tatami mats, watching a troop of young boys recite scriptures and creeds and reflect on their emotions. They were preparing to engage in battle—specifically, Brazilian jiujitsu. "I will not be mastered by my emotions," they said in unison. "Instead, I will rule over them."

This is The Yunion, Jason Wilson's nonprofit that offers leadership training and support for youth in the Oakman Boulevard Community of Detroit. Symbolically, the modest three-story brick building sits between a flourishing Catholic church and blocks of blighted houses, acting as a sinew for the two worlds.

The core ministry of The Yunion is the Cave of Adullam Transformational Training Academy (CATTA). The cave is a rite-of-passage program that uses emotional training and martial arts to develop African American young men. In this densely populated and ignored neighborhood in Detroit, the Cave of Adullam has a waiting list of over 800 youth.

WILSON ISN'T SEEKING TO BE A MASter of machismo. Despite more than 1.5 million followers on Instagram and other platforms, numerous celebrity endorsements, and multiple popular books on masculinity—*Cry Like a Man*, *Battle Cry*, and most recently *The Man the Moment Demands*—Wilson does not give trite or tweetable definitions of what it means to be a man. Instead, he and his training academy live in the liminal space between traditional manhood and the modern awakening of mental and emotional health.

I met Wilson 15 years ago when we were both in the Christian hip-hop



Photograph by CJ Benninger *for Christianity Today*

Art is costly.

Art is costly.

Art has value.

It's worth it.

Thank you.

SARAHEGORDON.COM