

NormalcyMag

Exploring American Culture



**Holidays in Best Style:
Giving Our Least Worst Gift to the World**

**Volume 1, Number 4
December 2017**

Editor's Standard

NormalcyMag

A publication of
The Cepia Club LLC

Publisher & Editor:
Tim Krenz

www.normalcymag.com

The Cepia Club LLC
P.O. Box 60
Osceola, WI 54020

Distribution:
Unlimited Digital, Free
Print Copies (first 100), Free
To guarantee digital delivery
contact:
normalcymag@gmail.com

All Materials Copyrighted 2017
The Cepia Club LLC
All Rights Reserved

Welcome to NormalcyMag! In this issue, we celebrate the holiday of Christmas. We aim no offense at those who do not celebrate, nor do we want to offend anyone for our own way of celebrating it. Whether believers or non-believers in the story behind its purpose, we hope everyone can take away something useful from this issue. We do, however, make absolutely no apologies for our own very human need, desire, and unfettered want to believe in the everyday types of miracles. These sorts of miracles defy even the most rational person's resistance, and assist all humans to sort out the mess of our lives here on earth.

In the selections presented, I share a very personal experience defying all disappointments in my "Sub Terra Vita" column. In J.D. Schloss's "Story" of a department store Santa Clause, you will read of the Job-like trials of Dudovek. I personally think this story J.D.'s best we ever published so far. In "Reflecting," "The Ghost" contributor, writing as his-

or herself, talks of relationships past, and how we can view them in proper perspective. In a non-Christmas "Low Adventures," I continue with Part 4 of the years-long trekking to complete the Superior Hiking Trail doing one or two weekend trips a year. To round out the issue in the "Versing" section, Pi Kietly once again strikes from the netherworld and his grave, with this posthumous poem from his unsorted work, "Alphabet Psalms." Like all poetry, it says what it says, no more, no less. We wish everyone with heartfelt sincerity, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward All." Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! Make it a stellar success in 2018. As always with our magazine, I admonish readers: Please read with open mind!

Sincerely,
Tim Krenz
Editor-Publisher

All writers responsible for their own content in NormalcyMag. Advertisers not responsible for content in NormalcyMag. Writers and advertisers do not necessarily endorse or support mission or statements of NormalcyMag. NormalcyMag not responsible, nor necessarily endorses, the contributors or advertisers in NormalcyMag. NormalcyMag encourages due diligence by readers and viewers and to use discretion in reference to any and all advertisers in NormalcyMag, and to follow links, addresses, services, offers, etc. by NormalcyMag and any advertisers in NormalcyMag or online at their own risk.

Thank you.

NormalcyMag

Cover graphic design by
Christopher J.
"Cree" Larson

Table of Contents

Sub Terra Vita #49		
My Own Time Out for Christmas		P. 3
By Tim Krenz		
Story		
Dudovek's Crummy Commie Christmas Cheer		P. 4
By J.D. Schloss		
Reflecting		
Ghost of Relationships Past		P. 6
By "The Ghost"		
Low Adventures Part 4		
Cold as Hell on Split Rock Loop		P. 8
By Tim Krenz		
Versing		
Sad Night Pory Psalm		P. 11
By Pi Kietly		

Sub Terra Vita Chronicle #49

My Own Time Out for Christmas

By Tim Krenz

For those who like the holidays, we all remember some Christmases more often and with better, warmer thoughts than others. Christmas some years means more to us than at other times, and the highs and lows usually reflect our relationships with family. I can recall some things about Christmas time in my youth, and I take those times to the present, very pleasant thought how more understanding I become with years of living.

At the time too young to remember, as I heard in the story, my mother bought my father a very stylish, brown leather overcoat one year for Christmas. And in another time I do remember, I got a severe disciplining on one Christmas Eve for misbehaving before we left for church. The next year, because I taunted my everyone over my “time out” the year before, I received another of those archaic “disciplinings.” Disciplining these days has a different approach than since the early 1970s. Now, and since a long time past, kids get that “time out” in a different way, but I learned to behaved better growing up and did not get that style of “time out” too often.

My immediate family celebrated our own Christmas Eves, with the big dinners, gifts and games the rest of the evening until time for midnight Mass. On Christmas Day, we spent the afternoons and evenings at my aunt and uncle's house across the St. Croix River from Osceola, Wisconsin, at their big house in Scandia, Minnesota. All the aunts, uncles, cousins, and pets on my mom's side of the family would gather for a night of feasting and fun and presents.

Christmas holidays bring their memories, and even the small things of a child's life can transform a person to such feats of stardom and greatness, and plainly become joy, sung like odes of a symphonic chorale finale.

My father always worked from early afternoons until late evenings at his life-long job at a factory in St. Paul, Minnesota. He slept until late mornings and did not arrive home well-after 1 a.m. I rarely saw him growing up, except on the weekends, but he sometimes worked then, too. He almost always took a few vacation days around Christmas and New Year's, but the rest of the year he never had time to


do much. Father just worked and he did that very well to give us a steady living.

In fourth grade at Osceola Elementary School, my class did a Christmas play, which aside from this story has its other legendary elements. For our play called “Time Out for Christmas,” I co-starred opposite my classmate, Greta. I played a Teddy Bear and she played a Rag Doll. Paul, my best friend then and to this day, played some kind of time on the holiday calendar. I also remember my friends playing “Tick” and “Tock,” in a secular story about toys at Christmas. I do not remember much else about the actual plot of the play but neither does it matter. I surprise myself that I remember that much of it, almost 40 years later.

On the day we had our big afternoon performance for the entire school and for parents and teachers in the elementary auditorium, we also had a special morning performance in our small classroom, part practice for the big show, part performance for those who could not attend in the afternoon.

We had the sets out, the props ready, the costumes on, and everything else ready to go in the room. Outside the classroom, we waited for show time. When that time came, we entered the room of our little “theater in the square.”

In front row I immediately saw my Mom and my Dad. Dad smiled his big grin right at me when I noticed him, completely surprised. He wore his white collared work shirt and black tie under his very stylish brown leather overcoat. He had woke early that day, readied for work, and did it all so he could come to my school play!

I believe our cast and crew performed well that day. That did not matter so much. My father would later come to one of my freshman football games in high school with my mom, and of course they came to my high school graduation. Still, that first time attending something meant the most. I do get it, now, all of it, in fact. My biggest ever “Time Out for Christmas” absolutely rang out all odes for joy. And still, today, after he gave it to me after graduation, I sometimes wear that old, very stylish, brown leather overcoat. 



The Cepia Club LLC
connecting people...with community media

Story

Dodovek's Crummy Commie Christmas Cheer

By J.D. Schloss

More water buffalo than man, Dodovek finished looping the chain between the front tire of his Puch Mo-ped to the parking sign, and sighed as he spun the dial on the lock.

"*One more day of this; just more one day,*" he mumbled to himself. He made his way over to the shuttle and was grateful to be the first Santa on the bus. Sitting in the back of the bus with the elves on the long bench seats was much more comfortable than being squeezed up tight against another portly Saint Nick up front.

"Weeee, it's Santa! Weeee! Weeee," shrieked Sally the elf, as Dodovek waddled down the aisle of the bus towards her.

"AAARGGHH, you're killing me, Sally," bellowed Dodovek. "I thought we agreed to stay out of character on the bus, damn it! This is my sanctuary."

"Oh, Dodovek, it's the last day. We've almost made it. Take it easy and give me some Christmas cheer."

"Christmas cheer? Jesus Christ, you've gotta be kidding me. Consumerism has ruined the spirit of the season for me. If you're not rich, you can't celebrate Christmas. I don't think anyone even knows what the hell we're celebrating any more," Dodovek replied.

"You do see the irony in this, Dodovek, don't you," Sally asked. Her good mood deflated by Dodovek's unwillingness to lighten up.

"My point exactly, little Elf," Dodovek replied, lifting Sally's hopes that his use of the diminutive might be a sign that history wouldn't repeat itself. Her hopes were crushed though, as Dodovek began his daily rant.

"Of course, I see that being dressed up in this ridiculous costume, on my way to act like Santa for a few shekels an hour, in a Christ-forsaken, billion-acre shopping mall reeks of hypocrisy. I don't even believe in the Jesus or whatever the hell Christmas is *supposed* to represent. And yes, dearest Elf, my credentials as a card-carrying member of the Communist Party should be called into question given my current employment in service of Capitalist greed."

"Take a gander up in front, Santa," Sally said.

Dodovek turned around and saw a sea of red. Two of his fellow Santas appeared to be stuck in the aisle.

Dodovek had run into this same dilemma earlier in the season, in trying to vie for a seat next to Sally. It had been

quite the struggle to get untangled, and the cries of "break out the grease?" and "butter their flanks!" had been most hurtful.

"Looks to me like your Commie credentials are actually getting bolstered here, Dodovek. You're a Santa among Santas; a worker among workers, you know. All that jazz," Sally proclaimed.

"Jesus...," was his only response. Disgruntled, angry, and powerless he may be, he wasn't stupid. Her barb stung with truth and he could see the elf had a point.

Hours later, Dodovek found himself exhausted. He was tired of being Santa, tired of being a Communist, tired of driving a Mo-ped in the cold Dallas winter, and tired of 1973. The line of children waiting to sit in his lap snaked all the way past the Tom Thumb store. He had a tremendous love for all children. It was mostly their parents that drove him bonkers. He was of the firm belief that teachers, coaches, and especially parents felt it was their job to slowly deflate the buoyant, joyful spirit of kids.

"Bradley, you tell Santa what you want right now!" A man with a cruel looking mustache shouted as little Bradley Twist climbed onto Dodovek's lap. "Jesus Christ, Son, you've been begging me all month to see Santa," the man continued, his face obscured now by the cloud of smoke billowing from the cigarette dangling out of the corner of his mouth.



Dodovek was surprised. Not so much at the vile man but at little Bradley’s countenance. The little boy—“Santa” guessed he was around three or four years old—had a determined, yet pensive look on his face. He appeared to be completely immune to the pressure being put on him by the man.

Dodovek had learned the hard way to not get entangled in any of the domestic chaos that surrounded the youngsters over the years. He was there to do his job, ask them what they want, smile for the camera, say “Ho Ho Ho” and repeat the process.

“So what do you want for. . .” Dodovek began.

“I don’t know, Santa,” Bradley said, interrupting him. He whispered “I don’t understand.”

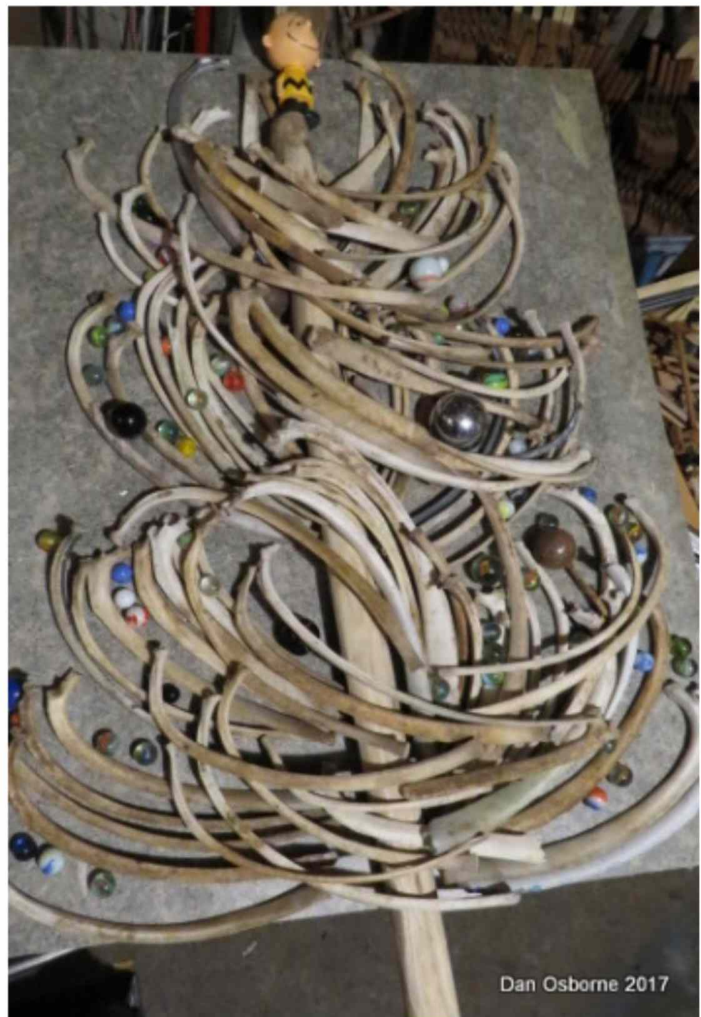
“What’s on your mind, Master Bradley,” Dodovek asked.

“Well, 'Jesus Christ Superstar' is a song we sing in the car. And Jesus is your son, Santa, a little baby who lives on a farm. And Jesus Christ is a bad word Papa says all the time. . .”

Dodovek lifted Bradley up off his lap and raised the boy to the heavens. This shopping mall Santa felt the weight of all his cynicism and fear float away.

“You’re a fine, young champion, Master Bradley.” Dodovek told the boy.

Something in Dodovek’s eyes told Bradley that everything would be alright. “Thank you, Bradley. You’re the reason for the season.”



Dan Osborne 2017

Above: Art and graphics contributor Dan Osborne offers his mutli-bones-mixed media sculpture to the world. "A Charlie Bones Christmas tree"? The world can only benefit from recycling in art.



Reflecting

Ghosts of Relationships Past

by "The Ghost"

One of the cruelest jokes the world plays on us is meeting the right person at the wrong time. Or is it?

Perhaps, for better or worse, we meet who we are supposed to meet when we are supposed to meet them. Not every relationship, romantic or otherwise, is going to last forever. Just because a relationship doesn't last forever does not mean it was a waste or happened at the wrong time. There is value, and there are lessons to be learned and experiences to have from each and every relationship we have whether they meet our expectations for longevity or not.

Assuming that a person I met 15 years ago is the right person to meet in the here and now is absurd. That 20 year old person is now 35 and is a completely different person now based on the life experiences they have gone through. Of course, this doesn't mean that if I met them for the first time now it wouldn't be the right time, but to think that I should have met them at a different time is the argument.

Example:

Once there was a male whose age was 26 who met a female, age 21. Neither of them had many responsibilities aside from going to work. They have a whirlwind yearlong romantic relationship that eventually ends and both move on with their lives. During the relationship love grew, romance was passionate, trust was broken and it ended in heart ache. Since then one had been married, had children and had been divorced. The other one has had several long term relationships and has had children as well. Many factors have changed throughout the past 15 years. To think that if this now 41-year-old male and 35-year-old female were to meet today that now would be the right time is an interesting concept.

Had they not met 15 years ago, and were meeting for the first time in the present day with additional life experiences and children on each side, who is to say that their relationship would have any better chance of lasting longer than it did the first time? Would this new romance spawn the statement, "I wish I would have met you 15 years ago, before I had kids," or the statement, "I can't wait until the kids are grown so it is just us"? What about a rekindling of their initial love? Would being reintroduced to each other at this point in their lives insure any lengthier relationship?

I do not know if it is human nature or just me who has a hard time staying in the here and now. It seems as though we are trying to figure out why relationships don't last forever when we are longing for the past, looking back at it and wondering what I (or they) could have done differently to have prolonged that moment. Acceptance is very important here. I believe that we meet people when we are supposed to meet them, and if we were meant to meet them at a different time, then that is when we would meet them.

My truth is I am always changing and evolving as a person whether I feel it or not. I meet people when I am supposed to meet them and relationships last as long as they are meant to last. To say to the me of today should meet the you from 10 years ago or the me from 15 years ago should meet the you 10 years from now is really unfair and ridiculous. That is not reality and takes value away not only from me but from others as well. Be glad and appreciate the relationships we have today even if they do not end the way we want them to or when we expect them to.

A change in perspective and perception can do wonders for our reality.



UBET GAZETTE
The Cepia Club Community Newsletter

www.cepiaclub.com
Published by the Cepia Club LLC -- PO Box 60, Osceola, WI 54020



Research and writing, business and strategic planning, models, public relations projects, media projects, and consulting, management services to non-profits, public events, and political efforts. fundraising and advertising campaign management.

The Cepia Club LLC

Publishing, Cegiaglobal Associated Membership Program,
and CegioclubNet

WWW.CEPIACLUB.COM

The Low Adventures: Trekking Superior Hiking Trail Part 4: Cold as Hell on Split Rock Loop

By Tim Krenz

Sometimes it takes a rude, crude endurance of a conquerable challenge to learn lessons. By learning through sheer survival of something bitter, we should hope to gain experience and knowledge of how to do something, and do it better next time. In the trip to the Superior Hiking Trail in late April 2003, I learned the value of proper preparation for the weather, and never to take a few degrees of latitude and a radically different geography for granted.

When Craig and I connected to travel together on Interstate 35 to the northern touristy wilds of the state, we had sunny weather and mid eighties in degrees of temperature, and I had come from home in Osceola, Wisconsin, out of a promising spring and a very beautiful climate. As a result, I packed some layers of clothing on me and in my bag, but light layers. "Pack layers as they work to keep you warm," I heard somewhere. I did so because I did not want to carry heavy stuff. When we left the fast food place in North Branch, Minnesota to begin our weekend journey, I took one of the free tree saplings in a plastic bag, in order to properly celebrate a beautiful, temperate, and warm Arbor Day weekend.

A couple hours later when we stopped at the visitor's center overlooking Duluth, Minnesota, we got out of the car under gloomy, overcast skies, sparkled with some rain drops. As the hard wind came off Lake Superior and barreled up the harbor into the hills, I realized, to my horror, that I would freeze myself senseless in that peculiar lake-effect weather. I made the greenhorn mistake camping the north shore: I packed the wrong clothing.

North of Duluth, the skies did brighten, a little, as we drove into Gooseberry Falls State Park. Once parked, Craig fiddled in the visitor's and interpretive center while I sat outside scribbling in a new journal. Craig had brought me a partly used, orange, hard cover forestry notebook for me to log the journal of these infamous low adventures. I wrote my first entry in the book, "my fate of harm from nature or a heart attack rest with god. May he bless all these trips herein

described." With that dedication, Craig and I put our packs on our backs and off we walked.

Up the Gooseberry River in short order, we crossed under the highway bridge and up and around to the building by the highway we walked past the year before. The rustic and boarded-up stone and timber park building, built by a Depression-era conservation corps, looked even more dilapidated and forlorn than when we saw it last. Yet it looked more holy as a relic, a temple to an age long past, when the scale of things seem to have had a more noble, defined, and simpler character. The sight made me wonder if modernity does not actually see or even understand, if seen, the heritage of which history gives us a sense of going from whence we came. Perhaps I wondered a little to oddly, overtly reflective, and too philosophically, a useless question. Yet it seems more pertinent now to ponder such things than 15 years ago from when I write this memoir.

Right: One of the more savory-looking dishes of Craig Mueller's home-made, DIY dehydrated stews, which look like this after soaking in water for two hours. When boiled and cooked, and spiced with mixes, the hot, Craig most often provided delicious meals of hearty fare for the hungry and cold campers on the various trips to the S.H.T.



We walked for two hours, with some breaks, including one when I had to put my feet up to relieve chest pains from a horrible gas reflux attack. At least I did not have that feared coronary in the first hour of walking. The trail north that day from Gooseberry Falls did not, surprisingly, go up every damned hill. It followed some of the flat ground, too. We would find this phenomenon an aberration of the trail over the years. Over the course of trekking that day, I saw my first bear paw prints. It freaked me out seeing them smudged in the water-filled mud holes. Craig tried to ease my mind by telling me that they looked like just rather large and mis-formed deer tracks. "Bolshevik!" I thought.

We arrived at Blueberry Hill campsite a little after 2 p.m. Once done with the warmth of walking, I put on every scant of clothing I could find in my gear. Craig and I did the usual camp chores, and we put up my new Eureka two-person tent, which Craig had picked up for me in the Twin Cities. White, gray and dark green; roomy, spacious; with a good three-sided rain fly; and a front door vestibule; I liked my new purchase right away.

After the chores, Craig made a pot of coffee, drawing our water from the stream that ran next to our campsite. We did not do much the rest of the afternoon. I read George Orwell's novel, *Burmese Days*, and he pattered with a book that looked uninteresting to me. Craig re-hydrated a stew he made and dried with a machine at his home. It introduced to me a flavorful spice he discovered in the Peace Corps during his stay Kenya. Called Mchuze Mix, the spice made the stew edible.

The temperature dropped after early sundown with inclining worry to me. The coffee we kept making kept me warmed, and also kept me using nature's facilities too frequently. We putzed with a fire until 8 p.m., and then settled into the crowded tent. I slept horribly. The temperature dropped into the thirties, and I only had a foam pad and sleeping bag, a combination which did not keep me in a cocoon of warmth but rather in a frigid shake. Even though I wore all my clothing, including a light, threadbare nylon pullover windbreaker, I lost most of my body heat to the cold ground. I spent the night chilly, shivering, and determined to get a better air-filled, self-inflating ground mat for future trips.



Above: The author writes in his new orange forestry notebook at Blueberry Hill campsite, a gift on the trip from his side-kick and friend, Craig Mueller. Often criticized by Craig's wife, Jennifer, for putting in too much detail in the journals left at cabin visits, Tim Krenz always felt that in notes and journals the details would sort themselves out of the story when the actual editing and writing took place. In some parts of the "orange journal," especially early on (from which the author writes the "Low Adventure" series for this magazine) the details seem too sparse. Well, for the rest of the story, Craig Mueller has threatened to write rebuttals for clarification on "what really happened." Photo by Craig Mueller.

We got out of bed at 6 a.m. Coffee, cold pre-cooked bacon and hard-boiled eggs from home made up breakfast. I shivered that morning sitting on a hewed log, wrapped in my sleeping bag, shivering to berate the devil of cold out of me like some dog left out in snowstorm. When packed up, and before we left Blueberry Hill campsite, I planted my little Arbor Day tree, near the latrine next to the campsite. Craig took photos. He also made some disparaging comments, although not an unusual occurrence of his. We left the camp at 8 a.m. and moved onward with the cold low adventure.



Above: The author views the "big lake," Lake Superior, in the top left portion of this photo, and views all the vast expanse of the land from a hilltop on the trip. On the backpacking trip from Gooseberry Falls State Park, the author talks of the cold weather, under 40 degrees (F) at night. Notice the thin, coldish layers worn in this photo? Because of a lack of experience, and for his first spring trek on the trail north of Duluth, MN, the author underprepared. Here, he wears every amount of clothing he brought.

On that day's six hour walk, we came to an overlook from which we could see the big lake almost one miles away. We noticed some kayakers through the binoculars, small looking due to the distance and the huge enormity of the lake behind them. Kayaking on Lake Superior on a cold April morning seemed extreme in a way, but with the sun now out, a cold calm, and no waves on the lake, those kayakers seemed to have no cares. I respected that freedom. They must have prepared for their high adventure better than I prepared for mine.

At a little creek that ran downhill into the Split Rock River, Craig took out his fishing rod from a p.v.c. pipe attached to his pack. He assembled it, with a spinning reel, and he proceeded to cast into the creek. I read Orwell, which I

found an intriguing book, like all of Orwell's less widely read books. About a policeman in Burma with a disfigurement, trying to make his way to social respectability and into a marriage with a society girl, Orwell captured the futility of opposing fate. It reflected Craig's futility to catch fish. When we moved onward, I signed as a guest in a spiral notebook left in a covered wooden box on a pole. Once in while on the S.H.T. we would see those, and as a rule, we always signed some name, real or pseudonymous. A few steps later we entered Split Rock River State Park.

The walk took us westward along the south shore of Split Rock River. The going got rather treacherous, when the trail crawled along the cliff sides of rock with mud and dirty water streaming down them. At one point, we held the rock with our hands above our head, facing the cliff as we scooted along a narrow board walk. On a flat stretch, we got passed by a German man with a light pack and two ski poles to guide his speedy trot. This guy, who we gave the trail name of "Gunther," had only two more short sections of trail before he completed the entire course of it. He chided me for my walking stick, a piece of wood painted half black and half red, which I had once used as a Halloween prop. Gunther did not think much of my "light saber." Even so, we stood in awe of him when we saw him walking opposite us back toward the lake on the north side of the river. His fitness shamed Craig and I. Then again, we both vowed to never, ever use damn ski poles as they would make us look almost too fit and in shape, and far too touristy and trendy. On the other hand, I never brought the light saber on another trek along the trail.

We came to the first campsite on the Split Rock Loop. Stuck in some copse of cedar trees, it provided no sun light. Craig insisted, however, that we move to the site upriver, next to the footbridge, because the ice along the shore looked unstable. We would have had to stand on the ice to draw water. Craig thought it unsafe. After six hours of walking already, I protested with "frankness." Nevertheless, I followed Craig, while I cursed and swore with frankness, another half mile to the last campsite upriver, which fortunately had plenty of sun. The footbridge, which replaced one washed out further downstream, looked rather sideways but serviceable for crossing.

Versing

Sadnight Pory Psalm
by Pi Kielty (p.)

We pitched my new tent over pine boughs that some idiot(s) had cut from trees to give their tent ground insulation. While we both felt upset at someone or some people having cut down the branches in high impact camping, we used the available ground cover nonetheless. The boughs would at least provide me some insulation from the cold ground while sleeping. Again, after camp chores, I put on every stitch of thin clothing, and for the rest of the day while I read the rest of Orwell's *Burmese Days*, I tried very hard to stay in the sunshine on a cold damn day in northern Minnesota. Craig made some re-hydrated ghoulish on his rickety, unreliable camp stove. He flavored it with some sort of dull and zany tomato paste. It tasted very bland; rather awful, in fact. I did not eat much that night. Now cold, tired and hungry, I went to the tent around 10 p.m. after dithering over a fire, a couple of hours after Craig turned into bed. With a better sleeping arrangement, including putting my empty pack under my legs for insulation, I slept better.

We woke early again, 6:30 a.m. Our breakfast consisted only of that vilely crap-i-licious form of "camp coffee," as we planned to stop for burgers and pies outside of Two Harbors, MN. We would eat a hearty lunch after Jen, Anya, and Liz picked us up at Split Rock Lighthouse to bring us to Craig's little green truck at Gooseberry Falls. Craig and I crossed the bridge by the site for the final leg, and we made our way along the north side of the Split Rock River, heading east toward the big lake. We rested mid-way in a storm shelter, a wooden lean-to building on top of a hill, from where we could clearly see the big lake to the southeast.

By the time we drove into the restaurant parking lot, I started to feel warmer after three days of dry, twitching cold. I did not prepare myself to endure, but I did endure nonetheless. When I arrived back in Osceola at my apartment later that afternoon, we still had the weather I left behind on Friday—mid eighty degrees, sunny, warm, and summerish pleasant. I took an hour-long hot, hot shower which started to thaw the very cold bones deep in my body. Beginning with that trip to the Split Rock Loop, I always brought a little extra clothing and sleeping gear, just in case nature did not do as I expected.



*No man, nor flower, nor bird, no beast, not gathered
by sun, nor 'pon garden's feast. God casted out,
forever, the dark, the dim, and a glum, of a no where,
nothing, no frolic, nor fun. Before a morning passed,
God's hammered command sparked a light to blast.
Warm life did swarm, and soon in distress. He
bestowed one a likeness, the other his breast. Banning
the void, He also left Night, leaving it dark, to fearful
hiding, an unknow'd fright.*

*Time went. And the days did find and still eyes could
see, yet Night aged, blind. And, too, grew old—lonely.
It tolled darkest, the hummed tones chimed. Did ever
God say, "Call Night never blessed, only matter, nor
MINE"?*

*Unlighted, pale of dark, evenings creatures teemed.
No smiles seen, in Night's lightless means. Night can
only dream . . . of Creation. Day not daunted, it flees
Night's 'vitation; day's settings timed and done.
Always night left behind, a union unwon. Sad the
Night remained. . . unwanted, . . . unloved. . . and
awaited the joys of God's only shining Son.*

