

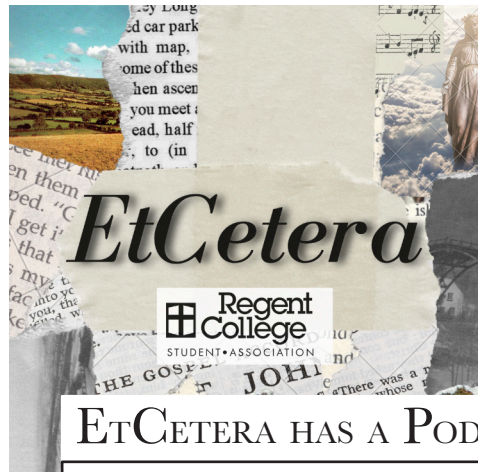
OVERHEARD AT REGENT

“But they were all of them deceived... For another reindeer was made...”

DAD JOKE OF THE WEEK

“I really love how the sun rises and then goes back down again.

It really makes my day.”



ETCETERA HAS A PODCAST!

The EtCetera Podcast features interviews, experiences, and stories from students, faculty, alumni, and friends of Regent College.

Available on Spotify and Apple Podcasts.

THE BUNYAN - JAN. 17, 2023

OWEN STRACHAN NAMED NEXT LAING LECTURER

Pugnacious and biblically masculine Owen Strachan has been named the next Laing Lecturer. Strachan, famous for his impassioned jeremiad *Christianity and Wokeness: How the Social Justice Movement Is Hijacking the Gospel – And How to Stop It* (which no doubt ranks alongside *A Secular Age* in its astute, nuanced analysis of culture), first came to prominence as co-editor of the book *The Pastor as Public Theologian* with Kevin Vanhoozer in 2015 but Vanhoozer does not like to talk about that.

When reached for comment on selecting Strachan, Regent had this to say: “In the past we have had marvellous theologians like Stanley Hauerwas, novelists like Marilynne Robinson, and philosophers like Albert Borgmann deliver the Laing Lectures. But we also believe that ‘theology is for all of life’ and we are pleased to pick someone who works in a strip mall. Talk about marketplace theology! Surely this makes Dr. Strachan a tactful voice of the proletariat.”

CONTACT ETCETERA

EMAIL: etcetera@regent-college.edu

INSTAGRAM: [regent_etc](https://www.instagram.com/regent_etc)

ETCETERA

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WE ASKED AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE TO EXPLAIN TRANSUBSTANTIATION

A few weeks ago I began to play around with ChatGPT - a new AI chatbot publicly available online. After witnessing its impressive automated writing abilities, I decided to ask it to explain the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. The essay that follows is entirely AI generated.

Transubstantiation is a doctrine in the Catholic Church that holds that during the celebration of the Eucharist, the bread and wine used in the sacrament are transformed into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. This belief is central to the Catholic faith, and is rooted in the teachings of Jesus and the early Church Fathers.

The concept of transubstantiation can be traced back to the Last Supper, when Jesus shared bread and wine with his disciples and said, "This is my body" and "This is my blood." The Catholic Church maintains that these words should be understood literally, as Jesus was present in the Eucharist in a real and substantial way. This belief in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist is a key aspect of transubstantiation.

The Catholic Church has defined transubstantiation as the change of the whole substance of bread into the substance of the body of Christ and the whole substance of wine into the substance of the blood of Christ. This change is referred to as "transubstantiation" and is said to be a "miracle" in which the "accidents" of bread and wine remain, while the "substance" or reality of the bread and wine is replaced by the body and blood of Jesus. This is how the Eucharist can appear to be bread and wine, yet still be the body and blood of Jesus.

Transubstantiation was first officially defined at the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215, but it has been believed by Catholics since the earliest days

of the Church. The doctrine has been consistently taught throughout the history of the Catholic Church, and is seen as a central aspect of Catholic faith and worship.

The belief in transubstantiation is seen as a powerful and meaningful aspect of the Catholic faith. The Eucharist is considered to be the source and summit of the Christian life, and transubstantiation adds a deeper level of significance to this sacrament. Through the Eucharist, Catholics are believed to participate in the sacrifice of Jesus and receive his grace and blessings.

Transubstantiation is also used to refute the heresy of Berengarianism, which held that the bread and wine used in the Eucharist were only symbols of the body and blood of Jesus, and not the actual body and blood itself. The Catholic Church has always maintained that the bread and wine used in the Eucharist are the actual body and blood of Jesus, and that this belief is a fundamental aspect of the Catholic faith.

In conclusion, transubstantiation is a central doctrine of the Catholic Church that holds that during the celebration of the Eucharist, the bread and wine used in the sacrament are transformed into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. This belief is rooted in the teachings of Jesus and the early Church Fathers, and is consistent with the Church's belief in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist. It has been consistently taught by the Church throughout history, and is seen as a powerful and meaningful aspect of the Catholic faith. Transubstantiation adds a deeper level of significance to the Eucharist and helps Catholics to participate in the sacrifice of Jesus and receive his grace and blessings.

EtCetera Submission Guidelines

EtCetera welcomes submissions from all members of the Regent community including students, staff, faculty, and alumni.

EtCetera publishes fiction, non-fiction, poetry, and visual artwork.

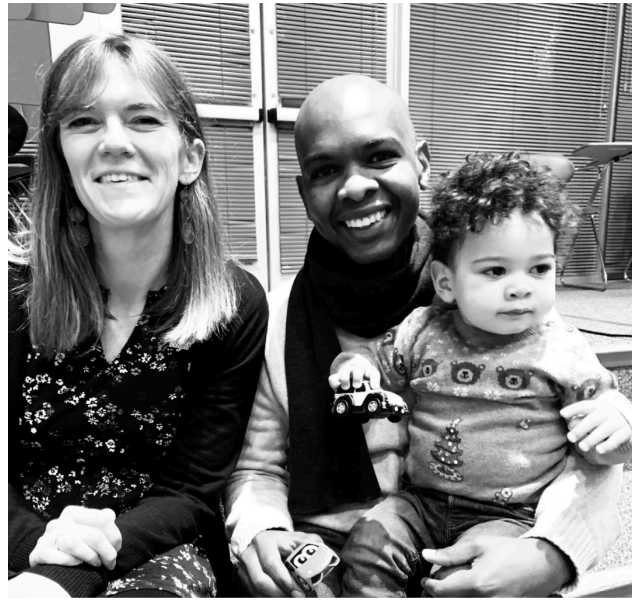
EtCetera welcomes submission on any topic, but preference will be given to pieces that are directly relevant to the experiences of the Regent Community, life in Vancouver, or material covered in Regent's curriculum.

Written submissions may not exceed 1000 words in length.

All submissions are subject to minor edits, and may be returned if substantial edits are needed.

All submissions are to be sent to:
etcetera@regent-college.edu

HUMANS OF REGENT: PASCAL IVAHA



I grew up on a very small island in the middle of the Indian Ocean, a very beautiful place that I started to discover when I was older. This happened when I actually left the island. When I would come back, I would discover all the mountains, trails, and hikes, so that's how I discovered how beautiful my island is. The island has beauty in the mix of races and different influences in the culture and food as well. It's influenced me to really look for other cultures. That's why I like to be here at Regent as well - I see different things and the mix of other cultures and in the different food as well that we see here.

The biggest struggle since starting Regent has been trying to find a rhythm because I am here with my wife and our baby. He's been going through all the baby things like teething and getting sick. So with that comes some very rough nights. Not only this but the jet lag at the beginning of our time has made things really difficult here. We are tired and there is difficulty in taking breaks while caring for the baby because we used to have our in-laws back in France look after him which would allow us to have some breaks. But here it's been more difficult. So, the rhythm as a family and trying to balance that with the rhythm as a student has been the biggest challenge and struggle since we started school.

Through all these tough times I've found a lot of joy in having good times, even though they've been scarce, with our son. Just to see him grow and develop. He's got a good personality - he loves a lot and he's enjoying things, just some random stuff and moments. He's expressing his joy; that's the beauty of

babies- they don't have filters. When they are bad they are very bad, but when they are full of joy, that brings light in our lives and in our house.

I've seen God working in the past two months. During this time, my Dad almost passed away and I was in complete despair; I really thought that it was the end for him. Somehow, talking to some students and teachers here at Regent, through prayers, words of comfort, as well as our church, etc., has really helped us. All this chain of prayers has shown us we are blessed. This is how God has worked, and God has been so good - he helped my Father throughout this time and now he's on the path of recovery even though it's still slow. For me, that's how I think God led these past two months, and I've seen his hand moving: taking my dad through the bad situation he was in, to this recovery period. Still a long way to go, but that's how I've seen God moving so evidently. We were told there was nothing else that could be done for him. But still God acted and we're so thankful and grateful for that.

JANUARY 1ST

The new year came in quietly

Barely announcing its arrival.

It greeted me calmly with the morning's glow

"We've been waiting for you" I say,

"Like the changing of the guards."

The new year simply nods from its post.

We stare at each other for a moment.

"Friend or Foe?" I whisper,

"The last few years have not been very kind."

The new year sighs in understanding.

"I cannot say. I am just an ambassador of time representing 365 days.

Whatever happens within them is entirely your doing."

Those words echo as I begin the first day

FAMILIARITY BREEDS... LOVE: WA/ONDERINGS THROUGH A NEW CITY

Over the past few days as I've been acclimatizing to Vancouver, a new rhythm has been played to my senses. The city sings its own song. Every city does. But Vancouver's words and melodies are new to me. Legalized weed? "Merry Kush-mas." Canadian city? "Royal Bank of Canada." Considerable East Asian population? "La Win Supermarket." Liberal North American city? Rainbow flags. Wealthy population? Mercedes G-classes. I'm listening in and learning Vancouver's song.

This city, and this life, is unfamiliar. Not purely because of new brands, new wares, sights and sounds, but because this city isn't mine and I am not hers. I don't belong to her and she doesn't belong to me. I am a guest, a visitor and she, like a new acquaintance, unfamiliar.

Even amidst this newness, though, my present finds curious fellowship with the echoes of my memory. As I walk down physical streets into downtown Vancouver and chart roads into conversations with my housemates, there have been flashes of familiarity: phone plans and bank accounts are universal in their construction and operation, a pizza meal deal echoes the kebab shop of Welsh memory, public transport requires a Compass card—the international sibling of Singapore's EZ-Link and London's Oyster—and, what every solo traveller and/or dweller can attest to, grocery shopping for an individual person is as much of a logistic challenge as ever.

Further still, beyond these superficial resonances there are still deeper familiarities: a Chilean ophthalmologist housemate speaks German. He and I, both non-natives, communicate in German, splashing about in a language that we are both strangers to, and yet somehow still defines us. A Canadian architect housemate has similar concerns with modern capitalism, and as he prepares a smoothie, we wonder what healthy socialist influence in society could look like. An Irish housemate working in fashion, is asking questions about Jesus as he comes to believe, wondering and wandering—similar roads I have trodden and will tread still. Perhaps these flashes of familiarity will one day become foundations of familiarity, but for now, they are just glimpses of what could be; light peeking between a closed door and its frame, sunlight falling through the drawn curtains.

Beyond the systems of operation in Vancouver and people of the house, there have been other flashes of familiarity too. I crossed paths with an English-Canadian gentlemen outside a Baptist church and we spoke briefly. We are shared in Christ, and he extended an invitation to that weekend's service, and yet, there seemed to be no significant familiarity between us. This was perhaps further influenced by the rejection of my offer for a handshake (Covid concerns, as understandable as they may be, might still have a continued social impact). A pair of ladies, one Eastern European and the other Filipino, invited me to a Bible Study with the Jehovah's Witnesses. I spoke to

them for a while, but felt more like a choice target, than a chosen friend. The deeper I walked downtown, the more unfamiliar, the more alone and, surprisingly, the more unloved I felt. It wasn't the coldness of the weather that was getting to me, it was the cold feeling of being unknown, the cold feeling of unfamiliarity, the cold feeling of lovelessness. No amount of church buildings or church people seemed to help, not least of all the Church of Scientology's building with its bright blue wraps-round-the-corner-of-a-building signage.

But then, when I least expected it, or perhaps more concerning still, least looking, I found him. Or perhaps it was he who found me. Hanging high above, in the centre of the city, in a building one might think to be the source of the coldness and death in the city, there he was, neither cold, nor dead. There he was waiting. I saw his deeply familiar face, and I'd like to think that afternoon he saw my face as familiar too.

When I deserved it least, God gave me most. I think it was the Saviour's face itself I saw. (Godric, pg. 144, HarperCollins).

I wonder if he had been waiting for me to wander in? Or perhaps it was he who beckoned me down cold and unfamiliar streets to him, and I simply hadn't recognized his voice till I saw his face. Raised high up there in the air flanked by vaulted ceilings—which ever draw the eye heavenward—there, where my ever-searching eyes met my ever-searching heart, he was.

Through the day as I wandered and wondered through downtown Vancouver. I knew that I was alone. Despite the din of traffic there was silence in me. Not stillness, but silence. Not settled peace, but suffocating privatization. As I pilgrimed alone through the streets, praising the gods of capitalism and excess, adoring in my heart of hearts, branded jackets and technical hiking gear with eyes full of gluttony and heart devoid of any worthy familiarity, true Religion called out to me as I caught glimpse of a stone grey spire peeking through it all. "It must be a church," was what I thought to myself upon first sight, "I wonder what kind?" As I turned a corner the spire became a cathedral. It called me in. And so it came to be that it in a Catholic church in downtown Vancouver he found me. So it came to be that in a Catholic church in downtown Vancouver I wasn't alone.

There I sat in the pew next to the gently gradated centre aisle. I saw him hanging high up there. He saw me. I stayed a while. My sweet Jesus. I was finally warm. He read me. I read the red song book about him. There I sat with my Father, my Friend and my Fellow.

For the first time, since arriving in Vancouver, I was wrapped in the embrace of familiarity. For the first time, since arriving in Vancouver, I was loved. I finally heard a song I knew. It was the song that knew me.

RYAN MICHAEL CHIN