

OVERHEARD AT REGENT

“When your mom tells you to stop swearing, thats one thing. But when Eugene Peterson tells you to stop swearing... thats like, oh man, I’ve seen the error in my ways. Y’know?”

DAD JOKE OF THE WEEK

Why does the Swedish Navy have bar codes on their ships?

So that they can Scandinavian.



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. 31, 2023

MALTS STUDENT DISAPPOINTED

Norm Clavin emerged from INDS 632: Theology and Spirituality of Work looking disappointed. Our perceptive reporter spoke to him in the Atrium where he was perusing Barry Hankins’ book Jesus and Gin: Evangelicalism, the Roaring Twenties, and Today’s Culture Wars.

“I gotta admit, it’s not what I expected,” Norm hesitantly said, “in a program called MALTS I was expecting something more...hands on...I mean, don’t get me wrong, I am learning how to integrate my faith and my work like never before and this program really seems like a throwback to Regent’s original mission of cultivating theological reflectiveness among the laity but...I thought we’d be brewing whiskey.”

When pressed for further comment he whispered, “I’ve just heard such legendary things about the ‘stash’ in the faculty lounge.”

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ETCETERA

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A PEACEFUL TRANSITION OF POWER



Former Pub King Harman Thomas (right) has returned to Regent after a period of absence, during which Dryden Demchuk (left) was given the title of Pub King by the RCSA.

Regent’s Pub King is tasked with the promotion, management, and hosting of Regent’s weekly Pub Nights.

The RCSA is ~~regretful~~ **thrilled** to announce that there was a ~~furious bar brawl~~ **peaceful transition of power** between ~~apostate~~ **former** Pub King Harman Thomas and the ~~one true~~ **current reigning** Pub King Dryden Demchuk at Regent’s weekly Pub Night on Thursday, January 19th, 2023.

The ~~bloodbath~~ **ceremony** began when Harman ~~dared to step foot~~ **arrived** at the Wolf & Hound Pub at 8:30 PM, where he promptly engaged in ~~hand-to-hand combat~~ **a warm hug and friendly handshake** with Dryden, who was ~~well-prepared for the attack~~ **thrilled to see his old friend Harman**.

Other guests of the pub were ~~horrified~~ **overjoyed** at the ~~amount of blood shed~~ **visible affection** between the two men while they ~~fought, seemingly to the death~~ **bonded over food and drink**.

Dryden and Harman were ~~forcibly removed by pub staff~~ **stepped outside for some fresh air** where they exchanged ~~vitriolic verbal assaults~~ **pleasantries and well-wishes** in between ~~furious death blows to the head~~ **joyously sung pub choruses**.

Following the ~~gory~~ **heartwarming** display, Harman expressed his ~~disgust at the unholy thought~~ **delight at the notion** of Dryden continuing to serve as Pub King, and Dryden likewise spoke of the ~~feelings of unspeakable revulsion~~ **brotherhood and unity** that will surely continue to exist to between the former and current Pub Kings well into the future.

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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: JORDAN WEAVER



gone away since then; I feel like this is where God wants me to be. But it was definitely a learning experience just because this was my first time being away from home for a long period of time. So I guess my greatest joy and my greatest struggle are kind of intertwined.

Recently, I've noticed God working on me and showing me what my gifts are. I've been having some new opportunities working in ministry. At this point, I'm here in the M.Div program but I don't feel called to be a pastor, but I've had some opportunities specifically through my supervised ministry course to be doing some pastoral things which has been a great learning experience. I've been able to have some opportunities to teach, which is something I enjoy and I'm hoping to explore that further especially through the next year and a half and probably through the rest of my life. I've been thankful for those very practical experiences and I've been able to see God at work through them.

I've lived in Eastern Canada, more specifically, New Brunswick, for my entire life before coming to Vancouver in the Fall of 2021. I have been a student for a long time; before coming to Regent I was an undergraduate student studying biology. Towards the end of my time in that program I felt God's prompting to some type of ministry which is how I ended up at Regent in the Master of Divinity program. I am now in my third year; I started in the middle of Covid and did a year online. I enjoy music; both listening to music and playing music. I've played the piano for almost twenty years now which seems kinda weird to say...

The greatest joy I've had since starting Regent has been being able to come study in person at Regent, in Vancouver. I did a year online which was necessary because of the circumstances in Covid, but it was not the same experience as being here personally and able to actually meet people. That has been my single greatest joy.

Ironically, my greatest struggle since starting Regent is also coming to study here in person. It was my first time being away from family for a significant amount of time. I'd never felt homesick before moving to Vancouver and that feeling has

Planted Window Panes

Hidden lives, whisper through windows.
Split by brick: regular, prosaic, still
Sills plotted with a potted mosaic.
Plants peak past the passing
Window panes that portray stories.
They betray busy hands; benignant
Prelude of empty plastic water pots,
Tin blinds tilted to tapered slant, try
Or twist, lift to let light sift silently in.
A room steeped in sunlight where
Stooped sunflower seeds some promise
And persists into the mourning colour of night.
Planted windows insist they are filled with
Hidden lives, alive like brief squares of dawn.

CALEB BERBERICH

A THINLY VEILED METAPHOR

One of the most surprising findings in the recently-discovered and quite fragmentary *Book X* of Sozomen is the story which follows about an unnamed school of theology in Constantinople. It takes place when the glory of Byzantium as a centre of cosmopolitan trade and learning was in its ascendancy, and when aspiring theologians came from all over the world to study there. The school was not just a place of learning--its students and teachers lived together and engaged with the wider life of the city around it, bearing much fruit of scholarship and friendship. Its reputation and fame grew, and its scholars participated in many of the great debates and councils of the age.

Sometime before the founding of the school, a new food had been introduced to Constantinople via traders from Ethiopia. It was dark and bitter, yet rich in flavor, providing a pleasant sort of energetic stimulation, and could be made very sweet besides. It was called "toffee", and the Greeks were crazy for it. Toffee houses sprang up around the city, and daily customs were arranged around the eating of toffee. Merchants were all too quick to take advantage of this fad, and it was not possible to walk more than a stade without being assaulted by the toffee hawkers. One particularly large consortium of merchants originating from Syria, known as the Bar S'tukh guild, was ultimately successful in consolidating most of the toffee sales in Constantinople through the developing of a series of favorable trade contracts and the establishment of larger and more efficient toffee manufactories that enabled them to undercut the prices of the smaller and more labor-intensive houses. Soon, their flag (a virgin martyr wearing her halo on a field of green) was to be seen everywhere in the city, and became synonymous with toffee.

Now, in those days there was a young boy at the school, who had grown up among its scholars, being related to the librarian. It must be said that this Alexander often played the rascal, though nonetheless he was a common and well-loved sight throughout the halls of the school. Of course, those affiliated with this school of theology were not immune from the desire for toffee, as it was no doubt a sign of God's small everyday kindness in the difficulties of life, and Alexander, being an enterprising youth, decided to take on the task of selling toffee to students and scholars. And so every day he would rise early, make the day's toffee, and cart it into the school. He set up a small stand near the well in the school's courtyard, and throughout the day the scholars and students would buy toffee to go with their breakfasts or lunches, or in between lectures. Soon, the school's affiliates were staying within the courtyard to buy their toffee, rather than walking outside to the closest Bar S'tukh's on their own as they were accustomed to do. As a happy artifact of this change, the conversations among those in the school grew in number and depth, and "Alexander's well" became a central gathering point that

facilitated the spiritual and communal purposes of the college in an unofficial and yet increasingly important manner.

One Spring, a plague arose in Constantinople. It caused such fear and dread that its residents locked themselves in their houses and refused to meet, and Emperor Theodosius declared that houses of public learning be greatly restricted in their operations while the plague ran its course. The use of the school courtyard was thus forbidden, and professors had to teach by shouting their lectures into the dormitories of the students, or by writing them letters on scrolls. The students by and large paid no attention, even when they could hear their teachers' words, and the scrolls were often read hastily, two or three at a time. Toffee, for its part, was such an important part of Greek life at this point that toffee houses were allowed to remain open, though many of the smaller ones failed entirely, not making enough money to pay the plague tax. This is the surprising reason Sozomen gives us for the now-familiar monopoly of Bar S'tukh's.

When the plague eventually passed and the school reopened, it did so in a very different mode. Many of the professors and students had decided they preferred the method of long-distance shouting and letter-writing, and those who remembered the happy days of Alexander's well were long-graduated. The new students who came to live and study at the school were used to picking up their toffee from a Bar S'tukh's before walking swiftly across the empty courtyard on the way to their lectures. Nothing remained of the vibrant culture of discussion and friendship that took place while affiliates were standing around waiting for their turn to hand a follis to Alexander in exchange for the day's toffee. Alexander himself, like so many others, had been forced to find diverse employment during the plague, but had waited eagerly for its cessation so that he might reopen his toffee stand. When he was finally able to do so, he observed with dismay how his trays of toffee went unaddressed in the courtyard. Students hurried by without so much as a glance, clutching toffees wrapped in Bar S'tukh green and talking only to those whom they happened to already know.

Here the fragmentary nature of our source frustrates further inquiry, and we have no indication of Sozomen's purpose in including this story in his larger project. What became, then, of Alexander and his toffee cart? What became, indeed, of the unnamed school of theology featured here? The end has been lost to time, but it must apparently have been a sad one, for while Bar S'tukh's is mentioned by other historians right on down to the present, we have no other source (extant, at least) that mentions Alexander or the school he loved so much.

JONATHAN LIPPS