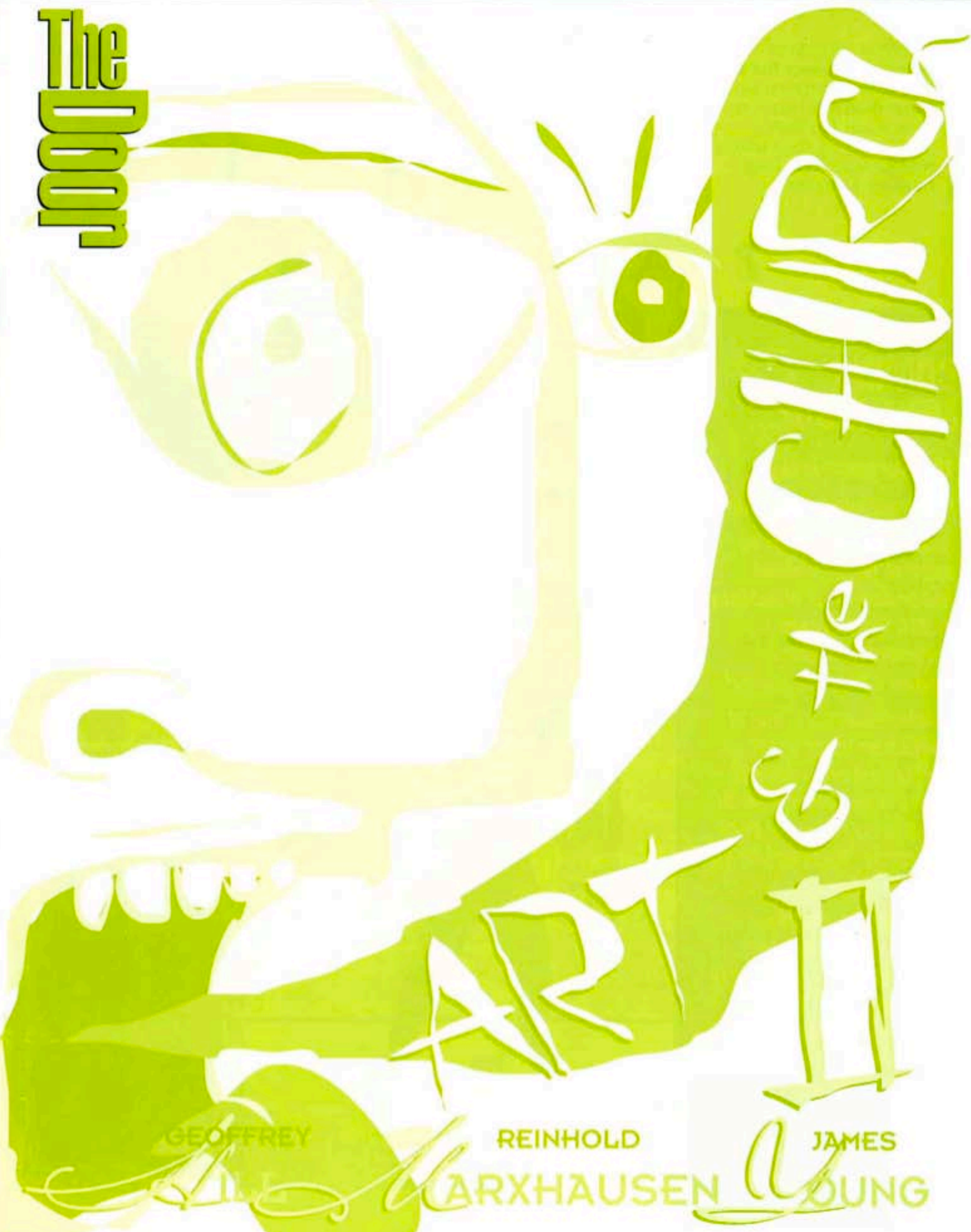


The Door



DOOR

by the

ART

TH

GEOFFREY

REINHOLD

JAMES

ARXHAUSEN

YOUNG

Handwritten signature in cursive script, likely 'Geoffrey Arxhausen'.

Handwritten signature in cursive script, likely 'James Young'.

ART CRITICISM IN CHURCH HISTORY

THE MASTERPIECE

THE RENAISSANCE CHURCH (Represented by Bovino Brutezza, 15th Century priest and cheesemaker)

THE MODERN CHURCH (Represented by Skip Johnson, your friendly but average youth pastor)

The Last Supper
Leonardo da Vinci

A great work! A marvel of composition, balance, perspective, and interpretation.

Christ is in the picture—good. They are drinking alcoholic beverages—bad. The disciples have no legs—difficult. The colors balance and blend—pretty.

The Mona Lisa
Leonardo da Vinci

A portrait of subtlety, dazzling refinement, scientific perfection and psychological penetration.

She's ugly; that can be said. As to the business of the intriguing smile, some dogs are more fascinating.

The David
Michelangelo

Marvelous sculpture! A gigantic nude wrought from a flat matrix, exuding strength, spiritual wrath and pulsing with energy, physical and mental.

Whoa! Get a fig leaf, quick!

The Pieta
Michelangelo

Never has inorganic material been used to express such emotion: tenderness, pity, grief. An organic whole.

What a great lawn ornament.

The Sistine Chapel
Michelangelo

10,000 square feet of gloriously creative fresco representing, in a riot of color and figure, the creation and fall of man.

Suggestion: wouldn't a neutral beige in a semi-gloss enamel have been more appropriate for a place of worship?

Birth of Venus
Botticelli

Influenced by neoplatonic ideas of beauty and classical mythological themes. A superb "nude on the half shell" exemplifying refined grace and delicacy.

Hey, didn't Uma Thurman portray her in *The Adventures of Baron Munchhausen*? Excellent.

The Supper at Emmaus
Caravaggio

The daring use of foreshortening and chiaroscuro precisely captures the drama of Luke 24:31, "Their eyes were opened and they knew him."

So Christ was a beardless Italian—not!

School of Athens
Raphael

Represents the noblest expression of the human intellect. An ode to knowledge and philosophy.

A vacuously pointless picture, sinful in its glorification of human wisdom and suitable only for hubris-dominated, sleazy, rat-headed aesthetes.

The Fall of the Damned
Signorelli

Inspired by Dante's *Divine Comedy*, it is a riotous depiction, part of Signorelli's *Last Judgment* frescoes.


Demons! Naked Women! This is nothing short of...actually, let's take a closer look at this.

Venus of Urbino
Titan

Wonderful! A cherished companion.

Shocking! No getting around it. This is nothing short of 15th Century pornography. Did we catch the name of that artist?

B Y D A R R E L S P E N S T

THE
SPIRITUAL
 **TRIVIAL**
WORD
ASSOCIATION
GAME

HOW TO PLAY:

We give you the first (spiritual) and last (trivial) word. Using word association, fill in the connecting spaces. Discover the extent of your own triviality. Good luck!

<u>God</u>	<u>Love</u>	<u>Prophet</u>
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
<u>Slimfast</u>	<u>Javex</u>	<u>Benny Hinn</u>
_____	_____	_____
<u>Miracle</u>	<u>Resurrection</u>	<u>Heaven</u>
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
<u>Scrabble</u>	<u>Popcorn</u>	<u>Gorillas in the Mist</u>

*☞ A Fun Time For All!
 Go from the Spiritual
 to the trivial in a
 few easy steps! It's
 the American Way! ☞*

BY DARREL SPENST

<u>Scrabble</u>	<u>Papers</u>	<u>Gorillas in the Mist</u>
<u>Word-Faith</u>	<u>Mouse</u>	<u>Evolution</u>
<u>Robert Tilton</u>	<u>Oscar</u>	<u>Creation</u>
<u>Healing</u>	<u>Victory</u>	<u>Earth</u>
<u>Miracle</u>	<u>Resurrection</u>	<u>Heaven</u>
<u>Slimfast</u>	<u>Javex</u>	<u>Benny Hinn</u>
<u>Tommy Lasorda</u>	<u>Laundry</u>	<u>Fake Prophet</u>
<u>Baseball</u>	<u>Dirty</u>	<u>Benny Hinn</u>
<u>America</u>	<u>Sex</u>	<u>Fake Prophet</u>
<u>God</u>	<u>Love</u>	<u>Prophet</u>

ANSWERS

CHALLENGE CATEGORY



Holy

Milkshake

Faith

Disney World

Eternity

Hope

Butterscotch

Bacon

Disney World

Cartoon

Dog

Trust

Faith

Milkshake

McDonald's

Capitalist

Saint

Holy

Butterscotch

Ice Cream

Cones

Buena

Madonna

Traffic

Music

Party

Students

School

Math

Numerals

Clock

Time

Eternity

Bacon

Three Little Pigs

Fairy Tale

Myth

American Dream

Kids

House

Repossession

Bankruptcy

Depression

Disappointment

Expectation

Hope

Piercing *the*

Mini-
Golfing
with
Frank
E.
Peretti

"You can't."
"Yes I *can!*"
Frank hurled his favorite stuffed rabbit. It bounced off a fresh meatloaf cooling on the kitchen counter, narrowly missing his wife, Barbara.

The demon Tantrum smirked from his hiding place behind the stove. "That's it Peretti; get mad!" He slipped outside before any angels could catch him.

"You can't beat a score of 18," said Barbara, obviously possessed by a demon of Doubt. "Why do you bother?"

"It's mini-golf!"

"It's for kids, Frank."

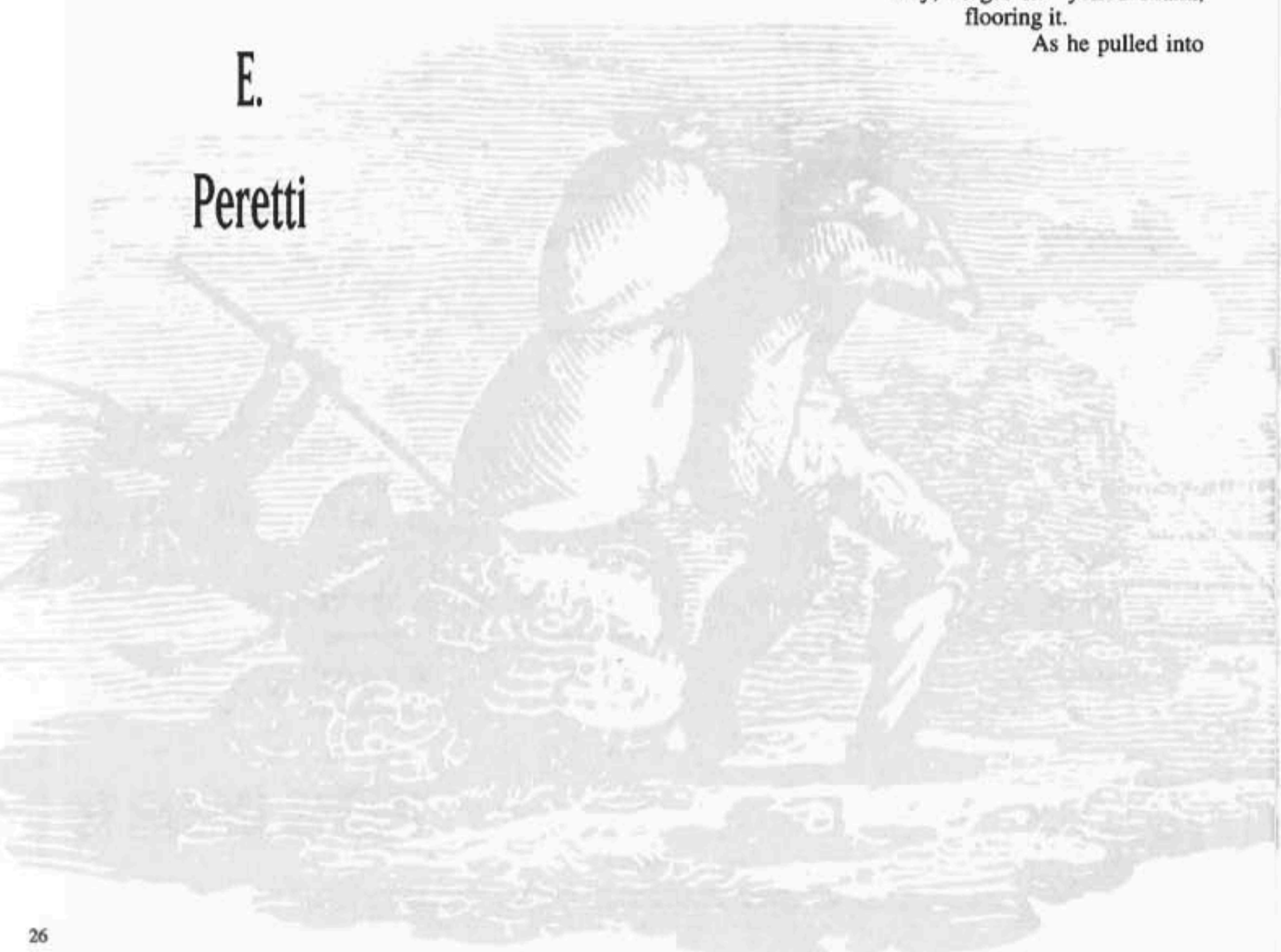
Barbara just didn't get it, Frank thought to himself. Does a man have to explain *everything*? His dreams? His obsession to maneuver in a record number of strokes through the nine-hole course at the Kids' Wonderland and win a rare Winnie-the-Pooh bear?

"You'll see!" he said, slamming the door. The demon Reckless Driving leered from the trunk as Frank squealed the car tires while backing down the driveway.

"Hey, what about your writing?" Barbara called from the window.

"Hey, forget it!" yelled Frank, flooring it.

As he pulled into



Windmill

the Wonderland parking lot, a protective circle of bright, winged angelic creatures converged and clung to his car, completely obliterating it, transforming it into a huge, white, rolling chicken. Reckless Driving fled in panic.

Unable to see how ridiculous he looked in the spiritual world, Frank walked to the ticket window with an angel perched directly on his head.

"All ye host of angelic warriors — listen up!" said this angel, the towering captain Disinfectant. "Beware the demon Gingivitis, Prince of the Batting Cage; you can't see him now, but he has a legion of lesser demons in there with him and he'd love to give Peretti a hard time."

Pine Glade stroked his burly beard intensely. A sweet scent filled the air. "Are we just to guard Frank on the mini-golf course or will we attack the cage?"

"We are here to safeguard his record attempt — whatever that takes," said Disinfectant. He raised his wings solemnly and, looking at his band of healthy, radiant beings, added "But without the prayers of the saints our strength will be limited."

The speedy messenger Sugarless was sent to the Church of the Buckle of the Bible Belt to encourage the angel of that congregation to raise prayer support for the venture.

"Pray for *what*? Don't be silly. Get outta here!" that angel (whom we won't name) said to Sugarless.

"Peretti didn't give me the time of day in his last book — he can darn well find his own prayer sup-

port." Sugarless was saddened. He circled away, despondently seeking another source.

Nevertheless, after paying the young heathen at the "clubhouse" window, Frank placidly placed his golf ball on the "fairway" and lined up his putter. His grip was faultless, his concentration intense. The angels were still.

He struck the ball.

"Look out boys!" yelled Disinfectant, pointing with a wing towards the batting cage sitting like a large boil on the Wonderland grounds. "Here they come!"

Led by the evil, drooling, red-eyed shape of Gingivitis, a dark malevolent horde on leathery black wings and smelling of blocked sewer pipes came boiling up like pus from a boil; a boiling pus-filled boil, erupting — boil-like.

"It's that Peretti guy," they shouted, "the one who wrote those books about us. We hate that ... not to mention being tired of feeling like pus. Thus, to relieve our misery, let's sink our toxic talons into his scrawny neck and not let him finish the mini-golf course!"

They attacked. Angels drew swords and hacked limbs into a bloody, poisonous stew.

"Well, darn it all, we don't like this much either!" the demons yelled. Gingivitis, with his bleeding gums and gimlet eyes, hung in the background, cursing and berating his troops.

Frank was smooth. He golfed past the garden gnomes, the castle, and the water hazard, almost laughing in his confidence. The loop and the hill holes were a bit tougher, but still, no problem for the Frankmeister. He sneered; already three hole-in-ones. Pumping his fist into the air after each brilliantly played hole, he scurried effortlessly to the next.

The battle continued apace, demon parts falling on the course like flakes of dandruff on a Megadeth t-shirt. Having foresworn breath mints, the air was thick with demons' breath reeking of rotted teeth, ancient gummy bears, and moldy peanut butter.

The last hole was approaching. A pretty Dutch windmill stood directly before it, the blades blocking the "fairway" tunnel as they turned. The wiry Christian author would have to putt past the blades and through the small opening to reach the last hole. He had a four stroke leeway to make it.

Here the demons would make their stand. Gingivitis straddled the roof of the quaint building, grabbing at the windmill to foil Frank's attempts. The black host flapped darkly around. Venom came out of their mouths in a volley, spewing at the forces of light.

Deodorant, Potpourri and Scope fell injured. The demons shouted triumphantly, moving in.

Frank's first shot caromed off the windmill blade. Disturbed, he tried again. The blade seemed to actually stop and block his shot.

"What?!" He looked at it. His jaw muscles worked in agitation. Two shots left.

Oral Disease, a foul-mouthed demon, reached Frank and sunk claws into his brain, stirring it like vanilla pudding, acid dripping from the evil appendages.

Frank swung his club in rage. The ball smashed off a cutely shuttered window.

Gingivitis roared, his ebony wings flapping in evil mirth. "He's only got one left!"

Oral Disease whispered bad words in Frank's ear.

"D*mn!" yelled Frank. At this shameful outburst, Fluoride and Regular Brushing found the strength to rise

by **Darrel Spenst**

up and knock the demon from his brain. It was then Frank realized he was truly in a spiritual battle.

In prayer, he set himself stolidly before the ball. A blast of spiritual strength suddenly infused the angels; but from where?

Disinfectant smiled; Sugarless must have done his job.

With new power, they tackled Gingivitis, ripping him from the roof. The windmill turned freely.

Frank aimed. There was a lull in the battle as all combatants watched the ball.

Frank produced the stroke of a Zen master. The ball rolled through the gap as smooth as butter on hot corn, came out the other side of the mill, and dropped in the hole.

Frank thrust his arms to the sky. His club, that glorious weapon, seemed to cleave the very heavens.

The angels cheered. The demons shrieked in rage and chagrin. In a rotting stream of horrific body odor, they retreated from the decidedly non-pacifist angels and returned to their roost in the batting cage.

Disinfectant glowed, victorious. "Remember this, my fine host," he said. "Your strength and purity have won another great battle today. Let's go eat. Pizza for everybody!"

As Frank drove home unprotected, the small demon Smugness crept self-righteously into the front seat. Frank met Barbara at the front door brandishing his Winnie-the-Pooh at her.

"Seventeen," he said. "I did it!"

"Honeybunch, that's great," she protested. "I prayed for you."

"You did? Aw, shnookylumps...". As Frank blushed in shame, Sugarless popped around the door and sent Smugness flying with a mighty kick. ■

of His head or turn His feet inside out or anything."

"I think it'd be nice to have some words written about Him," Norm said dreamily. "Something like 'This is my beloved Son; hear Him!'"

Suddenly Reg laughed out loud. "Listen to us! Going on and on about this painting when we've got an artist right in front of us!"

"You're right!" said Norm. He looked at Art and said, "You are free to write absolutely any caption you want. Plus any kind of paint you want to do. Oils or whatever. It's up to you."

"But you know, I've *always* been fond of watercolors," said Pat with a wink.

Art look dejected.

"Why do you need to have a painting of Jesus?" I asked.

"To replace the old Jesus-head we have," said Norm. "It's real pretty, but it's getting worn out."

Reg nodded sadly. "The velvet's flaking right off."

This time, Art refused. And after

that, he seemed to become rather detached. He still came to church regularly and I know he loved God, but I think he gave up on any idea of being useful to the church body.

He never exercised and got weaker and weaker. Eventually he started looking ill. Finally, he died. The Elder Board came to his funeral.

"Look at that," said Norm. "What a waste."

"A whole life snuffed out just like that," said Reg. "And he never converted a single soul."

"He was my friend," I said. "He made me happy."

"More to life than being happy," said Pat. "The church has got a mission, you know."

"It's just a crying shame," said Reg.

We all stared soberly at him lying in the casket.

"Still," said Norm, "he looks nice."

"Absolutely beautiful," said Reg.

"Just like he did when he was alive," said Pat.

I had to agree with them there. ■

The New Carpet Committee discusses an area they may have overlooked.

