

King he is of Angband, the Hell of Iron, his great dungeon-fortress.
 Wields he Mormegil, the Black Sword of the King of Terrors,
 Weapon which cannot be broken, save by an arrow from afar,
 From the supra-mundane Sphere.
 Mormegil spawns the children of Nienor, suicides, Judases, Ahithophels;
 Himself suicide at the Leap of Dreadful Doom, he drove Turin, like
 Saul,
 To madness, falling on his own sword; and Hurin, father of Turin,
 a mighty warrior,
 But weak against temptation to self-murder, cast himself into the
 Western Sea,
 When no more could he find purpose or conquest in life.
 Naedhros, a Zimri, cast himself into a gaping chasm of fire and flame.
 On these dupes Death wreaks all his rage.
 Ar-Pharazon, the apostate king, turned back from the worship of the
 One, He That Alone Is,
 To the Tartarean worship of Morgoth, Lord of the Dark.
 A great host followed him, secretly at first, then openly.
 Yet still there remained a remnant of the Faithful
 On the Straight Road illumined with the Light of the Valar, the
 Angels.
 That Way Everlasting is for those given to find it by a certain grace
 or favor.
 Before they die, they look on the dreadful and beautiful White
 Mountain,
 Their Everlasting Habitation, the abode of Yaweh, of the Angels
 and glorified men.

The Agony and the Ecstasy of My Teaching

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by Nelle Vander Ark

Often when I am asked about my work and I say, "I teach English,"
 my questioner flinches a bit and backs off. I sense I am someone to be
 feared. I teach a dreadful subject...one that many have failed and
 fear failing again.

Why does the study of one's native language cause so much anxiety? One reason lies in some unnecessarily fearful experiences students have had in schools where English was taught for its own sake and no effort was made to show how one's appreciation and use of language could improve the quality of life. Another reason — not unrelated to the first — is the lack of conviction in North American, English-speaking homes and communities, even among Christians, about the need for attractiveness and effectiveness in both oral and written communication. Disregard for proper grammar and usage, slovenliness in speaking and writing is the accepted, sometimes the preferred, way of life. Anyone who tries to turn the tide is fighting what Ed Newman calls "a lonely crusade." Certainly such a person will produce tension. It is hard work to change attitudes of careless disregard for language to careful concern for the subject and genuine enthusiasm for learning English well.

But for just "such a time as this" I teach English at RBC and thrive on the challenge. I feel I am dealing with "the heart of the matter" in Christian education every day in teaching both composition and speech to those who want to communicate the Word of the King. I take the position that one's language is a gift of God and, therefore, one must treasure it and polish it. I attempt to show that a good understanding of grammar serves to unravel meaning. I demonstrate how grammar study improves understanding of Scripture and of many songs. In teaching proper usage, I emphasize that a representative of God and a messenger of God's truth and beauty may not be slovenly and cannot afford to be anything but attractive in the use of language. In composition I work for clarity of thought and total effectiveness in expression. (Such teaching requires that there must be some substance — something to say. This substance is found in learning to read God's Word and to observe God's work and God's world. This, too, is part of my teaching.) In speech, I seek to develop students who use language appropriately and speak persuasively in keeping with the Great Commission.

My overall objective in teaching English (both written and spoken) is:

*to develop mature, free Christians
who have command of a vital language
to the delight and honor of God,
to the benefits of others, and*

to the enrichment and enjoyment of one's own life.

And, isn't that, after all, a big part of the goal of Christian Education?