



kepler eccentric

Kepler Education's Student Magazine

Winter 2020/2021



**O MAGNUM
MYSTERIUM**

**THE PRIDE
OF ACHILLEUS**

**STUDENT ARTWORK
AND MORE**

**Letter from the
President of Kepler Education**

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Cover photo by Sean Bohnet
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Kepler Eccentric logo by Josiah Nance
Magazine design and layout by Carissa Hale

Magazine Images were taken from Pixabay:
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A Letter from the President

Dear Students and Parents,

I'm delighted to debut the first edition of the *Eccentric*, a Kepler student magazine created by students for students (and their families). I hope you enjoy it as much as I do.



Student life and activities are an important and enriching part of any educational experience, but even more so when a student's education is online. Because online learners are not immediately surrounded by their peers and teachers, they must be intentional about building healthy relationships, exchanging ideas with their classmates, and simply having fun outside of regularly scheduled classes.

That's why it's important that students at Kepler have ample opportunity to be involved in activities like student council, join one of the various student clubs, or take part in the publishing of a student magazine. Under Mr. Swait's leadership, I am confident that Kepler's student life will continue to provide the kind of positive and productive experience every student deserves to enjoy when learning online. The *Eccentric* is just one small part of that great experience.

Using *Eccentric* (Greek words *ex*, meaning "out of," and *kentron*, meaning "center") as the masthead for our student magazine is a hat tip to the intellectual giant, and our patron inspiration, Johannes Kepler. Not only did Kepler's astronomical discoveries (i.e. eccentricity in planetary orbits) lay the foundation for Isaac Newton's discovery of the laws of gravity and motion, but his example of centering both life and work around Christ is the kind of model our consortium hopes to cultivate in Kepler students.

If ever there were a time in modern history where students could benefit from such an education that produced men like Johannes Kepler—a Christian liberal arts education—now is that time. For that reason, I would like to personally thank our students for their enthusiastic engagement in both the academic and student life of Kepler. I would also like to thank their parents for trusting us and our consortium to assist you in raising up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Here's to the first and many future editions of the *Eccentric*.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

By God's Grace,

Scott Postma

President, Kepler Education

Note from the Academic Advisor

Hello to our students, parents, bystanders, and lookers-on,

Welcome to the fruits of our students' Fall 2020 labors! Or welcome, at least, to some of those fruits.



One of the most delightful surprises of this academic year has been the enthusiasm and engagement of our student body with their classes, their teachers, and especially, with each other. Our students have not allowed the perceived limitations of online education to define their experience, but instead, have admirably seized upon the opportunities that it offers. Cross-country friendships have been formed in our classrooms (I think of the midwestern student whose family visited a new friend's home out West during summer vacation), and conversations are springing up in our Slack and Discord platforms about everything from books to art to video games.

Thanks to our students, then, for helping to establish such a fun and collegial atmosphere. Special congratulations are due to our Student Council, who did the work of choosing from among many excellent submissions for this magazine. They are Millie Owen (president), Margaret Johnston (vice-president), Marshall Leary (secretary), Susan Vickery (treasurer), Elisha Wall, and Hailey Hasic.

If you are a current student and do not yet belong to one of our extracurricular clubs, know that you are very welcome to hop on board mid-year! Check out our special clubs section on page 4, which we hope will grow to include reports and photos of club activities.

So to all students, parents, and miscellaneous lovers of fostering the growth of young people into Christlike men and women, enjoy. Enjoy the efforts, artistic and academic, of these students who have made me, Mr. Postma, and their teachers, proud through their efforts so far this year.

God bless you. I wish you a happy Christmas and prosperous New Year; may your children go from strength to strength.

In Christ,

Joffre Swait

Academic Advisor

Kepler Education





keplerlife

HELLO KEPLER LIFE, and welcome to the very first issue of our magazine: *The Kepler Eccentric*! We are excited by the awesome start our clubs have been getting off to in this first full Kepler school year. Between Film Club, Spanish Club, Book Club, Chess Club, and Student Council, we have a ton going on and we can't wait to see what the future has in store! Continue reading to hear from the club officers about what each club has been up to so far this year. If you haven't joined a club yet, it's not too late! We encourage you to take a look at these options and if one jumps out at you, please consider joining! Thank you all for sharing your talents and interests by participating in these clubs and submitting your work to this magazine.

~Student Council

Hello from the **Kepler Film Club**! We're so excited to invest in this club and we hope a great gathering of movie nerds will result from it!

As of late, Film Club has gotten off to a fantastic start with the whimsical film *The Secret of Kells*. We dug a little deeper into history that we might better enjoy the film, and the result of our toil was fruitful.

We plan in the future to choose a category of films to watch for each month. We also plan to have members write short reviews expressing their thoughts on the films we watch.

The category for December is of course.... CHRISTMAS!!! So if you're the type of person who sings along with *A Charlie Brown Christmas*, cries through *Miracle on 34th Street*, or boos the comical robbers in *Home Alone*, Film Club is the place for you! Talk to Mr. Swait to join us on the Kepler Quad Slack for important dates, background info on the films, and wonderful discussion!

Hola a todos from the **Spanish Club**! We've been having a lot of fun learning about Spanish culture, food, vocab, and more! So far we've made Spanish food, played some games in Spanish, and then made costumes with a Spanish theme. We'd love it if you'd come hang out with your new *amigos* to have some fun learning and playing! It's a casual environment, so you don't need to know much Spanish, just come willing to learn and have a good time. We're looking forward to all we'll be up to in the rest of the year!

KEPLER LIFE groups include:

- Student Council
- Film Club
- Spanish Club
- Chess Club
- Book Club

The Pigeon and the Pencil

by Jaqueline Katzenberg

Satire of *The Nightingale and the Rose* by Oscar Wilde

Once upon a time in the city of New York, there was a young man who was a very good and smart student. There were two things that he devoted almost all of his time and energy to. One of them was studying logic and the other one was a girl. She was very rich and dressed herself up in all sorts of jewelry, gaudy makeup, and fine clothes making her appear to the boy that she was quite beautiful when in reality she did not have a kind heart nor did she have any good values at all. But the boy did not realize this and saw only her outer beauty, leaving him infatuated with her.

He passed her house every day and often while he was staring up towards her window he would walk into things and the girl would look out her window and laugh at him rudely. Other times she would come down and sit with him, teasing the poor boy, but he did not notice what she was doing to him and only sat and stared at her. Whenever he was with this young woman, the student often thought about how much he would like to dance with her. So one day he asked her very politely if she would dance with him. But she only scoffed and said, "Why would I dance with you? You care for nothing but your books and writing!" She could not, however, pass up an opportunity to tease and humiliate him so she added, "I will dance with you if you bring me a golden pencil such as the ones only the head bankers in the city use. A smart pupil like yourself would only care for such a thing."

The boy agreed to this, but with a heavy heart for he knew it would be impossible to acquire such a thing. And so the girl tricked him, for she too knew that he would not be able to find this object, and she would never dance with him. The boy then went out and walked all around the blocks near to

where he lived. But his search was in vain, for golden pencils are really quite rare and only for the rich. He went to all the banks he knew of, begging for a golden pencil but of course, he did not get one. He ran through the park and saw many regular, school pencils which he picked up as they could be very useful to him, but none of them were gold.

After searching all afternoon, he lay down in the grass, full of despair. A pigeon passed by him, and seeing that he looked so sad, she longed to find out what the matter was. She knew that if she talked directly to him with words he would not understand and ignore her so instead she sat on a branch very close to the boy and cooed at him. Looking up the student saw her and said, "Oh, it is a Columbidae!" which is the scientific name for a pigeon but the boy liked to identify things in nature that way. He thought it seemed almost like she was cooing at him and looked at her curiously. She cooed again and he decided she was most definitely looking at him.

"Dear Columbidae, I feel as though my heart will break, for the girl I love will not dance with me unless I bring her a golden pencil, and I cannot find one anywhere!"

Now, this was not any ordinary pigeon. She had a heart as big as the sea and an unusual desire for other people's happiness, especially considering that she was only a park pigeon. As she listened to this story, she took compassion on the boy and spent the next three days looking for a golden pencil. As she flew around the city she asked many pencils if they knew where any of their golden relatives were but it was to no avail. They were all quite kind to her but could only wish her luck. Every day she passed the house of the girl and saw the student leaving her notes of romantic poetry. They were ridiculous

and stupid notes, but the pigeon only rolled her eyes and kept flying for she knew that the student was trying his best. However, she could tell that this was a matter of some urgency before the boy, in his love-struck state, did something even more foolish.

After thinking and thinking, she decided there was only one thing to do, and came up with a plan. It would cost her her life, but it would mean dying for the good of another, and so she faced the solution without fear. She flew to a nearby bank and sat in a nearby tree waiting for the boy to come close. When she saw him she took a deep breath and flew with all the speed she could muster into the window of the building where the head banker's office was. As she smashed against it the banker looked up in surprise. Then he jumped up and opened the window in time to see the pigeon fall dead to the ground. As he leaned way out of the window, the golden pencil that he always kept in his shirt pocket fell out and went sailing to the ground. The banker started to run down the stairs, but while he was on his way the student happened to walk past. His head was bent down, and he was looking at the ground because he was sad. But as he trudged along, he caught sight of the pencil.

"Can it be?" he asked himself, "It's a golden pencil! Hurrah!" He took no notice of the dead bird next to it but only picked up the pencil, ecstatic with joy, and ran off to give it to the girl. The banker came out a few moments later and looked and looked for his pencil but could not find it. Finally, he said, "That was a frivolous thing anyway, regular pencils work just as well." And because he was a kind man he put the pigeon in a box and buried it.

The boy ran with the pencil in his hand to the girl's house. "My dear lady, I have found the golden pencil you asked for. Will you now dance with me?" But the girl only laughed at him, a sneering, cackling laugh that made the student feel a new sort of disgust towards her.

"You foolish thing. I shall not dance with you for you are not rich enough for me, even if you do have a golden pencil." And with that, she flounced

out of the room leaving the poor boy feeling rather confused and dejected. He walked slowly out of her house and into the park, still holding the pencil. As he was walking he came across a young woman of about his same age who was sitting on a bench reading a book about logic. She was not dressed in expensive clothes, nor did she have jewelry or make-up on. But looking at her, the boy saw that she had a kind smile, thoughtful eyes, and a look of ambition and intellect about her making him feel like she was truly beautiful and he longed to speak to her and ask her about the books she was reading.

Just then she looked up and, seeing him, said, "Sir, have you a pencil I might borrow? I have lost mine and I must have one to write this essay." Then the boy, with life returned to his heart, held out the golden pencil to her but, being a shy person, his hands were shaking and he dropped it. He was filled with shame but the girl only smiled and picked it up, thanking him for she was truly a kind girl with a good heart.

As they were speaking, one of the musical groups in the park had started playing.

"What lovely music." The girl sighed. She looked over at the boy, "Would you like to dance?" she asked.

The student was in awe because nobody had ever asked him to dance before and so he stumbled quite a bit, but the girl, as she was very gracious, did not criticize him but only kept laughing happily. After a while, the music ended and the two went for a walk and discussed logic, a topic very interesting to both of them.

As they walked through the park, the girl suddenly cried out and pointed to a baby bird who had fallen out of its nest and was lying on the ground. She carefully went and picked it up, returning it to its proper place. As he watched her do this, the student recalled seeing a bird on the ground when he found the pencil, and had simply ignored it. He could see what a good heart this girl had and felt decidedly guilty that he had done nothing for the

dead bird. He suggested to the girl that they go and see if it was still there to which she quickly agreed.

When they got to the bank it was getting dark and the head banker was just coming out to go home. He saw the two teenagers searching along the ground and he called out to them.

“Hello children, can I help you find something?”

“We are looking for a dead bird that was here earlier, have you seen it?” the student asked.

“Oh, yes. I buried a bird several hours ago. I came out here to look for my golden pencil which I

lost and found it.”

“I have a golden pencil!” the girl exclaimed.

“I found it out here.” the boy admitted.

“Then it is yours. Here take it.” the girl said, handing it to him.

The banker was extremely grateful to both of them and accepted the pencil with many thanks. They all wished each other a good evening and walked off in different directions with the hope that they would meet again. And they did spend many happy days together, for many years after.



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Mr. Smith's teaching surpassed our expectations! He was great at drawing students into conversation; his broad and deep knowledge made the topics interesting. When your son asks us to buy him a copy of Livy's history to read outside of class you know he's made a connection with the material!
~ Kepler parent

Student Artwork

Apples

by Audrey McClelland



Observational Drawing with Kimberly Swait

Untitled

by Penelope McCabe



General Studio Art with Kimberly Swait

Hen & Chicks

by Emma Hartman



General Studio Art with Kimberly Swait

The Pride of Achilles

by Olivia Christman

*Sing, goddess, the anger of Peleus' son Achilles
and its devastation, which put pains thousandfold
upon the Achaians.*

The opening lines of Homer's *Iliad* are a fantastic work of exquisite poetry. Every word leads to deep and profound discoveries about the interpretation of the book, especially the word *anger* in the very first line. The *Iliad* is centered around the terrible wrath of Achilles, but anger is not actually the core of the story. The root goes much deeper than that, down into the pit of man's heart, where lies the first most destructive and dangerous sin. It would be more accurate for the story to begin with "*Sing, goddess, the pride of Peleus' son Achilles and its devastation*".

The dictionary defines anger as "a strong feeling of annoyance, displeasure, or hostility" and pride as "a feeling of deep pleasure or satisfaction derived from one's own achievements", or an individual's self-worth, image, dignity, and honor. This is very pertinent to the text in the *Iliad* because one of the most important and fundamental values in ancient Greece is the idea of honor. In the Greek honor system there are three constituents: *Geras*, *Kleos*, and *Time*; which are prize, renown, and status. The level of honor commanded by an individual was a representation of their worthiness and significance in society, determining whether they were an esteemed hero or an irrelevant zero. Achilles is in every way the epitome of a true Greek hero and warrior. He possesses every desirable physical quality, and he is practically immortal. However,

Achilles does have a defect that is far more extreme and treacherous than his vulnerable ankle, and it is this flaw that ultimately determines the entire plot of the *Iliad*. "*But Peleus' son once again in words of derision spoke to Atreides, and did not yet let go of his anger.*"

Achilles refuses to let go of his rage. His first response to being wronged is to murder the man who caused his humiliation, but before he can slaughter his foe the goddess Athene stops him. In place of avenging himself through combat, he vehemently withdraws from battle, declaring, "And this shall be a great oath before you: someday longing for Achilles will come to the sons of the Achaians, all

of them. Then stricken at heart though you be, you will be able to do nothing, when in their numbers before man-slaughtering Hector they drop and die. And then you will eat out the heart within you in sorrow, that you did no honor to the best of the Achaians." Achilles announces his abandonment of the war and his Achaian brothers, then storms



off. Nothing in existence can persuade him to make amends; even the silver tongued Odysseus cannot convince him to return. Achilles responds to Odysseus' petition by telling him, "A man dies still if he has done nothing, as one who has done much. Nothing is won for me, now that my heart has gone through its afflictions in forever setting my life on the hazard of battle." His heart is controlled by a seething bitterness, like a serpent continuously constricting until it suffocates its victim. But though his extreme bitterness may have been fostered by wrath, it did not begin with it. Anger is the consequence of a much more extensive root: pride. "The

Lord detests all the proud of heart. Be sure of this: They will not go unpunished" (Proverbs 16:5, NIV).

There is a reason pride is considered the most deadly of all sins. C. S. Lewis affirms, "For pride is spiritual cancer: it eats up the very possibility of love, or contentment, or even common sense." Lucifer, Adam and Eve, and ultimately humanity fell because of pride. Pride leads to all sins because it is the exaltation of self above all sovereignty, even God's. It is a dependence on self and the worship of self. Achilles is dependent on himself to achieve glory. The entire purpose of his life is to gain honor and fame. Achilles is driven and governed by his emotions and love of self, which is why nothing can assuage his outrage. He describes his anger in book eighteen as, "That gall of anger that swarms like smoke inside of a man's heart and becomes a thing sweeter to him by far than the dripping of honey." It is treacherously sweet to nurture a consuming bitterness. Achilles' terrible wrath only continues to grow, and when he is faced with the overwhelming blow of losing his dearest brother and best friend Patroklos, his grief overwhelms him. "I must die soon, then; since I was not to stand by my companion when he was killed. And now, far away from the land of his fathers, he has perished, and lacked my fighting strength to defend him." He acknowledges that it was his pride which kept him from saving his friend, but his momentary humility is almost instantaneously replaced by an even hotter flame of fury against Hektor, the man who killed Patroklos. "Now I shall go, to overtake that killer of a dear life, Hektor; then I will accept my own death, at whatever time Zeus wishes to bring it about, and the other immortals." Achilles loves his anger and pride more than his own life.

So what finally quenches Achilles' unquenchable, furious pride? The Bible says in Romans 12:21, "Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good." The only thing that can overcome pride is humility. In book twenty four, Hektor's fa-

ther Priam comes in humility to Achilles. Instead of avenging his beloved son's brutal death, he breaks a taboo by kissing the very hands that slaughtered his son, and entreating him for Hektor's body with humble words. "A soft answer turns away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger." In this incredible act of humility, Achilles' great anger is extinguished. The *Iliad* concludes with a far more confounding culmination than the fall of Troy, as it ends with the withering of Achilles' untameable wrath. However, though his anger is finally ended, it is only in death that Achilles realizes the fatal consequences of his pride. He says in the *Odyssey*, "I would rather follow the plow as thrall to another man, one with no land allotted him and not much to live on, than be a king over all the perished dead." He finally concedes that he is not strong enough to save himself. He may be the greatest Greek hero, but without Christ even the greatest turn to dust. No man is strong enough to save themselves. It is only through Jesus Christ that humanity can be saved from the sin that leads to the fires of hell.

In conclusion, pride is a better description by far for what consumed Achilles in the *Iliad*. Pride is the devastating prison of all men, and except for the saving grace of Almighty God, it will drag everyone down into a fiery death—just like it did to Achilles. Proverbs 18:12, "Before destruction a man's heart is haughty, but humility comes before honor."

Class: The Great Conversation - Greeks

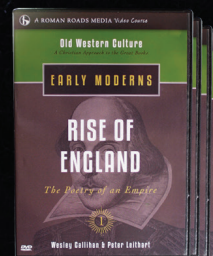
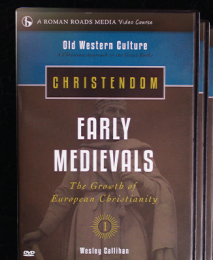
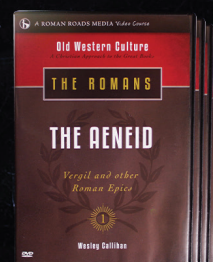
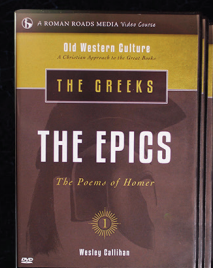
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Poetry

Winter's Night

by Adalie Everitt

Snow falls swiftly to the ground,
Downy flakes collect in mounds.
Blowing through the snow-capped trees,
The chilly wind calls merrily.

In the Earth sleep little mice,
Safe and warm from wind and ice.
Sleep they will 'till Spring has come,
Sleep they will 'till day has won.

Way up in the starry sky,
Silent owls swoop and fly.
When at last they stop to rest,
Dawn emerges rosy dressed.

Cog

by Renata Ecclesia Swait

What a tiny cog I am in this great
celestial machine, spinning and whirling
amidst a hurricane of trillions of stars.
What a fragile little soul, flickering in my
tiny world above the clay and the copper
and the iron, a flame half as bright as the
last dying ember of coal in the cold furnace.

I dance here in the whirlwind below
a thousand million swirling spheres of iri-
descent flames. I dance here, one of trillions
of fragile little soul-fires, some red and im-
potent with rage, some pure and white-hot
with sacrifice.

Here I dance, dancing to make my-
self hotter, dancing till I am made even
greater than the great swirling explosions
in the sky, dancing till I am made even
greater than the powerhouses of His enor-
mous celestial machine.

We had been meaning to incorporate poetry into our English studies but did not know where to start. [The Grammar of Poetry] covered a lot of material without being intimidating.
~Kepler parent

Drawing of a Street Scene

by Audrey McClelland



Observational Drawing with Kimberly Swait

O Magnum Mysterium

by Silas Paul

Thanksgiving has not even come, yet snow covers the ground and Christmas decorations surround me. As crazy as it may seem, Christmas time is near and with it comes great feasts, fellowship, and beautiful music. Do not tell anyone, but I started listening to Christmas music the first time it snowed in the beginning of November! One song that has caught my ear recently is called *O Magnum Mysterium*, composed by Tomas Luis de Victoria. While you may not agree with some of the theology in the lyrics, this piece warrants our appreciation. In this paper, we will analyze Tomas Luis de Victoria's *O Magnum Mysterium* by looking into the background of the piece, and then studying its mystery and praise. First and foremost, however is the history and background of the piece.

According to Kathryn Louderback, who is a composer, pianist, and writer, Tomas Luis de Victoria (1548 - 1611) was considered to be Spain's most famous 16th century composer. He first published the piece *O Magnum Mysterium* in 1572 as a choral motet, which required no instruments and only four voices; the soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. This simple piece was intended to be Counter-Reformation. It was quite typical for Counter-Reformation music to be simple so that middle and low class individuals might be attracted to Catholicism. While it was intended to be sung during Christmas time, Tomas eventually used it as the basis for a Catholic Mass. The Latin lyrics read, "O magnum mysterium, et admirabile sacramentum, ut animalia viderent Dominum natum, iacentem in praesepio! Beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt portare Dominum Iesum Christum. Alleluia!" The origins of these text are unknown, however historians estimate that they have been around since at least the 10th century. Tomas chose to use the original Latin lyrics in his

piece which, when translated, go like this: "O great mystery, and wonderful sacrament, that animals should see the new-born Lord, lying in a manger! Blessed is the Virgin whose womb was worthy to bear our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Alleluia!"

This piece is a great mystery indeed! In order to give the audience a sense of mystery, Tomas switches multiple times from major to minor. But while Tomas constantly switches from major to minor throughout the piece, he starts and ends each lyrical sentence in the major in order to leave the audience feeling resolved. The piece is set in key of G and starts off with four beats per measure. It is meant to be sung slowly and quietly. The alto (m. 2), tenor (m. 8), and bass (m. 10) parts each start off with a strict transposition of the motif in the soprano melody, matching every note half step to half step. Immediately following this strict transposition however, the alto (m. 6), tenor (m. 12), and bass (m. 13) parts split into a slow and quiet harmony, while imitating, repeating and overlapping each other. All four parts compliment each other in proportional harmony.

Finally, the piece changes from a quiet and slow mystery to a loud and fast praise (m. 53)! Soprano, alto, and tenor all sing together (m. 53), with the bass joining a few measures later adding a strong foundation (m. 57). "Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!" Throughout the whole piece, there are four beats per measure, however Tomas switches to three beats per measure between measures 53 and 66. He does this to quicken the pace of the piece and add to the joyful transition from mystery to praise. The birth of Jesus into this world through the virgin Mary is a great mystery to us, however it is not the mystery which we are to dwell on forever; rather it is the birth itself which is to be celebrated! It is fitting then to end this piece by switching from a mixture of major and

THE KEPLER ECCENTRIC

15

minor voices, to one unified major voice crying out, “Alleluia!” All four parts repeat this word seven to ten times to emphasize its importance.

While you may disagree with the theology in some of Tomas’s lyrics, the overarching harmony and beauty of this piece warrants our appreciation. Even without the lyrics to this piece, the notes in and of themselves tell a story. In the beginning, the piece is slow and quite with the four parts imitating, repeating, overlapping, and harmonizing with each other. This, along with the undecided major

and minor keys, adds to the mysteriousness of the piece. But starting with measure 53, the piece switches from this mystery and ends with a resolved and resounding “Alleluia!”

Class: Music Theory and Composition

Instructor: William Daniels

Motif
Intervals: 5th, 5th, 2nd, 2nd
Half steps: 7, 7, 1, 1

O magnum mysterium

in Circumcisione Domini

1572, 1583b... Tomás Luis de Victoria (c.1548-1611)

6 key 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cantus: O ma - gnum my-ste-ri-um et ad-mi-ra-bi-le sa-cra-men -

Altus: O ma - gnum my-ste-ri-um et ad-mi-ra - bile sa -

Tenor: -

Bassus: -

8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

9 tum, o ma - gnum my - ste - ri-um et ad-mi-ra-bile, et

cra-men - tum, o ma - gnum my-ste - ri-um, et ad-mi-ra - bi-le sa-cra-men - tum, et

O ma - gnum my-ste-ri-um et ad-mi-ra - bile sa - cra-men - tum, et

O ma - gnum my-ste-ri-um et ad-mi-ra - bi-le sa - cra - men - tum, et

17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24

ad-mi-ra - bi-le sa - cra-men - tum ut a - ni-ma-li - a vi - de-rent Do-mi-num na -

ad-mi-ra - bi-le sa - cra-men - tum ut a - ni-ma-li - a vi - de-rent Do-mi-num na -

ad-mi-ra - bi-le sa - cra - men tum, ut a - ni-ma-li - a, ut a - ni-ma-li - a vi - de-rent Do-mi-num na -

THE KEPLER ECCENTRIC

16

2 2.5 2.6 2.7 O magnum mysterium 2.7 30 3 Victoria

25

tum, vi-derent Do-mi-num na - - tum ia - cen - tem in prae -

tum, vi-derent Do-mi-num na - - tum ia - cen - - tem ia - cen - tem in

tum, vi-derent Do-mi-num na - tum ia - cen - tem in prae - se - - pi -

tum ia - cen - tem in prae - se - - pi - o

32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39

se - pi - o ia - cen - tem in prae - se - - pi - o.

prae - se - - pi - o ia - cen - tem in prae - se - - pi - o.

o ia - cen - tem in prae - se - - pi - o, in prae - se - - pi - o.

ia - cen - tem in prae - se - - pi - o, in prae - se - - pi - o.

40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47

O be - a - ta Vir - - go, cu - ius vi - sce-ra me - - ru - e -

O be - a - ta Vir - - go cu - ius vi - sce-ra me - - ru - e -

O be - a - ta Vir - - go, cu - ius vi - sce-ra me - - ru - e -

Victoria 48 49 50 O magnum mysterium 52 53 54 55 56 3

48

runt porta-re Do - - mi-num Ie - sum Chri - - sum. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu -

runt porta-re Do - - mi-num Ie - - sum Chri - - sum. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu -

runt porta-re Do - mi - num Ie - sum Chri - - sum. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu -

runt Ie - sum Chri - - stum.

57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67

ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia

ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia al -

ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -

68 69 70 71 72 73 74

al - le - lu - ia.

le - lu - - ia al - le - lu - - ia.

- lu - - ia, al - le - lu - - ia.

Puppy Loving by Millie Owen



Watching the Seagulls

by Emma Hartman



Houses of Healing, Houses of Hope

by Gregory Soderberg

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In the midst of the global COVID-19 crisis, there are many features of our modern life that we take for granted. Toilet paper, meat, hand sanitizer ... and hospitals. Although adequate medical care is still tragically absent in many countries throughout the world, a huge percentage of the world's population can simply go to a hospital when they need medical attention.

This fact is worth pausing over. For much of human history, it was not self-evident that everyone deserved medical care. For much of human history, human lives were ranked on a scale of value. Medical care was for the wealthy or the important. Not every life deserved to be saved.

The prevalence of the modern hospital is rooted in religion. More specifically, hospitals as we know them were an outgrowth of the early Christian movement.

Radical atheists and secularists of all stripes have loudly decried the ways that organized religion, and the followers of religious traditions, have failed to live up to their own ideals, or the ideals of their founders. Rather than “poisoning everything” (as claimed by the late Christopher Hitchens) religions like Christianity have actually blessed the world with many of the wonderful features of modern culture that we take for granted.

The growth and development of hospitals is inextricably rooted in religion. Hospitals, as we know them now, are really a result of the early Christian movement. Motivated by the example of Jesus of Nazareth, who is depicted as a healer in all of the earliest Christian accounts, Christians introduced

new notions of healthcare into the classical world. What made these early Christian hospitals unique was their focus on providing care for the poor, the destitute, and those that normally languished in classical society.

There were other types of medical institutions in the ancient world. But these were more narrow in their focus. One might go there to spend the night and receive a dream from the god of healing (Asclepius) about what remedy to use to treat a medical condition. Other early medical centers catered primarily to soldiers, or other narrow groups. It was the early Christians who began establishing “houses of healing” that served all, and were focused on serving those on the margins of society.

Early Christian leaders like Eustathios and Basil of Caesarea (329-379) were leaders in this movement. Basil, in particular, seems to have led the way in creating the first institution that offered free medical care to those who would normally be left to die, such as lepers. Hospitals in the Christian east were soon respected for their compassion and medical skill.

Christians in the Middle Ages continued this trajectory. Christians who devoted themselves to a life of service in the various orders of monastics always emphasized caring for the sick, the poor, and giving hospitality to strangers. In the later medieval period, monastic orders such as the Augustinians, the Hospitalers and the Teutonic Order began establishing hospitals in Palestine. Soon, these charity hospitals became a feature of European life. These monastic houses spread centers of medical care throughout Europe.

Jumping forward into modern times, the growth of hospitals was definitely influenced by churches and religious institutions. This legacy remains today in the names of many prominent hospitals in the US: St. Jude Children's Research Hospital (Memphis), The Christ Hospital (Cincinnati), Mount Sinai Hospital (New York), Providence Sacred Heart Center (Spokane), St. David's Medical Center (Austin)—just to name a few.

In more recent times, Christians have continued the tradition of challenging the healthcare status quo by establishing and participating in a variety of Medical Cost Sharing Ministries. Groups like Samaritan Ministries, Christian Healthcare Ministries, Medi-Share, and Liberty Healthshare offer people a practical opportunity to practice the Biblical commands to help carry the burdens of others and give generously to those in need (2 Cor. 8:13-15; Gal. 6:2). While some have attempted to criticize health sharing, these groups give believers a way to not participate in the tangled web of exorbitant insurance costs and governmental overreach.

Churches have also tackled the issues of our broken health-care system through buying and paying off medical debts. Although a complex issue, the heart of compassion and Biblical symbolism behind such actions is obvious. Jesus Christ died to pay the debt that we never could. What better way to manifest the love of Jesus than actually paying the debts of others?

In our secular, materialistic culture, we often take the most basic things for granted. Although many disagree on when a human life begins, we all generally agree that every human life has value. But this was not always a shared assumption. The fact that we can walk into a hospital today, and be treated with dignity and respect (although hospitals may fail to live up to their own ideals) is a direct result of Christian religious beliefs slowly transforming culture and society.

The next time you receive medical care, offer a prayer of thanks for the countless and nameless religious believers who started hospitals in late antiquity, and throughout Europe. In a world of toxic

discourse, maybe we can have a little more historical objectivity, and realize that religion does not poison everything. As “houses of healing,” hospitals stand as a continued witness of the power of the Gospel to change cultures and transform them with the hope of Christ.



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