Editorial Page

THE CLARION February 1, 1977

Epiphany - The Story Of The Wise Men

By Luke Osteen

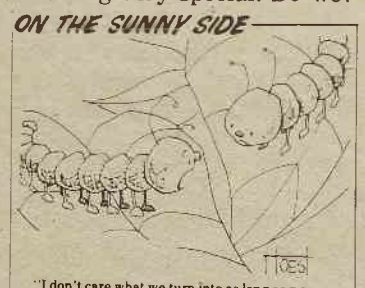
It is disappointing to note that although much of the world celebrates the birth of Christ, a significant event following the occasion goes scarcely noticed. The feast of the Epiphany on January 6, commemorating the adoration of the Magi, seems to have been buried over by an avalanche of plastic Santas, Bob Hope specials, and January 1 hangovers.

The story of the Epiphany reads much like a beautifully constructed dream, full of mysterious characters and symbols. Apparently, shortly after the birth of Christ a band of priests from a strange Persian religion arrived in Bethlehem and offered the child three special gifts. Very little is known about the Magi except that they were the widely feared and respected practitioners of a cult which focused on a strange mixture of demonology, astrology, and magic (the word magic takes its name from these people). Thet saw the universe as a great battlefield between the forces of Good and Evil and must have been awed by the potential of the Promised King Who was Born in Bethlehem. Was He a child of Light or Darkness? Although it is often assumed that there were only three Magi, there is no way to estimate the true number.

The belief that there were three "wise men" probably comes from the fact that three gifts were offered to the child. Whether by design or chance, the gifts of the Magi offer insights into the destiny of Christ. The first gift, gold, is significant in that it was a gift reserved for kings. One can't help but be amazed at the faith of the wise men in their beliefs, being willing to present such a valuable commodity to a child born in a stable because the path of a star indicated that he was to be a king. Frankincence, a rare scent used to worship gods in the finest temples, was also offered. The third gift, myrrh, was an ointment used to embalm the bodies of the very wealthy, clearly indicating that this God-king was to die.

Perhaps the most significant concept to come from the story is that Jesus was for the first time revealed to Gentiles and that they understood he was something very special. Do we?

ON THE SUNNY SIDE



"I don't care what we turn into as long as we can get out of these itchy outfits."

The Brevard College yearbook, THE PERTELOTE, has just been notified of still another FIRST CLASS Honor rating for the 1976 book, by the Associated Collegiate Press of the University of Minnesota, School of Journalism. The yearbook has been winning national awards since 1963. Bonnie Carter of Wake Forest was editor of the '76 book and Mrs. C. E. Roy, adviser.

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The Stereotype- A False Issue

By Gordon Bostic

The dogma that men are not supposed to show emotion is an exhausted ideal that some misguided "he man" concocted to prove how virile he was. This false doctrine has been established in the latest epoch of "modern day man's life."

Somewhere in the course of history, man decided to displace any visible indication that he had the potential to express his emotions. An emotion is simply an effective state of consciousness in which joy, sorrow, fear, hate, or the like is experienced as distinguished from cognitive and volitionae states of consciousness. Usually this is accompanied by certain physiological changes and often overt manifestation.

This stereotype "man" is actually incommunicado. Expression of one's emotions is the most primitive method of communication.

In antiquity, during the act of homage, it was customary for the overlord and vassal to express an overwhelming amount of emotion filled poetry to express his love for a fair maiden. Tears would flush the eyes of one of these chivalrous knights as he conquered the affection of his "lady love".

Contemporaneously, men consider the act of crying a sign of effeminacy. This is a false issue. There is not one man alive today that has never shed a tear. In a recent survey a series of doctors have proved that suppressing the expressing of emotions is physically dangerous. Why should emotions be confined to moments of solitude?

Poetry Corner

i love winter evening
with shades drawn tight
a fireside chat and nearness
housed closely in from night

i love a winter evening
shadows dance to a phantom band
memories tiptoe noiselessly
across the floor and hold my hand.

rising

in the violet twilight
my world is reflected,
something soft and honest.
beauty in the wild
diffusion of memory,
sweet pressure
of breathtaking lilac
tones to my indigo
sky of spangled satin.
horizon blurs
to floral antique,
and my fantasy
freedom-life lost?

yesterday

after you left me
i realize that in
this neon life i'm
living,
you were the candle

sky-born

look untothe eagle:
strong, silent, wild, free:
soaring, diving, fighting:
alone:
battle-scarred, wise:
ever young, ever searching:
my love is as the eagle.

setting sun

the sun whispered behind the hills
tiptoed across the trees
as it felt the night's chills
and the evening breeze.

protect-her

dove-white walls
stretch in a tower
of emptiness

my mind - a pillar,
slick bare sides,
monotonous -

insanely even

winter swirls
on the outside, and..frost creeps jagged
fingers down the sides
of my mind.
while
an eagle
sits perched,
shivering
on the tower rim.

the sky is clear and bright is the sun
on the ground there is frost and the
day is near done.
the snip in the air makes fall
seem to hover,
it's an Indian Summer with
my Irish lover.

you stood on my roots so long
that i flew too far away
to ever return
to you.