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The Whetstone

Montreat College's Student Voice

The Music of Mess - Thoughts on *The Shack*

Caleb Hofheins

"I'm not a real author, I'm an accidental author," were the first noteworthy words that William Young, the author of *The Shack*, spoke at convocation on Thursday, March 3. He is right—but I will push all heady English major squabbles aside, and say that I thought *The Shack* contained an abundance of life-giving truth. As a recovering Deist - turned - Christian of sorts, I found the book to be an insightful companion into the ways of a God who is present and interested in the lives of man—A God who did not just set the world to motion and leave man unattended. No, quite the opposite; we live under the influence of something far

more intoxicating. When I read the first section of *The Shack*, I remember realizing in a startling commotion of

ceptions and he was too high up to visit me in the bleakness of winter. I also remember Jesus assuring me shortly after that He

pain intimately), but it is becoming evident that He knows our persons so well that He will restore us in the ways which

are best for us.

What sort of love do we know in this world that would pursue so readily that it would not allow us to remain unscathed by blistering work of redemption? He is moving our small worlds to unveil an ex-



a short period of time, that I knew this "Jesus" about as well as I knew my neighbor across the street. I had observed him and knew what people said about him, had a few conversations with Him, but his face was veiled by my misper-

was still completely free to be Himself despite my misperceptions. His love was patient, enduring anything. Forgiveness and divine re-interpretations have allowed my ideas of God to dissipate, as my ideas will no longer contain Him. He is no longer as much

of a distant stranger, but a new Dad who is shaking the world to get to me. The healing of God is a mystery (how ironic that for some of us, pain is remedied by knowing the

pansive sky; He is shoveling up the dirt in our souls, raking it over, and bringing Heaven down to kiss our weary mouths. He knows us so well that He heals us by whatever means He wishes—the ways that we respond to best. If experience has taught us that there is no God, then it would be up to God to reveal Himself as true in whatever way He desires. If experience has taught us to fear, perfect Love will cast out all fear.

I am learning more to resonate with Job when he said, "though He slay me, yet will I hope in Him" (Job 13:15). God is at times the wreck-

ing ball, and at the same time, He is the physician to bind up our wounds. God is the mother we didn't have or the father we didn't have. He houses orphans who didn't realize they were orphaned. The homeless will know He is Home. His joy is our strength—He is strong in us so we don't have to be. William Young called himself a mess, but I have no doubt that God takes "messes of men" and displays His majesty through the weakest of vessels. In our weakness He is strong.

what's inside
"Synthesis"



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VERSE MONTH

"For through the law I died to the law so that I might live for God. I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me. The life I live in the body, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Galatians 2:19-20