

LOGOSOPHIA

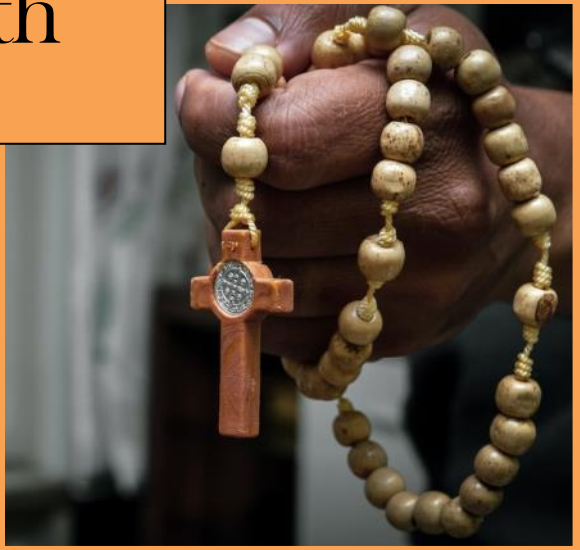
A Pilgrim's Journal
of Life, Love & Literature



Issue #17
Winter 2024



The True, the Good,
and the Beautiful:
Value & Worth



Greetings, fellow pilgrims!

Welcome to our seventeenth issue of LogoSophia Magazine, the first of 2024, based on Value & Worth! In this issue you will find various takes on worth, as well as poems and a new fairy tale. As ever, there is still Bible Trivia, Controversy Corner and plenty more! Please enjoy, and let us know what you think.

Happy Winter!

Sarah Levesque

Editor in Chief

WANTED

- Readers & listeners of any faith to interact respectfully with writers and other readers through book/media suggestions and letters to the editor, as well as comments on LogoSophiaMag.com and social media
- Writers of Christian faith to augment the works of our Staff
- Artists to help us beautify our issues and blog
- Advertisers & Donors to support us financially
- Want to help? Email us at LogoSophiaMag.com

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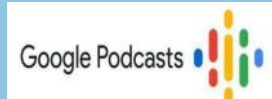
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DID YOU HEAR?

We have an audio version of this issue!
Find it through these providers:



In This Issue...

- Page 4 Verse, Prayer, & Definitions
7 Photo Contest Entries
9 Who is the Monster and Who Is the Man – Amanda Pizzolatto
10 Worth It – Sarah Levesque
12 Knights of Adonai Part 6: Gaining the Scroll – Joshua David Ling
15 Holy Hero: John Paul II – Sarah Levesque
17 An Old Scarf – Theresa Suarez Vertefuille
19 Controversy Corner – Various
22 Work Must Be Wrought – Jordan Christiansen
24 The Heavens Draped in Sackcloth Sigh – Michael Stalcup
25 All Glory, Laud & Honor – Theodulf of Orléans, trans. John Mason Neale
26 Musical Musings: All Glory, Laud & Honor – Ian Wilson
27 The Faeblood Archive: Snow White and the Faeblood Prince – T.K. Wilson
32 Scripture Search
33 Author Interview with Sarah Levesque
38 Book & Media Recommendations
40 The Shallows – Michael Stalcup
41 Bible Trivia
44 Next Issue

*Happy
Winter!*



3

Courtesy of photo contest winner Alexander Robertson

Letters to the Editor & Others

This is where we will be putting anything you send in:
letters to the editor, notes to authors, questions,
agreements and disagreements...
we can't wait to see what you have to say!
Just be sure to tell us what
article you're responding to!

To contact us, email
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Bible Verse

Are not five sparrows sold for two pennies? And not one of them is forgotten before God. Why, even the hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not; you are of more value than many sparrows.

(Luke 12:6-7)

A Prayer

As I go to work,
Be with me Lord.

Be the patience when I'm frustrated.

Be the endurance when I am tired.

Be the wisdom when I am uncertain.

Be the inspiration when I'm out of ideas.

Be the peacemaker when I feel hurt.

Be the comforter when I feel overwhelmed.

Be the energy when I am weary.

Be the guide when I am confused.

Be the forgiver when I get it wrong.

Be with me Lord, today.

From prayerist.com/prayer/selfworth

Definitions

Dignity (noun)

- 1: formal reserve or seriousness of manner, appearance, or language
- 2: the quality or state of being worthy, honored, or esteemed
 - 3a: high rank, office, or position
 - 3b: a legal title of nobility or honor

Worth (noun)

- 1a: monetary value
farmhouse and lands of little worth
- 1b: the equivalent of a specified amount or figure - a dollar's worth of gas
- 2: the value of something measured by its qualities or by the esteem in which it is held - a literary heritage of great worth
 - 3a: moral or personal value - trying to teach human worth
 - 3b: MERIT, EXCELLENCE
a field in which we have proved our worth
- 4: WEALTH, RICHES

Respect (noun)

- 1: a relation or reference to a particular thing or situation
remarks having respect to an earlier plan
- 2: an act of giving particular attention : CONSIDERATION
 - 3a: high or special regard : ESTEEM
 - 3b: the quality or state of being esteemed
- c: respects plural : expressions of high or special regard or deference
paid our respects
 - 4: PARTICULAR, DETAIL
a good plan in some respects

From Merriam-Webster Online Dictionary

Winter Photo Contest Entries

CONTEST
WINNER



Alexander Robertson,
OK



By Alana Trudell, MA



CALLING

ALL



PHOTOGRAPHERS

We are holding a contest for the best picture
that encapsulates

SPRING

The winning entry will be put on the
Table of Contents page of our Spring issue.

Email your entry to
Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com
by March 15th - subject "Spring 2023 Photo Contest"

Who is the Monster and Who is the Man

By Amanda Pizzolatto

“Sing the bells of Notre Dame!” Thus begins one of the most iconic adaptations of Victor Hugo’s most popular book, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. It asks the question, who is really the monster, Frolo or Quasimodo? The movie does answer it, but the original story had a different vibe to it. While it did ask, and answer, the same question, it was not the main question that Victor Hugo wanted to answer. The answer he sought was more concerned with the beauty and worth of a cathedral, a silent sentry of Parisian history, than the fictional events that unfolded at her feet.

Many, many years ago, a cathedral was in danger of falling to disrepair. It would be just another in a long line of monuments to the hard work and artistry of the men who made them that could not be maintained due to the costs. One man, however, was determined that it would be saved for generations to enjoy and set out to save it the best way he could, to write a book. Thus *Hunchback of Notre Dame* was created and Victor Hugo practically saved Notre Dame single-handedly with it. At least, he is credited with creating what is now best known as the historical society to care for the church and other important historical sites. Also, by saving Notre Dame, Hugo sought to save Gothic architecture in general as the style was being pushed aside to give way to the new style of the day. Similar conversations are being had to this day, what with a new style of churches popping up across America. The main question, which is echoed in the characters, is, what makes a church? What makes it worthy?

Many will probably say what is on the inside, how the congregation acts, and rightfully so. Jesus stated by their fruits you will know them. But then, what are the fruits? These fruits, as it is understood, are the outward signs of inner virtue, or vice. It is not dependent upon outward appearances, though as noted in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, it can show up over time. But the main point is that outward appearances should not dictate the value of a person or a church. And yet, many want a church to be awe-inspiring, to be full of intricate design and a wealth of color both in and out. Sure, it does not mean the congregation within is a good one, that is for God to decide, but it is an answer to the desire to create something worthy of a terrific and awesome God. He created us and a whole planet to house us, full of majestic columns, exquisite perfumes, breathtaking colors, mind blowing choruses, and intricate designs. It is only natural to copy that in our buildings, art, music, and legends. As such, Victor Hugo was of the opinion that society was leaving such beauty behind. Though it was but one style, it was a style he did not want forgotten.

So then, once again, how does one determine the value and worth of, well, anything and anyone? Perhaps the easiest answer is that Someone gave them value and it cannot be taken away, not even if society's values and opinions on what should be deemed worthy change. If something must have a purpose to have value and merit, then everything has a purpose, even if we do not understand yet what that is. But the main purpose of anything and anyone is to give glory to God. That might not have been the purpose Hugo had in mind for preserving Notre Dame, but it was the reason for it being built. And it is just one reason, if not the main reason, to be taken into consideration for everyone and everything.

Worth It

By Sarah Levesque

Usually I start with definitions, but they're already printed on the first real page of this magazine, so I'm going to dive right into it. We are all children of God; He claimed us. He first claimed the Israelites, then, through Jesus, He claimed all who truly strive to follow the Lord, in particular those who are baptized or seek baptism. He made us, we are His. And when He makes something, He looks at it and calls it "good." But we are more than just one of God's many good creations. No, we are made in His own Image—Imago Dei. We have reason, creativity, choices galore. Further, when Jesus came down to earth, He came not as a monkey or a dog or a tree, but a human. He looked like us; we look like Him. And that is worth something.

The mere fact that we are made in His image and likeness means we have human dignity; we deserve respect. The other day, I came across the word "respect" with my fourth graders, so I asked them if anyone could define it. They came up with all sorts of ways of showing respect — listening, being helpful, being attentive, using eye contact—but they couldn't quite nail down a definition. And I couldn't blame them, for I also spent that time trying to come up with a good one. Eventually we turned to the dictionary, and the abridged version I gave them was this: "Respect is showing consideration to others."

So, we are made in the Image of God. This gives us human dignity that cannot be taken away. Having human dignity means we are worthy of respect, of consideration. We are not grass to be trampled on. We are not paper towels to be used and thrown away. We are humans; we are the same—brothers and sisters in Christ. And we need to act like it.

When I was teaching high school theology, I started by teaching about human dignity, then moved to how we need to treat others. The Scripture passage I turned to was Matthew 25, the Final Judgement. We would read from verse 31 to the end of the chapter. "I was hungry and you gave me food... Lord, when did we see you hungry? ...Whatever you did to the least of my brothers, you did unto me."

As humans, we have basic physical needs—food, water, shelter, clothing, heat—as well as emotional needs—a listening ear, a comforting hug, a nod of encouragement. Because we have human dignity, because we are made in the image of God, because we are worthy of respect and consideration, we have the right to these basic needs. With every right comes a duty; we have a duty to help those around us acquire these things they have a right to, as we are able.

The single mom who spent her whole paycheck to fix the car so she can go to work still has a hungry child to feed. It is their right to eat. It is our duty to help as we can; perhaps a grocery store gift card or even a jar of peanut butter and a loaf of bread. The man on the corner with the homeless sign, shivering in his short sleeve shirt, has a right to warmth. It is our duty to help as we can; perhaps an old sweatshirt or coat could be found, perhaps just a cup of hot gas station coffee. The exhausted caregiver who needs someone to vent to has a right to comfort. It is our duty to help as we can—lend a listening ear, make an offer to give care so she can have a break, bring a meal to the door. The old man who needs a kidney transplant but doesn't have good insurance has a right to medical care. It is our duty to help as we can—paying a bill, providing

transportation, spreading the word to find a kidney donor.

As one of my fourth graders said, we need to remember the Golden Rule: do unto others as you would have them do unto you. If you were that single mother, wouldn't you want assistance? Perhaps her choices were not great, but that does not mean that her hunger should go ignored. What you do to her, you do to Jesus. And that man on the corner—perhaps he has a drug addiction; perhaps he is lying about being homeless; perhaps he spends his money on cigarettes. But however he got there, if you ignore Him, you ignore Jesus. Or the caregiver in need of comfort—perhaps she took this burden upon herself; perhaps she's pushed other people away, been blunt or rude or gossipy. And yet, whatever you do to her, you do to Jesus. As for the old man in need of a kidney transplant, perhaps his better years are behind him; perhaps he made a poor choice on his insurance; perhaps he should have worked harder or invested better; perhaps his kids should be caring for him. But still, if you neglect him, you neglect Jesus.

St. James wrote, "What good is it, my brothers, if someone says he has faith but does not have works? Can that faith save him? If a brother or sister is poorly clothed and lacking in daily food, and one of you says to them, 'Go in peace, be warmed and filled,' without giving them the things needed for the body, what good is that? So also faith by itself, if it does not have works, is dead" (James 2:14-17). We cannot truly be said to be followers of Christ if we ignore Him in our brothers and sisters, our fellow man.

It is not for nothing that the Ten Commandments, the Law and the Prophets, can all be summed up in one sentence: "Love God, and love your neighbor as yourself" (Matthew 22:36-40). For it is through loving our neighbor that we show our love to God. Why? Because He made us in His image and likeness. This gives us human dignity—the worthiness of respect and consideration—and it cannot be taken away.

*"Nothing can make a man truly great
but being truly good and partaking
of God's holiness."
-Matthew Henry
(Commentary on Ezekiel 36)*



The Knights of Adonai

Part 6: Gaining the Scroll

By Joshua David Ling

**Scottish Guard: "I repate it agin fer yer ears tae hear.
What are ya doin' so near tae here?"**

**Leopold shuddered for a moment of worry
And wondered what he could do.
It was true he'd taken a vow of truthfulness
And honesty was his heart's view.
Deceiving this man who wasn't even an enemy
Clearly would violate his oaths.
But then he thought of a way around it-
And he spoke up clearly and bold.**

**Leo: "I'm thinking up riddles my good man,
To perchance gamble with Your Lord-
Talen is well known for his playful spending
Is this all not so?"**

**The guard shifted. Leo struck a chord.
He smiled and lifted a brow.**

**Guard: "Run 'em by me before yer audience.
If ye've got mooney for now."**

Meanwhile inside the tower Han peeked
And saw the Guard talking below.
He went about his business looking for notes
Or anything that would show
The obvious shady dealings that Talen had bid
And executed in his role.
He took a few looks through ledgers and books
And came across a perfect scroll.

Han read fairly well but business numbers were not
A thing he enjoyed to recognize.
Yet he could tell the big picture looked fishy
But how to get past the guards' eyes?

He stuffed the scroll into his clothes.
And peeked out into the hall.
There was no on to be seen at the moment
And he quietly crept along the wall.
He found a servant's staircase,
And then found his way outside.
Meanwhile just as he came out
Arturs was laughing with pride.

Lord Talen and he stepped outside
And mirthfully breathed the fresh air.

Arturs: "Well, Leo, Han, finished the work?
Lord Talen needs us away from here!"

Talen: "Are you reeeaaally sure you can't stay?"

Talen slurred, a little too jolly.

Arturs: "No. We understand what we must do.
Please, forgive our folly.
We have kept you far too long.
We go now to finish our deed."

Lord Talen waved them farewell,
And back to the abbey they did proceed.

**When they were finally out of earshot-
The three of them started to laugh.**

**Arturs: "He doesn't even remember why
he asked us here."**

**Leo: "Still, should we go back?
Did we say we'd actually escort the gold?"**

**Han: "I think we need not worry.
I have exactly what we were looking for.
Owain will want it in a hurry."**



HOLY

John Paul II

By Sarah Levesque

HEROES

Many of our readers will remember Pope John Paul II, commonly shortened to JP2, officially known as St. John Paul the Great. Born in Poland on May 18, 1920, he was named Karol Józef Wojtyła after his father. At the age of eight, young Karol lost his mother, Emilia Kaczorowska, and at the age of twelve, he lost his older brother, Edmund. Perhaps these deaths were part of the reason why Karol later defended human life and dignity so diligently. In any case, Karol and his father had a very close relationship. As Karol grew up, he juggled altar serving at his local Catholic church, athletics, and acting in addition to academics. His formal education ended before he completed university, as the Germans invaded Poland on September 1, 1939.

During World War II, Karol worked at a factory, continued his studies as best he could, wrote plays, and, after the death of his father, began studying for the priesthood. Like nearly all those in Poland, Karol saw firsthand the brutality of the Nazi party, which likely was an important factor to his later defense of human life and dignity. Eventually, in 1946, the year after the Soviets gained control of Poland, Karol was ordained a Catholic priest. He traveled to Rome to gain his doctorate, after which he began teaching and lecturing on many topics including theology, philosophy, and ethics. He began ministering to youth, wrote many poems, and, in 1960, published *Love and Responsibility*, about marriage and the theology of the body.

Fr. Karol was appointed auxiliary bishop of Kraków in 1958, attended the Second Vatican Council (1962 – 1965) where he impressed Pope Paul VI, and was subsequently named archbishop of Kraków in 1963. Archbishop Wojtyła's work on the Commission for the Study of Problems of the Family, Population, and Birth Rate likely influenced Pope Paul VI's 1968 encyclical *Humanae Vitae* (On Human Life), which defended human life from conception to natural death and condemned the use of artificial contraceptives. Meanwhile, as an archbishop and later a cardinal, Archbishop Wojtyła defied the communist leaders by officiating Masses without their permission, traveling around his diocese to spread the Gospel and Church teachings as he was not allowed access to the media. His various works earned him the high esteem of many, both laymen and clergy.

1978 was a difficult year for Roman Catholic officials. Pope Paul VI died on August 5th, and the cardinals voted in Albino Luciani as the new pope—Pope John Paul I—but he died on September 28th of the same year. The cardinals were faced with the necessity of electing a second pope in three months, and chose Archbishop Wojtyła on October 16th. He was 58 years old, and the first non-Italian pope in centuries. He chose the name John Paul II to honor the previous three popes, who had all been influential in the Second Vatican Council.

HOLY

John Paul II

By Sarah Levesque

HEROES

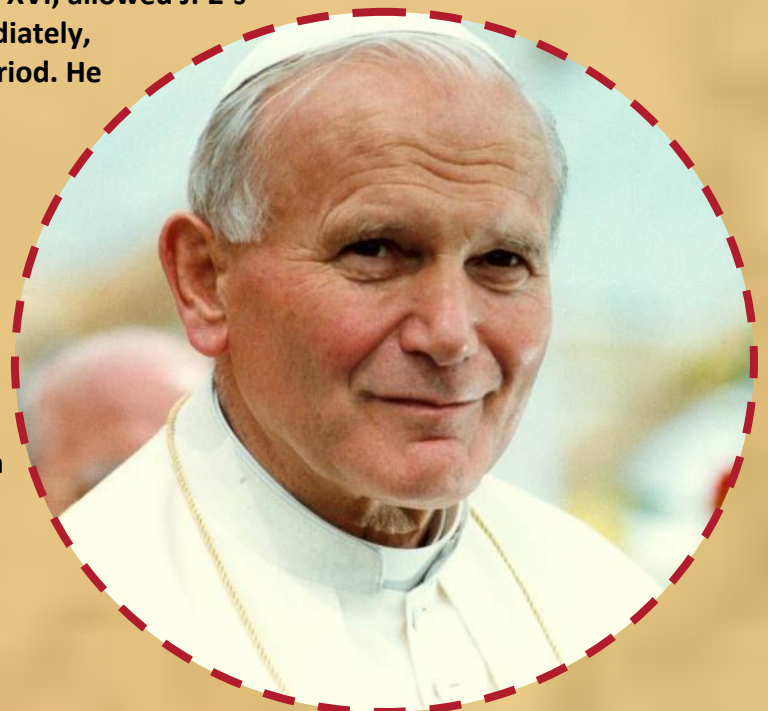
As pope, JP2 traveled all around the world to speak to laymen, clergy, and politicians. “Be not afraid!” he told them, and he championed human rights and dignity, help for the poor, religious freedom, peace, and Christian unity while condemning abortion, euthanasia, communism, greed, violence, materialism, and hate of all sorts. In 1981, JP2 survived an assassination attempt, forgiving his would-be killer in person after his recovery. He talked with Soviet leaders and revolutionaries, eventually helping to guide Soviet-held countries to independence without violence, starting with his beloved native Poland. He also worked to improve relations between Catholicism and other faiths, including non-Catholic Christianity, Judaism and Islam. Somehow he still managed to find time to direct the updates of Canon Law and the Catechism of the Catholic Church. Despite all the upheaval he brought about, he still clung tightly to the Church’s timeless traditions, including the ordination of only men to be priests, the condemnation of abortion, and the teaching of marriage as between one man and one woman, all of which have been passed down since the Church’s earliest days.

By 2003, at the age of 83, JP2’s Parkinson’s Disease prevented him from standing for any significant amount of time, but he continued to speak in public until he had a tracheotomy in spring of 2005, after which he still blessed those gathered outside his window. Pope John Paul II died on April 2, 2005; he had overseen the Roman Catholic church for 27 years. His funeral was attended by millions, and watched on television by millions more. His successor, Benedict XVI, allowed JP2’s cause for canonization to sainthood to begin immediately, dispensing with the customary five-year waiting period. He was canonized nine years later—quite quickly—on April 27, 2014.

May we, like John Paul II, always work for the respect and care of others.

Sources:

- britannica.com/biography/Saint-John-Paul-II/Final-years
- <https://www.newadvent.org/fathers/0714.htm> (the Didache, written in the second century)



An Old Scarf

By Theresa Suarez-Vertefeuille

A brown, wrinkled scarf wedged between
The family's farmhouse wooden door
and the draft

Is like a Cinderella.

You wouldn't know it, wouldn't see beauty
at first glance;

Several winters' salt burned two holes
through the fabric.

The runaway frayed edges stay
And the polka dots that used to dance
in the middle

Seem to have broken pattern;
Although if you were to unfold it, you see that
they sit

In exactly the same place as when they
were sewn.

When springtime melts the cold,
Giving way to warmth,
Will the scarf be dismissed of duty among
the other rags --

Or, with a shake that like a spell
Frees the sand,
Find new life?

The original color is white.



Writers & Artists Wanted!

**LogoSophia Magazine is looking for
more contributors for**

- the blog - magazine articles - artwork -**
- Controversy Corner - graphic design -**

Email us at Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com

CONTROVERSY CORNER

What charitable cause(s) does your denomination primarily support, and why?

What is Controversy Corner?

Controversy Corner is the section of LogoSophia Magazine where people of different faith traditions discuss controversial topics in a succinct manner.

If you would like to submit a topic for discussion, please let us know!

Don't see your denomination represented? Help us fix that! We're always looking for new writers!

Disagree with the representative of your denomination? Write in and tell us why in a respectful manner, and we'll publish it in our next magazine under "Letters to the Editor & Comments"!

For these and any other questions, comments or suggestions, email us at Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com.

Garden Variety Christian: Rebecca Lemke

Being untethered from any affiliation or denomination, decisions about the distribution of resources are made as a household based on where we feel called and led to help. Being able to use resources (time, energy, talents, financial donations) directly has been a welcome change and blessing as we feel it is easier to keep those resources from being abused, exploited, or stolen. It has also become much easier to make those contributions in a truly anonymous fashion, which is important to us.

We support those in bodily need, in particular medical-related issues due to the complicated (particularly due to insurance) emotional, physical, and expensive nature of such things.

CONTROVERSY CORNER

What charitable cause(s) does your denomination primarily support, and why?

Non-Denominational Christian: Deborah Morgan

The causes closest to my home church's heart are primarily ones where we can meet physical needs or those in crisis. We've partnered with organizations like Hope Is Alive, Anna's House Foundation, Homeless Alliance, and many more. The most common thread throughout our five congregations is serving schools. Through community-groups church members also meet needs in their communities and neighborhoods outside of an organization. This is for both members of the church and those outside of it. Examples are helping single moms, storm damage clean up, and providing supplies for local schools. Our focus is primarily locally, in community, but it does also exist on a broader support scale of other states and even countries — most recently being a church-plant in Dubai, India.

My church's motto is "Love God, Love People, and Push Back Darkness" and the causes we partner with or groups that receive a Push Back Darkness Grant help to do just that by having Godly people show up in real tangible ways while also bringing the love of Jesus.

Presbyterian Church Independent: Joshua David Ling

Our main charitable support goes straight to the families in our Church, beyond that we have some that goes to Augusta Care Pregnancy center which counsels women in crisis pregnancies, and support a small handful of missionaries in Eastern Europe and Bangladesh. - Our reasoning is to start close to home and spread out as far as we're able, remaining good stewards of the gifts God has given us. If we do not take care of our own congregants and city first, we can't truly help others.

CONTROVERSY CORNER

What charitable cause(s) does your denomination primarily support, and why?

Roman Catholic: Sarah Levesque

Each diocese (large group of parishes under a bishop) supports a wide variety of local organizations that in turn support the community. Many of the parishes have a council of the Knights of Columbus, a group of dedicated men who raise money for specific charities or causes - food pantries, disaster relief, and many more - and dedicate their time volunteering besides. Many parishes have a soup kitchen, food pantry, or shelter they are partnered with, and all give of their income to Catholic Charities, an organization that supports the community in a myriad of ways by providing food, shelter, mental health services, pregnancy education and parenting education, legal assistance, and more, to anyone in need. In addition, our parishes ask for special collections at various times, to be sent to sister churches in poorer areas throughout the world. This is but a taste of the work being done by the Catholic churches in the United States.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

We need more contributors
for Controversy Corner!

Could you write
your denomination's stance?

Do you know someone who can?



Historic Sam Black Church, West Virginia



I wake up weary—Oh so weary!
From a night sore and surly!
Day runs to day and night to night.
Days dart and evenings ebb.
Mine eyes droop and face darkens—
My visage is grim and grey with grame.
Where is mirth? Where's merriment?
My hands have hindered both.
Work must be wrought.
Where is glee? Where's gaiety?
My feet have faltered both.
Work must be wrought.

My heart feels hectic—Oh so hectic!
My spirits certes are septic!
Summer ceases and winter waxes.
Flowers fall and leaves are lost.
I ponder with painful paces.
My strength seems to sickly stray.
Where is rest? Where's renewing?
My mind hath meandered much!
Work must be wrought.
Where is hope? Where is healing?
My heart hath hindered enough!
Work must be wrought.

WORK MUST BE WROUGHT

By
Jordan Ellis Christensen

I look up hopeful—Oh so hopeful!
To Christ who cures all that's curseful.
Day dawns and even's ended.
Darkness dwindles and the sun shines.
The Holy Ghost giveth grace.
By His means, might is restored!
There is joy! There's jolliness!
In His waters there is wellness.
His work hath been wrought.
There is peace! There's purity!
In His Supper sins are solved!
His work hath been wrought.
There's freedom! There's forgiveness!
In Jesus Christ sins are stopped!
His work hath been wrought!

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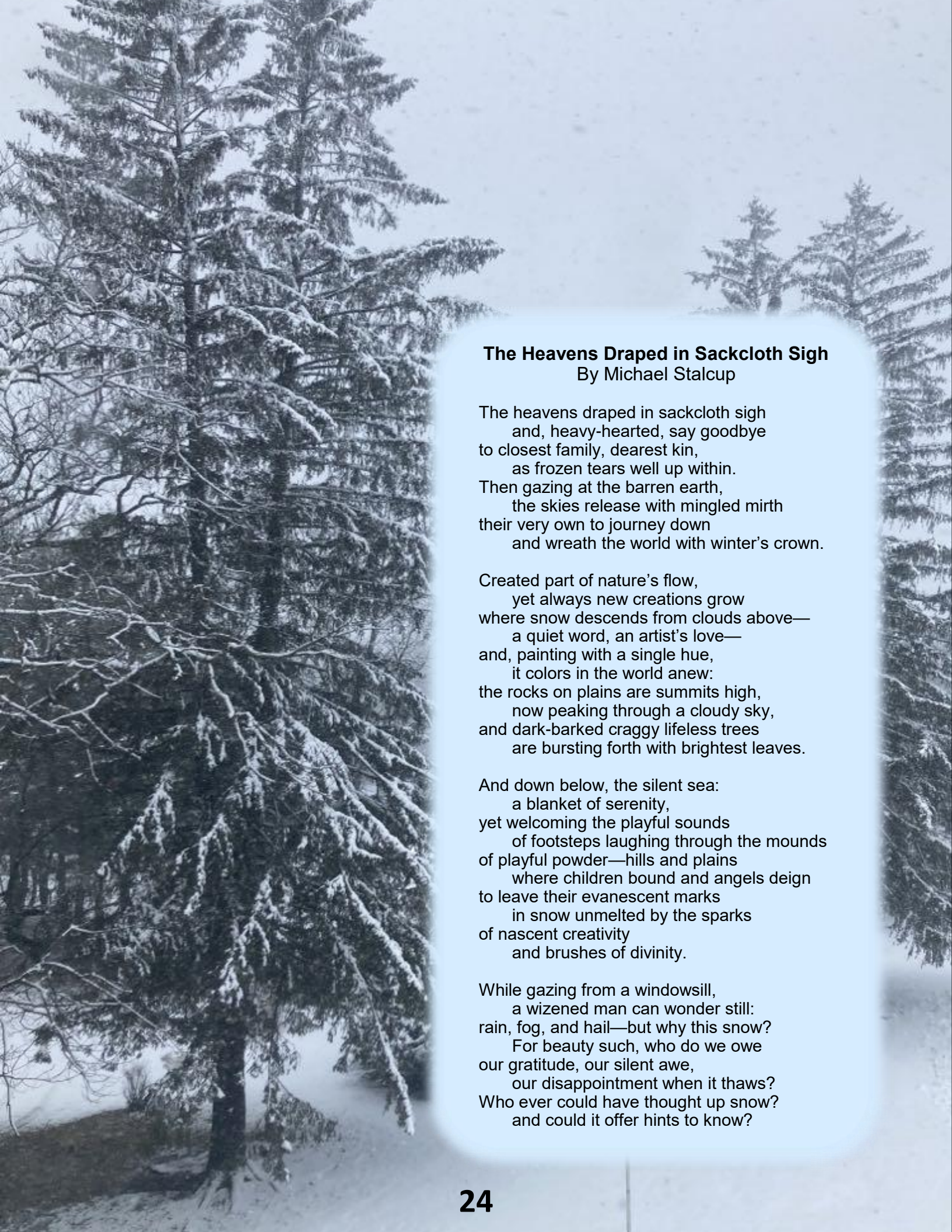
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in one or more of the following categories:

~ Writing ~ Proofreading ~ Graphic Design ~ Marketing ~

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The Heavens Draped in Sackcloth Sigh

By Michael Stalcup

The heavens draped in sackcloth sigh
and, heavy-hearted, say goodbye
to closest family, dearest kin,
as frozen tears well up within.
Then gazing at the barren earth,
the skies release with mingled mirth
their very own to journey down
and wreath the world with winter's crown.

Created part of nature's flow,
yet always new creations grow
where snow descends from clouds above—
a quiet word, an artist's love—
and, painting with a single hue,
it colors in the world anew:
the rocks on plains are summits high,
now peaking through a cloudy sky,
and dark-barked craggy lifeless trees
are bursting forth with brightest leaves.

And down below, the silent sea:
a blanket of serenity,
yet welcoming the playful sounds
of footsteps laughing through the mounds
of playful powder—hills and plains
where children bound and angels deign
to leave their evanescent marks
in snow unmelted by the sparks
of nascent creativity
and brushes of divinity.

While gazing from a windowsill,
a wizened man can wonder still:
rain, fog, and hail—but why this snow?
For beauty such, who do we owe
our gratitude, our silent awe,
our disappointment when it thaws?
Who ever could have thought up snow?
and could it offer hints to know?

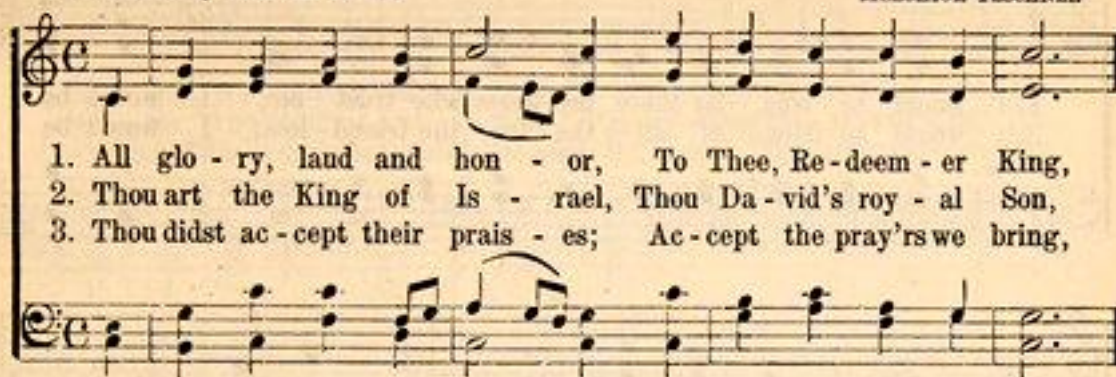
39

All Glory, Laud, And Honor

THEODULPH of Orleans, circa ST. THEODULPH. 7, 6, 7, 6, D

Translated by JOHN M. NEALE

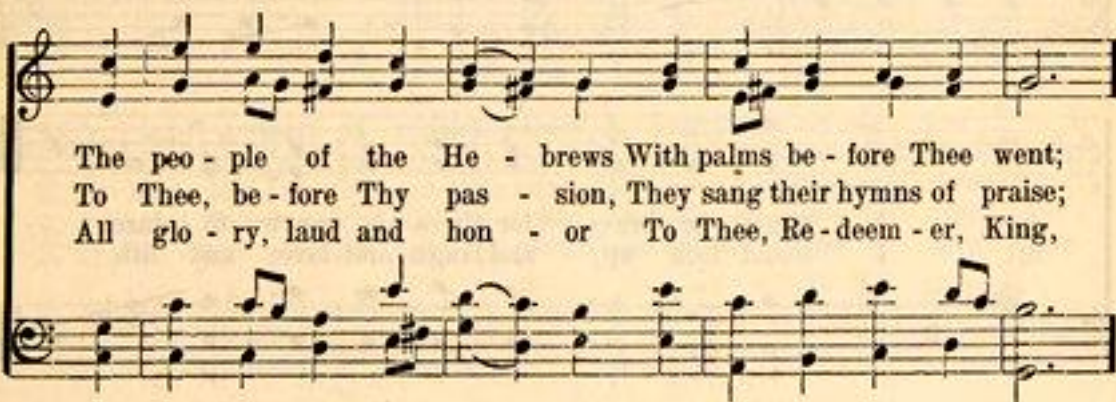
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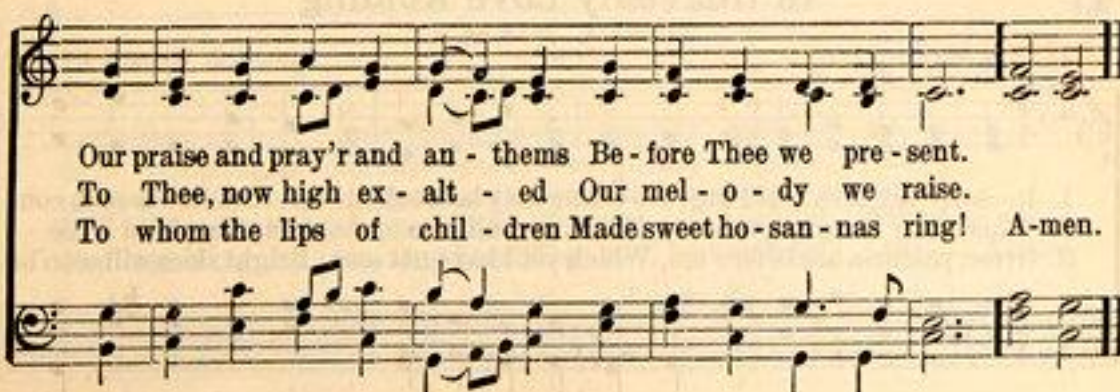
1. All glo - ry, laud and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er King,
 2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
 3. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the pray'rs we bring,



To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!
 Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One!
 Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!



The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;
 To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;
 All glo - ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,



Our praise and pray'r and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
 To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed Our mel - o - dy we raise.
 To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring! A - men.

By Ian Wilson



**Musical Musings:
All Glory, Laud & Honor**

There is nothing of more worth or value than God. He is the sum total of all goodness, the source of all life, wisdom, power, and the creative force of the universe. All things are in His power, and we can do nothing without Him. Our Lord, Jesus Christ, of one substance with the Father, very God, is indeed the King of all the earth, as this hymn by St. Theodulf, bishop of Orleans confesses. He is the highest value of anyone that has ever lived, yet He has given His own precious life for us sinners.

Little is known about the author of this hymn, St. Theodulf. He was apparently an accomplished theologian, and one of Charlemagne's trusted advisors. He is credited with being a strong defender of the Western concept of the filioque - the phrase describing the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father and the Son in the Nicene Creed. However, when Charlemagne's son Louis took the throne, he accused Theodulf of participating in a rebellion and had him imprisoned in a monastery, where it is believed he died.

The hymn St. Theodulf wrote, All Glory, Laud and Honor, describes the triumphal entry of our Lord Jesus into Jerusalem, thus it is most frequently sung on Palm Sunday. The hymn reminds us that Jesus is King, and we should treat Him as such, praising Him, praying to Him, and worshiping Him as king of the universe. I think we often forget that Jesus, though humble and lowly, is in fact the King. We value Him so little. In a sense, He is happy to be devalued (Philippians 2:6-8). But in the end, He desires that we should make Him King of our lives (verses 9-11). Too often, we value something or someone higher than Christ, who is preeminent in all things. We develop a disordered affection, in which we place the creatures ahead of the Creator. We order our lives around ourselves, rather than the giver of Life. May we one day be able to sing truthfully, "All Glory Laud and Honor to You, Redeemer King!"

THE FAEBLOOD ARCHIVE
SNOW WHITE AND THE FAEBLOOD PRINCE
BY T.K. WILSON

Once upon a time, the Faeblood and humans lived in harmony. The magic of the Faeblood made lives simpler for all, and they taught humans how to make magic on their own. Together, they built the City of Hawthorne, a testament to the friendship of fae and man filled with technological marvels the world had never seen. But this peace was not to last; wicked humans delved into forbidden magic and greedily exploited the Faeblood for their skill. They even created a race of artificial beings- half clay, half machine, the homunculi.

A mighty battle was fought, and the fae were victorious, as their weapons were death to the homunculi. A truce was reached, where the humans were given Hawthorne, and the Faeblood would have the Great Forest, and their own city, Tir Na Nog. Not all Faeblood left the city, however. A guard composed of Ogres and Dwarves lived under the city in a vast network of tunnels, for the Faeblood king, Oberon, believed that someday the two peoples may be united once again...

Hawthorne - the city where the rich and powerful rule. I was fortunate that I was born into one of those rich and powerful families, the leading family in fact. My father Henry was the head of the city council and was friends with King Oberon of the Faeblood. That was before he died though, and...
I'm getting ahead of myself. My name is Snow. Snow White Sylvan.

I was the apple of my father's eye. Everyone called me the Little Princess, but my father taught me the way to be a true princess was to be generous, forgiving, brave, and kind. My mother died when I was just a baby, but we were happy, just him and me. But that was before *she* came into our lives.

She was Elizabeta Dracul. She was very beautiful, but hated me the instant she set eyes on me. She acted like she didn't, but I could tell she was lying. When Father was around she acted like sugar and spice, but when he was gone she would practically turn chartreuse with anger and drive me away.

The first thing she did was remove the guards that King Oberon assigned to us, a team of seven dwarves, which included a dwarf named Selig, who was only a little older than me; he was my best friend. I was only six at the time and I didn't understand why this was happening. I cried for days when she sent away Selig, but he promised he wouldn't be far away. I didn't understand what he meant.

Then Father died. I cried until I was sick out of grief and fear, because now I was stuck with Elizabeta.

Father left everything to me, but Elizabeta insisted on running everything herself. I was too young, of course. Father had made provision for that, trusted friends, which she promptly removed.

Now that she had all the money, she fired all the remaining staff, and brought in homunculi. How I hated those homunculi! At first, I tried to make the best of it, not to throw the baby out with the bathwater, but it turns out it was all bathwater. Their sallow skin was cold and the ugly machine parts sticking out of them made them poor companions. Homunculi are also mute, which Elizabeta appreciated. She didn't like the former staff or the guards, who chatted and sang all day. "Staff are to be seen and not heard, like children," she scolded me when I complained.

Eventually, I was confined to the house.

"For your safety," Elizabeta said. "So you don't get kidnapped."

Kidnapping would be preferable to living like this.

One day when I was ten, I passed by Elizabeta's room. The door opened a crack and, though it was naughty, I peeked in. There was Elizabeta, surrounded by black candles and standing in front of a big, ornate, mirror, speaking to it.

"Mirror Mirror, on the wall, who is fairest of us all?"

"You are fair, 'tis true, but Snow White is fairer far than you."

"What?!" Elizabeta screeched. "She's just a child!"

I quickly, quietly ran away. Now I knew what my stepmother was. She was a witch! That was why she had gotten rid of the Faeblood; they would have found her out. And now my life was in danger.

That very night, I packed some clothes, a little packaged food, a few dog bones, and some treasures I couldn't bear to leave behind and climbed out the window on a flower trellis. I had no plans beyond escape, and a vague idea to find some Faeblood. And it was cold out! I wished I had time to get my coat. I struck out across the lawn toward the wall that surrounded the house. Then I heard the guard dogs coming, but I had already considered that; I didn't know if they would know me in the dark, so I threw them the bones. Once I heard them contentedly crunching the bones, I grabbed the ivy on the wall and swung over to safety and freedom.

I landed on some bushes, then I made my way down the little embankment the house sat on and down toward the city. I heard something in the bushes nearby and froze.

"Snow?" said a strange voice, but one that was familiar all the same.

"Who's there?" I called out.

A shape came out of the shadow of the house.

"It's me, Selig!" replied the voice.

I ran over to him and gave him a hug.

"You've gotten bigger!" he remarked.

"What are you doing here?"

“We couldn’t abandon you; in fact, we planned to rescue you if need be. The others are close by. Come on.”

Selig took me by the hand and led me down to a tunnel at the base of the hill my house was built on.

“I didn’t know this was here.”

“We like it that way,” said Selig. “Nobody knows about them except for other Faeblood and the few humans in our charge.”

The tunnel was lit by glowing mushrooms, the echoes of other people in the tunnel network reached us.

“Will we live here now?” I asked.

“No, His Ma- well, Sven will explain it.”

Sven was the commander of the squadron, I remembered. The seven were all related in some way; there was Sven, Sente, Selda, Sige, Simmy, Selig, and his sister Swanhilde, who was the only female and the healer.

Selig took me into a large room with a firepit and some forging equipment.

“Look what I found!” called Selig.

The dwarves surrounded me, chattering with glee.

“Well, healthy, and whole, it seems,” said Swanhilde.

“How did you get her out by yourself, Selig?” asked Selda.

“I didn’t; she managed it all on her own!” said Selig.

“It’s wonderful to see you all again,” I said. “You’ve been down here the whole time?”

“Of course! Just because your stepmother dismissed us, doesn’t mean King Oberon gave us leave to abandon our posts,” explained Sven. “And now, we’re to take you to him in the Great Forest.”

“What?” I said, confused.

“Your father was his friend, it is His Majesty’s will and pleasure that you come under his protection.”

“But I’ve heard the Faeblood of the Great Forest hate humans.”

“If they did, do you think we’d take you there? No, they only hate human greed that takes without limit,” exclaimed Selig.

“You’ll want for nothing there,” said Swanhilde. “There’s lots of other children to play with and Queen Titania has already promised you a position in her court.”

“She’s never even seen me! And I barely remember the King..”

“That does not matter, love. He remembers you,” said Swanhilde.

We made it out by sunrise. I paused to look down into the city one last time, shining purple in the dawn, the moon still hanging over skyscrapers. I was sad to leave, but the Forest beckoned, with more green than I had ever imagined. I held Selig and Swanhilde’s hands as we walked. Once we reached the outskirts of the forest, the dwarves began to sing in

their deep, rough voices, a song I didn't recognize from the days they spent at my house, but it seemed to call the forest closer to cover our tracks. We walked until we came to a road in the midst of the forest, wide and green and seemed to glow. Then we heard the jingling of bells.

Out of the forest came animals, horses, ponies, even a tiger! I had only seen pictures of such animals. And riding on them came faeries of every description, and at the head of them all came a man and a woman. They wore elaborate crowns on their heads, the man's had a little half mask attached over his eyes, and in the glimmer of their glamor, the woman's skin and hair seemed pale blue. Behind them on a white horse came a boy with fair skin and white hair, about my age.

"Hail, your majesties!" called Sven, bowing.

The procession came to a halt. The man in the mask turned to us.

"Hail, Sven of Hawthorne March! Has your quest been accomplished at last?"

"What quest? I didn't know it was a quest?" said Selig.

"Yes, My Lord," Sven gestured to me. "Snow White, the daughter of your friend, has been rescued.

Rescued herself, in fact, the clever girl that she is!"

"Very good!" The King dismounted and bowed down to me. "Do you remember me, Snow White?"

"Only a little, Your Highness," I said, curtsying.

The Queen and the boy dismounted and came to stand beside the king.

"How poorly you're dressed," exclaimed the Queen. "You must be freezing!"

"Snow, you should've said something!" scolded Swanhilde.

"It's okay, I adjusted," I said with a smile.

The Queen undid the cape around her shoulders (and now I could see she was very pale with pale hair, not blue) and wrapped me in it.

"You shall live so well, that you will forget your former sorrow and never more remember your time in the city. May your time with us be filled with joy!" said the Queen. "Now, you will ride with me back to Tir Na Nog."

"Fall in," ordered Sven to his squad.

"If you will, Sven," said Oberon. "I will relieve you of your service in Hawthorne so you may be Snow White's personal bodyguard."

"Oh, we'd like that very much, Sir!" said Sven.

As we rode along, the boy came up beside the Queen and I.

"This is my son, Prince Fionn," she said.

So the boy was a prince! I offered my hand for him to shake, but instead he gently turned it at the wrist and kissed my knuckles. I blushed for a split second.

"Father has spoken about you," said Fionn. "I hope we can be friends."

"I hope so, too."

I looked up at the Queen.

"Why are you doing all this for me?"

“We are immortal, Snow. We do not lightly forgive those who have harmed us, but we always care for our friends, and their children,” she replied.

The years as I grew all blended together. There were many fairy children to play with, and what Oberon had said was true, I did forget the city, and my stepmother and all my sorrows. There was only one long, merry summer with Fionn and the others. Fionn and I actually became best friends, which seemed to please his mother, and even Selig, who became more of an elder brother to me. Though Fionn took his duties as Prince seriously, he loved to smile more than frown and was merry as the first birds of spring.

I forgot my former life so completely that when Faeblood and humans fled Hawthorne and came to Tir Na Nog, no one recognized me, though I was a well known figure once. The Queen had placed me in charge of the refugees, but charged me never to reveal my name. Often I wept for them, so many were sick, some dying, due to overwork and bad air. I would tend the graves and sing laments for those who had died with my dwarves to attend me. Sometimes Fionn would come as well, dressed in sober black.

One night, just before my twenty-first birthday, I looked in the mirror and realized I had grown up. And Fionn had grown up too. The innocence of Fairyland had kept me from realizing it, and for some reason I was afraid. I was beautiful, and the words of the magic mirror floated through my head.

“You are fair, ‘tis true, but Snow White is fairer far than you.”

I remembered my stepmother. I remembered the city. And I knew why I was afraid.

**To Be Continued
at LogoSophiaMag.com**



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Scripture Search

1. For what will it profit a man if he gains the whole world and forfeits his soul? Or what shall a man give in return for his soul?
2. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.
3. So whatever you wish that others would do to you, do also to them, for this is the Law and the Prophets.
4. Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things.

A. Matthew 16:26

B. John 3:16

C. Philippians 4:8

D. Matthew 17:12

Author Interview With...

SARAH LEVESQUE



Hello! Tell us a little about yourself.

I am a cradle Catholic. I am one of the lucky ones that never fell away from the faith and God has always been a huge part of my life. So in 2019, he told me to start a magazine and I said "Um, okay?" So I started looking into it and I said to myself, "Okay, wait a minute. I've been working on magazines for a long time. I know a lot of people. Okay, God has literally set me up to do this properly. This makes sense. He gave me all the resources I will need." So LogoSophia was born.

Let's see, a little more about me. I live in New England. Most of my writing at this time is for LogoSophia, but I also have completed multiple short stories that are in various anthologies and a nearly -100 page fanfiction about Eowyn from *Lord of the Rings*. Of course, we don't publish fanfiction on LogoSophia Magazine, so that is living on my website along with other my fanfiction.

When did you start writing?

I started writing when I was six years old. If you go with the spirit of what I was writing versus the letter, I wrote a little book about "The Goose and the Moose," except spelling was not my strong point at six years old, and so it was really something along the lines of "The Gus and the Muss." And they got married and had two goose-moose as children. And yeah, it was a very strange little story, I still have it somewhere. It was written on lined paper and bound together with twisty ties. Only story I finished until oh, I think I was in ninth grade and I got a story prompt from my teacher. That got me back into it.

What's your latest project about?

That's the funny thing. My latest project is, and always will be for the foreseeable future, LogoSophia. I am in multiple anthologies, and I've got another anthology story that will be coming out this coming year at some point. It's the third installment of the Whitstead anthology series - Whitstead Summertide. But yeah, it's just kind of different things that hit me I'll write about, and occasionally I'll get a story that'll just strike me out of the blue, generally while I'm sleeping. I'll pull apart a dream and say, "Okay, this has merit... this has merit... chucking that idea because that makes no sense..." and I'll write a little story from there. Most of my stories are short stories.



Author Interview With...

SARAH LEVESQUE



How did you come up with the idea for this anthology story?

So there was this cool anthology set in the 1840s, I believe, that was making its way around my circles, or the prompts were, and it was about this kind of fantasy/sci-fi goings-on in a little village called Whitstead. And I was like, "ooh, this is really cool," but I also didn't have any ideas, and the submission deadline was getting closer and closer. And people are popping up and saying, "Oh, I'm going to bring in aliens." "I'm going to bring in angels." "I'm going to bring in gnomes." "I'm going to bring in fairies." And all of these stories got interwoven. And I'm sitting there, kind of watching this happen over a Facebook group, like, "Man, I want to be part of this."

So at the last minute I got this idea - I could write about a sailor who comes home for Christmas, because the first one was *Whitstead Christmastide*. And I said, okay, so I can write a story about this sailor who comes home from sea and sees some of this stuff that the other people are describing in more detail. And I somehow lit upon the idea of this guy, Mattie Rossiter, not having much of a family of his own, he has a sister who is running the orphanage of Whitstead. So she has all these orphans in her care, and many of the orphans have stories of their own. And Mattie kind of adopted them all. And he managed to bring in fireworks for Guy Fawkes Day. He got them all Christmas presents, which his stingy sister would never consider. And his story continues in the following books. Loads of fun.

So, how did you go about publishing the anthology?

I didn't have much to do with that side of things, which is great! I think it was Abigail and Sarah Falanga. They went with a website/publishing company thing called BundleRabbit - now PubShare - that specializes in anthologies and bringing together multiple authors. So they worked out the paperwork side of things. All I had to do was sign away my life and email the PDF back to them and it was good. The proceeds get farmed out to all of us by the same website. So yeah, that was fun.

My biggest work is my *Lord of the Rings* fanfiction called "Eowyn, White Lady of Rohan". I wanted to tell Eowyn's story, because Tolkien really didn't do a lot with her, and I wanted to flesh that out. So I gave her five chapters of backstory before she shows up in Tolkien's work. She falls in love, gets betrothed but he falls in battle. But I couldn't stop there, so I followed her through the trilogy and really dug into her story with Faramir, because I thought Tolkien went too fast with that. Not that I changed the timeline. I had to learn a lot about Vikings because the Rohirric people were based on the Vikings, just with horses.



Author Interview With...

SARAH LEVESQUE



Why do you write?

A couple reasons. I write when characters start talking to me because that's the only way to get them out of my head. I write non fiction in order to work out a problem that I'm facing. Or to delve into a realization that I may have had recently. I recently wrote a piece about God kind of claiming us and that one was really interesting for me because it was just one of those realizations of, "Huh, this is obvious but it's IMMENSE," and I hadn't touched the immensity of it before. Sometimes, it's like, "Oh, that's right, we have a magazine! I need to write something for this!" And then I'll start thinking about whatever topic we've chosen, and I'll usually pray about it and God will give me

something. Like my piece for this magazine, this issue, I wrote in Eucharistic Adoration. So I was sitting there in front of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and I had my prayer journal open, and I just started writing. Because all of the pieces were in my brain, I just had to fit them together. And that often tends to be what it is for my non fiction. It's like, "Oh, I have all these pieces, but I need to bring them together into a full, cohesive something."

What helps you write? Music, reading, specific pen, etc.?

Literally nothing. It doesn't matter what's on hand. If I have something going on in my head and I have the time, I will sit down and write it. My fiction I prefer writing longhand, so I will grab a pencil or a pen, and some paper, and I'll go at it. Like, all of my Eowyn story was written in a notebook, some of it lefty because I broke my right wrist. Fun times! So most of my fiction has to be by hand. And then my nonfiction, for whatever reason, it doesn't matter. Sometimes I write it on my phone's notes app!

What has writing taught you?

Well, because I write, I've had to learn a lot about grammar. It's kind of what started me on this path to being an editor, the writing I did in high school. And figuring out, "Oh, why did my teacher mark this part wrong? What are the rules about commas?" And then just diving into it and getting obsessed. So writing kicked me off on the journey to becoming an editor with that grammar obsession.

Writing has taught me a lot about so many things because, again, I write in part to explain things to myself, to work out problems, to understand more clearly what it is that I'm thinking, what it is that God wants me to do, what it is that the church, specifically the Catholic Church, believes. And also how to write in crunch time when the deadline's already gone by!



Author Interview With...

SARAH LEVESQUE



Who are you inspired by in your writing?

The Eowyn story was very much inspired by Tolkien, of course. My Uncle Mattie stories were kicked off by the *Horatio Hornblower* books and my love of the literature of the sea, as it were. But, I don't know; it really depends basically on who I was reading last, and what's going on in my life that I need to work through. It's never anything specific. I'm not one of those people that writes to music generally. Music tends to be distracting to me, because I'll just be like, "Oh, music!" and then forget about the writing side of things. So it varies greatly.

Do you go back and reread your writing after it's completed?

Oh yeah! My short stories I'll go back and I'll read every so often. My Eowyn story I'll go back and I will reread. I'll reread my nonfiction too, just with less frequency. I've always been big on rereading books. Anything that's old and familiar, but I might have forgotten something because it's been that much time, I'll go back and reread it for familiarity. And it's funny, because sometimes I'll go back and reread my work and be like, "Oh yeah, I did that! I forgot about that!" And I'll get myself all excited. It's great.

What is your advice for writers?

Don't stop. You don't have to write because it'll bring you fame and fortune. You can write just for the heck of it. I have so many random things that are half written. I have so many things that nobody will ever get to read. I have so many awful poems that very few people will get to lay their eyes on. But writing is healing, writing helps you to understand, writing helps you to slow down, to create, be a co-creator with Christ in a very small way. Yeah, even if you don't meet your grand expectations, even if you don't hit your large

aspirations, just keep writing, because it's important. In our culture, we tend to leave the arts to those who are "good at them." Don't! You'll be better if you practice, but don't necessarily focus on the publication side, on the sharing side, on the "let's make it big and make money and be famous" side. But write because you can, because you have that ability, you have that opportunity.

Is there anything else you'd like to add?

I do want to shout out to Abby Jorgensen. She told me that I needed to be on the interviewed side of things, and I was like, "Oh okay. I can do that." Also, please share. Share



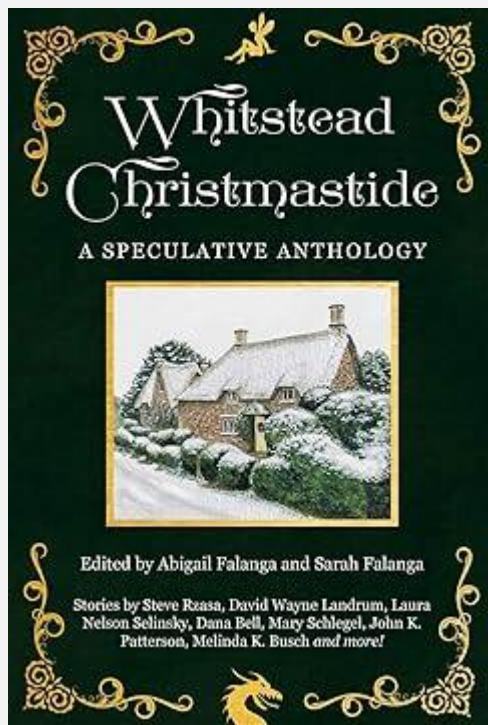
Author Interview With...

SARAH LEVESQUE

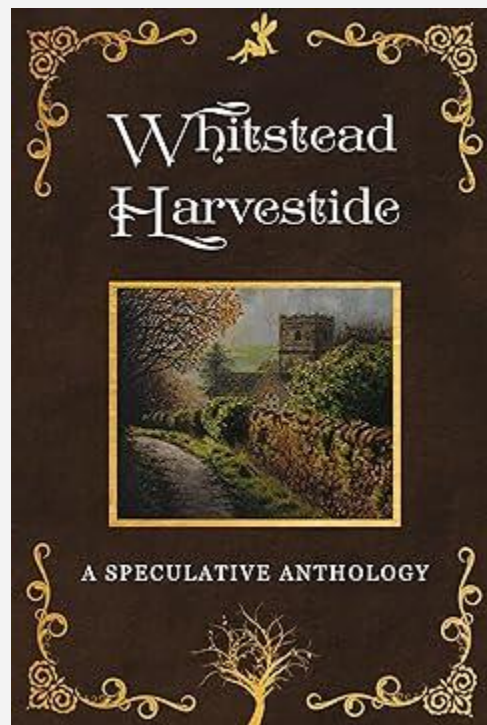


everything. Share anything that makes you smile, makes you cry, makes you laugh. Share LogoSophia. Share the works of her authors. Share the works of anybody who is putting out themselves into the world in what may seem like a small way, because you never know who you're going to impact with that share. You might be impacting us. You might be impacting somebody in your life. You might be impacting somebody you've never even heard of that's a friend of a friend, or a friend of a friend of a friend, or further down the line. You never know. So don't forget to share. And if you have a couple bucks to throw at LSM, we can definitely use them cause we're all doing this for free, more or less.

Find links to all of Sarah's work—fiction and nonfiction, online and paperback, original and fanfiction —on her website, sarlevesque.wordpress.com



Edited by Abigail Falanga and Sarah Falanga
Stories by Steve Rzasa, David Wayne Landrum, Laura Nelson Selinsky, Dana Bell, Mary Schlegel, John K. Patterson, Melinda K. Busch and more!



A SPECULATIVE ANTHOLOGY

Book & Media Recommendations

The Daughter of Sherlock Holmes by Leonard Goldberg. The adventures of Holmes and Watson continue in the lives of Watson's son John and Holmes' daughter with Irene Adler, Joanna, who have each followed in the footsteps of their fathers, as has Lestrade's son and, perhaps, the children of the original pair's adversaries.
-Sarah

Ghosts (2019-2023, BBC) – Allison Cooper and her husband Mike unexpectedly inherit Button House, a dilapidated country estate that just happens to be full of ghosts. After a near-fatal accident, Allison finds she can see and hear the ghosts, who range from a cave-man to a 1990s Tory MP who died sans trousers. As Mike and Allison attempt to restore Button House to its former glory, the ghosts do their best to help (or hinder) their efforts.
-Monica

Avantasia- Moonglow (Musical album)
European fantasy metal supergroup Avantasia takes us on an evocative journey with the luckless Raven Child into the darkness and wonder that is humanity. Highlights include the tracks "Raven Child" and "Ghost in the Moon."
-TK

Northanger Abbey (1817) by Jane Austen is not as well known as *Pride and Prejudice*, but it certainly is as much fun as it makes witty, tongue-in-cheek comments about the vastly popular Gothic genre. - Amanda

Beauty and the Beast (1987 TV Series) This series, one of the first urban fantasies on TV, tells the story of the brave, beautiful Catherine (Linda Hamilton) and her valiant beast Vincent (Ron Perlman) and their adventures fighting crime on the mean streets of New York (PG-13). -TK

The spirit of Agatha Christie comes to the world of Jane Austen in the **Mr. Darcy & Miss Tilney Mysteries** (Claudia Gray, Vintage Books). In this series, the characters of Austen's novels come together under murderous circumstances, as our sleuths, Jonathan Darcy (the son of Darcy and Elizabeth from *Pride and Prejudice*) and Juliet Tilney (the daughter of Catherine and Henry from *Northanger Abbey*), untangle the mysteries. -Monica



more

Book & Media Recommendations



A Very Bookish Romance (Jan 2024)
 by Sarah Holman, Abigayle Claire,
 Grace Pennington, et al., takes
 inspiration from classic stories such as
Pride & Prejudice, *Northanger Abbey*,
 and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* to
 bring us new short stories for
 St. Valentine's day. -Amanda

**What do YOU
 want to
 suggest?**

Let us know at Editors.
 LogoSophia@gmail.com

My Side of the Mountain by
 Jean Craighead George. The story follows
 teenager Sam, who ran away from New
 York City to live in the wilderness of the
 Catskill Mountains. Full of vivid
 descriptions of the plants and animals
 Sam encounters as he lives a whole year
 on the mountain with nothing but an ax,
 flint and tinder, a pocketknife, and what
 the mountain provided. Enjoyable for all
 ages. -Sarah

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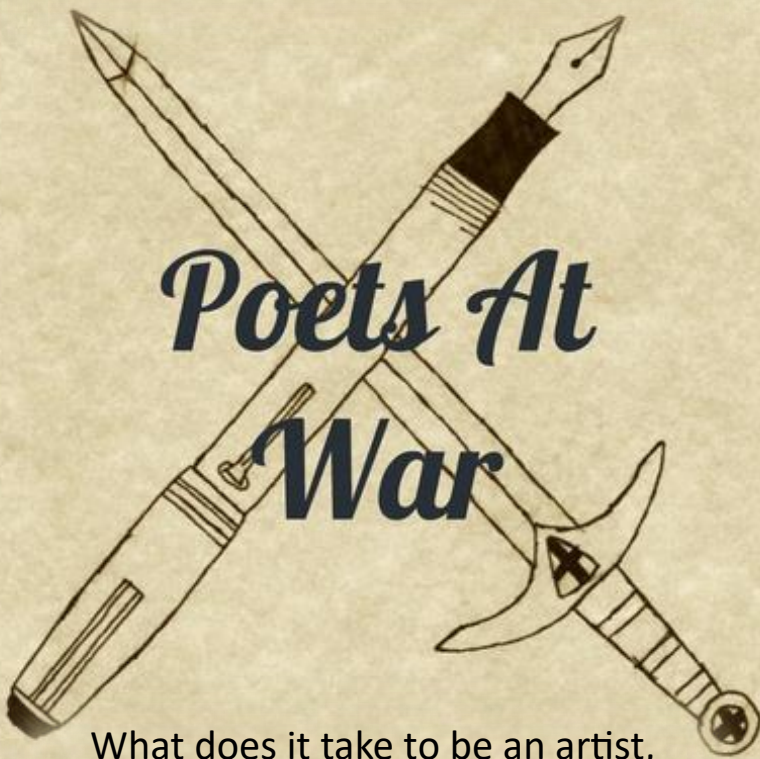
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The Shallows

By Michael Stalcup

When I drink in the stars and upward sink
into the theater your words have wrought,
I touch unfelt immensity and think—
like Grandma used to pause in patient thought
before an ordinary flower, awed
by intricacies hidden in plain view,
then say, You didn't have to do that, God!—
Surely a smaller universe would do!

But you have walled us in with open seas
unconquerable, wild with distant shores
whose raging dawns are but your filigree
across our vaulted skies. This art of yours,
what Grandma held and I behold, these flames,
frame truth which awes us more: You know our names.



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Bible Trivia!

Answers on the following page

- 1) How many sons did Old Testament Joseph have?
A. 1
B. 2
C. 3
D. 4
- 2) Who were the Sons of Korah?
A. The Jewish king's guard
B. Rebels against Rome
C. The temple musicians
D. Jesus' disciples
- 3) Which category of Old Testament did Jesus NOT adjust?
A. Moral
B. Sacrificial
C. Judicial
- 4) Where were Jesus' followers first called Christians?
A. Jerusalem
B. Rome
C. Antioch
D. Ephesus
- 5) Which of the following was NOT done by Jesus?
A. Carpentry
B. Flipping tables
C. Wiping mud in a man's face
D. Slapping a man
- 6) Why did Jesus curse the fig tree?
A. It was old
B. He tripped over a root
C. It was blocking his view of Jerusalem
D. It had no fruit
- 7) Which of the following did Jesus NOT eat?
A. Fish
B. Pork
C. Bread
D. Lamb

Bible Trivia Answers

Questions on the previous page

- 1) B: According to Genesis 48:1, Joseph had two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim.
- 2) C: The Sons of Korah was the name of the branch of the Levites who were the temple musicians. See Psalms 42-49, 84, 85, 87, and 88.
- 3) A: Jesus did NOT adjust the moral law (what things are morally wrong, largely found in the Ten Commandments). He did adjust the sacrificial law (it is no longer necessary to sacrifice animals) and the judicial law (people are no longer stoned for their transgressions).
- 4) C: Jesus' followers were first called Christians in Antioch (Acts 11:26).
- 5) D: Jesus did not slap a man. He was a carpenter (Mark 6:3), He flipped the tables of the money changers in the temple (Matthew 21:12) and he smeared mud into a blind man's eyes to heal him (John 9:6-7).
- 6) D: Jesus cursed the fig tree because it had no fruit (Matthew 21:19). This was outside of Jerusalem, after his triumphant entry on Palm Sunday, according to St. Matthew. St. Luke, on the other hand, has Jesus weeping over the fate of Jerusalem after the triumphal entry (see Luke 19:43-44). This is likely because Jerusalem has also borne no fruit.
- 7) B: Jesus, a devout Jew, did not eat pork, as the pig was one of the unclean animals (Deuteronomy 14:8-10).

MMD

MONICA MURRAY DERR

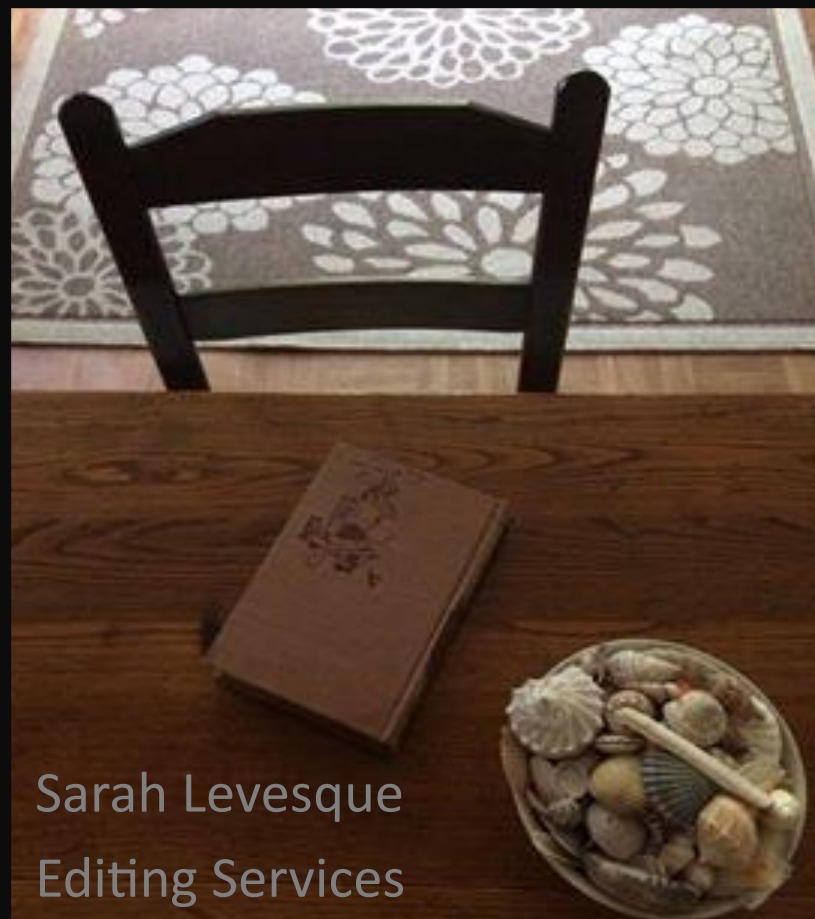
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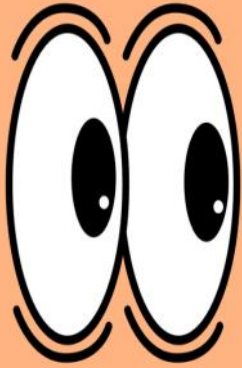
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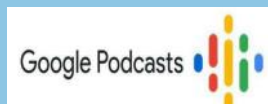
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