The Monsters at the End of This Book (Introduction and Chapter 1 of A Glorious Dark: Finding Hope in the Tension Between Belief and Experience)

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Document Type
Article

Publication Date
2014

Abstract
Excerpt: "When I was a kid, a free-flowing river meandered its way through my backyard. My family loved rivers. We always lived near one. Growing up in dark, drippy, soulful Oregon winters, I’d watch the death of January conquer, year after year, the once free-flowing and wild Willamette River. By mid-month, during the muffled silence of cold, a deep, bone-chilling freeze would halt every living thing upon the face of our backyard. The Willamette fell victim with the rest. The river looked dead—frozen dead.

But the frozen river wasn’t really dead. My old man would tell me that underneath that cold, dark, seemingly dead surface was a wild, powerful, primal flow that untrained eyes couldn’t imagine. You had to believe it was alive. Rushing waves lurked underneath the stillness of death, as powerful as ever. Dad knew it was there, below the surface. I believed it was there too.”

Comments

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Recommended Citation
Swoboda, A.J., "The Monsters at the End of This Book/ Introduction and Chapter 1 of A Glorious Dark: Finding Hope in the Tension Between Belief and Experience" (2014). Faculty Publications - Portland Seminary. 90.
https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/gfes/90
raw, and achingly honest, A Glorious Read More. Nineteen Eighty-Four (Book 1, Chapter 7) Lyrics. VII. If there is hope [wrote Winston] it lies in the proles. In the old days [it ran], before
the glorious Revolution, London was not the beautiful city that we know today. It was a dark, dirty, miserable place where hardly anybody had enough to eat and where hundreds and
thousands of poor people had no boots on their feet and not even a roof to sleep under. Children no older than you are had to work twelve hours a day for cruel masters, who flogged
them with whips if they worked too slowly and fed them on nothing but stale breadcrusts and water. He picked up the children's history book and looked at the portrait of Big Brother
which formed its frontispiece. The hypnotic eyes gazed into his own.