

## AUTHENTIC CHRISTIANITY STUDIES IN 1 JOHN

"Yes, you did, and it's exactly what experience has no doubt taught you to think. But I'm forty-seven and you're twenty-". So. Two monks they were: one in the service of everlasting light, the other in the service of eternal darkness.. "Yes. In syrup form. It's a good item for your home medicine chest, in case your child ever swallows poison and you need to purge it from him quickly.. "While you're trying to decide, hand me a knife, and I'll cut your jugular you brainless medical-school dropout.. She was so hot that the ice melted quickly. A thin trickle slid down her throat, but not enough to take the Sahara out of her voice when she said, "More.. "which was beginning to come into view, was as sharp as pins and needles, sheer torture to her eyes.. Although she had never seen snow other than in pictures and on film, this deep-settled silence seemed to speak of falling flakes, of white muffling mantles, and she wouldn't have been in the least surprised if, stepping outside, she had found herself in a glorious winter landscape, cold and crystalline, here on the always-snowless hills and shores of the California Pacific.. The strange barrage of lightning, putting an end to the rain rather than initiating it, had been a clue. The rapid clearing of the sky-indicating a stiff wind at high altitudes, while stillness prevailed at ground level-a sudden plunge in the humidity, and an unseasonable warmth confirmed the coming catastrophe.. AFTER THE ENCOUNTER with the quarter-spitting vending machines, Junior wanted to kill another Bartholomew, any Bartholomew, even if he had to drive to some far suburb like Terra Linda to do it, even if he had to drive farther and stay overnight in a Holiday Inn an eat steam-table food off a buffet crawling with other diners' cold germs and garnished with their loose hairs.. It wasn't as if this was Junior's first encounter with a dead body. In the past few years, he'd become as comfortable with the deceased as any mortician might be. They were as unremarkable to him as cupcakes were to a baker.. After a hesitation, she said, "You're the boogeyman, except when I saw you, I was hiding under the bed where you're supposed to be.. "Someone named Bartholomew had adopted Seraphim's son and named the boy after himself Junior applied the patience learned through meditation to the task at hand, and instinctively, he soon evolved a motivating mantra that continuously cycled through his mind while he studied the telephone directories: Find the father, kill the son.. Tom Vanadium, on the other hand, was certain that Cain, having prepared for the possibility that something would go wrong during his assault on Celestina, wouldn't be easy to locate or to apprehend. In Vanadium's view, the maniac either had a bolt-hole waiting in the city or was already out of the SFPD's jurisdiction.. When at last he spoke, real grief, quiet but profound, softened his voice: "March first, three years ago, my wife and two sons-Danny and Harry, both seven, twins-were coming home from visiting her parents in New York. Shortly after takeoff ... their plane went down.. "Murder itself was easy, but the aftermath was more draining than he had anticipated. Although the ultimate liability settlement with the state was certain to leave him financially secure for life, the stress was so great that he wondered, in his darker moments, if the reward would prove to be worth the risk.. Vanadium sat in the chair, watching. With the perfect control of a sleight-of-hand artist, he turned a quarter end-over-end across the knuckles of his right hand, palmed it with his thumb, caused it to reappear at his little finger, and rolled it across his knuckles again, ceaselessly.. For her, the suspense that grew throughout dinner didn't have much to do with whether or not Wally would pop the question, because if he didn't broach the subject this time, she intended to take the initiative. Instead, Celestina was more tense about whether or not Wally expected that a heartfelt expression of commitment should be sufficient to induce her to sleep with him.. Later, as Bonita and Francesca proudly served their mother's individually molded Christmas-tree-shaped servings of flan, which they themselves had plated, Barty leaned close to his mother and, pointing to the table in front of them, said softly but excitedly, "Look at the rainbows!".. She always had a generous heart. After disease whittled Perri's flesh, leaving her so frail, her great heart, undiminished by her suffering, seemed bigger than the body that contained it.. Eventually, he settled on a mental image of a bowling pin as his "seed." This was a smooth, elegantly shaped object that invited languorous contemplation, but it did not tease his libido.. He felt lightheaded again. But this time he knew why. Not an oncoming case of the flu. He was straining against the cocoon of his life to date, straining to be born in a new and better form. He had been a pupa, encased in a chrysalis of fear and confusion, but now he was an imago, a fully evolved butterfly, because he had used the power of his beautiful rage to improve himself. When Bartholomew was dead, Junior Cain would at last spread his wings and fly.. The lunatic lawman was not at any of the tables. Junior was sure of that, because indulging his appreciation for lovely women, he had roamed the room repeatedly with his gaze.. Having been an object of Thomas Vanadium's fixation, Junior felt fortunate to have survived. He shuddered.. She whispered then: "You are my little lampion, Barty. You light the way for me.. "Although her hands were shaking and her knees felt as though they might buckle, Agnes lifted two pies off the table.. Consequently, Edom was abroad in the land with pies and parcels, following a list of names and addresses provided by his sister, even though he believed an unprecedentedly violent earthquake, the fabled Big One, was likely to strike before noon, certainly before dinner. This was the last day of the rest of his life.. IN GOOD DARK SUITS, clean-shaven, as polished as their shoes, carrying valises, the three arrived in Junior's hospital room even before the usual start of the working day, wise men without camels, not bearing gifts, but willing to pay a price for grief and loss. Two lawyers and a high-level political appointee, they represented the state, the county, and the insurance company in the matter of the improperly maintained railing on the observation platform at the fire tower.. "We'll need to talk about this a lot in the days to come, as we both have more time to think about it.. "In fact, though he strained hard to recall their conversations, he could dredge up nothing that Seraphim had said during therapy, as if he'd been stone-deaf in those days. The only things he retained were sensual impressions: the beauty of her face, the texture of her skin, the firmness of her flesh under his ministering hands.. Then quickly from Spruce Hills to Eugene by car, from Eugene to Orange County

Airport by a chartered aircraft, from Orange County to Bright Beach in a stolen '68 Oldsmobile 4-4-2 Hurst, while the advantage of surprise remained with him. Carrying a newly acquired, silencer-fitted 9-mm pistol, spare magazines of ammunition, three sharp knives, a police lock-release gun, and one piece of steaming luggage, Junior had arrived late the previous evening. In the crisis, the rack holding her oxygen bottle had been rolled to the bed. The breathing mask lay on the pillow beside her. Tossing the knave onto the table, Agnes said, "Barty doesn't seem too impressed with this devil." Junior vigorously scrubbed his corpse-licked cheek with one hand. Then he scrubbed his hand against the musician's raincoat. Paul said, "I wanted you ... I don't know ... I just wanted you to see her. I wanted to say ... to say. . .". When Nolly sighed and frowned, his lumpish face seemed in danger of sliding off his skull, like oatmeal oozing off a spoon. "Mr. Cain, much as I regret it, I'm afraid I'm going to have to return half of the retainer you gave me." Quick introductions were made in the process of moving from the porch to the foyer, and Agnes said, "Come on back to the kitchen, I'm baking pies." In addition to these scavengers, another presence was here, unseen but not unfelt. The chill of this invisible entity pierced Junior to the marrow: the stubborn, vicious, psychotic, prickly-bur spirit of Thomas Vanadium, maniac cop, not satisfied to haunt the house in which he'd died, not ready yet to seek reincarnation, but instead pursuing his beleaguered suspect even after death, capering--to paraphrase Sklent like an invisible, filthy, scabby monkey here on this city street, in bright daylight. The reverend couldn't easily escape church obligations on such short notice, but Grace wanted to be with her daughters. Phimie, however, pleaded that only Celestina accompany her. He didn't allow himself to ponder why Vanadium had come here or what relationship might have existed between the cop and Victoria. All that was for later consideration, after he had dealt with this unholy mess. Because the tower stood on a ridgeline that marked the divide between county and state property, most of the attending constabulary were county deputies, but two state troopers were present, as well. Unsupervised meditation without seed, in sessions longer than an hour, entails risk. To his horror, Junior would discover some of the dangers in September. On December 18, as the Beatles' "Hello Goodbye" rocketed up the charts, Junior boiled over with frustration at his inability to find either love or Seraphim's baby, so he drove across the Golden Gate Bridge, to Marin County and all the way to the town of Terra Linda, where he killed Bartholomew Prosser. Suddenly she realized--Good Lord!--that someone else had a had inside her, up the very center of her, massaging her uterus in the same lazy pattern as that made by the piece of melting ice on her belly. "I was hoping you might know," said Edom, studying the collar of Jacob's green flannel shirt. Frowning, Angel studied the tasty strip of meat pinched between her fingers, reevaluating everything she thought she knew about the source of bacon. From these ominous spatters, several fibers bristled, having stuck to the pewter when the drizzle was still wet. They appeared to be human hairs. He had assumed that the dinner guest was Victoria's lover, but suddenly he realized that this might not be the case. The man might be nothing more than a friend. Her father or a brother. In which case the invitation to romance--posed by the coquettishly arranged wine and rose--would be so wildly inappropriate that the visitor would know at. As "It is." From a desk drawer, Nolly withdrew an envelope and put it on top of the offered cash. "I'm returning five hundred of your thousand retainer." He pushed everything back toward Junior. Later, after they finished eating but were still sitting at the table over coffee, the conversation turned solemn, although for the moment, the subject wasn't the late Harrison White. How long the two women and the girl must hide out, when and where they would be able to resume lives as normal as might still be possible for them: These were the issues of the moment. She owned a public-relations firm specializing in artists, and over dinner she rhapsodized about the work of Jack Lientery. His current series of paintings--emaciated babies against backdrops of ripe fruit and other symbols of plenty--had critics swooning. Even Angel, mere wisp of a cherubim, couldn't squeeze through a seven-inch opening. After a while, Franklin Chan asked, "Do you want me with you when you tell him?" Barty rode with his mother in her green Chevrolet station wagon. Because the cakes, pies, and gifts were too numerous to be contained in one vehicle, Edom followed them in his flashier yellow-and-white '54 Ford Country Squire. Barty, at the head of the table, sensed Mary's approach only as she was about to touch him. She put a hand on his arm and said, "Daddy, will you turn your chair away from the table and let me sit on your lap?" Junior had thought the news was the lab report, which had found no ipecac in his spew. All that had been distraction. "You think I can turn the King's order down? You want to see me sent to row with the slaves in the galley we're building? Use your head, boy!" "You should call San Francisco police, have them put your place under surveillance and nail him if he turns up." Number three on the charts was "Mr. Lonely," by Bobby Vinton, an American talent from Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Junior sang along. His severed toe lay across the room, on the white tile floor. It stuck up stiffly, nail gleaming, as if the floor were snow and the toe were the only exposed extremity of a body buried in a drift. The various flavors of canned soda were always racked in the same order, allowing Barty to select what he wanted without error. He got orange for Angel, root beer for himself, and closed the refrigerator. On he went, up he went, trunk to limb, limb to branch, branch to limb, to limb, to trunk. Hand over hand up the vertical parts, gripping with his knees, then standing and walking like a tightrope artist along limbs horizontal to the ground, swinging over empty air and stepping from one woody walkway to another, ever upward toward the highest bower, dwindling as though he were growing younger during the ascent, becoming a smaller and smaller boy. Forty feet, fifty feet, already far higher than the house, striving toward the green citadel at the summit. All the way back to the ridge, sitting up front beside a county deputy in a police cruiser, with an ambulance and other patrol cars racing close behind them, Junior had shaken uncontrollably. When he tried to respond to the officer's questions, his uncharacteristically thin voice cracked more often than not, and he was able to croak only, "Jesus, dear Jesus," over and over. She sat at the kitchen table, staring at the glass. After a while she emptied it in the sink without having taken a sip. The Rolex. Because most of the trash in the huge bin was bagged, finding the watch would be easier than Junior had feared. Edom would have judged this a perfect day--except for the

earthquake weather. He was convinced that the Big One would bring the coastal cities to ruin before twilight..As best he could, he examined his clothes. They were better pressed than he expected, and not noticeably soiled..As red as Angel had been for her evening outing, she was that yellow for retirement to bed in her own home. Two-piece yellow jersey pajamas. Yellow socks. At the girl's request, Celestina had tied a soft yellow bow in her mass of springy hair..The funeral director and his assistant were the only people, other than Junior, remaining at the grave. They asked if they might lower the casket or if he would rather that they wait until he was gone..Her life was so blessed that she could have dealt with a horde of locusts, let alone a few mosquitoes..By the time he put his suitcase and three boxes of books--the collected works of Zedd and selections from the Book-of-the-Month Club-in the Suburban, Junior had rushed twice more to the bathroom. His legs were shaky, and he felt hollow, frail, as if he'd lost more than was apparent, as if the essential substance of himself was gone..Instead, he sat in the breakfast nook with his phone books and resumed the grueling search for Bartholomew..Too rattled to want lunch at the St. Francis Hotel or anywhere else, Junior returned to his apartment..Unfortunately, Caesar Zedd had not written a self-help book on how to commit homicide and escape the consequences thereof, and as before, Junior was entirely on his own..Beseechingly, with no intention of intimacy, he took Celestina's hands in his. "For years, as an obstetrician, I brought life into the world, but I didn't know what life was, didn't grasp the meaning of it, that it even had meaning. Before Rowena, Harry, and Danny went down in that airplane, I was already ... empty. After losing them, I was worse than empty. Celestina, I was dead inside. Phimie gave me hope. I can't repay her, but I can do something for her daughter and for you, if you'll let me." "We've mapped three routes to the top," Angel said, "and each offers different challenges. Barty's eventually going to climb all of them, but he's starting with the hardest." "Stepping forward lightly, lightly, as he swung the candlestick, Junior saw the dinner guest stiffen, perhaps sensing danger or at least movement, but it was too late. The guy didn't even have time to turn his head or duck..This Detroit-built gondola would swiftly navigate the Styx without a black-robed gondolier to pole it onward..Weird, this kid. Making him uneasy. All in white, with her incomprehensible yammering about talking books and talking dogs and her mother driving pies, and working on a damn strange drawing for a little girl.." "I only told you about that," said Grace, "because it was a very handsome shirt, and I thought you might want to get one for Wally." "Junior found the acclaim gratifying, but the widespread use of his photograph was a high price to pay even for the recognition of his contribution to art. Fortunately, with his bald head and pocked face, he no longer resembled the Enoch Cain for whom the authorities were searching. And they believed that the bandages on his face, at the church, had been merely an exotic disguise. One psychologist even speculated that the bandages had been an expression of the guilt and shame he felt on a subconscious level. Yeah, right..The expectation with which Tom had been greeted on his arrival was as thin as the air at Himalayan heights compared to the rich stew of anticipation now aboil..Now, twenty-four hours later, when Sparky answered his telephone and heard Tom Vanadium, he said, "You looking for a little company? I've got another bottle of Merlot where the last one came from." "For a moment, Junior drew a blank on Renee. Reluctantly, he trolled the past and fished up the painful memory: the gorgeous transvestite in the Chanel suit, heir or heiress to an industrial-valve fortune.." "Acute nervous emesis," Junior croaked. "I've never thought of myself as a nervous person." "Phimie's speech had been slurred later, as well, immediately following the birth of the baby, when she had struggled to convey her desire to name her daughter Angel..Because of her occasional bad dreams, Angel chose to sleep now and then in her mother's bed instead of in her own room, and this was one of those nights..After she flushed, Angel stood on a stepstool and washed her hands at the sink..Startled, Celestina said, "Good grief, you're spooky. How could you know what I'm thinking?" "Oh? Do they rent their house out to pirates with little pirate children, clowns with little clown children?" "Thrusting his finger toward the table with each repetition of the word, Barty happily insisted, "Pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie." "Toes," he repeated immediately in his sweet, piping voice. This was a new word for him..before used. Boeotian. A dull, obtuse, stupid person. He felt very Boeotian all of a sudden..These would no doubt be cloyingly sentimental paintings of the bastard boy, with impossibly large and limpid eyes, posed cutely with puppies and kittens, pictures better suited for cheap calendars than for gallery walls, and dangerous to the health of diabetics.." "There's a valuable lesson in that," Agnes said. "Others can learn from it if you care to share. But if you want to record your life only up to the card cheating, that's okay, too. Even that far, it's a fascinating journey, a story that shouldn't be lost with you when you pass on. Libraries are packed with biographies of movie stars and politicians' most of them not capable of as much meaningful self-analysis as you'd get from a toad. We don't need to know more about celebrities' lives, Obadiah. What might help us, what might even save us, is knowing more about the lives of real people who've never made it even medium but who know where they came from and why." "Now, I'm doubtless," Vanadium said, his voice returning to the uninflected drone that Junior had come to loathe but that he now preferred to the unsettling voice of quiet passion. "No matter what the situation, no matter how knotty the question, I always know what to do..Barty stood in the rain, surrounded by the rain, pummeled by the rain, with the rain. Saturated grass squished under his sneakers. The droplets, in their millions, didn't bend-slip-twist magically around his form, didn't hiss into steam a millimeter from his skin. Yet he remained as dry as baby Moses floating on the river in a mother-made ark of bulrushes..Almost thirty years from the seminary--even farther from it if measured by degrees of lost innocence, by miles of rough experience Tom Vanadium set out to kill a man. Given the chance--to disarm Cain, given the opportunity to merely wound him, he would nevertheless go for the head shot or the heart shot, play jury and executioner, play God, and leave to God the judgment of his stained soul..Sitting forward in his armchair, Obadiah lowered his hands to his knees, and in thoughtful silence, he stared at them..Rescuers encouraged her to move safely away from the passenger's door, as far as possible, to avoid being inadvertently injured as they tried to break in to her. She could go nowhere but to her dead husband..Behind his masking hands, the physician

let out a thin sound, as though he were trying to pull from his heart an anguish that was embedded like a bur with countless sharp, hooked thorns..Agnes had believed that through this ordeal, she'd largely spared her child from an awareness of the awful depth of her misery. In this, however, as in so many other instances, the boy proved to be more perceptive and more mature than she'd realized. Now she felt that she had failed him, and this failure ached like a wound..Her strength was the strength of stones only in the sense that she felt as immovable as rock, yet she found the resources to raise one arm, to place her left hand over Maria's bead-tangled fingers. "But the baby's dead." "What do you think of the exhibition," Junior asked, taking one step toward the musician, crowding him.."So do I, honey. Oh, Lord, so do I." She kissed his forehead. "Listen, kiddo, in spite of their stories and all their funny ways, your uncles are good men."..What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..Someone she had known. Someone Celestina, too, might know. He lived in or around Spruce Hills, because Phimie had considered him still to be a threat..Finally sleeping, he had anxiety dreams of being in a public rest room, overcome by urgent need, only to find that every stall was occupied by someone he had killed, all of them vengefully determined to deny him a chance for dignified relief..Grace, of course, was a strong woman for whom faith was an armor against far worse than embarrassment. Celestina knew that Mom would suffer immeasurably more heartache by remaining in Oregon than what pain she might experience at her daughter's side, but Phimie was too young, too naive, and too frightened to grasp that in this matter, as in all others, her mother was a pillar, not a reed..Even someone of saintly habits and selfless behavior might be a monster in his heart, filled with unspeakable desires, which he might act upon only once or never..At the head of the line, Paul waved a red handkerchief out of the window of the station wagon..He hadn't intended to enter the gallery. No one in his usual circles would attend this show, unless in such a state of chemically altered consciousness that they wouldn't be able to recall the event in the morning, so he wasn't likely to be recognized or remembered. Yet it seemed unwise to risk being identified as a reception attendee if Celestina White's little Bartholomew and maybe the artist herself were murdered later. The police, in their customary paranoia, might suspect a link between this affair and the killings, which would motivate them to seek out and..Further preparation-the purchase of gold coins and diamonds, the establishment of false identities-had to be delayed due to the hives. An hour short of dawn, Junior was awakened by a fierce itching not limited to his phantom toe. His entire body, over every plane and into every crevice, prickled and tingled and burned as with fever-and itched..Her fear, Agnes suddenly realized, arose from her father's often expressed conviction that an attempt to excel at anything was a sin that would one day be grievously punished. All forms of amusement were sinful, by his way of thinking, and all those who sought even the simplest entertainment were lost souls; however, those who desired to amuse others were the worse sinners, because they were overflowing with pride, striving to shine, eager to make themselves into false gods, to be praised and adored as only God should be adored. Actors, musicians, singers, novelists were doomed to hell by the very acts of creation which, in their egomania, they saw as the equal of their Creator's work. Striving to excel at anything, in fact, was a sign of corruption in the soul, whether one wanted to be recognized as a superior carpenter or car mechanic, or a grower of prize roses. Talent, in her father's view, was not a gift from God, but from the devil, meant to distract us from prayer, penitence, and duty..On a morning in July, Junior was visiting the public library, poring through the stacks in search of exotic volumes on the occult, when the phantom voice rose nearby. Here, the singing sounded softer than in his apartment, little more than a murmur, and also threadier..He missed Naomi. She'd always known exactly the right thing to say or do, improving his mood with a few words or with just her touch, when he was feeling down..Barty never cried. In the hospital neonatal unit, he'd been a marvel to the nurses, because when the other newborns were squalling in chorus, Barty had been unfailingly serene..Certain disbelief insulated her against immediate surprise. She shook her head. "That's not possible."..Soundlessly, reluctantly, Agnes pulled the bedroom door nearly shut, and went down to the kitchen, where she sat alone, drinking coffee and nibbling at mysteries. Of all the gifts that Barty opened on Christmas morning, the hardback copy of Robert Heinlein's *The Star Beast* was his favorite. Instantly enchanted by the promise of an amusing alien creature, space travel, an exotic future, and lots of adventure, he seized every opportunity throughout the busy day to crack open those pages and to step out of Bright Beach into stranger places..The verdant hills to the east lay like slumbering giants under blankets of winter grass, bright in the morning sun. But when the shadows of clouds sailed off the sea and gathered inland, the slopes darkened to a blackish green, as somber as shrouds, and a landscape that had appeared to be sleeping forms now looked dead and cold..A few attractive women were here alone, proof that social mores had changed dramatically in three years. Junior was aware of their hot gazes, their need, and he knew that he could have any of them..She shook her head. "No way back." She pointed to the sketch pad on the floor. "I pushed him there."..Vanadium continued in his characteristic drone, a tone at odds with the colorful content of his speech: "A man takes one look at his wife's body, starts to sweat harder than a copulating hog, spews like a frat boy at the end of a long beer-chugging contest, and chucks till he chucks up blood-that's not the response of your average murderer."..He followed an alleyway to the building's service entrance, for which he possessed a key that wasn't provided to other tenants. He unlocked the steel door and stepped into a small, dimly lighted receiving room with gray walls and a speckled blue linoleum floor..Too far from Spruce Hills to be a popular make-out spot for teenagers, Quarry Lake was a turnoff for young lovers also because it had a reputation as haunted territory. Over five decades, four quarry workers had died in mining accidents. County lore included stories of ghosts roaming the depths of the excavation before it was flooded-and subsequently the shoreline, after the lake was filled..An hour later, when Barty decided he wanted a soda, he switched off the book and asked Angel if she would like something to drink..Nevertheless, being cautious even as he seized the day--or the night, in this case-he parked a short distance from his destination, on a parallel street. He walked

the last three blocks..AT THE END OF THE fourth book of Earthsea, Tehanu, the story had arrived at what I felt to be now. And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could guess, foretell, fear, hope, but I didn't know..Previously, Miss Pixie Lee had been from Texas, but Angel had recently heard that Georgia was famous for its peaches, which at once captured her imagination. Now Pixie Lee had a new life in a Georgia mansion carved out of a giant peach..He had difficulty picturing the detective puttering in the garden on weekends. Unless there were bodies buried under the roses..Moving around the front of the station wagon, waving at his mother, reveling in her astonishment, Barty shouted, "Not scary!.The old man assumed the solemn and knowing expression of one guarding mysteries, a sphinx without headdress and mane. "If I told you, dear lady, it wouldn't be magic anymore. Merely a trick.". "You know Mommy," Barty said, almost desperately sponging up the sight of his little girl's face and wringing the images into his memory to sustain him in the next long darkness..Holding hands, Barty and Angel led the adults into the kitchen, to the back door. This procession had a ceremonial quality that intrigued Tom, and by the time they stepped onto the porch, he was impatient to know why everyone-except he and Wally-was emotionally airborne, one degree of altitude below euphoria..He was no longer hopeful that they could have a future together. After sampling the Junior Cain thrill machine, Celestina would want more, as women always did, but the time for a meaningful romance had now passed. For all the anguish he'd been put through, however, he deserved the consolation of her sweet body at least once. A little compensation. Payback..Better still, he was able to have the girl to the accompaniment of her father's voice, which was even kinkier than doing her in the parsonage. When Junior rang the bell, Seraphim had been in her room, listening to a tape of a sermon her father was composing. The good reverend usually dictated a first draft, which his daughter then transcribed. For three hours, Junior went at her mercilessly, to the rhythms of her father's voice. The reverend's "presence" was deliciously perverse and stimulating to his sense of erotic invention. When Junior was finished, there was nothing sexual that Seraphim could ever do with a man that she had not learned from him.

[Astrology Theologized](#)

[Ancient Nahuatl Poetry Containing the Nahuatl Text of XXVII Ancient Mexican Poems With a Translation Introduction Notes and Vocabulary](#)

[The Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Acts 1883 and 1895 With Notes of Judicial Decisions and With Short Introductory Chapters on](#)

[Election Petitions Under These Acts Election Contest Under These Acts the General Policy and Effect of These Acts and the Parliamentary](#)

[Common Law of Agency](#)

[In the Heart of Cape Ann or the Story of Dogtown](#)

[Guide to a Catholic Church For Non-Catholic Visitor In Which the Meaning of the Various Objects of Devotion Is Simply Explained and a Short](#)

[Exposition Given of the Main Points of Catholic Belief With the Prayers of the Chief Services in Latin and English](#)

[The History of Saint Augustine Florida](#)

[Lectures Incarnation Atonement and Mediation The Lord Jesus Christ](#)

[Dr Newton Wolverton an Intimate Anecdotal Biography of One of the Most Colorful Characters in Canadian History](#)

[American Stage Designs An Illustrated Catalogue of the Models Drawings and Photographs Exhibited at the Bourgeois Galleries in New York](#)

[April 5th to 26th 1919 With Articles](#)

[The Armenians in America](#)

[Dante and Swedenborg With Other Essays on the New Renaissance](#)

[Oration of Henry Armitt Brown On the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Evacuation of Valley Forge June 19 1878](#)

[The Divinity of Christ In the Gospel of John](#)

[Jeppe on the Hill Or the Transformed Peasant A Comedy in Five Acts](#)

[S Gilbert](#)

[Gettysburg And Other Poems](#)

[Early History of West Baden and French Lick Springs and Lost River](#)

[The Panorama and Other Poems](#)

[The Magistrate a Farce in Three Acts](#)

[The Gospel According to Jews and Pagans The Historical Character of the Gospel Established From Non-Christian Sources](#)

[A Guide to the Chassevant Method of Musical Education](#)

[The Ottoman and the Spanish Empires in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries](#)

[The Gospel of Paul of Tarsus and of His Opponent James the Just From Our Current New Testament](#)

[New Word-Analysis or School Etymology of English Derivative Words With Practical Exercises in Spelling Analyzing Defining Synonyms and](#)

[the Use of Words](#)

[The Son of God The Mystical Teachings of the Masters](#)

[Spiritualism and the New Psychology an Explanation of Spiritualist Phenomena and Beliefs in Terms of Modern Knowledge](#)

[David Zeisbergers History of Northern American Indians](#)  
[The Gold Industry and Gold Standard](#)  
[Celtic Tales Told to the Children](#)  
[A Fight With a Grizzly Bear A Story of Thrilling Interest](#)  
[Studies in Biblical Law](#)  
[On the Artificial Culture of Lobsters](#)  
[Notes on Early Spanish Music](#)  
[Dantes Garden With Legends of the Flowers](#)  
[Jamaica Its History Constitution and Topographical Description With Geological and Meteorological Notes Compiled for the Use of Schools](#)  
[The Story of Canning and Recipes Marion Harland](#)  
[The Geology of Littleton New Hampshire](#)  
[Tributes of Great Men to Jesus Christ Compiled and Edited](#)  
[Applied Forestry Written Particularly for Owners and Managers Explaining Certain Methods of Foresters Toward Conserving Property Values and Providing Maximum Returns From Current Operations](#)  
[Manual for the Fire Drill Health Drill and First Aid](#)  
[The Whitman Massacre](#)  
[Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators A Book About a Book With Several Illustrations](#)  
[Eighth Grade Geography Questions Answered in Simple Language](#)  
[The Happy Prince and Other Fairy Stories](#)  
[Some Early Notices of the Indians of Ohio To What Race Did the Mound Builders Belong?](#)  
[Alices Adventures in Wonderland And Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There](#)  
[The Study of Shakespeares King Richard the Second](#)  
[Pentecostal Papers Or the Gift of the Holy Ghost](#)  
[Christ Our Saviour For Unto You Is Born This Day in the City of David a Saviour Which Is Christ the Lord](#)  
[The Upper Berth](#)  
[The Sixth Sense Its Cultivation and Use](#)  
[Poems on Children](#)  
[The Masterbuilder A Drama in Three Acts](#)  
[A Contribution to the History of the Huguenots of South Carolina Consisting of Pamphlets](#)  
[Poems From the Divan of Hafiz](#)  
[Preservation of Food Storing Canning Drying and Fermentation](#)  
[Home Bible Study by Mail A Comprehensive Course Covering the Whole Bible From Genesis to Revelation in Forty Lessons Prepared Especially for Our Non-Resident Students Busy Ministers Sunday School Teachers and All Who Desire to Pursue a Systematic Course Study](#)  
[The Story of a Red-Deer](#)  
[Miscegenation the Theory of the Blending of the Races Applied to the American White Man and Negro](#)  
[Silk and the Silk Worm A Complete Book of Instruction on Silk Culture Instruction](#)  
[The Poems of Alexander Lawrence Posey](#)  
[The Chemical Aspects of Silk Manufacture](#)  
[The Mariners Medical Guide Designed for the Use of Ships Families and Plantations Containing the Symptoms and Treatment of Diseases Also a List of Medicines Their Uses and the Mode of Administering When a Physician Cannot Be Procured Selected From Standard Works](#)  
[Caleb in Town A Story for Children](#)  
[Tobacco Growing in Great Britain and Ireland A New Source of Wealth 1 Why It Should Be Grown 2 How It Should Be Grown](#)  
[Solution of the Negro Problem](#)  
[The First and Second Books of Esdras Edited](#)  
[Crops That Pay Avocados Kumquats What They Are Where and How They Grow What Profit They Give History Commercial Value and Trade Statistics Methods of Cultivation and Preparation for Market And Evidence That Their Culture Affords a Safe Permanent and Very Profit](#)  
[The Book of Daniel Unlocked](#)  
[Open Air Schools](#)  
[Worcester in the War of the Revolution Embracing the Acts of the Town From 1765 to 1783 Inclusive](#)  
[A Short History of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem From Its Earliest Foundation in 1014 to the End of the Great War of 1914-1918](#)

[The Macleods A Short Sketch of Their Clan History Folk-Lore Tales and Biographical Notices of Some Eminent Clansmen](#)  
[General Philip Reed and Caulks Field Memorial](#)  
[Heroic Serbia](#)  
[The Early History of Galveston](#)  
[Memorial Addresses on the Life and Character of Thaddeus Stevens Delivered in the House of Representatives Washington D C December 17 1868](#)  
[The Old English Herbals](#)  
[When We Destroyed the Gaspee A Story of Narragansett Bay in 1772](#)  
[The Ulm Campaign 1805](#)  
[Letters From the Backwoods and the Adirondac](#)  
[The Bible in Korea Or the Transformation of a Nation](#)  
[Rabbi Messiah Martyr A Modern Picture of the Story of Jesus](#)  
[Military Vocabulary German-English and English-German](#)  
[Marriage Laws and Statutory Experiments in Eugenics in the United States](#)  
[Christians and the Theater](#)  
[Womens Fight for the Vote](#)  
[La Monnaie Histoire de lOr de lArgent Et du Papier](#)  
[The World Almanac 1872](#)  
[Paul Adam](#)  
[Cidades Mortas Contos e Impressoes](#)  
[Berechnung der Leistung und des Dampfverbrauches der Eincylinder-Dampfmaschinen Ein Taschenbuch zum Gebrauche in der Praxis](#)  
[De la Correlation des Figures de Geometrie](#)  
[Le Duc dAumale Et la Bibliotheque de Chantilly](#)  
[LAttache dAmbassade Comedie en Trois Actes](#)  
[Beitrage zu Durers Weltanschauung Eine Studie U ber die Drei Stiche Ritter Tod und Teufel Melancholie und Hieronymus im Gehä us](#)  
[Verliebte Wagnerianer Novelle](#)  
[LArt de lEnluminure Metier Histoire Pratique](#)  
[Les Noms Propres Assyriens Recherches sur la Formation des Expressions Ideographiques](#)  
[A Comparative View Of The Spanish And Portuguese Languages Or An Easy Method Of Learning The Portuguese Tongue For Those Who Are Already Acquainted With The Spanish](#)

---