

THE SABBATICAL COMMUNIQUE
of T.V.Taylor

enjoying the calm of a sabbatical while thinking of his
colleagues and students and hoping that they
are missing him as he is missing them.

Absence, it seems make the heart
grow fonder but does not do
much else for the
personality.

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In as much as these communiques must be printed in advance...a lack of time to get them done would otherwise occur...a number of personal things are given in them which will be true hopefully in the providence of God...but since I have to talk about them before they occur...maybe providence will reverse us on some of them. At any rate the Editor journeyed to Toronto on the 16th to participate in a three day conference at that place. On his return he is scheduled to begin a week-long evening series at a church near Chester. The series begins on Easter Sunday and runs through the week and after that, if the Editor is still in one piece, he plans a day of fishing...or gardening...or some other thing that is utterly not academic. In the meantime he still hopes to meet his counsellors for dinner (lunch) in the Seminary cafeteria on the 23rd...he has promised them a luncheon at some time and this seems to be the time. Of the many other things happening at Biblical at this time the Editor is genuinely ignorant...he has not seen Mr. Pakala's Weekly and has only talked with a handful of persons who pass the office when printing is in session. It is nice to see that the school is still there.

But on Kuisbeighn...I was telling you that I was being given a guided tour to the fulcrum. One might wonder that Kuisbeighners were so open to travellers but they seem to have no fear of strangers and since they never fight among themselves they find it hard to understand the whole concept of war, thievery, etc. They do have other problems...Utopia the place is not...and I will mention some of these later. I informed you of the bowl situation and of the sudden perplexity that came to me about my dog. But as we approached the fulcrum my questions about the dog were answered. There he was...standing on a pedestal...surrounded by a number of serious looking persons. To my utter amazement he was talking with them and they with him. This transference business overcomes a lot of difficulty! You should have heard the claims he was making for himself...dog-king of the planet earth with the power to travel at will wherever he wanted. I feared he would recognize me and between him and the dish I would be in difficulty but he gazed at me with a certain vindictiveness and I knew that he had no desire to be associated with a mere mortal. Our secret was safe. He noted that while animals were generally not kept in the highest quarters, many of the most prominent persons on earth really acted like animals. With glee he described the manner in which they ate living things...carrots, cabbage, chickens, occasionally dogs, and sometimes one another! (you will remember that prime fare on Kuisbeighn was the rocks although they also eat a few living things). Never in my life had I seek such pretensions. He noted that every dog he barked at barked back at