humanities at BYU

BYU COLLEGE OF HUMANITIES | FALL 2007

from the Dean

FORM

Dean John R. Rosenberg

Becoming educated—in a humanistic education in particular—is a process of learning to understand and appreciate the idea of form. Students of Plato use a capital *F* when referring to Forms as a kind of perfect blueprint or pattern of the things and properties we find in the physical world. Musicians find form in the basic structure of a composition—the qualities that help us perceive and then articulate the differences between a sonata and a jazz riff. A linguist employs the Greek word for form when laboring over the structure of words, their "morphology." Poets create form with the repetitive use of sounds and ideas, and from the notion of turning back ("verse" from the Latin vertere) to a new beginning, another line—an ideal formally related to our concept of conversion. One educated in the humanities understands the relationship between form and the idea the form embodies, a relationship that is usually complementary, sometimes ironic, but properly driven by an internal logic.

Form, or forms, give structure to our social contract, from the painfully cyclic IRS Form 1040 to those convenient auto form windows that pop up on our computer screens. When asked to give an account of our actions, we prefer friendly formative evaluations to sharp-edged summative ones. We are wary of something that is a "mere formality," but also worry, or should, that the fusion of public and private codes of conduct is erasing the necessary boundary between "casual" and "formal." As Christian humanists we hope for sufficient moral momentum to carry us beyond "the form of godliness" toward its substance and power.

Education means not just learning to see and create form, but being formed ourselves, which in turn suggests persistent intellectual and moral malleability—a fundamental formal humility. Being formed educationally suggests defining who and what we are—and are not—as citizens and as Saints, and learning to articulate how and why that matters. The perimeter of form places limits, but in a liberating way, disciplining our professional life and our discipleship, forcing us to make choices between good and evil, as well as between good and better.

At his 1971 inauguration address as BYU president, Dallin H. Oaks said, "In addition to our concern with learning, Brigham Young University is also concerned with becoming." This reinforces a grounding principle stated by Paul to the Romans, and adopted recently by the College of Humanities: "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind" (Romans 12:2). Conformity is not necessarily to be avoided, but Emerson's hobgoblin, "foolish consistency," points to moral and intellectual laziness, a willingness to be acted on rather than to act. Transformation, on the other hand, invokes a process almost alchemical: something base acquiring the form and properties of something else of exceptional value. The catalyst for this transmutation, according to Paul, is the "renewing of [our] mind." Being continually renewed is the sign that our education has informed us, not in the superficial sense of getting the latest news, but in the more fundamental sense of assuming the form of—being molded by—the best people and ideas and experiences encountered in person or print or paint, and finally of being worthy to carry the image of Him who gave us form, and who is the author and finisher of our transformation.

features

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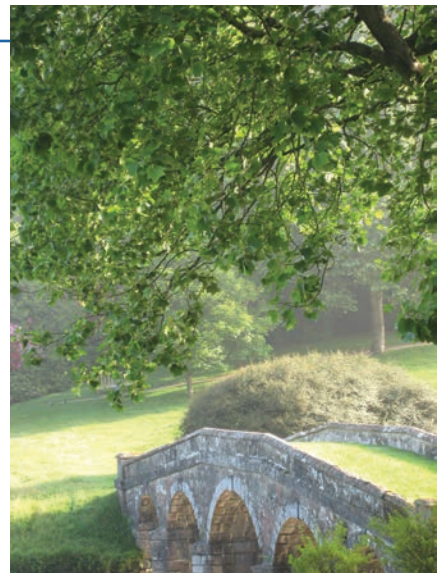

departments

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Cover photo: BYU students hike along the Jurassic Coast in southern England; see article on page 6

We'd really like to have readers update their email addresses with us. Please send updates to Carol Kounanis at cek@byu.edu.

# of Note

Congratulations to several College of Humanities faculty members who were recently awarded college or university professorships and fellowships.

Humanities Professorships:*

George Handley
Humanities, Classics, & Comparative Literature

Matthew Wickman
English

Gloria Cronin
English

David Paulsen
Philosophy

Ludwig-Weber-Siebach Professorships:

Paul Warnick
Asian and Near Eastern Languages

Deryle Lonsdale
Linguistics and English Language

Alan Keele
Germanic and Slavic Languages

Scheuber and Veinz Professorships:

Scott Sprenger
French and Italian

Orlando Alba
Spanish and Portuguese

Douglas R. Stewart Teaching and Learning Fellowship:

Jerry Larson
Spanish and Portuguese and Director, Humanities Teaching and Research Support Center

Karl G. Maeser General Education Professorship:

Bruce Young
English

Karl G. Maeser Research and Creative Arts Award:

Chris Crowe
English

Karl G. Maeser Professional Faculty Excellence:

Cinzia Noble
French and Italian

Alcuin Fellowships:

Trent Hickman
English

Jesse Hurlbut
French and Italian

Scott Miller
Asian and Near Eastern Languages

Brett McInelly
English

Kerry Soper
Humanities, Classics, & Comparative Literature

**funded by our college Annual Fund (the account created by the contribution of our own faculty and staff and by the donations of many friends and alumni)*

During Winter Semester 2007, fourteen BYU Russian majors were selected to participate in an intensive language course centering on global diplomacy and debate. Near the end of the semester, the group traveled to Russia to participate in debate and Model UN competitions in Moscow and Saratov. Pre- and post-class testing in oral and written language skills showed "significant language uptake in the period of an academic semester," according to Tony Brown, Assistant Professor of Russian and organizer of the program. He added, "Although language enhancement represented the primary outcome of this course, additional and perhaps more important outcomes resulted, including needed direction for some students in determining their future career objectives, enhanced cooperation between BYU and universities in Russia, and increased cross-cultural appreciation and mutual respect."

BYU students and instructors on their trip to Russia

In 1957, when BYU had 9,201 students and 44 permanent buildings, a new instructor, Douglas Thayer, began teaching in the English Department. Although many things have changed at BYU in those fifty years (including a tripling of the student body and a sevenfold increase in the physical plant to 311 buildings), at least one thing has remained the same—Professor Thayer is still a full-time member of the faculty, having now served under six of BYU's twelve presidents. We congratulate him on this milestone and on his newest book, a memoir, *Hooligan: A Mormon Boyhood*.

Professors Madison Sowell and Debra Sowell are cocurators of a current exhibit at the BYU Museum of Art. The exhibit, "Splendor and Spectacle: Images of Dance from Court Ballet to Broadway," is free to the public and open through December 2007. Exhibited are engravings, lithographs, and porcelain and bronze artifacts collected by the Sowells—all documenting and illustrating the history of Western theatrical dance.

The Sowells, along with Museum of Art director Campbell Gray (far left), at the opening of the exhibit on July 6, 2007

Dale Pratt, Associate Professor of Spanish, was awarded the prestigious José Martel Award as the outstanding chapter advisor of the National Collegiate Hispanic Honor Society, Sigma Delta Pi. Under Dr. Pratt's leadership, the BYU chapter—one of 546 chapters in the U.S. and Canada—has attained top chapter awards twice in the past five years.

Dale Pratt with Mark Del Mastro, executive secretary of Sigma Delta Pi.

In August, Alan Melby, Professor of Linguistics, was awarded the Eugen Wuester Prize by the International Organization for Standardization (ISO) at their annual conference, held this year in Provo, attended by participants from twenty-two countries. The award is given every three years for accomplishment in the field of translation and terminology standardization, and Professor Melby is the first American to receive it. In making the presentation, Professor Gerhard Budin, Director of the Center for Translation Studies at the University of Vienna, said, "It has been a special privilege for me to have had the opportunity to work with Alan Melby, . . . a privilege not only for [academic] reasons . . . but also . . . for personal reasons, because I can hardly think of anybody who is more modest, more honest, and more charming as a person and friend than Alan!"

In high school I imagined an academy where teachers and students walked under trees, learning through conversation. For seven weeks this past summer, it happened. On the England and Literature Study Abroad program, our main activities were walking and talking, and our learning outcome was eternal growth.

Twenty-eight of us—BYU undergraduates, graduate students, a continuing learner, three film students and their faculty mentor, as well as my wife, my son, and I—hiked nearly two hundred miles across England and Scotland during spring term 2007. Beginning at Loch Lomond, we walked and took buses through the Lake District, Yorkshire, the upper Thames Valley, the Isle of Wight, Dorset, and Cornwall. We filmed the landscape and each other, read Romantic and Victorian essays and poems, visited historical sites, gave fireSides, conversed about the meaning of literature and life, and wrote in journals. Four writing mentors interviewed each student every week on writing and life. It was as close to heaven as my teaching career has come.

hiking with students

John Bennion
English Department

If our planned itinerary was the warp of our experience, spontaneous event was the woof. Visiting with other hikers, temporarily losing members of our group, swimming on impulse in an icy tarn—all became part of the process of understanding the literature we were reading and of making meaning of our own writing and our own lives.

A thread of my own learning started one morning after I filled the tank of our diesel van with unleaded petrol. As I hung up the nozzle—and only then realized what I had done—my whole being slumped. I groaned, my hand still on the petrol nozzle, as if I could will my mistake not to have happened. I tried to estimate the cost of towing, of getting the engine cleaned, of refilling with petrol. Besides the cost, it would mean at least half a day wasted.

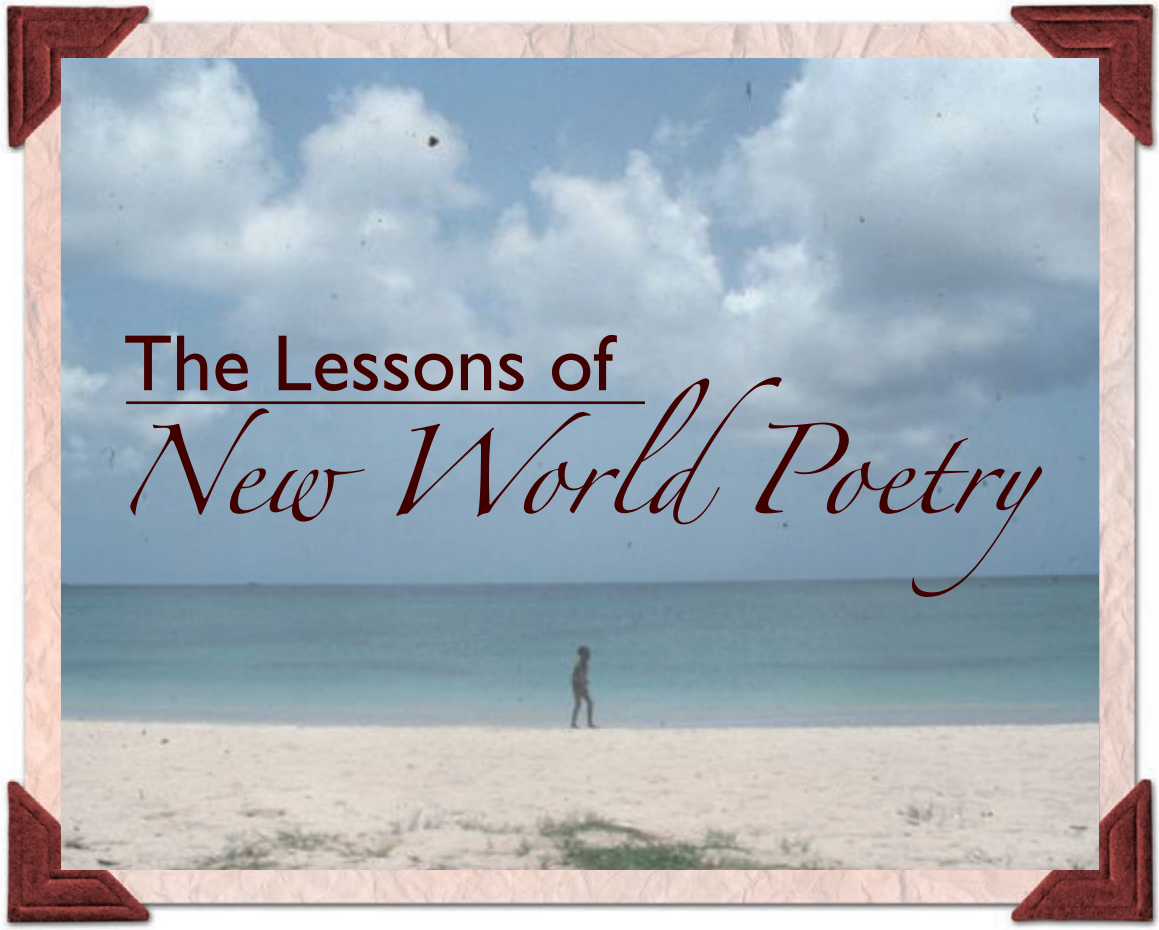
But in an intellectually and spiritually rich environment, learning grows like weeds. Even such a drastic mistake as mine could be the occasion for learning. Normally I would have entered a slough of self-criticism, but that morning I just skipped it. One of the students, Claire from Germany, had showed me how. When, after a week and a half, her luggage had still not caught up with us, she said, "I'm not going to let this accident spoil my experience." So I followed her lead and dealt with my car problem without anger or mental flagellation.

That afternoon, after everything was fixed, we had class. Just before talking about Shelly and Keats, I thanked Claire. Her dignity and good cheer had helped me maintain emotional balance. But the learning didn't stop there. The next morning, as we did baptisms for the dead in the Preston Temple, another young woman in the group began to wonder to herself whether she fully belonged in that setting. She had fought her way out of several challenging and misdirected years but was sometimes still doubtful of her self-worth. Waiting for her turn in the font, she remembered Claire's self-possession and my equanimity in the face of my five hundred–dollar blunder. She remembered her own strength and

love of God. And she remembered a character we had studied, Thomas Hardy's Tess, whose sorrows and losses had earned her great depth and sensibility. Sitting in the temple, this student realized that her faith in the Atonement would help turn her unhappy past into a joyful future.

For seven weeks we made personal growth at a rate unusual for any educational program. One student recognized her tendency toward categorical judgments, one learned that writing poetry is as much work as inspiration, one moved beyond writing for teachers and learned how to write for herself. With so much time together, we could discuss how to achieve Wordsworth's philosophic mind, learn from George Eliot's writings how to imagine someone else's vision, and experience Tennyson's wrestle with faith. We hiked up mountains, across meadows and moors, and along the coast of the English Channel and the Irish Sea. In this unique environment, blessed by the goals, structures, and resources of BYU, we spoke our learning into the camera and wrote it in our journals, until filming and writing and talking and hiking and singing and preparing food and loving one another and worshiping God became all one thing.

The documentary film that recorded this trek is a student mentoring project entitled **The Christian Eye: An Essay Across England.** *It will appear on BYU-TV worldwide in January of 2008.*



The Lessons of *New World Poetry*

I like to think that *Adam and Eve* were *extraordinary poets.*

Their original and pure language of nature was undisturbed by custom or the past. When they spoke and named animals and plants for the first time, they brought those things into a living intimacy with their own lives, and the language they used reflected their own history and place within the created world they had been given by a loving Father. So their language was purely theirs, not borrowed but born in their immediate contact with creation, distilled upon their minds from original contact with the dynamic, living and breathing world around them. That, in my mind and I suppose in the mind of most poets, has all the makings of great poetry. At least Walt Whitman would seem to agree when he wrote these words from his famous poem, "Song of Myself":

> Creeds and schools in abeyance,
> Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
> I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
> Nature without check with original energy. (25)

His goal was to find an original poetic of democracy that expressed the unique qualities of our New World history and environment. He wanted to cast aside the burdens of "creeds and schools" of thought inherited from our European past and come into direct contact with Nature so that his poems would enable a return to innocence. His influence on generations of poets in the United States after him is well known. What is not so well known is the enormous influence he has had throughout all of the Americas, particularly in Latin America and the Caribbean.

George Handley
Department of Humanities, Classics, and Comparative Literature

Two poets of the Americas, both recipients of the Nobel Prize for Literature, have expressed their appreciation for the transformative influence of Whitman's Adamic poetry of American possibility when they first began to compose verse: Pablo Neruda of Chile, who won the prize in 1971 just two years before his death, and Derek Walcott of St. Lucia, a living poet, who was awarded the prize in 1992. Both poets clearly had other important influences, but they seem to have been particularly taken by Whitman's idea of the poet as a kind of Adam in a second, New World Garden, using the joy to be found in nature's extraordinary capacity to surprise us as a source of historical renewal. This spirit of exhilaration in their poetry is not ignorant of the sordid and regrettable New World history of Native American genocide, African slavery, and the colonial woes of the European conquest. We may never know exactly how many millions of Native Americans were massacred, killed by disease, or forced to suffer untold violence at the hands of European conquerors, but we do know that the death toll makes most of the twentieth-century atrocities look mild by comparison. Add to that the story of African slavery, the perhaps millions thrown overboard during the slave trade, the millions more who suffered almost four centuries of indignity and brutality, and then consider the rampant destruction of nature that has increased in an era of advancing technology and economic disparity, and it hardly seems possible to smile at nature or believe any more in our innocence.

A beach on Isla Negra, Chile, where Neruda lived

As a literary critic, it seemed fair to wonder if it is even ethical to choose to be obliviously happy in the face of an environment that bears the wounds of such violence. Such criticism has been launched, for example, against Walt Whitman, who, in his celebrations of American possibility and innocence, seemed indifferent to the costs of America's expansion incurred by Native Americans, African Americans, and Hispanics. Although Whitman was sometimes seduced by the rhetoric of his own seemingly limitless optimism, he was aware of at least some of the ironies of his own praise of American possibility. In his great book of poetry that he hoped might be a kind of American Bible, *Leaves of Grass*, he declares grass to be a metaphor for both poetry and nature's shared capacity to renew our imagination in the wake of suffering. Upon observing leaves of grass, he cannot help but suspect that they hide a story of loss, never to be fully recovered. When asked by a child what the grass is, he responds:

> And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.
> Tenderly I will use you curling grass,
> It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men. (29)

Although written before the Civil War, these lines would later offer a poignant and cautious expression of hope in the wake of national division and suffering. He writes: "I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women," but unfortunately he cannot; he can only praise nature and hope that we find comfort in its capacity to regenerate new life from the very material of dead bodies, a fact that suggested to him that "to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier" (30). It is because of his awareness of nature's law of regeneration that Whitman found such strange comfort and poetic inspiration from the sea, even though it seemed to whisper "death" to him, "[t]hat strong and delicious word" (214).

Over the last several years I have traveled to St. Lucia in the Caribbean and to Chile to find similar grounds of cautious renewal in Walcott and Neruda. My objective was to understand the influence of Whitman on their careers but more importantly to understand the hope they have found in their own damaged but enduring natural environments. Neruda's most famous poem,

A volcano near where Neruda lived

"The Heights of Macchu Picchu," complains that the history of the Inca has been lost to contemporary Latin America because of the violence of the conquest and because nature has altered and erased key elements of that history. He speaks to the Urubamba river that runs below the ruins,

> What do your harried scintillations whisper?
> Did your sly, rebellious flash
> go traveling once, populous with words? (*Heights* 41)

Human violence is not alone responsible for the amnesia Latin America has suffered about its ancient past; natural erosion has also played its oblivious role of transforming the past into the stuff of water and earth. The poet's duty, then, is paradoxically to pay close attention to the innocence of nature in order to recover knowledge of human injustice. It would seem that, environmental extremists notwithstanding, nature lovers don't have to be misanthropic after all. Many critics have lost sight of the fact that Neruda was as obsessed with natural history as he was with political injustice. His enormous private collection of books housed at the University of Chile library in Santiago shows a man with a deep fascination for birds, trees, geology, geography, and marine biology. And his poetry, especially in the later years, became increasingly focused on the small miracles of nature and of everyday material life. He shared Whitman's fascination with the ocean, where he felt his poetic yearnings were first nurtured, making it a lifelong custom to beachcomb and compose in a shed he built on his coastal property in Isla Negra. In some of the most stunning verse ever written about the sea, Neruda sees nature's hidden promise that violence and death can lead to renewal:

> All your force becomes origin again. You only
> deliver crushed debris,
> Detritus removed from your cargo,
> Whatever the action of your abundance expelled,
> Everything that ceased to be cluster. (*Canto General* 338)

Shells, seaweed, and stones cast on the shores are Neruda's emblems of an Adamic poetry because their beauty reminds us of destruction and loss but also provides grounds for hope.

Walcott's appraisal of natural beauty takes an even more sobering look at the brutal facts of New World slavery and the devastation to indigenous peoples and environments, but he too remains hopeful. He is keenly aware of how the beauty of Caribbean seascapes has been cheapened by the tourist industry's exploitation of the myth of the Caribbean as a terrestrial paradise, but he insists that its beauties have never been properly seen. Walcott's Eden, in other words, is not a private beach vacant of any local poverty or suffering but a tired world whose staggering and simple beauty endures. He looks deep into the blankness of the sea's face and the waves' constant erasure of traces on the sand and finds a

metaphor for the lamentable emptiness of our historical memory of past suffering. He also finds, however, the opportunity for Adamic renewal. Memories of the past linger in his poetry like open wounds, but the promises of nature held in the trees, wind, sky, sand, and water provide a balm to help him refuse nostalgia or regret. When he considers his own child playing in the sand, he sees

> a child without history, without knowledge of its
> pre-world,
> only the knowledge of the water runnelling rocks . . .
> that child who puts the shell's howl to his ear,
> hears nothing, hears everything
> that the historian cannot hear, the howls
> of all the races that crossed the water
> the howls of grandfathers drowned. (*Collected* 285)

Like Whitman's leaves, the innocence of nature here hints at a forgotten past that remains untranslatable and thus seems to petition an embrace of the simplicity of the world.

When I visited St. Lucia in 2001 and interviewed Mr. Walcott, I learned that he makes it a daily ritual to visit the beach near his house and take what he calls a "sea bath" (he prefers to leave the salt on his skin for the rest of the day). He brings with him a small notebook upon which he writes his daily lines in his native English, but he is not so occupied that he won't spend time chatting with the local fishermen in French Creole, the island's other native language. He wrote in a recent essay: "The less history one is forced to remember, the better for Art—better the name of a painter than a general's, a poet's than a pope's. . . . what I look at from sunrise to sunset when the first lights pierce the dusk around the former island, [is] a past written in water, whose coins are not buried but glittering on the sea's surface" ("Where I Live" 32).

But his favorite beach, I have since learned, is now closed for the construction of another hotel. Local fishermen are more rare because they can't compete against corporate-scale harvesting and the increasing loss of coral reef along the shores. Nature's promise of renewal looks less certain everyday. So perhaps, Walcott warns, we are forgetting the lessons of fishermen and poets alike: "It hurts to think of the fisherman fading, because his individuality was his independence, his obedience to the sea an elemental devotion, his rising before dawn and his return with his catch at the end of the day as much an emblem of writing, sending the line out, hauling in, with any luck, a wriggling rhyme, learning to keep his humility on that expanse that is his home" (34).

As a boy, I enjoyed the solitude of the beaches on the Long Island Sound where Whitman lived, and as a visitor to Walcott's and Neruda's homelands, I was stunned by the natural beauty of St. Lucia and Chile. But I am everyday shocked to learn of evidence of increasing degradation to these and to my own environment. If there is a lesson in their New World poetry, I think it is that progress is not inevitable, that the world is a fragile thing, already too full of suffering and loss, and that therefore its beauties are rare miracles, gifts of grace. To miss those miracles is a failure to live life abundantly. But to allow knowingly the destruction of God's creations is worse still; it is to live life unfeelingly, wantonly, destructively.

To dwell on the earth like these poets means that we shouldn't rely on tradition or habit to teach us how to see the world. As the restored account of the creation suggests, seeing it as new, even when it is already old, is the first step in living morally in the natural world: "Out of the ground made I, the Lord God, to grow every tree, naturally, that is pleasant to the sight of man; and man could behold it. And it became also a living soul" (Moses 3:9). To be beholden to nature is to want to preserve and, where necessary, restore its beauty. Unlike traditional accounts, Adam and Eve's task of naming things here is not a discovery or claim of ownership. Instead, like our own efforts to appreciate the creation, it becomes a kind of repentance because they are turning back to rediscover their forgotten kinship with creation and with all of humanity.

Neruda, Pablo. *Canto General*. Trans. Jack Schmitt. Berkeley: California UP, 1991.

———. *The Heights of Macchu Picchu*. Trans. Nathaniel Tarn. New York: Noonday, 1999.

Walcott, Derek. *Collected Poems, 1948-1984*. New York: Farrar, 1992.

———. "Where I Live." *Architectural Digest* Jan. 1997: 30–36.

Whitman, Walt. *Leaves of Grass*. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1992.

This essay is adapted from a lecture given at the David M. Kennedy Center in Winter 2003. The University of Georgia Press recently published Handley's New World Poetics: Nature and the Adamic Imagination in Whitman, Neruda, and Walcott *(2007).*

Making a *difference*

A couple of years ago (summer 2005), Rachel Westover of Littleton, Colorado (Class of August 2007, English Teaching), signed up with HELP International to spend a summer in El Salvador after her junior year at BYU. Little did she know how powerfully this decision would affect her life and the lives of countless others.

She and other volunteers taught English and helped build houses, but Rachel was strongly drawn to serving in an orphanage that housed about 150 children and adults with disabilities. She learned that residents of Hogar del Niño Orphanage arrive

at the orphanage when they are only babies or young children and stay there the rest of their lives—infrequently, if ever, leaving the premises. The residents, some as old as fifty-years-old, were under the care of a loving and dedicated—but clearly overworked—staff, and had virtually no opportunity for education, stimulation, growth, or just plain fun. "Many of them spent all day, every day, sitting in wheelchairs under a pavilion," Rachel said. "It broke my heart. Nobody should have to spend every day of their life sitting and watching the world go by."

She and other volunteers started working and playing with the residents, teaching them skills, games, and songs, in what soon became a full-time task. The rewards were excitement and joy on the part of the residents and fulfillment and growth on the part of the volunteers.

Rachel's time in El Salvador came to an end and she returned to Provo with a certainty in her heart that there was more to do and that she had to go back. She faced a key moment when she asked her fiancé (Ryan Nielson, Pocatello, Idaho—Class of 2007, double major in English and Russian) if he would join her in this adventure. He agreed, and off they went—paying their own way—only two weeks after their marriage. They missed a semester of school (Winter semester 2006) in Provo but remained active in their education by signing up for some classes through BYU's International Field Study Program in the David M. Kennedy Center. They taught art, communication skills, skits, music—anything and everything they could think of to bring satisfaction and enjoyment to their new friends.

The semester passed, and when the time came for Ryan and Rachel to return home, their hearts were heavy. They knew they had done a good work, but it was now over, and they worried about their lasting impact on the people of El Salvador. They recognized that they wanted to make a permanent difference. Since the orphanage had no funding from government or other agencies, it was totally dependent on private donations. Rachel and Ryan decided to try to raise funds to help their aspect of the work continue. They soon teamed up with HELP International to create the Hogar del Niño Project. (See www.help-international.org for information or to learn how to contribute.) Today, the project calls for two student volunteers to serve year-round in three month shifts, an affordable opportunity for students to experience living abroad while providing an invaluable and rewarding service.

Rachel said, "I'm not sure why I feel such a strong drive to improve these kids' lives. I just love them. Also, I know how blessed I am, and I feel that if I can spread some of those blessings to others, then I sure as heck had better do it."

Ryan added, "We are so grateful and humbled to be a part of these kids' lives. Our own lives will never be the same."

The Bible of SAINT LOUIS

Thanks to support from several units on campus, including the College of Humanities, the L. Tom Perry Special Collections Library has recently made an important acquisition. Among the library's many facsimiles of rare medieval manuscripts, one now finds the three-volume reproduction of the *Moralized Bible of Saint Louis*. The original, housed in Spain at the Cathedral of Toledo, was produced around A.D. 1230 for Louis IX of France (Saint Louis). With over 5,000 illustrations, it has often been called the most beautiful Bible ever made.

The Bible of Saint Louis belongs to the tradition of the *Bibles Moralisées* (or Moralized Bibles), which were produced between A.D. 1200 and 1400. Like other illustrated Bibles from the Middle Ages, the Moralized Bibles offers a simplified version of the biblical narrative as each episode is retold through illustrations. This necessarily leads to a simplification of the original text. Unlike other illustrated Bibles, however, the Moralized Bibles compensate for the inherent reductionism of the text by incorporating a program of allegorical interpretation. Each episode of the Bible is portrayed in a pair of illustrations, the first one depicting the literal meaning of the scene and the second suggesting an allegorical understanding. For example, the scene of the baby Moses in a basket among the bulrushes is interpreted by an adjoining illustration of the baby Jesus in a manger.

The BYU facsimile of the *Moralized Bible of Saint Louis* is published by Moleiro Publishers, a Spanish company that specializes in the faithful reproduction of medieval documents. All three volumes bear a reproduction of the exact colors of the original, right down to the application of decorative gold leaf on each page.

This illustrated Bible, along with its allegorical interpretations, offers tremendous insight into the medieval understanding of fundamental religious stories and texts and sheds light on art, literature, and culture from that important era. Additionally, from the perspective of the restored gospel, it is both rewarding and instructive to see how our ancestors studied the holy scriptures and found spiritual meaning on every page.

Jesse D. Hurlbut
French and Italian Department

why we choose to give

Kimo Esplin, Sandy, Utah

Why do we give to BYU? That's easy—we love BYU!

My seven sisters and I enjoyed the blessings of BYU from our earliest days. My father, Ross S. Esplin, taught in the English Department. We grew up attending plays and concerts in the Harris Fine Arts Center, sitting in the south bleachers at football games, swimming at the Richards Building for Family Home Evening, hanging out at the Wilkinson Center, and attending firesides at the Marriot Center Sunday evenings. I can't think of a richer environment to grow up in.

Now our two oldest sons are at BYU, and my wife and I hope our other six children can also enjoy the BYU experience. Other than to the church, I feel a greater commitment to BYU than to any other organization or institution of which I have been a part.

Kimo and Kaye Esplin have established an endowed scholarship for students in the College of Humanities who have an interest in a teaching career.

How I have been *blessed*

Becca Proper, Class of 2006, Spanish Teaching

I started student teaching in January 2006 and had the most amazing learning experience of my life. When I had only two weeks of student teaching left, another school called me and asked if I would work for them for the last two months of the school year. It was a challenging experience, but little did I know it would open the door to a more permanent teaching opportunity.

A newly appointed principal was filling positions for the school he would direct the following year. I soon found myself in a very wonderful position at a brand new charter school. It has been a rocky yet adventurous road, and I have enjoyed every learning opportunity available.

I'd like to thank all who have helped me along the way, especially those who provided me with my scholarship. I have a very full heart for those who care enough to give. Thank you so much.

Those who donate to the Humanities Annual Fund make it possible for the college to provide students with study abroad, mentored learning, and other education-enhancing experiences. Gifts postmarked by December 31, 2007, up to $5,000, will be matched 1 to 1. For more information, please contact Carol Kounanis, LDS Philanthropies at BYU, (801) 422-8294, cek@byu.edu, or visit our website at byu.edu/giving/humanities.

Humanities at BYU is the alumni newsletter of the College of Humanities.

feedback? We'd be glad to hear from you with your views, memories of campus experiences, or an update on your life since leaving BYU. Please e-mail ron_woods@byu.edu

College faculty meet before Fall semester