

theology, and her work here causes us to long for just such a work in depth (to make a trilogy with that of Alexander Schmemmann and Aidan Kavanagh).

Sacramentality Renewed is clearly a text for an ecumenical graduate course in sacramental theology, but it is not limited to that use. It is crucially important to anyone who wishes to do responsible theological work in the Anglican tradition, and should be required reading for those who bear responsibility for liturgical formation and renewal. Her writing is approachable and very well documented, and provides a key for anyone desiring to understand our work of worship as a church.

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True, False, None of the Above. By Marjorie Maddox. The Poietema Poetry Series. Eugene, Ore.: Cascade Books, 2016. 90 pp. \$14.00 (paper).

How do we respond to a poetry collection that begins with a challenge: "Isn't the seed better"? In her opening poem "On Defining Education," Marjorie Maddox courts the general reader, while inviting her class ". . . to confront. / I'm not talking about who you should be / but are. Let's start with the essence of seed / and see what sprouts from there" (p. 1). One pictures her looking squarely at her readers, giving us freedom to challenge and grow, aware that she too is on the journey: "Still you read / histories of yourself / in others, those gone wrong / or right, all directions relative / to where you are" (p. 22).

The author identifies herself in the preface as "a Christian" and "professor of English," defining her book an "intersection of words and belief" (p. xi). The word "intersection," a place where two things meet and overlap, moves us a step beyond connection to a place where sacred and profane bleed into each other; a place where clear-cut boundaries do not exist. And because religion (*re-ligio*) means to re-bind, then its job is rejoining separate realities: heaven and earth, body and soul. Moving with agility between mundane and sublime, the author confirms that rebinding is also the domain of the poet, particularly a poet of faith.

Because words wield power to bolster or erode belief, Maddox uses them to verify that not only spirituality, but also religion continues to exist. This explains an occasional hesitancy in her voice struggling to sustain the

Spirit toward which our modern world is ambivalent. Though Maddox may seem besieged by the madness and disasters in life, she grieves as much; perhaps, the retreat of absolutes. But rather than hand us despair, she gives us a clue: *True, False, None of the Above*. Sometimes there is no clear answer.

Literature enthusiasts will celebrate the book's generous references to poetry and prose writers. Its epigraphs, from Shakespeare to John Updike to a newspaper headline, channel her theme, with biblical verses and religious imagery comfortably slipping in beside the secular. Some references are more direct than others: "this world putting on / so clumsily new words / on this old skin / of ancient whine" (p. 40). Though the parable of the wineskins is obvious, the twist to "whine" is one of Maddox's playful turns with imagery, like Hamlet's affront that she transforms into "Frailty, thy name is Freshman" (p. 68). In the lines: "The Gardener prays / while you sleep sound as seeds inside this wall" (p. 11), she recalls the apostles, who have fallen asleep as Jesus prayed in the Garden of Olives. But in "Esau's Lament," where the overlooked son repeats and repeats "me too" (p. 81), she echoes the pathos of a child left out, his words signifying a universal lament beyond Genesis.

Flashes of angst/anguish often surface, like those when she flounders over "stories / we want to tell children / hungry for heroes / and earthbound gods / unsure of their footing / but leave the creeds hovering / in some other galaxy / we've forgotten to breathe in" (p. 27). As the book progresses, the poet readjusts her view to the changing world, struggling to reconcile two different ways of seeing. Even seeds do not always signify a "seed of seeing" (p. 16) but are fated to be "hopeful seed packs / flattened in bottom drawers" (p. 10). Newspaper stories and headlines prod Maddox to look for belief in unbelieving times: "the fireworks' dizzy outbursts / of Me! Me! Me! reveal our belief in nothing / but the day's commemoration, the morning after's / leftover hot dogs" (p. 42). When disaster looms, she turns to the light: "Look, you can see / the sun just to the right / of the wrecking ball" (p. 34).

Although warning and tragedy darken the page with "what creaks and topples in this world, / threatening to uproot even our deepest / fibers" (p. 79), Maddox carries her thread of hope until the final classroom poem: "A student I thought asleep / starts to read, / his thrush of a voice / syncopated by the bird's insistence" (p. 88). We welcome the closing, a recognition that ordinary things can sustain us spiritually. Clear distinctions of the past may no longer hold, but we need not fear because Maddox assures us, finally: "who can tell / the teaspoon of light / beneath wings that tilt, / just so, toward eternity?" (p. 29).

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