

Skills for Rhetoric

Chapter Tests

Chapter 1 Test

Read the following essay several times in preparation for critiquing it. Evaluate the effectiveness of the introduction, the thesis, the transitions, and the conclusion.

How can we react to rejection? Hopefully, we keep our eyes focused on Jerusalem and do not allow rejection to sidetrack us. We may be tempted to stop and annihilate a few Samaritans, but remaining firm in our resolve to possess the land, to journey to the end of our quest, and to reach Jerusalem will be far more rewarding. Refusing to allow rejection to destroy us and choosing not to react in hatred will ease our journey toward our “Jerusalem.”

Ruth Graham was once attacked by a jellyfish in the ocean. Many weeks later she naturally found that she had a well-deserved aversion to the ocean. However, she knew she had to return to the sea. The longer she waited the more difficult it became. She loved the ocean, but she knew that as long as she swam, there would be a chance that she would experience the same pain again. She returned to the ocean.

Life is a lot like the sea — full of unseen hazards and venomous creatures. Hurting and fearful after undeserved rejection, we are tempted to call it quits, to stay out of the ocean altogether. However, life is in the ocean, and the road to our spiritual Jerusalem leads through treacherous waters. Returning to the ocean can help us face our hurts and fears.

Perhaps the most common form of rejection we experience is self-rejection. Self-rejection is very dangerous because it negates the work of the Cross in our lives. In many churches there is so much emphasis on humility that we pretend to be humble by practicing self-rejection. However, true humility evokes love, kindness, and self-control. Self-rejection evokes sadness, depression, anger, and perhaps even violence. We fall into the trap of self-rejection when we listen to the voices that call us worthless and unlovable. We can then fall into the traps of success, popularity, power, or excessive work as antidotes. There is no antidote to poor self-esteem except a profound realization that God loves us.

Chapter 2 Test

You have been hired by a consulting firm to edit a speech written by a politician to be presented at an American Agricultural Convention. Help him out.

Mr. Secretary, delegates, and esteemed visitors, welcome. I am very grateful to be here! Only yesterday morning, while eating my Coco Puffs , Pop-Tarts , and drinking a Pepsi, I was suddenly so grateful for the farmers in America! What a great job you do! Papaya fruits, mustard, figs and dates, corn — they are all provided to the American consumer, thanks to you! Day in and day out, you walk behind those plows, spreading those seeds, hoeing those weeds. Thank you!

I know how hard you work and that is why I am going to introduce a bill to remove price supports for milk products. It is vital that you are rewarded for your hard work.

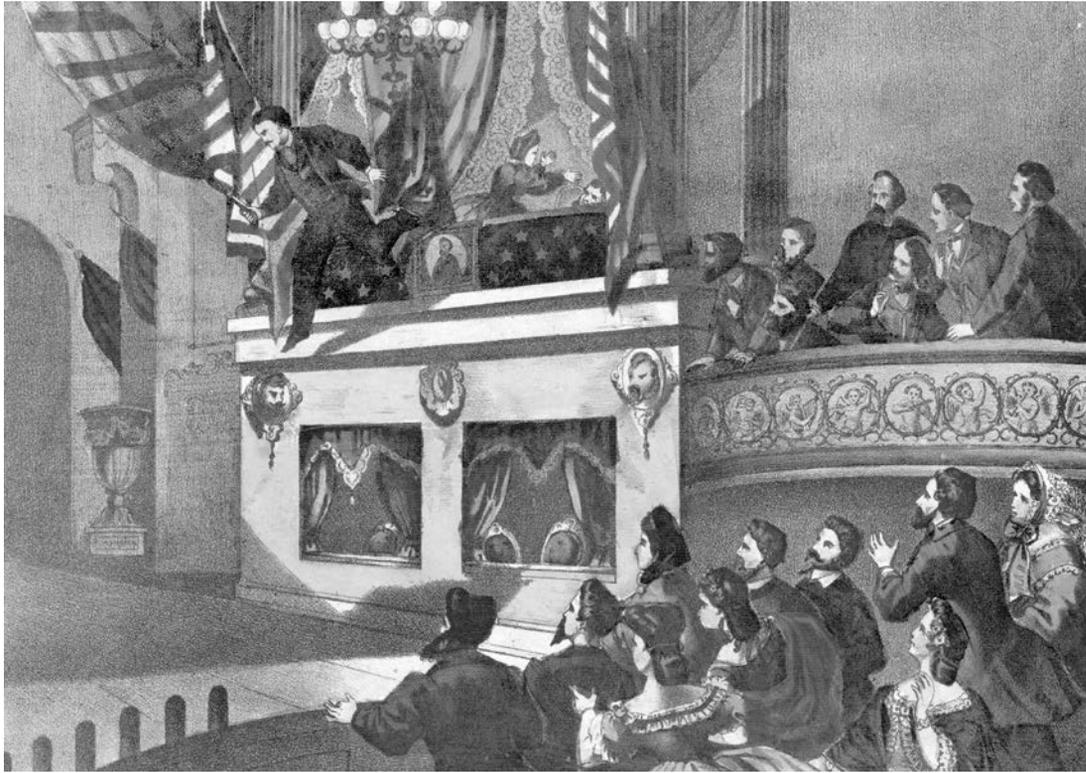
And those dangerous chemicals! If I have my way, I will push through legislation that will remove all those life-threatening chemicals. Why, in a year or so, you will only have ladybugs to protect you from pests and critters!

Finally, my good friends, let's limit exports. Yes, why should American consumers suffer for us to feed people over-seas? Prices for American consumers will drop, too, with fewer grain exports. There will be supply and less demand.

Chapter 3 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Based on the picture below, write a one-page eyewitness account of Abraham Lincoln's assassination.



Chapter 4 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Write a one-page firsthand-experience essay describing the first time you rode a bicycle without training wheels.

Chapter 5 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

In a one-page essay, describe the following strange invention and speculate upon its use(s).

Chapter 6 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

In a one-page essay, even though the student already has four pairs of soccer shoes, the student should persuade his parents to give him money to purchase the latest, kangaroo leather, soccer shoes costing \$189.

Chapter 7 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

In a one-page essay, analyze your favorite advertisement, being careful to discuss the logos, pathos, and ethos of the ad.

Chapter 8 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

In a one-page essay, summarize the Book of Esther (in the Bible).

Chapter 9 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

In a one-page essay, compare and contrast the following two passages. Which one is a *précis*? Which is a *summary*? Why?

ESSAY A

Gene Forrester, the narrator of *A Separate Peace*, returns to Devon, his private high school in New Hampshire. As he walks around Devon School, the reader realizes that something terrible happened there. When Gene comes to rest at the foot of a huge tree overhanging a riverbank on the edge of campus and pauses to reflect, our story begins in a flashback to the summer between Gene's junior and senior years.

The reader quickly meets the main character of the story and its hero, Gene's best friend, Finny. Finny is a boy who stands out from the crowd. He's brave to the point of foolhardiness, outspoken, athletic, bright, funny — yet, Finny is also an enigma. He challenges the other boys to make a leap from the fateful tree on the riverbank into cold waters. This challenge, repeated throughout the book, ultimately proves to be Finny's destruction.

ESSAY B

The story is a story within a story, or a frame story. Gene is remembering a particular school year that occurred years before. However, the story is really about Gene, not the happenings at Devon School. Unlike his friends who seem to remain static characters, Gene grows and matures as a protagonist. The entire novel, in fact, is about Gene's maturation. He comes to a sort of peace within himself. He learns that peace is a state of mind unrelated to outside circumstances.

Chapter 10 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Write a one-page character profile of your favorite pet.

Chapter 11 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Write a one-page analysis of the best vacation your family has experienced.

Chapter 12 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Write a one-page synthesis of the best vacation your family has experienced. In other words, speculate upon what would be a perfect vacation as you think about your best vacation.

Chapter 13 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Using appropriate “language of analysis,” write a one-page literary analysis of the following excerpt from “The Cask of Amontillado” by Edgar Allan Poe.

“The Cask of Amontillado”

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled — but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point — this Fortunato — although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity — to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack — but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him — “My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking today! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts.”

“How?” said he. “Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible!

And in the middle of the carnival!”

“I have my doubts,” I replied; “and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain.”

“Amontillado!”

“I have my doubts.”

“Amontillado!”

“And I must satisfy them.”

“Amontillado!”

“As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me —”

“Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry.”

“And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own.”

“Come, let us go.”

“Whither?”

“To your vaults.”

“My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi —”

“I have no engagement — come.”

“My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre.”

“Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado.”

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaire closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo. There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well

knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors. The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

“The pipe,” said he.

“It is farther on,” said I; “but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls.”

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

“Nitre?” he asked, at length.

“Nitre,” I replied. “How long have you had that cough?”

“Ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh!”

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

“It is nothing,” he said, at last.

“Come,” I said, with decision, “we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi —”

“Enough,” he said; “the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough.”

“True — true,” I replied; “and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily — but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps.” Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

“Drink,” I said, presenting him the wine. He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

“I drink,” he said, “to the buried that repose around us.”

“And I to your long life.”

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

“These vaults,” he said, “are extensive.”

“The Montresors,” I replied, “were a great and numerous family.”

“I forget your arms.”

“A huge human foot d’or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel.”

“And the motto?”

“Nemo me impune lacessit .”

“Good!” he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

“The nitre!” I said: “see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river’s bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough —”

“It is nothing,” he said; “let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc.”

I broke and reached him a flaççon of De Grââve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement — a grotesque one.

“You do not comprehend?” he said.

“Not I,” I replied.

“Then you are not of the brotherhood.”

“How?”

“You are not of the masons.”

“Yes, yes,” I said, “yes, yes.”

“You? Impossible! A mason?”

“A mason,” I replied.

“A sign,” he said.

“It is this,” I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaire.

“You jest,” he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. “But let us proceed to the Amontillado.”

“Be it so,” I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no

especial use in itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depths of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

“Proceed,” I said; “herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi —”

“He is an ignoramus,” interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

“Pass your hand,” I said, “over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is very damp. Once more let me implore you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power.”

“The Amontillado!” ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

“True,” I replied; “the Amontillado.”

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of my masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was not the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth,

and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated — I trembled.

Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess: but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed — I aided — I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamor grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognising as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said, “Ha! ha! ha! — he! he! — a very good joke indeed — an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo — he! he! he! — over our wine — he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said.

“He! he! he! — he! he! he! — yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.”

“Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

“For the love of God, Montessor!”

“Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud “Fortunato!”

No answer. I called again “Fortunato!”

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick — on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

Chapter 14 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Using reference books, write an analysis essay of the causes of America's involvement in World War II. Then, write an essay speculating about what would have happened if America had not entered the war (synthesis essay). Finally, evaluate whether or not America was justified in entering the war on the side of the Allies. Make each essay from 75–150 words.

Chapter 15 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

In a one-page essay, discuss the reason gasoline prices are so high in the United States.

Chapter 16 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Compare and contrast the way your parents (or two other people) drive.

Chapter 17 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Pretend that your brother/sister is borrowing your toothbrush. In a one-page essay, discuss the problem and the solution to this problem.

Chapter 18 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Write a definition essay discussing one of the words/phrases below:

1. Racism
2. Prayer in schools
3. The Supreme Court
4. The FBI
5. Evangelicalism

Chapter 19 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

In a one-page essay, explain how to build an Egyptian pyramid.

Chapter 20 Test

FACT, INFERENCE OR OPINION (100 points)

A. Tell whether the following statements are facts, inferences, or opinions:

German people are naturally neater than other kinds of people.

Abortion is murder.

Creation science is a religious myth.

Human beings evolved from a lower primate.

Harvard University was founded in 1636.

Harvard University is the best college in the country.

Based on statistical evidence, going to Harvard Business School will guarantee a high salary.

President Bush prefers gray suits to black ones.

O.J. Simpson was acquitted of all charges.

O.J. Simpson was really guilty.

O.J. Simpson kept a low profile for a while because he was tired of all the publicity.

Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

ESSAY (60 POINTS)

B. Write a factual essay on euthanasia. Next, write an inference essay concerning the outcomes of euthanasia. Finally, write an essay stating an opinion about euthanasia. Or do the same assignment with any topic that interests you.

Chapter 21 Test

ESSAY (100 points)

Write a historical profile of Winnie the Pooh.

Chapter 23 Test

THE THINKING GAME (100 points)

Complete the Thinking Game structure on the research paper topic “The Collapse of the American Family.”

Chapter 24 Test

WRITING A THESIS STATEMENT (100 points)

Write a thesis statement for the following essay by Mark Twain, from his book entitled *Christian Science* (1907).

This last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite-Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight, and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatch-roofed farm-houses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright colored flowers and cats; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milch-cattle apartment by a partition; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house, the manure-pile. That sentence is Germanic, and shows that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables a man to travel all day in one sentence without changing cars.

There was a village a mile away, and a horse doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry, she would give me "absent treatment" now, and come in the morning; meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. I thought there must be some mistake.

"Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?"

"Yes."

"And struck a boulder at the bottom and bounced?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced again?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced yet again?"

"Yes."

"And broke the boulders?"

"Yes."

"That accounts for it; she is thinking of the boulders. Why didn't you tell her I got hurt, too?"

"I did. I told her what you told me to tell her: that you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures ex-tending from your scalp-lock to your heels, and that the comminuted projections caused you to look like a hat-rack."

"And it was after this that she wished me to remember that there was nothing the matter with me?"

"Those were her words."

"I do not understand it. I believe she has not diagnosed the case with sufficient care. Did she look like a person who was theorizing, or did she look like one who has fallen off precipices herself and brings to the aid of abstract science the confirmations of personal experience?"

"Bitte?"

It was too large a contract for the Stubenmädchen's vocabulary; she couldn't call the hand. I allowed the subject to rest there, and asked for something to eat and smoke, and something hot to drink, and a basket to pile my legs in; but I could not have any of these things.

"Why?"

"She said you would need nothing at all."

"But I am hungry and thirsty, and in desperate pain."

"She said you would have these delusions, but must pay no attention to them. She wants you to particularly remember that there are no such things as hunger and thirst and pain."

"She does, does she?"

"It is what she said."

"Does she seem to be in full and functionable possession of her intellectual plant, such as it is?"

"Bitte?"

"Do they let her run at large, or do they tie her up?"

"Tie her up?"

"There, good-night, run along, you are a good girl, but your mental Geschirr is not arranged for light and airy conversation. Leave me to my delusions."

Chapter 25 Test

PRELIMINARY BIBLIOGRAPHIES (100 points)

Read the following preliminary bibliographies and decide what the topic of the research paper will be.

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- Beasley, Leon M. "A Beginning Attempt to Eradicate Racist Attitudes." *Social Casework*, Jan. 1972.
- Becker, John T., and Stanli K. Becker. *All Blood Is Red — All Shadows Are Dark!* Cleveland, OH: Seven Shadows Press, 1984.
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Note: Students should be aware that the above examples represent only one method of how a bibliography can be presented.

Chapter 26 Test

TAKING NOTES (100 points)

Take notes on the following passage from Edward Everett Hale's *The Life of Christopher Columbus*.

Christopher Columbus was born in the Republic of Genoa. The honor of his birth-place has been claimed by many villages in that Republic, and the house in which he was born cannot be now pointed out with certainty. But the best authorities agree that the children and the grown people of the world have never been mistaken when they have said: "America was discovered in 1492 by Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa."

His name, and that of his family, is always written Colombo, in the Italian papers which refer to them, for more than one hundred years before his time. In Spain it was always written Colon; in France it is written as Colomb; while in England it has always kept its Latin form, Columbus. It has frequently been said that he himself assumed this form, because Columba is the Latin word for "Dove," with a fanciful feeling that, in carrying Christian light to the West, he had taken the mission of the dove. Thus, he had first found land where men thought there was ocean, and he was the messenger of the Holy Spirit to those who sat in darkness. It has also been assumed that he took the name of Christopher, "the Christ-bearer," for similar reasons. But there is no doubt that he was baptized "Christopher," and that the family name had long been Colombo. The coincidences of name are but two more in a calendar in which poetry delights, and of which history is full.

Christopher Columbus was the oldest son of Dominico Colombo and Suzanna Fontanarossa. This name means Red-fountain. He had two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, whom we shall meet again. Diego is the Spanish way of writing the name which we call James.

It seems probable that Christopher was born in the year 1436, though some writers have said that he was older than this, and some that he was younger. The record of his birth and that of his baptism have not been found.

His father was not a rich man, but he was able to send Christopher, as a boy, to the University of Pavia, and here he studied grammar, geometry, geography and navigation, astronomy and the Latin language. But this was as a boy studies, for in his fourteenth year he left the university and entered, in hard work, on "the larger college of the world." If the date given above, of his birth, is correct, this was in the year 1450, a few years before the Turks took Constantinople, and, in their invasion of Europe, affected the daily life of everyone, young or old, who lived in the Mediterranean countries. From this

time, for fifteen years, it is hard to trace along the life of Columbus. It was the life of an intelligent young seaman, going wherever there was a voyage for him. He says himself, "I passed twenty-three years on the sea. I have seen all the Levant, all the western coasts, and the North. I have seen England; I have often made the voyage from Lisbon to the Guinea coast." This he wrote in a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella. Again he says, "I went to sea from the most tender age and have continued in a sea life to this day. Whoever gives himself up to this art wants to know the secrets of Nature here below. It is more than forty years that I have been thus engaged. Wherever any one has sailed, there I have sailed."

Whoever goes into the detail of the history of that century will come upon the names of two relatives of his—Colon el Mozo (the Boy, or the Younger) and his uncle, Francesco Colon, both celebrated sailors. The latter of the two was a captain in the fleets of Louis XI of France, and imaginative students may represent him as meeting Quentin Durward at court. Christopher Columbus seems to have made several voyages under the command of the younger of these relatives. He commanded the Genoese galleys near Cyprus in a war which the Genoese had with the Venetians. Between the years 1461 and 1463 the Genoese were acting as allies with King John of Calabria, and Columbus had a command as captain in their navy at that time.

"In 1477," he says, in one of his letters, "in the month of February, I sailed more than a hundred leagues beyond Tile." By this he means Thule, or Iceland. "Of this island the southern part is seventy-three degrees from the equator, not sixty-three degrees, as some geographers pretend." But here he was wrong. The Southern part of Iceland is in the latitude of sixty-three and a half degrees. "The English, chiefly those of Bristol, carry their merchandise to this island, which is as large as England. When I was there the sea was not frozen, but the tides there are so strong that they rise and fall twenty-six cubits."

The order of his life, after his visit to Iceland, is better known. He was no longer an adventurous sailor-boy, glad of any voyage which offered; he was a man thirty years of age or more. He married in the city of Lisbon and settled himself there. His wife was named Philippa. She was the daughter of an Italian gentleman named Bartolomeo Muniz de Perestrello, who was, like Columbus, a sailor, and was alive to all the new interests which geography then presented to all inquiring minds.

This was in the year 1477, and the King of Portugal was pressing the expeditions which, before the end of the century, resulted in the discovery of the route to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope.

The young couple had to live. Neither the bride nor her husband had any fortune, and Columbus occupied himself as a draftsman, illustrating books, making terrestrial globes, which must have been curiously inaccurate, since they had no Cape of Good Hope and no American Continent, drawing charts for sale, and

collecting, where he could, the material for such study. Such charts and maps were beginning to assume new importance in those days of geographical discovery. The value attached to them may be judged from the statement that Vespucci paid one hundred and thirty ducats for one map. This sum would be more than five hundred dollars of our time.

Columbus did not give up his maritime enterprises. He made voyages to the coast of Guinea and in other directions.

TAKING NOTES (100 points)

Using the following portion of a research project, speculate on what notes and outline underlie this paper.

Research Note: This student sample of a researched paper does not provide here the references to the sources used in its compilation, as your research will.

Three Results of the French Revolution

The year 1989 marked the 200th anniversary of the French Revolution. To celebrate, the French government threw its biggest party in at least 100 years. It was to last all year. In the United States, an American Committee on the French Revolution was set up to coordinate programs on this side of the Atlantic, emphasizing the theme, "France and America: Partners in Liberty." The French, however, should be uneasy about their Revolution: whereas the American Revolution brought forth a relatively free economy and limited government, the French Revolution brought forth first anarchy, then dictatorship. The French Revolution brought forth the reign of terror, the guillotine, and the tyrant Napoléon Bonaparte. The results of this great war were chaos and disorder. Nothing good came out of this disgrace to France. *Three results came from this revolution that still haunt the memories of people today.* (Thesis statement)

First, the French Revolution marked the end of the French aristocracy. July 14, 1789, marked a day that France will not soon forget. The mobs flocked to the Bastille Prison to free their friends and neighbors. Screaming. Threatening. They did whatever they could to inflict fear on the soldiers guarding this prison. At first, the officer in charge, Monsieur de Launay, refused to negotiate, refused to surrender. Soon, though, Luanay saw he had no choice but to surrender. He did so but only after the mob promised to let his troops go free.

However, the mob could not be stopped, could not be controlled, could not be satisfied until they had their revenge. They stormed the Bastille, killing, looting, and destroying Launay and his troops, whose heads were carried on pikes in the streets of Paris. Throughout the next few years this slaughter was repeated.

The French Revolution had begun. Even the king was killed.

The French Revolution began as an aristocratic revolution, a revolt of the nobility against the king when he was forced to call a meeting of the Estates-General in 1789. In 1789–91, a comparatively peaceful period, the National Assembly did much to modernize France. Despite the Declaration of Rights, the reformed franchise which promoted free trade still excluded the poor; but the public maintained its faith in freedom and unity, as shown in the

first Festival of Federation, a celebration of national unity on July 14, 1790. However, the groundwork was laid for the secularization and tragedy that was to fall on France in later years. Power and special interests joined together in the bloodbath called the French Revolution, and they were not going to step apart easily. Already French leadership was turning its back on centuries of Judeo-Christian morality and tradition.

By 1791, radical Jacobins had taken over the government. Louis XVI, because he had escaped and invited foreign intervention, was beheaded. A few years later his wife, the infamous Marie Antoinette, joined him at the guillotine. To repress counter-revolutionary movements, the community of public safety, under Robespierre's leadership, instituted what was called the Reign of Terror. In that bloodbath, about 40,000 Frenchman lost their lives, executed in many different ways, but mostly by the guillotine. This count does not include the 2,000 people who were loaded onto a boat that sank with the people in it near the city of Nantes. In addition, 100,000 people were taken captive. The Reign of Terror ended with the death of Robespierre.

Finally, the French Revolution helped Napoléon rise to power. The young 30-year-old Napoléon was a member of the Jacobins. At this point the soon-to-be dictator entered the story.

Napoléon Bonaparte, also known as the "little Corsican," was born August 15, 1769, in Ajaccio, Corsica. His original [Italian] name was Napoleone. He had seven brothers and sisters. His original nationality was Corsican-Italian. He despised the French. He thought they were oppressors of his native land. His father was a lawyer and was also anti-French. One reason Napoléon may have been such a conqueror was that he was reared in a family of radicals. When Napoléon was nine, his father sent him to a French military government school. He attended Brienne in Paris. While there, he was constantly teased by the French students. Because of this treatment, Napoléon started having dreams of personal glory and triumph.

In France, for at least a generation, the democratic republic government disappeared, and Napoléon came to power. (Timothy)

Chapter 28 Test

OUTLINE (100 points)

Critique the following outline:

Marie Antoinette: Victim or Cause of the French Revolution

The purpose of my paper is to show how an historical person — like Marie Antoinette — can be both the cause and victim of a significant historical event.

I. Introduction

- A. Background to the French Revolution
- B. Antoinette's early life

II. Antoinette as Cause of the French Revolution

- A. She was living a selfish, lavish life
- B. She and her husband were unwilling to share power

III. Antoinette as victim of The French Revolution

- A. She was only the partner of the king and did not make many decisions.
- B. She was like every other monarch in Europe, but she happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

IV. Conclusion

Chapter 29 Test

INTRODUCTION (100 points)

Create an introduction to the following essay entitled “Uninvited Guests.”

We go to football games with lots of people; we take communion only with other believers. During Communion there should be a level of intensity present that far surpasses the ambiance of an ordinary social gathering.

This intensity arises out of a mutual openness to one another, a mutual submission to one another. We reveal our-selves to one another; we share perhaps the deepest form of revelation available to humankind. Luke gives testimony to the power of the fellowship meal in his account of the journey to Emmaus (Luke 24:13–25). The risen Jesus meets two of His disciples on the road, and they discuss what had happened over the last few days. They did not recognize Him, even though they had walked with Him almost three years. Now keep in mind that they did not know who He was — even after He had revealed Scripture to them. No, their eyes were still closed, even after the Word had been shared. Only at the table, at the Lord’s table, so to speak, did they recognize Him. Luke is speaking, surely, to the human fact that sharing a meal, especially the Communion meal, is itself revelatory; but even more decisively, it becomes our means of disclosure, of sharing ourselves with one another in a safe environment.

This self-disclosure element of the Communion meal, this agape love, this ability to be vulnerable, is vitally necessary to normal, healthy Christian growth. Its absence insures unhealthiness. This partially explains why Paul found the Corinthian practices so objectionable.

The sacrament of the Lord’s Supper at Corinth was associated with a common meal that could be attended by all the members of the Christian community. This sacred rite, the Eucharist, thanksgiving meal, a forerunner of our Communion meal, took place at the end of the agape feast. The love feast, agape meal, is similar to our once-a-month fellowship lunch. Everyone shared on a basis of equal fellowship in the food that was provided. Unfortunately, the mood and temper of elitism had invaded this gathering. The art of sharing had been lost. The delicate balance of trust had been broken. The

fragile air of openness had disappeared. The rich had stopped sharing their food, but they ate it in little exclusive groups by them-selves, hurrying through it in case they had to share, while the poor had almost nothing. Instead of being a sacred ritual, the so-called Lord’s Supper had become a microcosm of the problems, prejudices, and preoccupations of the world — not of the Body of Christ.

Furthermore, other divisions arose. Differences of opinions — theological or otherwise — had created divisions that were undermining the whole basis of fellowship in this Christian community. The Corinthians had forgotten a most important Christian truth: our fellowship and community is based upon a mutual commitment to, and a mutual love for, Jesus Christ. We will never agree one hundred percent with anyone, but that is not important in this context. What is important is that we can sublimate our petty differences and instead love each other for what we are, not for what we do or don’t do, for what we believe or don’t believe.

A woman discovers her husband is unfaithful. Where can she find help where she’s secure with her secret?

Someone has a problem with gossiping. Is there anyone who can in love hold this person accountable?

Your daughter is pregnant, and she’s run away — for the third time. She’s no longer listening to you. Who can you talk to?

You lost your job, and it was your fault. You blew it, so there’s shame mixed with unemployment. How do you react?

The Corinthian Church, today’s Church, has become a severe, condemning, judgmental, guilt-giving people, and we claim it’s in the name of Jesus Christ. The Corinthian Church, and perhaps some of us, had begun to partake of the elements with no forgiveness in their hearts, with a judgmental attitude and no repentance. We have perverted the deep pur-poses of this most sacred of Christian celebrations. (James)

Chapter 30 Test

INTRODUCTION (100 points)

Write an appropriate introduction to this essay:

The Gilgamesh text says, “Once upon a time the gods destroyed the city of Shuruppah in a great flood.” () At about the same time, Moses was writing the Book of Genesis, in which he likewise described a flood. These two similar testimonies were written by different people at different places on the globe. Even if a person did not believe that the Bible is inspired, this is powerful evidence that the flood was a historical event.

Even the stories are similar. The protagonists in the two flood stories were given grace by their God, or gods, to make it through the flood alive. In the Gilgamesh text it was the god Ea that forewarned Utnapishtim about the flood. Likewise Utnapishtim, the man in the Gilgamesh flood, built a great boat. In the Bible, Noah did the same thing and was also fore-warned by God about the flood. Both men were told to bring animals on the ship. Could Utnapishtim be the Babylonian name for Noah? With their embellished stories, are the Babylonians telling the same story from their perspective? (Timothy)

www.ancienttexts.org/library/mesopotamian/gilgamesh/

Chapter 31 Test

MAIN BODY (100 points)

Write a main body to this introduction of an essay/sermon entitled “Hope Whispered in Every Ear”:

Jesus really died on the Cross.

This was not some metaphorical event, some dramatic hoax. No, He really died.

Today, it seems to me, we have as much a problem believing that Jesus died as we do that He arose from the grave. Our ubiquitous media promises us eternal bliss and immortality — just put this cream on and the wrinkles will go away. Take these vitamins, and you will live forever and so on.

It was not always so. Death was something our parents and grandparents had to face with more finality and frequency. The average life span was less than it is now. Medical science was not as successful with saving human life as now. Infant mortality was higher. Since there were fewer hospitals and no nursing homes, sick and dying relatives died at home. It was the custom years ago for the wake to be held in the family’s living room. Then family members were buried in a local church cemetery. Every Sunday when our grandparents went to church, they were reminded of the reality of death as they passed the marble grave markers of their loved ones.

And so Jesus Christ was dead, really dead — He did not die quietly in bed with all His friends surrounding Him. No, He died a humiliating, messy, public death. And the world had no doubt of one salient fact on that first Easter morning: Jesus bar Joseph was very, very dead. (James)

Chapter 32 Test

MAIN BODY (100 points)

Write a main body to this introduction of an essay/sermon entitled “We Were Hoping that He was the Man.”

“Moreover, some women from our group astounded us. They arrived early at the tomb, and when they didn’t find His body, they came and reported that they had seen a vision of angels who said He was alive” (Luke 24:22–23).

This extraordinary rendition of a conversation by Luke is a marvelous insight into the confusion that occurred on that first Easter afternoon.

How does the Church in our day, and in Luke’s day, encounter and know the risen Christ? Or, more pointedly, why do we not know Him? Why are we right in our assessments of our life situations, but terribly wrong in our conclusions? How can we be right and blind at the same time?

“Are You the only visitor in Jerusalem who doesn’t know the things that happened there in these days?” Cleopas and an unidentified disciple sarcastically ask this stranger (verse 18). However, in spite of this stranger’s obvious sheltered life, or stupidity, the disciples were desperate to tell someone — anyone — about their plight. “They crucified Him. But we were hoping that He was the One who was about to redeem Israel” (verses 20–21).

Cleopas and his friend were on a trip to Emmaus. They just had to get away from Jerusalem. From those crazy women and their sensationalistic rumors. From Peter who denied the Lord and now confessed a cock and bull story about a resurrection.

No, Jesus was dead. They had seen it with their own eyes. He was dead. Dead as a door nail. Finished. Oh, they had once hoped. In the exciting days when He was performing miracle after miracle. But that all ended on the previous Friday. No, Jesus was dead. And, while they did not believe two crazy women, a fair weather friend [Peter], and a young disciple prone to exaggeration [John], they certainly understood the pain they felt in their hearts. They certainly believed in many things. They believed the picture of Christ’s hands bleeding profusely upon the garbage lying on Golgotha hill. They believed in the sounds of Him gasping for breath as He painfully pushed up on his pain-ridden feet, trying to survive in the hell that was a crucifixion. Oh, yes, they knew what to believe. They knew that they were in trouble — no doubt Caiaphas and his henchmen would be rounding up all the disciples of Christ they could find.

T.S. Eliot writes in his poem “The Hollow Men”: “Between the idea and the reality, between the motion and the act falls the shadow.”

Cleopas and his friend (whom some scholars think may have been Cleopas’ wife) had run into the shadow. Theology and ideas and abstractions belong to others. They had no dreams left — only a Roman Empire and a Jewish state that wanted their blood.

For small griefs you shout, but for big griefs you whisper or say nothing. The big griefs must be borne alone, inside. Or so these two travelers thought, anyway. They resented the stranger’s ignorance, but, like a survivor of a terrible accident or ordeal, they were grateful for the chance to tell him their story.

But the stranger was unflappable. He compounded their bewilderment by brilliantly expounding Scripture to them. Nothing impresses a religious person more than a thorough knowledge of his corpus. Furthermore, and this was quite disconcerting; this stranger was speaking as if he were present in the aforementioned events. He presumed to know their motivations and their minds! Did he dare suggest that they misunderstood the mission of their Lord!

Nevertheless, this stranger intrigued them enough that they invited him to supper. Mellowed somewhat, they asked the stranger to give the blessing. In a Galilean accent, He recited the Hallel. Suddenly, in the candlelight, they saw that the stranger had nail-scarred hands, a thorn scarred brow: He is the Christ!

The meal was not finished before they ran seven miles back to Jerusalem. Bursting in to the disciples, they excitedly proclaimed what everyone else already knew: He is indeed risen!

What amazes me about this story is not that Christ ate with them, nor that they recognized him at this point. What truly bothers me is why they did not recognize Him from the beginning. We are given no indication in the text that the stranger did not look like Jesus. In fact, the implication is that the stranger looked like Jesus from the very beginning — after all he should — He was Jesus! Why did they not recognize Him? How often do we miss Jesus’ presence in our lives?

On the road to Emmaus, we may be right and blind at the same time.

poetry.poetryx.com/poems/784/

Chapter 33 Test

CONCLUSION (100 points)

Write a conclusion to this essay/sermon entitled “Uninvited Guests”:

Eating and drinking are the simplest requisites for survival. No needs are simpler. Indeed, in most cultures, clothes and shelter are sheer luxuries compared to the need for food and drink; after all, starvation is one of the cruelest forms of death.

Nevertheless, eating and drinking are not simply biological occurrences. They are human occasions. We are tacitly committed to rules and regulations that govern our behavior. Everyone knows that one does not eat with elbows resting on the table although one may wink if an occasional naughty appendage is surreptitiously placed on the edge. Knives are placed to the right of the plate and, once used, they should be placed on the right upper edge of the plate on a 45-degree angle (so as not to soil the host/hostess’s table cloth). These simple, at times picayune rules govern our social lives. We judge the worth of each other and conduct the shank of our social interaction according to these spoken and unspoken customs.

The Lord’s Supper, at its most basic level, is a meal, pure and simple. As in other meals and social gatherings, there are certain rules that we observe. The violation of these rules is exactly what Paul is discussing in this Scripture reading. Just as we feel violated and disgusted if a friend violates our choice of table ethics — e.g., sneezing all over our dinner, Paul is offended by the Corinthian disregard for the rules surrounding this most sacred event: the Lord’s Supper.

Chapter 34 Test

REWRITE (100 points)

Revise and rewrite the following essay.

In James Fenimore Cooper's *The Deerslayer*, Hetty Hutter symbolized religion and morality. In the whole book, she is the only character who showed an understanding of God's Word. Cooper used her to symbolize not just religion and morality, but also humility and peace. Though at times she was referred to as "feeble-minded," she was clear-minded about God and her faith.

When Hetty gave herself over to the Iroquois, she did so with the attitude of a missionary. Willing to give her life for the sake of sharing the Word of God and rescuing her father and Hurry Harry showed her courage and selflessness. They listen to her, but their lives were not changed by what she said. In other words, they were not affected by Hetty.

Hetty saw God as the Creator and the Lord of all, but she did not and probably could not change anyone's life with her knowledge of Him [God]. In a way, it seems Cooper is making fun of Christians by using a feeble-minded girl who could not convert anyone to Christ. However, even though people around her respected and loved her, they never took her seriously. (Jessica)

