"... Do not be afraid of them, for I am with you to deliver you, says the LORD."

Contents

Pentecost 13, Proper 16

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• ***Lectionary Readings (Year C)***

Revised Common Lectionary

First Reading	***Jeremiah 1:4-10*** or Isaiah 58:9b-14
Second Reading	Hebrews 12:18-29
Gospel	Luke 13:10-17
Psalm	71:1-6 or 103:1-8

Jeremiah 1;1-10

1 The words of Jeremiah son of Hilkiah, of the priests who were in Anathoth in the land
2 of Benjamin, to whom the word of the LORD came in the days of King Josiah son of
3 Amon of Judah, in the thirteenth year of his reign. It came also in the days of King
4 Jehoiakim son of Josiah of Judah, and until the end of the eleventh year of King
5 Zedekiah son of Josiah of Judah, until the captivity of Jerusalem in the fifth month.
6 Now the word of the LORD came to me saying, "Before I formed you in the womb I
7 knew you, and before you were born I consecrated you; I appointed you a prophet to
8 the nations." Then I said, "Ah, Lord GOD! Truly I do not know how to speak, for I am
9 only a boy." But the LORD said to me, "Do not say, 'I am only a boy'; for you shall go to
10 all to whom I send you, and you shall speak whatever I command you. Do not be
11 afraid of them, for I am with you to deliver you, says the LORD." Then the LORD put
12 out his hand and touched my mouth; and the LORD said to me, "Now I have put my
13 words in your mouth. See, today I appoint you over nations and over kingdoms, to
14 pluck up and to pull down, to destroy and to overthrow, to build and to plant."

Exploring the Pattern: Themes and Motifs

1. The first few lines of this text offer information that would have helped an ancient Jewish audience understand the context of this week's passage. But most of the names and places introducing this week's text really are foreign to 21st century readers.

Jeremiah came from a priestly family and is traditionally considered the primary author of this book, the book of Kings and some others. Jeremiah's career spanned over four decades which saw the fall of the Assyrian Empire and rise of Babylonia in its place, the Southern Kingdom of Judah's alliance with Egypt, their defeat by Babylon, and the first exile of the Jewish people in 586 BCE. Jeremiah called on the people to submit to Babylon, for which he was considered a traitor, and after the leaders of Judah were sent in exile to Babylon, Jeremiah remained behind. Following the assassination of Gedaliah, the governor chosen by the Babylonians, Jeremiah and others fled to Egypt, where he continued his prophetic calling, condemning the Jews in Egypt for their worshipping of Egyptian gods.

Let us now imagine the prophet named Jeremiah. At some time in his life he is recounting the time when he was a boy and the *word of the* LORD came to him.

> Where might this voice proclaiming *the word of the* LORD have arrested this youngster's attention? Did he hear it in his head? In his heart? In a place of solitude? In the midst of a crowd? Amongst older men gathered to observe the Sabbath? During a daydream or a deeper one in the night? During Passover when family and friends remembered Moses and the Israelites earlier exile in Egypt? On Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement? On some other holy day, or on a rather ordinary day?

> Because of the way he describes himself, Jeremiah would probably have been 12 or younger when he heard *the word of the* LORD. At some point he responded: "*I am only a boy.*" In what way might he have heard *the word of the* LORD? All at once? Gradually? As a nurturing, paternal voice? As a frightening masculine voice? As the voice his elders described when telling stories or when the Torah was read? As a gust of wind, a cry, an urging, a cacophony, or just a whisper?

At the Workbench: Pentecost 13, Proper 16

Imagine yourself teaching a youth group at Sunday school in which some of the boys and girls are the same age Jeremiah may have been when he heard the call. Your assignment is to use this week's passage to explain what constitutes a "call"—especially one from God. If you could not use familiar phrases such as: "It's hearing the voice of God," or "it's that small voice that only you hear in your head or heart," etc. what words would you use to describe this experience?

Which biblical characters might serve as your examples?

Which other characters—historical, fictional, ancient or contemporary—might you use as examples?

When they ask why a "call" is any different than a parent or teacher just telling them to either do or be something now or in the future, how might you respond?

What would you say to explain the LORD touching the boy's mouth with his hand and then putting words in it?

Would you tell them that Jeremiah is literally recalling the story or metaphorically embellishing it?

What would you expect to hear them say in response?

2. Through *the word of the* LORD, Jeremiah hears *"before I formed you in the womb I knew you and before you were born, I consecrated you and appointed you a prophet to the nations."*

What does this tell Jeremiah (and the reader) about Jeremiah's life? About what he can choose or not choose?

Reread Jeremiah's reply to God's call: *"Ah Lord GOD! Truly I do not know how to speak, for I am only a boy."* Say it out loud or in your head as many different ways as you can. What do you hear? Is he shocked? Just making an observation? Just being humble? Expressing puzzlement? Seeking more information? Merely being reluctant? Rejecting the call?

3. In your hearing, seeing, and experience, when, if ever, have you found yourself addressed by "the word of the Lord"?

How did you deal with it or how are you dealing with it?

Who do you know or what have you read or seen that has helped you to discern the veracity of the call?

If you accepted the call, what were/what are the roads not taken as a result?

Have you thought of them often?

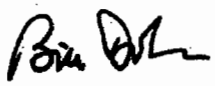
Is there a longing to backtrack?

4. Think about, tell, or write your own story through the lens of hearing and finally choosing to accept a call or *the* call. Include as many threads in the tapestry of your life as you can that have been affected by that call: highs, lows, forsaking roads not taken, what it has meant along the way, and what it means here and now in the present moment.

Reading Between the Lines

Then I said, "Ah, Lord GOD! Truly I do not know how to speak, for I am only a boy."

What do you recall of a time in your life when you were called, invited, summoned, even elected to speak out, be fully present, or to give yourself away? Who called or initiated the invitation? What was your first reaction when you heard it? What was at stake? What did you have to gain or, perhaps, lose by standing up, speaking out, and going public? What did you have to lose, or perhaps gain, by declining, remaining silent, making an excuse for not speaking out? Do you recall what tipped the balance for you? Who was it or what was it within you that led you to either speak or not speak? How have you had such an experience as an adult in your family, office, classroom, school board, club committee, church debate, or whatever your pulpit may be? What do such recollections tell you about a kind of dialogue or debate, tendency to hide or reveal yourself, wrestling match or inner tension that seems to be part of you? How have you managed both the times you said YES and the times you said NO? What can you name as a creative side of this inner struggle and choosing? How has such a process helped you to grow up?



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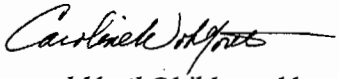
"Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, and before you were born I consecrated you . . . ."

Hear these words addressed to you in the waning days of summer 2010. What might they mean to your life if you heeded, as well as heard, them? Consider that you are the result of one sperm cell's bumping into one ovum by chance some years ago: what does that chance tell you about who you are and why you are here? What could be the negatives of understanding that you are the product of chance? What might there be of benefit for you in this knowledge? How might it dismay you to learn that God knew you before you were conceived and consecrated you to some purpose when you were in your mother's womb? How might such knowledge be a gift? What changes in thinking might it demand? In what specific ways might it force you to reorder your daily life?



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"See, today I appoint you over nations and over kingdoms, to pluck up and to pull down, to destroy and to overthrow, to build and to plant." It has been said that the role of the prophet is to comfort the afflicted and to afflict the comfortable. Jeremiah's commission is both constructive and destructive, though here the words are overbalanced with four destructive actions and only two creative. How might disintegration be a prerequisite for renewal and new creation? Where have you seen examples in your city, your business, or your school, of disruption, removal, and breaking that were necessary before something new could come into being? How does living those times of plucking up and pulling down affect you and others? What if you were the one calling for clearing away what is to make room for what can yet be? How might you feel about taking on the task?

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Parallel Readings

From *The Stone Diaries*

In one day I had altered my life; my life, therefore, was alterable. This simple axiom did not call out for exegesis; no, it entered my bloodstream directly, as powerful as heroin. I could feel it pump and surge, the way it brightened my veins to a kind of glass. I had wakened that morning to narrowness and predestination and now I was falling asleep in the storm of my own free will.

Carol Shields

From *Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth*

Now, I came to this idea of bliss because in Sanskrit, which is the great spiritual language of the world, there are three terms that represent the brink, the jumping-off place to the ocean of transcendence: sat-chit-ananda. The word "Sat" means being. "Chit" means consciousness. "Ananda" means bliss or rapture. I thought, "I don't know whether my consciousness is proper consciousness or not; I don't know whether what I know of my being is my proper being or not; but I do know where my rapture is. So let me hang on to rapture, and that will bring me both my consciousness and my being." I think it worked.

Joseph Campbell

From *1984*

It was like swimming against a current that swept you backwards however hard you struggled, and then suddenly deciding to turn round and go with the current instead of opposing it. Nothing had changed except your own attitude: the predestined thing happened in any case.

George Orwell

Carol Shields, *The Stone Diaries,* (New York: Penguin, 1993), p. 174.

Joseph Campbell, *Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth with Bill Moyers,* (NY: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1988), pp. 113, 120.

George Orwell, *1984,* (Orlando: Harcourt, 1977), p. 278.

From *Even in Quiet Places*

Being A Person

Be a person here. Stand by the river, invoke
the owls. Invoke winter, then spring.
Let any season that wants to come here make its own
call. After that sound goes away, wait.

A slow bubble rises through the earth
and begins to include sky, stars, all space,
even the outracing, expanding thought.
Come back and hear the little sound again.

Suddenly this dream you are having matches
everyone's dream, and the result is the world.
If a different call came there wouldn't be any
world, or you, or the river, or the owls calling.

How you stand here is important. How you
listen for the next things to happen. How you breathe.

William Stafford

From *Across the Threshold Into the Questions*

"WANTED—something to do for a year or for a lifetime." I tacked the 3X5 index card to the bulletin board outside the dining hall. On the one hand I could finish the work on my doctorate in mathematics and have the security of a career in academia. On the other hand . . . .

It was "the other hand" that scared me. I had no idea what that might look like. I had a wife and two children to support. In our plans to move from a university town in Tennessee to another three states away to finish my Ph.D., we had already sold our house, paid off our bills, and were trying to stretch the little left over. Most days I felt stuck in a psychic tug of war. Yes, on the one hand I could follow the path of least resistance, complete my doctorate and reap the rewards. Yet, I also knew that despite the payoff, that plan also had some high, frightening costs.

Earlier that year David, a close friend, one-time next door neighbor, and colleague in the English department of the university where we both taught, thrust the door open as I finished up the supper dishes. We hadn't seen each other since celebrating the news that after seven years of writing and taking oral exams, we could finally dub him "Dr." Startled, I turned from the sink and stared into his bloodshot eyes. As he began rattling off a laundry list of frustrating

William Stafford, *Even In Quiet Places,* (Lewiston, ID: Confluence Press, 1996), p. 89.

Caren Goldman and Ted Voorhees, *Across the Threshold Into the Questions: Discovering Jesus, Finding Self,* (Harrisburg, PA: Morehouse Publishing, 2008), pp. 11-14. Permission granted by the author.

events and his doubts about teaching all his life, I felt helpless. He couldn't stand still and as he paced back and forth his fists pounded a disturbing rhythm on his thighs. I still don't remember his words, but I know nothing I said calmed him down. He left as he had entered—agitated and pulling the door shut as though he wanted to yank it off its hinge. The next morning his wife found his car running in the garage. A hose stretched from the tailpipe to a slightly cracked window . . . and David lay dead in the back seat.

David's funeral in the university chapel marked the first time that I attended a church service since arriving in Tennessee, and the unfamiliar comfort it offered in the midst of my distress over his suicide surprised me. After the minister pronounced the final blessing, the other pallbearers and I carried David's coffin on our shoulders out the main doors, and slid it into the waiting hearse. Twenty minutes later, as I listened to the minister pray and watched mourners weep during the burial service on a hillside overlooking a river, my heart felt heavier than the box being lowered into the ground.

For the first time, I realized that when Pop left DuPont he made a choice—a difficult choice between hanging onto his secure career or listening to his heart's call to do what he loved.

A few weeks of sleepless nights and sorrowful days later, I ran into Richard, a man who had worked with my father a decade earlier when Pop was an executive in New York City. "The scuttlebutt in the office was that your old man was crazy," he said. "Just imagine, six kids with two of them in college and out of nowhere he decides to give up a successful career with a major corporation and become a starving artist! Your father did some strange things with lots of passion. Like that time he converted a school bus into a camper and drove his family across the country in it. But leaving DuPont and all that money and other perks—that was over the top."

I had been a sophomore in college when Pop left the corporate world and moved our family to the coast of North Carolina so he could paint watercolor seascapes and run a small gift shop. Now I was in my late twenties, facing the choice of what I wanted to do—"for a year or for a lifetime." For the first time, I realized that when Pop left DuPont he made a choice—a difficult choice between hanging onto his secure career or listening to his heart's call to do what he loved.

Although I sensed that David's death had thrown me onto a path that was beginning to diverge from the secure and the known, I felt clueless as to why and where it all might lead. Unlike Pop, I didn't know what I loved and didn't feel passionate about anything. All I did know was that I no longer felt confident that spending my life in academia was what I wanted. My family responsibilities jerked me to the secure, but my heart and soul kept tugging me toward something else. But what?

As the spring semester ended, we packed up our household, and I still struggled with the unanswered question: "So what's next, Ted?" From 500 miles away my folks, aware of my despair over David's death and my restlessness, invited me to

join them for a week in the mountains of North Carolina at an Episcopal Church conference center. It was there that I posted my 'WANTED" ad outside the dining hall, and it was in those days that an Episcopal priest mentioned seminary and spoke of being "called."

"On the one hand I could continue my work on a doctorate in mathematics," I said to that priest. "On the other hand . . ." I drew a blank. I didn't know how to end the sentence. I didn't know where or what "the other hand" was, or if I even really understood what a seminary was. I didn't know if everything I planned was what I was "called" to do, or whether it was just convenient. "After all," I told him. "It's not like I have a whole lot of experience with being a part of a church community, or that I can even tell you what my 'faith' is about."

To do, not to do became a battle between my mind and my soul that wearied my sensibilities.

"Think about it," he replied. "We'll talk again."

"On the other hand. . . " Throughout the rest of the conference, Pop's decision so many years before began stirring and churning something deep inside. To do, not to do became a battle between my mind and my soul that wearied my sensibilities. For someone who hadn't gone to church in years, I soon found myself praying all the time—simple childhood prayers and the psalms and my own words and in them I found a calming release from the tension of these opposite forces. The decision didn't come easily but within a week of leaving the conference I felt ready to pack up my family and go to seminary. However, others weren't so sure. Every time I thought I had figured out all the "what to do" and "how to do it" scenarios concerning finances and logistics, my wife would cautiously counter with another. Each created new anxieties that needed to be tackled in long conversations where we didn't necessarily agree to disagree with each other. Often, angry words and tears spilled out and over before hugs and mutual reassurances could follow.

I then spent the rest of the summer realizing that my decision to go to seminary was only part of a balanced equation to get there. I needed to be stamped with approval after long meetings with the clergy from my home parish, the vestry, a diocesan committee, and finally the bishop. I also found myself concerned about a physical and sweating over an evaluation by a psychiatrist. Finally, the day for the interview with the dean and faculty at the seminary arrived, followed by weeks of impatient waiting to hear if they were convinced that what I said I wanted matched what they said and wanted. As I waded anxiously through those weeks, I often found myself in a familiar swamp—grappling anew with doubts about leaving academia and my abiding grief and growing anger over David's path out of it.

By the time I got to seminary, I realized that although I knew little about what caused Pop to awaken to his soul's struggle, David's suicide was responsible for mine. On the

day my father left DuPont for the last time, he prayed his choice would result in new life for him and his family. On a warm September morning, as I headed for orientation in the seminary chapel, I thought of Pop, wondered for the ten thousandth time how I had gotten myself into this, said a short prayer, and swallowed hard. Steps away from the massive wooden doors, I turned to run for my life, but just then something stopped me and I found myself smiling like an excited little boy who just won a tug of war. Entering the sanctuary, I knew that for the first time since David died, I was alive.

Critical Background

From the *Jewish Study Bible*

The Composition of Jeremiah

Rabbinic tradition maintains that Jeremiah wrote his own book as well as the books of Kings and Lamentations. The modern view is that, although the book of Jeremiah contains an extensive collection of the prophet's oracles, the present form of the book is not entirely the work of Jeremiah. The prophet's oracles appear in a narrative biographical framework in which other writers provide information about the prophet, the circumstances in which he spoke, and the major events of his life. Thus the introduction in 1.1-3 provides basic information concerning Jeremiah's identity, home, and the years of his prophetic career; a series of prophetic word formulas ("the word which came to Jeremiah from the LORD" [7.1; 11.1; etc.]) introduce each of the major sections of the book. Jeremiah's oracles appear primarily in chs 2-25, 30-31, and 46-51, but they are interspersed with narratives, especially in chs 26-29, 32-45, and 52, that provide important information concerning the circumstances in which he spoke.

The book itself claims that the prophet's companion, the scribe Baruch ben Neriah, wrote several versions of Jeremiah's oracles (see esp. ch 36), and this may account for many of the narratives about the prophet. Furthermore, the literary style of the narratives and their overall perspective concerning the relationship between God and Israel correspond markedly to the narrative traditions of the books of Kings. Some modern scholars therefore maintain that Jeremiah and perhaps Baruch are associated with circles that composed the Deuteronomistic History (Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings). Nevertheless, these observations do not account for the full compositional history of the book. Jeremiah appears in two versions: the Hebrew Masoretic Text that appears in all Jewish Bibles and that stands as the basis for the book in Protestant Christian circles, and the Greek Septuagint version that originally served as Scripture in the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox Christian traditions. Although the Greek version contains many of the same oracles and narratives as the Hebrew version, it is approximately one eighth shorter and its content appears in a markedly different order; for instance, the oracles concerning the nations appear as chs 46-51 in the Hebrew version, but in the Greek version they appear as chs 25-31 with a different sequence of nations. Because the text of the Greek version corresponds with fragments

Adele Berlin and Marc Zvi Brettler (Eds.), *The Jewish Study Bible: Jewish Publication Society Tanakh Translation,* (NY: Oxford University Press, 2004), pp. 918-919.

of a Hebrew version of Jeremiah found among the Dead Sea Scrolls, many interpreters argue that the Greek version of the book represents an early edition of Jeremiah that was later expanded and rearranged to form the present Hebrew edition of the book. Other fragments of Jeremiah that correspond to the Hebrew Masoretic Text also appear among the Dead Sea Scrolls, indicating that the two versions of the book circulated among Jews for several centuries following the lifetime of the prophet. This of course points to the likelihood that writers other than Jeremiah or Baruch had a hand in the book's composition. The fact that 51.64 ends "Thus far the words of Jeremiah," but the book contains an additional chapter, is but one reflection of its complicated editorial history. Many scholars believe that an original Jeremianic core, largely poetic in nature, was supplemented by prose authors from the school of Deuteronomy, who re-edited the book and brought it more in line with Deuteronomic ideas and terminology. Though this theory has much to commend it, it is very difficult to disentangle the editorial layers of the book.

Adele Berlin and Marc Zvi Brettler (Eds.)

From A Practical Guide to Joseph Campbell's *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*

"There are only two or three human stories, and they go on repeating themselves as fiercely as if they had never happened before."

—Willa Cather

Introduction

In the long run, one of the most influential books of the 20th century may turn out to be Joseph Campbell's *The Hero with a Thousand Faces.*

The book and the ideas in it are having a major impact on writing and storytelling, but above all on movie-making. Filmmakers like John Boorman, George Miller, Steven Spielberg, George Lucas, and Francis Coppola owe their successes in part to the ageless patterns that Joseph Campbell identifies in the book.

The ideas Campbell presents in this and other books are an excellent set of analytical tools. With them you can almost always determine what's wrong with a story that's floundering; and you can find a better solution [to] almost any story problem by examining the pattern laid out in the book.

There's nothing new in the book. The ideas in it are older that the pyramids, older than Stonehenge, older that the earliest cave painting. Campbell's contribution was to gather the ideas together, recognize them, articulate them, and name

Christopher Vogler, "A Practical Guide to Joseph Campbell's *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*" © 1985, www.thewritersjourney.com. Chris Vogler is a literary consultant to the major film studios and the author of *The Writer's Journey: Mythic Structure for Screenwriters and Storytellers.* Reprinted by permission.

them. He exposes the pattern for the first time, the pattern that lies behind every story ever told.

Campbell, now 82, is a vigorous lover of mythology and the author of many books on the subject. For many years he has taught, written, and lectured about the myths of all cultures in all times. *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* is the clearest statement of his observations on the most persistent theme in all of oral traditions and recorded literature—the myth of the hero.

In his study of world hero myths, Campbell discovered that they are all basically the same story—retold endlessly in infinite variations. He found that all storytelling, consciously or not, follows the ancient patterns of myth, and that all stories, from the crudest jokes to the highest flights of literature, can be understood in terms of the hero myth: the "monomyth" whose principles he lays out in the book.

Stories built on the model of the hero myth have an appeal that can be felt by everyone, because they spring from a universal source in the collective unconscious, and because they reflect universal concerns.

The theme of the hero myth is universal, occurring in every culture, in every time. It is as infinitely varied as the human race itself; and yet its basic form remains the same, an incredibly tenacious set of elements that spring in endless repetition from the deepest reaches of the mind of man.

Campbell's thinking runs parallel to that of Swiss psychologist Carl Jung, who wrote of the "archetypes"—constantly repeating characters that occur in the dreams of all people and the myths of all cultures. Jung suggested that these archetypes are reflections of aspects of the human mind—our personalities divide themselves into these characters to play out the drama of our lives. He noticed a strong correspondence between his patients' dream or fantasy figures and the common archetypes of mythology, and he suggested that both were coming from a deeper source, in the "collective unconscious" of the human race.

The repeating characters of the hero myth such as the young hero, the wise old man or woman, the shape-shifting woman or man, and the shadowy antagonist are identical with the archetypes of the human mind, as revealed in dreams. That's why myths, and stories constructed on the mythological model, strike us as psychologically true.

Such stories are true models of the workings of the human mind, true maps of the psyche. They are psychologically valid and realistic even when they portray fantastic, impossible, unreal events.

This accounts for the universal power of such stories. Stories built on the model of the hero myth have an appeal that can be felt by everyone, because they spring from a universal source in the collective unconscious, and because they reflect universal concerns. They deal with the childlike but universal questions: Who am I? Where did I come from? Where will I go when I die? What is good and what is evil? What must I do about it? What will tomorrow be like? Where did yesterday go? Is there anybody else out there?

The ideas embedded in mythology and identified by Campbell in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* can be applied to understanding any human problem. They are a great key to life as well as a major tool for dealing more effectively with a mass audience.

If you want to understand the ideas behind the hero myth, there's no substitute for actually reading Campbell's book. It's an experience that has a way of changing people. It's also a good idea to read a lot of myths, but it amounts to the same thing since Campbell is a master storyteller who delights in illustrating his points with examples from the rich storehouse of mythology.

Every storyteller bends the myth to his or her own purpose. That's why the hero has a thousand faces.

Campbell gives a condensed version of the basic hero myth in chapter IV, "The Keys," of *The Hero with a Thousand Faces.* I've taken the liberty of amending the outline slightly, trying to reflect some of the common themes in movies, illustrated with examples from contemporary films. I'm retelling the hero myth in my own way, and you should feel free to do the same. Every storyteller bends the myth to his or her own purpose. That's why the hero has a thousand faces.

The Stages Of The Hero's Journey

1.) The hero is introduced in his/her ordinary world.

Most stories ultimately take us to a special world, a world that is new and alien to its hero. If you're going to tell a story about a fish out of his customary element, you first have to create a contrast by showing him in his mundane, ordinary world. In *Witness* you see both the Amish boy and the policeman in their ordinary worlds before they are thrust into alien worlds—the farm boy into the city, and the city cop into the unfamiliar countryside. In *Star Wars* you see Luke Skywalker being bored to death as a farm boy before he tackles the universe.

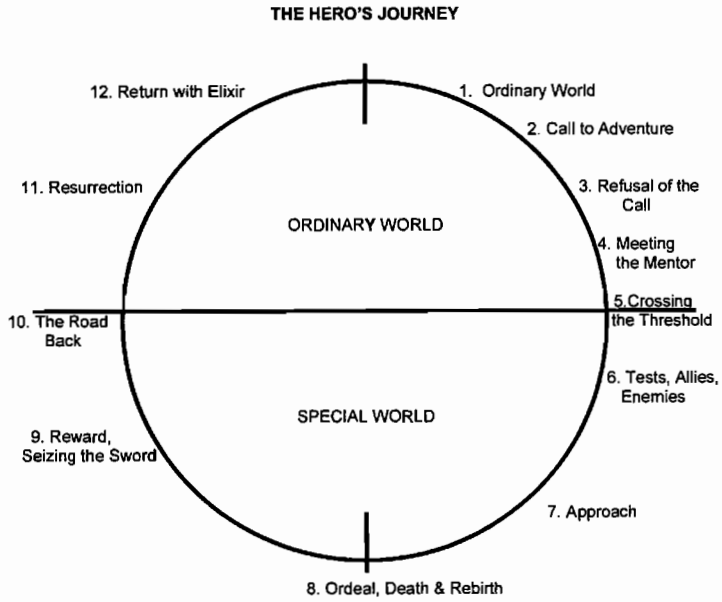
2.) The Call to Adventure

The hero is presented with a problem, challenge, or adventure. Maybe the land is dying, as in the King Arthur stories about the search for the Grail. In *Star Wars,* it's Princess Leia's holographic message to Obi Wan Kenobi, who then asks Luke to join the quest. In detective stories, it's the hero being offered a new case. In romantic comedies it could be the first sight of that special but annoying someone the hero or heroine will be pursuing/sparring with.

3.) The hero is reluctant at first. (Refusal of the Call)

Often at this point the hero balks at the threshold of adventure. After all, he or she is facing the greatest of all fears—

fear of the unknown. At this point Luke refuses Obi Wan's call to adventure and returns to his aunt and uncle's farmhouse, only to find they have been barbecued by the Emperor's storm troopers. Suddenly Luke is no longer reluctant and is eager to undertake the adventure. He is motivated.

Christopher Vogler

[Ed.: To read more about the other stages identified in the classic diagram below, please go to: www.writersjourney.com]