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Biographical Sketch

Ashley Pitcock is a senior at Henderson State University. She is pursuing a B.A. in English and a minor in Psychology. She is a member of the national college honor society Alpha Chi. She has presented her studies at the 2011 and 2012 Comics Arts Conference in San Diego. She has also presented her psychological analysis of fictional character Stephanie Brown at the Arkansas Undergraduate Research Conference 2012. She currently resides in Benton, Arkansas.

Baby's Gun

Linda G. English, Ph.D.
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About a month ago, my two outdoor cats, Gertie Mae and Emma Clare were being disturbed by an opossum after nightfall. I sat down on the potting bench by the side of the garage where the marauder was last seen and waited.

Within moments, I heard a low growl just feet from where I sat; I rise quietly, shotgun in hand and shine the light up into one end of the cat run. When much to my surprise was the burly and elusive opossum, bearing teeth and claws; it was quite caught in the cat run.

This will be "point and click"; as Dr. Young at Prescott Family Clinic would call it. I set the light down on the ground and stuck the gun barrel into one end of the cat run and gently pulled the trigger toward me.

I decided to wait until morning to clean up the "possum mess" so the cats could once again enjoy their run. So, here it is; midnight at the farmhouse; and peace has once again settled upon the Old Home Place, or so I believed...

Gertie Mae begins to bat something with her foot and I realize a part of the stock from the antique "410 of my childhood" is on the ground and Gertie Mae is playing with it. I look down and a triangular piece where the stock attaches to the action portion of the shotgun is missing. I picked it up and just felt sick.

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As I cleaned up the vermin mess from the evening before, I decided that I would take the 410 to Dr. Young at Prescott Family Clinic and see what he suggests. As he examined the shotgun, his first suggestion was to “have it restocked”. As he sees the tears beginning to well up in my eyes, he says, “Well, maybe a really good Gunsmith can repair it for you.”

When I arrived at the Steve’s Gun Shop, near Hope, Steve Tarpley was very gracious and understanding; even listening to 410 stories; past and present. I told him about when I was eight years old and killed two birds with one shot; and several Daddy and Baby stories; hearing the “sound of the covey” just as the pointer or setter flushes them... The sound of Daddy urging Belle to “round up the singles” of the covey after they scattered. Daddy’s wise words that I use to this day, “Pick one, sight it in and fire”; don’t try a scatter load to kill more than one. Harvest only what you need and will eat.

Steve quoted me a reasonable price based upon the estimate of the time required to repair the firearm. We shook hands and as I turned back, I said, “You have the baby”, instinctively using my childhood name for the firearm.

When I first became aware of the “Baby” phenomenon within the community, I was attending Henderson “for the 1st time” and saw children of one of our renters waving and calling out from their vehicle, “Hey Baby, Hey Baby.”

That afternoon when I returned home, I was telling Daddy about the incident and he said, “Well, Baby, that’s all they have ever heard you called. They think that’s your name.”

Daddy continued with, “All of their lives, while I was up there fixing something or collecting rent or whatever, you would drive by and I’d say aloud, “There goes ‘the Baby’” and hurry home to see you. Thus their belief about your name.

Now, almost fifty years later, as I leave the “410 of my childhood” with Steve, I say, “You have the baby”; intuitively sensing the archetypal nature of my word choice.

About three weeks later, with repairs made, Steve returned “the baby” to me. The repair was remarkable; if I had not known of the damage, I would have thought it was dark markings in the grain of the wood.

As Steve cradled the antique 410, he said; “As I worked on ‘Baby’s gun’, I saw Baby and her Daddy“. “I know what ‘that must have been like’ as my Daddy was a Gunsmith and the first thing I learned to do was refinish stocks; while he taught me “what I know.”

Steve continued with, “If I were you, I would continue to use ‘Baby’s gun’ for the marauders in your yard. You had spoken about ‘storing her away as a keepsake’. She’s top notch. After I refinished her, I even ran a copy of rounds through her. I hope you don’t mind.” “No, I didn’t mind.”

With that, I smiled through tears and made my way to the truck for the trip home; with this story already forming in my mind.

Until his death, Daddy always referred to the 410 as “Baby’s gun”. How remarkable that Steve Tarpley recognized her on sight and by name.

As always,
Linda~

P. S. Happy Father Day, Daddy!

Biographical Sketch:

Linda G. (Brown) English is a native of Prescott, Arkansas. She taught for twelve (12) years within the public schools of southwest Arkansas prior to returning to her alma mater, Henderson State University (in 2001) to teach. Currently, Linda is Professor of Counselor Education in the Teachers College of her “beloved Henderson”.

Linda has been published in numerous regional, state and national publications, both professional journals and socio-cultural venues to include: *The Old Time Chronicle*, the *Journal of Poetry Therapy* and *Tales from the South*.

Linda lives in the farmhouse; which is the setting for many of her stories; with Buford and Babe, her silver-point tabby and black Labrador retriever, respectively.

What Do We Mean by the Christian Bible? The Historical Process of the Formation of Christian Scripture and the Various Bibles across Christianity

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Abstract

From the inception of the Jesus movement, within Second Temple Judaism, to its break with its parent religion, Judaism, Christianity would inevitably distinguish itself by not only reading the texts of ancient Israel differently than their fellow Jews, but also by formulating its own scriptures- the New Testament. This paper briefly discusses the historical process that brought about the sacred text of Christianity from the writing of these texts, to the collection of these writings, to the eventual closing of the canon of Christian Scripture. The paper, however, will suggest that the text of the Christian Scripture has never truly been closed as various Christian