



## Bishopric Application

Posting Number: 19213	Location: Crete
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### Personal Information

First Name: Olimpio	City: Malades	Regional Unit: Crete
Are you blameless?	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	
Are you married with children?	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	
Indicate number of children	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1-3 <input type="checkbox"/> 4-8 <input type="checkbox"/> 9+	
Has any child been unruly/accused of riot?*	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	
*If yes, explain: Though he has not been accused of riot, my youngest son (aged 12) has on occasion been unruly by disregarding the law of my house. In such cases I have dealt with him directly and ordinally.		
Are you circumcised?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No	

### Temperance & Anger

Indicate wine consumption in past 12 months: <input type="checkbox"/> 0 kotylae <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1-20 kotylae <input type="checkbox"/> 21-50 kotylae <input type="checkbox"/> 51+ kotylae	
Indicate number of strikes delivered in past 12 months:*	
Against men:	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 0 <input type="checkbox"/> 1-10 <input type="checkbox"/> 11-20 <input type="checkbox"/> 21-50 <input type="checkbox"/> 51+
Against women:	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 0 <input type="checkbox"/> 1-10 <input type="checkbox"/> 11-20 <input type="checkbox"/> 21-50 <input type="checkbox"/> 51+
Against children:	<input type="checkbox"/> 0 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1-10 <input type="checkbox"/> 11-20 <input type="checkbox"/> 21-50 <input type="checkbox"/> 51+
Against animals:	<input type="checkbox"/> 0 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1-10 <input type="checkbox"/> 11-20 <input type="checkbox"/> 21-50 <input type="checkbox"/> 51+
Against self:	<input type="checkbox"/> 0 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1-10 <input type="checkbox"/> 11-20 <input type="checkbox"/> 21-50 <input type="checkbox"/> 51+
*If more than 0 in any category, explain how you are blameless: For many years now, a neighbor has set out food for the cats that live in the brush just beyond the houses, ignoring all my pleas not to do so, even after the occasion last summer when one of these cats bit my eldest son and gave him such a fever we feared for his life. It was therefore understandably distressing to discover my youngest son has been stealing bits of meat from the kitchen and offering them to the cats in the evening when he sits outside and draws. I rebuked him the first time; forbade his drawing the second time; struck him the third. When he still persisted, I caught one of the cats about the neck with a forked stick, caught my son about the arm, and took them both down to the river, where I showed my son how to hold the stick underwater until the thrashing stopped. When it did, he struck me, and so I was compelled to strike him again.	
Are you soon angry?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No

## The Sacred Word & Righteousness

Are you just?	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
Are you holy?	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
Identify who taught you the sacred word and explain your understanding of it: I was taught the sacred word not fourteen months ago by Philon of Nicopolis after first meeting him in Heraklion. As he was just and holy, it was from him I learned of the grace of God which brings salvation to all men, and it was also from him that I learned to rebuke deceivers, my own brother-in-law included, who believes that resurrections have often occurred on our island and that one more somewhere else isn't particularly extraordinary. To hear him talk, one would think every family here in Malades and beyond has known someone who has risen from the dust, and though I've explained to him that even if I believed such things were true – which I do not – none of those who may have been resurrected were the Son of God. He asked me how I knew this, and I told him because I learned the sacred word from Philon of Nicopolis, the wisest man I've ever known. But at this my brother-in-law only laughed and said he supposes Philon of Nicopolis tells as good a story as anyone else who ever lived. The third time he said this, I rebuked him sharply; he is no longer welcome in my house, even though my wife loves her brother very much and my actions displease her.		
Are you righteous?	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
Describe an instance in which you have been righteous in the name of our Savior: Last night I happened across a number of my youngest son's drawings, which he sometimes leaves outside in his carelessness. I say without pride that he is quite good for his age and renders the world as it truly is, but even so I was surprised to recognize in one of them the cat we had taken down to the river. Yet it was certainly the same cat, for I recognized the white mark on its forehead and another mark in the shape of a sail on its ribs. But what truly surprised me was that he had drawn the cat standing on its hindquarters as a man would, with a sort of crown about its head. When I called my son to me to explain himself, he said he had drawn just what he had seen, right over there by the carob tree. I asked him when this was, and he told me the previous evening, for which I struck him across the head and reminded him we had taken that particular cat down to the river days ago, and did he not still have the mark on his cheek to remind him? Yes, he said, he still had the mark, but the cat had been there, right in the dark of the carob tree. Do you want me to strike you again? I asked, and he said, no, he did not, but it wasn't his fault the cat was there, and thus I struck him across the mouth for insolence.  And what is this? I asked when he had stopped sniffing, and I pointed at the crown about the cat's head. That's what I saw, he said, but I had to ask him to repeat himself louder so I could hear him, and at that point his mother came out and asked what was going on. Look at this, I said, and showed her the drawing. Your son thinks he saw – two nights ago – the very cat we took down to the river last week. And then my wife told me she didn't like me taking cats down to the river even if everyone else did, that it was an awful practice and a poor example. I asked if she wanted me to strike her, but she was pointing at the crown about the cat's head and wanted to know what it was. That's what I saw, the boy said, it was like a ring around the moon at night.  And when at last I understood what he was suggesting, I had to laugh. Oh, I said, I see. The cat is risen? Out of the water and the weeds? And then I explained to him that no one and nothing can rise but the Son of God, and that this was his uncle's trickery, his uncle who was angry because I had forbidden him from entering under our roof. There are so many cats, after all, that it would not be hard to find one that looked similar to the one we had taken to the river, maybe even one of the same litter. And then because I'd been righteous and had defended the Savior, I was filled with joy and compassion and burned only the drawing of the cat and its crown; the other drawings I returned to my son and sent him off with his mother to prepare for bed.		
Do you possess a love of hospitality?	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No

## Morality & Sin

Do you deny ungodliness and worldly lust? <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No
<p>Describe an instance in which you denied worldly lust:</p> <p>My wife has been particularly displeased with me ever since I took the cat down to the river, going so far as to suggest that perhaps our youngest son <i>did</i> see something – if not the cat, then something else. I told her I should strike her for such words and that I would be just in doing so if it prevented her from condemning herself to sin. She said I was welcome to strike her, but if I did our youngest son would be the last child she ever bore me. I'm fairly certain such a threat is sinful, but because I remain unclear as to exactly <i>how</i>, I withheld my hand.</p> <p>What <i>is</i> clear is that my wife has turned away from me the past three nights. Before I was taught the sacred word, on nights when she behaved like this, I would go down to the bend in the river where I know young people like to gather at night, that place with the small beach and water deep enough for swimming. Above it on a low bluff there's a grove of olive trees that makes for easy hiding, and from there I would enjoy watching them, among other things, shed their clothing and laugh with each other.</p> <p>But these past three nights I've kept close the sacrifice of the Risen God and have wandered only so far out of doors as the stone in the yard where my youngest son likes to sit and draw. And though I know that on nights like these – the moon is just past full – there will be so much to see I feel myself thrumming with excitement, I have yet remained sitting on the stone for hours until I was settled enough to return to bed. The cats, much I dislike them, feel it, too – they yowl in the brush and satisfy themselves, but they're animals, I suppose, given to lust and iniquity; they're not men of the light, zealous of good works as we are.</p>
Do you agree with the adage that "Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies"?* <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
<p>*If no, explain:</p> <p>Because I myself am a Cretian who is careful to maintain good works in the name of the Savior, I must respectfully answer "no" to this question; for if I, a Cretian, am not a liar, an evil beast, or a slow belly, then the adage cannot always be true, and thus I must disagree with it. However, given the actions of such Cretians as my brother-in-law, who this very morning tried to subvert my entire household, I can also concede that some, if not many, Cretians are liars, evil beasts, and slow bellies. For when I arose this morning and entered the yard, I found there on the ground the drawing of the cat and crown which I had burnt the night before.</p> <p>I called my youngest son to me, took him by the neck, and asked why he continued to be disobedient to me, his master; I shook the drawing in front of him, and he denied again and again having composed it. Well, I said, your brothers have been at sea with the fishermen for two weeks now, so was it them? No, he said, it wasn't them. I asked was it his mother who had done it, his mother who could scarcely draw a stick person in the dirt? I don't know, he said. Oh, I said, so perhaps it was me? Maybe, he said, and because there was something malicious in his eye when he said it, I dropped the drawing and raised my hand to strike him cleanly when his mother came out and called for me to stop – it couldn't have been him, she said, because she had locked up his supplies in our room the night before to keep him out of trouble. And she said it with such disgust that despite my irritation I knew she was telling the truth. And that's when it occurred to me what had happened – my brother-in-law came by this morning, sometime after the late hour when I'd gone to bed, and left the drawing on the ground just to spite me.</p> <p>It was your brother, I said to my wife, your brother who seeks falsehoods and who wants us to believe his fables that anyone and anything can come back from the dust. He came by early this morning and left this here to subvert us all. <i>My brother?</i> my wife said, my brother who can't draw a stick figure in the dirt? Yes, I said, and if not him directly, then someone he paid to make the drawing for him. My</p>

wife protested that this looked *exactly* like the one I had burned, and how was it possible to make such an exact copy? Money can buy a great many things, I said, including deceptions. And I made a fire there in the yard and fed the drawing into it; the drawing refused to burn, which was all the more proof that my brother-in-law was behind its origin – he had gone so far as to buy paper treated somehow to resist the flame. I tore up the drawing and scattered the pieces into the wind, for I will let no man despise me, particularly not one who is a liar and an evil beast.

Are you sober?  Yes  No

Are you temperate?  Yes  No

Describe an instance in which you avoided a foolish question or contention posed by a gainsayer:

News travels quickly in Malades, and this afternoon I was stopped on the street by Zenas, a neighbor who has taken his share of cats down to the river. He had heard about the drawing and wanted to talk. There was little to say, I told him. Yes, he said, but what if your son *did* see the cat? And he pulled me aside to confess that late the other night he'd stepped outside to urinate, and as he finished, he saw something glowing in the brush beyond. It was too tall to be a cat, he said, at least a cat on all fours – he looked closely at me here – it was more the height of a small child, a glow about its head. When he made a noise to scare it, it didn't even turn towards him, didn't seem interested in him at all; it struck him as quite peaceful, happy even, just to be walking alone at night.

At this I had to laugh, and his face darkened when I did. I saw what I saw, he said – what if there *is* something? I laughed again and told him it was the kind of question people asked after they'd talked to my brother-in-law. There isn't anything, I said. The Savior God alone rose to redeem us from all iniquity, to purify us unto himself; no one and nothing else has done so before or since. Our job is to live godly, righteous lives in his name, to do and maintain good works, and to watch, always watch, for His glorious appearance. This silenced him as it should have, and he took his leave, red-faced, as gainsayers do.