

want to be there for the dramatic finish!

I need to say too, that after reading *what was supposed to be* the penultimate draft of "The Defeasible Pumpkin," Lucy stolidly withheld her blessing. She didn't challenge my fidelity to the dialogue that took place the night of Linus's conversion, but she felt less than sure that I had rendered my own position with clarity. She felt that I was, perhaps, pulling rank as Narrator to be coy about my own convictions. Her view was that if her warts showed, everyone's warts should show—fair is fair. Well, you can't argue with that.

Our bargain was that I would provide an encapsulation of what is going on at the very beginning of this write-up and she would provide a glossary at the end in order to help folks avoid her own frustration with, as she put it, "the needless jargon and weird expressions." In her haste, and in mine as well, jargon is sometimes employed in order to explain jargon. Sorry.

A word about style. If you, kind reader, are of a direct, no funny business, concrete persuasion (and that includes even the author in some of his more lucid moments), "encapsulation" may increasingly seem like a misnomer in more ways than one. For one thing, I had fun writing this piece—and a philosopher's fun can prove quite maddening to those awaiting the next concrete point to appear on the page. I suppose that's why I invited Lucy with her inimitable impatience to keep my feet to the fire.

For another thing, what may seem like a lively, down-to-earth, happening exposition to philosophical types, may seem like labyrinthine darkness to those entirely innocent of philosophy. As everyone knows, a labyrinth is long and tortuous and not particularly well lighted. But be of good cheer; I know where the bread crumbs are! And for one more thing, I have a dear friend (an astrophysicist and New Testament scholar) whose funny bone seems similar to mine, but who (alas) scratched his head a time or two after reading earlier drafts of this piece. I'm afraid that that only prompted me to pursue the clarity he wanted by tunneling yet deeper into the forbidding passages of the labyrinth. Messy. (A conceptual labyrinth is to a philosopher what a nasty brier patch is to Br'er Rabbit!). In my defense I can only say that the labyrinth I have investigated is of *another's*