

October 15, 2019



LOSING FAITH

Did Lewis lose his faith after Joy's death?
—with Dr. David Downing

Episode Three

End notes:

David C. Downing

[Dr. David C Downing](#): The Co-Director (with his wife [Crystal Downing](#)) of the Marion E. Wade Center at Wheaton College in Illinois.

Marion E. Wade Center

[Marion E. Wade Center](#): A living literary center of scholarly, artistic, and ongoing spiritual renewal, located in Wheaton, IL. A special thanks for the recording.

A Grief Obscured -An Essay

[A Grief Obscured](#): C. S. Lewis On Sorrow and Hope. Essay by David C. Downing. Paradox and Persona, ed. by Suzanne Bray. Cambridge: Cambridge Scholars Press, 2012.

A Grief Observed - C.S. Lewis

[A Grief Observed](#): C. S. Lewis (Author), Madeleine L'Engle (Foreword) 2001 Harper One. Written after his wife's tragic death as a way of surviving the "mad midnight moments," A Grief Observed is C. S. Lewis's honest reflection on the fundamental issues of life, death, and faith in the midst of loss.

Joy Davidman's Poetry:

[A Naked Tree: Love Sonnets to C.S. Lewis and other poems](#) by Joy Davidman and edited by [Don W. King](#). "Yet One More Spring."

The Author and Host:

New York Times Bestselling Author Patti Callahan Henry Writing as Patti Callahan. [Website](#) (The Novel) [Becoming Mrs. Lewis](#): The Improbable Love Story of Joy Davidman and C. S. Lewis. (The Podcast) Behind the Scenes of Becoming Mrs. Lewis [Podcast Series](#).

"Yet One More Spring"

"What will come of me

After the fern has feathered from my brain

And the rosetree out of my blood; what will come of me

In the end, under the rainy locustblossom

Shaking its honey out on springtime air

Under the wind, under the stooping sky?

What will come of me and shall I lie

Voiceless forever in earth and unremembered,

And be forever the cold green blood of flowers

And speak forever with the tongue of grass

Unsyllabled, and sound no louder

Than the slow falling downward of white water,

And only speak the quickened sandgrain stirring,

Only the whisper of the leaf unfolding,

Only the tongue of leaves forever and ever?

Out of my heart the bloodroot,

Out of my tongue the rose,

Out of my bone the jointed corn,

Out of my fiber trees,

Out of my mouth a sunflower,

And from my fingers vines,

And the rank dandelion shall laugh from my loins
Over million seeded earth; but out of my heart,

Core of my heart, blood of my heart, the bloodroot
Coming to lift a petal in peril of snow,
Coming to dribble from a broken stem
Bitterly the bright color of blood forever.

But I would be more than a cold voice of flowers
And more than water, more than sprouting earth
Under the quiet passion of the spring;
I would leave you the trouble of my heart
To trouble you at evening; I would perplex you
With lightning coming and going about my head,
Outrageous signs, and wonders; I would leave you
The shape of my body filled with images,
The shape of my mind filled with imaginations,
The shape of myself. I would create myself
In a little fume of words and leave my words
After my death to kiss you forever and ever."

— **Joy Davidman**, [A NAKED TREE](#)

Edited by Don W. King

"Yet One More Spring"