

1: NPR Choice page

What We Lose is a different kind of book about loss and grief. I must admit I had trouble connecting with this book, maybe it was the stream of consciousness writing style or maybe it was the fact that the chapters moved back and forth through time.

First, the organization acquiesced to threats by LGBT activists to allow both gay boys and eventually even gay scout leaders to join. Then it opened the scouts to transgender girls. Next, it simply opened the doors to all girls. And now the name no longer accurately describes their program, so that had to change too. Since the series of acquiescence began, the overall membership numbers of the Boy Scouts of America have been hemorrhaging, from a high of around 4 million not many years ago to only about 2. Now let me be clear; the problem is not girls in scouting. The problem is girls in boy scouting. The problem is that there is hardly anywhere left for boys to be mentored, trained, and challenged to become men. Specifically, the Boy Scouts have played that role in American society in an amazing way. Five presidents and eight astronauts have been Boy Scouts; of the people currently in Congress have been involved with this influential American institution in some way or another. And then there are the Fortune CEOs, the leaders of nonprofits, and countless husbands, dads, and community leaders who have been molded into better men because of their time in the Boy Scouts. The Boy Scouts has been one of the great mediating institutions in our society. They play a role that neither individuals nor a state can play. We need these mediating institutions such as the family, the church, and voluntary organizations to help us cultivate rising generations of citizens, as well as to help us govern ourselves. But in our culture, this is a loss we will feel. Keenly so, in fact. Yes, remarkable young men will continue to emerge from terrible situations, and the Lord can always raise up other little platoons if He desires. But that should cause us to ask: How can we help cultivate husbands and fathers and leaders who love God and who will serve others? For further reflection on this subject, click on the links in our Resources section.

2: What We Lose by Zinzi Clemmons - Review | BookPage | BookPage

New Novel Explores 'What We Lose' When We Lose A Parent When Zinzi Clemmons was taking care of her dying mother, she only had time to write brief vignettes "and those fragments became the core.

The Social Order Public safety Whenever we learn of events of world-shaking significance, of catastrophes or massacres, we are inclined not only to feel ashamed all too briefly of our querulous preoccupation with our own minor tribulations but also to question the wider value of all our activities. So it was when I first learned of the destruction of the two towers of the World Trade Center. I was settling down to write a book review: Could any activity have been less important when set beside the horrible fate of thousands of people trapped in the then flaming—and soon collapsing—buildings? A book review, compared to the deaths of over firemen killed in the course of their duty, to say nothing of the thousands of others? What was the point of finishing so laboriously insignificant a task as mine? In my work as a doctor in a prison, I save a few lives a year. When I retire, I shall not in my whole career have saved as many lives as were lost in New York in those few terrible moments, even counting the time I spent in Africa, where it was only too easy to save human life by the simplest of medical means. As for my writing, it is hardly dust in the balance: Impotence and futility are the two words that spring to mind. Yet even as I think such self-regarding thoughts, an image recurs in my mind: I was born after the war ended, but the quiet heroism of those concerts and recitals, broadcast to the nation, was still a potent symbol during my childhood. No one asked, "What are these concerts for? They were what the war was about. They were a statement of the belief that nothing could or ever can vitiate the value of civilization; and no historical revisionism, however cynical, will ever subvert this noble message. I recall as well a story told by the philosopher Sir Karl Popper, an Austrian refugee who made his home in Britain. Four cultivated men in Berlin, as they awaited their expected arrest by the Gestapo, spent their last night together—possibly their last night on earth—playing a Beethoven quartet. In the event, they were not arrested; but they too had expressed by their action their faith that civilization transcends barbarism, that notwithstanding the apparent inability of civilization at the time to resist the onslaught of the barbarians, civilization was still worth defending. Indeed, it is the only thing worth defending, because it is what gives, or should give, meaning to our lives. Of course, civilization is not only an attachment to the highest peaks of human achievement. It relies for its maintenance upon an infinitely complex and delicate tissue of relations and activities, some humble and others grand. The man who sweeps the streets plays his part as surely as the great artist or thinker. Civilization is the sum total of all those activities that allow men to transcend mere biological existence and reach for a richer mental, aesthetic, material, and spiritual life. On the contrary, they were more like ancient barbarians who, having overrun and sacked a civilized city, lived in the ruins, because they were still far better than anything they could build themselves. The first requirement of civilization is that men should be willing to repress their basest instincts and appetites: Often I played in small urban wildernesses of weeds and rubble, and rather regretted their gradual disappearance; but even so, I could hardly fail to see, in the broken fragments of human artifacts and in the plasterwork with wallpaper still attached, the meaning of the destruction that had been wrought before I was born. Then there were the bomb shelters, in which I passed a surprising number of childhood hours. They were ubiquitous in my little world: That entry to them was forbidden made them irresistibly attractive, of course. Their darkness and fungal dampness added to their attraction: Had I been inclined to smoke, instead of being instantly sickened by nicotine, that is where—like so many of my friends—I would have learned to do so. And many a first sexual exploration took place in those inauspicious surroundings. Despite the uses to which we put them, however, we were always aware of the purpose for which they had been built. Somehow, the shades of those who had sheltered in them, not so very long before, were still present. In my house, as in many other households, there was a multivolume pictorial history of the war, over which I pored for entire mornings or afternoons, until I knew every picture by heart. One of them was ever present in my mind when I entered a bomb shelter with my friends: More than anything else, however, the fact that my mother was herself a refugee from Nazi Germany contributed to my awareness that security—the feeling that nothing could change seriously for the worse, and

that the life that you had was invulnerableâ€”was illusory and even dangerous. She showed us, my brother and me, photographs some of them sepia of her life in pre-Nazi Germany: There were photos of my grandfather, a doctor decorated for his military service during the Great War, in his military uniform, a loyal subject of the Kaiser. She had left Germany when she was 17 and never saw her parents again. If it could happen to her, why not to me or indeed to anyone? The world, or that little part of it that I inhabited, that appeared so stable, calm, solid, and dependableâ€”dull evenâ€”had shakier foundations than most people most of the time were willing to suppose. As soon as I was able, I began to travel. Boredom, curiosity, dissatisfaction, a taste for the exotic and for philosophical inquiry drove me. It seemed to me that comparison was the only way to know the value of things, including political arrangements. But travel is like good fortune in the famous remark of Louis Pasteur: To an extent, one brings back from it only what one takes to it: It is often much easier to bring about total disaster than modest improvement. Many of the countries I visitedâ€”Iran, Afghanistan, Mozambiqueâ€”soon descended into the most terrible chaos. Their peace had always been flawed, of course: I learned that the passion to destroy, far from being "also" a constructive one, as the famous but foolish remark of the Russian anarchist Bakunin would have it, soon becomes autonomous, unattached to any other purpose but indulged in purely for the pleasure that destruction itself brings. I remember watching rioters in Panama, for example, smashing shop windows, allegedly in the name of freedom and democracy, but laughing as they did so, searching for new fields of glass to conquer. Many of the rioters were obviously bourgeois, the scions of privileged families, as have been the leaders of so many destructive movements in modern history. That same evening, I dined in an expensive restaurant and saw there a fellow diner whom I had observed a few hours before joyfully heaving a brick through a window. How much destruction did he think his country could bear before his own life might be affected, his own existence compromised? As I watched the rioters at play, I remembered an episode from my childhood. My brother and I took a radio out onto the lawn and there smashed it into a thousand pieces with croquet mallets. With a pleasantly vengeful fury, as if performing a valuable task, we pursued every last component with our mallets until we had pulverized it into unrecognizability. The joy we felt was indescribable; but where it came from or what it meant, we knew not. Within our small souls, civilization struggled with barbarism: But why did we feel the need to revolt in this fashion? At such a remove in time, I cannot reconstruct my own thoughts or feelings with any certainty: How we longed to grow up, so that we might be like them, free to do as we liked and give orders to others, as they gave orders to us! We never suspected that adulthood would bring its own frustrations, responsibilities, and restrictions: Until then, the best we could do was to rebel against a symbol of our subjection to others. I saw the revolt against civilization and the restraints and frustrations it entails in many countries, but nowhere more starkly than in Liberia in the midst of the civil war there. I arrived in Monrovia when there was no longer any electricity or running water; no shops, no banks, no telephones, no post office; no schools, no transport, no clinics, no hospitals. Almost every building had been destroyed in whole or in part: I inspected the remains of the public institutions. They had been destroyed with a thoroughness that could not have been the result of mere military conflict. Every last piece of equipment in the hospitals which had long since been emptied of staff and patients had been laboriously disassembled beyond hope of repair or use. Every wheel had been severed by metal cutters from every trolley, cut at the cost of what must have been a very considerable effort. It was as if a horde of people with terrible experiences of hospitals, doctors, and medicine had passed through to exact their revenge. But this was not the explanation, because every other institution had undergone similar destruction. The books in the university library had been one and allâ€”without exceptionâ€”pulled from the shelves and piled into contemptuous heaps, many with pages torn from them or their spines deliberately broken. It was the revenge of barbarians upon civilization, and of the powerless upon the powerful, or at least upon what they perceived as the source of their power. Ignorance revolted against knowledge, for the same reasons that my brother and I smashed the radio all those years before. Could there have been a clearer indication of hatred of the lower for the higher? In fact there wasâ€”and not very far away, in a building called the Centennial Hall, where the inauguration ceremonies of the presidents of Liberia took place. The hall was empty now, except for the busts of former presidents, some of them overturned, around the wallsâ€”and a Steinway grand piano, probably the only instrument of its kind in the entire country, two-thirds of the way into

the hall. The piano, however, was not intact: Around it were disposed not only the sawed-off legs, but little piles of human feces. I had never seen a more graphic rejection of human refinement. I tried to imagine other possible meanings of the scene but could not. Appalled as I was by the scene in the Centennial Hall, I was yet more appalled by the reaction of two young British journalists, also visiting Monrovia, to whom I described it, assuming that they would want to see for themselves. But they could see nothing significant in the vandalizing of the piano—only an inanimate object, when all is said and done—in the context of a civil war in which scores of thousands of people had been killed and many more had been displaced from their homes. They saw no connection whatever between the impulse to destroy the piano and the impulse to kill, no connection between respect for human life and for the finer productions of human labor, no connection between civilization and the inhibition against the random killing of fellow beings, no connection between the book burnings in Nazi Germany and all the subsequent barbarities of that regime. Likewise, the fact that the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution in China had destroyed thousands of pianos while also killing 1 million people conveyed no meaning or message to them. If anything, they "understood" the destruction of the piano in the Centennial Hall and even sympathized with it. The piano was an instrument, both musical and political, of that elite, and therefore its destruction was itself a step in the direction of democracy, an expression of the general will. This way of thinking about culture and civilization—possible only for people who believe that the comforts and benefits they enjoy are immortal and indestructible—has become almost standard among the intelligentsia of Western societies. It follows that nothing is worthy of, or requires, protection and preservation, because all that is good comes about as a free gift of Nature. To paraphrase Burke, all that is necessary for barbarism to triumph is for civilized men to do nothing: They have denied the distinction between higher and lower, to the invariable advantage of the latter. The ultimate object of the deconstructionism that has swept the academy like an epidemic has been civilization itself, as the narcissists within the academy try to find a theoretical justification for their own revolt against civilized restraint. And thus the obvious truth—that it is necessary to repress, either by law or by custom, the permanent possibility in human nature of brutality and barbarism—never finds its way into the press or other media of mass communication. For the last decade, I have been observing close-up, from the vantage point of medical practice, the effects upon a large and susceptible population of the erosion of civilized standards of conduct brought about by the assault upon them by intellectuals. If Joseph Conrad were to search nowadays for the heart of darkness—the evil of human conduct untrammelled by the fear of legal sanction from without or of moral censure from within—he would have to look no further than an English city such as mine. And how can I not be preoccupied with the search for the origins and ramifications of this evil when every working day I come upon stories like the one I heard today—the very day I write these words?

3: BreakPoint: What We Lose When We Lose the Boy Scouts

"What We Lose is about a young woman enduring the loss of her mother. Structured innovatively in precise vignettes, it stares down questions of emotional inheritance, belonging, grief and race.

4: What We Lose by Zinzi Clemmons

Clemmons' potent and extraordinary debut, What We Lose (Viking), depicts a young woman caught between cultures and identities in a loosely autobiographical exorcism of grief.

5: What We Lose (Clemmons) - Summary Guide - Book Club Discussion Questions - LitLovers

What We Lose is published by 4th Estate. To order a copy for £ (RRP £) go to www.enganchecubano.com or call Free UK p&p over £10, online orders only.

6: "What We Lose™ Is As Beautiful As Its Cover" Chicago Review of Books

WHAT WE LOSE pdf

Be the first to discover new talent! Each week, our editors select the one author and one book they believe to be most worthy of your attention and highlight them in our Pro Connect email alert.

7: What We Have to Lose - Chesapeake Bay Foundation

Why We Lose; Artist Cartoon; Show more Show less. Loading Advertisement Autoplay When autoplay is enabled, a suggested video will automatically play next. Up next.

8: What We Lose by Zinzi Clemmons review – a debut of haunting fragments | Books | The Guardian

We are people of the book – not just people of the Word of God, but also people who have been corporately, theologically, devotionally, and socially formed by hymnbooks.

9: WHAT WE LOSE by Zinzi Clemmons | Kirkus Reviews

What We Lose, and Gain, When a Family Separates i still and always will grieve loss of family yet in realtiy they were never a family in true meaning of family i have always been in grief of.

Mistress of the east Passive and Low Energy Ecotechniques V.5. A safari to Kenya The Completed Autobiography by Benjamin Franklin Under the Blood-Red Sun The Messianic Prophecies Of Isaiah Mixed Marriage in College Review the status of the peanut program regulations for the 1992 crop year Physical development and impairment Angel Rios and David A. Clark Vampire Plagues Book 1 Reason, will, and sensation History of Australia No. 1. Report on organization and progress of the institute (Abstract of Minutes) J.K. Lassers small business taxes 2009 Exclusion, avoidance, and social distancing Mikki Hebl, Juan M. Madera, and Eden King Conventional yield and spread measures for bonds Quest for the necessary Instantaneous rate of change word problem worksheet Voyageurs National Park Controlling state crime Learn you a Haskell for great good Walter Hines Page Situation uments of contemporary art Address on Alfred Moore Scales Making of the GDR, 1945-53 James Bibliography The Meno of Plato Stereo, quadruphony, CD, SACD and DVD (a historical note) Voices of Latin rock A guide to help desk concepts Oration delivered on the fifth of July, 1847, before the Native Americans of Cincinnati. The current picture Astm a36 a36m-14 Conflict communication 50 best logos ever The scientific basis of integrative medicine The total filmmaker Solidworks 2013 training manual H.L. Mencken revisited My Baby Book/Cased