

Greater Expectations  
A Tale of Life in the 4th Century  
by Edward Rice

If you would read a historical novel of the 4th century, this is the best place to start here.

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English Scripture quotations are taken from the Authorized King James Bible.

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Published by E.G.RicePublishing  
via GSBaptistChurch.com  
PO Box 99, Dresden, NY 14441

ISBN (Pending)  
Printed in the United States of America

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### **Introduction**

When genuine history gets obscured or rewritten by human polity it is an ugly thing. In a free society such a cover-up and warping of reality is met with an onslaught of writers, reporters and journalist who are driven to expose the truth and prosecute the liars. Common sense is not as common as it used to be, and a free press is not as agile as it ought to be. When a cover-up is palatable to the general want and feeling of a fallen humanity, humanity will leave it covered. Such is the plight of the first three centuries after the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. In your hands is a novel intent on uncovering those obscured centuries.

Brainwashing is an ugly thing. It is accomplished when certain facts are suppressed and others are exaggerated. A genius in communication, recently imprisoned for political incorrectness, boasted an ability to brainwash his entire audience even while they were conscious that they were being purposely manipulated. It is amazing how easily one can be mislead with this method. Remember, it is done by releasing some facts, concealing others. A simple case is done here to illustrate the more complex brainwashing done by mas deception. Consider that a man left home jogging; he ran a little ways and turned left; then ran a little ways and turned left again; when he made another left and jogged back toward his home there were two masked men waiting for him. Why so?

Brainwashing is not a fine art of washing things from the brain as the name implies. It is a

fine art of making one believe a lie and be misled. It is done by exaggerating certain facts. These are not lies. They are indeed verifiable facts. They are not, however, 'just the facts' as Joe Friday used to require in his detective investigations, they are embellished, even distorted a little with the intent to steer the brain away from the truth.

Equally artful in the brainwashing process is the obscuring of certain facts. If these facts were even remotely insinuated in the context of the brain the whole twisted process would begin to unravel and little lights would go on, lights that indicate that your brain has been led down an errant path. These little lights are repeatedly exploited in an entertainment industry laden with murder mysteries, CSI episodes and mentalist shows. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle took this entertaining entity of unraveling the brainwashed to a superb level. His main character, of course, was Sherlock Holmes, and his arch nemesis the misled brain. His Sherlock Holm series has been a favorite in fiction.

In your hands is a novel, perhaps less adventuresome than any of Doyle's, but just as intent on exposing the brainwashed mind and setting the record straight. Its intent is to envision what really happened in those first few centuries and set minds onto a more enlightened path.

What of those two masked men?, you ask. The whole brainwashed mystery will unravel itself in your mind when I simply reveal that the jogger just left home plate and jogged toward first base. Now the lights go on and the fog formed around the previous story clears out.

The whole of human history has been swayed by what a fallen human race has really wanted to believe about itself. When a world empire centered at Rome was given a pen to write out its own religion and its own history books, the world plummeted into the ugly dark ages. The printed Gospel of Jesus Christ is the light that led the world out of those dark ages. The secular

humanist, boasting himself as a 'free thinker', who answers to no Omnipotent Creator, and serves no Omniscient Ruler has commandeered the pen. He writes about a human race evolving out of a darkness where cavemen of our very very distant past stacked up rocks at Stonehenge. They suppose that all of history can be understood with only their enlightened 'free thinking' view.

Embark with me on a path that turns on tiny lights in an obscured few centuries. It is entertaining, but it is meant to be revealing.

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### **Prologue**

Feb 155 A.D., Rome Italy

Panic-stricken friends insisted that he flee from his house. "I have not run from them in my 86 years and there is no cause that I should start now!" was the kindest response that he uttered. His friends were influential in Rome and numerous throughout the Empire. Supposing that they understood the severity of the threat better than the old man, they convinced him to take refuge in a small estate outside of town. They were wrong. Wrong about what the old man understood; wrong in thinking this would be his refuge.

In his youth, Polycarp was appointed as the Bishop of the Church in Smyrna. He was a disciple of the Apostle John, who was known in the Bible record as the Beloved Apostle of Christ. Polycarp's appointment as Bishop in that bustling town in Asia Minor was indeed sanctioned by the very same Gospel writer and Apostle.

Eleven Apostles had previously demonstrated a dying grace which cruel persecutions had executed. Polycarp's own mentor had been boiled in oil and then banished to the isle that is called Patmos. By John's example Polycarp knew how to preach the truth; he knew how to stand for the truth; and now, he would follow the thousands who preceded him, to die for the truth.

The aged Polycarp spent his days in quiet prayer and meditation on the Scriptures. The modest estate at the edge of the city afforded a comfortable study and library. Empty vellum scrolls awaited his pen. Additional letters to the Churches at Philippi and to his own Church at

Smyrna had been promised and were needful. But Polycarp was lost in deep meditation. The notes refuting those that denied the deity of the Christ, the gnosticism that he defied so vehemently for his whole year here in Rome, were stacked on the desk in the study; stacked and untouched.

Although the study door was closed, Polycarp sensed the tension increasing in the outer room. He rose from his knees, an ache of age caused his groan. Over the groan he still heard a still small voice echoing the whispered answer to his prayer “Polycarp, you're to be burned alive for my names sake.”

Roman soldiers were making their way down the streets. They searched each house. The minutes remaining allowed a comfortable escape out the back, across the creek and down through the olive grove. Comfortable for even an old man. His friends gathered around him with pressing urgency for his departure. They barely comprehended his words. The Elder Polycarp repeated them more boldly, “I shall be burned alive for the love of my Christ, my Savior, my Lord, ... I shall be burned alive.”

Polycarp's brazen argument against the gnostics in Rome had infuriated Anicetus, the bishop of the largest congregation there. Anicetus had been silent about their rise, most of the influential elites of Rome found it politically acceptable to hold to the scholarly arguments of Gnosticism, which made out that Jesus was just a good teacher and not God in the flesh. It was essential that they deny Jesus as the one true God, in order to ascribe to the deity of their Caesar. Gnosticism was the acceptable compromise, teaching that Jesus was not the Christ of the Jews nor the Son of God in the flesh, he was just a misunderstood teacher. No coarse uneducated bishop, up from Asia Minor, was going to so insult the most influential bishop of all of Rome.

Polycarp defied the largest Church in Rome, and the Bishop of that Church was pleased to allow Roman soldiers to take this thorn from his presence. Polycarp answered the door himself, when he opened it he simply stated, "God's will be done." Polycarp was put on trial before the local proconsul, Statius Quadratus, friend to the Roman Bishop. The union of Roman rule with the Bishop of the largest Church in Rome, was in this first instance an ugly union. It would have every opportunity to get uglier.



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### **Chapter 1 The Onset to Enterprise**

Apollonia, Greece, 323 AD

Despite their petite size and color, perhaps because of it, gold finches are ruthless. The small box of seeds littering the little table was now a literal war zone as the delicate little birds ferociously drove contenders from the bounty. Polycarp<sup>1</sup> was distracted from his early morning reading as he watched one quite frazzled but very gifted warrior keep showing up and conquering the choice perch.

The sun climbed in the spring sky of the month of Abib.<sup>2</sup> Its warmth began to melt into the light frost that had settled on the little table. The chirping flurry caused him to look up from his reading and smile at his little champion with that tufted feather sticking from its chest. It perched on the little stick that his aunt had insisted be in the box of seeds. The little finch had again conquered the prize position. Polycarp grinned at the little scrapper and expected that his own venture here in Apollonia could show a similar success if he could show such a competitive diligence.

Despite his stout build Polycarp was still weary from his travels. Twelve hours in a pillow pressed his short dark hair into a form that was unbecoming and unusual for the twenty two year

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1 Critique – Need some physical description of Polycarp early on also age, time period, etc to distinguish from prologue's Polycarp.

2 Abib is the first month of the year in the Biblical Hebrew Calendar corresponding to our month of April. There were a couple monthly calendars in use in the 3<sup>rd</sup> century. The Romans marked the year from the beginning of the Roman Empire but standardized no monthly calendar. Abib is commonly called Nisan which became its Post-Babylonian Hebrew name.

old who was always careful about his appearance. The excitement of owning one of his fathers ships had kept him awake and alert for the whole three day voyage from Ephesus. The birds scattered as Aunt Maria stepped onto the patio and refilled his coffee cup.

“Is it amazing how many birds gather at that little feeder?” she glowed a little as she spoke.

“If they were gathering their seeds from the golden rod on the hill I would have likely finished my reading this morning.” Polycarp responded not looking up from his scroll of papers.

“They make an amazing a study if you watch them” she said disappearing back into the house. Study had always enthralled Polycarp.

Uncle Celsus was due back from the docks and Aunt Maria was trying to time breakfast to his arrival. Polycarp turned his attention back to his readings. His uncle had a complete collection of the minor prophets and Polycarp wanted to read Prophet Zachariah in his stay here. The sun warmed the patio and the smell of breakfast wafted from the house. The weariness of his voyage still wore on him but a days rest had made him hungry for his aunt's fried eggs and mutton.

He read from the scroll. "Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion: for, lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the LORD. And many nations shall be joined to the LORD in that day, and shall be my people: and I will dwell in the midst of thee, and thou shalt know that the LORD of hosts hath sent me unto thee."

The text made his mind race. Polycarp pondered the adventure his father had initiated and entrusted with young Polycarp on his twenty first birthday. His father, Marcion, had a growing mercantile in Smyrna when he took over a shipping route of a Macedonian supplier. The

expansion, just as Rome had expanded its involvement in Byzantium, had been successful beyond imagination with three more suppliers in the Sea of Adria attaching to his mercantile.

Polycarp thought of the scrappy little gold finch that took over the perch. *I wonder if I will have as much success in Verona; I wonder if God will dwell with me and make my way prosperous like He promised Israel to make her way prosperous.* Marcion's brother was handling the business here in Apollonia and Polycarp was here to expand the outreach into northern Italy.

His thoughts were interrupted by his uncle's arrival from the docks and his aunt's call that breakfast was on the table. The birds scattered as Polycarp carefully rolled the scroll<sup>3</sup> and headed into the house for a family breakfast that would surely remind him of home back in Smyrna.

"The crates from your father are all lined up in the dock house and Clement<sup>4</sup> has guards hired for all week to keep the thieves at bay," his uncle reported. There was more ease in his voice than the previous night, when his son stood guard alone. Uncle Celsus was accustomed to receiving his brother's shipments through the Egnatian Way<sup>5</sup> which was well guarded and well-traveled by Roman soldiers. This new shipping line connecting the Aegean and Adrian seas made him nervous at least.

Celsus' oldest boy, Clement, was to venture along with Polycarp up into northern Italy. His seat for breakfast was empty. The family joined hands, as was their practice. The table in their midst was filled with breakfast. Celsus led in table grace.

"Thank you Lord, especially for your bounty and blessing, our health, and your tender care that you show for us each day. Thank you for your watch-care and protection on Polycarp as he journeyed over the perilous seaway. Thank you for the food before us, and the hands that have

3 Critique – mine- Book's were available in the 3<sup>rd</sup> century, research their prevalence.

4 Critique – Clement has not been introduced, this is his first mention.

5 The Egnatian Way or Via Egnatia was a Roman road that ran across the center of Greece, connecting the Adriatic Sea to Byzantium.

prepared it. Bless it now to our health and strength, as you bless our health and strength to your service this day. In the name of our Lord and Savior we pray, and for His names sake, we ask, Amen."

Polycarp's cousin, Caleb, stuck his head in the door and added, "And thank you, Lord, for the safe delivery of every crate from Uncle Marcion."

As Polycarp sipped his hot coffee he saw the large eyes of his youngest cousin, Cyril, staring at him. "Uncle Celsus," Polycarp said with sincerity in his voice, "I think it would be good for young Cyril to come with us up the Adrian sea next week."

Celsus saw the five year old's eyes grow even wider. "Perhaps you would take him on as a journeyman," Celsus replied. "He needs to start learning a good trade. He counts well and has learned all his letters already." As they both turned toward Cyril, his awe turned to a shy fear and he looked to his mother, Aunt Maria, for help. He found none.

"I could have his laundry all done and his bags all packed in no time," his mother reported.

Young Cyril was well acquainted with the family's ability to spin a yarn and looked back at Polycarp. "I could be your a-count-ant." He struggled with the pronunciation, naming the job.

Cyril's father had taught him this job title when he successfully counted out 100 building sticks with which he was playing. Now, Polycarp blushed with a little shyness of his own, not knowing exactly how to respond to his cousin's quick acceptance of his offer. Polycarp had not seen Uncle Celsus and Aunt Maria in seven years and this first meeting with their youngest son was a joy for him. This whole family had talked about and looked up to Polycarp's family back in Smyrna. Consequently, young Cyril was now in the presence of a legend, his older cousin, Polycarp.

"So how many plates are we going to wash" Aunt Maria broke in on the moment. Young Cyril began circling the table and counting the place settings. His sister laughed and picked at him for counting Clement's seat when the plate was unused. Maria tucked some meat and egg into a scone and wrapped it in a cloth napkin.

"Do make sure Clement gets this breakfast," she said as she tucked the Clement's packaged breakfast into the pocket of Celsus' coat which hung by the door. "I do worry about that boy and his excitement." She gave her husband a quick hug and disappeared into the kitchen with hands full of dishes.

When she returned Uncle Celsus was coming from his office with a small scroll. Everyone was seated at the table for what they called family-altar. He opened the scroll to a section marked by a small brass clip. The children sat attentively as he carefully began reading aloud from the worn page.

"The proverbs of Solomon the son of David, king of Israel; To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; ..."

Polycarp glanced at his four cousins. He marveled at the close attention they paid to their father's words. Each looked onto a scroll opened in front of them, and followed carefully his reading.

Like Polycarp's own, this family was in love with the Proverbs of Solomon and read a section each day after breakfast. Cyril sat on his father's knee carefully following his father's finger past each word. His older sisters, Lydia and Olivia followed along in another scroll and Caleb and Polycarp followed another shared scroll. The girls had carefully copied a section each week and Lydia was eager that Polycarp follow along in the scroll that she had copied. Her pride

and glee bubbled across the table as Polycarp's turn to read his three lines of text approached.

"A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels," Polycarp read carefully.

He glanced at her sparkling smile as her brother, Caleb read the neatly written text.

"To understand a proverb, and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings," Caleb read aloud.

Before Celsus read in turn he pointed at the next two words and Cyril carefully spelled out the letters "T, H, E, The, F, E, A, R, fea ..., fea ... " Smiles and sparkling eyes surrounded the table as Celsus continued the reading for Cyril.

"Fear ... of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction."

The familiarity of the Proverbs of Solomon and the daily family reading around the breakfast table took Polycarp back to his boyhood home. He was named after the martyred Bishop of Smyrna because his father, Marcion, was named after the gnostic philosopher and archrival of the famed gospel preacher. When his father, Marcion was converted to Christ, he wished to do some correcting on his namesake, and so he named his first-born son Polycarp. A hundred and fifty years earlier Bishop Polycarp had called the gnostic philosopher Marcion "the first-born of Satan" despite his being the son of a Bishop in the town of Sinope. Young Polycarp, the first-born son of Marcion, was regularly reminded of his namesake. In Polycarp's boyhood, his name was always contrasted with his father's name. Now a young man venturing through the Roman Empire, the name *Polycarp son of Marcion*, would always raise eyebrows and draw attention.

Polycarp had been handed a tremendous business opportunity at what appeared to be the most opportune time. Huge shipments were backing up between Italy and Byzantium. As his uncle bowed his head and prayed, Polycarp whispered his own prayer for good success in this venture. His thoughts were racing with excitement and expectation as his Uncle Celsus closed the family-altar's prayer time with a hearty, "Amen!"

"Well Polycarp, if you have rested well and are up to some work lets get down to the docks and go through your father's ship," Celsus said as he handed his carefully wrapped scroll to his son and reached for his coat. "They should have finished unloading all the crates by now."

"I am well rested and well fed," said Polycarp. "Aunt Maria, thank you for the spectacular breakfast and superb coffee," he said as he kissed his aunt on her cheek.

As she touched his hand, she said, "Polycarp, it is such a joy to have you here after all these years; you have turned into such a gentleman."

Aunt Maria turned to her husband, "Now Celsus be a honey and bring in some more water before you head back down to the docks." The gleam and smile Aunt Maria threw at Uncle Celsus made Polycarp feel right at home and he smiled at the sparkle in his uncle's eye.

"And don't forget the breakfast I packed for Clement, it is there in your pocket." Maria said as she patted the pocket and hugged his neck.

"We will be back for some lunch before you know it." Uncle Celsus said as he and Polycarp headed out the door and down the alleyway of Apollonia towards the docks.

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### **Chapter 2 Apollonia**

The city of Apollonia was larger than Polycarp was expecting. He followed his uncle through the streets trying to keep his bearings as they zigzagged down the hill toward the docks. Celsus and Maria had built their large house on the edge of the town with their back yard filled with a mountain. The descent down to the docks wove its way through an amazing assortment of small shops and businesses which Polycarp tried to take note of as his uncle set a steady pace toward his goal. Celsus, the eighth born of Cyril, son of Ulfilas, was named after the famed Roman encyclopaedist of the 1<sup>st</sup> century. His older brother, Marcion, Polycarp's father, was only six years older than Celsus, but Polycarp was panting and puffing just to keep pace with his uncle.

"I am amazed at the number of shops and businesses here in Apollonia" Polycarp blurted managing to catch his breath.

"Yes, it is quite amazing. When the Empire divided into dioceses, each ruled by their own Vicar, and each watching out for their own interests, business here has more than tripled in three years." replied Celsus without a single strain in his breathing. "Tyconius, our Vicar in the Epirus Dioceses, has worked closely with your Vicar in the Phygia Dioceses to capture excellent trade relationships. All the trade routes are busy like this and will continue while the Roman Augusti and the Roman Caesar struggle for control." Celsus continued.

"Father says the gold of Verona and Venice must find a path to Byzantium and I can build



the corridor." Polycarp panted the well rehearsed words.

"Your father is wise." Celsus responded, smiling at the adventure in Polycarp's voice.

"With all the Romans heading to Persia the gold is ripe for picking."

As they reached the base of the hill the little shops turned to larger businesses. A large lumber yard was bustling with workers. Across the street a pottery shop and blacksmith shop were both burning the shavings from the carpenters. The sweet smell filled the whole street.

Celsus had done well in his seven year old venture into Apollonia. Each shop they passed yelled a greeting and a wave to the familiar merchant who had brought them rich business from the Romans. He and Marcion grew up in Thessalonica, right on the well used Roman highway called the Egnatian Way. Their father sent Marcion to Asia Minor with one of his three ships. There Marcion became the primary merchant man of Smyrna and convinced his brother, Celsus, to venture to the east along the Egnatian Way and set up his mercantile on the docks of Apollonia. There his ships were finding rich trade revenues into Italy. Polycarp was now eager to venture even further up the Sea of Adria and extend his grand father's vision of a far reaching trade corridor. Timing was everything.

The smell of sweet burning wood turned into the harsh smell of the sea and fish as they turned down the first street connection to the docks. Polycarp reacted to the smell of the salt air with a renewed anticipation for the quest he had outlined with his father. He would only be here with his Aunt and Uncle for a few short weeks before sailing for Venice, Italy. All his life Polycarp had been involved in his father's Mercantile and Shipping business. In his earliest memories he was playing around the docks and shops which now, again, are bustling with commerce and opportunities. The new surge in trade and wealth and the smell of the sea awakens

floods of his memories.

"Polycarp", yelled a voice from within a storefront darkened by stacks of buckets and baskets. As Polycarp peered through the stacks and through the hanging wares inside, his cousin Clement came out and greeted him with a hardy hand clasp.

"It is good to see you well rested and ready for a days work my cousin," Clement said, giving him a push on his shoulder.

"I will be down at the ship," Uncle Celsus yelled over his shoulder without breaking his stride.

"Come in and meet my friend Kerrin", said Clement pulling Polycarp by the arm.

"Kerrin, this is my cousin, Polycarp from Smyrna; Polycarp, this is Kerrin.". Polycarp's eyes, adjusting to the light, saw a beautiful dark eyed smile beaming from the back corner of the shop.

"I have heard so much about you that it is good to finally meet you." Kerrin spoke softly through the smile.

Polycarp touched her shoulder as he lightly brushed first his left cheek then his right against her face in a customary greeting.

"The advantage is truly mine," said Polycarp; aware of the blush rising in his own face and smiling at the one in Kerrin's.

"So what has my cousin told you about my coming to town?" inquired Polycarp, glancing around the little shop laden with wood crafts.

"Only that you and he would be headed off to the North to spy out the Italian women for their beauty," said Kerrin.

Polycarp glanced to Clement who grew a little blush of his own because of Kerrin's bold frankness with Polycarp.

"It is truly a business venture that draws us there and any beauty found in northern Italy would certainly pale in the presence of one so beautiful as you." Polycarp responded wryly as he touched her hand.

"Why Thank you." Kerrin beamed with a broad smile.

"Oh, Please!" said Clement, "I wanted you to meet Kerrin, not court her, Polycarp."

"Your cousin seems to be far more dashing than you told me Clement;" said Kerrin moving back to her task of counting and arranging merchandise.

Clement was two years his junior and Polycarp grinned at the flash of jealousy, but knew he should not pursue this tact and picked up a small wooden box with a stem sticking out beneath a carved hole. It was arranged with several similar ones but this size was familiar to Polycarp.

"So coming to Apollonia as one named Polycarp of Smyrna must make you quite a person of interest." said Kerrin.

"How so?" responded Polycarp with his eyebrows raised.

"Well I should expect that everyone would want you to teach in the Church before they would expect you to sell them a Persian rug."she said with some inquisitive glee.

Polycarp again blushed with her frankness.

"O no, I am but a disciple indeed and not a pastor, or even a deacon." said Polycarp modestly examining the little box for an opening door.

Kerrin was watching his response carefully, smiling at the awkward moment she had gendered, and pondering his fumbling with the box.

"Surely Clement has told you of me with some misunderstanding," said Polycarp as he pulled a small knife and pried up on the top of the little box.

"Clement has told me nothing of your knowledge of the Scriptures," Kerrin said moving round the over stacked shelves of her little shop to stand beside Polycarp. "It is your name that speaks so boldly of your purpose."

Clement was perched on a wooden stool watching the two. "Kerrin does not think you and I will be successful business men in Italy." He said as he leaned the stool back to the wall and stretched his legs onto a crate for a foot stool. "She is trying to find us another line of work." Clement suggested wryly.

"If you break another stool you will pay for it." she said to Clement without glancing his way. "I think a mercantile venture into Italy would be very successful. The right person could pull it off very well. I just don't think you could pull it off that well." she said taking the box from Polycarp. "As for your cousin here, I barely know him," her voice softened as she looked up into Polycarp's eyes.

She pulled the little stem from the box and the cover opened easily and hung to the side on a little string. She spun the box around so Polycarp could look inside where she reached to pull another little stick. The back of the box lifted and the three sides folded down onto the base. The box now stacked neatly in a pile tied together with a loop of string. As she finished tying the bow she handed the stack to Polycarp.

"We have three different sizes of these and twenty one of them fold neatly into this crate which takes up almost no space at all on your big ship," she said with a twinkling smile.

Polycarp took the package from her and pulled the bow loose. It was remarkably light and

the sides easily interlocked with the base which he stood on the shelf before him. "So who would want twenty one little boxes with holes in them?" Polycarp inquired.

"Oh, they are all the rave here in Apollonia", she said picking up two from the shelf. "If you fill them with seed, put one on your porch and hang one in your window the song birds beat a path to your door," she said as she gracefully spun around and placed one on a crate and hung the other from a cord hanging down from a beam above.

Polycarp was charmed by her dance and only realized he was gawking at her when the box he held collapsed before he could get the back piece pinned in place.

"And who would feed song birds and why?" Polycarp asked.

"Your Aunt Maria started the rave," Kerrin said. "She says the feeders make a very interesting study of God's Creation," she continued. "Every lady in the church bought a couple and now you could not find a home in our Roman Diocese that isn't feeding the birds. Why, every house in Italy will be wanting one."

Polycarp smiled at her enthusiasm and marketing savvy, and at his Aunts genius.

"I have only been in town a day and Aunt Maria had shown me the joy of watching God's birds fight over this little perch" he said, placing the little stick in the feeder while examining how it locked the lid in place.

"I would like to meet the craftsman who made this collapsible little food box.", he said.

"You will meet Kerrin's Uncle before we leave, but I think yours is waiting on us on the ship." Clement said knowing his father's energy and impatience .

"It is a pleasure meeting you Kerrin", Polycarp said removing his cap and bowing slightly towards his host.

"I hope to see more of your wares before we go north."

"The pleasure is mine and I hope to show them to you." she smiled at his politeness.

Clement was headed down the wide cobbled street at a pace as grueling as his father's. Each shop they passed hailed him with a "Good morning Clement," and he responded with an equally personal greeting.

"Hey Clement is this your cousin Polycarp?", said a young lad struggling to push a large open cart up the hill.

"Pedro it is good to see you but you are a couple hours past day break". Clement exclaimed as he reached over and gave the little bell on the bread cart a clang, clang.

"It is my third trip!", Pedro said as he set the brake on the emptied cart. Clement did not break his pace and was already talking to the next shop as Pedro reached into a white sack and tossed Polycarp a fresh scone of bread.

"Thank you, yes I am Polycarp," and he caught the biscuit which to his surprise was still warm and soft.

"Polycarp from Smyrna?" Pedro exclaimed in wonder as he released the brake and moved the cart up the smoothly worn stone. "The whole East Coast of Greece will soon be Christian", he smiled steering his cart around some children playing in the street.

As they rounded past the last shop and came into the wide opening exposing the docks , Polycarp bit into the soft fresh bread. The sweet crisp glaze on top awoke the savory dough of fine ground wheat that melted in his mouth.

What awesome dough. He thought, they should call this a doughy scone.

"Clement, go up and ask the lumber yard to bring our order down today," Celsus yelled to

his son from the ship tied to the dock, "And Polycarp come see the grand plans we have for your father's ship." Celsus had the excitement of a school boy in his voice as he turned back to Cardone, Polycarp's ship master, who was pointing and measuring on the ship's deck.

## Chapter 3 Shipping in the Roman Empire

Polycarp stopped on the gangplank of the Liola and surveyed its mass. At port the 40 cubit hull looked much larger than it did at sea. Rome had a voracious appetite for grain and wine and Greece had been accommodating by over-sizing all its old reliable merchant vessels designs. Liola was 6 years old and seven cubits longer than her midsize predecessor. Those seven cubits gave her room to carry over 600 more amphora of wine or five thousand more modii of grain but everything comes at a cost. Liola was not as nimble navigating rivers and the deck had cracked and buckled twice now since she was first sailed. Her repair here in Apollonia would give Polycarp time to glean some marketing savvy from his uncle.

“Are you waiting for permission to come abroad?” asked his Uncle Celsus, “Or are you just lost in a day dream?” Polycarp smiled without answer.

“The boy has been lost in the adventure of it all since we sailed,” Cardone, the crusty old ship master reported. “Almost like a new lieutenant in my navy days.”

“Surely your not accusing your commanding officer of idleness while he is supervising such astute workers?”, Polycarp smirked.

“Permission to come aboard my captain.” Cardone gave a right hand salute. Cardone was an old retired navy captain who served only ten years before he and his whole crew were discharged with Roman citizenship for gallantry. His Liburnia rammed and sunk a trio of warships. Now he sailed merchant vessels for Maricion, as he had for the past 15 years. “The lad has all the character of his father,” he told Celsus in a whisper that Polycarp heard.

“And you all the character of a Roman warrior,” Polycarp responded as he bounced lightly on a buckling plank of the deck. “So the ship is emptied early and this decking comes out today



Aye.”

Celsus glanced over at Cardone and allowed a brief pause, “We will have it out two days ahead of schedule but Cardone has convinced me she needs another set of crossing beams and if we make them a little larger they will not buckle again. She could also support a bow spirit and a spinnaker besides.”

Polycarp smiled broadly “Shall we include a ramming beam and some ore locks as well?” he inquired.

“He has not only adopted Maricion's character, he has memorized his lines, Cardone retorted. “The spinnaker will not only add some knots to this ole girl, but in port it will allow me to spin her like a dancing maiden.” Such was indeed the very skill that Cardone had perfected with his Roman Liburnia. He had sported two spinnakers on the single bow spirit set them at hard tact and could out turn any warship on the Mediterranean Sea. This was not an ore laden warship. It was an oversized merchant ship.

“You are embarking on a two year adventure of a life time. Your father has given you complete charge of this ship. Allow me to make you not only the richest merchant out here, but the fastest and most maneuverable one besides, “ Cardone let that sink in for a long pause before he added, “Well we will need to add two crossing beams anyway and notching them to hold a bow spirit can be done any time before the planking is added.” Cardone's eyes trailed off to a crew of workers which came to the end of the pier and milled around.

Celsus handed him the measuring rod he was holding and gave another kick to a portion of the buckled deck, “Well you have workers to put to task and Polycarp and I have merchandise to move. As you say the decision can be better visited with this decking removed, and those new

crossing beams fitted.”

As Polycarp and Celsus went down the stairs which led to the bursars office Polycarp heard Cardone's voice boom “You lads come aboard here here is work to be done.”

Celsus pulled two large books from a chest and laid them on the desk. As he slipped into the chair behind the desk he looked up to Polycarp. “My son, fear thou the LORD and the King and meddle not with them that are given to change,” he leaned back in the chair and smiled. “I can quote a favorite line of your fathers too.”

“Aye. But that one rings true with Holy Scripture.” Polycarp turned a chair backwards and sat in it

His Uncle Celsus continued, “Maricion was served well with a strong reluctance for change, but we live in changing times. The Roman Empire is matured, business opportunities are blossoming like flowers in spring. Polycarp, you have matured. I expect you will be prospering with this new business and marrying that Abigail you been courting back home.”

Polycarp felt the blush rise in his face; he smiled at the desk's leg and kicked at it with his shoe.

“But more so than the Empire of Rome maturing the Empire of Christ has matured. It has been seven years here in Greece, ... seven years free from Roman persecution and seven years of growth and respectability for Christians all across the Roman Empire,” Uncle Celsus waxed philosophical.

## Appendix

### *Hebrew Calendar*

Month#	Sequence	Name	Ref
April	1	Abib (Nisan)	Ex 34:18 (Esther 3:7)
May	2	Zif (Iyar)	1Kings 6:1,37
June	3	Sivan	Esther 8:9
July	4	Tammuz	Ezekiel 8:14
Aug	5	Ab (Av)	
September	6	Elul (Ellul)	Neh 6:15
October	7	Ethanim (Tishri)	1Kings 8:2
November	8	Bul (Marchesvan) (Cheshvan)	1Kings 6:38
December	9	Chisleu (Kislev)	Zech 7:1
January	10	Tebet (Tevet)	Esther 2:16
February	11	Shebat (Sebat) (Shvat)	Zech 1:7
March	12	Adar	Esther 3:7,13, Ezra 6:15
Added	13	Adar Sheini	Added 7 times in 19 years

### *Family Tree*

- 1 Cyril (75) 245
  - 1.1 Sister (deceased) 265
  - 1.2 Brother (52) 268
  - 1.3 Brother (52) 268
  - 1.4 Maricion (50) 270
    - 1.4.1 Polycarp's Sister (deceased) 290
    - 1.4.2 Polycarp (20) 300
    - 1.4.3 Sister 304
    - 1.4.4 Brother 307
    - 1.4.5 Sister 309
  - 1.5 Sister 272
  - 1.6 Sister 272
  - 1.7 Brother 274
  - 1.8 Celsus (44) 276
    - 1.8.1 Clement (18) 302
    - 1.8.2 Lydia (14) 306
    - 1.8.3 Caleb (11) 309
    - 1.8.4 Olivia (8) 312
    - 1.8.5 Cyril (5) 315

## **Celsus 2nd Cent Philosopher**

Celsus Philosopher: According to the Christian father Origen, Celsus was a 2nd century Greek philosopher and opponent of Early Christianity. He is known for his literary work, *The True Word*, which survives exclusively in Origen's quotations from it in *Contra Celsum*.  
Wikipedia OR

Aulus Cornelius Celsus (ca 25 BC—ca 50) was a Roman encyclopaedist, known for his extant medical work, *De Medicina*, which is believed to be the only surviving section of a much larger encyclopedia. The *De Medicina* is a primary source on diet, pharmacy, surgery and related fields, and it is one of the best sources concerning medical knowledge in the Roman world. The lost portions of his encyclopedia likely included volumes on agriculture, law, rhetoric, and military arts.

## **Names of Fame**

Alexander of Cyprian	Eusebius of Josephus	Gregory Melito of Sardis	
Ignatius of Antioch	Tertullian	Tyconius	
Pachomius	Augustine of Hippo	Clement of	
Alexandria	Caesarea	Thaumaturgus	
Cyril of Alexandria	Justin Martyr	Methodius	
Irenaeus of Lyons	Theodore of	Ulfilas	
Papias	Basil of Caesarea	Alexandria	
Ambrose of Milan	Gregory of	Hermas	
Cyril of Jerusalem	Justinian I	Minucius Felix	
Julius Africanus	Mopsuestia	Victorinus of Pattau	
Philo	Boethius	Clement of Rome	
Arnobius	Nazianzus	Hilary of Poitiers	
Ephraem the Syrian	Lactantius	Novatian	
Jerome	Theodoret	Marius Victorinus	
Polycarp	John Cassian	Constantine	
Athanasius	Gregory of Nyssa	Hippolytus	
Epiphanius	Marcellus of Ancyra	Origen	
John Chrysostom	Theophilus		
Tatian	Celsus		
Athenagoras			

## **Roman Empire Chronology**

Accessed 01/01/2011 From [http://spqr360.com/menu/the\\_roman\\_empire.html](http://spqr360.com/menu/the_roman_empire.html)

---282-283 Carus emperor

---282-285 Carinus at first co-emperor with Carus and then sole emperor

---283 Persian campaign of Carus

---284-305 Diocletian and Maximian co-emperors

---293 Diocletian creates tetrarchy with himself and Maximian as co-Augusti in the East and West, and Galerius and Constantius Chlorus as co-Caesars

---297 The Empire is divided administratively into twelve dioceses, each ruled by a vicarius

---301 The Edict of Maximum Prices imposed throughout the Empire

---303 Diocletian persecutes the Christians

---305 Diocletian abdicates and forces Maximian to do likewise. Galerius and Constantius Chlorus co-

Augusti

---306 Constantine declared co-Augustus after death of his father Constantius Chlorus, but Galerius recognizes the Illyrian Severus in that rank and confers the title of Caesar on Constantine

---306 Maxentius, son of Maximian, hailed as legitimate successor by the Praetorian Guard and the city of Rome; heads revolt against Constantine. His father comes out of retirement to profit from the situation, first on one side, then on the other

---308 At an imperial conference of Diocletian, Galerius and Maximian at Carnuntum Licinius is declared Augustus of the West, setting off an armed conflict between all rival contenders

---310 Maximianus Daia, nephew of Galerius, assumes on his own initiative the title of Augustus

---311 An edict of tolerance for Christians issued by Galerius shortly before his death

---312 Constantine's victory over Maxentius in battle at the Milvian Bridge puts Rome in his hands

---313 Victory of Licinius over Maximianus Daia at the Hellespont is followed by reconciliation of the two victors

---313 The co-emperors issue the Edict of Milan ending persecution of Christians

---314 Armed conflict breaks out between the co-emperors: truces, claims, counterclaims, and wars follow for ten years with Constantine increasingly victorious

---324 Constantine sole emperor after final defeat, abdication, and execution of Licinius

---325 The Council of Nicaea formulates Nicene Creed and makes Christianity the religion of the Empire

---326 Constantine chooses Byzantium as the new capital of the Empire and renames it Constantinopolis

---337 May 22, death of Constantine the Great