from Mexico or the very southern parts of North America where economic inequality is more pronounced (all the writers are either American or Canadian), this theme would have been more developed.

This is a valuable book for Anabaptists: a harmonious and dissonant symphony of modern Anabaptist life, constantly being remixed for the twenty-first century. As Rachel Epp Buller writes in her poem, "Letters to the Future, 2018 –," "We will become something other than we were." This book is a valuable signpost pointing to these new identities and directions.

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Josiah Neufeld. *The Temple at the End of the Universe: A Search for Spirituality in the Anthropocene.* Toronto, ON: House of Anansi Press, 2023.

"I sat in a café, nervously stirring a bowl of lukewarm soup, mustering up the courage to tell my mother I no longer believed in God" (8). That line captures the earnestness with which Josiah Neufeld narrates his spiritual quest. Neufeld grew up in Burkina Faso, where his parents served as missionaries. He moved back to Canada when he was 19 and enrolled in the Bible college his parents had attended. He went on to study journalism and become a writer. Gradually the demerits of the evangelical faith he was raised in added up to an unbearable sum: the supernatural divine interventions that never happened, the appalling ideas of hell and the rapture, the complicity of Christianity in patriarchy and colonialism, the silliness of the Cornwall Alliance and the MAGA movement. Neufeld writes, "I remember the moment I realized that I no longer believed in the story of the saved and the damned. . . I knew, quite suddenly, that none of us were going to heaven and none of us to hell. All of us . . . were simply wanderers in a tragic and beautiful world" (33).

The Temple at the End of the Universe is the narrative of this "no longer believing" and the search that came after. That continued search, and the honesty with which Neufeld relates it, sets the book apart from many other ex-evangelical tales. For instance, Neufeld disarmingly says, "I had no coherent story that explained the world. Having set aside the narrative that sheltered me as a child, I had none to give my children" (4). Honesty and

openness form the channel through which Neufeld's story flows, not only his departure from the Christian faith but also his deep concern for the state of the earth and the research and activism this concern prompted. Note that Neufeld's concern is at times hauntingly rendered: "The good weather held until the last night of our trip. . . The river below us looked like a channel of fire between walls of rock. We'd had a good run, but the weather had finally caught up with us" (13). The narrative context is a canoe trip, but Neufeld is really thinking about climate change.

Neufeld may have set aside his evangelical faith, but he never loses his missionary zeal. The worry that Trump-loving white men driving jacked up pick-up trucks will lead the earth to its fiery doom replaced the earlier missionary concern that dark-skinned inhabitants of southern continents would spend eternity in hell. The former remains a disturbing proposition, and so Neufeld embarks on a quest to find a set of spiritual practices and beliefs in which to root his reborn mission. This eventually leads him, as it did John the Baptist, to solitary days spent fasting (and hiking naked) in the desert.

As the sketch above reveals, *The Temple at the End of the Universe* is essentially a memoir. Someone, the author maybe, or an editor, wanted the book to be about the ecological crisis more generally and the worldviews entangled with it. That book, however, would have needed to engage more deeply with alternative points of view, including alternative views about the solution(s) to the ecological crisis. That kind of a book would have also needed to be more careful with its scientific claims. Early in the book Neufeld writes, "In my lifetime we'd destroyed more than half the wildlife populations on earth" (14). In chapter five Neufeld says, "A warming planet had helped trigger the most catastrophic floods the Midwest had yet seen" (79). Both claims point to distressing realities, but neither is relayed with sufficient precision.

There are two things I often find strange about the memoirs of ex-evangelicals. One is that they often mistake evangelicalism for the totality of Christianity. The other is that, as much as these narrators are generally aware of the curious sociology at work in evangelical communities, they are often blithely unaware of the sociology underwriting their own exodus. Neufeld's memoir gives evidence of a wide exploration of Christianity, but I would have appreciated more wrestling with the second matter. The path out of evangelicalism is by now well worn, and its goads are not only the MAGA movement and the thorny branches of disagreeable doctrines.

The Temple at the End of the Universe is a timely book, and one that offers a helpful snapshot of the spirituality of our time. Neufeld is to be commended for his earnestness and the integrity of his quest. Reading the book alongside

the work of other writers like Paul Kingsnorth or Christian Wiman would provide an interesting study in shared concerns and contrasting paths.

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