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THEOLOGY, NEWS AND NOTES

FULLER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

DECEMBER 1999

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

What Is an Author?

BY ROBERT P. MEYE

Authors, Christian authors—the focus of our concern in this issue—write for many reasons: Seeking to minister to the people of God. Proclaiming the gospel. A concern to defend the gospel. The eternal pursuit of the truth. Wanting to get it right. Wanting to tell the truth in a more interesting way. Seeking to reach a new audience with ancient truth. Wrestling with human need. Probing pressing human questions. Offering instruction in a more effective way to serve the people of God. And, sometimes, even the concern to care for a personal need—like the education of one's children! But, mostly, it will be a combination of some of these and other reasons.

Fuller's faculty members are writing books—lots of books. Some very distinguished books. Some heavy-weight volumes. Some popular tracts for the times. Some books translated into many languages and used as texts around the world. Books that are sometimes best-sellers. Books that sometimes just keep on selling year in and year out for decades. You will encounter them in this issue.

Even though their primary responsibility is teaching, for two reasons Fuller's faculty members are also expected to write for publication: (1) In a variety of ways, scholarship which leads to writing for publication is a natural and important adjunct of teaching; and (2) Fuller Theological Seminary was founded with the intention that its faculty should bring to the churches, to Christians, and to the world, a growing body of challenging and substantial Christian literature.

We thought that it would be interesting to peer over the shoulders of some Fuller faculty authors as they reflect on why and how and when they write—or don't write! Thus, this issue of *Theology, News and Notes* may be viewed as "a spiritual autobiography" of six Fuller faculty members, with special reference to their work as authors.

This issue answers the question, What is an author? However, as you will see, there is no single answer to the question. Small wonder, then, that we keep on adding books reflecting such rich variety—such as those noted in our six articles—to our individual and communal libraries!

Robert P. Meye

ROBERT P. MEYE, D.Theol., is the integrator of this issue of *Theology, News and Notes.* A Fuller faculty member since 1977, he is dean emeritus of the School of Theology and professor emeritus of New Testament interpretation. Since his retirement eight years ago, Dr. Meye has continued to serve Fuller as a member of the Editorial Board of *Theology, News and Notes.*

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The Trials of an Unauthor

BY LEWIS B. SMEDES

I do not fancy myself as an author, a Fuller author or any other kind. Philip Yancey and Madeleine L'Engle are authors, no less so for being Christian, the way people like John Updike and William Styron are just authors. Writing is what they do for a living and what they live for doing. Writing is of their essence and they do it uncommonly well. I am, or was, essentially a teacher and/or preacher who incidentally happens or happened to write books. But, then, when I shy away from the honor of being a real author I may (the heart is deceitful) only be looking for the rewards of having written without the responsibility of having written well.

I do, come to think of it, share one quality with genuine authors: I love sentences. When I first heard my Freshman Composition teacher at Calvin College tell us that the Lord—the Word—loved sentences and that he cared about how we wrote them, I became a Calvinist on the spot. Annie Dillard tells a story about a novelist who, after teaching a summer seminar on writing, was asked by one of her students, "Do you think that I might ever become a good writer?" To which the novelist answered: "It all depends on how much you love sentences." Well, I do love sentences and I even try to write them in the hope that now and then a few of them show up with a hint of elegance.

The trouble with loving sentences is that the more I love them, especially when I read other writers' very good ones, the harder it is for me to write them. I do not like people who like to write. I like writers who hate to write. I draw comfort from Robert Louis Stevenson's (maybe apocryphal) remark, "I hate writing; I love having written." And when I heard what William Styron said when somebody asked him what it was like to write *Sophie's Choice* (it was like walking from Vladivostok to Paris on his knees),

There are two kinds of writers: smart ones and dumb ones. The smart kind write what they know. The dumb kind write in order to know.

I felt his pain. Which is why I don't like people who write painlessly.

The hardest part for me is getting started. When I am working on a book, I awaken sluggish of spirit, depressed by the certainty that I have neither the imagination nor the wisdom to do what I will be trying to do that whole day, and shuffle to my computer wishing I did not have to. I have always felt for the (fictional) prayer of Salieri who, after he had once heard Mozart's music, complained: "Oh Lord, if you had to give me the calling, why could you not have given me the gift to go with it?" Salieri's sad prayer has wormed itself into my very being.

Only my Calvinist superego could get me to go to my desk and try to obey the call when I know I don't have the gift that should go with it. But even after I get to my desk, I stall, I play a few games of solitaire, check my E-mail, maybe write a letter, make a phone call—anything to postpone the misery. Only as coffee time begins to threaten, do I get down to work.

There are, I sometimes think, two kinds of writers: smart ones and dumb ones. The smart kind write what they know. The dumb kind write in order to know. I am one of the dumb ones.

I wasn't always the dumb kind. For instance, I served my research time before I started to write *All Things Made New*, later abridged and called *Union with Christ*—a worst seller about the meaning of Paul's mystical sounding talk of our being in Christ or his being in us. It was an answer to one of the really big questions of nineteenth-century theology: How does a person of the nineteenth century become transformed by something that happened back in the first century (the problem of Lessing's "ugly ditch") ?

Karl Barth asked the same question in the twentieth century: "We ask how it can come about that the history of Jesus Christ, which happened once in time, becomes in the life of a specific man, once again in [a very different] time, the event of his reorientation and refashioning" *(Church Dogmatics* IV/1/33). I had written my dissertation on the Anglo-Catholic address to the question, had looked into the Orthodox way of answering it, and had read up on Christian mysticism. I got down to work with a pretty clear notion of what I was going to write. Which is the way smart writers always do it. What is more, I tried to see to it that my scholarship showed through on every page and in my long and needless appendices. It did, and to a fault, to the point, indeed, where my "smartness" became a nuisance even to smart readers.

Then God shoved me, at age 50 or thereabouts, willing but unprepared, into the teaching of Christian ethics. With such a late start on such a slithery field of study, I figured that I would never know enough to write anything that would be of much interest to the guild of scholars. So I decided to write, if I ever did, for pastors instead.

When I wrote *Sex for Christians, Mere Morality, Choices, Commitment,* and *A Pretty Good Person*—all of them focused on ethical matters—I was not trying to engage scholars in a conversation about what other scholars were saying to each other about ethical notions. I wanted no more than to help pastors to help ordinary people make their moral decisions with some Christian discernment. I am insecure enough to insist that I had done my homework for these books, but I chose not to follow the scholar's path in the writing of them.

It was Lois Curley—as fine a literary agent as can be found anywhere—who jostled me into writing, not only for my pastor, but for my Aunt Sophie. She happened to have heard a summer series of sermons that I had preached at Arcadia Presbyterian Church, and she asked me to let her submit them to a publisher, Harper's in this case. I was skeptical. Publishers are usually willing to risk their money on sermon collections only if they are written by celebrity preachers who can pitch them on their TV shows or to their mega-congregations. But, though I hate writing, I do like being published, so I did it. I polished the sermons up some and linked them, more-or-less, to a single theme and gave them a long title that nobody ever remembers: *How Can It Be All Right When Everything Is All Wrong*? And off it went.

This book taught me, among other things, that any reader is likely to give any book a reality that the writer had never thought about while writing it. I learned the lesson with dizzying humility when a militantly feminist writer called me out of the blue one Monday afternoon. She told me how she had been bred by her father to be a militant atheist, and how at the end of a speech she had given over the weekend in Seattle, someone had stuffed my book into her hands, and how she had that morning read no more of a third of the book when, to her joyous wonder,

Any reader is likely to give any book a reality that the writer had never thought about while writing it.

God came into her soul. Since then, when I have felt guilty for not writing the scholarly stuff that my colleagues write so well, my wife, Doris, chides me: "Maybe you don't, and maybe you can't do what they do, but maybe they can't do what you do."

In any case, I had, as they say, found my metier. I knew that this was how I wanted to, and still want to, write. It fits me. But at the time, I worried about David Hubbard's expectations of scholarly work from his faculty. So I thought I should level with him. I went to his office and told him that, all things considered, I wanted to write for my Aunt Sophie and for my pastor and not for my fellow scholars, and that I wanted him to be free to do with me what he saw fit. What he said, I still think, revealed his genius as an enabler president: "Lew, you will best serve Fuller by doing what you believe you can do best." I grabbed Hubbard's permission and ran.

Forgive and Forget taught me some things I had never known about the selling as well as the writing of books. For one thing, I learned that selling a book is a tough job. There are at least 60,000 of them published every year in the United States. But no publisher has the staff or money to promote every author's book, however worthy it may be. I was blessed. Harper's made a vigorous effort to sell *Forgive and Forget*. And it did sell and still sells pretty well.

Forgive and Forget also taught me some things about writing than I had never known. Roy Carlisle, a Fuller alumnus, the best editor I ever had, taught me things about writing that I had not even thought I needed to know. For instance:

- A writer does not have to tell his readers everything he knows about the subject.
- A writer does not have to cover his backside with "but on the other hand's" just to show that he has looked at both sides of the question. Concede the reader enough sense to come up with her own *on the other hand's*.
- A writer should not use metaphors to get the reader to notice how nifty they are. A metaphor should not call much attention to itself; it should be humble enough to nudge the reader into the meaning that the metaphor points to.

Forgive and Forget also taught me something about myself and my writing. Not long after it appeared, *Publisher's Weekly* carried a piece about a new trend in publishing that it called "crossover" books—books that bridge two distinct audiences—and used *Forgive and Forget* as its example. It was, the writer said, a kind of bridge, a *crossover* between academic and popular as well as between Christian and secular readers.

It had never occurred to me to write *crossover* books, though it seems like the niche I am comfortable to be set in. And, come to

think of it, I guess that when I wrote for my Aunt Sophie, who never got as far as high school, I did have a secret hope that my academic colleagues might at least consider my books honest pieces of work.

Being a bridge between the Christian and the secular world is another story. Before I finished *Forgive and Forget,* I was more concerned that it find Jewish readers than secular readers. Simon Wiesenthal and other Jews took offense when Christians glibly and cheaply told them to forgive the Holocaust, and I wanted very much to write a book about forgiving that no Jewish reader could dismiss as either glib or cheap.

Here is where my editor, Roy Carlisle in this case, came to my aid. I had begun the book by saying, in the first sentence, something like "Forgiveness is the quintessential Christian act." Carlisle told me that if any Jewish person were by chance to pick the book off the shelf, she would put it down as soon as she had read that very first sentence. If I wanted Jewish people to read the book, I would have to find another way to begin. That was my first lesson in writing a *crossover* book.

But there is something deeper about writing a bridge book than how one starts it off. It comes down to being a sort-of bridge person. I am that sort, and I like to think that this is why I am a sort-of bridge writer.

I like to think and write about generic human experiences. Take *hope,* for instance, the subject of *Standing on the Promises.* Christians are not the only people who live by hope. Everybody lives by hope. It comes with being a creature who has the power to imagine, but not the power to control the future. Soaring, eagle like, over human experience, the apostle Paul noted in Romans 8 that, along with all others, Christians are still groaning with suffering hope for the redemption of creation. But they have a living hope because they have a special reason for having hope at all. Their reason is the promise of God in Christ. Hoping is for them not only what Kierkegaard called "a passion for the possible," it has become a passion for the promises.

It seems to me that nobody can understand the special experience of Christian hope unless he or she has known the ordinary human experience of hope. So this is how I go about writing. I start with the universal and then move to the particular, go from the generic and general to the specific Christian species of hoping. The thought process seems to suit me. It is not a technique, it is doing what comes naturally. (I followed the same path in books like *A Pretty Good Person, Caring and Commitment, Shame and Grace.)* And, I guess this is why my books are *crossovers.*

I start with the universal and then move to the particular, go from the generic and general to the specific Christian species.

It was certainly not the way Karl Barth would have done it. And it is certainly not the way the Pope does it when he writes such deep apostolic letters as "The Christian Meaning of Human Suffering." But it is, I hope, one way a reconstructed Calvinist might do it, and do it with some integrity.

Which brings me back to why I do not like to call myself an author. I recall the last line of a sonnet that Michelangelo scribbled—after a hard day on the Sistine Chapel scaffold. "I am no painter!" So even giants get depressed. What else is new? But the point is that Michelangelo climbed back on the scaffold the next morning and went back to work on *The Creation*—as divine a human creation as has ever been created.

On an infinitely smaller scale, maybe Michelangelo's pained line, and that getting back to work in spite of it, comes close to what makes a writer an author. Maybe it is in the sheer *wanting* to write, if only to spite that dark whisper, "But you cannot write." So, though I tell myself a thousand times per book that I am no author, I do thank God that most mornings I have climbed back on the scaffold to be at least a part-time writer. ■

LEWIS B. SMEDES, Ph.D., professor emeritus of theology and ethics, was a member of the Fuller faculty for 25 years. The Lewis B. Smedes Chair of Theology and Christian Ethics has been established in his honor. Among his many best-selling books are: *Mere Morality* (Eerdmans, 1983); *Sex for Christians* (Eerdmans, 1976); *Forgive and Forget* (Harper & Row, 1984); *Choices* (Harper & Row, 1986); *A Pretty Good Person* (Harper & Row, 1990); *Shame and Grace* (Harper-Collins/ Zondervan, 1993); and *The Art of Forgiving* (Ballantine, 1996).

On Becoming a Writer

BY DAVID W. AUGSBURGER

"What right do you have to touch my script?" the author of the one-minute radio spot fairly shouted at me, "I labored over every word in that piece. Giving birth is not easy. And now you take my child, cut off a finger here, a whole leg there, and graft on a sow's ear." (I had been asked, as an intern, to review a script. And, critical of its style and content as written for the eye, I had rewritten it into dialogue that caught the ear.) "I should also tell you that your spot was better than the original," he added, "so go write something fresh, out of your own creativity, and bring it tomorrow." I became a writer that day. No longer the safe critic, now *my* stuff was being critiqued. No longer able to say, "It just doesn't work," I was responsible to make it work.

IDENTITY

A new writer joins the staff. Today his first work is being presented to the script team. He reads the piece, then pauses for response. We all weigh our words carefully, offer evaluations, gingerly trying to gauge his sensitivity to criticism.

"Come on," he says amiably, "take it apart. You're not criticizing me, you're reworking something I produced. I'm just as eager as you to see it improved."

Over coffee, I ask, "Don't you sometimes feel like a piece you've written is your child and resist someone doing surgery on it without anesthesia?"

"On no," he replies. "I'm the writer, but I'm *not* what I have written. I'm free to improve on it each time I read it. So are you. Tomorrow I may discard it, rewrite it, or thank God for it. But I never confuse it with my *self."*

I become free that day. My writing is no longer an extension of my ego. It moves outside my identity, it's no longer covered by my ego defenses. "Come on, criticize it," I can say, and feel the excitement of making a good thing better, or discovering that an ineffective piece isn't worth reworking. I am responsible for what I write, but I am not what I have written. I am the writer, not the paragraph, chapter, or book.

CARING

"It's a good piece," my editor says, "well crafted. But something's missing. Do you care about it?" Care? Interesting criterion. I understand *caring.* But how does this apply to writing? "Here, read Milton Mayeroff's little book *On Caring,"* he suggests, sliding the paperback from the shelf.

The words are the wrapper—the meaning is the chocolate. The writing is the menu—the meeting is the meal.

> To care for another person, in the most significant sense, is to help another grow. . . . In caring for an idea, we help it grow. . . . An artist experiences a "spiritual child" as having a life of its own, and as striving to grow and needing [the author] in order to grow. This simply describes how one experiences a work of art, a book, an essay.[1]

I struggle with Mayeroff's idea of the creative project as separate from the self like a child to be both nurtured and respected for its own integrity. Then I read Norman Mailer:

> A book takes on its own life in the writing. It has its own laws, it becomes a creature to you after a while. One feels a bit like a master who's got a fine animal. Very often I'll feel a certain shame for what I've done with a novel. I won't say it's the novel that's bad; I'll say it's I who was bad. Almost as if the novel did not really belong to me, as if it was something raised by me like a child. . . . Very often after I've done the novel I realize that the beauty which I recognize in it is not going to be recognized by the reader. I didn't succeed in bringing it out. It's very off—it's as though I had let the novel down, owed it a duty, which I didn't fulfill.[2]

I begin to care—care not about my writing because it reflects me, or extends my ego or presumed influence—but care for a piece for its own integrity. It must matter, or it has no reason to exist.

TRANSLATING

Sitting under a *lignum vitae* tree in Kingston, Jamaica, I am engaged in cowriting 60 one-minute radio spots on reconciliation and the healing of broken relationships. My coauthor, Ransford Nieholson, takes my rough scripts and translates them into Jamaican thought forms—Caribbean English. We sweat it out under the warm sun—trying to simultaneously think audience, think radio, think Jamaica, think content, all at once.

I write: "So you're angry with your wife, you're resenting her." It's an opening line to a spot on male rage . . . and Ransford quickly translates it to "So you're vexed at your spouse and you're malicing her."

Malicing? Vexed? That's the way to word it if the meaning is to

come through. We do not speak the same language, although we use the same dictionary. As I write, every word I choose is tentative, a temporary attempt at meaning. Each word is the best bet I have at the moment, but it is destined to be changed. If the meaning is the important thing, then I dare not love and defend the words. If the content matters, then the words employed will need to be expendable. What needs to be said is clear; how it must be said is negotiable. The meanings in me, the meanings in my partner, meet as we hear each other deeply.

Meanings are in persons, not in words. So writing is translating. I encode my experience in my expressions of my perceptions to translate my vision of life into a common language that may connect with yours. My meanings may meet your meanings across the bridge of words and, for a moment, we commune. If either of us fails, you will not hear the meanings in me, though you catch every word. And I will mistake the meanings in you though I can repeat you word for word.

In writing as translating, I trust you with my truth, knowing you are free to translate me into your meanings and make an insight your own. Once you've read it, translated it, claimed it, the insight is no longer mine. It is ours. We are coauthors, colaborers, communicators. *Co-co-co.* It's a mutual process, this communication thing, inevitably two-way, involving us both in *co*-translation. So both reading and writing are translating. The meanings that reside in you are employed to decipher the meanings I extend to connect. If there is sufficient overlap for an instant, we become *co*-perceivers, and for an instant we see as the other sees. The words are the map—within and between us lies the territory. The words are the wrapper—the meaning is the chocolate. The writing is the menu—the meeting is the meal.

RISKING

"Would you like to rewrite your book?" one of my publishers asks. I've lived 15 years since I wrote it, years that include a doctoral program, a decade of teaching, a lot of growing up. Yes, I want to rewrite it—23 printings and a half-million copies later.

I am astounded at what I read—in the lines, between the lines. I thoroughly disagree with the author. I affirm the book as my '60s awareness, theology, and faith, and recognize its right to exist and perhaps be of some use to others. I took a great risk in writing in my twenties, and now I must risk again in the rewrite from the vantage point of my forties.

It's a mutual process, this communication thing, inevitably two-way, involving us both in co-*translation. So both reading and writing are translating.*

If I crystallize the experience of this moment in writing, I may, in later years, come to disagree with its content, and wish to disown the thought. But there it is. In print. Published. Permanent.

The Pilate problem—living with what one has written—may freeze a writer's ink, block the flow of expression of deeper feelings and emerging convictions. "What I have written, I have written," may be an affirmation that I will stand by my statements, Dutch boy-like, and thumb in the dyke of defensiveness if my views don't hold water (to continue the metaphor).

"I have not changed my views on any issue since I entered the ministry 33 years ago," a pastor told me with humili-pride. (No risk involved if he should write. No Pilate problem.)

The liquid stream of life experience flexes in ever-changing patterns for those of us who view ourselves not as static statements—restatements of consistent character—but as a flowing sequence of growing experiences.

Writing is risking. But the venture of pouring perspectives and emotions into the mold of words is to reach out to others in open self-disclosure. The self disclosed will reach new closures in the next chapter of life. Thus to write, and to invite another to read, is to bid them grow along with me. Mutual risk.

SANITY

"I just read that piece you wrote. Is it crazy, am I crazy, or is it you?" Creative, if not constructive criticism—difficult to answer—so I tell a story:

> Physicist Niels Bohr and Wolfgang Pauli were once debating a proposed law of quantum physics before a Danish audience. Pauli offered a hypothesis and Bohr interrupted him with the cry, "It's not crazy enough—it can't be right!" To which Pauli retorted, "It *is* crazy enough."

Now that's a criterion that deserves more attention. I have come to add it to the two familiar ones to become my trinity of virtues for self-evaluation of my writing: *simplicity, complexity,* and *craziness.*

Simplicity is the virtue of *clarity,* the capacity for focus, the purity of heart that strives for one thing. It seeks unity, consistency, coherence. It is a virtue devoutly to be desired by every sentence.

Complexity is the virtue of *reality.* Most issues reveal multifaceted textures of competing values, contrasting needs, conflicting interests, contradictory goals, compellingly attractive hopes. All of these seem inevitable and necessary though frequently mutually exclusive. Only a skilled reductionist can write about them without ambiguity.

Craziness is the virtue of *wisdom.* Many things in life, in ourselves and in others, do not add up perfectly. There are elements of craziness in virtually everyone including the perfect (perfectionism is sane?), the superior (superior to whom and on what scale?), the saintly (who is without sin?). The drama of being human conceals the mysteries of the soul, its shadow-side, with the many masks of the public, the social side, to create the appearance of sanity. Wisdom weaves them together into a fabric of light and dark.

Philosopher Albert Camus writes in *The Fall:* "After prolonged research on myself, I brought out the fundamental duplicity of the human being. Then I realized that modesty helped me shine, humility to conquer, and virtue to oppress." We humans are "fundamentally duplicitous" and more than a little crazy. Our writing inadvertently reveals it.

Simplicity is used most often in judging others. (He's just jealous, that's all. What she did was motivated by greed, or lust for power, or pure selfishness.") Others' motives appear simple, obvious, driven by a single vice.

Complexity is preferred in defending oneself. ("My shortcomings, in contrast to yours, rise from complex struggles with polar values held in faithful tension, creating inevitable dilemmas.") My choices were made painfully, while torn between mutually exclusive options.

Craziness is finally employed by the wise, by the fool, and by the wise fool. Academic writing tries for the first, popular writing the second, spirituality the third. None and nothing is simple, we are all complex, and a little bit crazy. Wise writing strives for simplicity, without sacrificing complexity and, when all else fails, asks, "Is it crazy enough?"

SUBVERSIVENESS

Writing is a subversive activity—if your real goal is not to entertain but to interact, encounter, to offer an "improper opinion," as Martin Marty once put it.

In the middle of the cold war, I was given the chance to write a set of 30-second radio spots on nuclear disarmament (Thirty seconds? What can you say in a half-minute? But Psalm 23 is only 30 seconds long.) "No holds barred. Say what you've always wanted to say," the producer—the Mennonite media director—says. So I write—to his consternation:

As one writes, one takes responsibility for what is written, yet lets go of it and prizes its separate existence. One cares about the piece and its integrity.

> "War is *hell.*"
> On this judgment,
> Generals Eisenhower,
> MacArthur, Pershing,
> Mountbatten agree. . . .
> If war is *hell* . . .
> Why go on listening to those
> who tell us to register,
> to volunteer,
> to go to *hell?*
> Why invest the lion's share of
> our taxes,
> our work force,
> our gross national product
> to prepare for *hell?*
> Why go on sending our sons to
> *hell?*
> If war is *hell*—and our best
> military minds
> agree that it is—
> why are we multiplying
> nuclear weapons
> to blow our world to *hell?*
>
> A word from those who pray
> and work that peace may come
> on earth as it is in *heaven,*
> the Mennonite Churches.

"That's subversive," the first editor protested. "Thank you," I said in my note of response. Criticism can be the highest form of compliment. A sharp critic is a true friend, just as writing this radio spot was a profoundly patriotic act. It is love of country that calls for a better country.

Writing subversively is a human-otic act. It is a stubborn commitment to questioning the status quo. When tempted to write something that simplifies, pacifies, that "sells," it is troubling to remember that virtually all of Jesus' parables are "subversive stories" that, as he promised, "the truth will set you free," but first, it can make you miserable.

Good writing does that too. It leaves you a bit disconcerted, not concerted; disgruntled, not gruntled. It makes you grunt from the punch of the line.

After writing more than 20 books, I've several learnings worth repeating:

In writing a book, one writes—not what one knows—but what one wants to know. The privilege of creating a book offers

—*Please turn to page 21.*

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Writing as Ministry

BY RALPH P. MARTIN

The contribution that follows is like Caesar's description of ancient Gaul falling into three parts. It has not proved an easy assignment to reflect on my experience as a writer, now going back over exactly 40 years (my first publication saw the light of day in 1959) but, like all reminiscing, it has evoked both gratitude to God for his grace and amazement that such opportunities to put thoughts into print have been mine. So I chose one word to unite both aspects: Writing for me is a *ministry* or, rather, it has been an extension of the call to ministry to which I responded some ten years earlier, in 1949. Hence my story embraces a half-century in which much has happened, and a lot will have to be passed over.

SETTING THE STAGE

Given the relevance of what I have just said, my desired goal in pursuing the writer's vocation has been to serve the church and especially its Bible-reading members and ministerial colleagues.

To appreciate what I offer as a set aim, one has to go back to the 1940s and its succeeding decade. As you wander through the spacious aisles and survey the well-stocked shelves in a religious bookstore today, it takes an exercise of the imagination to remember by contrast what it was like a half-century ago. Then, in the post-World War II austerity (here I speak, of course, of life in Britain), books were in short supply, and this was acutely felt as students sought out helpful texts and guidebooks, particularly in Bible studies and commentaries.

The way InterVarsity rose to meet this challenge and come to the aid of a rising generation of evangelical theological students in those decades is a story often told but worth repeating. The providence of God opened the door for this situation to be faced, and we owe much to the vision of that cadre of evangelical leaders, on both sides of the Atlantic, who saw that one pressing need was the preparation of literary tools to assist in the training of a body of scholars and pastors who clamored to have sound literature at their disposal.

Out of this felt need, one enterprise at the InterVarsity Press in London was born. Time (and remarkable sales!) has shown that this venture was well-judged and productive. The Tyndale Bible Commentaries began to appear in 1956 with books on *James* and *Thessalonians,* the harbingers of a complete set that is not only in print today but just as valued as ever by Bible-class leaders and preachers.

> *Writing for me is a* ministry *or, rather, it has been an extension of the call to ministry to which I responded.*

The editor and publishers were looking for a potential contributor on *Philippians*, and it came as a genuine surprise, when a day before Christmas in 1956, an invitation fell into my home mailbox. That's where my story really begins, though I hasten to retrace with you the prior history that led to this event. The chance to write the Tyndale commentary on this Pauline letter was a happy circumstance, though it must have involved the publishers in some risk-taking. Then I was a pastor and quite unfamiliar with the publishing world and what would lie before me. Yet it was a serendipity I gladly acknowledged; and it turned the course of life in new directions.

For instance, it drew me to a more serious involvement in Pauline studies; it forced me to investigate one six-verse passage (Phil. 2:6-11) that has been my lifelong companion (or albatross, I sometimes confess), leading to a Tyndale lecture at Cambridge in 1959 and its publication, and eventually a Ph.D. dissertation in 1963 which has endured no fewer than three "incarnations," most recently in a revised version as *A Hymn of Christ* (1997). Nothing gave me more joy and satisfaction than to have IVP place their imprint on this latest (and final) edition.

Even more decisive, since many people, including my family, were brought into the new phase of life emerging from this invitation to the Tyndale series, was a new direction of ministry that led to teaching opportunities in London and then in the United States. The editor who made the choice in 1956 to enlist a tyro to write a Bible commentary has a lot to answer for! Yet I remain profoundly grateful for this start that sent me on my way.

At this point, and before the narrative gets caught up in more recent events, I must, like Marcus Aurelius, the Roman emperor, cast up my debts. Born into a family that valued education and books, with a father who was a printer, and going to both primary and grammar schools that made much in those far-off days of basic skills in reading, spelling, and other learning equipment—including training in classical languages with Greek classes at the tender age of 12 years and Latin and French even earlier, reinforced by university courses that kept me hard at it in these disciplines—all made for a future that any aspiring wordsmith would envy. Not only so but I trace the formidable influence of supervisors at two universities who not only insisted on clear writing and rigorous linguistic competence but themselves embodied such qualities as models to be followed.

If I pull out of the past one such name, you can test the validity of what I say. T. W. Manson never wrote an obscure sentence in his life, and while his is not a household name in our students' reading lists, I defy a modern essay-writer to fail to profit from his limpid style and mellifluous choice of phrase. Take the following illustration, drawn almost at random:

> Historic Christianity is first and foremost a Gospel, the proclamation to the world of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. For the primitive Church the central thing is the Cross on the Hill rather than the Sermon on the Mount, and the characteristic Church act is the Communion rather than the conference. Christian doctrine and Christian ethics may be the inevitable corollaries of the Christian gospel; but they are corollaries.

I see from my copy of his book *The Sayings of Jesus* (London: SCM, 1949) that I first read these lines on August 8, 1949; yet I have reread them often, and wished I had written them for the church today.

So we are debtors to our past, and every writer is part of his or her heritage. Lessons from one's previous experience come crowding in, and I pass them on as what has helped me and may yet prove serviceable to others.

Bugbears to be shunned as the plague still include sloppiness in putting words together and shallowness that forgets that words have depth as well as range of meaning. The twin enemies of verbosity (or "padding") and carelessness in such elementary items as punctuation, spelling, and colloquialisms yet stalk across the writer's page. Those who read us will be quick, I believe, to detect where we fail (as we do), and students and congregations need to see in us the best models we can strive to be.

CHARTING THE COURSE

By common agreement, it is true that the hardest part is getting started. This is so as we sit down before a blank page or a vacant computer screen. To have your outline in mind, or better in some tangible, recoverable form, is half the battle. To compose your first sentence or opening paragraph is the other half. All the rest will flow—unless the specter of a writer's block looms. Then there is no way forward except to change tack, take a rest, and maybe start afresh. Here I have discovered a valuable secret, picked up from who-knows-where. I try to close a period of writing with an unfinished thought. This will be my starting point for the next visit to the writer's desk. And it saves me from the dreaded experience of wondering how next to begin.

> *We are debtors to our past, and every writer is part of his or her heritage.*

Yet the beginning of a writing career has a deeper significance. Nothing commends a suggestion of "the next book" to editors and publishers more than the evidence one can already produce, however faltering and inconclusive. So I judge it was in my case.

The initial venture into commentary writing and the opportunity to write a weekly column in two Christian periodicals led to open doors. One such enterprise met a need and has had fruitful repercussions.

The periodical's editor saw a review I had written on a new book on worship and commissioned a 12-week series on the New Testament evidence of how the early Christians practiced their worship of God. Having completed my stint, I was encouraged to write up these exercises, which were later released as a self-contained book. So in 1964 the title *Worship in the Early Church* came out in a modest dress, though it did appear on both sides of the Atlantic.

A few years later, it was reissued with a new Preface, and today it sells with a longevity that surprises everyone, not least the author who wonders how a simply written survey of New Testament texts can survive across 35 years when other more impressive books on the topic appear, wilt, and die!

Obviously, there are factors to be borne in mind: Interest in church worship has gained momentum across the decades; the layout of the book appealed to a wide audience; and the price was right. I would like to think it has filled a niche still present and offers an approach to a now controversial theme that has the potential to unite practitioners of worship, not exacerbate their feelings of disagreement.

One brief quotation gives the *raison d'être* of what the book is about:

> Christian worship . . . is the happy blend of offering to God our Creator and Redeemer through Jesus Christ both what we owe to Him and what we would desire to give Him.

From all reports, what caught readers' imagination were the sections on hymns and songs sung in honor of the Creator-Redeemer and the chapters on the

Lord's Supper which came to the rescue of hard-pressed preachers who desired to help their people appreciate the meaning and purpose of the holy Communion service, about which (I observe) few sermons are ever actually preached. The destiny of my interest in New Testament hymns ran along other lines, as I mentioned earlier. A succession of articles and pieces on how the first believers offered their worship to the risen Lord in religious song has kept this interest alive. It still has a pastoral significance for today when many churches are in danger of being torn apart by the acrimonious debates on music-in-worship.

The theological significance of worship, with some practical application, came to the fore in a 1982 book, *The Worship of God* (Eerdmans). I suppose if one book had to be nominated as the author's most cherished, it would be this one. There is a recognition made here that the church

> will never attain its perfect worship until it reaches its ultimate goal *in patria,* in the eternal homeland, where its feeble voice and imperfect worship will give place to the Jubilee of heavenly worship in a renewed creation. Until then, "the Spirit and the bride" live in creative tension, and seek to fashion a model of worship that is as pleasing to God as erring mortals can make it.

ASSESSING THE RESULTS

This conclusion can be brief since it sets an impossible task. Inevitably, I have left out of reckoning the various commentaries on *Ephesians, Colossians,* and *Philemon, Mark,* and *Acts,* with special mention permitted of the two commentaries that took me the longest to write, *2 Corinthians* and *James,* both in the Word Biblical Commentary series (1984, 1988). Nor can I say more than a sentence on two books I really *enjoyed* writing: *Where the Action Is* on Mark's Gospel, and *The Family and the Fellowship: New Testament Images of the Church,* both of which originated in church Bible-study classes in Los Angeles and have recently been reissued by Wipf & Stock in Pasadena. One book I felt was important, but events belied that optimism, namely, *Reconciliation: A Study of Paul's Theology,* (second edition, Zondervan 1989; reissued by Wipf & Stock in 1997), though it still serves as a classroom text in some remote hinterlands.

How can one assess the results? It is an invidious task to have to pronounce such a verdict. I have long ago learned the truism that appreciating the worth of any book is a highly subjective business, and there is no accounting for taste. The most difficult assignment I ever received was to produce a follow-up volume to Brevard Childs's *Old Testament Books for Pastor and Teacher* (Westminster, 1977), covering the New Testament library, *New Testament Books for Pastor and Teacher* (also Westminster, 1984). To assemble a list of available titles was the easy part; the real whammy was to appraise and graduate the books in order of utility. I reminded myself of the philosopher George in Tom Stoppard's play *Jumpers* who commented on the absurdity of analyzing the statement, "This is a good bacon sandwich." It all depends on one's taste.

> *To have your outline in mind . . . is half the battle. To compose your first sentence or opening paragraph is the other half.*

Perhaps we judge by volume of sales or size of royalties. The Online Computer Library Center Inc. Worldcat, I am told, reports more than 100 titles under this name (but that surely includes editorial work and reprints). Yet it is quality that is the only safe measuring rod, and that judgment must be left to others.

And to posterity. Here is the author's secret satisfaction. Coupled with translations into German, Arabic, Portuguese, Korean, and now Chinese, one takes a crumb of comfort in believing that books confer a measure of vicarious immortality. If "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," this is one exception—and one's books become an abiding legacy. ■

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ENDNOTES

Some suggested places to which I have gone for help and guidance are:

1. Obviously, a good dictionary.
2. *The Oxford Guide to Writing* by Thomas S. Kane (Oxford, 1988)
3. Fowler's *Modern English Usage* is in its third edition, ed. by R. W. Burchfield (Oxford, 1996).
4. The *Times* newspaper has made available recently a *Guide to English Style and Usage* (London: 1998)
5. If there is a model for attractive writing, with memorable sentences and turns of phrase, let me offer *Over Here* by Raymond Seitz (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1998) who was U. S. ambassador to London until recently and who describes himself as a "transatlantic metronome."

Trying to Write Good—I Mean, Trying to Write Well to *Do* Good

BY NANCEY MURPHY

I'm often asked if Fuller Seminary requires me to do a lot of writing. Well . . . yes and no. Writing is required for promotion and tenure, but that's not why I do it. I do it because I have a lot of things to say.

Now, that last sentence may sound a bit conceited. "Who does she think she is?" But that's my secret. Writing used to be difficult, a burden. One day, though, while preparing a paper for the American Academy of Religion, my perception of what I was doing changed. Until then I had thought of writing as something I did in order to make myself known, to develop a reputation. Suddenly, I recognized a different motivation. Due to the fact that I have studied two different fields (philosophy and theology), there are a lot of things I happen to know about that most of my audience (in either field) does not. In that light, I could see writing as a service to others, and from then on I have not agonized over it—quite so much.

My first noticeable writing task was my philosophy dissertation. (This was before my Gestalt switch.) I agonized over what to write for three years, but actually wrote the darned thing in eight months. I did it with a two-year-old under foot, and learned some tricks that have made it possible to write under all sorts of conditions. I happily share those tricks here: I often devise an imaginary companion and try out ways of telling him or her what I want to write about. (You can do this anywhere, anytime—at night in bed, in line at the bank—just don't do it out loud!) The imaginary listener is sometimes the author of a book whose style I admire, and is selected to fit the audience for whom I aim to write—theologian, stuffy philosopher, or student. If I can find a live audience for my ideas, I grab the opportunity. The lecture notes make a great outline for the chapter or article, and the natural communication setting stimulates me to formulate my ideas more clearly and in a more lively manner.

I try never to quit writing for the day when I feel stuck. If I quit when I know what I want to write next, I'm able to dive right in the next chance I get. When I do get stuck, I get scratch paper and a pencil and tell myself that this is not going to be the real thing—I'm just going to scribble some ideas and then throw them away. I often find that I write better under this illusion than when I intend to write "for keeps." And when that trick doesn't work, I remember to pray. We are fortunate to have a God who cares about words.

> *Writing is required for promotion and tenure, but that's not why I do it. I do it because I have a lot of things to say.*

Most of my writing, in one way or another, puts philosophy to use for Christian purposes. So far I have written mainly for those within the church, but always with apologetic goals in mind as well. My first book, *Theology in the Age of Scientific Reasoning,* used philosophy of science to give an account of theological method—attempting to show that theological reasoning is no less respectable than scientific. Here is how I described my motives in the Preface:

> The best ways to introduce this book may be to explain how I came to write it. The seed was planted during my years of graduate work at the University of California, Berkeley, where I had gone to study philosophy of science with Paul Feyerabend. Incidentally, I learned there, for the first time, that Christian belief had fallen on hard times among the intelligentsia—a big surprise to a Nebraska ranch kid just emerged from the Catholic school system. It wasn't long before the question of the status of religious knowledge came to seem to me both more interesting and more pressing than that of scientific knowledge. The philosopher of science must answer the question "In what does the rationality of science consist?" Few besides my teacher Feyerabend would question whether science is rational. The philosopher of religion, on the other hand, must in these days provide an apologia for the very possibility of religious knowledge.

My work on the relation between scientific and theological methods gave me a foothold for relating the contents of science to theology. Two books in this field were, respectively, my easiest and hardest to write. *Reconciling Theology and Science: A Radical Reformation Perspective* was created in about a month, using lectures I had given at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, with all the editing done via E-mail. My most difficult project so far has been *On the Moral Nature of the*

Universe: Theology, Cosmology, and Ethics, which I wrote with George Ellis, a South African cosmologist and mathematician. The difficulties were due to the ambitious character of the book itself (Why not just call it "All about Everything"? our editor asked), and to the fact that most of the time we were working on different continents, and also to the fact that we had different possible audiences in mind. George wanted to write a convincing book for non-Christian scientists and I didn't think we could pull that off. This was a difference we had to settle before we could outline the argument of the book. (I won.) Here, from the Preface, is an account of our project:

> The idea for this book began to germinate in the fall of 1991. We had just participated in a conference at the Vatican Observatory on quantum cosmology, the Anthropic Principle, and theology. At conference end, our thoughts turned to our respective political situations at home—the anti-apartheid struggle in South Africa and the build-up to the Gulf War in the United States—and we asked one another what, if anything, the work of the conference had to do with these life-and-death issues.
>
> In the following months we began to see connections between scientific cosmology (and particularly the anthropic issue), theology, and ethics; the latter discipline, in our view, is too often omitted from the usual theology-and-science discussions. We were eventually able to arrive, at least in outline, at a broad synthesis of these themes; this book presents that synthesis.
>
> Our thesis in brief: The (apparent) fine-tuning of the cosmological constants to produce a life-bearing universe (the anthropic issue) seems to call for explanation. A theistic explanation allows for a more coherent account of reality—as we know it from the perspective of both natural and human sciences, and from other spheres of experience such as the moral sphere—than does a nontheistic account. However, not all accounts of the divine nature are consistent with the patterns of divine action we seem to perceive in the natural world. God appears to work in concert with nature, never overriding or violating the very processes that God has created. This account of the character of divine action as refusal to do violence to creation, whatever the cost to God, has direct implications for human morality; it implies a "kenotic" or self-renunciatory ethic, according to which one must renounce self-interest for the sake of the other, no matter what the cost to oneself. Such an ethic, however, is very much at variance with ethical presuppositions embedded in current social science. Hence, new research programs are called for in these fields, exploring the possibilities for human sociality in the light of a vision modeled on God's own self-sacrificing love.

When I do get stuck, I get scratch paper and a pencil and tell myself that this is not going to be the real thing.

This is a book I could not have written on my own. For one thing, I needed George's scientific expertise. But more important, I could not have written an authentic argument for a pacifist ethic without the partnership of someone like George, who had risked his life in nonviolent resistance to injustice.

The conference referred to above was the first in a series of five such conferences, sponsored by the Vatican Observatory and usually held in the luscious setting of the Pope's summer palace. These events have been an important part of my life, providing opportunities for friendships and constant challenges to learn more science, as we have worked through the cosmology of the first conference, the mathematics of chaos theory, evolutionary biology, the neurosciences, and quantum theory. I played a major role in editing papers from the neuroscience conference and wrote an introduction for the volume that reflected on how neuroscience and theology intersect in our attempts to understand the nature of the human person. *Neuroscience and the Person: Scientific Perspectives on Divine Action* is due to appear in January 2000.

I had been prepared to work on *Neuroscience* because of an earlier project undertaken with my colleagues Warren Brown and Newton Malony. Five years ago, neuropsychologist Malcolm Jeeves gave a series of integration lectures at Fuller's School of Psychology. He suggested rather cautiously in the course of his lectures that developments in the neurosciences were making body-soul dualism less credible. In my response to one of his lectures, I was much less cautious and argued for a purely physicalist account of human nature. Warren was accurate in predicting, at that time, that the growing prominence of the neurosciences would make this a controversial issue for Christians, especially evangelicals, in the future. So the three of us organized conferences on the nature of the person, with a number of relevant disciplines represented: evolutionary biology, genetics, neuropsychology, cognitive psychology, philosophy, biblical studies, theology, and ethics. The fruit of our labors, *Whatever Happened to the Soul? Scientific and Theological Portraits of Human Nature,* was just awarded a prize from the Templeton Foundation for being judged one of the best books of the year in science and theology.

The philosophy I know and love the best is recent work in the Anglo-American tradition. Over the past 50 years, significant changes have occurred in basic philosophical conceptions—regarding knowledge, language, causation. These changes are important, not because they solve the problems that have vexed philosophers throughout the modern period, but rather because they show that many of those problems (e.g., how can we have certain knowledge?) were misconceived. I have thus taken the risk of calling myself a "postmodern" Anglo-American philosopher, as I explain in the Introduction to *Anglo-American Postmodernity: Philosophical Perspectives on Science, Religion, and Ethics:*

> The term "postmodernity" is now in vogue, and I have taken the risk of using it in the title. It is a risk because French (and some other Continental) thinkers have effectively appropriated it to refer to current work in literary criticism, feminist thought, "metapsychology." Despite the modifier, "Anglo-American," my writings are sure to be associated by some with these trendy moves. I state here and now that I have nothing to do with the Lyotardians, Derridians, De Mannians. Would that they had found a different term, for imagination fails me as I hunt for an alternative and, as the essays following will demonstrate, I am not as imaginative as these literary folk.

The significance for theology and the church of the transition from modern to *Anglo-American* postmodern conceptions is spelled out in a more popular book titled *Beyond Liberalism and Fundamentalism,* where I also offer a philosopher's explanation for the painful split between liberals and conservatives in American Protestantism.

An important lesson I learned from my mentor Paul Feyerabend is that the seriousness of academic subjects need not rule out a joyful and even playful approach to scholarly dialogue. And so in what has been my most serious philosophical work so far *(Anglo-American Postmodernity),* I looked for ways to lighten the discussion with glimmers of humor. For instance, the deep and imponderable topic of "nothing" occurs in the index, but all the pages referenced are blank. So "fun" is an important category for me as I think over my life as a writer.

The seriousness of academic subjects need not rule out a joyful and even playful approach to scholarly dialogue.

Surely the book that has been the most fun for me was my part in a Festshrift written in honor of my husband James McClendon's seventieth birthday—*Theology without Foundations.* It was a joy to honor him in this way, and the great fun came from the total surprise with which he received it, even though I had written my essay and the Introduction and prepared the index right under his nose!

One other book fits the category of fun: *Reasoning and Rhetoric in Religion.* This was easy to write because I used my lecture notes from a course I developed at the Dominican School of Philosophy and Theology in Berkeley and have taught at Fuller numerous times. It is in the genre of "critical reasoning text," but teaches about the structure of arguments by examining the reasoning used in the theological disciplines. The fun part was devising the exercises for the end of each chapter—a bit like creating puzzles or games, in that they needed to be challenging but not impossible.

The happy cross-fertilization of writing and teaching has been one of many things that has made my time at Fuller enjoyable. There is no set philosophy curriculum, so I have been free to incorporate material from current writing projects into my courses and refine my understanding of the issues by working to make them clear to the students. Another by-product of my teaching at Fuller is *Virtues and Practices in the Christian Tradition: Christian Ethics After MacIntyre,* coedited with two doctoral students, Brad Kallenberg and Mark Thiessen Nation.

My next book will be the first in which the word "theology" does not occur. Warren Brown and I are beginning an ambitious project at the interface between neuroscience and the philosophy of mind. We intend to argue against neurobiological reductionism and provide a scientifically warranted account of free will.

So who am I as an author? The personal reflection this article called for makes me realize that I have been shaped by the books I have written no less than they by me. Over the past ten years, these

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NANCEY MURPHY, Ph.D., professor of Christian philosophy in the School of Theology, has been part of the Fuller faculty since 1989. A 1999 J. K Russell Fellow, she has won several Templeton Awards for her books in science and theology. In addition to the 1998 award for *Whatever Happened to the Soul?, Christianity Today* awarded her book *Beyond Liberalism and Fundamentalism* (Trinity Press) as one of the best books in 1996. Her *Theology in the Age of Scientific Reasoning* won the American Academy of Religion Book Award in 1990.

Writing the Vision

BY WILBERT R. SHENK

My first venture in writing for publication was an article published in 1960 that grew out of my service in Indonesia from 1955 to 1959. The vigorous churches with which I was working were the fruit of Dutch mission initiative dating back to 1851. These churches had had a near-death experience during the Japanese occupation from 1942 to 1945, and the subsequent war of independence with the Dutch colonials from 1945 to 1949.

But resurrection did come out of that ordeal. It was a story that demanded to be shared with North Americans who were scarcely aware of Indonesia, unless referred to by its colonial name, the Dutch East Indies. Although I had no assurance an editor might be interested in such an article, I proceeded to prepare the manuscript. Upon returning to North America, I showed the manuscript to a colleague who encouraged me to submit it to a journal. To my surprise the editor accepted the manuscript immediately. The trauma of rejection slips lay in the future!

This early effort was a predictor of all of my future writing: Whatever I have written has grown out of the work I was doing. During the years 1965 to 1990, I was engaged in missions administration. The1960s were marked by the rapid dismantling of colonial structures in Asia and Africa, both state and church. The results of the classical mission methods now stood before us in bold relief: too many mission-founded churches in Asia, Africa, and Latin America appeared anemic and dependent.

These churches were asking for administrative—but not financial—independence from their parent-missions. Mission methods that had produced this result had to be rethought. In the late '60s in a study paper, I grappled with the fact that the long-running discussion of "indigenization" was not adequate to address the new situation, but I did not yet have a satisfactory way of naming it. In 1972 Shoki Coe of the Theological Education Fund introduced the term that was quickly and widely accepted to describe this new perspective: contextualization.

Anyone connected with missions in the 1960s was bound to encounter the vigorous challenge that Donald McGavran had mounted against conventional mission policy and practice starting in the 1950s. My predecessor as missions secretary, J. D. Graber, had been a colleague of McGavran in India. McGavran's critique of mission policy and practice was on target; but we felt that his proposal needed a more adequate theological foundation. To foster this process of critical engagement and response, a group of us organized a symposium in February 1973 and then published the papers in a volume I edited, *The Challenge of Church Growth*.[1] The book was kept in print nearly 20 years.

> *Whatever I have written has grown out of the work I was doing.*

Subsequently, I have been involved in editing several other volumes, each with its own provenance. By 1980 I became convinced that a further constructive engagement with church growth thought was needed. Conversations with various colleagues confirmed that one could assemble a widely representative group of scholars to contribute essays, and Eerdmans Publishing Company expressed readiness to publish the book. In the preface to *Exploring Church Growth*[2] I noted:

> In our day we are witnessing the decline of the church in the West; at the same time the church in Asia, Africa, and Latin America is growing. The reasons for this ebb and flow would alone be sufficient grounds for inquiring into the phenomenon of church growth. Our aim is . . . to open up fresh lines of inquiry—historically, experientially, methodologically, and theologically.

Twenty-one writers contributed essays to this volume.

Mission studies have paid relatively little attention to the contribution of particular ecclesiastical traditions to the theory, theology, and practice of mission. To the extent that ecclesiastical categories have been used at all, mission historians and others have relied on Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox rubrics. Since 1945 several scholars in the field of Anabaptist studies had argued that mission was foundational to the Radical Reformation in the sixteenth century.[3] Yet no one had undertaken to present the evidence for this interpretation in a satisfactory way. As a first step I assembled 13 essays, including Franklin H. Littell's seminal 1947 essay, "The Anabaptist Theology of Mission," to form a volume that would fill this niche.[4] Much more work ought to be done investigating the nexus between ecclesiastical traditions and missionary practice.

In 1972 I began editing a small journal, *Mission Focus,* designed to be a forum for discussion of current issues in articles that were shorter than the usual scholarly article but that did not sacrifice depth and seriousness. In addition to contributing to this journal myself, it also was a means of stimulating a wide range of colleagues to write, who otherwise would not have made the effort. I edited this publication until 1996.

The mission agency with which I was associated began to encounter indigenous religious movements in Latin America starting in the early 1940s. These were movements that professed Christian faith but remained indigenous in ethos and practice. In 1954 the mission had engaged anthropologist-linguists William and Marie Reyburn as consultants to evaluate its work in the Argentine Chaco. The Reyburns focused attention on the strengths these indigenous movements offered and recommended making these the foundation for future work, rather than starting with problematic features.

A further chapter opened in 1959 when the mission found itself in the midst of flourishing indigenous churches in Nigeria, a phenomenon that had been the source of endless grief to the mission-founded churches. Considered on their own terms, these indigenous movements raised basic questions about prevailing mission theory and policy. Encouraged by other missions working in the area, the Mennonite mission decided to work with this challenge. This initiative led to collaboration between mission and university colleagues. Two books symbolize this development.

In 1990 Andrew Walls and I edited a volume honoring Harold W. Turner titled *Exploring New Religious Movements*.[5] Turner had pioneered the academic study of indigenous religious movements, starting in West Africa in 1958 and later extending his investigations worldwide. In an unusual alliance between academy and mission, my colleagues collected the raw data that Turner and Walls subjected to scholarly scrutiny in the Department of Religious Studies at the University of Nsukka.

A group of us also began to explore the historical and theological significance of the messianic dynamic in a wide variety of movements throughout history, including Christianity. Kenneth Cragg, the leading Christian student of Islam of the past generation, insists that the Greek rendering of Messiah as "Christ" was a necessary step, but it came at a price: "The Greek usage lacked the deep emotive power of its Hebrew original."[6] Would a retrieval of this original Hebraic understanding of the messianic furnish a bridge to such movements? Indeed, could this lead to recovery of a Christology that would infuse mission theology with new power?

> *Mission studies have paid relatively little attention to the contribution of particular ecclesiastical traditions to the theory, theology, and practice of mission.*

After a long period of incubation, we finally formed a work group of six persons in the late 1980s and began working on the project. The results were published as *The Transfiguration of Mission* in 1993.[7] Outlining the argument for this particular approach to missiology in the opening chapter, I suggested that a missiology that is relevant to all cultures "will be based on the work of Jesus the Messiah. It will always be missiology enroute. It is not a set of timeless axioms waiting to be applied in all situations. Rather it will be a dynamic missiology to the degree it is continually tested and applied as the messianic community witnesses to the world of its own experience of being transformed through encounter with the Messiah."[8] This is the stance that will deliver us from the blight of triumphalism that has too often marred missionary witness.

In 1973 I was granted a study leave that enabled me to do doctoral studies with Andrew Walls at Aberdeen University. At Walls' suggestion, I undertook to do research on the foremost British mission leader of the nineteenth century, Henry Venn (1796-1873). This allowed me to become an understudy of a master mission administrator. Over a period of 31 years as senior secretary of the Anglican Church Missionary Society, Venn wrote more than 6,000 letters, along with major policy statements that framed the whole missionary enterprise.

This was a mother lode of nineteenth-century missions that could not be fully exploited in a single dissertation. Subsequently, I have written a considerable number of essays that draw on these materials, and I published an abbreviated version of the dissertation as a book. The concluding paragraph of the book gives a measure of Venn as a leader:

> It was Henry Venn's gift to be able to grasp clearly the central issue while being unusually resourceful and flexible in working out a program response. It is the bane of lesser men and women to be inflexible in methods of work while having no clear perception of the larger issues at stake.[9]

The Venn legacy has abiding significance for the mission of the church.

An unexpected spin-off of my Venn project resulted from one of the first articles I published based on my research. This was "Henry Venn's Legacy" which appeared in the *Occasional* (now *International) Bulletin of Missionary Research* in 1977. There I gave a brief biographical sketch and then summarized Venn's main contribution to mission thought. The article set in motion the "Legacy Series" that remains a regular feature of this leading journal in the field of mission studies. In 1994, 75 of these articles were published as *Mission Legacies*, edited by Gerald H. Anderson *et al.*[10] The collection has become a favorite of students.

In 1986 the Institute for the Study of American Evangelicals sponsored a conference on A Century of World Evangelization: North American Evangelical Missions, 1886-1996. Joel A. Carpenter and I edited the volume, *Earthen Vessels: American Evangelicals and Foreign Missions, 1880-1980*,[11] based on papers presented at the conference. This has laid the foundation for a new historiography of American evangelical missions. Although it has long been acknowledged that evangelical identity is bound up with missions and evangelism, we are still in the first stage of exploring this area. This volume has given needed impetus.

Many of my essays were written for consultations, symposia, and conferences and then published in journals or in conference volumes. In 1989 I was invited to give lectures at several locations in Japan on the future of the Christian mission. These four essays were published in Japanese in a series of books sponsored by the Tokyo Mission Research Institute in 1994.

By1980 I was convinced a fresh approach to address the future of Christian faith in the West was needed. I soon discovered others who shared this concern. In 1989 the British "Gospel and Our Culture Programme," the brainchild of Lesslie Newbigin and a number of people associated with him, invited me to work with them. I spent half of the years 1990, 1991, and 1992 based in Birmingham, in the United Kingdom, associated with this project. Two publishing projects have resulted, sustained, in part, with funding from the Pew Charitable Trusts. In both instances I have played the role of both editor and writer. The Christian Mission and Modern Culture series, ultimately to consist of 28 volumes, is being published by Trinity Press International.

Although it has long been acknowledged that evangelical identity is bound up with missions and evangelism, we are still in the first stage of exploring this area.

The book I wrote for this series first took shape as the *1993 Mission of the Church Lectures,* at the Emmanuel School of Religion in Johnson City, Tennessee. The title was inspired by Habbakuk 2:2: "Write the vision and make it plain. . . . For there is a vision for the appointed time." The book was published in 1995 as *Write the Vision: The Church Renewed.* There has been no lack of prophets in modern times calling for reform of the church; but the mainstream church has effectively resisted these voices, even in the recent period when these churches have experienced steady decline.

My first purpose is to let these voices be heard one more time. A favorite "voice" is that of Canon Walter Hobhouse who delivered the Bampton Lectures in Oxford in 1909. In the Preface to *The Church and the World in Idea and History* (1909), he bares his soul and says that he selected the topic even though it was bound to be "distasteful" to many in his own Anglican Church and would likely appeal chiefly to "Presbyterians or 'Free Churchmen.'" I consciously developed the argument using the *voices* of mainstream representatives.

However, all churches are facing the same critical challenge in this time of decisive cultural change. I continue to believe, as I write near the end of that book:

> The future of Christian witness in modern culture is intimately connected with the shape of the church of the future. The vision we seek is of the church as the worthy instrument of God's passion to redeem the world. Such a church will be a people identifiable because they are a 'holy nation' who 'proclaim the mighty acts of God.' This church has one purpose and that is to be God's ministers of reconciliation in the world.[12]

Renewal cannot rightly be conceived of apart from mission.

The other set of publications are the fruit of the Missiology of Western Culture Project. These volumes will not be published by a single publisher. The first

—*Please turn to page 22.*

WILBERT R. SHENK, Ph.D., professor of mission history and contemporary culture in Fuller's School of World Mission, is a former Mennonite professor/missionary in Indonesia. He also served as vice president of Overseas Ministries for the Mennonite Board of Missions from 1965 to 1990. Dr. Shenk is the author of *Write the Vision: The Church Renewed* (Trinity Press, 1995) and *The Changing Frontiers of Mission* (Orbis Books, 1999) and the coeditor of *Earthen Vessels: American Evangelicals and Foreign Missions, 1880-1980* (Eerdmans, 1990).

A Psychologist Writes

BY HENDRIKA VANDE KEMP

I generally write on my home computer, which I've set up with various disability accommodations: a 17-inch monitor, an ergonomic keyboard resting on its own lap pillow, a footrest, a nonglare lamp, and a rolling chair with comfortable arm rests. Occasionally I write with classical music in the background (preferably organ music, which helps to normalize my brain waves), under the watchful eyes of Dawn, my Siamese cat.

I seldom write until a piece has taken form in my mind and my creative subconscious has provided an acceptable opening sentence. As I write, I often "break" to go online, in order to verify a reference or add items to a literature review. I frequently print rough drafts, and sit on the living room couch to proofread hard copy, feet on a pillowed footstool, Dawn curled up at my side. I like to write at home, where the dry moments involved in writing the next sentence can be used to start a load of laundry, wash a sink full of dishes, clean the bathroom, or brew a cup of tea.

Stimulation for my writing comes from a variety of sources, as is clear from the notes in my files. These are scribbled on the backs of bank deposit slips, in the margins of church bulletins, on scraps of recycled paper and empty envelopes, on notes in the middle of meetings and seminars, and between the lines of my lecture notes. Sometimes my ideas originate in clinical experiences, as did "Psychotherapy and Redemption: A Tribute to a Dying Mom." Sometimes a paper falls into place in the middle of a sermon, as did "The Family, Religion and Identity: A Reformed Perspective." Occasionally, I combine clinical experience with comments or questions from students as I develop an idea, as occurred for the soon-to-be published paper "Lord Peter Wimsey in the Novel/Comedy of Manners: Courtesy, Intimacy, and the Courage to Be." At other times, I derive inspiration from an invitation to speak at a conference. Thus, an invitation to speak at a meeting of the Christian Association for Psychological Studies spurred me to write "Christian Psychologies for the 21st Century: Lessons from History," a piece which emphasizes the contributions of nineteenth-century Christian phrenologists.

I seldom write until a piece has taken form in my mind and my creative subconscious has provided an acceptable opening sentence.

For my historical work, the background research often spans several years, as I accumulate archival data and copies of relevant documents; correspond with librarians, archivists, and professional colleagues; and organize the information into a functional data base. Such a complex research process was involved in producing the intellectual family trees of the psychology faculty that were published in *Psychology and the Cross: The Early History of Fuller Seminary's School of Psychology*.[1] Students in History and Systems of Psychology classes collected the data, a process which required extensive library research, the use of interlibrary loan services, and the help of archivists and librarians all over the country. Often, I feel like "the Sherlock Holmes of the card catalog" as I pursue curiosities and anomalies encountered in my reading. Thus, in a still unpublished book chapter on the phenomenological psychologist Robert Brodie MacLeod, I wrote:

> Most historians of psychology soon discover that history resembles mystery. Beginning with one small, tantalizing clue, the historical sleuth relentlessly pursues a trail of facts, undeterred by dozens of fruitless leads, rewarded by occasional facts that accumulate to build a case. This is the story of such a mystery. It began with one small fact: the publication, in the early 1950s, of a 24-page pamphlet by Robert Brodie MacLeod, titled "Religious Perspectives of College Teaching in Experimental Psychology." This authorship struck me as a curiosity, and I added MacLeod to the numerous great psychologists who remained "unknown" as psychologists of religion.

I started the MacLeod research by placing an inquiry regarding the above work in the *History of Psychology* newsletter. The only response to this inquiry was a discouraging letter from a psychologist who advised me to phrase my questions more neutrally. She believed that the words "become involved in" (as opposed to "become interested in") implied "something shady." MacLeod might merely accuse this historian of interpreting words in a "Pickwickian sense." As I was thoroughly demoralized, I set the project aside for nearly four years, until it occurred to me that Swarthmore alumni/ae might be able to help. An inquiry printed in the *Swarthmore College Bulletin* proved to be extremely fruitful and, eventually, I was able to

write a lengthy chapter on MacLeod's work on religion.

One of MacLeod's former students, Mary McDermott Shideler, was also a Charles Williams scholar. Our correspondence regarding MacLeod and Williams led to a treasured friendship; and, in the last decade, I've been a regular visitor to High Haven, her home in Boulder Heights. There we discuss topics that range from Williams and MacLeod to Dorothy Sayers, our favorite mysteries, descriptive psychology, feminism, aging (Mary is now past 80), and Robert McAfee Brown's *St. Hereticus.* (Mary owns the original of the *St. Hereticus* icon printed on the cover of these books.)[2] I've found that my historical research often leads me to such kindred souls.

The hardest piece I ever wrote, measured in terms of the sheer physical and mental agony of research and writing, was "G. Stanley Hall and the Clark School of Religious Psychology." I was invited to contribute this piece to a centennial issue of *The American Psychologist* not long after I sustained my head injury—and before it was diagnosed. I was able to work in a concentrated way for only short periods of time. Extended periods of reading or writing exacerbated my back pain, my fatigue, and the never-ending posttraumatic headaches. But I was determined to write this article, especially after my neuropsychologist at UCLA advised me not to pass up this opportunity to write for a journal with such extensive circulation (about 70,000). This article was virtually "written in blood." I was often overwhelmed by the challenge of trying to verify historical facts and to ensure accuracy of names and dates when I routinely transposed letters and numbers. I was able to complete the article only because my editor graciously extended the deadline.

I encountered a different type of difficulty in the writing of my book chapter "Gordon Allport's Pre-1950 Writings on Religion: The Archival Record."[3] Allport's unpublished papers, and even his published chapel sermons,[4] are filled with undocumented quotations from hymns, creeds, psychological and theological works, poetry, literature, and classical sources. I spent at least a full week as a sleuth, tracking down sources for the quotations I wanted to retain; spending headache-producing hours paging through poetry anthologies, indexes to first lines of hymns, and various anthologies of quotations; reading electronic internet texts; searching psychology data bases; and talking or writing to helpful librarians and archivists. I find such painstaking efforts worth-

Stimulation for my writing comes from a variety of sources, as is clear from the notes in my files. . . . Sometimes my ideas originate in clinical experiences.

while because complete citations ensure academic integrity and also lead the reader directly to the original sources.

My articles and book chapters are generally written with a professional rather than lay audience in mind. Like Stan Jones, I believe that Christian psychologists must produce "exemplary scholarly work that is recognized as such by the general academic community and which is rooted, explicitly or implicitly, in Christian conceptions of the person."[5] Even when my integration is implicit rather than explicit, I hope that the investment of my talents will yield the fruit of respect for the community of Christian scholars.

I suspect my style has changed little since I wrote my doctoral dissertation more than two decades ago. I've always been interested in a range of subject matter. What has changed most is probably my commitment to relational theology and interpersonal psychology in regards to the nature of persons and my rejection of natural science methods for the study of persons.

My writings represent a wide range of subjects, a wide variety of "methods," and the wearing of various professional hats. I am the qualitative, interview-based researcher in my master's thesis, "Dimensions of Religious Growth and Development in the College Years." I represent the historian and reference librarian in "Psychology and Theology in Western Thought, 1672-1965: A Historical and Annotated Bibliography." I embody the topical historian in my dissertation, "The Dream in Periodical Literature: 1860-1910," the article on G. Stanley Hall, and "Religion in College Textbooks: Allport's Historic 1948 Report." I become the biographer in my book chapters on Robert Brodie MacLeod and "Diana Baumrind: Researcher and Critical Humanist."[6] I become the feminist scholar/historian in the book chapter (coauthored with Tamara L. Anderson), "Humanistic Psychology and Feminist Psychology,"[7] the book (with Barbara Eurich-Rascoe as the primary author) *Femininity and Shame: Women and Men Giving Voice to the Feminine,*[8] and the obituary "In Memoriam: Virginia Staudt Sexton (1916-1997)." I exemplify the clinical phenomenologist when I report on my own experiences in the book chapter "Adrift in Pain, Anchored by Grace" and the article "Character Armor or the Armor of Faith? Reflections of Psychologies of Suffering." And I typify the research phenomenologist when I catalog hundreds of dreams in the Appendix to my dissertation. I am the qualitative-quantitative researcher when I study family therapy process, as illustrated in the article (coauthored with Heather Laird) "Complementarity as a Function of Stage in Therapy: An Analysis of Minuchin's Structural Family Therapy." I become the integrator of literature and psychology/theology in my article "Relational Ethics in the Novels of Charles Williams." I am the creative artist and dreamer in "Three Story-Book Dreams with Interpretive Commentary." Each of these roles and approaches reflects a facet of my personality and of my life as a writer.

I no doubt agonized the most over "Adrift in Pain, Anchored by Grace." I had promised the editor that I would write my story for *Storying Ourselves.*[9] At the time, I envisioned a commentary on my writing, as I've done here, but my head injury, and the subsequent manic episode that resulted because of my neurologist's misguided prescriptions for headache pain, greatly altered this plan. As the deadline for the book chapter approached, I was in the midst of what turned out to be four years of unremitting posttraumatic headache. I was trying to assimilate what was essentially a psychotic experience. I was adjusting to a variety of accident-related losses that affected both my personal and professional self. I felt like the only story I had to tell was one of pain, and I felt immobilized as I anticipated writing the paper I originally envisioned.

One Saturday morning I decided I'd better just tell the story of pain, and I sat down with a dictaphone and spoke for about three hours. This is the only work I've published for which a first draft was typed by a secretary. That first draft led to a life narrative that placed the pain within the larger narrative of God's grace. I was able, in J. R. R. Tolkien's words, to move from catastrophe through moments of *dys*-catastrophe and to glimpse the *eu*-catastrophe, "the good catastrophe, the sudden joyous turn."[10] I also experienced mental agony as I anticipated the publication of this book chapter, which exposed my vulnerable self to the world in the hope that my story would speak to others who were suffering.

I seldom think in terms as grand as "the book that I would most like to put in the hands of the church." I would like to complete the book contracted with Baker Book House, tentatively titled, *Moments in the History of Integration.* I would like to publish family process/therapy research

My writings represent a wide range of subjects, a wide variety of methods, and the wearing of various professional hats.

using the structural analysis of social behavior. I would like to publish several of my dreams as creative works. And perhaps, when I'm feeling courageous enough, I might publish a book for both Christian and secular audiences that focuses on my experiences with disability and trauma. ■

HENDRIKA VANDE KEMP, Ph.D., professor of psychology, has been a member of Fuller's School of Psychology since 1978. Dr. Vande Kemp was the first woman faculty member to receive tenure at the seminary and was the recipient of the 1996 Weyerhaeuser Award. In addition to her many articles in professional journals and chapters in psychological encyclopedias and dictionaries, she is the author of *Family Therapy: Christian Perspectives* (Baker Books, 1992); and *Psychology and Theology in Western Thought, 1672-1965: A Historical and Annotated Bibliography,* with H. Newton Malony (Kraus, 1986).

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10. J. R. R. Tolkien, "On Fairy Stories" in C. S. Lewis, Ed., *Essays Presented to Charles Williams* (1947; reprint, Eerdmans, 1966), p. 81.

On Becoming a Writer

—From page 9

the luxury of searching within and researching without.

When writing a book, one denies that it reveals a deep agenda in one's own spiritual formation and character development, but in the hindsight of ten years, one sees that it is so. One writes what one needs to learn, must come to understand.

Good writing is like carrying on a profound conversation. One risks, reflects, reveals both awareness and insight. One risks a new way of perceiving (awareness), then reflects on its significance (insight), and at last reveals its integrative meaning (closure). Chapter by chapter, one gathers the data, interprets its meaning, arrives at discovery. The book becomes your conversation partner. It talks back, confronts, and corrects your thinking. And,

now and then, rewards you with an insight that comes as a gift. One's best writing is rooted in pain—some area of personal or empathic pain that is searching for healing. The suffering presses us toward discovery, infuses us with passion. One writes with intensity of commitment to the project. One cares.

As one writes, one takes responsibility for what is written, yet lets go of it and prizes its separate existence. One cares about the piece and its integrity, while caring more about the larger issue it can only touch in part. One translates the meaning into communicative words, yet recognizes that what is most important may be untranslatable. One risks writing what is known, realizing tomorrow's learnings will challenge it, yet putting one's heart and soul into the truth seen now. One writes subversively, believing that change, threatening as it is, is possible, if we each nudge our world one millimeter toward justice, compassion, and grace. ■

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1 Milton Mayeroff, *On Caring* (New York: Harper & Row, 1971), 1, 7.
2 Mayeroff, Frontispiece.

Trying to Write Good—I Mean, Trying to Write Well to *Do* Good

—From page 15

projects have given direction to my teaching, led me to friends (and a few enemies!), and motivated much of my travel—all the way to South Africa in one case. So the books have done me a great deal of good. Have they achieved what I stated above to be my primary purpose in writing—service to God's people? That is much harder to judge. ■

BOOKS I RECOMMEND:

1 Nancey Murphy, *Beyond Liberalism and Fundamentalism: How Modern and Postmodern Philosophy Set the Theological Agenda* (Trinity Press, 1996).
2 Nancey Murphy and George F.R. Ellis, *On the Moral Nature of the Universe: Theology, Cosmology, and Ethics* (Fortress Press, 1996).
3 Nancey Murphy, *Anglo-American Postmodernity: Philosophical Perspectives on Science, Religion, and Ethics* (Westview Press, 1997).
4 Nancey Murphy, Brad J. Kallenberg, and Mark Thiessen Nation, Eds., *Virtues and Practices in the Christian Tradition: Christian Ethics After MacIntyre* (Trinity Press, 1997).
5 Warren S. Brown, Nancey Murphy, and H. Newton Malony, Eds., *Whatever Happened to the Soul? Scientific and Theological Portraits of Human Nature* (Fortress Press, 1998).

Writing the Vision

—From page 18

volume, *To Stake a Claim: Mission and the Western Crisis of Knowledge*, edited by J. Andrew Kirk and Kevin J. Vanhoozer and due to be published by Orbis Books in November 1999, was written by a team of philosophers, including professor Nancey Murphy of Fuller Seminary, and missiologists. This is a first-of-a-kind work that considers the ways epistemology has changed as we come to the end of the modern period and what this means from a missiological viewpoint. My own contribution to this project, still to be written, will be a volume summarizing and synthesizing the main findings of the project.

In April 1999, Orbis Books published a collection of 15 of my essays under the title *Changing Frontiers of Mission*.[13] Having been directly involved in the international Christian movement since 1955, the question of change has been a constant concern. And the way we understand "frontier" today is fundamentally different from what it was a generation ago. In 1960 we were still controlled to a large extent by geography. But space exploration, the transition from modernity to postmodernity, and the quest for personal and national identity in this changed landscape, have all contributed to a changed perception. The true frontier is located wherever the reign of God is encountering the forces of evil in the world. That is where the church is called to witness.

The Western church still has not caught up with the meaning of the fundamental shift in Christian identity that has come about as a result of two developments over the past two centuries. In the West the church has continued to lose prestige and power—and in many countries membership as well—throughout the modern period. But as a result of the modern mission movement, 60 percent of all Christians are now found outside the West. My essay, "Toward a Global Church History,"[14] became a catalyst for an international consultation of church historians, mission historians, and missiologists hosted by Fuller Seminary in the spring of 1998 to think together about the future shape of Christian history. I am currently editing the main addresses given at the consultation for publication. This represents one of the frontiers facing us today. ■

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2 Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1983, vii, viii.
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4 *Anabaptism and Mission* (Herald Press, 1984). David J. Bosch is the first missiologist to make this point. See his magisterial study, *Transforming Mission: Paradigm Shifts in Theology of Mission* (Orbis Books, 1991), 245f.
5 *Mission Focus Publications*, 1990.
6 *Christianity in World Perspective* (Oxford University Press, 1968), 58.
7 Wilbert R. Shenk, Ed., *The Transfiguration of Mission* (Herald Press, 1993).
8 Ibid., 32.
9 *Henry Venn—Missionary Statesman* (Orbis Books, 1983), 116.
10 Orbis Books, 1994.
11 Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1990.
12 *Write the Vision* (Trinity Press, 1995), 100.
13 This is also volume 28 in the American Society of Missiology Series published in association with Orbis Books.
14 *International Bulletin of Missionary Research* 20:2 (April 1996), 50-57.

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Upcoming Events

JANUARY

6-7 **SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ALPHA TRAINING CONFERENCE**, in Anaheim, California, sponsored by Fuller's Lowell W. Berry Institute

11 **PROFESSORIAL INAUGURAL LECTURE BY MARIANNE MEYE THOMPSON,** Ph.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation, School of Theology

15 **"FULLER VISITS DALLAS,"** Wyndham Arlington Hotel, Dallas, Texas

19-21 **SYMPOSIUM ON THE INTEGRATION OF FAITH AND PSYCHOLOGY**, School of Psychology, featuring guest lecturer Everette V. Worthington, Ph.D.

26 **INSTALLATION OF SHERWOOD G. LINGENFELTER,** Ph.D., as Dean of the School of World Mission and Professor of Anthropology, First Congregational Church, Pasadena

FEBRUARY

3 **NATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER ALUMNI/AE BREAKFAST,** Hilton Hotel and Towers, Washington, D.C.

18-19 **REGIONAL RENOVARÉ CONFERENCE**, at Valley Cathedral, Phoenix, Arizona. sponsored by Fuller's Lowell W. Berry Institute

23 **INSTALLATION OF EDMUND GIBBS,** D.Min., into the Donald A. McGavran Chair of Church Growth, School of World Mission, First Congregational Church, Pasadena

24-25 **PHOENIX ALPHA TRAINING CONFERENCE**, in Phoenix, Arizona, sponsored by Fuller's Lowell W. Berry Institute

MARCH

2-4 **"HONOLULU 2000" ALUMNI/AE LUNCHEON,** Hawaii Convention Center, Honolulu, Hawaii

4 **"FULLER VISITS SEATTLE,"** Sheraton Hotel and Towers, Seattle, Washington

(Unless otherwise noted, events will be held at Fuller Seminary.)