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Theology, News and Notes

DECEMBER 1989

INFLUENCES II



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Introduction

The November 1987, issue of *Theology, News and Notes* was comprised of brief articles by faculty, administrators and staff on the persons, ideas and events, which have most influenced them. The cover bore an inscription of 1 Thes. 5:11, "Therefore, encourage one another and build each other up, just as in fact you are doing."

The response to the issue was overwhelmingly positive. The sharing of spiritual journeys did indeed provide encouragement. From these narratives was gained a better understanding of the people around us and an increased appreciation for the wonderful and diverse means that God has used to bring us together in community.

Even before that first *Influences* issue went to press, it became obvious that another issue of the same genre would be forthcoming. It is, after all, the privilege and joy of all Christians to declare "what great things" God has done for them. And so we extended the invitation to another list of faculty, staff and administrators to share the major influences in their lives. Their responses comprise the present issue. We offer it to you, not with the nervousness of producers of a movie sequel, but with the calm assurance that you will find encouragement and inspiration in these pages, for they tell of God at work in contemporary lives acting with never-failing love and mercy to meet the needs of each of his unique creations. Hence

Influences II ■


for the Editorial Board

Leslie C. Allen Professor of Old Testament



A woman was reading aloud from the Psalms during the church service. Since she was seated and nearer the front of the church, I couldn't see her very well but her voice rang out clear and full of expression. I knew that when she stopped I would have to do something—and that if I did nothing, it would be an omission of equal significance for me. She was breaking the rules. At that do-it-yourself worship service, which culminated in a celebration of the Lord's Supper, only men were supposed to take part. All around me Bibles were kept closed, and heads were bowed not in prayer but in embarrassment.

Ironically my wife and I had moved to that church because we had been told that women were to be allowed to pray at the midweek prayer meeting. After we arrived, however, we found that although the elders were in favor, the rank and file, especially the older women, were not, and the proposal was dropped. One Sunday morning we witnessed the formal closing of the service with the benediction in order to let a woman missionary present her report, not to the church but to individuals who sat in the same seats as before the benediction!

In many respects it was a good and happy church. Besides, loyalty to a denomination that years before had brought me to the Lord kept me there. Yet, teaching as I did at an interdenominational theological college, I felt more at home at the weekday services there than I did here on Sunday mornings. I belonged to a ginger group within the denomination that pressed for changes. Besides, my wife had been a lay preacher among the Baptists. So I

ought to do something to back up this woman taking part. Dare I?

The woman read on and I had to make up my mind. What made the situation more acute was that she was the wife of one of my students, a student moreover who was in my fellowship group. I was responsible for the welfare of about sixteen or so students, and I tried to include their spouses or fiance(e)s. So I knew both husband and wife well, after weekly Bible studies, discussions and regular outings to Windsor or Greenwich or "Fiddler on the Roof." Should I somehow back her up, or leave her alone in her lion's den?

As she read on, I glanced down at my Bible and saw that she had only a few verses left. I knew which way my conscience pointed. But I knew the unwritten rule in the case of such a disturbance: ignore it and pretend it never happened. A brother should stand up and announce a hymn, preferably reverting explicitly to a motif expressed earlier in the service, thereby excluding the faux pas from the flow of worship.

Inwardly quaking, I stood up as she finished, and in calm and friendly tones began to address the gathering: "What a beautiful psalm that is! Let's look back over it, shall we, and see how well it fits into our service..." A small step for woman, and hopefully for the glory of God. ■

Judith K. Balswick Assistant Professor of Marriage & Family

This short article is a tribute to my grandmothers, two devout women of faith who had an important influence in my life. In their own unique ways, they both inspired me to be responsive to the God they loved and served.

We lived in the small farm community of Sherrard, Illinois. Grandmother Rummelt lived in our home, and Grandma and Grandpa Nelson lived in the small town just seven miles away. As a young girl, I had the privilege of an intimate relationship with my grandparents. Every Sunday after church, the extended family gathered for family dinner and spent the entire day together. This Sunday ritual was an important family time, as were Wednesday evenings and the special holiday celebrations throughout the years.

Grandmother Rummelt, a staunch Dutch Reformed widow, was a person to be admired. She had raised a family of seven children as a single parent, following the untimely death of her forty-year-old husband. A woman of personal strength and character, she proudly spoke of her Freisland heritage and told stories of her childhood days in the Netherlands.

Grandmother had the ability to notice beauty in the smallest flower. We walked together through the farm fields and picked wildflower bouquets and listened for the beautiful songs of the birds. She opened my eyes and ears to the Creator behind the creation.

Grandmother was a student of the Scriptures. Reading from her well-worn Scofield Bible, she helped me

understand the truths contained in those pages. A musically talented woman, Grandmother often sang solos in church. She sang confidently with emotion and compassion about her Lord and touched the people who heard her. Her talent was a natural, congruent expression of who she was and how she lived her life of faith.

Intelligent, curious, gifted and responsive to God in all of life, Grandmother Rummelt challenged me to listen for God in all of my own life.

Grandma Nelson, a Swedish Lutheran woman, was rather shy and physically small in stature. A gentle, warm, caring woman, she knew and loved God in a more quiet manner. There was a depth to her faith which perhaps came from enduring the loss of her only daughter at age 18 and her oldest son at age 24. She had a sadness in her eyes at times which spoke of pain, and yet it was obvious that she found deep comfort and strength in her personal relationship with God. Grandma spent many hours in the privacy of her bedroom reading her well-worn Bible and praying.

Grandma also had a wonderful sparkle in her eyes and a love of life. She played with her grandchildren and provided a safe and comforting place for us to be. I have a special memory of her washing our hands before dinner. She would stand next to us (she was about our size), take our hands in hers and gently wash them with her own hands. This was a nurturing act which assured me that I was loved, accepted and cherished by her. It provided me with an image of God as a nurturer who lovingly takes my hand, cherishes me and is intimately present with me in the moment.

I am thankful for my grandmothers who taught me about God

through their personal lives of faith. Their lives were their gifts to me, pointing me to a personal God who is both Creator and Sustainer, strong and gentle, challenging and caring. This is a God I responded to and trusted as my personal Savior.

Isaiah 46:3-4 uses a maternal metaphor for God:

"Listen to me, O house of Jacob, all you who remain of the house of Israel, you whom I have upheld since you were conceived, and have carried since your birth. Even to your old age and gray hairs I am he, I am he who will sustain you. I have made you and I will carry you; I will sustain you and I will rescue you." (RSV)

These themes I learned from my grandmothers: God is Creator, Sustainer, Protector, Deliverer, merciful and gracious. Lived out before me as God carried them through life and into old age, this truth became my own heritage and hope! ■



J. Dudley Woodberry Associate Professor of Islamic Studies

Michelangelo's David towered above our family in Florence. The sculptor had had a vision of what he wanted. It was there in flawed marble. All he had to do was chip off what he didn't want. Ever since I viewed that masterpiece, I have seen the influences in my life as the Master Sculptor guiding the hands of people with the chisel of experience to chip off what he did not want in the flawed marble of my life. During each of four periods, by means of a series of blows, a definite shape has become evident with clearer features each time.

In the first period, my childhood, I began to be formed into a missionary. I started on the crossbar of the bicycle of my father, a rural evangelist in China, and finished behind the barbed wire encircling the China Inland Mission School in Cheefoo, where my brothers, sister and I became prisoners of war. In the early years the chisel was in the determined hands of a mother who would not let repeated medical rejections



keep her from the mission field and a father whose evangelistic zeal carried him through every conflict in the Orient from the Boxer Rebellion in his boyhood to the Korean War.

During the second period, my schooling in the United States, I was shaped for teaching. This period started on a farm in upstate New York and continued at the Stony Brook School on Long Island where the chisel was taken up by the skilled hands of Marvin Goldberg, who demanded excellence on his track and in his chemistry lab. He passed it on to Herbert Mekeel, my college pastor, who, without a family of his own, made every young parishioner his own.

When two years of college had not given me a clear sense of what kind of missionary to become (since I only had experiences as a newspaper reporter and a horseback riding instructor), he suggested I go to the mission field and see. With a knapsack on my back, I hitchhiked through eight Latin American countries without coming to any conclusions. Then, while working my way from Panama by helping to pilot a small boat, I had to sit out a hurricane in Cuba. Thus, without previous planning, I was able to visit a Presbyterian seminary and get a long-term vision for the opportunities of seminary teaching.

In the third period, the rest of my formal education, my eyes were di-

rected toward the Goliath of the Muslim World by a number of hands. The tilt of my head had been set years earlier as I heard Samuel Zwemer describe his all-consuming passion—the World of Islam. I tested the direction while building a goat barn in Lebanon, earning part of my passage on a tiny, rusting Israeli freighter. Then Nabih Amin Faris at the American University of Beirut and Sir Hamilton Gibb at Harvard University chipped away that which obstructed my eyes from seeing the inter-relatedness of Islam with history and all of culture.

The final period was the scraping and polishing which experience brought to the rough edges of theory, where the Muslims of the street did not always match the Muslims of the textbook and lecture hall. This took place in the capitals of Pakistan, Afghanistan and finally Saudi Arabia where, as the first resident pastor, I could make the original mistakes. The daily polishing came from my family who moved with me until John, Bob and David ran out of schooling and my wife, Roberta, ran out of adequate medical help. Then I moved with them.

Michelangelo's David and I have both been dragged off to the academy after being shaped by others. He stands poised at the moment of decision, his task before him. I, too, stand less gloriously but exposed, my task before me, swinging theological pebbles around my head contextually, hoping some will reach their mark. ■

Hoover Wong Assistant Professor of Chinese Studies

As I planned and crafted this statement, I was made increasingly aware of this fact, that my actions, even the smallest, are really crafted and controlled by God. This presentation, then is a testament to his goodness and credit.

They say big doors often swing on small hinges. Consider the doors of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. The hinges which have opened doors in my life have included a missionary-to-be's prayers, an employer's counsel, an academician's teaching and a Christian leader's modeling. Circumventing all of this, enriching the work of the hinges, was the consistent piety and deep spiritual witness of my wife, Madeline, plus a few books along the way.

Unlike many, whose testimonies are included in this issue, my beginnings were lodged in deceit, coercion, and brutality. My grandfather was a warlord with 100 renegades in old China, when the army was nil and the militia few. Pillage, rack and ruin were his footprints in the land. My father followed in the family business, becoming a Tong Society leader (akin to the Italian Mafia) in Boston, Massachusetts. With two guns in his waistbelt, he roamed greater New England as an enforcer for the Society and for gain. No, there wasn't that much going for me at home.

So I fled to the 'hinterlands' of the Navy in an effort to sort out my life. One dark night, apart from any Christian witness, in desperation, I offered my life to God. Somehow, I knew I had to begin there. I began to read the Bible. I began at page one. After two months of arduous reading and reflection, I was still bogged down at Genesis:10. Confused, I lost touch with the Lord and wondered if anything of spiritual significance had taken place. Then I got a letter from Jim Elliot, a Wheatonite and missions-bound. He had been praying for

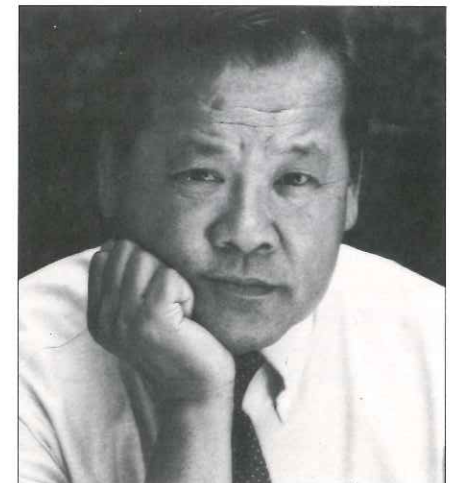
me for three months. He was urged by the Holy Spirit to now disclose his person and efforts. He had been referred to me by my childhood chum, also at Wheaton. Needless to say, God used Jim to deliver me from my perilous dangling on my gossamer-like thread of faith. Soon to be martyred by the Aucas (1956), Jim was already at work salvaging souls and propelling them on in their Christian lives.

When I got out of the Navy, I enrolled in Wheaton College where I earned a bachelor of science degree. Following graduation, I took a job in Boston as an organic research chemist. I also labored at night as the athletic director of the Boston YMCA. I shared Christ and faith, but with no results. Gripped by ineffectiveness, I was preoccupied in the day over that which I was endeavoring to accomplish at night. My boss and friend then proffered this advice, "Hoover, have you ever considered being a minister? It seems to be the thing on your heart." I reflected upon this insight and calculated his counsel. Six months later I was lodged in seminary and enjoying it. John was God's hinge that turned me toward ministry. It was no small thing.

The next significant turn was in academics. I had excelled in school but I had more facts than an integration of those facts. So I requested and gained a year's tutorial, "by-the-fireplace" schooling under J.O. Buswell, who had written the last complete theology at the time. We docked a whole year at Calvin's Institutes and related scribbles. We discussed and debated our findings. Dr. Buswell pushed me to my limits. My brain cells were exhausted. He was the hinge that provided me with a theological perspective for ministry and a life-long corpus of faith.

Ralph Winter was the fourth indispensable hinge in my passage through life. He was my leader-model. His life and efforts encouraged me toward servanthood, to see the big picture and the cosmic intentions of God. He led me to dream, to live out my dream with all the risks at hand, to see life as both a privilege and a high demand, and to simply obey and follow the Lord. Thus I have become a mission-minded pastor, hitting the streets, for God, and urging my Chinese brothers and sisters to do the same. It is no wonder then that I am now ensconced at the School of World Mission and in Chinese studies "forwarding the missionary task." What goes around has indeed come around for me in the most positive sense. Under God, all things have conjoined for good.

As a postscript, literary hinges in my turnings would include A.W. Pink for devotional Bible Studies, A.W. Tozer for pushing me upward and forward toward sainthood, plus C.S. Lewis, Harry Blamires, and Fred Beuchner for polished thinking and speaking. For my present level of growth, I salute the Lord's hinges as his good gifts to me; my many present deficiencies I take as my very own. I thank God for gifts. I thank God for mercy and grace as well. ■



C. Peter Wagner Donald McGavran Professor of Church Growth

Living through six decades provides one with a life perspective which begins to focus the whole picture. I doubt that during the final two decades of my life further influences will emerge which match those that have gone before.

Nothing has influenced me through life more than people. I think of several who have been a special part of who I am: my father, Edward Carnell, Joseph McCullough, Donald McGavran, John Wimber, Cathy Schaller, and many others. But far above any other individual, my wife, Doris, has been the most powerful influence on my life.

I was raised in a very happy home in the Northeast, struggling through the great depression and World War II. But religion was not part of our lifestyle, so when I left home I knew virtually nothing of Jesus Christ, church, the Bible or Christianity in general. In the fraternity house at Rutgers University, I plunged into the fast lane of college party life and learned by energetic experience the meaning of hedonism. Looking back, I must admit that I enjoyed it quite a bit.

But God had something else in mind for me. I had a dairy farming background and was majoring in agriculture at Rutgers. At the end of my freshman year I received an award which enabled me to spend the summer vacation on one of the nation's premier Guernsey farms located in Cortland, New York. One day I was milking a prize-winning cow, McDonald Farms Honeybloom,

when an old farmer friend paid me an unexpected visit. He and his wife introduced me to a neighbor girl they had brought along named Doris. The first time I set my eyes on her, I became very much interested.

I found out later that I didn't make a very good first impression. I was dirty, unshaven, and the juice from the tobacco I was chewing had made my lips and mouth unattractive to say the least. Nevertheless, my friend was able to arrange a date for me with Doris after the summer was over, and I took her to the county fair before returning to college.

One thing that I did not know, nor could have understood, was that one week before she walked into that barn where I was milking, she had received Jesus Christ as her Savior. As we saw each other through the months, she let me know of her Christian faith and even got me reading the Bible. I didn't have anything particularly against Christianity, but neither did I think it had much to offer a party boy like me.

Things changed when I asked her to marry me. She calmly said, "I can't because I promised God I would marry only a Christian." That was enough for me, so I replied, "Fine, I'll be one. Show me how." But that wasn't all. "I also promised God I would be a missionary," she said. I needed a brief explanation as to what a "missionary" was, but she explained it to me and I agreed to that as well. So we knelt together in the front room of her parents' farmhouse in upstate New York and I gave my life to Jesus Christ and dedicated myself to foreign missionary service at the same time. Doris and I are getting ready to celebrate our 40th anniversary!

Influences? That in itself would have been enough to put Doris at the top of my influence list, but it was

only the beginning.

After our theological studies at Fuller and Biola we spent 16 years as a missionary team to Bolivia. The vocational partnership was formalized in 1964 when she became my secretary, assisting me in directing our Mission's work in Bolivia and Peru. The relationship continued through the decade of the seventies in the Fuller Evangelistic Association and the eighties in the School of World Mission. After 25 years of sharing the same kitchen, bedroom, and office, ministry for either of us would be inconceivable without the other. ■



Russell P. Spittler Professor of New Testament



I date my theological birthday from a reading, in 1954 while a graduate student at Wheaton College, of Carl F. H. Henry's book *Remaking the Modern Mind* (Eerdmans, 1946). This book, I've always thought, has been undernoticed. The work deserves a leading place among the evangelical classics of this century.

Immediately upon discovery of Carl Henry, I sought and bought every title of his I could find—*The Uneasy Conscience of Modern Fundamentalism* (Eerdmans, 1947), *The Drift of Western Thought* (1951), through the edited works such as *Contemporary Evangelical Thought* (1957), *Revelation and the Bible* (1958), *The Biblical Expositor* (1960), right down through his *Confessions of a Theologian* (1986) to the *Twilight of a Great Civilization*, (1988). I own nearly all of the three dozen or so books he has written—beginning with *The Pacific-Garden Mission* (1942), where the journalist veered toward the theologian.

Carl Henry's influence on me can be understood only against the theological impoverishment characteristic of my first schooling. When I began college work in 1950, the Assemblies of God, my church, had no accredited liberal arts college. My first teachers in the three-year, unaccredited, denominational Bible institute I attended modeled for me a balanced Pentecostal peity—for which I am forever grateful. But they could not give what they had not received.

From Carl Henry I learned the anatomy of classical liberalism: the uniformity of nature, inherent human goodness, the perfectibility of society, the inevitability of progress—all muted by the war terrors of the

first half of the twentieth century. After reading Henry, I understood the nuances between fundamentalism and evangelicalism, liberalism and humanism, neo-orthodoxy and neo-evangelicalism. For all his big words (polysyllabism, he might write), he penetrates the issues and leaves his readers in clear grasp of the challenge presented by core Christianity to modern philosophical alternatives.

Tempted as I am by heritage and inclination toward a subtly gnostic excessive valuation of my own religious experience, reading Henry invariably calls me back to the bedrock of cognitive structure and method in the pursuit of truth. And thus to escape the subjectivism that easily ambushes charismatics of every sort in any era.

A salute to Carl F.H. Henry, one of Fuller's first faculty, from a deeply grateful but later member of the same faculty. ■

Siang-Yang Tan Associate Professor of Psychology

I was born and grew up in Singapore. A life-transforming event took place when I was a young teenager searching painfully and restlessly for the meaning of life and an answer to my fear of death. Through the witness of two Christian friends who were my neighbors, I finally saw the light and received Jesus Christ personally into my life as my Lord and Savior on August 12, 1968. I was "broken but made whole" in my conversion experience through which the Lord really changed my life.

I quickly became actively involved in an Open Brethren church (Bethesda Katong where Dr. Benjamin Chew is now Chair of the Elders Board) and in Singapore Youth for Christ, which provided me excellent leadership and ministry skills training. As a result of my YFC ministry experience and the mentoring I received from YFC leaders like Donald Chia and Harry Quek, I felt led by the Lord to obtain further training in clinical psychology in order to counsel and minister to others more effectively. I had to go abroad for such training since it was not available at the local university at that time.

Therefore, I arrived in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, in September 1973, to study at McGill University. I graduated from McGill with my B.A. in psychology (first class honors) in 1976, and my Ph.D. in clinical psychology in 1980, and was blessed with two excellent mentors—Dr. Ernest G. Poser, who directed one of the first clinical treatment and training facilities in behavior therapy in North America, and Dr. Ronald Melzack, probably the best-known psychologist in the area of pain. Dr. Poser also published a groundbreaking study in 1966 which showed that

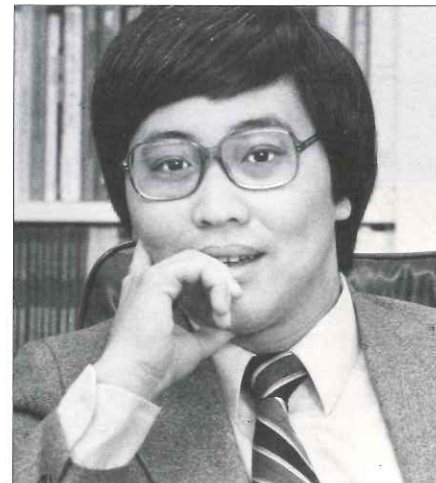
nonprofessionals (untrained college students) did as well as professional therapists in group therapy with schizophrenic patients. While there are methodological flaws with this study, many others since then have provided further support for the effectiveness of lay or paraprofessional counselors. It is perhaps not so ironic that the area of lay Christian counseling has become one of my major areas of interest and expertise today, and I have just completed writing a textbook on *Lay Counseling: Equipping Christians for a Helping Ministry* which will be published by Zondervan by late summer, 1990.

While at McGill University, I met Angela and we were married in May 1977. I would like to express my deepest appreciation for her and her significant contributions in so many ways in my life and ministry, as well as her own ministry.

After my work at University Hospital and the University of Western Ontario in London, Ontario, Canada, from 1980-83, another significant turning point took place in my life. My pastor, Dr. William McRae, had just been appointed president of Ontario Bible College and Ontario Theological Seminary in Toronto. He challenged me to leave secular employment and to use whatever spiritual gifts and talents the Lord had graciously given me to serve him and his Kingdom full-time, especially in the area of Christian counseling. After much prayer and painful reflection, I therefore left London and moved to Toronto in 1983 to teach at Ontario Bible College and to pastor part-time at the Malaysian-Singaporean Bible Church.

Shortly thereafter, a series of amazing providential events happened which led to my joining the faculty of Fuller's Graduate School of Psychology in August 1985. In the

past four-and-a-half years, I have been able to fully use my gifts, my training in clinical psychology, and my experience in ministry at Fuller (especially in the area of integration of psychology and Christian faith), as well as at my local church, First Evangelical Church of Glendale. I am deeply thankful to the Lord for leading Angela and me and our two children, Carolyn and Andrew here to Fuller. Fuller is an exciting, enriching, and challenging place, and the Lord has given me ample opportunities here to train and influence deeply committed and bright students from all over the world to become more effective servants for his Kingdom. Recently, I have experienced more deeply the renewal and power of the Holy Spirit in my life and ministry. I look forward, with joyful anticipation, to what the Lord will continue to do in terms of transforming lives through a life broken but made whole by him because of his love, grace and mercy. To God be the glory! ■



R. Daniel Shaw Associate Professor of Bible Translation



I was wonderfully blessed to be raised by missionary parents who had the insight to let me explore the world in which we lived. During my early years in India and later as a teenager in the Southern Philippines, I was often on trains or busses headed for improbable destinations. I had an insatiable desire to meet new people and discover what they were doing. It was this desire that initially drew me to the Samo who live in the dense rain forest of Papua New Guinea. I discovered them on a "needs" list in an anthropological journal; no one knew much about the people of the Nomad River Region. My first contact with them came one month after the government had lifted a ban on entrance into this area of rampant cannibalism, disease and spiritual oppression. Together, my wife, Karen, and I and our one-year-old son began a relationship that changed our collective lives. God placed a love for these people in our hearts and they, in turn, took us in and taught us what it meant to be Samo.

I recall the day they began to use kinship terms for us. We had been away for a brief period and had returned to continue language and culture learning. As we entered the village a man greeted me by using the term for younger brother; I was thrilled. Further up the path, a younger man grasped my hand and shouted "older brother" as we snapped middle fingers. They helped us unpack and left us to settle back in. Soon there was a commotion at the door. Opening it revealed my "older brother" standing there. He asked if we might have brought back some canned fish. In fact we had and I offered him some. Not long after, my "younger brother" came wondering if we had any matches and I gladly gave him a box. Soon our new "family" was lined up for little

"gifts". Initially I felt used but eventually came to realize they were helping us show hospitality—their way. Later I used this incident to explain our relationship to our "older brother" Jesus Christ who bestows good gifts to us when we approach him.

The Samo greatly fear the bush spirits that pervade the rain forest. They constantly carry weapons ready to confront an attack, camouflage themselves with leaves and grasses, and organize their daily activities to protect each other. They know how to ward off illness, and heal the sick as well as obtain food from the land. As we learned all this we were able to translate portions of Scripture that demonstrated God's concern for these same issues. They became interested in this God who could provide care in a precarious world. Their application of his Word to their lives taught us the importance of having a relationship with God, not just worshiping him. They taught us that God's Word was life not just something to apply to our lives. The Samo immeasurably influenced us and prepared us for the opportunity of passing on these lessons to students here at Fuller. These students, in turn, influence many others around the world.

Little did my parents realize the impact of their willingness to let me explore. I developed an attitude of learning from others, of discovering what life means to them. The Samo taught us so much! Through them God blessed us "for the gospel's sake" (1Cor. 9:23). ■

Donald A. McGavran Professor Emeritus of Church Growth



A significant influence in my life was a youth conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, in 1919. The claims of Christ became real to me. I turned from my intention to become a lawyer to a resolve to become a minister. Then, at the Student Volunteer Convention in Des Moines in December 1919, I believed that God was calling me to be a missionary. I enrolled in Yale Divinity School that fall in order to study missions under Dr. Latourette.

When I was sent out to India by the United Christian Missionary Society, I did the work assigned to me—managing mission schools. After I completed my doctoral studies at Union Theological Seminary in New York on my first furlough, I began in 1932 serving my mission as the executive secretary/treasurer of its 70-member India Mission. By 1936, having seen what my own mission and most of the surrounding missions in the great mid-India territory were doing, I became convinced that effective evangelism was what was desperately needed by all the missions in the area. The next 18 years of my life were devoted to evangelistic work. Perhaps 1,000 individuals were won and fifteen or so churches were established—no great success.

When Mrs. McGavran and I came home on furlough in 1954, my mission board sent me out to most of its other nine missions in Latin America, Africa, India and the Philippine Islands to research their evangelistic effectiveness. In each field I also studied the neighboring missions carried on by Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Pentecostals and others. Gradually concepts were forming in my mind as to what kinds of mission work were blessed by God and what kinds were not.

Then came the most influential decision in my life. I resolved to start

a graduate school devoted to educating career missionaries on furlough. On January 2, 1961, I opened the Institute of Church Growth, Eugene, Oregon with one lone student, a career Methodist missionary to Bolivia. The poor man had classes under Donald McGavran four hours every day. However, he produced a most significant study of how all the Protestant missions in Bolivia were and were not carrying out the Great Commission.

By June 1965 fifty-six career missionaries had studied at the Institute. They wrote researches on what was actually happening by way of "discipling ethnos after ethnos" (Matthew 28:19).

In 1965, President Hubbard of Fuller Theological Seminary invited me to become the founding dean of the School of World Mission. That school has now become the world's largest graduate school of world mission.

In 1953 I did a careful study of what the many missionaries in India from England, America, Sweden, Australia, and other lands were doing. I became convinced that most of them were doing good works (education, medicine, agricultural improvement, and the like) and were winning relatively few to Christian faith. Careful study of the Scriptures, however led me to believe that the heart of the missionary task was winning people to Christian faith. The goal of all missionary effort was the movement of the *ethne* (segments of the population) to Christ.

We face today a world population consisting of more than 100,000 unreached *ethne*. Each one must be disciplined along its own lines, in its own language, and in its own culture according to the population's level of education. ■

Robert B. Munger Professor Emeritus of Evangelism



I was favored at the very beginning by being born into a truly Christian family which had been converted through the ministry of a Mr. Boyd, whose name I bear. Though not a college graduate, himself, for years he taught a Bible class for students at the Presbyterian Church in Berkeley where he was an elder. (I later served this church as pastor for 17 years.) He was a valued participant in many evangelical enterprises locally and overseas.

My mother was a strong support in the home for quality faith, life and love. My brother, Maynard, lived out a life of remarkable lay witness and service for Christ in Fresno. My sister, Helen, continues a similar role still in Berkeley. A senior elder, still working and caring for students, she is known and loved by her whole congregation.

The church, under the pastorate of Dr. L.A. MacAfee shaped my Christian life more than I was aware at the time. At his retirement a plaque was placed on the wall of the church with the names of 125 young people called from that fellowship under his ministry to serve Christ vocationally, large numbers of them abroad. Early I learned that getting close to Christ could change things. But my friendships were formed outside the church as well as my interests.

At the end of my junior year at UC Berkeley, I shipped out as a deck hand to Australia. It was a decisive summer! As I stood watch night after night a contrast between the moral filth and utter futility of the kind of life in the fo'castle below and the purity, order and beauty of the starry heavens above, confronted me with my own emptiness and meaninglessness—my need of God. The weeks before starting my senior year were

spent vacationing with my parents at Mt. Hermon, a Christian conference center. There I was drawn into one of their initial youth conferences. Henrietta Miers (thank God for her!) and her Hollywood college crowd made a powerful impact upon me. Their genuine joy, clear purpose and vital relationship with the living Lord "spoke to my condition." That week I came to know Christ personally.

The depression of 1929 changed my major from economics to pre-dental. I was headed that way upon graduation. On the summer staff at Mt. Hermon it finally got through to me that the biggest most exciting thing in all of life was to serve Christ and be with him and his purpose for the world. That called for a radical change of direction and association. Because of my minimal knowledge of the Bible, I was wisely counseled to spend a year at the Moody Bible Institute as a special student before entering seminary. The cultural shock of moving from a fraternity house to a Bible school was traumatic! But during those months, the Bible, the gospel, evangelism and world vision all became integral components of my faith.

Princeton Theological Seminary gave me a sound theological foundation with lifelong colleagues and close Christian friends in ministry. During the first year of seminary the Lord brought a few of us together as a student gospel team which in time multiplied, with some teams serving mission Sunday Schools, CCC camps,

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Patrick Lattore Provost for Continuing and Extended Education



The opportunity to write about significant influences on my life produced the freshness of renewed images of people who have shaped my life. As I reflected, I realized that the most significant influences clustered around my faith journey with two people and three books forming the centerpiece.

My conversion and acceptance of Christ was not an event but rather a revolution driven by forces and experiences that began in childhood and culminated in my late thirties. My early memory was of a New England home of mixed religious traditions, Catholic and Congregational, with the Protestant side being expressed. While church was seen as a valued activity for children it was not taken seriously by my parents. Yankee independence was fostered as was self-confidence. This early training in self-sufficiency followed me into young adulthood and never allowed me to address who God was or to consider that one could trust and lean on Him.

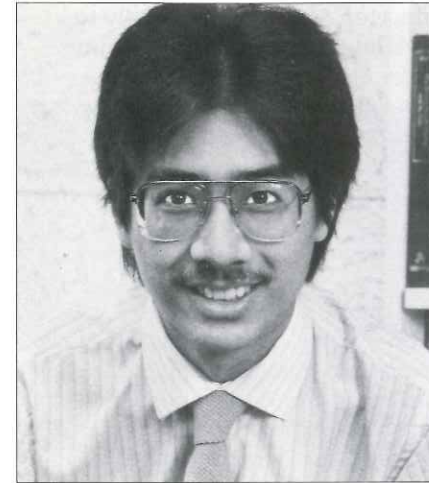
As time and education took their toll, I was more convinced that God was not real enough to be given consideration in the affairs of life. Fortunately, my pattern of thinking was to be profoundly changed by the example of my wife, Dee, who was led to a decision for Christ by a women's Bible study group. It was through her love, example and decisions that I came to see that Christ could have a significant and life-changing effect on people. She influenced me through a quiet and consistent witness of the power of God to overcome our shortcomings and allow us to deal with the pains of life. She also provided five years of faithful prayers that provoked my own decision for Christ. *A Severe Mercy* by Sheldon Vanauken was Dee's

additional gift to me on my road to less self-sufficiency and more dependence on God.

Accompanying Dee to an evangelical church, I met Ron Lagerstrom, the senior pastor, who was the second person to influence my faith journey. Ron came just as I made the request of God to come into my life and help my unbelief. I had pleaded for an intellectual understanding of my new commitment and God used Ron to introduce me to the writings of Elton Trueblood through the book, *A Place To Stand*. C.S. Lewis's book, *Mere Christianity*, provided me with a profound understanding of sin in my life and my need for God's forgiveness. Ron was also there to answer a myriad of questions through a discipling relationship over the span of a year. He helped me develop a new paradigm (from secular humanism to Christianity) that allowed me to put my trust in God.

Over the next two years, I came to appreciate who the living Christ was and how I could call on Him. In discovering my own sin of pride, my perceptions and understandings began to change. My love for Christ matured as I discovered the power of his Word and the presence of his Spirit in my life. Prayer became the linkage as I sought his presence daily. I also came to understand how God wanted my gifts used as I explored Christian higher education. Christ is now a constant companion and my source of strength. My life is his to use and I seek to be obedient to him. ■

Cameron Lee Assistant Professor of Marriage and Family Studies



I was not raised in a Christian home, even though my maternal grandfather had been a lay minister in China, and both he and my grandmother had always been devout churchgoers. My earliest memories of Christianity were of tight shoes and hard pews on Easter Sunday. Grandma had given me a small, musty-smelling King James New Testament as a boy, but the antiquated English seemed to keep the words at a distance. It was not until college that I became a Christian, in answer to years of my grandmother's prayers.

I set foot on the Berkeley campus of the University of California in the fall of 1973. To a naive freshman, the place was a "blooming, buzzing confusion." Closed out of a class during registration, I dropped myself on a bench, exhausted. Two amiable men approached me with a survey about my religious beliefs. Ten minutes, one infamous little yellow booklet, and several perfectly predictable answers, later, I became the first member of my immediate family to declare Jesus my Savior.

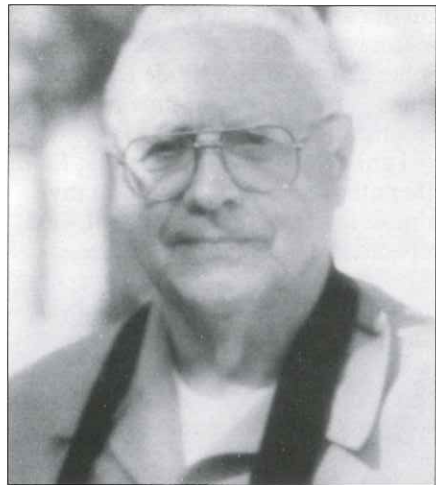
I stayed involved with Campus Crusade for Christ throughout college, and it was in that group that I met Shua, my wife-to-be. She introduced me to another group, the Baptist Student Union, which soon became a more formative influence than Crusade. The director, Dr. Del Olsen, was both a minister and a marriage counselor. He encouraged us to struggle with the reality and language of emotions, and with the lifelong task of integrating these into our Christian lives. In retrospect, I realize I was too young to fully appreciate what he was trying to do, but the stamp was made nonetheless. Shua and I graduated from Berkeley in 1976 and married two years later.

On our second wedding anniversary, we moved to Padasena and I entered Fuller Seminary as a student in the Marriage and Family Ministries Program.

I entered Fuller still searching for a life path. I am thankful that in my almost seven years as a student, God repeatedly adjusted and confirmed my direction, primarily through three members of the faculty. Dennis Guernsey first took a special interest in me and gave me the opportunities and challenges I needed to develop my sense of self as a professional and my particular vision for ministry. From Ray Anderson I learned the indissoluble relationship between theology and ministry that has given me a passion for integration. Jack Balswick, in true sociologist's form, helped socialize me through his guileless collegiality as my doctoral mentor.

These influences represent the very ethos of this seminary, which I have grown to appreciate more and more since joining the faculty in 1986. I feel privileged to be a part of Fuller's mission, embodied as it is in a multifaceted array of programs and emphases, grounded in a commitment to God and church. The complexity of this place can be staggering, and at times frustrating. To some extent, however, I have come to view it as a necessary organizational by-product of trying to be about God's work in so many important ways. It's been many years since that young Chinese boy puzzled over his King James. He certainly never dreamed of being a seminary professor! What next, Lord? ■

William La Sor Faculty Emeritus, School of Theology



When one has lived three-quarters of a century, taken several academic degrees and sat under many different teachers, it is not easy to select one who has been particularly influential. I have decided, therefore, to select three persons as representative of various meaningful influences.

The first is Wilbur M. Smith, a dear friend for many years, and a colleague at Fuller Seminary. Wilbur influenced me in the area of bibliography. Long before I came to Fuller, I was collecting books for my library from his recommendations in *Peloubet's Select Notes*, and in *The First 100 Books in a Minister's Library*. When I was writing what developed into a thesis for my Th.M. degree at Princeton Seminary, his bibliographical suggestions were most helpful—in fact, one of them was of pivotal significance, not so much for what it said and the viewpoint the author took, as for the way I came to see where and how that author was mistaken.

If I may be permitted an aside—it may seem strange that a person with six academic degrees (including two earned doctorates) should learn anything from a person with no earned degrees. This is one of the great lessons to be learned from Wilbur Smith. Having left college before completing his first degree and having lost the sight of one eye, he still excelled in many ways. His library was incredibly large, and even more incredible is the fact that he knew his books. On occasion, after I came to Fuller, I would go to Wilbur asking for assistance on some point in the Old Testament. He would escort me into his library, take down a book and open it, and point me to the very thing for which I had been seeking.

The second person I would select is Otto Piper. (He pronounced it "peeper.") When I went back to

Princeton Seminary, hopefully to work on a doctoral degree, I came under Professor Piper's influence. Someone once said that a genius is a person who strikes the sparks from which other people light their fires. Professor Piper struck sparks. Often, as he lectured, my mind would wander—not because I had lost interest in what he was saying, but because he had caused me to strike out on a new line of thought. He opened up a whole world of ideas, and I was fortunate to be able to enter into some parts of that world. In particular I would mention his philosophy of history which greatly influenced my own. History is neither endlessly cyclical ("here we go around again") nor simply linear without obvious direction or objective. Rather, it is helical; it appears to return to certain points, but it is always moving upward and always moving to a goal. The past therefore can be typical or helpful, but we must never be satisfied with it. We must go on to a higher plane.

My third choice is Cyrus H. Gordon, my mentor in the Ph.D. program at Dropsie University. And the one great influence he exerted on me was to send me always back to the text. I remember one day when I went in with what seemed to be a great insight. Cy took his Hebrew Bible (one of the very small editions, about 3x4 inches) and had us turn to a passage he had selected. "Now start at the top and read," he said. Before long I began to see that my theory just did not hold up.

Some other scholar might have had me researching books in the library on my supposedly new

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Gloria Griffith Director of Media Services



Memories have carried me through difficult times and encouraged me to dream. In particular, vivid memories of childhood have preserved highlights of my personal history with Christ, giving me stability at present and hope for the future. Continually, I celebrate the relationship I have with a God who is faithful by reciting occasions when the reality of his impact on my life has been remarkably evident in ordinary circumstances. In fact, I will never forget when ...

I was a child, not ready to tackle the monster under my bed, but gravely aware that I would have to come to terms with the "bogeyman" lurking under Grandma's cellar stairway. The dreaded moment came when Grandma casually requested, "Gloria, would you get a can of stewed tomatoes from the cellar for me?" Worse still, she added, "You'll find it in the cupboard right next to the stairway."

The stairway! My imagination whirled into motion images of an inhumanly powerful hand reaching through the slats of stairs, grabbing my ankles with its vice grip, pulling me into the cavernous darkness that awaited me behind the cellar stairs.

On this particular day, a day when the sun shone brightly through the back porch door and kittens filled the otherwise quiet South Dakota farmyard with their playful banter, I steeled my nerves, bit my lip and dashed down the stairway to seize the tomatoes and launch from the cellar floor to the kitchen doorway in one courageous leap.

About halfway up the stairs, I was stricken with a pang of anxiety, sensing that I was too slow, and therefore, too vulnerable a prey to

the bogeyman. Grandma intercepted me as I was catapulted, by sheer terror, up the second half of the stairway. Wild-eyed, I fell into her arms, babbling something about the need to get clear of the cellar door.

Grandma, joined by my mother, placed me on a kitchen chair and asked me to explain the meaning of my display. After careful questioning, these two insightful mothers understood the dimensions of my fear and administered a remedy which I have carried to this day. Together, we knelt at Grandma's white enamel kitchen chair and asked God to be with me. In that moment, God instilled a child's faith which has been my touchstone through adulthood.

As a child I learned that Jesus cared so much about me, he was willing to listen to my childish fears. It was the faith of a little child which taught me to trust God's faithfulness. It was the faith of a little child which placed me in loving connection with the same Christ who overcomes all obstacles.

The next time I descended the cellar stairway I tested what I had learned. As my fear rose, so my voice rose in a chorus of "Jesus loves me, this I know" Making my way back up the stairway, I recited my bedtime prayer with new resolve, "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake,"—and there's nothing like the threat of a bogeyman lurking under the stairway to establish the possibility of death in a young child's fertile

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Carol Hamilton Director of Church Relations



It was a beautiful bright fall morning near the end of our dreaded smog season. I joined faculty, staff and students who were walking together in groups across Union Street toward the narrow passageway leading to the Pasadena Presbyterian Church sanctuary for our regularly scheduled community chapel. I had been at Fuller for only a few weeks. This mid-week worship time was one of the things I especially liked about my new job as secretary in the Office of Presbyterian Ministries. There was a hint of excitement in the air as we made our way to the church, yet I expected nothing more than a "regular" worship service.

Entering the sanctuary from the patio side, I moved down the center aisle, sat in the third row from the front and began to look around for clues as to who would be preaching that morning. I couldn't believe my eyes when it became apparent that our preacher was a woman.

Having grown up in the '50s in a very conservative denomination, in a traditional family, in a conservative community in the central valley of Northern California, I had never seen or heard a woman preach. I didn't know women could do that. You can imagine what a surprise this woman preacher was to me. I began to think of what a waste of time this was going to be. I should have stayed in the office where there was still plenty to do. I was certain this woman could not possibly speak with any authority. If I had not been on the third row from the front I would have walked out.

Later I was glad that my behavior was so influenced by my fear of what others would think of my leaving before we started. We sang and prayed but when it came time for the sermon I was prepared to block it out

of my mind. The speaker looked very feminine in her dark pink suit as she stepped up to the pulpit and began her sermon. I tried hard to ignore her, but she soon had my attention. By the time she was finished she had my full attention; I was riveted to the pew amazed at what was happening to me. My spirit said "yes". At that moment I knew my life would never be the same.

The subject, topic or text of her sermon escapes me. I don't even know her name. What this unknown woman did was open my eyes to a whole new world of possibilities. This truly was not a "regular" worship service.

As a very young person it had seemed to me that being born female was a great disadvantage. It seemed that opportunities available to men were not available to me. This chapel experience catapulted me into the ongoing process of discovering my true identity as a woman. I was in a perfect place to make these discoveries. It was my fortune to be working with Dr. Jack Rogers who was a strong advocate for women. (I didn't know that about Jack at the time or even what it meant.) Jack didn't teach me in the traditional sense to be a feminist. In his respectful interaction with me, he modeled how I should expect to be regarded by others.

I began to see around me models of capable, competent women in positions of responsibility and in leadership roles. I became aware of the increasing number of women preparing for positions of leadership in the church, particularly for ordained ministry. I haunted the

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Olive Brown Reference Librarian



I cannot remember a time when I didn't know that I was a sinner, and that Christ died for me. I was the youngest of four girls, and every Sunday we went to church with my mother to attend four services—Missionary School at 10 a.m., worship service at 11, and Sunday School at 3 and 6 p.m. My early memories include missionary boxes on the mantelpiece—Mission to Lepers and Evangelical Union of South America. I remember white leather purses, gifts for my sister and me from Mr. Holmes, a missionary in Papua. From birth, I was surrounded at home and church by evangelical and missionary fervor. "Church" was actually a converted gin place in the East End of London which still retained its original name, "Edinburgh Castle."

My mother was the strongest influence in my life. One day when she was thirty-six, she had said goodbye to my father as usual as he went to work as a technical engineer. He never returned, having been crushed to death in an elevator shaft. We were poor, but my mother's excellent management meant that we were clothed and fed well. Her faith in God's provision left me with an indelible and undeniable recollection that there was a God who cared and provided for his children. I can recall my earnest words to a friend, "There has to be a Father Christmas, because we could not afford the toys we get each year." Later I learned how my mother scrimped to put away money to ensure one week's holiday by the sea and memorable Christmases. Often at open-air meetings, I heard my mother give testimony to God's keeping power.

But was I saved? When I was eight, we began worshipping at a Baptist church, the East London Tabernacle. (I was doomed to attend

churches with odd names.) There, every Sunday evening meeting was an evangelistic service, and I dutifully "gave my heart," or "opened my heart," or "believed to be saved," only to wake up on Monday morning without feeling the change which the speakers at the "Happy Hour" (this was England, so the term had no other meaning) were always telling about. But when I got older, I realized that, in my case, the choice had always been of opting out of my relationship with Christ, not of beginning one.

After going to college, I taught physical education and later on religious education (which was compulsory in British schools). Every summer I worked with Varsity and school camps, which provided two weeks' vacation for teenagers. Prayers were held each evening. The friends I made at these camps, where the nucleus of the staff remained constant, were a great influence, as we prayed together, studied, discussed spiritual issues, and cared for each other. I still keep in touch with some of them.

When I was in my late thirties, I felt completely boxed in, having returned to live with my mother after my sister's marriage. I found that I couldn't bring myself to sing some of the hymns. "Thou, O Christ art all I want, More than all in Thee I find" certainly wasn't true for me at that time. One evening, I came across similar words in the Bible, and was so angry that I threw my Bible across the room and yelled, "God, you're a liar." Horror-stricken at what I had done, I waited for the thunderbolt

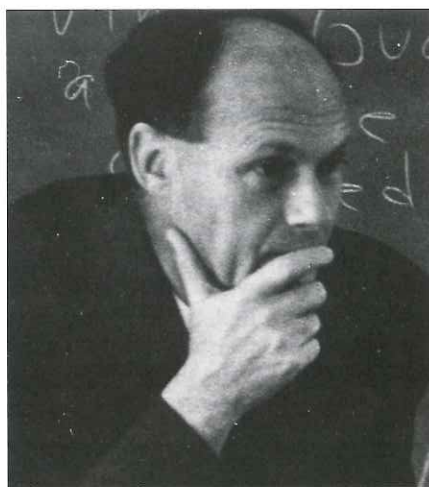
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Geoffrey Bromiley Senior Professor of Church History

Having previously written for *Theology, News and Notes* on theological influences, I will now focus on non-theological factors under the four heads: environmental, economico-political, educational, and personal.

The environment I grew up in was just north of an industrial area and surrounded by wild, often amazingly beautiful moorlands. Except temporarily in the Cambridge fens, I have always lived among hills and walked and climbed them — the native moors, Lakeland, the Scottish Highlands, the San Gabriels, the High Sierra. They have nourished appreciation of creation, affection for many Scriptures, and an ecological concern (the contrast of divine and human handiwork) that expressed itself in an indictment of industrialization at a school debate and in admiration for the pioneering environmentalist, Frazer Darling, whose work is now bearing fruit (perhaps too late!).

Economic-politically an industrial region in the thirties displayed obvious social as well as ecological



mismanagement. To and from school we passed apathetic, ill-nourished unemployed persons. My first parish (1938) had had over 60 percent unemployment, cured only by rearmament as politicians floundered. If living history illustrated human imperfection, it also challenged Christians to work for a more just and sane order. This thought went into my book, *Reasonable Service*, though timid editors weakened the bolder statement projected.

Mine was a no-nonsense schooling which laid solid foundations. I took little science, focusing on French, German and history (including nineteenth century economic history), with Latin. Since our Unitarian French teacher still had some naive belief in human goodness, we had lively debates about Rousseau, but could also learn to value the Jansenists, Pascal and Racine. Extracurricular activities included an illuminating visit to late Weimar Germany, school plays and concerts, chess, Halle concerts, and cricket — we once played against an all-England bowler (happily past his best!). Cambridge studies continued schoolwork at a higher level. The obvious interaction of literature, thought, and history led to my first theological article (Nietzsche) and later to doctoral work on Herder and the Berlin Romantics.

In my personal life I profited from close companionship with two friends (one each from school and church) who became my brothers-in-law. Another Geoffrey, three days older, later held hostage as a South American ambassador, was my "twin" through school and university. An important Cambridge friend, R.E.D. (Neddie) Clark, renowned for his fireworks lecture, increased my scientific and ecological understanding, and by his dogmatic opposition to infant baptism inspired my D. Litt. work. The Tyndale Fellowship

brought contact with Fred Bruce and Leon Morris, while Stuart Babbage was especially stimulating at seminary. Translating Barth meant long hours with Tom Torrance and letters to the Calvin expert, Tom Parker. I also found in Ronnie Wallace, another Calvin scholar, a valued and valuable friend.

Among religious teachers I must include our vicar, Marr Davies, the children's evangelist Hudson Pope, and Bishop Taylor Smith. Cambridge had its quotas of enthusiasts, eccentrics and cynics. One supervisor dispelled the myth of academic objectivity with his caustic comments on colleagues, and the German professor, in a rare burst of activity, sowed doubts about source-criticism with a very dull attempt at source-analysis of Goethe's *Faust*.

To parents, I owe years of care and concern, educational opportunities and Christian upbringing. Though we scattered widely, I kept close to my three sisters and shared common interests. My youngest sister's house, conveniently set in South Lakeland, is our British home away from home. For 46 years, my wife, Isabel has been a major formative influence, incorporating me into her Scottish family, cooperating in rearing our daughters Katherine and Ruth, tolerating my foibles, offering support, encouragement, and suggestions in ministry and nurturing and sharing the marital love that seeks to reflect the love of Christ and his Church. ■

William Pannell Associate Professor of Evangelism

I was two years out of Bible College, single and a budding evangelist of sorts. I got the word in a small town in northern Ohio that a pastor from Detroit was preaching in a church nearby. Well, actually, in the next county. I called my friend who pastored that congregation and gave him one of those guess-who's-coming-to-dinner announcements. From past experience I knew he'd be receptive to the idea. That occasion was a turning point in my life.

Berlin Martin Nottage was a prominent and well-known preacher in many evangelical circles. I had known about him for many years, since the days when, as a boy in Sunday School, I had heard the elders talk about him. As a new Christian teenager they urged me to contact him, seeing in this man a model for a young man somewhat at sea about the future. But we missed each other. I had not been converted in the small Gospel Hall where he preached, and after high school I had gone in another direction to Bible School. Besides it wasn't easy for me to connect with the strange rituals of the Brethren.

Nottage and his two brothers had emigrated to this country from the island of Eluthera in the Bahamas. They, like so many thousands of people from the Caribbean, had come North to the promised land. They settled in New York City. They were laymen, and in the context of that peculiar community called Plymouth Brethren, they remained so throughout their careers.

The Nottages were gifted men, and as pastors and evangelists they founded churches in New York City, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis. Their disciples, especially those influenced by "B.M." as he was

affectionately called, established congregations in the Midwest, South and Southeast. B.M. Nottage settled in Detroit and his influence reached from there to communities of faith from Thailand to Africa.

Their work was an exercise in cross-cultural evangelism, although it wasn't called that in those days. They had concluded that the Spirit was leading them to reach out to the African-American community and that it would be a hindrance to impose a West Indian culture upon African-American converts. Their decision to move beyond their own cultural roots in evangelism and church-building resulted in their ostracism from the very West Indian assemblies they helped found in New York City.

I knew none of this as we sat around the table at Ruth and Howard Dunlap's parsonage. But I do recall his gentle words, words made even softer by a slow recovery from a near-fatal heart attack some years earlier. "Bill," he said, "it's nice that you have such acceptance and ministry among our white friends. But we need you also. Why not pay us a visit in Detroit?" We talked further and he laid out his ongoing concern for evangelism among "everyone in general, and our own people in particular." I sensed as we talked that this was no ordinary, chance meeting. God was at work, getting me where I was supposed to be.

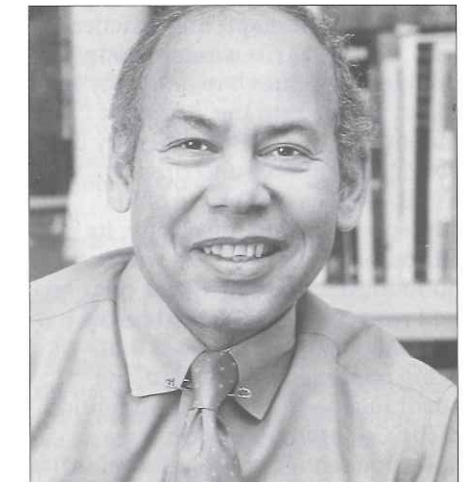
The following spring I drove my '52 Chevy (that I had paid \$1850 for brand new) across the cityscape of metropolitan Detroit, west to east, out Jefferson Avenue, up the narrow streets on the near East Side to Nottage's home. I was welcomed by Mrs. Nottage, several other believers, and Nottage's female disciple, Hazel Scott. Thus began, in earnest, a life-changing relationship for me. I

became his Timothy. In a short time, he offered me the keys to his house and between evangelistic meetings, I would point my car towards Detroit and home. Three years later, Pastor Nottage married Hazel to the young evangelist. I traded house keys.

Nottage influenced my life in several crucial areas. He demonstrated the relationship between fidelity to the Scriptures and personal integrity. Nottage was keenly aware that one of the hindrances to effective evangelism was the low esteem many people had for ministers. The problem was not with what was being said, nor with their truth-claims; it was their personal lives, the mismanagement of monies, and breakdowns in sexual morality. Thus, with the eye of a concerned parent, he watched my progress carefully, and his counsel and observations were most helpful.

I could not miss the twinkle in his eye when around Mrs. Nottage. By then they had been married nearly forty years, and even if they had had children, I doubt he would have called her "Mother" as so many men had taken to doing. Leah Nottage was obviously not his

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Continuations

Pannell

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mother, and he was very much in love. In them I first saw the possibility of having a robust marriage the entire life of a relationship. He sought to model that relationship on Christ's self-sacrificing love for the Church, a major theme in his preaching. Both the preaching and the modeling were crucial in a setting where solid marriages were often hard to find.

I was also impressed with the man's understanding of the place the church had in God's scheme of things. Nottage's favorite reading and preaching material was clearly the works of Paul and especially the letters to the Ephesian and Colossian believers. He saw the implications of Paul's lofty mysteries to a people whose definition of self had been supplied by a racist blue-collar city and the larger American culture. Scholars might argue over the usefulness or accuracy of this "mystic-genitive" as a key to Pauline theology, but people from Black Bottom heard the "in Christ" phrase as good news. Add to this the theme of reconciliation and a major revolution in thought and practice was triggered. His was a ministry of bringing the church to maturity in Christ and to help the victims of racism find in Christ an identity and power beyond race and class.

Yet Nottage was proud of his ethnic background, especially its relationship to Africa. He was not a nationalist, although it was clear he had read and appreciated Marcus Garvey. He was convinced that being oppressed had at least one advantage — it caught the attention of the God who delights in the downtrodden. Our attempts to feed the poor and to comfort those among

us whose mental capacities placed them at risk, and to be in political solidarity with the working class was no mere exercise in nationalist theory. What was attempted and modeled in Nottage was stimulated by an understanding of Scripture and an attempt to flesh it out in life.

I learned about grace from this man. He preached salvation by grace alone, but he also stood firm in God's grace, was disciplined by grace, careful not to receive this gift in vain. I knew that it was his understanding and experience of grace that had triggered his evangelistic passion and his intentions be a holy man of God.

One of my last recollections of Mr. Nottage took place at his bedside. He was terminally ill and he was not always lucid. But he would often smile and wave weakly toward the end of the bed and I knew where he was. He had seen a beloved friend in the "audience" at church. Then in a more lucid moment, he said, "Bill, I thought I understood the grace of God. After all these years, I thought I knew something about it. But I see now that I've hardly scratched the surface." The man who had been mastered by the grace of God died in that grace and marked the lives of hundreds of people. I'm honored to have been one of them by the grace of God. ■

Note these dates

Fuller's Mission Concerns Committee has planned a conference around the theme "Thinking Globally - Acting Locally." It will be a three-day on-campus event of plenary addresses and workshops each to apply both local and global perspectives to theological education. Note the dates on your calendar:

JANUARY 16, 17 and 18, 1990

Munger

— From page 13

etc. I think I learned as much about ministry from my teammates and team experiences as I did in my classes.

In the more than 50 years of Christian service several major influences followed — an understanding and appreciation of the person and work of the Holy Spirit; the power of intercessory prayer; the importance of life together in Christ, teaming for ministry and mission; and the incomprehensible mercy and grace of God in Jesus Christ. And only he fully grasps the contribution of my dear wife, Edie. I can't imagine life and ministry without her prayers and constant support and incredible love.

There have been discouragements but never boredom; frustrations, but never failure on the part of my friend, Jesus; disappointments with myself, people and circumstances but never in the Father's faithfulness. God has made good to me my "life verse" (Eph. 3:20) and given me beyond "all we ask and imagine!" ■

La Sor

— From page 16

insight. He or she might have said, "That view has been explored before by William S. Halfbright," or some other great guru. Professor Gordon taught me to go to the text itself, and to go there first. For my dissertation he cautioned me, "Don't go looking for support for a viewpoint; if you do, you will find it, because your mind will blank out anything that opposes it. Simply study the text."

I have not only made that a principle of my own scholarly efforts for forty years; I have also tried to

Continuations

inculcate my students with the same priority of the text. This is important in any field of study; it is particularly important when we study the Word of God. ■

Griffith

— From page 17

mind—"I pray the Lord my soul to take." I knew, with singular conviction, that I would 'end up' with Jesus. He would be faithful to take me with Him, rather than let me remain in the clutches of the bogeyman under the stairway.

I still felt fearful, but the intensity of my fear decreased with every trip to Grandma's cellar. And that which helped me face my fear in childhood has helped me face countless challenges in adulthood. I am better for the experience, because the memory of it comforts me, calming my fears and prodding me to move forward into the Kingdom of God. Today, when I need extra encouragement, I take a quick trip to Grandma's cellar stairway. ■

Hamilton

— From page 18

feminist section in the bookstore searching for ways to better understand who God created me to be. I talked and listened to other women.

The influence of this woman was life-changing and I don't even know her name. But recently I sent a wonderful book to my seven-year-old granddaughter entitled, *Girls Can Be Anything*. ■

Brown

— From page 19

to strike me. Instead, I felt unmistakably the love of God engulfing me, as though it were a warm blanket.

That incident changed my behavior. No longer would I mouth religious "truths" that were not true for me. Instead, I would wrestle with the seeming untruth. I found other Christians who were dealing with the same problem in a similar way in a charismatic community at Post Green, Dorset. They influenced me a great deal, though I did not become a charismatic. The release of realizing that Jesus, who is the truth, wants the truth from me and is dishonored by untruth, no matter how good the cause for dishonesty, stays with me to this day.

I could mention books which have influenced me, but space forbids such indulgence. Let me mention one last

influence. I have always found it easier to think of the discipline necessary for the Christian life rather than of the love of God. "Taking up the cross, and denying oneself" was a constant theme of the teaching I received. My husband made me understand the love of God to a degree and in a way I had found impossible before. He looked beyond my faults to see virtues that to me did not seem to exist. For instance, my anger (often called "bad temper" by others) he saw as a result of my caring passionately about injustice and incompetence. So my picture of a God expecting perfection changed to a loving God, who saw my motives and pitied my weaknesses. I saw him as a loving Father who provided for his almost middle-aged daughter the best husband I could have imagined... "above all that I could ask or think." ■

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