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Fuller Theological Seminary

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Therefore
encourage one
another and
build each
other up, just
as in fact you
are doing.

1 Thessalonians 5:11

Influences!

Introduction

At Fuller, history is in the air. This year we celebrate the Seminary's 40th anniversary with the advent of Dr. George Marsden's book, **Reforming Fundamentalism: Fuller Seminary and the New Evangelicalism**; and also with the inauguration of the annual President's Lectureship, the first of which was a day-long event Tuesday, November 3, 1987, predicated on the theme **Fuller Theological Seminary and the Evangelical Movement**. It was led by such eminent evangelical leaders as Carl F. H. Henry, Samuel Hugh Moffett, Cary N. Weisiger III, Mary Stewart Van Leeuwen and members of our distinguished faculty.

So it seemed timely for us to put together an issue of **Theology, News and Notes** comprising contributions from members of the Fuller family—faculty, administrators and staff—on the "persons, books, ideas, events, which have most influenced you." The original date for this issue was to have been December of this year, but the response has been so gratifying that we can offer this collection now and even hope for another issue later, with contributions from other members of the Fuller community. As ever, Scripture has provided us with a rubric for this in the words of the Apostle Paul, taken from his first letter to the Thessalonians (5:11), wherein he says, "Therefore, encourage one another and build each other up, just as in fact you are doing..." (NIV).

The effectiveness of modern communication in promoting Christian community and discipleship depends on whether there is something intelligible and human to communicate. This, in turn, is dependent upon common language, ideas, standards and values. Therefore it is our hope that readers of this issue will a) feel a part of the traditions from which these articles stem; b) recognize the

ties that bind her or him to others within the Christian church; and c) understand and appreciate the potency and the energy that diversity brings to Fuller—a distinction which lets us love and appreciate others beyond the confines of a single creed, confession or tradition.

Overall, this issue of **Theology, News and Notes** gives a highly personal picture of people at Fuller as they have grown in their spirituality and discipleship, and in their commitment to the authority of Scripture, the lordship of Jesus Christ and loyal service to his church.

Hugh James
Managing Editor

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Ray S. Anderson

RAY S. ANDERSON, PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND MINISTRY

The formation of faith preceded the coming to faith; at least this is the way it seems to me in retrospect. My father was a farmer who did not wear his religion on his coat sleeves. His creed was simple—life was a test and a task. The task was to do your work as though your life depended upon it. The test was to believe in yourself and God even when the crops failed.

As a small boy, he baptized me into this faith one afternoon while sitting on a freshly plowed furrow eating the sandwiches I had carried out to him in the field. "Son, stick your hand into this soil; it will support your life. You take care of it and it will take care of you." Through the succeeding years of high school, service in the Air Force, and college (a B.S. in agriculture!), the passion for the soil was unabated. The consummation came when I drove my newly purchased tractor and plow into the field, and sacramentally turned over the soil.

With a marriage and family, plus a piece of land to cultivate, I was my father's son and yet for the first time, my own self. I would keep the faith. As it turned out, God became my landlord! Awakening to the reality of Jesus Christ as God's Son and my Savior, I received the gift of saving faith, and along with it, a gentle but persistent calling to leave the farm and prepare for Christian ministry. This I did, arriving in the fall of 1956 at Fuller Seminary with the expectation that my taproot was still sunk into the soil, but prepared to endure this unfilled passion as the cross I was to

bear. To my surprise, by the time I completed seminary and accepted a call to become pastor of a newly formed congregation, I discovered that the passion of the soil had been transplanted. Then it was that I came to understand that my father had not attached my hand to the soil, but my heart to my hand. And wherever there was soil, even of a different nature, into which I could plunge my hand, the test and task of life could be fulfilled. In my life, at least, there seems to have been the formation of faith before the gift of faith.

During seminary days, I discovered that faith without a commitment to excellence and the imperative of love could be ungracious and unfruitful. Edward John Carnell, professor of theology, through his own style as well as teaching, exposed my own lack of grace and aroused my desire to interpret God through his love. "Speaking the truth through love" became my theological touchstone as well as the inscription in the logo for the church which I served. This man, tortured by his own self-imposed standards for excellence, and an enigma if not an outsider to his own faculty, nonetheless lighted a candle in my heart which burns to this day. Perhaps because he paid such a high price for the truth of his convictions, and because he dared to think outside the boundaries of conventional orthodoxy, Edward Carnell left a legacy in the lives of scores of students. I can only claim a modest share, though his influence on my life is immeasurable.

It was Carnell who introduced me to Kierkegaard during my senior year. And it was the reading of Kierkegaard during the first few years of my pastoral ministry, along with the novels of Dostoyevsky, which made 90 percent of my existing library superficial and somewhat irrelevant! **Fear and Trembling**, along with **Purity of Heart Is to Will One Thing**,

burned into my soul and released a hitherto unknown and untamed spirit of faith. Reading Bonhoeffer's **Letters and Papers from Prison** during the middle years of my pastoral ministry gave me courage to think that the Christ who was being revealed through his ministry in the lives of ordinary people was the Christ of whom we must speak when attempting to present the truth of God in our world today. Thomas Torrance, then professor of Christian dogmatics at the University of Edinburgh, caught my attention with his book of essays, **Theology in Reconstruction**, and **Theological Science**. Once again, my passion needed mentoring, and the discipline of Ph.D. study with him provided this opportunity.

They all lived in different worlds, and would hardly know what to say to each other if they were all in the same room. Yet, my father, Edward Carnell, Kierkegaard, Bonhoeffer and T. F. Torrance have more in common than it might appear. They have all shaped my hand and my heart.



Colin Brown

COLIN BROWN, PROFESSOR OF SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY

Back in the fall of 1958 two events happened which changed the course of my life. The first was my ordination as a minister of the Church of England to serve in a parish near Nottingham in the English Midlands. I thank God for calling me to serve, and I am glad to be still serving in parish work in my capacity as associate rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Altadena, California.

Ordination led me into Christian ministry, but there was no way in which I could have foreseen where the other event would lead me. It took place in the study of one of the great English theologians of our time, Alan Richardson. As part of my post-ordination training, my bishop had recommended that I should do graduate work with Alan Richardson, who was professor of Christian theology at Nottingham University. Up to that point my main theological interests had been in Old Testament and Hebrew studies. But I happened to have a vague interest in Karl Barth. Actually I knew next to nothing about Barth, but he sounded interesting and I thought that I would like to know more. As it happened, I mentioned Barth first and we never got around to discussing Old Testament research. I left the interview with the first two volumes of Barth's **Church Dogmatics** under my arm, and that was the end of my career as an Old Testament scholar. From then on theology—the investigation of the truth of Christianity, its meaning, and its message—has been my absorbing interest. I certainly would not call myself a Barthian. Barth's theology as a total package is a dead end. But Barth is one of the great stimulators of the 20th century.

In due course I wrote my thesis on Barth, and later turned it into my first

book, **Karl Barth and the Christian Message**. One thing led to another, and (to my utter amazement) I was called to teach in the seminary where I had done my ordination training. Even while I was working on my thesis along with my parish work the thought of becoming a professor never entered my mind. My goal had simply been to get as well equipped as I could for parish ministry. I thought then—and I still do today—that without solid biblical and theological training we are not equipped to handle with integrity the problems and issues that come our way in ministry. I also believe that we go about it the wrong way around if we encourage M.A. and M.Div. students to think of going straight into a lifelong academic career. For one thing, there are no guarantees that they will make it. For another, I think that it is much wiser and better if they seek to develop and use their academic gifts, so that if and when God calls, they will be prepared.

But life is not made up just of turning points, like the ones I have been talking about. When I look back and think about influences, I am grateful for my parents, and for the home life that my wife, Olive, and I enjoy here in the States. I am thankful too for the old-fashioned British grammar school education I received which successive British governments have done their best to destroy. Mercifully, they have not entirely succeeded. I am thankful for my theological teachers that I had in seminary and for the colleagues that I have here at Fuller.

If however, you were to twist my arm and force me to confess which are the most influential books in my thinking (apart, of course, from the Bible), the answer is embarrassing. In self-defense I would like to state that I suspect that the answer is the same for many people who write. The books which influence one most are the books which one writes oneself. This

has nothing to do with whether the books are good, bad or indifferent. It boils down to this. When you write a book—or even a short piece like this—you have to face up to things. You have to think things through, make up your mind, and come down from the fence. Everyone who teaches and writes is under a debt to all the women and men who have dealt with the subject before. It is a debt that cannot be repaid. But we are not just sponges. Academic work is not about soaking up whatever is put before us. It is about discernment and growing in discernment. For this reason, my teaching at Fuller is geared to encouraging my classes to think for themselves and to write for themselves. But that is another story.



Paul W. Clement

PAUL W. CLEMENT, ASSOCIATE DEAN FOR PROFESSIONAL AFFAIRS, GRADUATE SCHOOL OF PSYCHOLOGY

Although they did not attend church themselves, my parents began taking me to Sunday school when I was three or four years old. In these early, formative years I learned that Jesus loves me and he loves all the children of the world. This proposition stood in marked contrast to my feeling that my own father did not love me. The simple gospel as taught to pre-school children had a great appeal to me.

Another important early influence on my spiritual development was prayer. My mother taught me the classic "Now I lay me down to sleep" prayer followed by blessings requested for a long list of family members and relatives. While I was a young child, my mother prayed with me nightly. These prayers were the last event in each night's bedtime ritual. They taught me the naturalness of talking to God.

I grew up in a small, rural community in Snohomish County north of Seattle. I attended the Alderwood Manor Community Church throughout my childhood and youth until leaving for college. During those years many Sunday school and vacation Bible school teachers contributed to my understanding of the major teachings of the Bible. Bible drills and memorizing verses of Scripture were important activities. I learned that the Bible is the primary source of spiritual understanding. My teachers encouraged me to read it, and I first read the Bible cover-to-cover when I was nine years old. That was also the year when I began

attending Sunday morning worship services on a regular basis.

My grandfather, Lars Norin, was an immigrant from Sweden. He also encouraged me to pray and to read my Bible every day. He was very clear in letting me know that he loved me. He also modeled how to pass on the love of God by telling people about Jesus. He enjoyed meeting new people, chatting with them for a little while, and then telling them about the work of Jesus Christ and what it means. His approach was gentle, caring, direct but not intrusive, personal, and persuasive. He usually ended his chat by offering a tract and wishing his listener well.

Grandpa's message was simple. Our sins separate us from God. God's grace was expressed most clearly through Christ's life, death and resurrection. Although we can never be good enough to earn God's favor, salvation is available to each of us by having faith in Christ and the power of his works. Having received God's love through no merit of our own, we want to pass on that love to others through word and deed. I was 11 years old when my grandfather died and did not learn until many years later that what he shared with me and others was the heart of evangelical teachings.

Paul Roper was the sole pastor of our small country church as I was growing up. I cannot recall his ever having preached a sermon in which he did not conclude with a special warning: "I believe what I have been saying today based upon what I have read, observed and experienced. But I would not want you to accept my teachings, because I am the source. On the other hand, I would not want you to reject them, because I am the source. Go out and find out for yourself." He taught me to think critically and independently in the context of Christian community and faith. He and the members of our

congregation provided me a refuge and my original experiencing of "we are the family of God." My home church gave me a special gift—the knowledge that no matter where I go in the world, if I can find a few fellow believers, I will be home.

Although many people, books, ideas and events have contributed to my spiritual pilgrimage since my leaving Alderwood Manor to go to college, the more recent contributions have strengthened and amplified rather than replaced the faith and understanding that were acquired during my childhood and youth.



Marilyn Clinton

MARILYN CLINTON, ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, SCHOOL OF WORLD MISSION

My husband and I have a hobby to which we look forward during extended vacations—putting together a large puzzle. We really enjoy the hours we spend puzzling over the table, searching and sifting through the jumble of puzzle pieces, trying them first this way and that, working until at last we have a beautiful, united, completed picture. As I thought of relating a bit of my spiritual journey, I thought of our puzzles and wondered if my life could be compared to one of them. As I grow in my life, I picture God looking down and thinking, "I think it is time to fit this section of the puzzle together in Marilyn's life. Let me work on this section of pieces—this part of life—and put it in place." When my time here is completed and I am welcomed by the Lord—my puzzle will be a wonderfully complete picture. Right now God is still putting the puzzle together.

As every good puzzle maker knows, putting the border together is a major start in the puzzle. God used a special person in my life to put the border of my life together. God chose my husband, Bobby. We had been married for seven years, had four children, were financially secure (at least on our way there), when Bobby's life took a major change. He was an electrical engineer at the time, working hard to build a career. Church had been a part of life, but not a major part. God entered Bobby's life in a big way and he made a lordship commitment—as he later told me—and things began to change. I'll capsize the events of that year by just saying that God used a person in my life to show me Jesus and to live before me a Christian life. Bobby was used by God to put together the border of my life.

One major section of my puzzle was in real disarray. As I started on my spiritual journey I looked around me for a model. I wanted someone I could talk with and share my fast-changing

life with. I was surrounded by single Navigator men who loved and prayed for me as I cooked and took care of them, but I wanted to find a woman to whom I could relate. There didn't seem to be any model for me. For this section of my life God introduced me to books. I love to read, but a whole new world of Christian biographies opened to me. I became deeply moved by the lives of Isobel Kuhn and Rosalind Goforth and Amy Carmichael. The world of missions was opened to me and the idea of living in obedience to God's call was modeled by these women. I still read widely and God continues to use biographies of men and women to work on new areas of my life.

Another major section of my life puzzle was put in place when God decided that the Clinton family could best be used by him outside the secular world. This meant selling our house, giving up our good salary, moving our four kids, and starting life all over in our 30s at Bible college. I kept saying to God, "Are you sure? Can't we be good Christians right here in Ohio? I promise to be obedient and give all my money to help somebody else go and be a missionary. You can't mean you really want me to be a missionary—I don't even try new foods here in the States!" But God knew what portion of the puzzle of

my life needed work just then. So he used a separation from job, home and way of life to make my life picture more complete. I might add that part of the puzzle keeps growing as I have moved and moved and moved to follow what God wanted me to do.

Some of the pieces of the puzzle have been put in gently by God. Those include good and deep friends around the world, "miracle provision" of money when we needed a car, a piano, a down payment for a house, and schooling for our kids. We followed God and God provided. I had told Bobby it could never work, this life of faith. Bobby and God said, "Just trust and obey, Marilyn, and leave the rest to the Lord." Important pieces of the puzzle.

Of course the puzzle is still being put together. I see two sections that are being worked on these days, and since they involve my life at Fuller I will share them. The first section is the opportunity to be a part of the School of World Mission. Since I am a faculty wife, I had a hard time getting a job at Fuller. Particularly in the area of my real interest—missions. There is a rule, and I am sure a good rule, that says husbands and wives shouldn't work in the same area of the Seminary. But God used an unusual circumstance, and a very caring dean—Dr. Paul Pierson—who was willing to give me a chance to become a part of the SWM staff. God is constantly fitting one piece after another into my life through this job. He has given me a role to fill at this time of my life. Thank you, Dr. Pierson.

The other area being fitted these days is through the Fuller classroom experience. I have a student's heart, but that took second place to being a wife and mother. But here at Fuller I decided to take advantage of all the learning around me. God is really enjoying putting these pieces of my life together, I am sure. He continues to teach me more and more about his

Daniel P. Fuller

DANIEL P. FULLER, PROFESSOR OF HERMENEUTICS

world, and the church, and his Word. One very special professor is Dr. James Houston. I took my first course in "Spirituality" with him, and as we looked through century after century of spiritual giants, I found a new world. I had come through a very reality-based Christian world. I was filled with the "new" journey in spiritual life that he opened to me. And every quarter I eagerly await the new lessons God has for me.

Just how complete is the puzzle of my life? I really don't know. But as I look back on the portion of the puzzle that is completed, I like the picture. It builds my faith to say, "What section is next, God?"



On the Board of Declaration back in the mid '70s a student listed the various School of Theology faculty, not with their official academic titles, but with what he considered was their basic agendum. Although my title is professor of hermeneutics, he wrote after my name simply "The Bible." I regarded this as a compliment.

Teaching biblical books by the inductive method has consumed my teaching energy ever since November 1952. At that time Dr. Harold Lindsell, then dean at Fuller, called me away from my evangelistic efforts at USC, to take over Dr. Clarence Roddy's class on the inductive study of Mark, since I had written such a study on Mark the preceding spring as my master's thesis for Dr. Everett Harrison.

The people who helped me learn to teach the inductive method of Bible study, Dr. Howard T. Kuist of Princeton Seminary; and a fellow seminary student, now Dr. Ralph Winter, surely had a decisive influence on me. But a vital contribution to my lifework of teaching "the Bible" was also made by Dawson Trotman, founder of the Navigators, and by Robert Munger, for years a Presbyterian minister and then a faculty colleague. Dawson Trotman encouraged people to memorize three verses a week and in reciting them to include the verse's reference "fore 'n aft." One day at the Fuller chapel, around 1955, he vividly illustrated how much more authority a speaker had who could quote a Bible verse while making his or her point without losing momentum.

I have found the same thing true in seminary teaching. Students have told me how it helped them to be able to write down the verse references I was using in making a point. After class they could then look them up and reflect on the validity of the point made. In conversing with students later, I have often noticed how it was

the verses I had quoted in class that had stayed with them.

Dr. Robert Munger's great contribution came in the course of an address he once gave to a group of seminarians who were interested in revival and being empowered by the Holy Spirit. He said that every Christian worker should devote some time to Bible reading, not to get ideas for the many messages that must soon be given, but just to let God speak in some specific way to one's own heart. Several years later, during recovery from a painful spiritual crisis, I resolved to start heeding this advice and began reading the Bible, starting at Genesis 1:1, and "just letting God speak to me." From this practice I have received vital help from God for the needs of the hour. My heart has been strengthened many times from something that God said specifically for me. And, as a by-product, I found that my knowledge of the Bible continually increased. Thus I am thankful for the influences of these godly men.



Larry DenBesten

LARRY DENBESTEN, PROVOST AND PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE AND MISSIOLOGY

In February of 1985 I reached an exciting, awesome and humbling conclusion. I came to believe that God had called me to leave a 30-year career as a missionary and academic surgeon to become the second provost of Fuller Theological Seminary. The validity of that call is affirmed almost daily as I watch "God's miracle" unfold here. It is a miracle that brings together for worship and study a faculty of 67 Christian scholars and 1,600 students from 80 countries and 90 denominations. Graduates totaling more than 7,000 have entered pulpits, mission fields, corporate board rooms, counseling suites and prestigious chairs at secular and religious institutions.

How did my pilgrimage come to be joined to that of Fuller? What were the significant influences? Two, I think: a few wonderful people and experiences that taught me to affirm God's will, and a God who cared enough to make his will my will.

My mother: I was born seventh of 11 children on the prairies of South Dakota. Crop failures, dust storms, tornadoes, grinding poverty and a wonderful mother addicted to missionary biography and autobiography are my earliest memories. During the day she worked side-by-side with farmers; in the evening she read to us missionary stories and biographies: **John and Betty Stamm, Martyrs, Johhana from Nigeria, Nigerian Harvest.** These and many others helped me to know what I would be when I grew up.

A near-death experience: At age five a near-drowning experience left me with headaches for months, life-long memories of what dying is like, and a profound, almost childish conviction that God wanted me to be an overseas missionary.

World War II: The year 1943 tore me from a sheltered, rural community and deposited me bloodied, frightened

and confused on the beaches of Guam. Only later would I realize that this was my "wilderness experience." I gave my life to Christ there and returned home impatient to get on with my perception of God's will for my life.

A special professor: I enrolled as a pre-medical student but found myself taking more and more courses in Latin, Greek and philosophy. A professor of history taught me how even a few moments of personal concern can change an individual's life. For no reason that I can perceive today, he invited me to chat after one class period. We discussed what I would do, and I shared my ambivalence about a theological and a medical career. To an insecure farm kid and college freshman, his near automatic statement that I probably should try to encompass both seemed to be God's oracle.

A nurse: While finishing theology and medicine, I met a nurse who became my wife, and who has shared my pilgrimage with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Shirley continues to teach me to speak the truth in love. Our years in Nigeria were a "mountain experience." We marveled as we saw God working to call out his church. We learned to know the power of God's Spirit—a power capable of miracles.

David Allan Hubbard: At age 40 I thought my little covenant with God had been satisfied, and I entered academic medicine with confidence that this would be my "second mission in life." But God never really gave me a chance. President Hubbard entered my

life. He invited me to become a Fuller trustee, and this felt so good. I had the best of all worlds: a professorship at one of the finest universities, a productive research laboratory, and a free conscience because I was "working with Fuller."

The rest you already know. Frankly, if someone had told me three years ago that I would be asked to become Fuller's provost, my laughter would have made Sarah sound like the last of the true believers. If that same one had predicted that I would become convinced that this was really God's will for my life and Fuller's, my protest would have made Demosthenes sound like a stutterer. President Hubbard's invitation left me overwhelmed, uncertain and more than a bit confused. My first inclination was to find a tasteful way to say no. I asked for time to think and pray about the invitation while on a family ski trip. I was confident that the crisp mountain air would clear my brain—would provide me with a way of disposing of this proposal with honor. I would call him in two weeks hence when we returned. The skiing was superb—but the thinking wasn't going well. To my surprise, I sensed the growing conviction that God might be calling me for such a time as this. I became concerned that the high altitude and physical fatigue were producing a brain oxygen deficit. Once again I called to ask for a little more time—time to get off the mountain—time to test the fleece in one more way. When the fleece turned up wet for the third time it was too much! I called to say that I would serve.

In one sense my pilgrimage has been more like Balaam and the donkey than the pillar of cloud and the children of Israel. My strong notions of how God should use my life have most often changed when I was crushed into submission between the wall of my own willfulness and the power of God's Spirit. But let me

Marquette Shuster

MARGUERITE SHUSTER, MEMBER, TN&N EDITORIAL BOARD

make one thing clear: although I have been "the hunter hunted," the joy in living God's plan for my life has been infinitely richer than any life that I might have planned.

So these are some of the influences: a Dutch immigrant mother of 11 who found endless hours to read tales from the mission field, a near-death experience, a terrible war, a sensitive professor, and a seminary president who is now my mentor. But through it all a God who looked after me when I thought I was looking after him.



An event: Morning, in a large university lecture hall, filled with students. A talented young professor of social psychology—nervous, energetic, totally engrossed in his subject, pacing back and forth across the room. A time when, as yet, I had no pressing sense of our overwhelming capacity for evil, much less any pressing sense of sin. The professor described a series of experiments demonstrating the willingness of ordinary people to harm, and to persist in harming, one another. Having detailed the procedure, he paused. He looked out over his class. And he said, "Look to your left. Look to your right. Two out of every three of you would have gone all the way." I looked. My gaze came to rest upon myself. From that moment, my naive and cheerful confidence in my predisposition to do right was gone forever.

A person: A university professor, enormously popular, who scheduled his classes at the least preferred hour in the remotest corner of a huge campus, but never put a ceiling on the number who could attend. Learned, brilliant, witty, but so lucid that the profundity of his thought never made display of itself. A controversial public figure, but different, even shy, in private conversation. And a theologian, though I didn't know that until years later. All I knew was that here was a person of deep sensitivity and unimpeachable, uncompromising, self-sacrificing integrity whose cast of mind somehow fit my own. (Only after I had met other theologians did I learn the connection between the cast of mind and the calling.) He encouraged me without ever pressing me while I was an anxious student. He answered my still adolescent-sounding letters when I was a confused graduate. He recommended the book (below) I was reading the night of my conversion. And after I had come to Fuller and he was on campus lecturing, this man,

who knew my failings better than anyone else, gave me my first experiential insight into grace by his continuing warm acceptance.

A book: A theological novel, strangely textured with themes of supernatural evil and transcendent good. A book difficult in diction, provocative in style, eerie in mood, yet somehow affecting me as being the sanest thing I had ever read. For the first time I understood a little about mutuality, a little about pride, a little about relinquishment. The book catalyzed my conversion and continues to haunt and challenge my perceptions of the world.

The event was an account of the famous Milgram experiments on obedience to authority. The person is Robert McAfee Brown. The book is Charles Williams' *Descent Into Hell*.



Ruth A. Fuglie

RUTH A. FUGLIE, INTERNATIONAL STUDENT ADVISER

Like most university students in Southern California in 1970, I had little time for God or the things usually associated with the Divinity. I was too busy studying, working, socializing, and trying out new ideas. Both my head and my schedule were jammed. As a result, I had become my own ultimate concern. But all that changed in my third year at university when I met three Catholics. Each had an influence on me, but together they packed a definite spiritual wallop.

The first was a classmate about my age named Sister Deborah. Her simple brown Franciscan habit and her peaceful, engaging manner caused her to stand out from the rest of us in the class to such a degree that she seemed exotic. It was rare to meet anyone in a Southern California classroom in the early '70s who had taken a vow of any sort. We didn't go for vows much then, let alone vows so ancient and demanding that even their names—poverty, chastity, and obedience—had grown dim in our memories.

Out of curiosity about her differentness, I invited her over for pizza one day and she brought half the convent with her. Many lively conversations followed. Often, she'd hang up her habit and raid the "missionary barrel" for donated shorts and an old sweatshirt and we'd go off to explore the tide pools or take long walks on the beach. In those walks and talks I learned from Deborah about an obedience that was not simply submission to someone arbitrarily in charge, but a kind of freedom from the compulsion to have one's own way all the time. She taught me about a chastity that was a wider way of loving than I'd imagined. Her poverty moved me the most, though. Hers was a poverty that delighted in everything while requiring nothing. Not long after we met, she left to work among the involuntarily poor, those so poor it seemed as if even

their choices had been taken away from them. After she left, I thought a lot about Deborah and her vows. I realized that the important thing was not so much the vows themselves, but that she knew how to live them.

I met the second Catholic in a university classroom, too. His name was Dante Alighieri, and our initial meeting was on paper, of course. But he wasn't content to stay there; the terrain of the printed page was too flat for him. His restlessness coaxed me to journey with him, exploring the depths of life. He hauled my attention off the surface of reality where it had been securely riveted for years, and dragged it spiraling down to confront people and places of both dark mystery and surprising familiarity. He led me struggling upward through Purgatorio to the light of Paradiso. Wherever he and I went together, I found it bewildering, exhausting, exhilarating. Dante never let me stay put, and my attention has not settled comfortably on the surface of things since. It always wants to penetrate beneath, or struggle through, or rise beyond the daily stuff of life.

Before I got too removed from the daily stuff of life, though, a third Catholic got hold of me. Her name was Flannery O'Connor, and since she was a writer she always brought her characters along with her. In contrast to Dante's lyricism, Flannery was blunt and direct, sometimes violently direct. A friend introduced us, and my first meeting with her was the most startling. Perhaps because it began in such an unassuming way. You see, the

character Flannery brought with her that first time was a Southern gentlewoman known only as "the grandmother." She turns up in a charming little piece about a family that gets murdered on the way to their vacation in Florida. It's called "A Good Man Is Hard to Find."

Grandmother seemed to be pretty much what I'd expected her to be. She was a bit of a hypocrite, but the kind of innocent hypocrite anyone's grandmother is apt to be. She had a prime concern for appearances. She was the sort who dressed properly, wearing a hat, gloves, and a bunch of cloth violets pinned to her white organdy collar whenever she went out for a drive so that, in the event of an accident, "anyone seeing her dead on the highway would know at once that she was a lady." She certainly wasn't anyone I expected to have to take seriously. Until Flannery O'Connor put her in a serious situation, that is. She put the grandmother in the most serious situation any character (or reader) can find themselves in—facing death. And in that extreme situation, O'Connor reveals the grandmother's (and the reader's) essence. When O'Connor left Grandmother lying in a puddle of blood in the final paragraph, several of my illusions were lying there with her. Violence and grandmothers are a jarringly incongruent combination for one who is one's own ultimate concern. If Dante managed to get me off the surface of life, O'Connor forced me to return and face the surface squarely and recognize it as territory largely held by the devil. And her friend, the grandmother, taught me to watch that surface carefully for the flashes of grace that burst onto it.

All three of the Catholics I met that year demonstrated to me the action of God's grace in the devil's territory. Sometimes I wonder why the Lord used these Catholics to reach me. It seems that the Lord values difference

ILA MAE HARRIS

ILA MAE HARRIS, ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CENTER

and knows how to use it to produce change. The Lord knows, too, how to use what we haven't built up a resistance to yet. If we successfully evade all the familiar appeals, he starts making unfamiliar ones. The Lord also showed me through these influences that not making time for God was no safe escape from him. Since God's got all the time in the world, he'll invade whatever we are making time for in his persistent, insatiable bid for our attention.



After years of separation from my family, I stood looking at my mother's girlhood home—a small wooden house alone on the prairie of the windy Texas panhandle. Except for the old barn there were no other buildings as far as my eyes could see. I suddenly felt very close to her and wondered if she ever thought her daughter would stand where she once stood so many years before. I recalled stories of how her father brought his family by covered wagon from Mississippi to Texas, and marveled at how he built his home when he had to transport lumber from the nearest railroad, 40 miles distant. Because her mother died shortly after her birth, my mother was raised by her grandmother, who taught the family it was safe to trust God. But was it? I wondered where God was as I thought about her painful life. It seemed to me he had deserted her.

After her grandmother died, mother moved to northwest Washington, where she attended college and later married. It was there she discovered how largely and personally God loved her. She directed her time and energies to helping friends with their problems.

I stood there with the Texas wind blowing through my hair recalling precious memories of mother during my own childhood—memories deeply mine yet similar to all who have known a mother's gentle love. I heard again her soft, rolling laughter at some prank we children pulled. Evening meals were especially happy when we gathered together and shared the day's fun. Mother took special delight at our jokes. We had lived for awhile in the country where we had Buttercup, the cow, and all the homemade butter and whipped cream we could eat. After we moved to town, mother attempted to introduce the family to margarine. One evening at dinner my brother solemnly requested: "Please pass the lard."

Excusing herself from the table, my sister went to the stove and returned to present my brother with a can of Crisco. Mother's soft laughter rolled out across the room. We never had margarine again. My father often scolded us for our silliness, but I noted that occasionally, he laughed, too.

I felt again the warmth of mother's love as I pictured her holding me on her lap, kissing away some childish injury and saying: "Don't cry anymore. I'm here." I remembered the nights just before Christmas she sat up toward dawn making a wardrobe for my new doll. I mentally saw her sitting in her soft chair by the floor furnace (her feet were always cold) telling God about the needs of her friends, and continuing to pray until she had peace her prayers would be answered. She often spent two to three hours a day praying for her family and friends.

I walked around in the tall, dead grass of her old front yard looking at that abandoned house and thought of her broken dreams. She and my father settled near the ocean in California, where they immediately became active church leaders. She forgave my father his wanderings, but over the years her flashing eyes took on a secret pain, a hurt she kept locked tight in her heart. I remembered the day she returned home from an errand to find a note on the kitchen table. It said the marriage was over, their house had been sold, the money was gone, her husband had left town with her friend.

Mother's grief was so deep she could neither eat nor sleep. She went away to a hospital to recover. It was then, as a teenager, I believed God had abandoned her. I thought I hated him for it. She who had preached countless sermons in college and seen many respond; she who gave up money for new clothes or luxuries so she could give to people in need; she who would spend hours listening to a hurting friend and say, "Don't cry. God will take care of you"; she—who befriended others—was in need. And alone. God had left her. Or so it seemed to me. Yet during her hospital stay, she spent one whole night in prayer for her family, her husband, her health. She not only recovered rapidly after that with a quick discharge, but my father returned. Once more she forgave him and they moved away to begin again. Although she never lost her nervousness as a result of that experience, their life settled into an easier, happier pattern. She looked around at new neighbors, new friends, and began assisting them in their problems. Her gentle laughter returned.

Twelve years after my trip to her Texas home, mother developed Alzheimer's disease. My father lovingly and patiently cared for her during that time. When she had to go to the hospital for cancer surgery, she told him: "I don't know where I am, but I know God is with me."

During my teenage years, I became alienated from my father and left home, with some belief on the part of my brother and sister that I had unfeelingly left mother. Most of the family became separated. Because of my bitterness that God had deserted my mother in her pain, I could not pray or believe he cared.

After her cancer surgery, I stood beside her bed, with tears streaming down my face. She looked at the tears. I said, simply: "I'm crying because you don't feel well." Mother smiled into my

heart with those loving blue eyes, and said: "Don't cry anymore. I'll be better tomorrow."

Her "tomorrow" came a few weeks later, and we all met again in a small chapel for her funeral. The preacher said that one day he decided to visit my mother. He poured out his pastoral problems to her. He said she listened to the end, smiled, and said: "You are going to be all right. I've been praying for you."

It has been two years now since mother left us. My bitterness at God is over, because in answer to her prayers, he has let me, too, feel overwhelmed by his love. Many of the family understand each other now. But I have experienced grief that our separation caused her pain. Several years ago, unable to sleep, I got up at 2:30 one morning to write to her of my love and despair over our being apart. Recently I went again to my Bible where her answer is safely tucked away. I re-read those precious words: "Don't cry anymore, sweet daughter, but rejoice that we love each other even though we can't be together."

I still wonder sometimes how much God was with her in her pain, as I wondered in that flat, empty land by her girlhood home. But I believe her grandmother was right—that it is safe to trust him. I think if mother could answer me, she would say God cried during her sorrow. She would add that he held her in his arms so that from that place near his heart where she found comfort, she could reach out a hand to a friend. I listen, sometimes hear and take courage from her words: "Don't cry anymore. God is with you."



Paul G. Hiebert

PAUL G. HIEBERT, PROFESSOR OF ANTHROPOLOGY AND SOUTH ASIAN STUDIES

Many people live in my biography, but there are three, in particular, in whose steps I walk. One I knew intimately in person, the others mainly through their writings. All three played key roles in my Christian faith, my concern for missions, and my love of learning.

The first was my father: a missionary to India, a person of wisdom and balance, and a man of God. As his only son, my father often took me with him on his evangelistic tours, both in India and the U.S. My earliest memories are of going from village to village, camping in mango orchards, climbing nearby hills, and sitting through services that ran late into the night. Later, on furlough, he led me to Christ after an evangelistic service in Minneapolis.

Dad was a missionary at heart. To him there was no higher calling. Moreover, in an age of colonial missions, he was strongly committed to the indigenization of the Indian church and its leadership. Dad was also a scholar. He completed graduate studies at USC in Indian history and was invited to teach there, but his heart was in India. His concern for missions and contextualization, practice and scholarship, played an important part in my interest in missions and anthropology.

The second person to deeply influence my thinking was E. Stanley Jones, an outstanding missionary statesman in India. I discovered him almost by accident as I was looking for some solid devotional books that went beyond simply offering a good thought for the day, and ran across *The Way*, and *Christian Maturity*. From these I graduated to his other writings.

Jones was the greatest mission evangelist in our generation. Each year until he was past 80 he toured India and the world, and tens of thousands point to him as the one who led them to Christ. He was equally at home

with presidents, and the poor and oppressed; with palaces and ghettos. His writings fill a library, and have moved millions.

But Jones not only preached a biblical approach to missions, he modeled it. In an age of liberalism, he was uncompromising in his declaration of Christ as the only way to salvation. In a conference in South India missionaries discussed how to begin proclaiming the Gospel in Indian villages. Some wanted to start with Genesis, others with sin and redemptive history. When they asked Jones, he said, there is only one place to begin: the person of Christ. His book on conversion is one of the classics in the field. The last message I, a beginning missionary, heard him preach, came when he was an old veteran past 80, but his message was clear: preach Christ, the hope of the world.

In an age that divorced evangelism from social action, Jones proclaimed the whole Gospel. He was not willing to restrict the Christian message to salvation, or personal matters. The Gospel Jesus preached, he said, was the Kingdom of God, which has to do with peace, justice, health and reconciliation, as well as with individual salvation. It is the yardstick by which we measure human societies and lives. Jones drew these two emphases on Christ and the Kingdom together in *The Unshakable Kingdom* and *the Unchanging Person*, a book that captures the central passion of his life.

In an age of colonial missions, Jones called for radical indigenization of the church and the Gospel. When most missionaries supported the continuation of British rule in India so that mission work might continue,

Jones sided with the nationalist aspirations of Indian Christians. When mission agencies depended on Western methods of communicating the Gospel, Jones explored Indian ways. He started ashrams or spiritual retreats around the world for those seeking spiritual guidance. He initiated the round table method to reach the educated elite in which he invited Hindus, Muslims and Christians to share their personal experiences with God without condemning one another. Inevitably Muslims and Hindus later came seeking salvation, saying that while they were searching after God, the Christians had found him. No one did more to reach India's leaders for Christ.

Jones also sought to present the Gospel in terms people understood. His books *Christ of the Indian Road* and *Christ of the Japanese Road* were 50 years ahead of their time. But in his efforts to contextualize the understanding of the message, Jones never compromised the prophetic nature of the message itself. His was a call to radical discipleship.

Finally, Jones modeled for me the integration of science and faith. Working within a clear theological framework, he was not afraid to examine deeply the findings of psychology, sociology and the natural sciences. He was convinced not only that the Scriptures and Christian faith would stand the intense light of critical examination, but also would become more certain by it.

I was reminded of the relevance of Jones' message for the church today at some preachers' conferences I attended last year in South India. There again and again, I heard Indian leaders speak of the impact of Jones on their lives and ministries.

The third person to deeply influence my thinking was John C. Wenger. Strangely enough, it was on the mission field while I was struggling with questions of Indian theology

and theological diversity that I rediscovered through Wenger much of my Anabaptist theological heritage which I had imbibed in an unsystematic fashion in sermons and listening to elders in the church. This heritage provided me not only with a solid biblically based theology, but also a meta-theology—a theology about how theology should be done. The centrality of the Bible, and the need for the priesthood of all believers within a hermeneutical community became living realities in my mission experience, and changed my view of ministry. They enabled me not only to share what God was saying to me, but to hear what he was saying to my Indian Christian brothers and sisters.

There are many others in science and anthropology, such as Hoebel, Kuhn, Laudin, Geertz, Turner and Douglas; and in theology and missions, such as Spurgeon, Vos, Berkhof, Neill and Newbigin who have impacted my thinking, but these three met me at critical turns in my life, and pointed me the way.



Julie A. Gorman

JULIE GORMAN, ASST. PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN FORMATION AND DISCIPLESHIP

I grew up thinking God was a member of our family—indeed he was. As a young child I discovered that even such events as buying a winter coat was a chance to trust God. In those days this event occurred only once in a two-year period and required a considerable outlay of cash. It also became the object of our prayers. I remember making the trip to the capital city for this purchase, confident that God was in the coat business and had saved the right one for me. Each time I came home not just with a new coat, but secure in the belief that God could be trusted with coat supplying. This could be repeated hundreds of times over upon occasions of lost animals, broken water pumps on vacation trips, neighborhood bullies and fears about chow dogs on the way to school. My earliest and most powerful influencers were my parents. From them I learned to know and trust God.

It was fitting that my parents also influenced me on the authority of God's Word. An event that impressed my formative conscience was my father's turning down a promotion that would have required him to work on Sunday and necessitate his giving up teaching his Sunday school class. He lived his life by the Book.

"When your words came, I ate them; they were my joy and my heart's delight..." (Jer. 15:16). That "delight" in the Word on a daily basis was shown me by a college roommate who made that discipline a priority in her life. Thus in my freshman year I decided on that superdecision that would impact the rest of my life—I would commit regular time to God and his Word. That was the beginning of my spiritual growth. To pursue this relationship I sought the privacy of the broomcloset in a Wheaton dorm. There, amid the buckets and mops, the glory of the Exodus escape came alive to me, and I was ushered into the "Promised Land" to discover the

richness of the Scriptures. It was also at that time that I discovered Hudson Taylor's *Spiritual Secret* and biographies of giants of the faith such as George Mueller and Amy Carmichael. Their lives awakened a hunger for God in me heretofore unknown. Living heroines in the persons of Drs. Mary and Lois DeBar became my spiritual and ministry mentors, taking me with them to minister at conventions and walking me through curriculum writing.

My pastoral responsibility at Lake Avenue Congregational Church continued the process of intentionally investing my life in nurturing others in a discipling relationship. God gave me a group called Children's (Ministry) Family. Thursday nights were filled with our sharing potluck, our lives and spiritual formation, my equipping them with ministry skills and then experiencing shared ministry. It was this experience that convinced me that we must give attention to our spiritual formation—who we are—before we become concerned about what we are to do. We must "become the people of God before we do the work of God." I was so convinced of the biblical and practical soundness of discipling that I asked God to give me 100 persons in my lifetime whom I could disciple in spiritual formation and ministry. That was a beginning. Today their pictures from around the world brighten my refrigerator door as reminders of the faithfulness of God to his Word and plan.

It was also at Lake Avenue that an arresting statement from Ray Ortlund, "You have all of God that you want right now," challenged me to "want more." Red lights were usually a bother for my "Type A" personality. In my desire to focus on God I decided to use such red lights as occasions to recenter my thoughts on him. At

David Allan Hubbard

DAVID ALLAN HUBBARD, PRESIDENT AND PROFESSOR OF OLD TESTAMENT

this period of worship and desire I discovered that "although God may not be ready to show us what he wants to do he is always ready to show us who he is." Hyde's *Dedication and Leadership*, A. W. Tozer and E. M. Bounds fanned the flames of my desire for God.

My life reflects being influenced by the two priorities that form the focus of my ministry today—godly people and the Word of God. The Scriptures have structured my relationships, shaped my ministry, motivated me to change, upheld me in buying a house, directed me in making a job change, stabilized me in the death of both parents, charted the course of my life. The psalmist verbalizes it well, "I esteem right all thy precepts concerning everything..." (Ps. 119:128). "Blessed is the one (whose) delight is the law of the Lord...He/She is like a tree planted by streams of water which yields its fruit in season and whose leaf does not wither. Whatever he/she does prospers" (Ps. 1).



Two remarkable women played key roles in my upbringing. My sister Laura was looking forward to her 11th birthday when I arrived. Few events before or since had more impact on her priorities than my appearance. She gave up a lot of her school-girl carefreeness to nurture me. Until she married 11 years later, she was my closest companion, almost always at hand cooking, cleaning, reading, chatting, and coaching. She made tomato sandwiches for me, shot-off firecrackers with me, recited poetry to me, and got me a part in her high school play. Her love of learning was contagious as was her appreciation for the English language. I learned as much about rhetoric from her recitations over the dish pan as in any speech class. Her commitment to trust Christ in the face of a serious visual handicap was a whole curriculum in the meaning of faith.

Laura's presence made it possible for my mother, Helena, to continue her work alongside my dad, as co-pastor of our little church in Oakland. My mother, too, had some readjusting to do when I came along, midway in her 40th year. Her course had long been set: Bible classes several times a week, day-long prayer meetings each Tuesday, visitation or Bible-school lecturing in between. She was such a combination of nurture and authority that virtually everyone in the church under 50 called her "Mother Hubbard." I called her "mom" and absorbed from her unconsciously a confidence in the power of prayer, a sense of the importance of God's will, and a feel for understanding and teaching the Bible. Among my rich high school memories are bedside chats about theology, church history, and the mission of the church. Both Laura and mother believed in me before they had adequate evidence. Their quickness, brilliance, energy, wit and authoritative manner might have been

intimidating without that belief. I grew up assuming I could do certain things—in music, athletics, academics, and leadership—not just because they were coldly expected of me but because there was warm trust in what I could be and do.

Three other women gave significant gifts to my childhood. Frances Cardwell, a spinster in her 30s, with braided hair and shining face, met me the first Sunday we arrived from Stockton and began our ministry as a family in the new church in Oakland. Church here means congregation. The building was a movie theater converted to religious uses by the Depression. I was four years old. During the Sunday school that Sunday, Frances took me aside and with the help of a Wordless Book of just four pages—one black, one red, one white, one gold—she explained my sin, Christ's death, new life, and heaven's hope. I asked Jesus into my heart, a simple act of a pre-school kid. But a milestone in my Christian pilgrimage which I have not had occasion to doubt or gainsay. And Frances did not stop there. She was a constant amid the ups and downs of childhood and adolescence. Her devotion to Christ, her zeal for evangelism, her affection for me were paradigms of discipleship.

Pearl Sindel was my Sunday school teacher in the junior department. Week after week she sat patiently in the center of our horseshoe-shaped table while I and a handful of other smart-alecks alternately defied her to teach us anything and competed for the memory prizes—usually blue paper symbols that hung on ribbons bearing our names. It was for Pearl a thankless job. But she was not in it for the thanks. From her I learned



not only the books of the Bible and the names of Judah's kings but the importance of courage, constancy and determination in Christian service, even when the level of praise may be low and degree of response subnormal.

In the half of my life spent outside of church it was Helen Funnell whose influence shone brightest. My English teacher and class counselor at Frick Junior High, she gave me a gift of loving confrontation: "You finish your work quickly, David, but then you spend your time reading books that aren't worth it." This mixture of compliment and rebuke caught my attention, as she went on to challenge me to read better literature than boy stories and tales of the Alaskan gold-rush and to offer to provide the appropriate books and to discuss them with me. An academic conversion this was, launching me on a course from which only on occasion have I lapsed in my reading habits. Nothing on my educational pilgrimage from then to now has been as startling a revelation as that moment when my tastes were changed from chalk to cheese.

Other women there have been and still are—Ruth, my wife, and Mary our daughter. Here I have chosen to reflect on my past. The immeasurable contribution of these two is, thank God, yet to be completed. Evaluating it is another story. Yet, whatever I have been as husband, parent, minister and teacher owes much to the five persons above, whose names are not listed on my curriculum vitae—Laura, Helena, Frances, Pearl, Helen, expressions of God's grace and wisdom to a boy who would have been lost without them.

Paul K. Jewett

PAUL K. JEWETT, PROFESSOR OF SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY

A person: When I entered Wheaton College at 17 and told my academic adviser that I felt called to be a minister, I was advised to major in philosophy in preparation for seminary. This seemed strange, for I had supposed I would be majoring in the Bible. I had, at the time, only the vaguest idea of what philosophy was all about, but I soon came under the spell of Gordon H. Clark, who headed the department. Actually, I think I learned more theology than philosophy in his classes. The late Edward John Carnell, who was in several classes with me, suggested that some of us should not be forever derailing the lecture by asking questions about theology—though of course he, too, was interested in the subject. Under Prof. Clark, I first heard about Augustine, Thomas, Luther, Calvin, predestination, sin (in terms of the Pelagianism controversy, that is), grace—the whole kit and caboodle. Having been brought up in a gospel church that majored in prophecy, especially Daniel and the Book of Revelation, I at first mightily resisted all these heresies. But eventually I came around and have been a Calvinist ever since, though things are not so black and white for me now as they were in the heady days of discovery.

Ideas: In view of the above, I can be brief at this point. The doctrine of grace gave me a conceptual grasp of the meaning of the salvation I had experienced in my early teens. Paul's argument in Romans and Galatians came to dominate my understanding of the New Testament and, by implication, of the Old. In this one respect I can claim to be like Luther.

Event: My call to teach systematics at Fuller Seminary, when my old friend from college, seminary and grad school, Ed Carnell, became

president of the institution, set the course for my professional life. I guess I was the first new professor he called, since I began teaching the classes he relinquished when he became president. At Gordon Divinity School, now Gordon-Conwell, where I began to teach while finishing my doctorate, I was a utility person, lecturing in about everything but dogmatics, but since coming to Fuller I have settled down and now know so little that I would be unable to teach anything else.

Books: This, of course, is a category in which it is impossible for me to give precise answers, since I have been reading books all my life. I single out two that influenced me greatly, though they were not written by theologians and did not concern theology in a direct way. The first is Alex Haley's *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. As a Yankee growing up in a small town where no black people lived, I first had my education improved when a black graduate of Wheaton College and Westminster Seminary—whose word I could not doubt—began to circulate accounts, with affidavits, of what life for blacks was like in Birmingham, Alabama, just before Martin Luther King, Jr. became prominent. This whole learning experience was brought into sharp focus when I read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. This book, to borrow a phrase from Roger Bacon, was one I not only tasted, but digested.

I had a similar experience when I later read Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, and perceived



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Cecil M. Robeck, Jr.

CECIL M. ROBECK, JR., ASSISTANT DEAN FOR ACADEMIC SYSTEMS

Last month I preached at my local church. Afterward, two men asked for their offering back. This week three concerned pastors called to inquire about my denominational loyalty. They had each read a publication which listed my name as one of many church leaders "who don't stand for anything at all" because in an open letter we welcomed Pope John Paul II to America.

These reactions, though minor, shake the ecumenical tightrope that I have been called to walk. Several years ago I embraced the challenge and as I look back in my datebook on all that has happened within this past year alone, I am overwhelmed. I addressed meetings of the National Council of Churches in New Orleans, Kansas City and at Fuller. On several occasions I have had opportunity to "pass the salt" to Protestant, Orthodox and Roman Catholic church leaders while we sat together at one table. On one occasion we discussed what it meant to confess Jesus Christ in North America today. On another occasion, as a member of the Roman Catholic/Pentecostal Dialogue team, we met in Venice, Italy and discussed the meaning of sacraments. In Geneva, Switzerland I had opportunity to visit the World Council of Churches and met informally with the general secretary. Even Swedish and Finnish newspapers interviewed me about my hopes for Christian unity.

Often I look back and recognize the clear hand of God who has taken me, a Pentecostal preacher's kid from Las Vegas, Nevada, and placed me for the moment in spheres of influence in which I never dreamed I could have a part. Yet I relish this opportunity to acknowledge before others how God has faithfully led me into these places.

I had an early introduction to faith and life in the church. My parents were both church-planting ministers. As a preacher's kid, I was enlisted as

the church organist at the age of nine, regularly read Scripture, led "testimony" services, and taught Sunday school in my teens. Perhaps because of the intensity of these early experiences, I viewed "the ministry" as something to be avoided. So, at 17 I left home for San Jose to begin my academic career in a pre-med program. I flunked out the first semester. Over the course of five years, while working, I changed programs twice more, only to flunk out both times.

I had convinced myself that ministry, at least in the way I understood it, was not for me. In my ignorance, I had never thought that "ministry" could be something other than preaching or planting churches. In 1967 I was a part of a large church where I won awards for my Sunday school teaching. Two mature Christians recognized that I had a gift for teaching and encouraged me to pursue a full-time ministry in that direction. I was stunned by the obvious that had never crossed my mind. Consequently I changed my academic course and quickly found that my anxieties disappeared and my grades skyrocketed.

It was a family friend, Dr. L. Nelson Bell, who suggested that I attend Fuller. Here I found the academic challenge, the spiritual growth and the diversity among other Christians that I wanted. Through a line in James D. G. Dunn's book, *Baptism in the Spirit*, I found further direction. He wrote, "Pentecostal teaching on spiritual gifts...while still unbalanced, is much more soundly based on the NT than is generally recognized" (p. 23). For me, this was an open invitation to pursue scholarship in a field that might enable me to make a positive contribution to my own Pentecostal tradition. I used every avenue to work out my

theology, research papers, sermons, even Sunday school lessons, and I began to publish what I had learned. Doors opened and I saw that many historic denominational churches welcomed my teaching.

Russ Spittler employed me for awhile when he was the dean at Southern California College. His pragmatic advice led me to pursue church history as a discipline. I studied the documents of the historic Protestant, Roman Catholic and Orthodox traditions, focusing on the themes of giftedness and ecclesiology. It broadened my horizons and I began to see solutions to some of the problems facing the church today.

At the same time Fuller Provost Glenn Barker offered me a job in Admissions and Advising. That was in 1974. I quickly learned that I had administrative gifts and, as three-time flunkie, found many opportunities to minister hope to discouraged students.

In 1982 I was elected president of the Society for Pentecostal Studies. During that year I read Samuel Terrien's book, *The Elusive Presence*, which spoke of the ineffable self-revelation of God. It underscored for me the truth of 1 Corinthians 13:12, that we are all heirs to partial truths and dim reflections. Under its influence I pondered the diversity of the Body of Christ, the breadth of giftedness that I witnessed among God's people, and the partial nature of our knowledge and understanding. As I came to recognize the importance of appreciating the diversity within the church I began to search my own

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Hugh James

HUGH JAMES, DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS

I was born, baptized and confirmed into the Anglican faith. My parents regularly attended our village church, even requiring us to go breakfastless to communion each Sunday. But very little of this rubbed off on me because, as I look back, the Church of England offered no sense of the intimacy and vitality that attract young people. Church was simply a place that you went to on Sundays—run by a man who often came to Sunday supper wearing what we kids called a "dog collar."

Away at school, I was required to attend chapel daily—a happening hardly conducive to burnishing whatever faith or belief I may have had, for the sermons delivered by the headmaster or a visiting prelate always had threats of the dire consequences we could expect if we wandered from the "straight and narrow." In fact, the pressures of mandatory chapel attendance drove me to become a chorister and thus be able to join in hushed high-jinks behind the rood screen during the sermon—a somewhat unfortunate beginning for someone who would end up as an administrator in a Christian seminary.

Throughout my early life, I had more faith in myself than faith in God. God or Jesus Christ did not come into the picture as far as my ethos, morality or honesty were concerned, but they did lurk in the background as an ill-defined insurance that if I did to others that which I would have them do to me, I would go to heaven, as opposed to an alternative of considerable discomfort known as hell. In hindsight, it was remarkable how comfortable such a philosophy was, for it enabled me to succeed in business and regard myself of high worth as a human being.

All this was brought up in a round turn when I met an American woman at the Olympic Games in Italy in 1960. We fell in love and, as a result, I came to America in 1962 and we married.

Jane was a woman of great faith and deeply committed to the lordship of Jesus Christ. She was a "woman of The Book" and, as such, was intent on making the Christian faith relevant in the life of her husband. She saw in me a tendency toward intellectual speculation that in many ways was my way of escaping the rigors of Christian discipleship. This apparently, was not about to happen, for my wife was constantly quoting Jesus who, when asked about the signs of a true disciple, did not deal in theological principles or creed, but simply said, "You will know them by their fruits." Jane was insistent that I should get to know Jesus as a means of experiencing God's grace and accept, as she called it, his offer of a creative, affirmative fullness of life. And the way to do this was to become a "man of The Book."

First, she said, I would have to find Jesus for myself, and the key to this was the Gospel of John because of its author's desire to probe and express the innermost thoughts of Jesus himself. In other words, John would enable me to see the story of Jesus from within the consciousness of Jesus, and uncover his actual thoughts and intentions.

But in spite of simple words, the repetition of key ideas and short sentences, there remained the challenge of veiled language intended to convey rich spiritual truth. Every word, every phrase had a direct meaning behind which lived a hidden meaning so profound that even the most intelligent of readers, let alone a neophyte Presbyterian, is carried out beyond his or her depth.

Then my pastor suggested that I should take Bill LaSor's Sunday school class and, although I confess I could not comprehend all that Bill had to say, one of his concepts became the "foundation" upon which I was to build my relationship with Jesus. It was to the extent that John revealed the inner consciousness of Jesus that it was possible for me to know "the Son" in the depth of his own spirit. It was this that sustained me in my study of the Synoptics because, while reading widely of a Jesus as he was known to others, John had shown me Jesus as he was known to himself.

Through years of study and years of Sunday school teaching—for growing in Christ with children is a salutary experience—I have come a long way from the "beginning Christian" who ordered *The Interpreter's Bible* for his home, under the impression it was but a single volume. Today the writings of Bultmann, Bonhoeffer, Tillich, Trueblood, Barclay, Phillips, Calvin, Weatherhead, Bruce, Ramsey, Cadbury, Woolman, even Augustine, Aquinas, and Muggeridge, are found among many others on the shelves in our den, and all of them have been read with gratitude. But I wonder if this would have ever been the case had not Jane and Bill combined to bring me to John in the first place, putting into my heart the meaning of eternal life (17:3), and making me understand that Jesus did not call me to "know" God intellectually, but to know him in a way that involves my whole life and personality, and leads

H. Newton Malony

H. NEWTON MALONY, PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY

to the life eternal that rests upon an unconditional love of God, selfless obedience to his call and fulfilling fellowship with him. To me this means that eternal life can be a present reality (and not just for the future) through a relationship with God that is timeless not only in duration, but in quality. Thank you Jane, thank you Bill, thank you John.



Some opportunities are propitious. This invitation to describe some of the influences on my life came at a time when I had just finished the outline for a book I am writing entitled *The Men in My Life*. I welcome this chance to write about a few of these persons.

Three of these men entered my life by accident, without any intent or effort on my own. The first was my father. We met by coincidence of marriage and birth. To say I did not choose him does not mean he did not choose me. I was his only child. I did not know him well. He died when I was six years old. Like the song sung at John Kennedy's death, "Johnny, we hardly knew you," I hardly knew my father. I mourned his death. I remember crying each night for the first month or two. After that the tears came every now and then. I still weep when I think of him.

What I know of my father is a mixture of what I have been told and some fleeting memories such as the fact that he never came home but that he brought me some little gift. I was "the apple of his eye," according to my mother. He always kept a lock of my blond baby curls in his wallet along with a picture. I kept that lock for many years after his death. I wish I had it now to remind me of his love, but it has been lost somewhere in the passing years.

He was a good man; not very religious, but good. What he gave me was invaluable. He gave me a sense of being loved. That is a precious heritage that I attribute to him. That has been the foundation of my self-esteem. His love was supported immeasurably by the constant love of my mother, who was religious, and who buttressed my father's love with that of a heavenly Father. This combination of being treasured by earthly and heavenly parents has stayed with me to this day.

The second man who entered my

life by accident was my father-in-law. He entered my life by marriage. I did not choose him and he did not choose me. We met by accident over 30 years ago. I have grown to love and admire him dearly. He is a quiet, courageous, stable, loyal, supportive, honorable, family man.

His influence on my life has increased with the years. I have watched him survive and surmount his wife's illness, the premature death of a granddaughter, and divorces in two of his three children. His quiet faith and his persistent integrity have been examples to me. His sonorous 81-year-old bass voice still graces the choir of a semi-rural Alabama church every Sunday of the year.

Although he has no Ph.D., nor has he ever spoken at a professional convention, written a book, chaired doctoral dissertations, nor received academic honors, I can unequivocally say that he has taken the place of the example my father might have been for me. If I can be known to my sons by the same qualities I have seen in him I will consider that more of an honor than all the opportunities or awards I have received.

The third man to enter my life by coincidence was my step-father. Some 26 years after my father's death and five years after my widowed mother had retired from teaching public school, she married again. Of course I was surprised to receive a phone call from a 70-year-old woman asking me if I would object to her consummating a romance that had actually begun when she and my step-father-to-be were in college together! They had eight good years together before her death.

I became the son he never had. He became the father I had missed. He was my treasured friend. As his only

heir, I took over his affairs and, shortly after my mother's death, I laid his body to rest in the soil of the city where he had lived his life as high school principal and school superintendent.

I watched his love for my mother and his staunch support of the local church where he had served in a variety of positions throughout the years. I take away from him a warm memory of sonship and an admiration for his loyalty to Alabama Methodism, which had been the roots of his, my, and my mother's faith.

These three men, then, were among those who entered my life by coincidence but whose influence on my own manhood has been great. I owe to them strong examples of love, of character, and of churchmanship. One further man I would like to mention was of equal influence on my life. He entered my life by intention, not accident. I owe to him the gift of empowerment.

In the spring of 1969 I accepted the invitation of Fuller Theological Seminary to interview for a faculty position. As I disembarked from my flight at LAX, I was met by Lee and Lysa Travis—persons about whom I knew little and had never met. Before we got to their home I knew in my heart that this was a man with whom I could live and work.

The last 18 years have not proved me wrong, nor have I changed my opinion. With no hesitation, I can say that Lee Edward Travis has been the most constantly supportive, persistently empowering, and steadfastly loyal person I have ever known. What

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Robert P. Meye

ROBERT P. MEYE, DEAN, SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

Influences?! It is not hard to find them in my life; my story is brimful of influences. Early and late. High and low. Far and near. Strange and ordinary. Hostile and friendly. Baneful and blessed. And they have all, in ways great and small, helped me to become what I am (or sometimes kept me from becoming what I should be).

Now there is nothing particularly unusual about the sketch I have just provided. Ordinary as it is, it is hardly the grist for a "True Confessions" episode! There is perhaps one exception: Having begun as the only son of a hard-working, humble farm family, with immigrant influences still lingering on, and having moved through a couple of stints of military service, a prestigious university, and ultimately doctoral work in Europe (not to mention two intermediate degrees at Fuller), and having hobnobbed with the "rich and famous" of my own profession, I have been blessed in an exceedingly rich diversity of settings and influences.

For example, three years of graduate theological education at the University of Basel in Switzerland—where my family was blessed by marvelous friendships within and without the university, and enriched by the cultural experience of travel throughout Europe (over a period of many months)—has left an indelible imprint upon my life and spirit. On the other hand, three years of silence in the dark watches of the night as a naval officer in the Korean zone of conflict (war?) left its own imprint upon me. And that silence had its counterpart in a childhood laden with daily treks through virgin forests of Oregon which my father and mother, and other farmers about us, were transforming into a living for themselves, and developing into the very rich agricultural belt of the Willamette Valley, which feeds so many mouths daily in 1987. I feel blessed in my life

and its associations. I couldn't begin to count the many blessings which are mine.

Towering over the many blessings is the singular blessing and influence of my godly parents, Robert Carl and Eva Julia Meye. My father died at Christmas in 1975—an unusual set of circumstances removing from our life the strongest person I have ever known. My mother, whose own strength is legendary, still manages that home farm today, a widow living without immediate human companionship in the country, but walking with God in her latter years as she has every day of her life.

What can I say about these two persons who tower over the life of one who left his farm home at age 17 and struck out into another world (nonetheless, a world for which they willingly and devotedly prepared me)? More than anything else, I must say this one thing about my parents: They gave themselves, and they gave me, to God. That is a foundational fact of my life, from those early years until this very moment. Their own devotion to God was singular and tireless. Even though they, for many years, had to work long, hard hours, both on our farm and for others, to survive, they still gave the beginning and the end of the day to God in prayer and study (and often Christian service of many kinds). They constantly visited the sick and aged, shut-ins, those in prison, the poor and indigent in missions—not to mention their regular service with the Gideons, a Christian academy, and above all, nearly a half-century of effective teaching in our local community church. They gave the first fruits of their income to God. They gave their energies to God. They gave themselves to God. I worked alongside them in the field for years and never

Charles H Kraft

CHARLES H. KRAFT, PROFESSOR OF ANTHROPOLOGY

heard them dream a dream not imbued with a large vision of the Kingdom of God.

Most especially, they gave me to God. How can I forget the knowledge that my mother dedicated me to God as I lay in the crib—or the simple fact that every day of my life, my life has been an object of intense prayer, early morning and late evening, by godly parents. It is that experience, that knowledge, that “text,” that towering influence which, more than anything else, has shaped and blessed my life. My parents always understood parenting as a God-given responsibility; they were wholly faithful to the heavenly vision.

In the agricultural world, there are three great phases of life: the delicate, initial stage of new life being generated; the long haul of growth through sustained nurturing; and the final harvest contingent upon the beginnings and then sustained growth. I thank God that I entered new life, physically and spiritually, in the home of Robert and Eva Meye; that their very life before me and with me nurtured me in the way of Christ; and that the harvest of the Spirit in my own life has come to me in such large measure through those with whom I am bound in a covenant of land, love and Spirit.



My mother, converted through a letter from Africa, was the one who nudged me toward Christ and Africa. My dad, however, though distant from me, was my model. Personal insecurity and seeking to overachieve in order to be accepted by dad (and God) thus got to be a habit of life.

I went to college (Wheaton) 1) to prove myself to my dad in athletics, 2) to prepare for missionary work in Africa and 3) to find a wife. All three happened but took a great amount of effort. By most estimates I was “over my head” both in courtship and in seeking to make the football and baseball teams with no high school experience behind me.

Three of the most formative of my college experiences were Meg’s decision to accept me, my decision to major in anthropology and an experience on the baseball field that has become paradigmatic for me. Though I was one of the leading hitters on the team, one day I was well on my way to my eighth successive strikeout. Though I expected to be taken out of the game, coach Pfund called time, looked me straight in the eyes and said firmly, “If I didn’t have confidence in you, you wouldn’t be in the game!” Those words came from God, and he has used them many times since.

During seminary and a year of specialized mission studies, my horizons were greatly expanded through study, reading and personal contacts. J.B. Phillips’ *Your God is Too Small* was especially liberating personally, while Roland Allen’s *The Spontaneous Expansion of the Church* and the writings of Nida,

Smalley and Reyburn in the journal *Practical Anthropology* were formative in my search for an informed and effective missionary methodology. I drank deeply at their wells and found myself out of synchronization with contemporary missionary practice.

Nevertheless, our missionary experience in Nigeria was basically positive. We loved the people and they loved us. The church grew rapidly. But our relationships with the powerful in our mission disintegrated before our eyes. Our work was “successful” but, it seems, we were too positive toward Nigerian culture and I was too brash in the way I opposed mission politics. So we were not asked to come back. What was to have been our life’s work lay in ashes. Had I “struck out” again? Did God still have confidence in me?

From 1963–73 I taught at Michigan State and UCLA and became the leading American specialist in the Hausa language. During this time we were also able to get back on good terms with our mission. I discovered, though, that missionaries taking anthropology in secular universities frequently seemed unable to integrate anthropological insight into their ministries. This realization startled me into attempting a more helpful integration of my own.

The invitation that came to me in 1969 to join the SWM faculty was one of the most welcome events in my life. Who could ask for a better opportunity to help missionaries and international church leaders to take culture as seriously as God takes it? There was no doubt in our minds that this was why God had brought us to the West Coast.

Alan Tippett then became for me sponsor, mentor, friend and surrogate father. My parallel passions became to integrate anthropological insight into a Biblical approach to mission and to study and teach Jesus’ incarnation as the model for life and mission. I was

finally doing what I really wanted to do—and getting paid for it! God could not have planned things better for me.

But the biggest surprise came in 1982 with John Wimber and the Signs and Wonders course. Meg and I had been effective as missionaries in dealing with cultural issues. We had even been open to the existence of the spirit world. But our missionary service and our lives in general had been devoid of the spiritual power Jesus manifested and promised to his followers (Jn 14:12). In the Signs and Wonders course, however, we were introduced to a dimension of Christian experience and ministry we had been led to believe had died out. And all of a sudden life, ministry, the Scriptures and God himself became much more alive and meaningful than ever before. God is much closer now, and there’s a smile on his face. And we’ve learned a new way (for us) to demonstrate his love.



Dolores M. Loeding

DOLORES M. LOEDING, FACULTY SECRETARY, SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

“**J**ourney of faith” is a comparatively recent addition to my vocabulary, here used to describe a pilgrimage that previously has not been traced notebook-in-hand. Secretaries are not generally introspective, being trained to go along with the detours and not to analyze or reason why—perhaps a sanity-preserving mechanism. Regrettably, philosophical/theological erudition does not come by osmosis. Reared in a Christian family, in a Swedish church, in an Italian-Polish town, with Russian and Dutch Sunday school teachers, and parents who tolerated no bigotry, my cross-cultural sensitivities were developed early; appreciation for the influence of beleaguered Sunday school teachers came a bit later, through the experience of being one.

Moody Bible Institute, my alma mater, cannot fail as a challenging “growth experience” in several directions, with its strong biblical emphases as guidelines and many “thou shalt not...” signposts along the trail. Any doubt about faith and calling were not generally discussed. I recall my guilt feelings when confessing to roommates—after playing piano while wearing gloves, in a frigid skid-row mission—that such a ministry was not to my liking! The friendship of individual, mature Christians within the “compound” tempered potential rebellion. The small-group sharing experience was not a part of that generation.

Here I encountered, as teacher and employer, Dr. Wilbur M. Smith. My survival of the brief, brusque, initial interview—“Are you any good?”—and his consistent affirmation of a diffident secretary over a period of 20 years (“I’d rather have a poor secretary than a new one”) together had a dominant influence on my life. His proverbial love of books and acquisition of them proved, to my financial woe, contagious.

Abounding in idiosyncracies and without false piety (“If you ever write a book, we’ll both go to jail”), Dr. Smith taught me early on, albeit unwittingly, that Christians are not without human foibles, a lesson that has been useful through the years when “explaining” theology faculty to co-workers who have often had utopian expectations of a religious institution and its inhabitants. That God accepts us as we are was a new and liberating insight gained through life in the Fuller community.

A journey of faith may involve, as it did for me, physical distance—a move from the bedrock security of friends and family in a Midwest setting to the shifting sands of Los Angeles. So I joined the Fuller community in the walk of faith, with its many fulfilling though not always tangible, rewards. It has been a provocative, good-humored, dedicated and supportive family. In Dr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller many of us found the same dynamic yet humble spirit that emanated from the radio broadcasts into our homes. In confirmed punster Dr. E. F. Harrison (known on campus, clandestinely, as St. Everett) we were provided a spiritual role model for four decades.

In extended Christian service, always present is the temptation to take spiritual life for granted. Through the years at Fuller an antidote to this peril has been the revolving door of students from all cultures and backgrounds, with their new enthusiasm for the message of joy and hope in Christ. Thank you, alums and students. While running interference for you, I have been renewed by your witness to a faith that makes a difference.

Seemingly negative occurrences can work to alter priorities and value



RICHARD J. MOUW, PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS

systems. After a medical diagnosis of malignancy more than two years ago, I perceived that "setting my house in order" involved more than cleaning closets, and "the things of earth growing strangely dim" became more than familiar words of a song. Three "muggings" in the City of Roses, without serious injury, might be considered "exceeding abundantly above" evidences of God's protection for his single-by-providence children. Enter Amy Carmichael's *Gold by Moonlight*, brought from Chicago but put aside for the years down the road.

Colleagues insist that various honors received for perseverance have not worked any rehabilitative charms on my "unsophisticated" behavior. It is difficult being a "legend" in one's own time. But the journey is not over, and the Guide is faithful.



There is something inescapably artificial about attempts to chart out stages and influences in one's own life. And when a person, especially someone connected to a theological school, comes up with a three-point outline we should be especially suspicious! Nonetheless, it does not seem to be completely misleading for me to think of three stages of spiritual-intellectual development in my own pilgrimage, each of them relating to the ways in which I have been challenged by the person and work of Jesus Christ.

I was raised in a spiritual environment in which both fundamentalism and Dutch Calvinist pietism were formative influences. These forces combined to impress upon me, in a consistent manner and from my earliest days, the need to know the redemptive embrace of Jesus as my personal Savior. The call to experience Christ's love in a personal way was mediated through many human agents: parents, evangelists, Sunday school teachers and youth workers. Their ministry to me established the spiritual foundations of my life.

My student days on evangelical college campuses opened up a new world for me, one which revolved around the theme of Christ as Lord. The idea of developing a Christian worldview, in which our scholarly thoughts are brought into obedience to Christ's lordship over all of reality was an exciting one. I was fascinated by basic questions of how we can best understand the nature of that lordship, and I studied with great interest the writings of Carl Henry, E. J. Carnell, Cornelius Van Til, Gordon Clark and others in the conservative Protestant world who argued with each other about how best to assess the intellectual efforts of non-evangelical thinkers.

A few weeks before I began my graduate studies in philosophy I saw and heard the live telecast of Martin

Luther King's "I have a dream" speech. His address had a powerful impact on me, and when I went off to the secular university in the radical '60s I was disposed to respond positively to the calls for justice and peace that filled the air. It was not easy in those days to maintain a strong sense of identity with the evangelical community while joining the protests against racial injustice and militant nationalism. But neither was it easy for me to accept the ideology of secular radicalism or the "social Gospel" of Protestant liberals.

This was a time when I explored intensely the theme that Christ is King, whose authority transcends that of earthly rulers. As I cast about looking for biblically-grounded guidance in this area of concern, I came upon the writings of the Dutch "neo-Calvinists": Groen van Prinsterer, Abraham Kuyper and Herman Bavinck. Kuyper's *Lectures on Calvinism* had an especially strong influence on my thinking. I also discovered that the "Kuyperian" influence was very much alive in the work of people like Lewis Smedes, Nicholas Wolterstorff, Henry Stob and other folks associated with *The Reformed Journal*.

Are there other distinct "stages" that I might yet pass through? I don't know. But I am very much aware of the need to learn more about the themes associated with those earlier stages. This has meant, for me, an ecumenical "stretching" in recent years. My sense of Christ's work as personal Savior has been greatly enriched by reading, for example,

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PAUL E. PIERSON, DEAN, SCHOOL OF WORLD MISSION

As in the case of many of us, my parents were the earliest and perhaps the strongest influence on my life and ministry. My father was a son of Swedish Baptist immigrants who had come to this country to escape religious persecution in their home country. My mother had been a school teacher before marriage and both parents were active lay leaders in our local Baptist Church. As I look back, I suspect one of the most powerful factors in my own Christian pilgrimage was their great integrity. There was never any doubt in my mind that they lived out their faith in their relationships with people, both within and outside the church.

The second major influence in my life was Robert Munger, who became my pastor when I was a junior in the University of California, Berkeley. Through his ministry I discovered dimensions of the gospel I had not seen in the fundamentalism of my youth and was led to look at the world beyond. At Princeton Seminary, Otto Piper, the professor of New Testament, contributed most to my theological formation and appreciation of the majesty and scope of God's redemptive action in history. John MacKay, the president, exhibited a heart that was at once evangelical, ecumenical, and missionary, and imparted that vision to me along with many other students. My colleagues on the School of World Mission faculty have been a powerful influence, both spiritually and intellectually.

Among the key events which shaped me was my experience in the First Presbyterian Church in Berkeley as a university student. There, I became a part of a Christian community that sought to look at life in terms of the lordship of Jesus Christ and his plan for the world and led me to do so

also. I also encountered a quality of life there that I had not seen previously. In that fellowship my own call to ministry and mission became clear and compelling. My two primary ministry experiences before coming to Fuller were first in Brazil and then in Fresno. Both of these taught me something I had not discovered in seminary—the importance of the ministry of the total Body of Christ, especially that of lay men and women. In Brazil, I saw churches which grew evangelistically, primarily through the witness and ministry of the laity. Sometimes those churches grew more effectively when they did not have a resident pastor than after they got one. In Fresno, I experienced a local church in which my predecessor, Dr. Homer Goddard, had encouraged lay men and women not simply to participate in ministry by carrying out the pastor's agenda, but to struggle and pray and think as together they discovered God's agenda for the local church. I learned much about the creativity and vitality of lay ministry through Sam and Betsy Reeves and many others. This process not only made the ministry more effective, it led many to a much deeper discipleship.

Among the books that have influenced me through the years, a brief list will suffice. At Princeton, I read Newbigen's *Household of God*, which opened up new dimensions of the church worldwide. Soon after, John Bright's *Kingdom of God* gave me a better foundation for biblical theology. While in Brazil, McGavran's *Bridges of God, How Churches Grow*, and later on, *Understanding Church Growth*, would be important. And shortly before coming to Fuller in 1980, Kraft's *Christianity in Culture* helped break new ground in my own thinking. In devotional reading, Oswald Chambers' *My Utmost for His Highest* has been a favorite.

Among the most significant ideas

through the years has been the fact of the lordship of Christ, which I first faced personally and deeply under the ministry of Bob Munger. Combined with that is what I call "the logic of the gospel." It seemed to me that if the gospel were true for me and my culture, then clearly, it must be true for every person and every culture. If Christ was indeed Lord and called his church to mission throughout the world, then I must make myself available to participate in that mission wherever he chose to lead me. Added to this was a growing realization that God had an agenda for history: that men and women of every race and language and culture would come to believe and obey the gospel. If that were true, then nothing could be as important as becoming a part of that redemptive process and putting one's own life at God's disposal to that end. MacKay reinforced that. I can still hear him thundering in the classroom, "The church that is not missionary is not truly the church." Secondly, through experience and Scripture, I learned that every believer, every man and woman, has gifts of ministry and the primary task of a pastor or leader is not just to communicate the vision that God has given him or her, but to encourage each believer to discover the joy of developing and using the gifts the Holy Spirit has given, much as Barnabas did with Paul. Finally, my experience in the School of World Mission has helped me see how much the church in the West has to learn from believers in other cultures, especially in the areas of prayer, evangelism, identification with the poor, and lifestyle.



Lewis B. Smedes

LEWIS B. SMEDES, PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND ETHICS

My mother and father decided who my parents would be, what sort of genetic bank account I could draw on, and what God I would be taught to worship, and a good deal more, so, right off the bat, they gave me the raw materials I had to work with in writing the rest of my story. Once they both settled all that for me, though, my father died when I was four months old and left it mostly up to my mother to do what she could to get me in shape.

She was a woman of feeling; if she had a left brain, she didn't trust it much, and didn't use it much with me. She was driven by her needs to put her trust in God, and her piety was almost pure emotion. So the air I breathed at home was charged with a religion of feeling. She did not teach us much doctrine, or morality, or possibility thinking. It mainly came down to a single lesson: "Don't forget to pray." And she herself closed down every day, once the kids were in bed, by kneeling in front of a rickety kitchen chair, grabbing the wood arms for dear life, tilting her head back, and begging at heaven's door in her native Frisian, a language understood only in heaven and in Friesland.

I slept just off the kitchen, so I could hear every groan of her importuning. Her prayers half consoled me (with praying like that, how could we fail?) and half frightened me (how could I escape an angry God with prayers like that hanging over my head?). I could make out only two sets of words in her prayer; the first was, "Oh, Heere Jazus" (Oh, Lord Jesus) with which she peppered all her petitions. The second was the nightly recitation of the names of her children in order of age; I was the last, and as

she went through the list, I held my breath for the dropping of her final child into the tender mercies of the Lord. When I heard her say my name, I knew I was hooked into God and would never get loose. One way or the other, I have spent all my inner life coming to terms with her Frisian prayers.

Outside of my mother, two people I knew personally jump into my memory. One who left clear fingerprints on my soul was Jakey Vandenbosch, teacher of freshman composition at Calvin College. Until I met him, my notion of acceptable Christian living was focused on witnessing for Jesus now and getting to heaven later on—a notion that had always left me hankering after more. Jakey was the catalyst of my private cultural revolution. He proclaimed the good news that Jesus was the Lord of the English sentence, and that he was mightily concerned about dangling modifiers and split infinitives, about style, about meaning incarnate in vivid and elegant English. Life, Christian life, was never the same for me afterward. Others, like Henry Zylstra, carried on for Jakey, did it better than he did; but it was Jakey Vandenbosch who first turned me on to the great truth that Jesus is the Lord and friend of culture.

What Jakey did with form, Hank Stob did with substance. Stob was the finest Christian thinker I have ever known. Not the finest ever, but the best among those I ever got close to. He grabbed hold of a complex idea and stuck with it until he had distinguished it from other ideas, peeled away the confusion, and bore into its center until it was laid bare, clean and single and transparent. To clarify a thought, especially a thought about God, and to use the treasury of intellectual tradition to help him, was, for Hank Stob, a calling worthy of an educated Christian person. I've never done it the way he did it, I've been more interested in the human

dynamics to which concepts like forgiveness and commitment point, but I've never gotten it out of my head that of all sorts of Christian ministries there is something to be said for the ministry of making things clear.

When it comes to writers, people I never knew personally, again I think offhand of two who have impacted my life in very different but powerful ways. One of them is the Russian novelist, Fyodor Dostoyevski. He took hold of me while I was a graduate student. He taught me that the human heart is infinitely tricky, hopelessly complicated, and that to know any one thing about anyone, including yourself, you had to know that the opposite of it is probably just as true. And he compelled me to admit that, when the chips are down within our complex hearts, faith in Jesus is the ultimately simple thing.

The other writer is John Calvin. He has defined the terms of almost every theological struggle I have fought within my mind. Every doubt that plagues me is somehow a fight with Calvin. Every deepest conviction is in some fashion an echo of Calvin's theology. Some people in my circles worry that I'm not as faithful to Calvin as a Reformed person should be; they are probably right. But his shadow is on me and it follows me all my days; I will never get away from it. Which is not bad, if only because whatever else

one thinks of John Calvin, his God was every inch a God.

Naturally I've left out some of my best friends. I owe so much to my friends that if the proper epitaph were ever scribbled on my grave, it might read: "Here lies a person whose life was wondrously graced by good friends."



Robert N. Schaper

ROBERT N. SCHAPER, PROFESSOR OF PRACTICAL THEOLOGY

A recounting of a pilgrimage presents immediate hazards. It might sound as though it's over, and though the road is not as long forward as backward, the progress that always involves change continues to hold exciting prospects and possibilities. The significant influences in my life that have shaped my Christian identity are primarily personal, individuals who crossed my path and brought with them challenges and resources that stamped me indelibly. Usually these resources included literature that had been previously unknown, and the influence of such writings continues with me to the present moment. It is not difficult to catalog this saga in discrete segments, personal, ecclesiastical, educational, etc., but for these few lines I will blend them.

My mother's conversion when I was 10 was the first great turn in my road, since it served to put me on the road of Christian pilgrimage as well. I knew from the moment I trusted Christ in as complete a way as I could muster that I would be, or at least try to be, a servant of Christ in some life-involving way. I was plunged for half a dozen years into the Bible first of all, and with it the fundamentalist apologetics of the time. I remember reading avidly everything that Harry Rimmer had written about science and the Bible. This even included the debate with W. B. Riley about the creation days in Genesis. In my young mind Rimmer and the Bible always won hands down. I eventually had to jettison most of the argument, but the Bible didn't suffer in the process.

The most significant person in my pilgrimage was Charles Digary Brokenshire, a Reformed theologian and scholar who guided my mind during seven years of graduate study and teaching. He had a personal library of nearly 12,000 volumes, could work in 24 languages, and he led me out of the narrow confines of

my theological world into the broad, sunlit plains of historical and systematic theology. Luther, Calvin and friends, along with Hodge, Strong and friends now offered insights liberating beyond my wildest expectations.

I can now see how tremendously significant this was to what we speak of as spiritual development. I was growing, I believe, in such personal matters as prayer, and I remember the impact of E. M. Bounds' little book, *Preacher and Prayer*, on my devotional life. But I am sure that I was also learning to recognize spirituality as Christian wholeness, Christian health, if you please. This means that I cannot regard any aspect of my life as a Christian to be unimportant for "spirituality." I must love God with my whole self, and this does not exempt the mind, truth and understanding from the spiritual pilgrimage.

At this point I entered pastoral ministry in Sierra Madre, California and became involved in the life of Fuller Seminary. Everett Harrison, E. J. Carnell, Paul Jewett, Clarence Roddy invaded my life, and their books, and the solid works they utilized, moved into my experience. I cannot honestly say that there was one book or one person above all others, but the combination and the impact were awesome.

At the same time I was being reminded of the dependence of every Christian on the work of the Holy Spirit, and especially the dependence of any who pastored the flock of God. The Revival Prayer Fellowship, with such persons as Bob Munger and Armin Gesswein, the life and ministry of Joe Blinco, evangelist with Billy Graham and director of Forest Home, all of these were a means of grace and

Hendrika Vanu Kemp

HENDRIKA VANDE KEMP, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY

a reminder of the inner springs of love and commitment that dare not be neglected.

This brings me to 20 years ago and my invitation to join the faculty of Fuller Seminary. That has been the most significant and gratifying event of all. The strange turns of providence that have affected my life are beyond understanding, but not beyond my gratitude. I entered the Seminary faculty and the Episcopal church at the same time, and in both I have found abundant fulfillment and joy in service. The pilgrimage has been amazing, often tortuous, marked by sharp turns, always uphill, but the view and the air keep getting better and better.



Because the "journey of faith" has so many components, I will focus on those persons, books, ideas and events most influential in shaping my understanding of what it means to be a scholar, researcher and teacher.

In retrospect, I see my four years at Hope College as the most transformative period in my life. At Hope I engaged in a reciprocal learning process that involved so many teachers and ideas I cannot credit one as most influential. But I can speak of several and how each one influenced me.

My education first acquired "functional autonomy" in D. Ivan Dykstra's (required) "Introduction to Liberal Education." D. Ivan's bearded countenance reminded one of an Old Testament prophet, if not God (the Father!) himself: he knew each "frosh" by name, which led to commingled gratitude and "fear and trembling." He awakened my scholarly interests with his introductions to the "philosophies of" the various disciplines, and many Friday nights found me curled up on the top bunk of my Voorhees Hall room, devouring the readings for another week. He also was the first to discern and affirm my gift for teaching, inviting me to serve as discussion group leader for subsequent generations of "frosh." One of my most cherished books is a collection of his chapel sermons, *Who Am I?* I was also touched, recently, by discovering that after 20 years he still knew me by name, certainly a token of the unique identity we have as Christians!

I learned at Hope that I was able to think—perhaps as well as the persons who wrote our textbooks, and certainly well enough to stimulate my teachers. This self-knowledge was a gift from several teachers who took great patience with me. Jim Reynierse, a superb lecturer and researcher, taught me "History and Systems of

Psychology and Learning Theory," and chided me for not expressing in class the ideas I discussed with him privately. There's no doubt in my mind that Jim's enthusiasm for history is one reason for my current enthusiasm, which was reinforced by Howard Gadlin, my dissertation chair at the University of Massachusetts/Amherst. Howard was a "Marxist atheist" who once asked me what a "nice Christian girl like you" was doing in his office. I was there, of course, because he took my ideas seriously and we agreed on the criteria for respectable scholarship. And his "History and Systems" class was definitely a turning point that silenced my doubt about belonging in graduate school.

I took my college Old and New Testament courses from Elton Bruins, a gentle teacher (and faithful friend) who took great delight in watching a classmate compete with me for the best grades in "Bible content"—it was hard to match all the knowledge I gained in my family, where the Bible was read (often in Dutch) after every meal: a children's story Bible after breakfast, a paraphrased version after lunch, the "real" Bible at dinner. The biblical criticism to which I was exposed in my Bible classes was only mildly threatening compared to my first reading of Erich Fromm's *Escape From Freedom* when I was a sophomore. The idea that a particular theology might be shaped in critical ways by a theologian's personality rather than by Scripture itself was a shocking revelation that left me temporarily immobilized. The important learning was that human scholarship is always affected by the personality of the scholar, an awareness that is now generally explicit in my teaching.

Continuations

Paul K. Jewett

—FROM PAGE 17

how "the problem that has no name" was the problem women students at Fuller faced. Perhaps I would be better to say that I perceived that they personified our problem as an evangelical seminary. As students who have been in my classes know, both the racial and the sexual revolutions in our society have greatly influenced my thinking as a theologian. These two books contributed significantly to this change in my thought.

Cecil M. Robeck, Jr.

—FROM PAGE 18

Pentecostal roots and discovered that the early leadership shared this same vision of one Body with many parts.

This, then, became the theme of my presidential address, and it was largely through this address that I was asked to become a member of the Commission on Faith and Order of the NCC, and of the steering committee of the International Roman Catholic-Pentecostal Dialogue.

Although I was reared in a tradition that has, for the most part, been exclusive in its view of the Body of Christ, I am thankful that God has enriched my life by opening my eyes like he opened Peter's in Acts, to see the breadth of his Kingdom. God has tutored me along the way through difficult experiences, sensitive people, and stimulating books. My challenge, as I see it, is to faithfully walk the tightrope, knowing that it is God at both the beginning and the end.

H. Newton Malony

—FROM PAGE 20

achievements I have been able to accomplish during these years have been due, in no small measure, to his encouragement and advocacy. He was my dean and, later, my dean emeritus. I tried to serve him well. Unquestionably, he served me superbly.

Self-esteem, strong character, loyal churchmanship, and encouraged achievement are debts I owe to my father, my father-in-law, my step-father and my former dean. I hope these influences remain strong and active in the years that lie ahead.

Richard J. Mouw

—FROM PAGE 24

Roman Catholic writers. New dimensions of Christ's lordship have been opened up in many ways, but especially in contact with Catholic and Orthodox friends—Margaret O'Gara, Thomas Stransky, Anton Ugolnik and others—with whom I have worked in consultations at the Institute for Ecumenical and Cultural Research in Collegeville, Minnesota. And my understanding of Christ's kingly program of justice and righteousness has been transformed by the challenge presented by many sisters and brothers in Christ who have taught me, out of their own very real experiences of oppression, what it means to long for the fullness of the reign of Jesus.

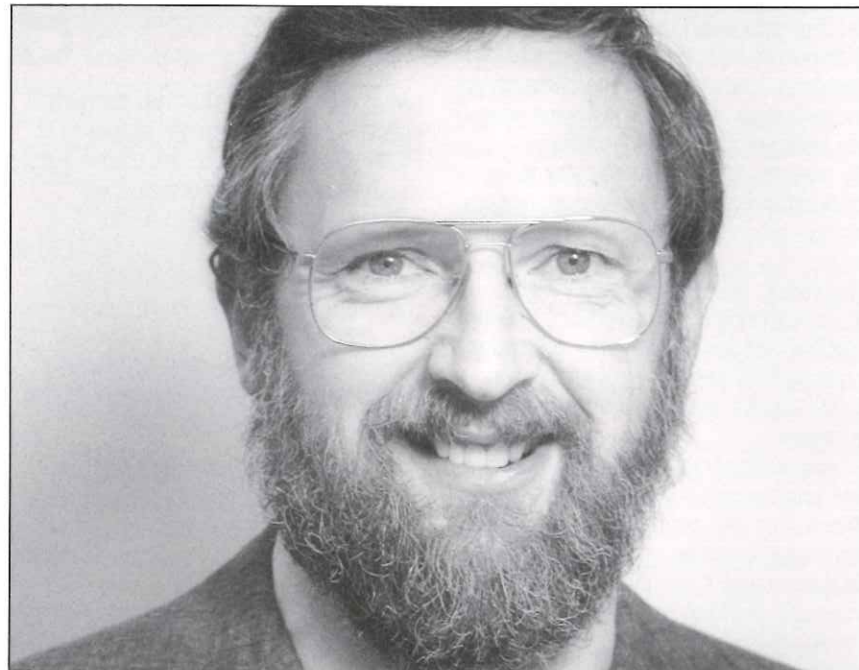
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