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the opinion

Vol. V, No. 1

October, 1965

WHAT A SEMINARY CAN DO

by the Rev. Edward W. Mills

The world about us is changing with great rapidity, and the role of the Seminary in it must therefore also change.

Certainly the great Biblical, Doctrinal, and Liturgical traditions have survived because they did not change, or they were sufficiently well founded on Divine Revelation so that we dare not have changed them.

But how we communicate our Bible, our Doctrine, and our Liturgy, how we make it all meaningful to the modern man must change, and change soon if we are to reverse the present trend toward a waning interest in Christianity. The methods of the parish ministry 100 years ago are no more suitable to the parish ministry today, than a physician's techniques in the age of Darwin would be useful in 1965.

It's extremely difficult to change anything about the Church, and perhaps this is most true of the Clergy: ourselves. As our personal needs are met in the satisfactions and rewards to which we have grown accustomed, as the work "settles in," making use of the tools with which we have become familiar, change tends to threaten most of us.

I have grave doubts that the preaching styles of 25 years ago, the music of the turn of the century, the architecture of a fading age, and the personal qualities prized by the business world of the 20's, are of even minimum adequacy to the Church today.

It seems to me that the Seminary ought to examine the Church and then step off into imaginative and radically new programs of enrichment and reformation. Preaching is an art, and more and more people sense good art and bad art when they witness it. So with music, architecture, and the articulation of Scripture. Many of our clergy are culturally deprived and we need to know at first hand and with relaxed acquaintance, the great periods of our Church's liturgical traditions. The Lord's Supper had a tremendous power to unite Christians of the earliest eras. That power has not diminished, and is perhaps the greatest untapped resource we have.

I feel that the one great need most of us can be equipped to meet, to which the church is awakening, and of which Fuller Theological Seminary is rapidly and powerfully becoming aware, in the best senses, is our Pastoral Work.

Modern man may have outgrown many of the forms of ages past, his tastes in some ways are more sophisticated. But his soul is the same. His confusion, frustration, his need for love, his emotional devastation, his agonized search for God, all these we can help with greatly.

We have rapidly increasing knowledge of better techniques in

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The REV. EDWARD W. MILLS is an Associate Rector of All Saints (Episcopal) Church in Pasadena.

EDITORIAL

The Bachelor of Sacred Theology program has been voted into oblivion. In a June decision, the Faculty selected to accept no new applications to the STB program. No doubt, Faculty concern for proper training into Churchmanship--for every student--has prompted this decision. We lament such a decision. Nevertheless, the present editorial would be useless unless there were not more behind the surface of the decision--for who would want to oppose "Churchmanship"? It is that to which the decision can point which is the worthy object of a hearty j'acuse.

Is Fuller going the way of all Evangelical seminaries? Is there a danger that Fuller is relinquishing the raison d'etre which has set it in a unique situation? Perhaps so! Fuller was once an institution for serious scholarly work. Even now, it is able to draw upon this image. But this glorious tradition is surely being dissipated. The apathy and activism which characterized our campus in the past school year have made the present trend obvious. We are indeed in the midst of a radical* transformation in the aims of the seminary.

Memos intended for prospective students seem to substantiate these fears:

ISN'T FULLER REALLY MORE OF A GRADUATE SCHOOL THAN A SCHOOL FOR TRAINING CHRISTIAN MINISTERS? IS THE PROGRAM AT FULLER TOO INTELLECTUAL?

Fuller is a professional school preparing men and women for the Christian ministry. All students are required to enroll in the same general curriculum....240 Fuller graduates serve as pastors, 120 serve as missionaries, 58 are teachers, while 61 are enrolled in graduate schools. No theological student has a right to handle sacred things until he has laid the whole of his life on the altar--and his intellect in particular. To give God less than our best is unthinkable.
(June, 1964)

That such a query would even be selected indicates the degree to which the old mystique has diminished. The answer to the question provides little more comfort. No attempt is made to defend the type of academic excellence and scholarly excitement which is necessary for a thorough seminary education.

Those who attended the new student retreat know what sort of stimulation and enlightenment might be had at Fuller. The editors of the opinion call for that sort of academic melieu--and more specifically, we call upon the Faculty and student body to work out methods for the retrieving of the spirit which once was Fuller.

* RADICAL / RADIX (Lat.): root.

EDITORIAL

We are pleased to announce the appointment of the Rev. Dr. John Temple as the Dean of Students at Fuller. Dean Temple is a graduate of Princeton University and Union Theological Seminary in Virginia. While securing his PhD in The Sociology of Religion at Harvard, he was associate campus pastor at Boston University (for the United Campus Christian Fellowship). He is an ordained minister in the United Presbyterian Church, is married, and the father of two children. Dean Temple is scheduled to take over his responsibilities in the Winter Quarter of this year.

With the announcement of this appointment, the Administration described its plan for the new program. Dean Temple will be awarded sufficient time, (apart from teaching and administrative responsibilities), to provide adequate means for student consultation, and alleviate advisorial responsibilities from the faculty. He will also serve as a liason for student-administrative communications. We praise the Faculty and Administration for this decision and wish Dean Temple the very best in his new position.

We regret to reveal that the aforementioned announcement is a fabrication and regret even more the fact that students at FTS are yet without a dean of students. The editors of the opinion call on the Administration and Faculty to pass both on the establishment of a permanent and clearly defined position and on a man to fill that position. We further ask that the Student Council take this problem under consideration and do that which it can.

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With this issue of the opinion, Richard Burr takes over the responsibilities of the literary editor. Dick is a graduate of Gordon College (1964) with a major in philosophy. The former literary editor Clifford L. ("Monty") Swanson has left Fuller for some time to take on pastoral responsibilities at an Evangelical Covenant Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba. We wish the best to "Monty" in his new responsibilities.

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Pastoral Psychology. We need to listen more to people, and "preach" less, and we know far more in 1965 about how to listen, than we ever did before. We need to be more sensitive, as our Lord was, to human need. Although it sounds perhaps too simple, this is the one area in which the styles, forms, and "sacred cows" of the past hinder us least. The Seminary has more uninhibited control in this area, and the frontiers are not staked out by secular forces.

"Feed my sheep," Jesus said to Peter. A Seminary, with little difficulty beyond encouraging its faculty seriously, and encouraging its students as well as its faculty to be more honest, more open, and more prayerful, ought to be able to enhance and extend its training in these tasks to the enormous effectiveness of the Church at large.

THE CHOSEN VILLAGE

by Kenneth B. Kalina

That next Sunday morning, people from all around hitched up their teams, gathered their families together, and flocked to the little one-room church building in the heart of the village. Young folks, old, rich, and poor alike, all came for the same reason; to see the place God Himself had visited, and to pray His forgiveness on their sinful lives. A picket fence had been built around the weathered old church and people crowded together on the outside, each one trying to get as near the front as possible. After they had sung all the verses of "Onward Christian Soldiers," the chalk-faced preacher in the saggy, black, suit stood up and addressed the people.

"Many'a you good friends an neighbors are here for the first time this mornin', an all because of the miracle that God sent us jest last week. We praise His holy name this mornin' for givin' us this sign that more people might believe in Him and be saved from the eternal fires of hell. Now, surely there must'a been a reason that the Almighty chose to speak to all of us here in this direct way. We believe that it is His desire that we become witnesses of this sign to the whole world. Some'a you may not be Christians yet and we're gonna talk to that in a minute. But first, for those who weren't here to witness the miracle, I'm goin to tell y'all exactly what the Lord did. It happened jest last Sunday, jest one week ago. The Lord God visited this church and left a sign for us all..."

Jenny stood by the edge of the old mill pond surrounded by a handful of little, half-naked children, some white and some dark-skinned. She wrinkled her face in a frown, stomped her foot and yelled to her little brother and his Negro companion on the pond. "Joey! You two get in here off that raft right now before I tell Mom. You're s'posed to be pickin' berries. Now get in here!"

Both boys slowly pulled in their fishing lines and in an easy way, began to work the crude, unstable raft towards the shore. "Boy are you two gonna be in trouble when I tell Mom you've been out on the pond again. You know what you'll get."

Joey made a face at his sister and stuck out his tongue at her through the gap left by his missing teeth.

"Better not tell on us!" he warned.

Keo, the little colored boy rolled his dark saucer-like eyes and added, "yeah, we'll git ya if'n ya do."

"Yeah we will," said Joey, "We'll throw ya to the sharks."

"There ain't no sharks in there," said Jenny very surely.

"Oh yeah? Well, we caught some, didn't we Keo?"

Keo knodded.

"There, see...I told ya so!"

"Okay then, where are they?" Jenny asked.

"We threw em back...cause they were too big to get on the ship."

"That's no ship either, it's just an old no good raft," sneered Jenny.

Joey and Keo jumped from the raft and landed in the soft mud near

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KENNETH B. KALINA is a Junior at FTS. He received a BA in Sociology from the University of Oregon in 1965.

the shore.

"It's a pirate ship an no girls can go on it!"

Jenny pouted, "Who wants to. Besides, you know what Pa said about what he'd do if he ever caught you on it again."

"He didn't say nothin."

"He did so. He said you'd catch all hell on your rear the next time and I'm gonna tell."

"Mighta known, you're jest an old girl, and all girls are tattletales."

"They're not either!"

"They are so, and if you tell Pa, it'll be jest too bad for you when we don't let you go on our tiger hunt tonight."

Jenny looked up. "What tiger hunt?" she asked.

"We're gonna kill a tiger tonight, me and Keo," Joey stated proudly.

"I'm the leader of the safari and Keo's the chief of the Bunga-Bunga tribe...now, all we need is a white goddess for protection and we'll be all set to go."

Jenny became excited. "Can I be the white goddess?"

"Not if you're goin ta be a tattletale, cause jungle goddesses don't tattle. They have ta be able ta keep secrets."

"I can keep a secret. I won't tell. I was just kiddin' that I would anyway. Now can I be it?"

"Well, I don't know," said Joey, "I'll have ta ask the chief here. Chief Keobunga, Bungawie awa ookie?"

Keo shrugged his shoulders and blinked his eyes.

"He says okay, but you better not tell Pa, or Ma either. Cause if'n ya do, the witch doctor will git ya!"

A bell sounded in the distance followed by a woman's faint calling voice.

"Come on, that's Ma. It's time ta eat supper. We'll all meet at the tradin' post soon as we git done. Now don't be late chief. White goddess, you be in charge of the natives an I'll go on ahead an tell Ma you're a'comin." With that, he took off running, leaving a trail of dust.

"I'd come to church early that night cause I had a special burden on my heart for the people of this town. I had prayed harder than ever before that the Lord would send a great revival to this town. People got to comin' in and joined me in prayer until finally, when everyone was here, we started singin' the great hymns of the church which God long ago inspired men to write."

The sun had just gone down when the adventurers came together again.

"Everyone here?" Joey asked as he looked around. "Chief?"

Keo raised his hand. "Ahs heah."

"White jungle goddess?"

Jenny beamed. "Here."

"Natives?"

"We've only got two," said Jenny. "Some of their ma's wouldn't let em come."

"That's all right. Two's enough. Okay, now everybody fall in line behind me an the chief here. White goddess, hold on to the

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natives. Forward, march!"

The safari, led by the great white hunter and the native chief, made its way down the empty main street of town, kicking up a trail of dust as they marched.

"Halt," commanded Joey. "Did ya hear that?" Everyone listened intently. "Listen...sounds like a savage tribe gittin' ready for war. Come on."

"What's that they're singing?" Jenny asked.

"Shhh!" Joey whispered, "they might hear us. And they're not singin', stupid, they're chantin'."

Jenny was offended. "That's no way to talk to a white goddess!"

"Shhh, come on, we'll have ta get closer."

They all followed Joey and crept cautiously on their tiptoes low and close to the building and finally halted under a partially opened window. Joey slowly raised up to peek inside. Quickly, he ducked back down.

"Who are they?" asked Jenny.

"Shhh, don't let them hear you. It's the savage 'Jesus' tribe, and they want our hearts!"

"I'm scared," Jenny whispered.

"Meee too!" Keo echoed, his eyes bulging.

"Don't worry," Joey assured, "I'll protect ya all. Listen, they're chantin' again."

Joey slowly raised, peeked in the window once again and quickly ducked back down.

"Be real quiet now, the chief's gittin ready to talk."

Jenny whispered, "What language?"

"Shhhh!"

"We're takin' our scripture tonight from Exodus, chapter twelve, as we consider the meaning of the Jewish Passover in the Old Testament. Exodus twelve..."

Jenny tugged on Joey's pants leg. "I wanna go home."

"Quiet, he's givin the war plans."

"...every man according to his eating shall make you count for the lamb..."

"Did ya hear that chief?" Joey whispered, "They must be cannibals."

"...and they shall take of the blood, strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it. And they shall eat the flesh in that night, with fire..."

"Chief...did ya hear what he said? They want blood! Listen, maybe if we got some for em they'd be friendly to us. Just a minute."

"...I am the Lord. And the blood shall be a token upon the houses where ye are: And when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you..."

"See what I said?" Joey exclaimed. "If they get the blood they won't put the plague on us. It's our only chance. Come'ere chief." Keo crawled over. "Now listen, I want you to go out in the jungle and kill a water buffalo and then bring back the blood so we can give it to the savages. Here's how ya do it..." Joey whispered instructions to Keo. "And hurry. We might be discovered any minute."

Keo cautiously crept away from the building and then began running as fast as his little, brown, paddle-feet could go.

"Then I began the evening message. God gave us all a special understanding of the scriptures that night as He taught us a new lesson of faith and obedience from the chosen people. And we all realized that when the Lord directed the blood to be placed on the doorposts of the houses, He was even then speaking to all of us who have had the blood of the lamb placed on our lives through Jesus Christ, the perfect Lamb which He provided."

After a short time, Keo returned, breathing hard and carrying a small pail. The light hollow of his hands were crimson. Joey took the pail and looked inside.

"Good job chief. Did ya have any trouble makin the kill?"

Keo, still puffing, shook his head. Jenny was wide-eyed.

"What's in there?" She asked.

"Whadaya think...buffalo blood."

"Let me see."

Joey showed her the pail and its contents.

"That smells like berry juice. It is berry juice!" she exclaimed.

"Quiet, it's not...it's blood."

"Besides, they said it has to be a lamb, and you say that's buffalo.

"So what. They prob'ly won't even know the difference. Now keep still will ya?"

Joey motioned to Keo. "Now listen close chief, they want it on the posts and above the door. You probably can't reach that high so jest throw some on the door and if'n ya have some left, put it on the steps. Then knock with your fist three times and run for your life. We'll watch from here and if'n they're friendly, we'll call ya. Got it?"

Keo knodded. He took the pail and began to sneak around to the front of the building. He got to the porch, carried out his orders, knocked three times and scampered into the darkness.

A man came to the door, fell to his knees and yelled, "The Lord has come! Lord have mercy upon us." All the people gathered about the door very excitedly. Some began singing and praying. One woman screamed and fainted, others were praising God and crying.

"And we all knew that God had come in person. Y'all can see now for yourselves. No one's touched a thing since that night. In fact, we've all stayed clear away, an' we built this here fence around it. Now we want for you all ta pass by and see for yourself. Jest follow the signs. Those who are not Christians had better settle the matter here and now while ya still have the chance. So you can all file by now, men ta the right, ladies and children ta the left. Those who want ta receive Christ, there'll be someone ta meet ya and pray for ya. Now remember ta tell all your friends an neighbors about the Lord and about this sign He has brought to our humble village."

Many became Christians, were baptized, and were added unto the church.

ECUMENICAL EXERCISES

by Thomas F. Johnson

i.

Your answer to the question "What is the Church?" has become crucial. How will you answer? In terms of form or content? "They are inseparable," you reply. But today they are in conflict and you must choose...must choose at least your emphasis.

Balance... "moderation in all things"...synthesis...words within walls and towers, ivied and ivory...words foreign to the battle.

Is the Church a what or a who? "It is a who that is what." But they have forced us to choose: WHO or WHAT?

I am a who but who are you? (Those who have chosen the what rise in indignation). Yes, but can I know that? Do only whos make a what? Or is that just an idea?

"Let them grow together until the harvest."

Lord, come quickly.

ii.

"Let both grow together until the harvest."

But why, Lord? Why leave to angel-pickers what we can do here now? It's not so hard to tell the weeds. "By their fruit ye shall know them"--your own words, Lord. So let us do the job.

"Let both grow together until the harvest."

Lord, we can't abide these choking weeds. They ruin our worship, obstruct our fellowship, and stifle our evangelism. If we can't "pick them out," then at least let us be replanted in another field. Lord, we need air!

"Let both grow together until the harvest."

Okay, Lord, one field. But we've decided to band together. No weeds in our corner! Wheat versus weeds. Now we know what you meant by spiritual battles and persecution.

O Lord, come quickly.

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THOMAS F. JOHNSON is a Junior at FTS. He received a Bachelor of Philosophy from Monteith College of Wayne State University in 1965.

PSALMS IN MEDITATION
by William H. Walker III

The Hollow men are coming
So straightly sprite

Hands in unison
Perfect cadence in their count
Watch them marching
Hearts in order
Hands so poised
In perfect beatitude

Yet there were those who did find Him
And they praised from their frozen lips
The wealth of the ages past---
Those neatly formulated packages.

Yet their lips did move
And their feet did march
And their hands were poised
In gesture to Him.

Hollow imitation...
Yet some found peace
Midst the din of their strivings
And the glory of their battle....
For this was their life.

And no longer the Hollow men were they
For their conscience had prickled in vague unease---
Their steps had faltered---
Their hands grown weary
And Hollow men chanted on by.....

Man so finite
So proud
Raises his arms to the Infinite
In search of a pittance for his parroted praise...
Never satiated--that infinite craving for blessing

Oh, despicable---
Crawling-man
When will you know your God
Untarnished by the emptiness you bring Him?
When will you see His face
Through the darkness and void.....
That separates your hungry eyes
From His Holy, gracious visage?

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WILLIAM H. WALKER III is a Middler at FTS. He received a BA in History from Wheaton College (Illinois) in 1963.

PSALMS IN MEDITATION (continued)

Hollow man,
Why content with your bended knee
When nothing flows beyond your grim silhouette?...
(Shadows of men ever striving to unite)

Hollowness of jargon
And empty earnestness
Turned His ears deaf
To those hungry pretensions
That claimed to oneness.....
When still they were alone
In their reveries.

And Hollow men were we
As we struggled to gain the ear of the infinite
Who lowly bent
To hear the least of these faint phrases....
So small....and emptily sterile.

Oh compassionate Love.
When will we see through this darkened glass
Your Holy gaze
So pure, and tender, and pitying?

Then would we know
That volume of love
That never we had known or felt.

And we loved His love for it was all we had.

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the opinion is published the first Wednesday of each month throughout the school year by students at Fuller Theological Seminary, 135 N. Oakland Avenue, Pasadena, California. the opinion welcomes a variety of opinion consistent with general academic standards. Therefore, opinions expressed in articles and letters are those of the authors and are not to be construed as the view of the Seminary, faculty, student council or editors of the opinion.

the opinion staff

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The November issue of the opinion will be entirely devoted to the issue of race relations. All contributions within this area are invited. They should be handed in to any of the editors before October 28.