

6-1-1968

The Opinion - Vol. 07, No. 09

Fuller Theological Seminary

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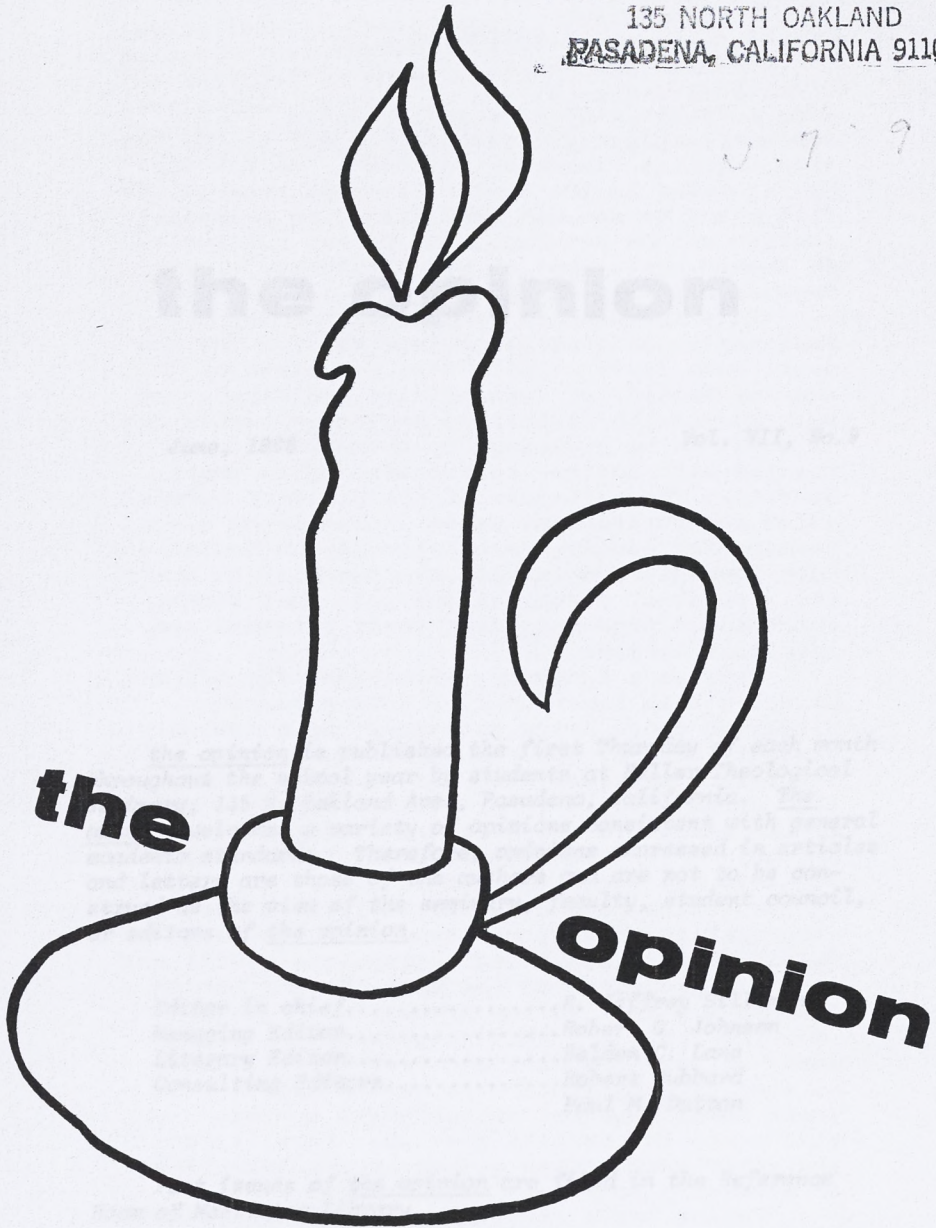
Recommended Citation

Fuller Theological Seminary and Silliman, H. Jeffrey, "The Opinion - Vol. 07, No. 09" (1968). *The Opinion*. 116.
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J. 7 '9



the opinion

June, 1968

Vol. VII, No. 9

the opinion is published the first Thursday of each month throughout the school year by students at Fuller Theological Seminary, 135 N. Oakland Ave., Pasadena, California. The opinion welcomes a variety of opinions 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.

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EDITORIAL

A Fuller student eagerly opened the new seminary catalog and thumbed his way to the section entitled "Teaching Fellows". As one who had assisted in the summer language program, he felt proud to see his name listed in a special section of the catalog. But it was not there. He looked again, but it was not there. Someone had slipped up.

This incident is symptomatic of the seminary's tendency to be impersonal. The academic rush leaves little time for personal sharing outside of "sensitivity training", and only those with diminished superegos resist the "I ought to be studying" syndrome when confronted with another person wanting to share himself. The structure of the seminary curriculum and environment makes little or no allowance for non-academic personal confrontation. Both students and faculty are too busy to share their personal struggles and gain that therapy which comes from unloading their personal and spiritual burdens.

This is a dangerous situation, for transplanting this impersonality into a church situation could bring disaster. If a seminary student feels no opportunity to rescue his struggling marriage from the rocks of despair, that despair may destroy his marriage and with it his ministry. If seminary students are not encouraged to open up personally with fellow students and faculty, what will they be like in the pastorate, and how will they teach their congregation honesty and openness? If seminary faculty remain aloof and professional, will not seminary graduates do the same, hiding behind the big oak door saying 'Pastor'?

The fault for this situation must be borne by both students and faculty. Attempts by some faculty members to have students in their homes have met with student apathy. This makes the faculty give up. Faculty, on the other hand, often convey an attitude either of excessive busy-ness or unconcern.

Fuller has a structure which lends itself to remedying this situation. It is the faculty advisor set-up. The Opinion suggests that the faculty make this arrangement more available to students for personal sharing and that they

invite them to their homes. The Opinion suggests that students actively seek out faculty for interaction when necessary and that they courteously respond to any faculty overtures. Then will Fuller Seminary begin to produce personal professionals rather than just professionals.

R.L.H.

I AM A NEGRO

by J. Melville White

I am a negro!
And my face is as white as my name.
This is not a joke, a gimmick, or an attention
getting device.

It is truth.

I am a negro and my skin is white.
I cannot tell you how or when it happened.
Just this week the truth was being born in me.
Nothing there, and then something awful.

I am a negro!

April 5 it came, a voice in my heart.
The Russian poet, Yevtushenko, spoke God's word
for me.

Thirty-nine words in the Honolulu Star
Bulletin. Hear them.

"He was a Negro
But with a pure soul
as white as snow.
The whites with the
black souls
Killed him.
When I learned the
news
That same bullet en-
tered in me
And I was reborn a
Negro."

Reborn a Negro.

Somehow I understood.

I felt that truth stirring deep within me.
I knew that negro with the soul as white as
snow.

He and I had walked the beach together in
Carmel for six short days.

We talked of many things and sang his song with
tears.

And then he grasped my hand and said goodbye.

I was just sixteen.

But truth was dawning.

Still, the seed was planted in my brain many
years before that day.

As a child I sang, "Red and yellow, black and
white " in Sunday School.

The leader with her funny voice never dreamed
That song would lead to this.

At seven I heard my father read of Cain.

His cry still rings for me,

"Am I my brother's keeper?"
And though we all agreed he was, we never
questioned how;

And now, somehow, I know.
In junior high someone told the story of
Molokai and the lepers
And a priest, I can't recall his name,
Who said, for many years, "You lepers".
And then one day his flesh turned white, his
voice grew still
And living corpses heard him say, "We lepers".
And that same, cold chill creeps over me when
now I whisper,

I am a negro!
As a student in youth camp and convention,
Sunday morning, Wednesday nights,
Countless men and women now faceless
Told me time and time again
About how God became a man and lived among us.
And on His lips the words, "Follow me".
I still can't understand,
And yet it grows more clear each day,
Especially when I say,
I am a Negro!
And even Paul makes sense
He who spoke of neither bond nor free,
Jew nor Greek,
Male nor female.

Of becoming all things to all men.
I am a negro.
I cannot exegete it for you now. There is no
time,
No ordered sequence, no overpowering proof, no
sure support.

I cannot even picture what the end will be.
But something happens when I say it.
It's that feeling deep within that truth brings
When it comes your way.
Father Groppi said it first.
It went right past my cluttered brain, when on
the evening news

I heard him say, "We negroes".
What could he mean, the white priest with his
negro friends?

Then I recalled another priest who wore a
Jewish star
And walked beside his friends into Dachau's row
of death.

Or the King who heard the Nazi order and on the
appointed day
Rode out, and on his arm that yellow star.

And he rode, and he rode until all the people
wore them.

With Ruth they said
"Thy people shall become my people!"
I am a negro,
And it feels good to say it.
But then the marching feet are still.
And flags return to full mast.
And it is quiet before Lincoln's monument
And no voice cries, "I have a dream!"
And the rallies done in Memphis,
And the spokesman's dead who said,
"My people shall cross over into campground."
And I am alone in Pasadena on a dark and lonely
street.

And I think of David Foxgrover and the gang of
colored toughs
Who attacked him without warning and never
knew he loved them

And never really cared.
I saw his blackened eyes
And thought of death.
Now, I am afraid.

But they too have suffered fear.
Remember Bull Connors and Lester Maddox?
Remember crowds that lynch and crowds that jeer?
Remember negro girls blasted out of Sunday
School?

Remember Violet Liuzzo, Medger Evers and
Martin Luther King?
Think of long, hot summers facing troops and
and clubs and

Mad men, black and white.
I am a negro, and I am afraid.
But that's the first lesson of what it means to
be a negro,

To be afraid.
Still, in that fear again I hear His words,
"Perfect love casts out fear."

Can love do so very much
I have no way of knowing until I try it.
I am a negro!
And I am afraid for the impossible stands
before me,

A lurching, grinning demon with a thousand
flaming heads.

Can love do so very much?
What better chance than this to see!
In this past month more troops have been
called up within our cities

Than any time since that war between the states.
And only God can know what summer's heat may
bring.

An impossible task!

And a Presidential advisor who explains,
"Mr. Johnson practices the art of the
impossible."

Then I have my second lesson of what it means
to be a negro.

To practice the art of the impossible.

I am a negro and now, possible or not, this is
my task.

Governor Kerner said it (and he should know):

"Our nation is moving towards two
societies,

black and white, separate and
unequal."

"Segregation and discrimination
threaten

the future of every American."

"One thing is required by us all...
a new attitude."

That's it.

I am a negro.

It is not a foolish play on words.

It is that thing required by us all.

When I say "they" I build the wall.

When I say "we" all is changed.

And yet nothing changed at all.

The Riot Commission's Report is clear.

(If anyone will hear it.)

4.4 million of my brothers live in ghetto
slums

Where 14,000 children were bitten by rats
last year

Where youth are forced to face odd playmates:
Delinquency, crime, venereal disease, and
death,

Where the chance of suffering criminal attack
is 78 percent

higher than in suburbia,

Where families pay higher prices for lower
quality food,

Where the infant mortality rate is three times
higher than in the

white community,

Where the maternal mortality rate is four
times higher than in the

white community,

Where unemployment and subemployment destroy
men and families,

Where the illegitimacy rate exceeds 50 percent
of children born;
Where life is death and death is life,
And I would live five years less there than here,
And pay \$1,000 a year more for the privilege.
I am a negro
And the words catch in my throat.
I read that report and for the first time stood
in other's
shoes.

Riots have reasons
Studies don't bring results
Riots do.
Suddenly, I, too, felt sick of discussion,
halls, TV forums and
Sermons on brotherhood,
And white men who ask, "But what can I do?"
A question that betrays a basic ignorance, or
disinterest, or worse
A platter painted white, filled with dead men's
bones.
I am a negro and exposed nerve endings are
connected to my brain

I am a negro
And your thoughtless jokes, your mimicked
dialect, your literary
allusions destroy me.

I am a negro.
And the bread on my table chokes me,
And my soft bed gives me no rest,
And my clear, clean skin is stained with my
brother's blood.

I am a negro.
What can I do? Do something, anything!
I am a negro.
Of course, it isn't true
I've wished that it could be.
Especially since he died.
I am a negro
Of course, it isn't true.
Or is it?

Walt Bremond said it:
"Being negro isn't color, it's the way you
feel."

Stokely Carmichael said it:
"Those Uncle Toms aren't negroes even when
they're black as night.

Father Groppi said it.
"We Negroes!"
I am a negro,
If I believe it so.

I am a negro.
When I first came face to face with that truth
I wanted, how I wanted to run into the streets
and shout for all

to hear,
"I am a negro!"
Bruce, the checker at Alpha Beta,
I wanted to take his arm and tell him
"I am a negro, Bruce, like you."
I wanted to tell Steve and Ida and Ruby and
Janet.

I am a negro, like you.
I wanted to drive through Watts and up Fair
Oaks and cry

"I am a negro!"
There is a new day coming.
Truth is being born in me.
Christ has shown all men are brothers.
"I am a Negro!"
But who would understand?
Kennedy could cry before the Berlin wall
"Ich bin berliner"
But when the cheering dies, history brings in
the verdict.

I am a negro
And I cannot say it. It must be said of me.
If history would be kind
Bruce, and Steve, and Ida, or others black and
white,
Will stand before my grave many years from now,
or tomorrow and say,

"He was a negro."
I cannot say it. Though in Christ, I am a
negro. I cannot say it.
I can only be it. And when the question comes
again,

"How?"
And when that fear returns.
When no one has a simple plan.
When no one tells me how.
I, we, are not alone.
Remember Thomas Moore, and Bonhoeffer and King
There was no cheering mob when they faced
their moment of truth.
Only the voice of God in their heart,
And that voice a whisper,
"That which I demand...I will provide"
And the blade falls, the trap swings free, the
bullet finds its mark,
And they are free at last.

"He was a negro
But with a pure soul as white as snow
The whites with the black soul killed him
When I learned the news
That same bullet entered in me
And I was reborn a negro."

I am a negro
What will it demand of me?
And then the voice, a whisper in my heart,
"That which I demand I will provide"
I am a negro
Say it once, quietly to yourself.
I am a negro.

A Sermon given April 23, 1968 by J. MELVILLE
WHITE, Instructor in Communications, Fuller

IN A THOUSAND FACES - IN A THOUSAND PLACES
 by Robert Pipes

Where lives the man who once lived here
 And brought to people love and cheer,
 Whose only dream was to make men free
 From misery and poverty,

And free them from distrusting hearts
 From fearful minds and hating hearts?
 Where lives he now since leaving here
 The man who turned our tears to cheer?

He made his dream his whole life's theme
 And soon the world began to sing
 That God had come to us in King--
 To free the world--the echoes ring.

He gave us hope, he gave us pride.
 He gave us love and then he died.
 He gave his life to make men free.
 He died for you and he died for me.

He had to go - he could not stay.
 He planted seeds, then he passed away.
 But still I feel that he is here.
 I feel that he is very near.

That's why I've asked where lives he now
 The man whose life has taught us HOW
 To live, to love, to work, to play,
 To build a new world of this old one today?

Then I turned and looked in a thousand faces
 And I thought I saw his smiling face,
 His gentle wave and warm embraces.
 I thought I saw him in all of the races.

I wiped my eyes and I looked again
 And I saw his face in a thousand faces,
 In a thousand hearts, in a thousand places.
 I saw the King in a thousand faces.

Then I said that I knew that he was still
here

Still bringing to people love and cheer.
 He just planted himself in a thousand faces,
 In a thousand hearts, in a thousand places.

ROBERT PIPES is a second year student in the
 B.D. program at Fuller

COMMENTING ON THE NEWS

by Paul K. Jewett

An evidence of the effect of sin upon the heart is that the heart can be so deceitful as to say to evil: "Be thou my Good". While Christians, hopefully, are not capable of this ultimate deception, it yet remains a shocking fact to note the degree to which they can approach it in certain specific matters. In given situations they see good, when they are looking at evil, with apparent inability to perceive that this is so. (See the bulletin in Systematics T 23, "Two Readings in the Problem of Evil".) A striking contemporary illustration of this is found in "Christian Economics", January 9, 1968, copyrighted by the "Christian Freedom Foundation". The lead article, by the editor, Howard E. Kerschner, entitled "South Africa Revisited", reports on the findings of the author during a 22-day study trip in the Republic of South Africa. The conclusions drawn in this article should be compared with the pictures and notations in a book by photographer Ernest Cole, published by Random House in October under the title, 'House of Bondage'.

Mr. Kerschner speaks of the obvious goodwill between the races, as blacks and whites, with mutual esteem and appreciation, work together, in an effort to solve their problems. Since they know so much more about their problems than we do, our greatest contribution is to leave them alone. Mr. Cole, who grew up in South Africa as a black man, and hence should know something about "their" problems, tells how for seven tense, danger-filled years, he clandestinely photographed the black man as he lives in Africa, realizing, if he were caught, he could be killed for such activity. On May 9, 1966, he shot his last picture, took a plane for Europe, knowing that when his pictures were published, he could never return to his native land.

Mr. Kerschner speaks of the hospitals which the whites have built exclusively for the Bantu,

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where one receives the best of care, a magnificent service almost free of charge. Mr. Cole has photographed a picture of a black patient sleeping on chairs in a black hospital. He reports that some hospitals have mattresses under the beds because of a shortage, and that it can take up to a week to be admitted to a hospital. Half the black child population does not live to sixteen years.

Mr. Kerschner reports testimony that the black man, lacking skill, initiative and self-reliance, is more apt to be overpaid than a European worker. Mr. Cole has photographed blacks being herded through medical examinations into 46 cents-a-day in Johannesburg gold mines.

Mr. Kerschner speaks of the free education which Bantu children receive in schools which whites have established for them. Mr. Cole photographs black children, whose parents have paid for half their schooling costs, kneeling on the floor to write in a school room innocent of all furniture.

Mr. Kerschner underscores the initiative and good will of the white people in providing rail transportation from the Bantu townships into the cities where they are working. Sorreto, near Johannesburg, has 420 trains a day, he tells us, to carry workers to and from their jobs. Mr. Cole reports that 150 blacks are killed each year falling from the over-crowded trains.

Mr. Kerschner affirms that most of the 14 million Bantu in South Africa owe the fact that they are alive at all to the civilization that the white man has brought. Mr. Cole has photographed a black infant in an advanced stage of malnutrition with the observation that one out of every four black babies dies before his first birthday, because parents cannot afford adequate food.

Warning against the threats of power-hungry agitators, would-be tyrants, and subversive Communists, Mr. Kerschner pleads that we let South Africans work out their own problems their own way, and be done with all thought of sanctions against the brave effort of this nation to promote the civilization for which American has always stood. Says Mr. Cole, "South Africa is my country - a big, beautiful land filled with millions of beautiful black people, the warmest, most human in the world..."

Yes, South Africa is my country. But it is also my hell."

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE ?????

"Good morning Mr. Phelps,

"The man you are looking at is Ho Chi Minh. As President of the Democratic Republic of (North) Vietnam, he and his Prime Minister, Pham Van Dong, have sought to subjugate the Republic of South Vietnam through military guerrilla tactics causing great turmoil and armed conflict between the two Republics. You are well aware of our extensive military and political involvement there.

"Your mission, should you decide to accept it, is to stop Ho Chi Minh, establish a pro-Western government in South Vietnam, resolve the political difficulties between the two nations, allow for the removal of U.S. personnel from Vietnam, and restore international respect for U.S. policy. Of course, this must be done in such a manner as to keep the U.S. from losing face.

"As always, should any of your I.M. force be caught or killed, the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions.* This recording will self-destruct in 10 seconds. Good luck, Jim!"

*No kidding

This information has been passed on to The Opinion by BOB STEWART, a middler at Fuller.

UNITED STATES INVOLVEMENT IN VIETNAM

By William Sanford
LaSor

In struggling with the problem of a Christian's attitude toward the war in Vietnam, I am forced to begin with the Christian view of the present world-system, namely that it is basically in need of redemption from sin. Ideals that will work in the Kingdom of Heaven, and that should (but often do not) work in the redeemed society or the Church, simply will not work in the world. For this reason, God ordained that there should be governmental authority, and that this authority should be maintained by the use of force. (Romans 13:1-4)

Once I have admitted this much, it follows that I am obligated to support human government, within the limits of Christian conscience, for otherwise I am an anarchist and am destroying that which God has ordained. It is unthinkable, to me, that I should, in the name of Christian liberty, seek to destroy the only power in this present world-system that can preserve liberty. The tension between the claims of God and Caesar must be faced within the reality of this world-system. Jesus recognized this when He pointed out that there are some things which belong to Caesar.

I am convinced that, in the present world-system, there are two super-powers, the USA and the USSR, and that we are engaged in an ideological and political struggle for supremacy and survival. I believe that the USA has obligations to the smaller states that are caught up in this struggle, and that this obligation specifically commits the USA to hold the line against a communist take-over in southeast Asia. I therefore believe that our promise of support to Vietnam involves us in a moral obligation.

The conduct of that war, on the other hand, is a different matter, and I personally believe that the conduct of war should be left to professional military men rather than to idealists, whether in the State Department or

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in the pulpit. The argument will at once be raised that the military men want war. But this simply is not true. The first duty of the military arm of the government is to preserve peace. Every military man I have ever known wants peace--often far more than the businessman or the speculator or even the politician--for he knows the cost of war. But in time of war, he is the man who is best trained to achieve whatever is necessary for peace.

It is my firm conviction that, once we have entered into war, the moral obligation upon us is to end that war as quickly and as justly as possible. We failed to do this in Korea, and we have failed again to do it in Vietnam. The price has been a terrifying loss of life, both military and civilian, and a staggering destruction of civilian property. In my opinion, the refusal to destroy the war-potential of North Vietnam is morally more reprehensible than the total confinement of North Vietnam would have been.

It is also my firm conviction that the Christian must serve as a redemptive force even in the midst of war. The Christian who totally condemns war and all participation in war is unable to extend comfort to men who conscientiously obeyed the call to arms, or to the bereaved families of men who have given their lives in defense of what they believe to be their duty. Every decision that I make as a Christian, I must make within the broadest frame of reference, if I would make available the redemptive love of Christ to all men.

THE SHEPHERD'S SACRIFICE

by J. Jarman

Once upon a time there was a good and rich Shepherd named Emmanuel. He owned many sheep, white sheep, black sheep, fat sheep, skinny sheep, woolly sheep and bald sheep. He loved them every one and he knew all their names. Out of his acres and acres of land he had created a wonderful home for these sheep. Emmanuel gave the sheep large, green pastures with juice, yummy grass, cool, clear waters for drinking and swimming and even a big red barn which kept them warm and dry and safe. But the greatest present Emmanuel gave them was Himself.

Although he could have stayed up on the high mountain in his palace, enjoying his riches, he loved the sheep so much that he wanted to be with them. The sheep had everything they could ever want--food, water, shelter and Emmanuel. They were happiest of all when Emmanuel would play on his harp and sing them to sleep.

SING:

Close your weary eyes, my little
sheep
Don't be afraid cause a watch
I'll keep
No matter where you roam, I'll
always bring you home
Put down your heads now and
sleep.

Now why do you suppose Emmanuel said--don't be afraid---I'll keep a careful watch? Because in the deep, dark woods that bordered the green pastures, there lived an evil wolf named Beelzebub who was the ruler of the forest. The sheep knew he was there. Whenever they strayed far from their Shepherd and came near the deep-dark wood, they could feel his beady eyes watching them from the deepy darkness.

Now Beelzebub was a crafty old wolf (I could say he was foxy, but that's another story). He knew that the sheep were frightened

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of him (Emmanuel had told them never to trust strangers). If he just jumped out of his deep-dark woods, they would scamper to their shepherd and Beelzebub would be punished. For besides being good and rich, the Shepherd was as strong as Sampson and Superman rolled into one. Emmanuel's strength came from sunlight and as long as he was in the light he could not be conquered. The Shepherd was the only son of the Mighty God Jehovah who created the whole world and whose Kingdom shines with the brightness of Heaven itself.

Now the tricky old wolf laid a trap for the sheep. He dressed up as a happy and harmless shaggy-sheep-dog. The shaggy dog came skipping up to the unsuspecting sheep with his tail wagging and began to make friends. Since the sheep were naturally friendly and had never seen an enemy before, they welcomed the disguised wolf and let him join their games.

Well, to make a long story shorter, the bad wolf tricked the sheep into following him into his deep dark forest. He told them that he could give them a greener pasture with juicier, yummier grass, and a lake with cooler, clearer water and a better barn which would keep them even warmer and dryer and safer. All the sheep were fooled, white and black, fat and skinny, wooly and bald. For as soon as Beelzebub got the poor sheep into his woods he put them in a cage, took off his shaggy sheep-dog suit and chuckled. "Heh, heh--you silly sheep, you're all in my power. You thought that you would be better off with me than with your Shepherd, but you were wrong. I'm your new Master and for the rest of your lives you will be my slaves. And when you get old, I'll eat you right up."

The little sheep trembled with fear and cried as if their hearts would break. Where was Emmanuel? Why did He allow Beelzebub to snatch away his sheep? And why wasn't he doing anything about it?

Ah, here comes the exciting part of the story. Emmanuel knew what was happening all along. He could have stopped Beelzebub from stealing the sheep, but he let him do it to teach his foolish sheep a lesson. Now he would save them. But the Shepherd had a problem--if he went into the deep-dark wood he would be out of the sunlight--the source of his mighty strength. But Emmanuel hardly gave the

difficulty a second thought. He loved his sheep so much that no risk was too great to save them from the ruler of darkness.

The Shepherd dressed up like a sheep and wandered into the woods. Beelzebub thought that he had just missed one of the sheep in the pasture, so he led his new victim to the place where the other sheep were trapped.

When Emmanuel discovered their cage, he quickly threw off his disguise and began to fight with the evil wolf. The struggle was long and hard. The wolf was at Emmanuel's throat and the Shepherd was straining Beelzebub's jaws apart till they were about to crack but the darkness of the forest finally began to drain away Emmanuel's strength and before too long, the good shepherd was lying on the ground-- dead--. He had given his life for His sheep. The wolf was just about to eat him up, when all of a sudden, a bright beam of light shot down through the tangled vines and shady branches of the forest. The ray fell directly on Emmanuel and the Prince was immediately brought back to life. In the strength of his father's brightness, Emmanuel was able to handcuff Beelzebub and tie him to a tree. He freed his beloved sheep and led them home with shouts of joy and relief.

I'm sorry to say that some of the foolish sheep decided that they liked the darkness and loneliness of the forest more than the brightness and love of their good Shepherd. But many of the sheep were leaping and dancing with glee because their Shepherd had come back to life and they had been rescued from the evil wolf.

That night they gathered around Emmanuel in their safe and snug barn and heard him sing--

Close your weary eyes, my little
sheep
Don't be afraid cause a watch I'll
keep
Danger is past and you're at home
safe at last
Put down your heads now and sleep.

And they all lived happily ever after.

TWO ROOMS IN THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE?
by Ted Proffitt

A seminary such as Fuller has two goals. One "is to produce excellently trained ministers of the Word of God." (D.W. Corbin, Opinion, Vol. vii, #8, p. 10) Exegetical skills are a definite part of this training. The other goal is that of preparing young men and women to pursue advanced degrees in Biblical studies. Here exegetical skills are also important, as are linguistic skills. Such persons who go on beyond the BD should be able to handle a critical apparatus and read Greek and Hebrew (not to mention Aramaic, Arabic, Latin, French and German) as fluently as they would read a Sunday supplement. The present program, stressing as it does parsing to the neglect of word studies and exegesis does "establish a point of greatly deminished (sic) returns for our effort (and) time". (Ibid, p. 11) This does not mean Fuller must do away with languages or give no further language exams after the first course. Such would mitigate against the goal of preparing students for the ministry.

Rather, a program is needed which will meet both the goals stated above. An honors BD program would continue for those wishing to enter the ministry without becoming "Biblical scholars", but desiring to be good ministers, "rightly dividing the Word of truth". This added "room" would give the school (and curriculum) the flexibility it currently lacks.

TED PROFFITT is a graduate of California State College at Fullerton and is now a Junior at Fuller.