

1-28-1977

The Opinion - Vol. 16, No. 02

Fuller Theological Seminary

Greg Lewis

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.fuller.edu/fts-opinion>

Recommended Citation

Fuller Theological Seminary and Lewis, Greg, "The Opinion - Vol. 16, No. 02" (1977). *The Opinion*. 149.
<https://digitalcommons.fuller.edu/fts-opinion/149>

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by the Fuller Seminary Publications at Digital Commons @ Fuller. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Opinion by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Fuller. For more information, please contact archives@fuller.edu.

FINAL
ONE OF THE WORLD'S
GREAT
STUDENT NEWSPAPERS

THE OPINION

January 28, 1977

Vol. 16. No. 2

"The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it."

SPECIAL in this issue: Predictions for Fuller Seminary in 1977

Conflict of Disinterest	an "editorial"
A Modest Proposal	Nathan Churchill
From This Day "Fore" Word	John P. McCurry, G.F.S.
The "Fuller Man" Myth	Larry Hicks (1971)
Prophet-Taking	Jack Rogers
The God Who Weeps	Steven Pattie
Precious Stones	Sylvia Dilworth
A Time for Change!!	John McClure
How Then Shall We Give	Jim Hassmer
"When the Communists Come They Can Kill Me"	Jim Montgomery
Before We Chose (a poem)	John McClure

THE OPINION is a journal for the written expression of the Community Life at Fuller Theological Seminary, 135 North Oakland Avenue, Pasadena, California, 91101. The views expressed are not necessarily representative of official policy at the Seminary but hopefully they represent something of the sentiment and consensus of the Community. Articles, news items, poetry, letters, reviews, opinions, tall tales, stories, humor, constructive criticisms, and creative alternatives are all welcome. Suggested maximum length: two pages. Name and box number must accompany submissions. Address to:

Greg Lewis Opinion Editor Box 428

CONFLICT OF DISINTEREST

Because we've had to pay to come to Fuller Seminary, too many of us think we do not owe anything to the creation of a Community here.

We express to others the profound sacrifice we are making by continuing our education. Sacrifice equals the time spent in books plus the time spent working to pay for tuition and books. But sacrifice all too often serves as a pre-ordained justification for eschewing that which we would refuse to become involved with anyhow. Seminary is one of the best places to escape the world and once here to even fake it spiritually. Seminary is an excellent excuse to shun involvement with the real world because we are too busy learning how to become involved in order to actually become involved. Seminary is that idealistic umbrella that feigns true discipleship, justice, and love.

This is a call for Community at Fuller Seminary simply because Fuller should be given to as well as taken from. When we forget that seminary should call for Community life, we all too easily want to remember that only I as the individual seminarian have a paper to write or a part-time job to go to. When only I exists the grand illusion persists: in the future the I will cease and we will really begin to commit ourselves to others when the I gets out of this place.

How many of us actually meet in any support groups such as at the suggested time of 10 am Mondays and pray for one another (do we believe in prayer??) How many married students with working spouses are concerned that those spouses meet their friends here at the seminary? How many of us have gotten to know any of the international students studying here? How many have sat down with the student directory and attempted to learn the names that go with the faces they've been seeing since September? How many prefer the refectory at 10 am to chapel where we hear the same old tired tales other people have needs, too.

We are here because we are students together, but even more than that, we are here because we are

an "editorial"

"in Christ". This fact alone should demand Community and its obligations. The obligations of Community do not mean that we "toe the line" or give up our individual identities. It means that through commitment to Fuller and those at Fuller we find our own personal identities enhanced, fed, and strengthened. Community does not mean that its members think and live alike. It is not replication like facts and objects. It is a complementing and fulfillment: a feeding of each other, a filling in of the gaps, a joint effort.

Community and its concomitant love and responsibilities is an outward expression, a reification of classroom "facts". Community forces us to see the weaknesses and sins of others at Fuller. This in turn should lead us to see our own failures and point us straight into the merciful hands of God. If we lack Community, we lack a reflection in others of the fallible persons we are. When we forget our weaknesses, we forget the mercy and forgiveness and grace of God for our lives. When we forget God's gifts to us, we may easily forget God. Seminary is an excellent place to forget God. We may learn and know all about God, but we do not know God.

If our studies here do not generate Community and its expressions of love and concern, then our studies are empty. We might just as well shut our books, pack up, and go home. In the "real" world we find it's not so easy to "fake" it, that the "real" world will quickly suck us dry, because we never learned, in fact, refused to learn, to give in the place where it seems hardest to give-- seminary.

###

Descartes: "I study theology; therefore I exist."

A MODEST PROPOSAL

by Nathan Churchill

After-hours on the Fuller campus resembles a sub-zero January evening in Whatcheer, Iowa. When the refectory closes, single students have such outstanding diversions as the Alpha Beta fruit rack, Luckey Boys greasy spoon, and the Walnut Street laundromat to cheer them. Indeed, where does one go to meet a friend, grab a coffee, or play a tune?

The only night action on this campus is the ping-pong paddle vandal in the mail room. With the lack of a student union and social program on campus, life outside of study is a bore. There are private gatherings and an occasional FASC, but no meeting place, no catalyst.

Consider a coffee house somewhere on campus; comfortable old furniture, plants, a taste of stained glass, a piano, chess and backgammon tables, perhaps an espresso ma-

chine, a good assortment of teas and even a deli. It could be a place where students would come for tea and discussion in the afternoon, where the many musicians in the seminary could gather around an open mike on the weekends, where guests could be introduced to students and the life of Fuller Seminary.

Certainly an institution with the ever expanding budget of Fuller could afford such an investment in the life of its community. Perhaps a floor of one of the "stately homes" on campus could be used, or the second floor of the Los Robles garage complex. Whatever the case, Fuller students have it within their power to create a unique and enjoyable alternative to what they do not now have.

###

FROM THIS DAY "FORE" WORD by John P. McCurry, G. F. S.*

Official word comes from the worldly powers-that-be. The word has filtered down to the gardener's level, and now to you. Now hear this: From this day fore word all campus maintenance personnel shall bear firearms and specific instructions be given to shoot anyone--anyone--found littering the campus with papers, cigarette butts, or what have you. It is advised that all persons of this character make pre-arrangements with the mortuary of his choice.

LATE BULLETIN: Word has just come down that an extension to the above mentioned instructions is under consideration. Serious attention is presently being focused on the young lady who with her car wheels and with the most amazing regularity persists in smashing to smithereens the sprinkler head located in the southwest corner of the lawn of the 465 building. Persons of this character shall follow the advice given to the persons of the other mentioned character.

*Gardener for Fuller Seminary

Jesus, you ruined all the phony success stories forever when you didn't come down from the cross, turn your crown of thorns into solid gold, transform the crowd at Golgotha into a mighty army, march on Rome, and become the king. Now every success symbol looks so shoddy and short-lived when it is placed over against your cross. You accepted and overcame death. You showed us the dimension of life in God's eternal dispensation which makes the careers we plan and the standards we accept look absurd. When you refused to play the role of a Great Man, or the ultimate Big Shot, you really made us level with you as yourself, Lord.

--Malcolm Boyd

Are You Running with Me, Jesus?

PREDICTIONS FOR FULLER SEMINARY

1977

February 1 The library buys a second copy of The Battle for a View of Inspiration of the Bible--but not from the Fuller bookstore. The "Christian Corner" gives them a better deal.

February 29 A television scout catches the showing of the Fuller Follies on campus. The next day Norman Lear is on campus to create a new television series to play in prime TV time right after "All in the Family". Lear will produce and Mel White will direct the new series.

March 14 A Lear (Norman, is that you?) jet is donated to Fuller so that the school president and faculty can spend even more time being off campus.

April 1 Eileen Dunn reports a drastic reduction in La Spa memberships. Too many Fuller women are losing too much weight (wait).

April 17 Hal Lindsey's latest book on prophesy is the first book ever to be banned from the Fuller library. The book contains too much violence.

May 1 Fuller buys out Luckey Boys and moves the refectory there.

May 8 "The Omen" --Part V, lists G. Ladd as technical advisor. This is not our G. Ladd. Just a coincidence. The movie is rated GP (or is it PG -- or PIG -- or GIP)

May 21 The first act of crime occurs on the campus of FTS. Someone is eaten alive. The consensus of the FTS students is that the act was a tasteless one.

June 7 Students complain that some classes are not difficult enough. Therefore, tuition is hiked to \$118 per hour, putting the quality of education at FTS on an equal level with that at USC.

July 4 "Christianity Today" moves its editorial offices to Pasadena, California, saying "that's where the action is" --Rose Bowl, Super Bowl, parades. (No mention of ...)

August 10 A large donation forces the renaming of Fuller Seminary. (More on this later!)

September 5 Doug Fisher goes on Password and wins \$20,000 in prizes. He has to get an emergency loan from Dr. Schaper in order to pay the taxes on his prizes.

September 12 The School of Theology hires its first woman faculty member. She is a 1968 graduate of Dallas Seminary.

September 22 The present Pope dies. After two weeks of deliberation by the Council of Cardinals a compromised member is chosen. He is Raymond Kilamously, a 1959 graduate of Fuller Seminary. The newly crowned Pope heads the Church of 600 million believers.

October 11 \$10 is given to establish the Ronald Reagan Chair for Minority Studies at Fuller.

October 12 Jerry Brown resigns as Governor of the Great State of California and assumes the Reagan Chair. He immediately cuts the \$10 to \$5 and gives a B (as in "movie") to every student in his class.

November 1 David Hubbard, President of FTS, and John Hubbard, President of USC, trade places. It is two weeks before the faculty and staff in Payton Hall notice the change. At USC no one ever notices.

November 24 A "Billy Carter Gas Station" franchisee pays cash for the UCB bank location. Because of the excessively long lines going into the station, the Pasadena City Council votes to reclaim and reopen all of Oakland Avenue.

November 31 Fuller Seminary buys \$800 worth of Rose Bowl tickets.

December 8 The Garth is replaced by a heated pool. The old kitchen is turned into a sauna. A baby grand piano, stereo, color TV, and leather sofas are placed in the old dining area. Everyone gets his own mailbox--without a number.

THE FULLER MAN MYTH
by Larry Hicks

Editor's note: the following appeared in the October 1971 edition of THE OPINION and is given to current students in order to give them a "sense of historical perspective."

FTS has a rich history in which we believe God has acted. From that opening day in 1947 until now, God has blessed the school beyond measure, bringing it through many difficult times to a recognizable position in the theological world. Fuller is an outstanding seminary, possessing theological integrity, a warm evangelical spirit, and a concern for the needs of the world. However, we must also recognize that Fuller is involved in the world of mythology, especially in regard to the myth that there exists such a creature as "the Fuller man." It is the intent of this discussion to point out this myth and to encourage us to destroy it, so that Fuller will have more meaning for the modern world.

Harvard sees Fuller as "that Fundamental school on the West Coast." Conservative evangelicals assert that Fuller is giving up the faith. These are two prevalent myths, but the myth to which I am referring has its roots right in the seminary itself, and here we must locate and destroy it. This is the myth of "the Fuller man", that is, the myth that the true representative of Fuller is the man of balance, the one who always holds the middle position. Let me explain.

"The Fuller man" is neither a conservative nor a liberal, but he finds the happy ground midway between. For theologically he is an evangelical, probably a liberal evangelical, but not leaning far enough left to leave his sacred middle ground. Politically he is usually a Democrat, supports the peace movement, ecology, and busing, but is not too far left, i.e. radical. He understands the plight of the Black Community, but he would certainly not support Angela Davis. He is not Barthian, Bultmannian, nor even Cullmannian, but he takes the best of all three to support

his middle position. He is a Calvinist, but will never go so far as to support limited atonement. He believes the gift of tongues could be for us of today, but he is not emotional charismatic.

His hair is long, but not too long, and surely crew cuts are out. He admires the faith and courage of the Jesus people, but will not be one of them, preferring to wait for a historical perspective of their movement.

This is the myth that I fear we have somewhat unconsciously created in the Fuller community, and we must destroy it for our own good, or else it will only lead to a state of self-righteousness. Of course I have drawn a caricature, but I sense a real danger here. We do set up in our minds the image of a "Fuller man", of how he thinks and acts, and this is dangerous.

For by setting up this image, we seem to imply that this "Fuller man" is in the perfect position. He is so much wiser than those closed-minded dispensationalists and those humanistic liberals, and from the criticism of their theologies we jump to value judgments of them as people: "Can anything good come out of Dallas?"

So let us break down the "Fuller man myth." Let us assert that we need honesty more than images, and that we cannot categorize ourselves so neatly. Let us accept one another as we struggle with the world of theology and life around us, even if it means that a "Fuller man" could honestly be a dispensationalist or even a Bultmannian.

###

"We are waiting for a theophany about which we know nothing except its place, and that place is called community. . . . Whether he likes it or not, whether he takes it seriously or not, the human person is part of the community into which he is born or in which he happens to live."

--Martin Buber
I and Thou

We ate in the delivery room that Sunday morning. I wasn't scrubbed, gowned, or anything. I was in my street clothes. But I was there, sitting beside Sharee. We were holding hands. I'm sure it did me as much good as it did her. Two nurses were close by, completing morning duties, asking, "Are you having contractions?" I read to Sharee, "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Mt. 11:28). That gave comfort. But did we really understand what labor was? Just prior to the second stage the doctor was called. True to the nurse's prediction, he was there in five minutes. When the doctor advised Sharee to push she would push. Then we would wait and relax. The labor got harder. Perspiration stood on her forehead as she worked. Then, there was the baby! I was the first one to yell: "It's a boy!" He was wet and blue and beautiful. And Sharee was in ecstasy. I had never seen her so happy as when they laid that wet, naked baby in her arms. It was the most exciting moment of our married lives. We were the most together. It was like an enormous sexual climax. Indeed it was. And it was meant to be. All of the waiting and work had been worth it. The next day Sharee reported that the hospital radio had been playing Handel's "Messiah". She heard again, "His yoke is easy, and his burden is light." Now that made sense and we rejoiced. (85-86)

Childbirth has continued to be the high point of our life together. In my darkest moments of doubt and depression I remind myself of the goodness of God by thinking of the births of each of our three children. I have learned more and grown more, religiously, from the experience of marriage and parenthood than from any other influence.

One month after we returned to the United States after my graduation, John Mark was born. We didn't know a doctor or a hospital that would allow Sharee to have the delivery without anesthetic and that would allow me to be present. Through the intercession of a good friend, the chief of obstetrics at a dis-

tant university hospital took us on. We drove sixty miles over snowy February roads in the middle of the night to get to the hospital. Some of our friends thought we were crazy. We replied that it was simply a question of what you were most afraid of. Sharee and I were more afraid to be separated and to have her unconscious. In the car and at the hospital we were together. This time I had to scrub and gown. But for the rest it was familiar, more calm, a reminder of God's grace. A wonderful experience. Our experience now was not confined to Holland. God was at work wherever we called on him. There were many changes in circumstances while we were expecting our third child. But God gave us confidence in the validity of our experience. Together we saw Toby born, a strong, healthy boy.

I was scheduled to speak in chapel at college the day after Mark was born. I'd been up most of the night and intended to call my friend the chaplain and say I couldn't make it. Sharee suggested: "Why don't you go? You can't lose. They'll forgive you anything today." I was slated to speak on some aspect of current philosophy of religion as part of a series. Naturally I worked the subject around to childbirth. I told of John Mark's birth. Then I announced to the suddenly awake college audience that I knew more about sex than Hugh Hefner! His interests, I asserted, were arrested at the adolescent level--looking at pictures of women's bare breasts. (If young mothers were encouraged to nurse their children--and in public--half the need for "Playboy" would be gone. And young men would have a healthier understanding of sex.) . . . The good news, the evangelical truth, is that our own experience of God's grace can be a corrective to cultural conservatism. Translators and doctors, like the rest of us, can be locked into our culture. But the truth of God's Word in our own lives can set us free. (91-92)

*from Confessions of a Conservative Evangelical

THE GOD WHO WEEPS

by Steven Pattie

It is often forgotten that the Jesus who says, "He who has seen me has seen the Father," is the same man who manifests throughout His ministry a suffering and empathic involvement in the lives of those he encounters. It is often forgotten that what the true God in Christ wills, thinks, and feels, is also what the true man in Christ wills, thinks, and feels. D. M. Baillie notes that "whatever Jesus was or did, in His life, in His teaching, in His Cross and passion, in His resurrection and ascension and exaltation, it is really God that did it in Jesus; that is how the New Testament speaks." Indeed, in the incarnation God and man are not only united in will and thought but in pathos. Historically incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth is the pathos of a God who weeps. Throughout the Scriptures we read of a Jesus who at the sight of a leper or starving child felt compassion. In Jesus, there is no absence of passion or feeling, nor is He a Lord completely sufficient or content. Only is He content when actively involved in the battle to overcome the distortion and estrangement of man's existence.

Lepers were a common sight in Jesus' day. They were required to yell "Unclean!" in order to safeguard the possibility of contact with another human being. Jesus suffers with the thought that He is witnessing the suffering of a man who is unable to recall the last time he was touched by the warm hand of another.

Jesus felt compassion for those who are hungry. The suffering of

a man who has been without food for many days is Jesus' suffering as well, for there are probably many people who have witnessed his situation and done nothing about it. Even His own disciples advise Jesus to "send the multitudes away, that they may go into the villages and buy food for themselves."

Jesus is moved with anger at the sight of a man demon possessed. The possessed man is a blatant witness to the destructive and demonic forces at work which seek to estrange man from God, others, and most especially himself. The Geresene demoniac dwells among the tombs. For many years his only contact with other human beings are their attempts to shackle him. But because his situation has worsened, no one will dare to do even that anymore. He is abandoned to his estranging existence and to the mercy of the forces which seek to destroy him. Because there is no room for such a man in the land of the living, his only alternative is to live a moribund existence amidst the tombs.

It is in Jesus Christ that we learn of a God who weeps. The Son of God Himself feels all that one may feel of joy for the goodness, and of sorrow for the badness of men. This man instructs us regarding the appropriateness of anger and compassion, of sorrow and joy. In Him we learn of a God who sheds tears. In Him we have seen the face of our Father. No longer are we able to deny tears to God.

###

People in the United States consume almost one half the resources used in the world each year, yet they comprise less than one fifteenth of the world's population . . . Also in 1970, Americans threw away 2,360,000,000 tons of refuse, or an average of ten tons per person . . . How long can we continue to use the world's resources, many of them irreplaceable, at this rate? What will be the result if the rest of the world reaches a similarly high standard of living, and demands on natural resources increase ten or twenty fold? . . . At the current rates of production, the world could support only 1,200,000,000 people if all enjoyed American food standards. The current population of 3,600,000,000 is maintained only because most people lack meat diets and because an estimated two-thirds of the total population are hungry.

--Hoi Polloi

PRECIOUS STONES

The cobblestone street ran for miles between closely stacked small stores. Bakeries, groceries, cafes, and clothiers labeled the various tiny businesses. People busily shopped for or sold their goods in little stands on the street. Prices were generally very high and the living conditions in this area were very poor.

This part of the far countryside had little contact with their King of the province and so people lived as though there were no King. Tho the stores were so near to each other that they appeared as books shoved crookedly on a shelf, still no one knew their neighbor except by gossip. Travelers came through frequently, but because strangers were never welcomed, they quickly moved on to finer towns ahead. Thus the town grew smaller and smaller over the years and yet no one seemed to notice.

One wet morning a man in worn clothes and a small pack thrown over his shoulder, walked into town. He spoke pleasantly to the townspeople, greeting them and inquiring of them where he might find lodging.

The small hotel clerk looked up from his ledger as the bell over the hotel doors jingled.

"I have come in the name of our King to ensure him a room here when he comes through your town," said the poor man as he bowed low.

"You have come for our King?" laughed the hotel manager as he eyed the ragged shirt and dirty shoes. "And I suppose that he will pay all your expenses when he comes through, right?"

"Why, that is right," smiled the poor man. "You see, this is the first town that he is going to visit. Then we will move on to the other villages."

"How much money do you have?"

"Well, uh, none. You see, I don't think you quite understand . . ."

"I understand all right," interrupted the manager. "You expect me to believe a rag salesman like you are a herald for our King? Get out before I turn you into the King myself!"

Outside, the poor herald felt discouraged and already hungry.

by Sylvia Dilworth

But having the excitement of the King's plans still ringing in his ears, he boldly began to proclaim from the townsquare the approaching visit of the King. People hurried past him, listening for only a moment before moving quickly on. As the morning wore on, the herald began to tire. He sat down near one of the small stands and tried to speak with the people there.

"You are a strange one, fella," whispered a tomato salesman in a long black apron. "Haven't you seen a real herald of a King before? They come to town in a white chariot, pulled by six white horses, and they step out on velvet platforms. Why don't you give up your act and move to the next town to beg. You'll get nothing here."

The poor man was confused. The salesman tossed him a tomato when no one was looking, and then yelled at him to move on. The herald moved down the street thinking about the morning. Had he been tricked by his friend the King? He recalled the days shortly before, back in the castle of his friend. All the food he could eat. Fine clothes and soft beds. The King sitting majestically on his throne. If only this this tomato salesman could see those jewels he would believe the herald. Why hadn't the King given him some of those precious stones to bring as proof? The bemused herald looked down at the rags he had on.

He walked back to the tomato man. "Do you know how much wealth and fortune the King has? When I close my eyes I can see all his gold and silver and land. And the King gives it to people who come to him."

As he spoke, people came and gathered around him. The townspeople became jubilant when they heard that even the King's servants were wealthy.

Off in the distance the trumpets sounded. The people lined the streets waiting for any gold that might fall from the chariot of the King. Around the bend in the street came a man sitting on a donkey. He looked on the people with compassion.

"Stone him!" the people cried.

A TIME FOR CHANGE!!
by John McClure

Is it scriptural to become a Christian "groupie", pouting daily for front-row seats where we can star-gaze wistfully at the greatest show on earth? Where does consolation stop and volition begin?

Many, on arriving at Fuller, are faced with separation from those communities in which for years they have found meaningful support and worship. The immediate reaction, once here, is to grope for some viable re-creation of that old front-row experience, inevitably with all the twangy nostalgia for the good old days before that innocent fascination was altered so drastically by this Calling into mature Christian Vocation.

If this Calling is to become anything more than star-gazing, it seems that new presuppositions must be established for our stay here at Fuller. First: we are not still in high school or college groups, as fun and sheltered as all that might have been. Second: Pasadena is not Whatcheer, Iowa. There just might be new ideas about the structure of society and human relations here in this community that could be integrated or adopted if our minds are open to new ways of thinking. And third: we must realize that isolation will no longer do; that only by testing other alternatives will we find the fullness of vocation that God intends for us to find.

A few crucial questions come to mind, for the Fuller student who wishes to become more than a Christian stereotype: 1) Are we unable to substantially deal with the "world" and current issues in society in the same personal and sincere way that we are involved in working out our

own salvation? 2) Are we playing inquisitor instead of seeker in our relations with those around us in the Fuller community and the Pasadena community at large? 3) Are we unable to break the umbilical cord with the past and with past opinions, and know the full blessings of rebirth into a maturing vocation for God's Kingdom?

More specifically: 1) How many of us are really willing to take to heart the pleas of women in the church and world today? How many are aware of a real need internationally for an outstretched hand from this country offering something more substantial than the rhetoric of our "new political realism"? And how many have taken the time to look about them in the streets of this city, notice the many needs that are overwhelmingly present, and look for any small way to physically respond to those needs? We are not just preparing for the ministry. We are in the ministry now as Christians, and must constantly strive by that Calling to serve, (if only through the radical transformation of our usual opinions).

Let us not miss this Calling while at Fuller. Let us not keep our eyes so glued on the show that we cannot turn long enough to see that the back rows might be leaving. But let us find new strength in the Lord, the strength to change directions and opinions if necessary, in order that the Holy Spirit might work through this generation to open the great arena of salvation to everyone, and deepen our trust and fellowship with one another.

Charity makes me seek far more than the satisfaction of my own desires, even though they be aimed at another's good. It must also make me an instrument of God's Providence in their lives. I must become convinced and penetrated by the realization that without my love for them they may perhaps not achieve the things God has willed for them. My will must be the instrument of God's will in helping them create their destiny.

--Thomas Merton
No Man Is An Island

HOW THEN SHALL WE GIVE

by Jim Hassmer

In Second Corinthians (ch.8) the apostle Paul speaks of the overwhelming generosity of the church at Macedonia, a church wrapped in the throes of poverty.

As an example the Macedonian Christian community speaks boldly in several ways to our situation as Christians here at Fuller. Perhaps the material circumstances of most of us are not as severe as the Macedonians, but no doubt many of us have at least emotionally been tried hard. We struggle to pay for school, often working 10-20 hours a week ourselves and asking spouses to work far longer. We drain our brains under a 16 hour course load. On top of that we add commitments to spouses and children and we've got, in varying degrees, depths of our own "poverty".

Yet, are we not, like the Corinthian fellowship, also rich? We are rich in a faculty which is strongly committed to teaching and discipling; rich in denominational, cultural, and social backgrounds in the student body; rich in spiritual and academic opportunities; rich in zeal for the Kingdom of God, rich in fellowship in chapel and support groups.

Whether we place ourselves with the impoverished Macedonians or the rich Corinthians, or in between, Paul directs our eyes to a man, who, though he was rich, became poor for our sakes, so that through his poverty we might become rich. If we take a moment to meditate on the life and death of Jesus Christ, we can feel deep in our beings the depth and fullness of his sacrificial, life-giving gift to us.

In response to Jesus, necessities of time and money, which we fearfully guard, become surpluses of time and money to be freely given to meet the needs of others. Paul challenges us to surpass his expectations as the Macedonians did, by giving of our very selves as well as of our money. We are to offer ourselves, our time schedules, and monetary budgets first to God, trusting him to give us the time and money to fulfill our lives and his will for our lives. Only after that Godward offering do we offer

time, money and ourselves to specific ministries in his name to the people in need around us.

Let me suggest seven ways we can such an offering. 1) Since our aim at seminary is to receive training for ministry through classes and field education, let us make degree requirements work for the good of the people in need. Let us add courses which deal with urban, elderly, and minority needs, plus the ethics of the various social, economic and political systems that serve these needs. As students serving the needs of a church's community should be a vital part rather than a peripheral option for church internship or field education. 2) A student may commit him/herself to a discipline of newspaper, magazine, and bookreading in order to maintain his/her awareness of human needs and the various current and proposed methods of ministering to those needs. 3) Regular prayer, both individually and in groups, for those in need should be a top priority. 4) A student may consider the option of taking an extra year to complete his/her studies in order to free up time for more effective integration of course work with a ministry to the community. 5) One may consider the option of joining others in a communal living arrangement in order to combine time and financial resources. 6) Needs must be communicated to one another for mutual support. 7) A student can accept one hour per week or one letter per month as a commitment to others--one hour to a needy person or one letter to a local, state, or federal official or legislator, seeking just corrections of programs and institutions that create problems rather than satisfy human needs.

Paul assures us that the impoverished Macedonians remained exuberantly happy as they gave lavishly and open-handedly of themselves. God, through the apostle Paul, tells that when we respond to the great gift of his Son Jesus Christ with an eager desire to give, he then is pleased to accept what we have to give. What then shall we give?

"When the Communists Return, They Can Kill Me"

by Jim Montgomery

Most of us walk underneath the School of World Mission (SWM) and think nothing of it. It's that part of the building which runs over the registrar's office, hooking up to the second floor of the library. What are the 125 students in the SWM---many of them from overseas and most of them long since past their 20's---studying there in the "East Side" of the "Quad"?

Among many other things, they are learning about such men as Dr. Yong-gi Cho of Korea.

During the Korean War 2000 churches were destroyed and 500 pastors killed by the Communists.

Yong-gi knew these statistics--not that it made too much difference to him at the time. He was a Buddhist, a refugee fleeing from the North, dying of tuberculosis. He had his own problems to worry about.

Then Yong-gi came to know the Lord, was healed of his disease and was called into the ministry. In 1958 at the age of 20, he started a church. Through almost superhuman effort, it grew to 3,000 just six years later. "But I was young and puffed up and trying to do everythin in my own strength," he said.

One Sunday evening in 1964 while he was preaching for the sixth time that day--and after personally baptizing 300 converts that afternoon--he collapsed in the pulpit and was carried out on a stretcher. "The doctor told me that I had the worst kind of nervous breakdown and that if I wanted to live I would have to leave the ministry," he said.

Did the church collapse with his illness? Hardly. Now, just 12 years later, they have a church in Seoul, Korea, which seats 8,000 and is filled each Sunday for all four morning services.

What is the secret? Lying in his hospital bed during long months of recovery, the Lord revealed to Yong-gi how he could make the church grow even faster and at the same time not have to work so hard. Over and over in the book of Acts he read about the "church in the home," and about the laymen who were running those churches. He decided to try it himself.

He trained his laymen to run house churches. There are now 1,300 of them completely run by 1,300 unpaid volunteer "pastors". This is the secret of the remarkable growth of the church that will undoubtedly reach 50,000 by 1980, the goal they have set.

"When the Communists return, they can kill me," says Yong-gi, "but the church can never disappear. The buildings is just the hull. The church is out there with over 1,300 ministers.

A SWMer laps up stories like this. For they help him learn what approaches make it possible to bring the greatest number of people around the world to Jesus and into His Church.

Give yourself a break. Get acquainted with an "East Sider". You might even pick up some things about how to develop your own ministry.

Like how to grow a church from scratch to 30,000 members in 18 years---and not have your own nervous breakdown doing it.

###

We may affirm absolutely that nothing great in the World has been accomplished without passion.

--Hegel

God will not look you over for medals, degrees or diplomas, but for scars.

--Elbert Hubbard

BEFORE WE CHOSE

Before we chose
A coaxing shadow, wooing
To turn us blind
By that unholy fruit
And shame the Eye
In worlds too pale
For human difference to bear;

Before we chose
The good and evil land
Burning with the parched cries
Of children yet unborn
To the Love of God
In the tangled briars
Of Gethsemane;

Before we chose
This darkest cell, and
Memory's brutal music;
There was a spreading tree
In Paradise
Silently preparing
For our return.

John McClure