

Spectrum

The Journal of the Association of Adventist Forums

My Life And Thought

LEONA RUNNING, HEROLD WEISS:
WALKING THE SEMINARY TIGHTROPE

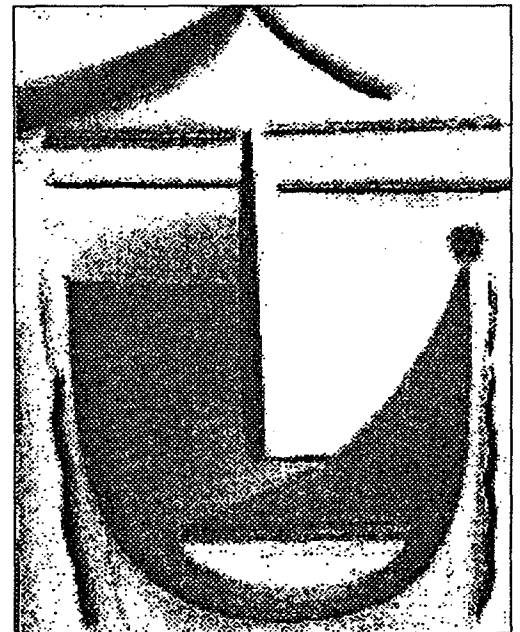
JOHN BRUNT, RICHARD RICE:
THE ADVENTURE OF WRITING
ADVENTIST THEOLOGY

SAKAE KUBO:
BUDDHIST ATHLETE TO
SDA COLLEGE PRESIDENT

SHORT STORY:
A CERTAIN WAY OF KNOWING

COLLEGE TEACHERS' SALARIES
AREN'T KEEPING PACE

READERS' RESPONSES TO:
BALDWIN, PROVONSHA, SCRIVEN



July 1994
Volume 24, Number 1

Spectrum

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The Association of Adventist Forums is a non-subsidized, non-profit organization for which gifts are deductible in the report of income for purposes of taxation. The publishing of *SPECTRUM* depends on subscriptions, gifts from individuals, and the voluntary efforts of the contributors and the staff.

Editorial Correspondence: *SPECTRUM* is published by the Association of Adventist Forums. Direct all editorial correspondence to *SPECTRUM*, 7710 Carroll Avenue, Takoma Park, Maryland 20912; Fax: (301) 270-2814. Manuscripts should be typewritten, double spaced, or on Apple Macintosh disks. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Letters to the editors may be shortened before publication.

Subscription Information: In order to receive *SPECTRUM*, enclose a membership fee (\$25 per 5 issues, \$32 in Canada and in other foreign countries, \$18 for students) by check made to the Association of Adventist Forums, Box 5330, Takoma Park, MD 20913. Phone: (301) 270-0423. Single copies are \$5. For address changes, send old address label along with the new address.

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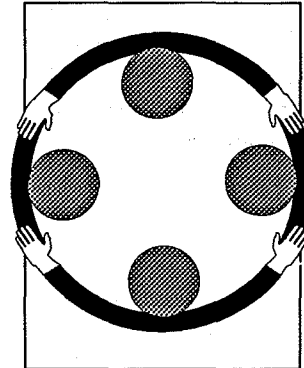
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Have You Hugged A Theologian Today?

Sakae Kubo thinks like a laser. He targets the center of an idea, exposes the weaknesses of an issue. Sakae gives clarity a cheerful voice, affirming students and improving the work of colleagues. Kubo not only sees the core of an issue, he explores its outer circumference. The range of his reflection so unfailingly brings him to balanced judgments, his colleagues inevitably respect him as a leader.

Kubo's retirement a few years ago surprised Vern Carner, a former student and collaborator with Kubo (see the 110-page bibliographical essay for *The Rise of Adventism*, published by Harper and Row). Carner conceived of a tribute to Kubo's scholarship and life. Carner contacted former colleagues and students, soliciting essays that combined theological reflection with spiritual autobiography. At Carner's initiative, our special section honors Sakae Kubo, and through him the role of the Adventist theologian.

In the Seventh-day Adventist church, just who is a theologian? The first answer is, everyone. Particularly in a Protestant denomination, all members are to work out a theology. The second answer is that no one speaks as a theologian. Early on, Adventists had a "Messenger of the Lord," preachers, and editors. Then other denominational roles emerged, such as physician, teacher, and president. At certain times, voices like Uriah Smith, A. T. Jones, W. W. Prescott, and F. D. Nichol proclaimed what Adventists did or should believe about God. A dissertation deserves to be written analyzing how A. G. Maxwell molded the theology of generations of Adventists through his *Bedtime Stories* and *The Bible Story* books. However, none of these men thought of themselves as theologians.

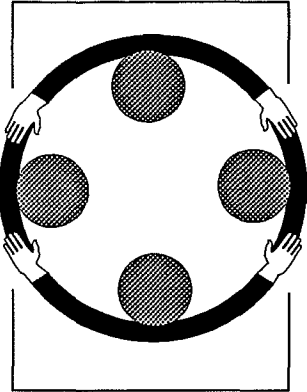
By the 1960s, Kubo was already at Andrews University when the SDA Theological Seminary arrived along with the first waves of ministerial students required to

take advanced degrees in theology. His account, and those of his former colleagues Leona Running and Herold Weiss, narrate the moment when the leadership of the church began to realize that all its ministers, in at least North America, would be shaped by those increasingly visible academics trained in the theological disciplines. Despite the occasional nervousness of the leadership, authors in our special section have gone past noncontroversial, academically technical discussions to write for the Adventist community that remains at the center of their religious passion.

The Adventist community still struggles to recognize and value the role of the theologian. Many have moved, like Sakae Kubo did, into academic administration—seven of North America's 11 senior colleges and universities are presently led by theologians. Hopefully, this special section will establish that, for a community desperately needing fresh ways to understand itself, the greatest contribution of these leaders may well come when they return to being full-time theologians.

When they write theology, what Sakae and others similarly educated say reassures the Adventist community that there are good reasons for believing its affirmations are valid and its practices relevant. Other times, theologians stimulate the community to rediscover parts of scripture or the Adventist experience that are particularly helpful to Adventists today. Every once in a while, these theologians share perhaps their greatest gift—vivid portrayals of ideal futures for the Adventist church. No community, least of all an Adventist community founded by a young person seeing visions, can do without such informed, moving glimpses of the future. No religious community, least of all an Adventist community, can do without its theologians.

—Roy Branson



A Certain Way Of Knowing

At campmeeting, before dawn, a young boy confronts doubt, sexuality, death, and affirmation.

by Chip Cassano

THE BOY SAT ON A SMALL FOLDING STOOL IN THE doorway of the tent, staring into the warm summer darkness. Reaching up, he pressed his hands against the thick roll of the drawn door flaps. The heavy canvas yielded to his touch, and he drew his hands away, restless. A tall boy, still awkward in his new height, he was continually startled when, reaching up, he found his fingertips brushing a low ceiling, or his hands catching the upper edge of a doorjamb. His father had died three years before, and it came to the boy, suddenly, that he was now taller, by several inches, than his father had been. The realization unsettled him.

The death of his father seemed, to the boy, to have been much more than the loss of a parent. Together, father and mother had formed a bulwark of certainty—of beliefs held, and truths absolute. With his father's death, the

bulwark crumbled, and God and man, life and death, were new and vast uncertainties.

Standing up, the boy ducked under the flaps and out into the summer night. The murmur of scattered conversations ran like an undercurrent below the tiny shrill of insects and the peeping of frogs. Fireflies blinked in slow punctuation. The old, canvas military tents were arranged in careful rows to his left and right, and, though hidden from view, before and behind him as well. He wondered if this small rigidity was a comfort to these Adventists, as he knew them. The warm nights and brassy blue skies of early July seemed to gentle them, somehow, allowing them to come together in peace and fellowship. For him, the effect was different; here, at camp meeting, in a field beside a quiet lake, right seemed less clear, truth less certain. Freed from the confines of severe chapels and stern sanctuaries, the very words of the sermons seemed to drift away, as insubstantial as dandelion fluff. Here, the boy's restlessness only grew.

Hearing footsteps behind the tent, he ducked

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inside quietly. His mother had returned from another midnight prayer vigil. It was the Landers boy again. The son of a woman from a neighboring church, the child had been diagnosed with leukemia only months ago, and had now gone into a coma. He was not expected to live out the week.

The boy heard the long, slow mutter at the back of the tent as the zipper was drawn and his mother entered, softly, so as not to wake him. He often slept poorly, but saw no reason to tell her. She would only worry.

The blanket she had hung to divide the tent rustled faintly, and the boy saw the long, pale shape of her plain cotton nightdress, and knew that she had come to check on him. She stood, waiting for her eyes to adjust to the darkness.

"Close the flaps, Stephen," she said finally, when she saw him. He shifted uncomfortably but did not move. His mother paused as if to speak again, then went quietly back behind the blanket. Three years ago she would have been insistent, but she had changed, too, since his father's death. Although he did not fully understand it, the boy sensed that it had shaken his mother in some deep way that went beyond simple grieving.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," he said quietly, and shook his head. That was hardly enough.

"Stephen?" His mother's voice startled him. She had long since stopped questioning him when he talked to himself. He held his breath.

"They say he may die tonight—that Landers

boy." Her voice sounded muffled and far away.

The boy let his breath out in a long sigh. "Yes," he said. He felt the dull, grinding ache of frustration building inside him. He had heard his mother tell the woman in the tent next to theirs that the doctors expected the boy to die, adding that it was a particularly fast-moving, deadly form of leukemia. Yet he knew that to say this—to suggest that it was inevitable that the boy die—would be a betrayal. He knew, too, that he could not say the other, expected thing—not convincingly. Faith had not saved his father.

"I think it would have been good if you could have come tonight, to the vigil," his mother said.

The boy stood up, pressing his hands against the ceiling of the tent. The restlessness was growing, and he itched to find a wall he could push against as he twisted and stretched. "Mum," he said suddenly, "when did you learn about God?"

There was a pause, and the boy knew that his question had surprised her. He seldom asked her questions anymore.

"Your grandmother always took me to church," she said finally. "I was baptized when I was nine years old. You know that, Stephen."

The boy hooked his arm around the heavy wooden center pole of the tent. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes, feeling his balance drift and catch. Stretching out his free arm, he began to turn in a slow circle around the pole.

A tall boy, still awkward in his new height, he was continually startled when, reaching up, he found his fingertips brushing a low ceiling, or his hands catching the upper edge of a doorjamb. His father had died three years before, and it came to the boy, suddenly, that he was now taller, by several inches, than his father had been.

"But, Mum," he said, "didn't you ever wonder if it was real? Didn't you ever wonder if things really happen the way they say in church?"

The pause was longer this time. "There are always things to test our faith, Stephen," she said quietly.

"But, Mum," he said, turning more quickly, "how do you know?" He felt something growing inside him, ready to burst. "How do you know, Mum? You prayed for Dad when he first got sick, but it was cancer. You thanked God for the lessons he was teaching us, and you prayed Dad would get better. You thanked God when the doctors thought he was getting a little better, and you thanked God when he got worse again." The boy was turning in reckless circles, now, swinging around the pole, and his voice began to rise. "You prayed for two years, and then he died, and you thanked God again, I don't know for what, and now you're praying for that Landers kid, and he's going to die, too. I want to know how you know, Mum; I *need* to know."

This time there was no pause. "You mustn't talk that way, Stephen." His mother's voice was firm, almost sharp, but the boy could hear fear in it. "We can only pray that the Lord's will be done."

The Lord's will be done. The boy's grip on the pole slipped, and he stumbled. The frustration inside him blossomed smoothly into a pure white anger. He straightened up unsteadily, and planted his feet. "The Lord's will *is* going to be done, Mum, if the Lord is the one doing it. The Lord's will right now must be that the poor kid die, because otherwise he wouldn't have gotten leukemia, would he? I went to the library and read about it. I learned that when Dad was sick. You just told me to pray—you wouldn't tell me what the doctors said—but it didn't matter, because it was all in those books. That kid's going to die, and not after two or three or four years. It's not the kind of leukemia most kids get. You know that, too.

He's going to die, soon, and you can pray from now until sunrise, every night until it happens, but it's still going to happen, and it won't be any later or any sooner because you prayed. Why can't you just admit that?"

The anger was gone as quickly as it had come, and the boy slumped down on the little cot beside the tent door. His head spun, and he felt ill. It had all come out as a rehearsed speech, although he never thought he would actually say those things to his mother.

When his mother spoke, her voice sounded choked, and he knew that she was crying.

"I don't know, Stephen," she said, "and I don't know what you want me to say. I don't know why your father died. Faith is all I have left, and I'm sorry if it's not enough. I'm sorry."

The boy stretched out slowly, face down on the cot, and dug his fingers into the pillow. There were still many times when the need to be cared for was almost painful, and this was one of those times. He longed, in some deep part of his soul, to leave this moment with all its complications to some larger, wiser being. He knew by now, though, that he could not.

"Mum," he said softly, "it's all right. It's OK, Mum. I didn't mean to say it like that. I'm just tired, is all. It's OK, Mum, really." It was the best he could do, and she seemed to sense this.

"I know, Stevie, I know," his mother said, her voice old and tired. "Try to get some rest."

Exhausted by his anger, the boy fell away into a tossing, murmuring sleep. The dream came quickly, a jumbled rush of images. It took him a moment to recognize the clearing where he stood as the field where camp meeting was held each year. Now it was lit with a fevered orange sun and cluttered with junkyard scrap—rusted washing machines, bales of old newspaper, the twisted frame of a tricycle—the ground churned into clods of mud and grass.

A battered card table, propped up by fruit

crates, sat near the center of the field. A thin, pale figure, dressed in a yellowed cotton hospital robe, sat at the table.

"Dad," the boy said, astonished.

The man nodded. "It's the judgment, Stephen," he said, and coughed.

The boy stood still. His father drew a tattered brown book from under the robe and began to read.

"And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven."

The man paused and looked at the boy. "You already know this part, right? Sure you do. Let's get to the good stuff." Turning back to the book, he searched for a moment and began again.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, *and be* their God." The man got to his feet unsteadily. Closing his eyes, he raised the book over his head and shook it. His voice had grown steadily stronger as he read; now it rolled across the field like thunder.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I . . . make . . . all . . . things . . . new." The words echoed and re-echoed, fading at last into the wind.

The man didn't move, and the boy shifted uncomfortably. "That's Revelation," he said finally.

His father opened his eyes slowly and nodded, blinking against the glare of the sun. "That's the script, Son. Good stuff, isn't it?" His voice was thin and tired again.

The boy didn't answer, and the man tucked the book back under his robe, and shuffled

around the table.

"Now what?" the boy asked awkwardly.

The man looked puzzled. "That's it," he said, "end of script."

"But what comes next?"

His father only shook his head.

"But what comes next?" the boy repeated, urgent. "You told me—you *told* me . . ." He could feel a tightness at the back of his throat, the grip of coming panic.

"Steve-O, my boy," his father said, patting him on the shoulder, "that's the end of the story. What's more, it's a happy ending. Never ask for something more than that.

"Now, give me a hand here." His father grabbed the edge of the card table, steadied himself, and flipped it over. He kicked at the fruit crates and stumbled, grabbing the front of the boy's shirt. "We put things back the way they were, nobody'll even know we were here."

The boy woke, trembling, his fists clenched on the sides of the cot. Standing up abruptly, he balanced himself against the rush of blood to his head, and stumbled out of the tent.

Outside, with no moon visible, the darkness was almost complete. The boy began to walk, heedlessly, waiting for the images of the dream to fade. The night was cooler now, and dew soaked his shoes. By the time he found himself at the far edge of the clearing, where it opened onto the lake, his feet were numb.

He hesitated for a moment, looking back toward the tents. The clearing was quiet now. The only sound he heard was the faint gurgle and lap of the water below him. Even the insects were still. Turning toward the lake, he picked his way carefully down to the water's edge and turned to the left. Behind him, the shore flattened into sandy beaches; ahead, smoky gray rock rose sharply from the water.

The boy had a destination in mind, and when he reached the broad outcropping, he

stopped to rest. Sitting down, he drew his knees up toward his chest and closed his eyes. The voice behind him startled him badly.

"You looking for somebody?"

He turned quickly. It was a girl's voice, young, and he saw her now, a dark shape huddled at the edge of the rock.

"No," he said. "I was just walking."

"You scared me," the girl said. "You nearly stepped on me. I thought maybe you were my dad."

"Sorry. I—I'm Stephen."

A match flared, lighting the girl's face. The boy recognized her from the day before, when

he had noticed her in the main meeting tent. Her smooth, tanned arms and short dress—sleeveless, with tiny brown and red flowers—had stood in sharp contrast to the pale, scrubbed-pink necks and somber charcoal pinstripes of her father and younger brother.

"Well, Stephen," the girl said, "you ever smoke?"

"No."

"You going to tell somebody if I do?"

"No," the boy said again. He could feel his heart pounding high in his chest, his breath caught in his throat. He was newly aware of his own naiveté—his ignorance in matters of drinking and fighting, of soft talk and loud music, that occupied other boys his age. He felt now as though he had stumbled into an unfamiliar and vaguely threatening place.

"You mind if I ask what you're doing here? It's pretty late." The girl had stretched out on her back, and the glowing orange tip of the cigarette hung like a tiny lantern over her face.

"I—I had a bad dream, I guess, woke me

up." He immediately wished that he had called it a nightmare, or better, not mentioned it at all. He was afraid she would laugh.

"But why'd you come *here*?"

The boy hesitated. He wanted badly to be able to see the girl clearly, to know from her eyes if she was really asking, or only wanted him to go.

"I used to come here with my dad," he said finally, and, after another pause, added, "he died a couple of years ago."

There was silence after that, and he waited patiently for her to find a way to respond. He wasn't sure that she would, but eventually she spoke.

"Did you like him?" she asked quietly.

The question surprised the boy, and he thought for a moment before answering. "Yes, I think so. We were more of a family when he was around."

The girl was sitting up again, and he could feel her watching him closely. "Sometimes," she said flatly, "I don't like my parents. Sometimes I think they forget that I'm around,

unless I do something wrong. Mostly I just do whatever I want, and I ignore them."

"Is it better that way?" the boy asked. He already knew the answer. He could hear it in her voice.

"It's—*quiet*," she said.

The boy nodded. "Do they know you're out here?"

The girl stubbed the cigarette out and stood up. She shook her head. "You know that Landers kid—the one with leukemia? He died a little after midnight, I guess. They went to the hospital. They won't be back until lunch time."

Balanced at the edge of the rock, the boy spread his arms. He didn't know what lay beneath the surface of the water, but, he thought, this was certainly a way of finding out. For one frozen heartbeat he felt himself suspended, weightless, and then the shocking chill of the water closed over him with a crash.

The shock was greater than he had anticipated. "He died? They just had a prayer vigil for him last night."

"I guess it didn't help," the girl said. She said it lightly, almost carelessly, but something broken in her tone betrayed her. She looked down into the water. Silence filled the space left by her voice. The boy wished that there were something he could say to make it all more manageable, but had nothing to offer. He was relieved when she broke the silence herself.

"It's farther down than it looks," she said, still staring into the water. "You ever jump?"

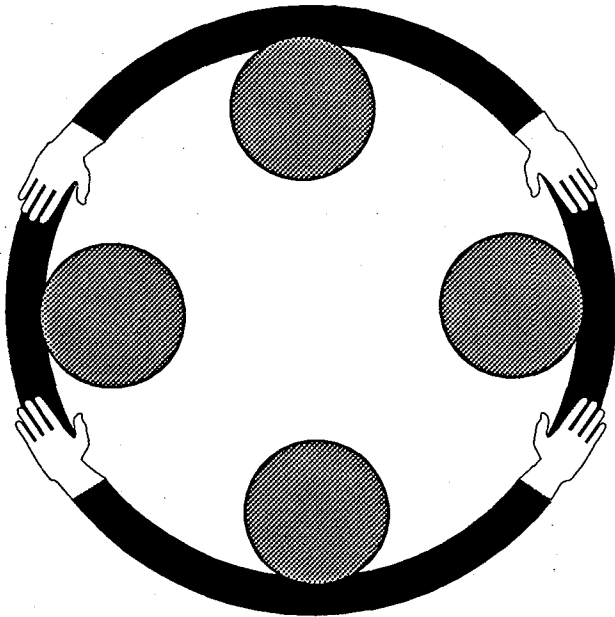
The boy shook his head. "I was always scared."

"Even now?" The girl was looking at him closely. He shrugged.

Turning, the girl began to walk along the edge of the rock, her arms held out for balance. The darkness was beginning to lift, but the shapes around them were still indistinct.

"That Landers kid," she said matter-of-factly, "couldn't have been more than 12 or 13." Pirouetting neatly, she started back along the edge. "That isn't long enough to figure everything out, is it?"

"No."



She turned to the boy abruptly and grabbed his hand. "Come on," she said. "Let's do it—let's jump."

He let her pull him to the edge, and looked down. The water stretched out below him, black as oil. He waited for the fear, but it did not come.

When he looked back, the girl was poised on the edge of the rock. A moment later she had leaped far out into the water.

Balanced at the edge of the rock, the boy spread his arms. He didn't know what lay beneath the surface of the water, but, he thought, this was certainly a way of finding out. The pull of gravity was insistent, and he let his balance shift. For one frozen heartbeat he felt himself suspended, weightless, and then the shocking chill of the water closed over him with a crash.

He came up gasping, and heard the girl's laughter. A wild shout exploded from deep inside him, and he dove under the water, kicking his feet in the air.

In minutes his body was numb from the cold. Turning, he moved back along the shore, looking for spot low enough for him to climb out. Reaching the edge of the rock, he felt the girl behind him, and turned. Water streamed from her hair, and her eyes were alight. She reached out and touched his face.

"Don't go yet," she said.

His face burned where her hand had touched it. Again he felt his heart pounding high in his throat, and he shivered. "I—I have to," he said. "I wish—I wish that . . . I have to." He turned to the shore, and scrambled up on the ledge. He hesitated.

"You should come back to the camp," he said. She shook her head. He thought for a moment, and nodded. Turning slowly, he began to make his way back along the shore.

"Stephen," she called. He turned. She had moved farther out into the water, and he thought that she looked small and lonely.

"Do you believe any of it, Stephen?" she

asked.

He rubbed his hand along his face, thinking. "I don't know," he said finally. He was confident that this was true. "I don't know yet—not really."

"Then you'd better go on back," she said, and turned to swim away from him.

"Hey," he called, "hey, I don't know your name."

Kicking lazily, the girl rolled smoothly onto her back. She waved. "Gabrielle," she said, smiling. "Gabrielle."

The boy hurried back along the lake shore, covering the distance more quickly now, in the gray light of early dawn. Back in the clearing, he skirted the camp. His dripping clothes were sure to bring bothersome questions, but he found that this no longer worried him. Once again he heard the murmur of voices, and wondered if it could really have been only a night that he had been away.

Back at the tent, he looked inside cautiously. His mother was gone, her nightdress hanging at the back of the tent, her bed neatly made. He dressed quickly in jeans and a clean shirt, and hung his wet clothes outside to dry.

Heading toward the main meeting area, he wondered who had finally told his mother of the Landers boy's death. He wondered, briefly,

how much longer she could endure the constant cycle of hope and disappointment.

The sound of voices from one of the small meeting tents drew his attention, and he looked inside. His mother knelt in prayer, part of a circle, her back toward him. He heard someone say "Landers," and he froze, horrified. They didn't know. They must not have heard.

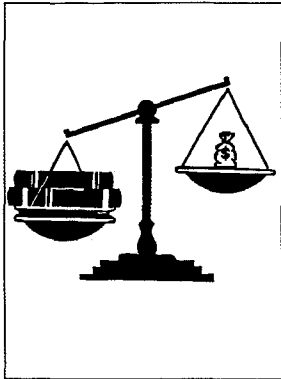
Slipping into the tent, he knelt beside his mother, and touched her shoulder gently. "Mum," he whispered, "Mum, come on, you've got to come."

She did not open her eyes, but reached down and took his hand. He felt the ghost of the old frustration inside him, and he squeezed her hand urgently. "Mum," he whispered, "he died. The Landers kid—he died, and I'm sorry, but there's nothing more you can do. He died."

"We know, Stephen," his mother softly. "We know. We're praying for his family now."

Outside, the sun broke over the horizon, filling the tent with a golden glow. The circle had closed again, and he felt the warmth of arms around his shoulders. The boy heard the voices of those in the circle, distinct now, and he listened to their prayers. They spoke of hope and assurance, of life and life after death, this earth and an earth to come.

The words were only words, but the circle had power.



How Sacrificial Must Teachers' Wages Be?

Suggestions for how to increase the income of Adventist college teachers until the whole system changes.

by Malcolm Russell

ONE RECENT SPRING DAY, JOHN AND MARY, real people and the parents of two children, visited an Adventist campus to consider an invitation for John to teach. His qualities strongly appealed to the department. As a junior faculty member several years before, his energy and spiritual interests had influenced a number of undergraduates. His doctorate, from a well-respected program, would strengthen the department's reputation. John's research interests would enhance a very modest publications and consulting record. Devout and spiritual—he had converted to Adventism in his 20s—John and Mary could influence students by their forthright Christian values. Finally, as a nurse, Mary could find employment locally, without the need for the college to find positions for both spouses. Thus John and Mary joined the

century-long flow of persons considering an offer to work for the church.

However, when the couple sought to live the proclaimed Adventist lifestyle, difficulties mounted rapidly. Forced to work during her husband's years of graduate school, Mary now desired to fulfill a strong tenet of Adventist philosophy, and care for her children at home. After the younger son entered school, she hoped to take graduate work. This meant a single salary for the family during much of the coming decade.

No stranger to financial calculations, John set out to discover if he and his family could live a modest Adventist dream on his denominational salary. Calculating roughly his associate professor's salary of \$32,000, he subtracted expenses to discover the following:

Income:	\$32,000
Less Tithe and Taxes	
Social Security Taxes	2,400
Federal Income Tax	2,700
State Income Tax	1,200
Tithe and Offerings	<u>3,700</u>
Disposable Income	\$22,000

Malcolm Russell graduated from Columbia Union College with a B.A. in history, and received his Ph.D. in international economics and Middle East studies from the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies. He is professor of economics and director of the honors program at Andrews University.

Expenses:

Housing—\$60,000 mortgage (8 percent mortgage, incl. taxes)	6,500
Utilities (heat; no air conditioning)	1,200
Food (\$1.50 per person per meal)	6,500
Tuition—two children	3,000
Medical (after compensation)	200
Vacation	500
Clothing—four persons	1,500
Automobile—operation expense	2,000
Automobile—depreciation	2,000
Household, books, journals	1,500
Total Expenses	\$24,900
Annual Loss	\$2,900

Undoubtedly John and Mary prayed before deciding whether to accept the offer. They enjoyed the luxury of choice: a state university also sought to hire him. It lacked Christian fellowship, and the Adventist church school in the university town seemed small and vaguely second rate. But State U. offered double the salary, free tuition for Mary, a much lighter teaching load, and consulting opportunities. To plunge his family into debt, for both the present and foreseeable future, seemed presumption, not faith. Mary had supported the family for three years of his doctoral work: now he would take his turn, and hopefully after she finished her graduate work he could seriously reconsider working for his church. John and Mary decided to join the State U. faculty.

For Adventist education in general, arguably their choice did not matter. Many Adventist colleges and universities continue to offer majors in the field. However, only one-quarter of the Adventist system's professors hold a doctorate in the discipline. The loss of John and Mary, plus others like them, leaves Adventist colleges critically short of qualified faculty in growing disciplines. John and Mary's decision, repeated by many others, should concern the church. What follows is an analysis of salaries at Adventist colleges and universities in North America and what can be done

to improve them.

Those Marys and Johns who joined the church work force, but who now face the temptation of bitterness over financial struggles, are equally important but harder to measure. A study of faculty on one Adventist campus found a "wide range of dissatisfaction" over compensation. Nearly one-half considered themselves "less than reasonably paid," while an additional quarter ranked themselves "grossly underpaid."¹ Not surprisingly, such responses threaten declining morale, and undermine faculty effectiveness. Nearly one-half of the faculty likewise rejected the proposal that they should "accept a sacrificial salary"; only 36 percent agreed.² Consequently, although current difficulties in many schools leave administrators singularly concerned with cutting costs, in the longer run the issue of denominational pay must be addressed.

The facts provide a convenient perspective. In the late 1980s, Kimberly Kuzma Ivkov compared the salaries of full professors at Andrews University—\$27,300 for a 12-month year—with academic-year contracts at other church-related institutions. At comprehensive universities they averaged \$44,070, and at doctoral institutions, \$57,160. Thus, while professors at Andrews earned approximately the national median, counterparts at similar universities averaged at least 60 percent more. Another comparison also informs the discussion: after taxes, Adventist ministers receive approximately the same income as full professors, and more than lower ranks.³

In the blunt words of one denominational treasurer, "America's cost of living means a single denominational salary will never suffice to support a family."⁴ Moreover, given the present financial state of the Adventist Church, substantial wage increases can hardly be expected. Indeed, one university proposes to avoid layoffs by postponing cost-of-living increases, despite pressure from its regional accrediting association to raise salaries.

Such arguments seem to leave little room for change. Nevertheless, other data imply that present policies often do not work well, and do not save as much as the salaries suggest. Personnel shortages exist in several disciplines, and annual turnover among business faculty often exceeds 20 percent. The replacement of academy principals ranges much higher. Others, who cannot leave, remain disgruntled: one quarter of Ivkov's sample planned to resign within three years. To sum it up, moving people costs money directly as well as through lower efficiency. A school's academic reputation suffers from unstable faculty, and students may be lost to academically superior programs.

Given these facts, reasonable custody of the church's human resources suggests the need for changes in pay and working conditions. Administration readily recognize that significant changes are necessary to attract professors—and other highly trained employees—with scarce skills. One key interpretation underlying the issue is that the “sacrifice” of working for the Adventist Church is the pay relinquished by not working “outside.” No longer restricted to a life lived simply, driving an older car in worn clothes, and a diet of canned food, sacrifice instead is the gap between denominational compensation and the national average for the job. Because academia rewards the various disciplines differently, this definition implies that Adventist academics (and administrators) do not sacrifice alike, though most sacrifice more than the clergy.

The new definition matters because most prospective church employees today approach compensation in a far different spirit than did their predecessors even a generation ago. Numerous anecdotes confirm that in the 1950s and 1960s, ministers and teachers “gladly accepted” jobs with the Adventist Church, many never asking about pay or benefits. Young Adventists then favored church service

over the importance of money and earnings. This provided a supply of workers far greater than wages alone would attract.

For a variety of reasons, young Adventists increasingly hold financial values much closer to their secular peers. Though existing faculty members demonstrate a deep sense of service and loyalty to the church,⁵ increasing financial concerns threaten shortages, especially in the most competitive fields.

Despite its importance, pay is not the only likely cause of high turnover and vacancies. The traditional or “closed” system featured loyalty and passivity over wages, but those who accepted “calls” to sacrifice also expected lifetime employment. Ignatius Yacoub, dean of the school of management and business at La Sierra University, describes the contrasting perspectives of his prospective employees who operate with an “open” philosophy. To them, career paths, employment for spouses, and working conditions all require detailed attention, as certainly as does income. Given the clash of cultures and wage expectations, Yacoub frequently needs more qualified faculty. Indeed, during much of the past decade, perhaps 50 percent of the working time of a business dean has revolved around faculty recruitment.

Why Are Existing Professors Less Content?

Pressures for changing the wage structure come against a background of at least five significant circumstances, each strengthened during the past decade.

First, the church accepted the payment of competitive (or “market”) wages in medically linked areas, especially hospital administration. Even if uninformed about the pressures and difficulties of managing hospitals, faculty members appear very skeptical of the proposition that a hospital administrator provides

between two and five times the labor value of a professor. The Adventist network is so small that these administrators were often classmates, fellow teachers, or even students. Thus, when business professors read in the *Adventist Review* that higher salaries in health administration must reach \$120,000 to \$150,000 to attract qualified people, they begin to conclude that (a) the church would prefer them running a hospital, and (b) it is unfair to expect them to sacrifice by working at wage levels perhaps 50 percent of the going rate in their discipline when the church pays far higher rates in others.⁶

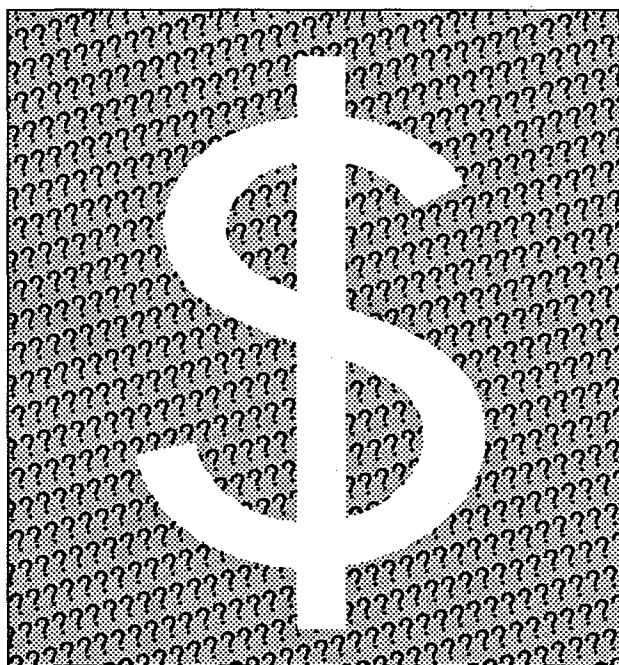
Second, denominational workers suffered stagnant or falling inflation-adjusted incomes during the past two decades. Denominational real wages fell during the early 1980s, and regained some but not all the lost ground in 1989. Academy teachers, for example, regained their inflation-adjusted wages of 1970, just in time to watch them fall again in the last recession. Moreover, because tuition and taxes rose at rates well above inflation, the startling result is that raising a family on a denominational salary today may be more difficult than it was in the 1960s. The larger houses, better furnishings, and fancier cars represent a greater contribution from the spouse, not the church. Far from improving the standard of income of their parents, today's young church workers are losing ground.

This pattern is hardly unique. It reflects the national trend for blue-collar workers, because U.S. industries laid off highly paid union workers, while many new service jobs yield relatively low wages. Thus, median household income rose from \$20,091 in 1979 to \$28,910 10 years later. Adjusted for consumer inflation, however, this rise of nearly 44 percent becomes a decline exceeding 20 percent, moderated somewhat by cuts in income taxes.

The Adventist wage-scale philosophy speaks of providing a "modest living wage." On the surface, and to many low-income tithe payers,

the fact that a college teacher receives the median household income might seem equitable enough. Besides, it is double the poverty level for a family of four. Such arguments ignore many reasons why household income is so low, including unemployment, part-time work, disability, and retirement. More narrowly, academics typically endure long years of higher education as poverty-stricken students accumulating large debts. Both ethically and practically, they need higher-than-average incomes thereafter to compensate. The nation does this quite well: mean monthly income for individuals with doctorates in 1993 was \$4,679, compared with only \$1,405 for high school graduates.⁷

During the 1980s, American colleges and universities—including religiously affiliated ones—annually raised tuition substantially above inflation. From 1975 to 1991, average tuition at private institutions rose by 315 percent, while general prices climbed only 139 percent. Schools used some of the extra income to reward faculty, whose average salaries *after inflation* rose 44 percent. Secondary teachers did as well in percentage terms. Clearly, most American academics en-



joyed a rising standard of living even though average incomes in the nation changed very little. However, while Adventist tuition increases regularly exceeded the rate of inflation, salary adjustments rarely equaled it. Adventist pay stood still, while professional salaries outside the church generally advanced quite comfortably. Inevitably the "sacrificial gap" widened.

Third, the United States experienced an era of heightened materialism, with an emphasis on high living and accumulating wealth. Tom Wolfe, in *Bonfire of the Vanities*, and Lewis Lapham, in *Money and Class in America: Notes and Observations*

portray a nation caught up in materialism. Undoubtedly subject to some of the same advertising and cultural influences as others, Adventist workers increasingly desire the finery that only greater income can afford. The values show at home: whether from increasing materialism, personal dissatisfaction with their own struggles, or a changing culture, pastors and teachers only infrequently encourage their own children to prepare for church employment.

Fourth, dissatisfaction may also be encouraged by the equality of pay scale and a smaller proportion of faculty being sponsored for their doctorates. Annual pay within the church for instructors—who typically lack doctorates—broadly equals the national average for the rank. (Faculty notice that denominational wages include summer teaching, while national figures do not.) "Sacrifice" from the national average for the rank varied in 1989 from

\$3,500 (13.4 percent) for an assistant professor to \$14,000 (48 percent) for a full professor, according to calculations of Don Pursley, the financial vice president at Loma Linda University. By contrast, salaries at accredited, church-related schools follow broadly the national averages.

A generation ago, Adventist faculty with doctorates were often sponsored for their degrees. Compared to their classmates, they enjoyed the benefits of a salary while a student—a distinct luxury—against lower compensation later. Today, doctoral sponsorships seem less common. Those faculty who earn

their doctorates unassisted receive a fraction of the pay of those who are sponsored, and that spread over several years. Without a steady income during graduate work, and covering their own tuition and expenses, their lifetime earnings compare unattractively with the denomination's ministers.

Fifth, housing represents a particularly difficult

problem for denominational workers. Housing forms the largest single component in the cost of living, comprising 42 percent of the Consumer Price Index. If the householder is fortunate, however, ownership also produces tax advantages and major capital gains.

In the U.S., Adventist policy flounders over the vast differences in housing costs. Broadly acceptable single-family dwellings cost from \$60,000 to more than \$200,000, depending on location, but the maximum annual pay differential between the lowest cost area and the highest is merely \$7,800. With mortgage rates hovering around 8 percent, this differential

The controversy over low salaries may serve to move these issues from being narrowly managerial to the broadly ethical. A reform of the system that raised student-faculty ratios significantly would provide the opportunity to hold down tuition and raise pay simultaneously.

pays roughly two-thirds the larger interest payments of the highest cost areas compared to the lowest cost areas. Payments of principal are a further burden, as are taxes, tithes, and offering on the additional salary.⁸

Prevailing economic views suggest that difficulties over housing will increase. For much of the 1980s, high-cost regions such as the Northeast and California tended toward ever-higher real estate prices. If a family did sacrifice for the mortgage, though, the fairly certain rise in real estate values represented capital gains. These often exceeded \$5,000 per year, equivalent to 20 percent or more of an annual salary. Moreover, established workers, with homes purchased at a fraction of the current market value on fixed interest mortgages, watched their property appreciate while enjoying cost-of-living supplements for abstract changes in the Consumer Price Index that they did not directly experience.

By the 1990s, however, many parts of the country found themselves over-built, while changing family structures diminished the number of home-buyers. From Boston to Washington, and along the West Coast, house prices actually fell. For the longer term, some academic models suggest housing prices will rise less than prices generally.

For many Adventist workers, this comes as very bad news: home ownership often represents their only major earthly wealth. In earlier years, inflation in housing prices plus a low real mortgage rate provided the retirement nest egg that a modest salary could never furnish. Not surprisingly, when appreciation of the home equaled a quarter of the denominational salary per year, and came tax-free to boot, moving to a high-cost area brought great benefits for the moderate scrimping required. However, if instead of appreciating, high real estate prices begin to fall, then workers moving to high-cost areas face the unpalatable menu of high mortgage costs and diminishing values for their homes.

One solution to the issue, floated a few years ago by James Londis, now president of Atlantic Union College, in effect returns the ministry to parsonages, while allowing them to build up equity through monthly payments. Practiced in the Methodist Church, the policy merits serious consideration for pastors. At once it removes the major problem in the cost of living, and reduces the occasionally excessive time some pastors spend building their own homes. However, to extend such a policy to academies and colleges in rural areas would leave an institution holding excess—and difficult to sell—real estate if it cut back on employees, or insufficient property during expansion. Moreover, mortgage interest and real estate taxes provide most Adventist teachers with the only significant tax relief beyond charitable deductions. Lacking the ministry's income tax benefits, teachers need home ownership, not cheap rent. Nevertheless, the suggestion raises the possibility that housing issues may provide the incentive to enact separate pay scales for teachers and the ministry.

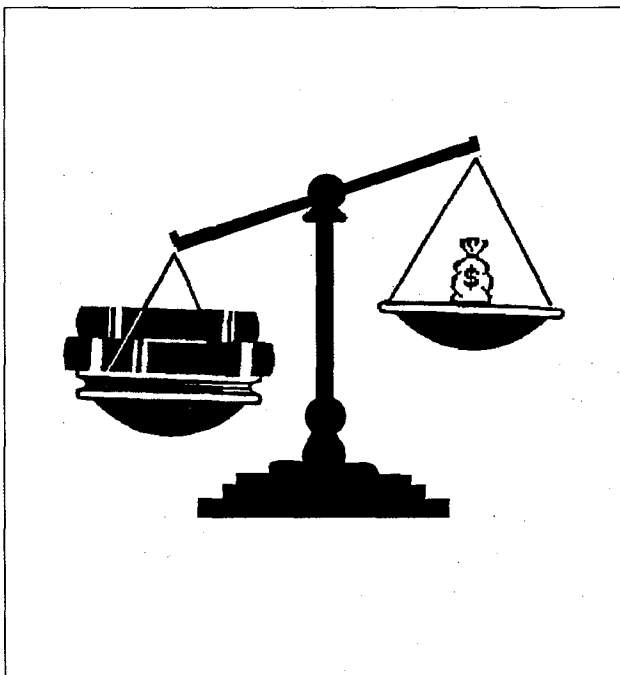
What Can Be Done?

If many institutions simply lack qualified faculty, the cause is not exclusively wages, but also heavy teaching loads and inadequate research opportunities. These in turn are often indirect effects of denominational policies. Typical "outside" programs merely require teaching three or four courses per year, compared with six to nine in the church. Job offers there also often include graduate assistants, grants for research, the extensive use of computer facilities, and interaction with fellow specialists. In short, to attract young scholars committed to research and professional standing, and to avoid resentment by middle-aged faculty angered by their loss of research skills and low professional reputations, Adventist

programs in business and other fields must spend more on faculty research and professional needs.

Given the financial plight of most Adventist colleges and universities, substantial across-the-board pay increases seem impossible. In addition, they are also impractical in recruiting faculty in areas of shortage. For example, a 10 percent pay increase may not be essential to filling vacancies in modern language. However, the same raise for physical therapists might easily fall below a critical threshold, and fail to draw potential applicants. Consequently, some administrators and church leaders show signs of a willingness to supplement incomes where faculty shortages are greatest. Typically imprecise, such suggestions often do not spell out exactly what work the extra pay would reward, nor the source of the extra funds.

All such approaches shatter the present rule of equal pay for similar ranks, and hence introduce new questions of ethics and equality. Is it fair, let alone wise, to pay some associate professors more than others on the same campus? Most universities, recognizing the marketplace, do. In Adventism the changes would be dramatic. Supplemental pay pro-



grams would generate envy on campuses without them. At home, extra pay might reduce or eliminate the departmental surplus of the more efficient "cash cow" programs that previously subsidized other departments.

The suggestions also imply that the denomination does not employ its workers "24 hours a day," and that there is disposable time to earn additional income within one's own profession. Tight budgets, few professional contacts, little research time, and extracurricular responsibilities all limit the feasibility of these suggestions. Moreover, while academics might teach marketing and serve Mammon a little during the afternoons and on weekends, one finds it somewhat more difficult to imagine the clergy doing so, or approving in council a wage policy that explicitly encourages it.

First, programs with the greatest salary differentials might be cut loose, to run themselves autonomously without limitation by the denominational wage policy. A department or school, having rendered appropriate dues to central administration and meeting certain standards of quality, could adopt an entrepreneurial style of operation, accepting a higher student-faculty ratio, and spending the extra tuition income on higher salaries. Don Pursley, when vice president for financial affairs at Union College, noted that with one-third of the college's students enrolled in business, that program could afford to pay competitive salaries. A more palatable option comes at universities that pay faculty per classes taught beyond a certain minimum. Thus faculty who might otherwise spend time consulting privately for additional income can instead teach additional courses, by bidding for large, well-paid classes, but just imagine the debate if your daughter did badly in one of them. . . .

Second, reward entrepreneurial success. Where faculty research or consulting could bring in additional income for both faculty members and the institution, reward them for

doing so. In effect, this constitutes an incentive for sponsored research. Present regulations typically deter faculty from undertaking what may become long hours of extra work without additional income.

Third, allow extra earnings for research done through the institution. Loma Linda University established a precedent in this by sharing royalties from patents with professors. However, there will still be problems in finding time to do the research, making the initial contacts, and then winning contracts. If such a policy is adopted, clearly some disciplines will lack opportunities that others enjoy.

Fourth, provide non-tuition support for faculty outside the traditional institutional structure, perhaps through endowed chairs or other grants that may provide financial benefits beyond the ordinary.

The System Must Change

Adventist colleges and universities face large financial difficulties, compounded by declining enrollments. Any measure that requires them to spend more money usually implies greater subsidies. In turn, church finances now stretch uncomfortably, and arguments increase about the benefits—measured in terms of membership and tithes—of Adventism's large investment in higher education. Even if growing prosperity raises tithes, across-the-board salary increases seem likely only if forced by regional accreditation associations.

In contrast, present inequities, such as the difference in lifetime income between sponsored and non-sponsored Ph.D.s, seem far more comfortable to live with than entire departments leaving the pay structure and earning \$10,000 more than their colleagues, or one professor in a department luxuriating in a highly rewarded endowed chair. When faculty lose jobs to match falling enrollment,

Adventist professors will hardly accept additional cuts designed to raise substantially the salaries of a few of those who remain. Hence, the future will probably look very much like the past, with some disciplines perpetually short of faculty, and faculty morale sagging yet a little more. Good will in sufficient hearts will carry our institutions through, albeit with modest—or even mediocre—achievements. Thus, we will likely maintain policies in the name of saving money, although in fact they may not save much money, given the rapid turnover of faculty, including those sponsored for doctorates.

Moreover, ethical questions remain. Is it ethical, for example, to recruit an accounting professor (or biologist, computer specialist, or engineer) for a position that condemns the spouse to an otherwise unnecessary lifetime of work to help pay the bills, and infant children to daily separation from both parents? Is the recruitment of an academy teacher or minister who lacks higher-paid alternatives any more ethical?

If supplemental programs appear difficult, and the system cannot afford general increases, one hope remains: reform of the



entire system. Our students pay so much, and the faculty receive so little, that fewer students are required to provide a professor's salary than at almost any other private college. This suggests, among other things, expensive student-faculty ratios, inefficient programs, and low levels of non-tuition support. The contro-

versy over low salaries may serve to move these issues from being narrowly managerial to the broadly ethical. A reform of the system that raised student-faculty ratios significantly would provide the opportunity to hold down tuition and raise pay simultaneously. After a generation of discussion, it may be time to act.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Kimberly K. Kuzma [Ivkov], "Faculty Attitudes Towards and Perceptions of Andrews University Working Conditions," Undergraduate Honors Paper (Berrien Springs, Mich.: James White Library, Andrews University, 1989), p. 21.

2. Andrew, Park, and Nelson, *Administrator's Handbook for Improving Faculty Morale*, summarized by Kuzma.

3. A valid comparison of educators' salaries with that of the clergy involves complex assumptions about the number of children, other family earnings, and how benefits are paid. The difference of a few percent—trifling by world standards—is probably worth far less than the time spent in gloomy discussion of it.

4. Many of the remarks that follow were made at two panels on the ethics of denominational wage policy, held at Andrews University in 1990. I wish to thank all of the participants, including James Greene, Henry Felder, James Londis, Ralph Martin, Robert Osborn, Don Pursley, Richard Roderick, Slimen Saliba, and

Ignatius Yacoub.

5. In Kuzma's survey, two-thirds of the respondents affirm that their reasons for teaching at an Adventist institution included interest in serving students, an invitation to teach at an Adventist institution, commitment to the task of Christian education, and interest in serving the church.

6. Significantly, there are virtually no finance professors to use as an example. Even more attuned to the value of money, in most years no Ph.D.s in finance teach for Adventist colleges and universities.

7. These figures and those that follow are largely from the 1993 *Statistical Abstract*.

8. Even this difference challenges church finance. Richard Roderick, treasurer of the Northern California Conference, noted in 1989 the case of one of the worst affected regions—his own. The decision to raise wages, in the face of insufficient funds, required the conference to cut 14 positions to provide for those remaining, even before the significant California recession.



From Typist To Seminary Professor

How mastery of a dozen languages led to writing the biography of America's best-known 20th-century biblical archaeologist.

by Leona Glidden Running

I HAVE OFTEN BEEN REFERRED TO AS “THE FIRST Adventist woman teaching biblical languages.” I *was* the first woman to become a full-time faculty member of the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary. However, I am pleased to say that I am not a pioneer in the area of teaching biblical languages. Winifred Holmden taught Greek and Hebrew at Walla Walla College, and several women have held part-time teaching or librarian positions in the seminary.

I am thankful for many things, among them to have had work to do for a living that I love so much. Even yet, it seems I shouldn't be paid for doing that! To do what one would rather do than eat or sleep, and be paid for it—the opportunity to use one's God-given talent—

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what a blessing! And to work with young ministers in training—occasionally with their wives—and now increasingly with women in training for ministry—what a joy! What fun to have opened a door into a room they never before could have entered, and let them see all the treasures stored there.

I began by taking two Hebrew classes while working in the General Conference Ministerial Association on *Ministry* magazine. After a lapse of a couple of years and recovering from an illness, I registered at the end of 1954 for full work in the seminary next door. As I seriously began my M.A. work, I plunged into exegesis courses in Romans and Galatians under Dr. Roland E. Loasby. Sakae Kubo was in the same classes and just completing his B.D.—that was the kind of competition I had. My knowledge of Greek consisted of having read through a friend's Davis grammar book in my hammock in the hot summer evenings a year and a half earlier! I survived by cramming Greek grammar and syntax books and writing out everything until I could not help knowing it. But

Sakae could sail through, understanding everything Dr. Loasby was saying. He then returned to Emmanuel Missionary College to teach. After the seminary and graduate school of Potomac University moved to the banks of the St. Joseph River and joined EMC to become Andrews University, Sakae moved over to the seminary New Testament department. From then on, Sakae was my valued and highly appreciated colleague. We were often in the same carload going to scholarly meetings.

After I earned my master's degree in August 1955, majoring in biblical Greek and minoring in biblical Hebrew, the seminary considered hiring me to teach the beginning and second levels of biblical languages. That way, the male seminary teachers could offer more courses in exegesis and theology. However, the administrators at that time felt that men would not come to the seminary and study under a woman. In spite of these objections, thanks to the influence of good friends and mentors under whom I had studied—Drs. Loasby, W. G. C. Murdoch, and Siegfried H. Horn—I was hired. However, I was put on probation to see whether or not this arrangement would work out.

On Probation

During my period of probation, I was made to clearly understand that I was *not* a faculty member and was *not* to attend faculty meetings or faculty social events. When one of my three classes failed to fill during the second term (as frequently happened to all the professors), my already meager salary was cut by a third. I had to take in typing to earn my living. Under these pressures, my ulcer started up again.

In spite of these setbacks, one administrator saw that the experiment was succeeding and recommended to the board that I be put on year-to-year review. Then another administra-

tor (who had personally told me that I was not invited to the faculty Christmas party) wrote me a kind letter informing me that I could now attend faculty meetings and other functions as a regularly appointed member. Thereafter, he sent me a yearly letter confirming my appointment and expressing appreciation for my work. And rather suddenly—they must have taken into consideration my four years of teaching French and German on the academy level—I was given permanent tenure and a small increase in wages.

That first year, one of my mentors urged me to start a doctoral program, as I was the only faculty member who did not yet have a doctorate. The only possibility I could see was an Ed.D. program at American University in Washington, D.C. I registered for a three-hour class in educational sociology, sharing rides Monday evenings with Ruth Murdoch. After a couple of weeks, my department chairman learned what I was doing and “hit the ceiling.” Dr. Horn was not only my colleague but also a former teacher. “Leona,” he exclaimed, “if you can do that, you can go to Johns Hopkins and get a proper degree in your proper field!”

I could? It had never occurred to me that it was possible. As far as I was concerned, Johns Hopkins was on the moon! But that fall I made a trip forty miles north to Baltimore. I visited with a professor who outlined the course work and said, “At your oral defense you will sit at the end of the long table and they will give you Akkadian words and you will tell them what dialect of Assyrian or Babylonian they belong to.”

I will? Wow! I thought. Can it really be?

I learned that most classes in the famous William F. Albright's department (what was then called the “Oriental Seminary” is now known as the Department of Near Eastern Studies) met for only one hour a week. Thus, it was feasible for me to structure half a study load around my full-time seminary teaching schedule.

In the spring of 1956 I began to get acquainted with the department. I took Hebrew Rapid Reading from the professor, Thomas O. Lambdin, who later became my main teacher. In January, Dr. Horn went with me to Johns Hopkins for my language examination. I passed all my language requirements in one pleasant hour by conversing with Dr. Albright in German, switching to French and Spanish, then translating several selected Greek and Hebrew Scriptures. He didn't ask me to translate from the Latin Vulgate, although I had been studying Latin on my own for six weeks. On the basis of my knowledge of the other languages, he accepted my simple statement that I could read the Vulgate as well.

I had used my knowledge of French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and had learned Portuguese during the four years I worked in the Foreign Language Division of the church's radio program, "The Voice of Prophecy." There, I typed scripts in Spanish and Portuguese, and cared for German Bible lessons from the U.S. and Canada during the latter half of World War II. After the war, I instigated the creation of German Bible correspondence schools in Europe. In the midst of that time, in August 1946, my beloved husband, Leif ("Bud"), died during lung surgery.

In the summer of 1957, Dr. Horn was scheduled to conduct his first study tour of Europe and the Bible lands. I was given the summer off to go, with half pay and no other assistance. I'd get the other half of my salary if I returned from the trip healthy enough to continue teaching, which one administrator

doubted would happen. To earn money for the trip, I worked half-time on the Review and Herald's *SDA Bible Commentary* editorial team. Everyone shut their eyes to the fact that I was earning one and a half denominational salaries.

I was fascinated by Egypt, Lebanon, Iraq, the West Bank, and Greece, particularly with Dr. Horn's expert leadership and teaching. I did come back to the seminary healthy, though completely penniless. I also faced a tuition

charge for half-time course work at Johns Hopkins. I was responsible for paying my own tuition until the time a new president was appointed. After that, my tuition was paid each semester. Years later, after I earned my Ph.D., I was given retroactively the amount of tuition I had paid out of my own pocket. However, from the 1950s until the seminary moved to Michigan, I earned extra money by

typing theses for veterans—Air Force captains, majors, and lieutenant colonels attending area universities. I had to follow the different thesis-typing rules of all the various institutions in the Washington area.

Just at the point when I returned from my overseas trip and had several weeks free before classes began, the *Commentary* editors were pulling in all possible helpers to edit the index. I had indexed the biblical language words appearing in the seven volumes before leaving on my trip. But now I found myself working full-time for several weeks helping edit the general index. I earned the highest rate of pay I had yet received from the denomination, and succeeded in earning the

I had to write the 147 pages of Syriac by hand—twice—with enough pressure of the pen to make a readable impression on two carbon copies. I needed six copies, and we didn't yet have photocopy machines! My right thumb was numb from October 22 to the end of January.

amount needed for my tuition.

The two following school years I taught a full load in the seminary while taking a half load at Johns Hopkins University, driving to Baltimore twice a week. After the decision was made to move the seminary from Takoma Park to Berrien Springs, Michigan, I gave up all thoughts of a lighter load in favor of registering for the additional seminar I would need to complete my course requirements before moving. I paid for the stress of that year's heavy schedule with nerve problems in my upper back. My beginning students in Greek and Hebrew felt I was sympathetic to them, as I was myself beginning the study of Akkadian and Syriac!

During the next year, when half the seminary faculty were finishing with students in Takoma Park and half were beginning with students in Berrien Springs, I was making three trips a week to Baltimore to fulfill my required full-residence year. For that year, I had been granted a university tuition scholarship. Dr. Albright had retired in the spring of 1958, and my main teacher, Dr. Lambdin, had felt obligated to stay by as acting chairman and



to continue his three-year lecture cycles for those of us already in process, rather than immediately moving to his more lucrative position at Harvard.

I thought I had taught Hebrew to all who would need it the previous year. But new students came who had to have it. Without consulting either Dr. Horn or me, the seminary administration hired an elderly man to teach Hebrew part-time. By Christmas the students were in such a state of mutiny that I was called upon to take back the class. I was already taking credit courses at Johns Hopkins in Hebrew, Syriac, Egyptian hieroglyphic, Arabic, and Ugaritic. In order to teach this early-morning class, I tried auditing Arabic and Ugaritic, but had to drop them second semester. If one is not working along with the others, the class soon becomes incomprehensible.

Before moving to Michigan in August of 1960, I took three more of my six comprehensive examinations—Syriac, Hebrew Historical Grammar, and Comparative Semitic Grammar—all day, at home, on my honor. I had already taken my comprehensive exam in Akkadian in order to have it from a familiar teacher instead of the new man, a formidable scholar who came from England to be department chairman. Then I moved my belongings to a small house at the edge of the campus of what was soon renamed Andrews University. Over Thanksgiving vacation, I took my comprehensive exam in Ancient History. Then, while teaching three classes, I spent a year preparing for my last exam, in Hebrew Bible and Critical Studies. I am probably the only graduate of the Oriental seminary who didn't dare try the Hebrew exam until after reading the entire Old Testament in Hebrew—all 1,100-plus pages. That's how scared I was of my excellent Jewish professor!

For my dissertation, I began research on Syriac manuscripts of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. The world's leading Syriac scholar

was located at a seminary in Chicago, and had agreed to guide me through the research process. As it turned out, he was too busy with his own research and teaching, and really held me back (reactivating my old ulcer). He let me stumble around in the field, beginning backwards with patristic quotations and allusions (for which I had to make weekly trips to spend Fridays in the library of the Oriental Institute) whereas I should have been saturating my mind by collating the biblical text in Syriac manuscripts. Finally, I knew more or less what I was doing, and transferred myself under the wing of another scholar at the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. He took one look at what I had collected and said I had already done enough work for three dissertations! Under his guidance I dropped my work on Jeremiah and Ezekiel and continued with the more promising manuscript studies of Isaiah alone.

My summer was a much-needed, fun-filled, relaxing one of swimming and picnicking (besides teaching) awaiting the arrival of the microfilm copies of Isaiah manuscripts which I had ordered from the British Museum, the Louvre, the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Vatican Library, and other libraries and museums in Europe.

When the films finally came, I spent all possible time outside of my three classes with my head in the big old microfilm reader that the library let me keep in my office. When I compared an entire Isaiah manuscript with my model text, letter by letter, recording all variants, my head was in that machine a whole week! Fortunately, a small minority of the manuscripts contained the entire book. Some manuscripts were in two columns, others in one or three or even four. Some were very tiny. Some were black on white, while others were white on black, which is very hard on the eyes. Sometimes I had to use a magnifying glass all over the reading surface. The oldest

fragment was a fifth-century vellum palimpsest (a rewritten manuscript). In the 10th century, the single column had been mostly obscured by two columns of text from a choral book, written in the opposite direction. I nearly went blind from studying the fragment, but I did find three variants in the faint, underlying older text.

Part of the time I was doing this research, I was also teaching an extra class. For the benefit of review before my oral examination, I wanted the experience of teaching Akkadian (cuneiform), Egyptian (hieroglyphic) and Syriac (close to the Aramaic that Jesus spoke).

When I was ready to type the final copy of my dissertation, I needed a "padded cell"—a place out of the mainstream of office traffic and noise. I volunteered to trade offices with a colleague who was anxious to move to the top floor of Seminary Hall, where he would be in a suite of two offices with a secretary between. So I traded, and for the next 10 years occupied a single office near the door beside the front steps of Seminary Hall, looking up through the window at a treetop against the sky. I saw their feelings of guilt at being unwilling to trade offices; all my top-floor colleagues gave me an undeserved halo. Actually, I needed the seclusion of a quiet office to in order to make my final copies of the 400-page dissertation. It included 147 pages of handwritten Syriac presenting the 3,339 significant variants I had found. While I was working on it, a dear colleague (who had first been a student of mine in beginning German and French when he was 15 years old) used to tell people, "When Leona gets through, there will be only five people in the world who will know what she is talking about!"

For lack of technology to help me, I had to write the 147 pages of Syriac by hand—*twice*—with enough pressure of the pen against a metal ruler (to carry along the line that goes under most Syriac letters) to make a readable

impression on *two* carbon copies. I needed six copies, and we didn't yet have photocopy machines! My right thumb was numb from October 22 to the end of January.

A Rite of Passage

January 30, 1964, was the memorable day of the oral examination. I drove to Lapaz, Indiana, parked and locked my car, and took a roomette on the Baltimore & Ohio train bound for Baltimore. My department chairman took me, along with several departmental faculty members, to lunch in the Johns Hopkins Club. At that time, only men could eat in the university's main dining room, which they entered through the front door. A meal involving all women or mixed company had to take place in a small side dining room, which the women had to enter by way of the back door through the kitchen and then a winding passageway lined with steam pipes. How does that make a woman feel? Yet even the few women faculty members tolerated it. (I don't know if such blatant gender discrimination still exists there today. At the Johns Hopkins Medical School at the turn of the century, female medical students had to sit in the hallway or behind a door or a curtain to take class notes, so as not to distract the serious male medical students!)

After lunch, I went into the same classroom where I had sat for many stimulating lectures and language classes, and where I had also given my seminar papers on the Dead Sea Scrolls and Phoenician inscriptions. As fore-

told, I was seated at the end of the long table, which was for me the end of the line. What would be the outcome?

We students knew the examiners could ask us anything in world history, world philosophy, and world literature. I had been reading assiduously in these subjects since mailing copies of my dissertation to the committee. At that time, my right thumb was just getting over the numbness it had suffered since I had begun to write the Syriac portions of my dissertation. I had offered to design a typewriter ball with Syriac letters for IBM, but they didn't think there would be much demand for it! Now there are computer programs available with all these ancient scripts.

At my doctoral examination I took with me one particular analysis I had written on lengths of adding-machine tape, all rolled together. I managed to unroll it and fling it out on the table before my time was up. There was a smile on every face. I thought, Maybe this is going to be all right!

At my doctoral examination, the examining committee sat around a long table. I had only met two members of the committee before. Opposite me sat the chairman of the committee, the chairman of the Classics Department. At my right sat my department chairman, and to my left the new Arabist scholar. The lone woman, chair of the German Department,

sat to the right, knitting. To the left was an economics professor, included because my dissertation contained more than 30 pages of statistical tables of percentages, figures hard-won from weeks with my head in the microfilm reader and each page having taken half an hour to produce.

My advisor at the University of Chicago had told me I would probably have five minutes at the beginning to tell of my research. He said to be sure in that time to unroll one particular analysis I had written on various lengths of

adding-machine tape, all rolled together and held with a clamp. I managed to unroll it and fling it out on the table before my time was up. As I glanced around, there was a smile on every face. I thought, Maybe this is going to be all right!

In fact, it was fun! Each person was allowed 10 minutes to question me. My chairman began with easy questions to get me started. The time slipped by rapidly; the experience felt very satisfying. When anyone was pressing hard or I was running out of steam, the chairman would say "Time's up!" and turn to the next person. An advanced research fellow in the department waited out in the hall with me while the verdict was being decided. That didn't take long, and they soon called for "Dr. Running" to enter.

Friends and colleagues helped me celebrate my achievement. The night after my exam I stayed with a former student and his family in Takoma Park. They invited a few friends of mine for the evening, and a huge floral bouquet arrived from some dear colleagues. The next day, a friend took me to visit retired Dr. Loasby. Then she put me back on the B & O train in Silver Spring, along with a good sack supper. Before the train left, I made up my roomette berth and lay down. I didn't move for three hours, until I regained enough strength to sit up and eat.

At a chapel service and at the faculty-board banquet that soon followed, the university president and the seminary dean ostentatiously called me "Dr. Running" as they announced the successful completion of my doctoral work. It seemed to me that I had been liberated from seven years of bondage.

Yet I did not really feel "finished" until June, when I drove with my parents to Baltimore to receive my rolled mock diploma (my real one had come by mail in April) from Dr. Milton Eisenhower, president of Johns Hopkins and brother of former U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower. After going through the cer-

emony in front of Gilman Hall (built the year I was born), I realized why even civilized people need ceremony and ritual—it does something for one emotionally. At last I felt "done." I am sure that each of my colleagues who has a doctorate has a similar tale to tell.

A Woman Seminary Professor

Aware of the danger that has sometimes been experienced in doing doctoral work at various universities, I thought I was "protecting" myself by concentrating on linguistic and ancient-language studies. Although I had several ancient-history and archaeological courses also, nothing theological had been in my program at Johns Hopkins, and whatever came up that I could not at once agree with I simply set aside as non-relevant. Thus, I delayed my own enlightenment. Later I came face to face with certain questions, such as chronological ones, which made me realize I did not already have all the answers, and perhaps never would. Higher education is a humbling and enlightening experience!

The seminary faculty is often under suspicion from people who are not theologically trained and/or do not make the effort to really understand issues, discussions, and published material. At one faculty meeting where we all felt "under fire," I finally spoke up and explained to the president just how I taught the first chapters of Genesis in my second-level Hebrew classes. He looked at me kindly—we had known each other many years—and said, "Leona, I think exactly the same way; you are not under any suspicion!" Dr. Siegfried Horn, sitting beside me, immediately reached over and shook my hand, congratulating me on this public vindication of me from any taint of heresy! My students were looking at the original biblical text, Hebrew in the Old Testament, Greek in the New, for the first time, and seeing things they had never noticed before. I always

told them, and wanted to be able to tell them, "Don't be afraid to look and see what is—and what is not—really there; truth can stand any investigation!"

I probably gave myself a mental block when I joined the seminary faculty, restricting myself to language, methods of teaching, and geographical courses. I left the exegesis and theology courses for the men, who preferred that kind of teaching and would not welcome me if I were encroaching on their "territory." I thought they would be glad to have me there to teach courses they were much less interested in teaching.

I was not involved in hallway discussions of deep theological questions, though I did have one or two fine students who refused to let me get away with saying I did not have a "theological mind"!

It did not especially bother me to be the only woman in classes at the seminary and Johns Hopkins, but what was really difficult was going to banquets and other affairs that were obviously and overwhelmingly for couples. Rather isolated on campus, I did not always have a close friend among the single women faculty members, and no colleague thought to add me to his twosome, regardless of what good friends we were.

Otherwise, my colleagues, most of whom had been my students at one time, accepted me very well. Early on, Dr. Horn nominated me for membership in the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis (the last two words were later dropped from the name). When the seminary moved to Michigan, he nominated me into the Chicago Society of Biblical Research. The year after my "retirement" (1981-1982) I served as the first woman president of that venerable society. My colleagues were always kind about including me when they drove to society meetings or annual conventions. And the outpouring of concern and affection from the seminary family when I had a difficult surgery in spring of 1981 was very

touching.

It was the assignment from my church in 1971 to write a paper on "The Role of Women in the SDA Church" that awakened me to the discrimination that not only I, but all other women workers, had suffered for years. In September 1973 I was included in the conference at Mohaven, the junior camp in Ohio, where a dozen men and a dozen women spent several days discussing the papers we all had prepared and considering the roles of women, particularly the question of ordination. Several theological papers had concluded that there was no biblical evidence against it, and none from Ellen White's writings. Most of the people and their papers were positive toward ordination of women. I was on Elder N. R. Dower's committee appointed to hammer out resolutions, and sat at a typewriter to record our conclusions. The whole group voted the list of resolutions enthusiastically and passed it on for consideration at the Annual Council the following month.

We had faith in the rightness of our conclusions and naively thought they would be passed. We really expected the door would be immediately opened to women being increasingly called by God and trained at the seminary to be pastors. A few weeks later, of course, reality came crashing in. It was not until several years later that "Associates in Pastoral Care" were established (not on the ordination track, however). Doubtless our pioneering helped accomplish this, though later and less than we had hoped.

In the mid-1960s, the Andrews University president strove to get equal pay for women teachers, and he succeeded. This was a great help when in 1967 I was given the 60-plus-year-old house I had lived in if I wished to move it to make way for the new science complex. When the basic wage was made equal that year, it amounted to quite a raise. When I was teaching in the summer session at Newbold College in England in 1974, the

fringe benefits were also made equal. Again it meant a significant raise for the women teachers—an indication of the size of our former forced sacrifice. Those benefits still continue, for which I am deeply grateful.

Travels and Writing

In the Depression I went to school at Emmanuel Missionary College with made-over clothes and poor shoes, and never had any idea that my yearnings for European travel would ever be gratified. Yet I've since had the great privilege of five trips to Europe, three of which continued throughout the Middle East.

On my first trip, I visited seven countries, traveling with my friend Del Delker, who sang for the Voice of Prophecy at the 1951 Paris Youth Congress. It was such a fulfilling trip that I wrote it up in the 1953 Senior Reading Course book, *36 Days and a Dream*. The 1957 trip with Dr. Horn's group resulted in *From Thames to Tigris*, a sort of diary of the group's trip. In 1965, with a bit of financial help from the seminary, I spent a summer crossing Europe on Britrail and Eurail passes. I then sailed by ship from Venice to Haifa to spend seven weeks studying modern Hebrew and touring Israel. Afterward I visited five of the seven churches of Revelation, as well as Troy and Istanbul, in western Turkey. In 1970, I spent three weeks in southern Greece with an erudite, elderly friend from Edinburgh, Scotland, and cruised the Greek islands. After that, I spent eight days touring Iran (ancient Persia) with the help of two missionary families. Following my teaching stint at Newbold College in 1974, I was able to visit France again and both parts of Germany, including East and West Berlin, and our seminary at Friedensau. (I had earlier visited our Adventist schools in Bogenhofen and Marienhoehe.)

Whenever I return from 13 to 16 weeks of overseas travel, it takes a while to climb back

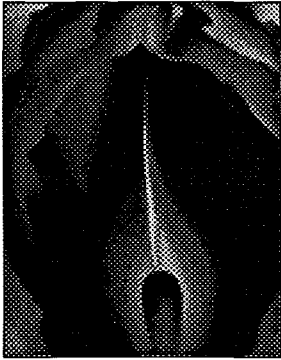
up to zero financially! But such travel gives a person something that can never be taken away. Now when I look through a new book on the Bible lands, I invariably find that I have visited almost all the sites pictured. The Bible really comes alive. How lucky I have been! And how thankful I am!

When I returned from the 1965 trip, I moved into a furnished apartment in Baltimore during a year's leave of absence from Andrews University to serve as Dr. Albright's research and editorial assistant. He turned 75 that year, and had a 10-year backlog of material to publish. I also worked with him during vacations between summer and fall quarters. On May 24, 1971, I was present for the great celebration of his 80th birthday, and later, in September, attended his funeral.

After I returned from the funeral, Dr. Horn told me I must immediately write Dr. Albright's biography before interest in him and his life work in biblical archaeology waned. My automatic response was, "Not me, no, never!" But by the next summer, I was back in Baltimore gathering materials for the biography, which I wrote in collaboration with Dr. David Noel Freedman. *William Foxwell Albright: A 20th-Century Genius* was published in the fall of 1975. A new centennial edition came out in late 1991 from Andrews University Press. What a privilege was mine, not only to have taken a few classes under the "Dean of Biblical Archaeologists" and a leading Semitist, but to have helped him publish so much in his final years, and finally to absorb his whole inspiring life as I wrote his life story! I only wished I had known I would do that, so that I could have asked him some strategic questions while there was time.

Though I no longer teach Greek classes, which gave me an overload for a quarter century, nor beginning Hebrew, I still teach three classes a year and am scheduled for three in 1994-1995, my 14th year since "retiring."

To God be all praise and glory forever!



Adapted from Georgia O'Keeffe's
"Jack-in-the-Pulpit, No. IV"

To Live Knowingly With Passion

On the way to the jungles of the Amazon basin, biblical theology called.

by Herold Weiss

I DON'T RECALL THE EXACT CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT sometime in my early adolescence in Argentina I made a most solemn oath before God that I would never become a denominational worker of my church. The taking of such an oath can only make sense if one understands Adventist denominational culture. For Adventists in the 1940s, working for the church was the highest thing any mortal could aspire to in this world. This was not restricted to ordained ministers. Working for the church conferred some kind of special status on even the housekeeping staff of denominational offices. The church, of course, was poor. Those who worked for her would willingly sacrifice, and accept the "living wage" which the church could afford. The rewards for such a sacrifice, however were understood to be great both in this world and in the world

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to come. Working for the church made it easier to be a good Adventist, and being a good Adventist was no easy task. To live in the world to come required that one had been a good Adventist in this one, and that, basically, meant carrying the stigma of a peculiar minority. The most obvious differences with mainstream society in Argentina were the noncombatancy stance in a strongly chauvinistic society, and refusing to work on Saturdays within a six-day work week. Besides, non-smoking, non-drinking of alcoholic beverages, coffee, tea, or the traditional *mate*, non-use of jewelry, non-dancing, and non-attendance at any theater or professional sporting event were sure to make of one a non-participant in the life of this world. On these issues there was no debate.

Being a denominational worker not only made it easier to be a good Adventist, it also gave one a reinforced identity within the Adventist sub-culture. Here were those who had really dedicated themselves to the Lord and were employed full-time in the "finishing of the work." My father was a denominational

worker fully committed to the church, whose life of self-sacrifice was only matched by his personal integrity. Observing my father's life in denominational employment, however, made me vow never to become a "worker." Also, my parents exerted some pressure on me to follow the path taken by my two older brothers—medicine. But when it came time to decide on my life's work, I found myself drawn toward theology. In the pursuit of theological studies I left home and began the great adventure that brought me to the United States.

When I first embarked on my quest for tools for the study of the Bible, at Southern Missionary College, my object was to eventually become a missionary among some remote people in the jungles of Peru's Amazon basin. Surely there were districts there that had remained untouched by modernity, and I dreamed of escaping from "the world" and establishing there an earthly paradise, bringing in the Bible and ordering life according to its simplicity. My studies were to enable me to translate the Bible from the original languages to the native tongues of the "head shrinkers." To do that I would probably have to become a denominational worker, but I would be far away from the centers of denominational political power-plays and therefore able to work unaffected by them. I was sure that God would understand that I had not quite kept my youthful oath.

Among my fellow theology majors at Southern Missionary College, I was one of the few eager to learn Greek. Some of my colleagues could not quite understand why, and I never told them. When I moved to Washington, D.C., and the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary, my first objective was an M.A. in biblical languages. For it, I opted to write a thesis on textual criticism because I knew that, besides being "safe" scholarly work, it would be useful in translating the Bible. While I was doing this work, the South American Division

sent me a "call" to teach theology at the Adventist college in Chile, far from primitive Amazon tribes. This forced me to do a lot of rethinking. I was 22 at the time and not quite ready to give up my dream and tie my life to a denominational center. Should I give up on the Amazon jungles?

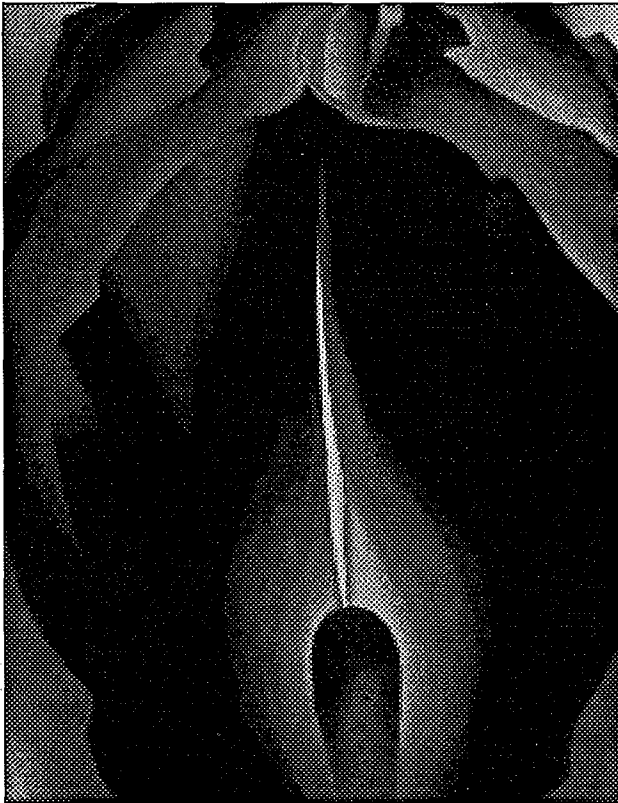
At Southern, in a course with Otto Christiansen, I had discovered the message of the Hebrew prophets. Righteousness was not tied only to the keeping of statutes and ordinances. At the SDA Theological Seminary, Edward Heppenstall opened a *new* way of thinking about God. He was not to be reduced to an apocalyptic Judge. Roland Loasby, for his part, made it obvious that doing exegesis on a Greek text could be a lot of fun. Prepositions and genitives offered choices rather than constraints. The easy answers I had memorized in the Bible Doctrine and Systematic Theology courses I had taken in Argentina became less comforting and the Amazon jungle little by little began to recede in my mind. I determined that if I was to be a professor at the college in Chile, I was going to prepare to become a good one. With that in mind, I went to Duke University, and told the South American Division that I would return, but they would just have to wait until I was ready. By this time my boyish vow to lose myself in the Amazon had been forgotten.

While in residence at Duke, I struggled to maintain in tension my traditional Adventist beliefs and the insights made irrefutable by graduate study. In the 1950s, the hermeneutical program of Rudolph Bultmann, a New Testament professor in German, was finally making an impact on the American theological scene. Whether one agreed with Bultmann's solution to the problem of New Testament interpretation, there was no way of bypassing his diagnosis of the situation. During my student days at the SDA Theological Seminary, the church's proscription of "higher

criticism" had been faithfully followed by professors. Source criticism of the Pentateuch was thought of as a deviant form of "so-called" scholarship. When I arrived at Duke, I knew Hebrew, Greek, Aramaic, and textual criticism, but it did not take me long to realize that, being unacquainted with Form criticism, I was a babe lost in the woods.

Bultmann had made crystal clear that the problem was not that of translating the Bible from Hebrew to the Amazonian Auca, or even English for that matter. The question was whether the gospel was inexorably tied to the three-story universe or cosmology that informed both the Hellenistic religious vocabulary and the Jewish apocalyptic matrix in which the gospel first found expression. Confronted with the closed-system cosmology of the first century, people who live in the open-system cosmology of the 20th century never really have a chance of hearing the gospel. Preaching the gospel does not just mean translating it from one language to another. It

Adapted from Georgia O'Keeffe's "Jack-in-the-Pulpit, No. IV"



requires its transferral from one cosmology to another. Biblical faith may remain basically the same and centrally important, but its meaningful expression among those culturally involved in the 20th century needs to be radically re-examined. This was a task to which now I felt drawn. I had discovered that theology does not consist of finding out what had been supernaturally revealed, but of the human efforts to make faith in God intelligible and significant—yes, "relevant."

The cognitive dissonance that I had begun feeling in my studies between my Adventist background and the academic study of the Bible became more uncomfortable while I ministered to a congregation of recent Hispanic immigrants in New York City. Being a pastor working for my people was not the problem. Preaching the gospel to good people facing rather harsh economic and social realities was not a problem. In fact, preaching to them was somewhat easy, since they had not yet become participants in a culture that operated in an open-system cosmology. However, it was becoming quite apparent that the church needed to adjust to the new cosmological realities in its midst. With members of the church living within different cosmologies, adjustments would not come easily.

In 1964, Richard Hammill, who, as academic dean at Southern Missionary College, had welcomed me to these shores, came to New York to recruit me for the Seminary faculty. I mentioned my commitments to Chile, but I was told that the church had other priorities. Of course, I was excited. Earle Hilgert was already the cornerstone of things to come at the seminary. After teaching theology in the Philippines, he had received his degree at the University of Basle, studying with, among others, Karl Barth. Sakae Kubo, originally from Hawaii, was then finishing his degree in New Testament at Chicago. Sakae and I were to be the new New Testament department. I was aware that seminary teachers may

expect close scrutiny, but I felt secure in my faith, so I decided that a new day was dawning and it would be exciting to be part of it.

I had seen professors under fire. While at Southern College, Kathleen McMurphy opened my eyes to the world of literature. Having come from Argentina, where studying literature meant learning facts about literature, her classes delighted me. I discovered that literature meant ideas. Not too far into the semester we read Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. To my amazement, McMurphy soon found herself on the defensive, as some students launched a full scale witch-hunt attacking her for requiring us to read a novel. Had not Ellen White made clear the deleterious effects of such reading? The new academic dean, Denton Rebok, a pastor well known for his traditionalism, was drawn into the affair and took an impossible position trying to defend McMurphy while upholding the unquestionable authority of Mrs. White. At the time, I considered the whole episode rather comical, even if tragic. In the eyes of most, however, McMurphy lost the day.

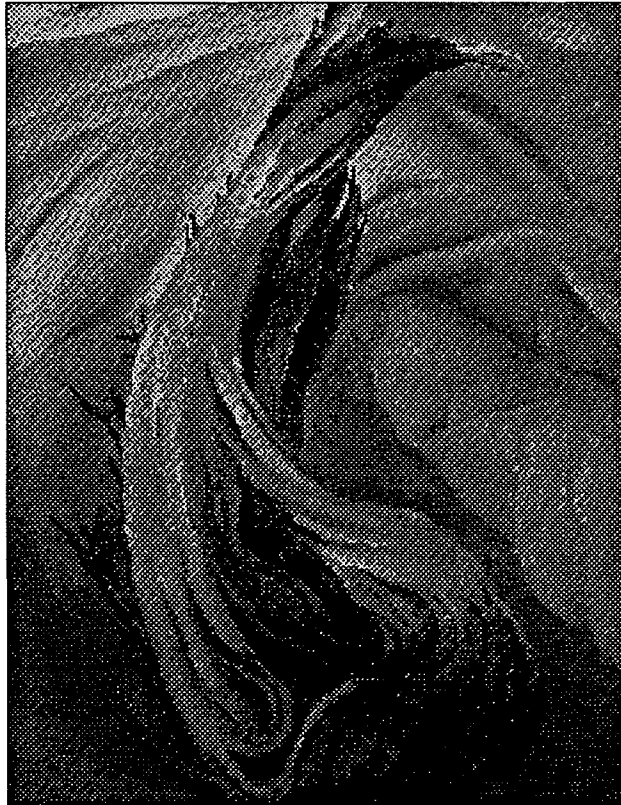
Later, while I attended the SDA Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C., it had not been unusual for Professor Loasby, or Professor Heppenstall, to come to class straight from some General Conference committee where they had had to calm its fears about their orthodoxy. In those days the General Conference offices and the seminary occupied buildings next to each other on the same city block. Usually these encounters took place because some seminary student had gone to someone high up in the ecclesiastical hierarchy to accuse the professor of this or that heresy. Most of the time Loasby and Heppenstall took these episodes in stride. There were times, however, when they would come to class and share their feelings.

I thought that its new location in the orchards of Michigan and its incorporation within a university that wished to offer graduate

degrees, would allow the seminary to be a center where serious theological investigation could begin within the church. Besides, the church had recently conducted a successful dialogue with the Evangelicals and they had extended to Adventists the right hand of fellowship. *Questions on Doctrine* had been published and, if nothing else, at least the title gave hope for the possibility of theological questioning within the community of faith.

Earle Hilgert, Sakae Kubo, and I became a tightly knit teaching unit. For one thing, we team-taught the basic New Testament course for all students, and this required weekly strategy sessions. For another, we had a common vision, a common goal, and a common understanding of the best way to achieve it. Our aim was to show our students that the deep personal faith required of pastors and theologians was not incompatible with the serious study of the historical factors informing the life of the ancient communities of faith and the New Testament those communities

Adapted from Georgia O'Keeffe's "Stump in Red Hills"



produced and cherished.

Looking back at my years of teaching at the seminary I can say that in many ways they were full of joy. But my approach to the study of the Bible made some students raise a battle cry in defense of inspiration. I thought that biblical inspiration was a given. How to understand its workings, however, should be decided after a serious empirical study of the Bible had made evident what needed to be taken into account for a proper assessment of the case. A few students insisted that inspiration was *a priori*. In their view it demanded the submission of one's mind before any meaningful study of the Bible could be properly undertaken. Not to do so, in their view, was the height of human pride, the cardinal sin.

It was too frustrating to have to pass this litmus test every hour of every day. It was even worse that the faculty could not discuss the situation. Serious theological dialogue could only be undertaken with those who did not immediately assume the role of judges of orthodoxy. This began to poison the atmosphere and to gnaw at my soul. Trying to conduct graduate-level theological studies while continuously on the defensive turned into a chore unworthy of itself. My position became intolerable when I discovered that the university would not provide institutional support to its faculty. The university was supposed to guarantee an atmosphere where issues could be discussed. I thought that working slowly and carefully one could do one's work and see the results, like all teachers

do, 10 or 20 years into the future. I just wished to expand the horizon under which theology at the seminary could be done.

What I did not take fully into account was the theological insecurity of the denomination's leaders who had asked me to do theology. In their mind, professors are supposed to function in the classroom as mouthpieces of the "eternal verities." In my mind, my task was to guide the students into an understanding

that would give the gospel power for our times. I was caught in the middle, because the majority of the students were themselves confused and not able to analyze the situation. The anti-intellectualism of the board of trustees prevented the university from claiming the high ground for itself. They wanted a faculty that would tell the students what to believe. I envisioned myself as the member of a faculty who wished to

function as a guide in the students' search for truth. In fact, that is the only thing I knew how to do.

Some students—I would like to think most of the better ones—loved what some other faculty members and I were doing. But many of the students felt threatened by our method and found comfort in their professors at their former alma maters and in their denominational sponsors. To make matters worse, discussions centered on issues that were not worthy of concerted effort, like the red herring known as biblical inspiration. The issue, in fact, was what kind of seminary we wished to become. But the faculty could not be brought to discuss it. As a result, Hilgert and Kubo moved out of the New

I have found that if two are to walk together the only thing they need to agree on is their destination. The route to follow, the mode of transportation, the rate of speed, where to stop and rest, and other details can be adjusted as circumstances arise. Otherwise, the journey turns out to be a boring trip.

Testament department and into other posts within the university. I resigned. Hilgert did the same a year or two later.

It may seem strange, but by this time keeping denominational employment had become a serious concern of mine. However, I knew that a theology professor cannot be assigned to sing the "eternal verities" just because they make some people glad. Denominational employment could not demand the price of one's integrity.

Reflecting on those times, it seems to me that one of the great advantages of becoming a serious student of the Bible is that when theological matters come up for debate, faith is never in jeopardy. "Higher criticism" may make one change one's mind about how to understand past historical events, but it can never put into question one's faith. Higher criticism certainly makes it impossible to play the obscurantist game of Bible harmonization, overlooking what doesn't fit one's preconceptions. The serious student of the whole Bible learns that the canon does not speak with one voice and that doctrinal agreement is not a biblical virtue. Faith and fellowship must have a foundation more solid than the happenstance of doctrinal agreements. I have known for some time that once one has found meaning in an open-system cosmology listening to those who operate within a closed-system produces quite a bit of cognitive dissonance. Some cognitive dissonance is the constant background noise of life, and adjustments can be made. What is impossible is to continue to live in a community in which a closed-system cosmology becomes The Truth. I have found that if two are to walk together the only thing they need to agree on is their destination. The route to follow, the mode of transportation, the rate of speed, where to stop and rest, and other details can be adjusted as circumstances arise. Otherwise, the journey turns out to be a boring trip.

The information that the brain, center of the

intellect, sends to the soul gets processed rather quickly. The messages that come from the lower abdomen, the center of emotions and passions, take much longer to assimilate, sometimes more than one generation. To be a Christian ruled only by the intellect is to live distortedly and disproportionately. The same is true of Christians ruled by their emotional needs. I have come to think that to live fully is to live knowingly and with passion. That requires patience for the soul to process the emotional side of life. For now, I can endure some cognitive dissonance if that allows me to enjoy the warmth of giving and receiving love within a community that I know and understand. I am sure it is a mistake to think that one can jump to a community where there is no cognitive dissonance at all. Melodies can become cacophonous in surprising ways. Socialization just does not happen that way.

The "Spring of '65" clearly failed. We thought that we could do for Adventism what Vatican II was doing for Catholicism. Vatican II undoubtedly was a big success. Today, the Roman Catholic church enjoys unparalleled vitality in the midst of a new universal religious dialogue. Those among us who see in it the workings of Satanic intrigues are blinded by their own fears and deny God's freedom. Gorbachev's visit to the Vatican was not quite Henry IV's trip to Cannosa, and John Paul II's visit to Denver was no more than a shepherd's visit to his flock. But rather than fearing Catholicism we should learn from it how to bring about the reforms we need. The failure of the Spring of '65 may have been due to the fact that unlike the Catholic communities of the 1960s, which lived their Catholicism in their rich liturgical life and were eager to join the reforms proposed by their theologians, the Adventist communities of the 1960s were Gnostic enclaves with too few minds ready to be shaken out of ideological constraints.

I am afraid Adventism in the 1960s turned

timid and reactionary after the initial openings of the late 1950s. It did not have a prophet like Pope John XXIII to spark a fire that would truly reform the church. It also lacked theologians with an alternative vision for the time. The then-president of the General Conference, preposterously living in the 19th century, spent his pen writing articles in the *Review* calling for the imminent second coming.

I cannot but feel sad over the opportunity that was missed. It has meant the total failure of the church to those who recognize themselves within an open-system cosmology, including many of her own college-educated youth. Ultimately, the open-system cosmology may give way to another whose name we do not know. No cosmology can last forever. However, the church in the 1960s reaffirmed a cosmology that had collapsed for a majority of those living in the second half of the 20th century. Installing it as The Truth in order to support a particular apocalyptic vision of things which was then considered essential and now, after Waco, is highly problematic and divisive, only serves to catalogue much of the preaching of the church as an ideology. The second half of the 20th century will go down in history as the slayer of ideologies. Like the East Germans in 1989, the youth of the church are voting with their feet.

Apocalypticism has failed because, while it preaches God's omnipotence, it effectively limits God's power. Can God *only* save Creation by destroying it? Theologically it does not make sense. Members of the church in the 1990s are no longer willing to pass through life in this world denying that it is God's creation. To do so is doubly tragic. Those who do it miss a great deal of joy, and those who are close to them are never affected by them, since they live somewhere else. The solution to the problems of life in

this world is not to become a missionary in the jungle. It is for us who remain in the church to work at the grassroots to transform our gatherings into the Body of Christ fully incarnated into human society.

If I have changed my mind on anything since my experience at the seminary, I think I can pinpoint it precisely. I had been bred since childhood, theologically speaking, with the morbid Protestant anthropology of humanity's total depravity. The theological foundation for apocalypticism is the myth of the Cosmic Fall which has rendered each one of us poor wretches incapable of anything good. Most significant of all, our reasoning has been distorted to the point that it is impossible to hear the Word of God. I don't doubt for a second that sin is a terrible, tragic element in human existence, and that idolatry and pride are the constant temptations of life. But to consider oneself a totally depraved sinner is to leave oneself open for the manipulations of religious authoritarians.

As Adventists, we must find our way out of the contradiction at the core of our tradition. On the one hand our apocalypticism demands an extremely negative assessment of ourselves, while on the other our Methodism presupposes great confidence in our ability and worth. Whereas I used to be among those who have an innate distrust of the capabilities of human reason, I have come to see that this view of the matter only plays into the hands of opportunists and fails to do justice to God's power and freedom. God has given us minds and we need to use them even when we surrender them to God.

My life with Adventists has taught me that being a denominational worker makes being a good Christian even harder. Maybe all along I should have been true to my childish oath, but, then, enlisting in the ranks did add passion to my living and knowing.



Adapted from Bai Bai's "Yimurr"

Why I Am A Seventh-day Adventist

A pilgrimage from an Adventist community to the frontiers of academe to the excitement of writing theology.

by Richard Rice

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE PROVERBIAL IN-FLIGHT encounters, the setting for countless witnessing stories. I was en route to Atlanta with some faculty colleagues from Loma Linda University. My seatmate was one of several delegates who were returning home from a national convention of Baptists in Los Angeles. I asked a few questions based on the press coverage of the convention I had seen. It turned out that she and her companions had supported the losing candidate in a hotly contested presidential election, so we exchanged observations about the intricacies of church politics.

Without warning, the woman confronted me with an unsettling question. "Why are you an Adventist," she demanded to know, "and not a member of some other church? Why aren't you, say, a Baptist like me?"

A native of the South and an independent businesswoman, she was articulate, self-assured, and, it was easy to see, used to having questions

answered promptly. Although her inquiry seemed rather abrupt, given the course of our conversation, I sensed that nothing but a straightforward reply would do. For a long moment, several possibilities ran through my mind.

"I am a Seventh-day Adventist," I finally told her, "because I found Christ in the Adventist Church, and I have never had a good reason for leaving it."

She nodded slowly and said, "I guess that's the same reason I am a Baptist."

My loyalty to the Adventist community is deep, but it is not untested or untried. Here are the bases of my loyalty and some of the frustrations I have encountered in sustaining it.

Growing Up Adventist

The true idea of Christian education is: That the child is to grow up a Christian, and never know himself as being otherwise. —Horace Bushnell

By one great aunt's account, I am a fourth- or fifth-generation Adventist. I'm not sure which. I only know that my ancestors were

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looking for Christ's return long before I arrived. And they not only looked forward to it, they spent their lives preparing for it and helping the church finish the work. My grandparents on both sides left the United States for overseas mission work. In fact, church leaders encouraged my mother's parents to marry and leave college before they graduated. The end of time was near, the fields were white with harvest, and church policy prevented my grandfather from entering mission service as a single person. After their wedding, the couple went directly from the church to the railway station and caught a train to San Francisco. There they boarded a ship to the Far East, where they spent seven years helping to establish the Adventist work in Korea. My mother was born in Seoul in 1919.

My father's family served for a seven-year term in Portuguese West Africa. I grew up riveted by Granddaddy's accounts of boisterous pet monkeys, lions that roared till the ground shook, and poisonous snakes invading the children's quarters of their bungalow on the mission compound. The ebony elephants and carved ivory tusks that decorated the parlor of their Maryland home substantiated the exotic stories.

My personal roots in the Adventist community grew strong during a protracted family crisis. My parents' marriage disintegrated over a period of six years or so, and as things became more and more difficult at home I began to look elsewhere for emotional stability and personal support. I found it in the close-knit and caring community of our church and the church school my sister and I attended. Caring teachers, church leaders, and even childhood friends were always there for us. They seemed to understand our situation and respond to our needs for companionship without prying for explanations or offering advice.

These troubling experiences had some lasting effects on my religious outlook. Our

family's problems made me sensitive to life's larger questions at a rather early age, and the church's teachings provided me with helpful answers to these questions. Moreover, the profound reassurance I drew from my religious community and its beliefs validated my convictions on something much deeper than an intellectual level. So, I began to identify the things about religion that really mattered, and my confidence in them became firmly established.

At the age of 10 I requested baptism. And three years later I enjoyed the most intensely religious phase of my life. Over a period of several months, God became a vivid personal presence in my life. He occupied my first thoughts in the morning and my last thoughts of the evening. I spent hours in prayer and personal Bible study. Those months were the high-water mark of my religious life. Ever since, I have regarded them as the time when I became thoroughly "converted." My later decisions to study theology in college and prepare for a career in ministry were in large measure a natural consequence of that experience.

Confirming My Faith Through Study

I find myself a believer and have not come upon any good reason for not believing. I was baptized and brought up in the faith, and so the faith that is my inheritance has also become the faith of my own deliberate choice, a real, personal faith.

—Karl Rahner

With the exception of ninth and 10th grades, I attended Adventist schools all the way through seminary. Religion classes were a regular part of the curriculum, and of course they formed my academic concentration at La Sierra College. I was the type of student who generally enjoyed school, and with few exceptions I found things to appre-

ciate in all my classes and teachers. However, with my natural tendency to look at religious questions from a philosophical perspective, I found the classes Fritz Guy taught during my first two years of college in the Gospels and in theology especially stimulating. (He took a study leave after my sophomore year to complete his doctorate in theology at the University of Chicago Divinity School.)

Guy insisted on raising tough questions and probed issues from several different viewpoints. He not only encouraged but demanded intellectual rigor from his students. Under his direction, supposedly settled points of doctrine became topics for vigorous discussion.

Some of my fellow students in the ministerial program tired of his constant urging to think things through, but I found the regimen exhilarating. Here was an invitation to do our own thinking about our religious convictions and a demonstration that the endeavor could be exciting. There is no question that Fritz Guy's classes turned me on to theology. Looking back, I think it was

only a matter of time until I followed in his footsteps—from pursuing graduate study at Chicago to teaching theology at La Sierra.

During my junior year in college, the conference president and his wife moved into the house they had built across the street from ours. It turned out that my study habits made a good impression on him. The window of my room overlooked our front yard. Each morning at breakfast, through the kitchen window of the adjoining house, John Osborn, the conference president, saw me bent over my desk studying. We became good friends. One

Friday afternoon, I was washing my 15-year-old Pontiac in cut-off Levi's when Elder Osborn interrupted his yard work and crossed the street. He confirmed that by now I was a senior in college, and asked if I would like to come to work in Southeastern California after I graduated. I readily said yes. He told me I could consider it done, and the paperwork would follow.

According to policy at that time, a ministerial student who had a call was sent by his sponsoring conference to Berrien Springs, Michigan. There he would attend the SDA Theological Seminary at Andrews University for two years straight to earn a bachelor of

divinity. After that, his conference would give him his first pastoral assignment. During the next four years, two at the seminary and two as a ministerial intern, the attraction of graduate study solidified into definite plans. I applied to several institutions and accepted an invitation to enroll in my first choice—the theology department at the University of Chicago Divinity School. My mo-

tive for going to a place like Chicago was a desire to study somewhere with first-rate thinkers who faced head-on the most serious challenges confronting Christian faith in the modern world.

My employing conference granted me a leave of absence for further study. My wife, Gail, accepted a position with the College of Nursing faculty of the University of Illinois, and we moved into an apartment in Hyde Park close enough for me to walk to school. Our daughter Alison arrived in the fall of our fourth year in Chicago. The following spring, I gradu-

Our love for the church is much like our love for our parents not because they are perfect, not because we agree with all their decisions or our opinions always coincide. We love our church as we love our parents because we owe it our existence.

ated with a Ph.D. in philosophical theology. We returned to southern California. This time I joined the religion department on the La Sierra Campus of Loma Linda University, where my wife and I have both taught during the past 20 years. My son Jonathan was born in 1976.

It is time to interrupt these recollections in order to draw the moral for our discussion here. As I look at them all, the various periods of my religious life seem to flow together and form a comprehensive whole. I am not aware of sharp changes or turbulent passages from one phase to another. The religious experiences of my childhood, my commitment to ministry, my graduate study in philosophical theology, my work teaching religion at a church-operated university—they are all of a piece. Graduate school led me to look at a lot of things differently, but on the whole it turned out to be a faith-confirming experience. I discovered that the claims of Christianity—the central ones, certainly—could survive the most searching rational scrutiny. Religious commitment continued to make sense amid the harsh realities of the 20th century.

The Adventist Church as I knew it was a community of dedicated, caring people who shared a strong sense of mission. The religious life was one that included strong emotional experiences, the careful observance of God's requirements, and also encouraged careful thinking. I felt that I participated in the Adventist experience on all levels. I lived by its standards, accepted its doctrines, served in its institutions.

Exploring Can Be Risky

In 1979 the church historians on our faculty, Paul Landa and Jonathan Butler, organized a summer conference on history and theology at Loma Linda University for Adventist teachers. They asked Fritz Guy and me to present papers dealing with the topic as it relates to

our understanding of God. Our papers dealt, respectively, with the doctrine of providence and God's experience of the world—or, as Fritz nicely put it, with God's effect on the world and the world's effect on God. I developed the idea that God experiences events in the creaturely world as they happen rather than all at once in one timeless, eternal moment. In other words, his experience is dynamic rather than static. I found plenty of biblical material to support the idea, and I also drew on the insights of process philosophy, which I had studied at Chicago. Pressed for a title, I came up with "The Openness of God," recalling perhaps E. L. Mascall's book, *The Openness of Being*, which I had read several years earlier.

The paper led to a stimulating discussion and several people encouraged me to develop the ideas further. By the end of the summer I had a manuscript about a hundred pages long. I sent it to a couple of religious publishing companies with negative results. It was under review by another when a friend on the editorial staff of Southern Publishing Association, an Adventist publishing house in Tennessee, asked to look at it. Within a few weeks, he informed me that the editorial staff of Southern Publishing Association had voted to accept it for publication. He also indicated that Southern would be combined with the church's largest publishing house in the near future, the Review and Herald Publishing Association, so they needed a decision right away. He said that contracts in place with Southern at the time of the merger would be honored, and he felt that the editorial staff of the Review and Herald might have some problems with my manuscript.

I accepted Southern's invitation, signed a contract, and during the months that followed, as the manuscript proceeded toward publication, I enjoyed the typical give and take between writers and editors. I saw a pre-publication copy of *The Openness of God* at a

professional meeting in Dallas in December 1980. Copies reached Adventist bookstores early in 1981. The book generated a lot of discussion, at least in southern California. I spoke to a number of church groups in the months that followed. From previous experience in the classroom, I knew that many people would find some of the ideas controversial. Since the prophecies of the Bible are very important to Adventists, there were many questions about the concept that God does not know the future in all its detail. Still, there seemed to be a good spirit among those who asked questions and discussed the ideas with me. A number of people welcomed the revisionary view of God with enthusiasm.

Nothing prepared me for the letter Richard Coffen, associate book editor at the Review and Herald, sent me in July of 1981. *The Openness of God* had created such serious problems for the publishing house, it stated, that board members felt something had to be done. Although it disappointed him personally, their decision was to withdraw the book from publication. Furthermore, undistributed copies would in all likelihood "be destroyed." Evidently, the basic problem was the fact that a book containing controversial views bore the Review and Herald's imprint. Coffen's letter also indicated that I would soon receive official notification of the decision from the manager of the publishing house.

Stunned and bewildered, I called a few friends over the next couple of days to share the news and seek advice. Evidently, they called other friends, and in a short time, the fate of the book became a *cause célèbre*. Surprised as I was by the decision of the publishing house, I was equally surprised by the widespread reaction to it. I never presented my view of God's relation to the world as the only way people should look at the issue. I was not out to change the course of history, or on a crusade to reshape the thinking of the church. I saw myself as simply

sharing ideas that benefited me, in the hope that others would find them helpful, too—or at least interesting enough to generate serious conversation.

Evidently, opposition to the book's publication was nothing like the opposition to its prospective withdrawal. What most excited people, I am sure, was not the content of the book, but the prospect of having it go up in flames. Officials at the Review and Herald must have been inundated with calls and letters, because the decision was reversed within a few weeks. I was informed that *The Openness of God* would continue to be available as "a regular stock item."

Looking back on the incident, I see that nerves were raw on both sides. Adventists had been through a lot in the previous couple of years. For one thing, disclosures about Ellen White's dependence on literary sources had raised difficult questions about the church's understanding of her prophetic inspiration.

Adapted from Muntja's "Yikarra, West of Kiwirrkurra"



For another, Desmond Ford had voiced serious reservations about some central points of Adventist doctrine. There followed a tense meeting of Ford with church officials and theologians from around the world at Glacier View, Colorado. As a result, Ford was dismissed from denominational employment and later had his ordination “reversed.” (He continues today in independent Christian ministry.)

I was aware of these developments when my book was published, but I thought its potential for controversy paled in comparison. I still think it did, but the book’s publication was evidently the last straw for some in the church who were tired of controversial ideas. At the same time, news that a book would be withdrawn from publication and probably destroyed was apparently the last straw for those who were tired of seeing discussion squelched. On a personal level, it was both heartwarming and embarrassing for me to learn that friends, colleagues, and people I had never met were up in arms over the decision, protesting the book’s withdrawal in strong and often emotional language. It was also frustrating to find people often more interested in the controversy surrounding the book than in the ideas it contained.

Reflecting On the Role of the Theologian

The *Openness of God* episode was a disappointment, but not a catastrophe, either religiously or professionally. It taught me something about denominational politics and the theologian’s situation in the church. Theologians are susceptible to two temptations. One is to feel that they are the thought leaders of the church and should be recognized as such. Their years of study, personal dedication and hard work, they think, entitle them to enjoy considerable influence on church mem-

bers and administrators; their counsel should be sought on matters of faith and life. The other temptation is to think that their status as academics—most are college or university teachers—provides immunity from ecclesiastical criticism. The purpose of theological writings is to explore ideas, not to tell people what they ought to believe. If people disagree with something a theologian says, that is no reason to become upset. Everyone is entitled to personal opinions.

Obviously, theologians can’t have it both ways. We can’t claim to speak for the church in matters of central importance to its faith and life, and expect the church to take careful notice of us, then take cover within the ivy walls of academic freedom when it doesn’t like what we say. In reality, I’m afraid, theologians don’t have it either way. Nobody pays attention to them until they say something controversial. I considered *The Openness of God* as exploratory rather than definitive in nature. It suggested a new way to look at some perplexing theological questions. I saw it as an attempt to stimulate thought and generate conversation. Others seemed to construe it as an erroneous statement of denominational views. I felt that my work as an academic had been misunderstood. They evidently felt that I had compromised my position as a guardian of truth.

I think many Adventist theologians are not sure whether they should play the role of prophet or scholar. As Desmond Ford discovered, an Adventist theologian who publicly questions established denominational positions in hopes of changing the church’s thinking is not likely to find his or her colleagues rushing forward to offer their support, even if they sympathize with the position taken or believe that someone is at least entitled to express it. Instead, they are likely to wonder how an intelligent person could so miscalculate the political consequences of such an action.

My experience with *The Openness of God* forced me to look at a side of the church I had not seen before, not up close and personal anyway. Of course, I knew scholars could get into difficulty with church administrators. For example, five of my most stimulating teachers at the seminary left the faculty during or shortly after my years there. But life involves a lot of risks we never expect to materialize, so I never thought anything like that would happen to me. I guess I thought they were unlucky. Call it wishful thinking, or youthful naiveté. But when your love for the church is the one thing about your relationship to it that you are most aware of, it just doesn't seem possible that the object of such affection could ever question your loyalty. So, when it does happen, the effect can be stunning.

My experience with *The Openness of God* was certainly a critical incident in my experience as a theologian, but I don't regard it as a major crisis or a turning point in my life. Over the years there are other things that have more severely tested my loyalty to the church. One is the treatment a number of Adventist teachers and scholars have received. Profound personal commitment and years of effective service apparently count for nothing if a question arises about someone's doctrinal orthodoxy. And the question doesn't have to come from someone with theological credentials. As a colleague of mind once remarked, a person whose opinions on any other topic would be dismissed out of hand suddenly becomes an expert when discussing a religion teacher's views. Consequently, many Adventist scholars have been hounded from their classrooms by a barrage of unjustified criticism. It is not only unjustified; it is frequently unfocused and anonymous. As I discovered, the precise content of the criticism is often unspecified, and its sources are usually unidentified. "People wonder," "Questions have been asked," "I'm just not sure about"—these are the sorts of remarks that one receives.

Once questions have been raised, of course, that fact alone becomes a basis for suspicion, on the principle that where there's smoke, there's fire. A person thus becomes "controversial" by virtue of the mere fact that someone says he or she is controversial. It's a label that needs no further justification because it is self-validating. A few scholars have been forced from their academic positions, others have simply given up the struggle, and a number hang in there but find themselves marginalized or quarantined in various ways. They are ignored and measures are taken to limit their influence. Students are directed away from their classes. They receive no invitations to teach or lecture at other colleges. They hear about attempts to prevent their writings from reaching publication. They are not asked to contribute to denominational projects for which they are clearly qualified. And so it goes.

A particularly painful aspect of this phenomenon is the fact that a lot of this is caused by other religion scholars within the church. Whether they are currying political favor with church administrators or genuinely convinced that their position is correct and opposing views are wrong, a number of scholars have engaged in tactics of the sort just described in the effort to thwart the efforts of others to serve the church. This has been the greatest source of frustration for me during my years as an Adventist theologian.

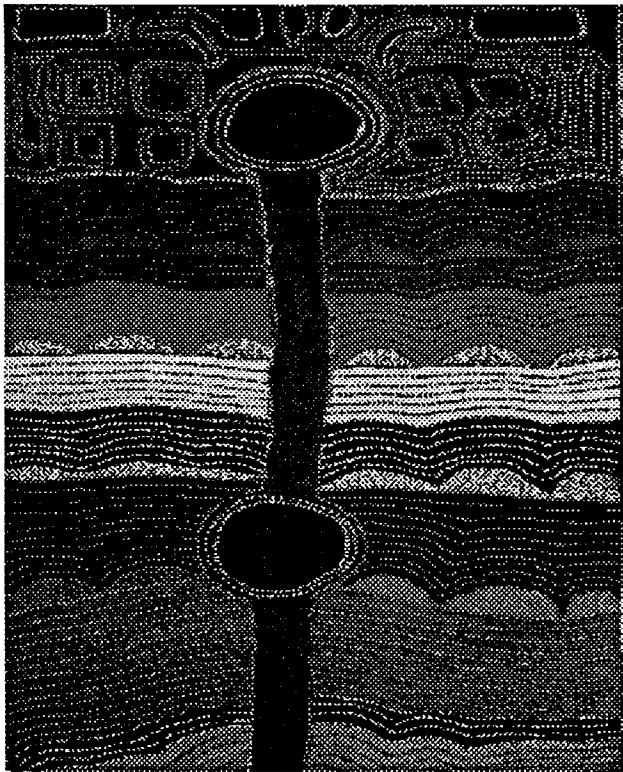
Affirming the Adventist Church

The critical incident involving *The Openness of God* forced me to do a lot of thinking about the Seventh-day Adventist Church and my relation to it. I don't think I can identify a specific effect it had on my thinking, but it contributed to a long process through which my concept of the church has evolved. On one level I am optimistic, indeed enthusi-

astic, about the church and its prospects. On another level, I am perplexed by the problems that face the church and the shortcomings that afflict it.

Through personal experience and theological reflection I have acquired a profound appreciation for the social or corporate nature of Christianity. Like most conservative Christians, Seventh-day Adventists attach great importance to maintaining a close relationship with Jesus Christ. As a youngster, I heard teachers and pastors repeatedly stress the need to make religion a matter of personal commitment. I sat through countless "calls" urging people to consider their decision for the Lord "with every head bowed and every eye closed." It was natural to think of Christianity as a private arrangement between the individual and God. But the vitality I encountered in the Adventist community, the sense of common mission and mutual concern its members displayed, points to the overlooked but important social dimension in Christian experience.

Adapted from David Hall's "Wati Kutjarra" ("Journey of Two Men")



The New Testament makes it clear that from the beginning Christianity is social in nature. It is not just life in relation to God, but life in community in relation to God. Salvation is something that happens among us as well as within us. Consequently, what Christians are together, through the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, is more fundamental and more important than what they are individually. This means that we cannot be Christians—not in the New Testament sense—without church; that is, without actively participating in the Christian community and being part of the body of Christ.

The comprehensive nature of Christianity means that the Christian community is not only a believing community, but also a worshipping, serving community. Liturgy and practice are as important as teaching. Christians not only preach about Christ, but celebrate and manifest the life that Christ embodied. With this concept of Christianity, it is clear that people cannot be Christians on their own. It also rules out a sort of freelance Christianity: people maintaining a loose connection with one or more Christian groups, but avoiding personal involvement in any particular community.

This communal concept of Christianity is basic to my commitment to the Seventh-day Adventist church. I cannot envision a version of genuine Christianity which does not take concrete ecclesiastical form. To be a Christian is to be part of a community made up of real flesh-and-blood human beings.

As I envision it, the Christian church is both a transcendent ideal and a concrete reality that symbolizes and strives toward this ideal. Specific Christian groups point to something which they never perfectly embody. The ideal is a community of believers who love and trust one another without reservation. The primary manifestation of this ideal is a concrete group of believers who meet together regularly for worship, service, and mutual encouragement.

A particular group of people constitutes the church insofar as its members encounter the presence of God in their gatherings, and receive divine power to fulfill their mission in the world. The New Testament clearly indicates that salvation has this corporate dimension of uniting people in attitude and service.

While "church" therefore has the fundamental quality of an experience, or an event, it needs organization or structure for several reasons. One is to provide regular opportunities for this event to occur. Another is to coordinate and support the witness of the church in the world and thus fulfill the church's task of communicating the gospel in word and deed. From the ideal of a community perfectly united in Christ, there flows the necessity for a concrete group of believers who worship and serve God together, on to the need for a formal organization or structure designed to assist members of the church in realizing its objectives.

While some sort of formal structure is indispensable to the church, concrete organizations always have their pitfalls. Just as a concrete group of believers never perfectly embodies Christian community, no ecclesiastical institution ever perfectly serves its constituents, whether it is a local church board or a multinational organization with institutions around the world. Sin affects all aspects of the human situation—social as well as individual and, alas, religious as well as secular. I am indebted to Reinhold Niebuhr for my understanding of the inevitability and pervasiveness of sin, and for its distinctive institutional manifestations. His classic work *The Nature and Destiny of Man* was the principal text in two of my courses at the University of Chicago. And I was also impressed by his book *Moral Man and Immoral Society*. The machinations of city politics during Richard J. Daley's mayoral tenure along with the unfolding Watergate scandal in the nation's capital brilliantly illustrated Niebuhr's thesis during my years as a

graduate student, and my observations of educational and church organizations since consistently corroborate it.

For all their resources, Niebuhr maintains, moral as well as intellectual, human beings have an incorrigible tendency to self-interest. Our own needs are always more vivid and more important to us than the needs of others. And whenever we sense a threat to our security, we instinctively act to protect ourselves, whether or not it promotes fairness and justice. There is, however, a crucial difference between the moral resources of individuals and those of groups. In moments of high moral insight, individual persons sometimes see the needs of others as equal to their own, but this is impossible for groups to do. According to Niebuhr, groups lack the moral and rational resources of individuals, and superior size makes their claims of importance more plausible. In view of the lofty purposes they serve, religious groups are especially tenacious in defending themselves, and their aspirations provide an eloquent rationale for self-

Adapted from Bai Bai's "Yimurr"



interest.

Niebuhr's convincing portrayal of collective pride explains why it is difficult for institutions, and for religious institutions in particular, to accept changes in policy, practice, or belief. So, it comes as no surprise that Adventist administrators do not welcome new theological ideas or proposed revisions in denominational policy. From their vantage point institutional survival is the supreme value, the overriding consideration in every situation. In addition, they are naturally inclined to view the success of their own careers as essential to that of the institution. These convictions virtually guarantee that they will follow the course that is politically expedient. This is not to say that Adventist administrators are worse than others. In general, I believe the opposite is true. The ones I have come to know are dedicated, spiritual people. It is simply to acknowledge the facts of human experience as they apply to our group, as well as to every other.

People are often disappointed with religion, because it so frequently fails to fulfill their ideals and aspirations. The Adventist Church has disappointed me over the years. Adventism has seemed reluctant to pursue justice in several important areas. As the Merikay Silver case demonstrates, church administrators resisted paying men and women equally. The church has resisted including certain ethnic groups within its leadership. It persists in excluding women from its ordained ministry. The remuneration for church employees involved in educational ministry is unjustifiably inferior to that paid to those in pastoral ministry.

Certainly the Adventist Church has its share of problems, but, in spite of its shortcomings, reading Niebuhr has helped me to avoid becoming hopelessly disillusioned with my church. Understanding collective pride can prevent us from entertaining exaggerated expectations of any organization. Because I do

not anticipate the church perfectly embodying the ideals to which it points, I am not surprised that it sometimes fails to do so. At the same time, because I view the church as a valuable reminder of those ideals and an essential aspect of the experience of salvation, I affirm its lasting importance.

We need to avoid an either-or, all-good-or-all-bad assessment of religious organizations. On a recent news program, a psychologist discussing the effects of divorce suggested that besides good marriages and bad marriages, there are "good-enough marriages"—marriages that have their problems, but are nevertheless worth nurturing and preserving. In a similar way, I believe, it is helpful to acknowledge that a church can be immensely valuable even though it comes short of the ideals it proclaims.

Rethinking Why We Think About Our Faith

God must forgive us our theology, perhaps our theology most of all.
—Heinz Zahrt

My perspective on the Adventist Church also includes a healthy respect for Christian doctrine and the task of Christian theology. The purpose of theology is to help the church do its thinking. It is therefore an enterprise fraught with liabilities, because while thinking is important to the church, it is one of the most difficult challenges the church faces. Real thinking is hard under any circumstances, but it is particularly difficult in connection with religion. For one thing, serious reflection seems to be at odds with some of the church's other responsibilities. By many accounts, certainly most Adventist accounts, the central task of the church is evangelism—communicating the good news of salvation and welcoming members into the body of Christ. Central to evangelism, of course, is proclamation. Basic

to effective proclamation is unwavering confidence in the truth of one's message. And this is where the problem arises. Careful reflection does not always produce unwavering confidence. It often leads to questions that are not easy to answer, and there are times when it poses challenges and raises serious doubts. Real thinking can make people awfully uncomfortable.

There are several ways to respond to this problem. Of course, the starkest possibilities are either to stop thinking or stop believing, and each option has its takers. Some people decide that if thinking about religion unsettles their confidence they are better off not thinking. They intend to remain faithful to the church at any cost, and if this means never asking a difficult question, so be it. Other people are impatient with religion. They conclude from the fact that religion seldom yields easy answers to their questions that it doesn't deserve their respect. The complexity of religious issues and the prevalence of divergent opinions on religious matters provide this second group with an excuse for rejecting religion out of hand. A third group is, in principle, in favor of examining the church's beliefs, but this group knows in advance exactly where the process should lead. Intellectual activity must always support beginning assumptions, provide sophisticated reassurance.

But theology rests on the assumption that the contents of Christian faith deserve and ultimately benefit from careful examination. Admittedly, in the short run, serious examination may have negative effects. Traditional explanations may appear inadequate; time-honored positions become less secure. As a result, people looking for snappy answers to religious questions, quick fixes for spiritual problems, or windfall profits from minimal intellectual investment—to mix several metaphors—find theology irritating, because it

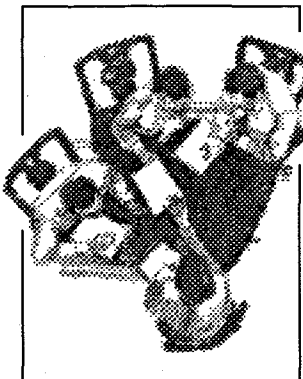
seldom provides any of these things. People looking to theology for reassurance are often disappointed, because theology frequently raises as many questions as it answers.

The benefits of theology emerge over the long haul. The full wealth of conviction that understanding brings, to quote the book of Colossians, requires great patience. It builds confidence, but not at the price of devising easy answers to difficult questions. Theology calls the church to complete honesty in long-term, serious reflection. In the final analysis, I believe those who are willing to subject the church's beliefs to careful examination manifest great confidence in them.

Because theology is a human enterprise, its task is never complete and the efforts of theologians are subject to the shortcomings that afflict all human endeavors. Theologians are no more free from self-interest than other men and women, and their work is just as susceptible to bias as any other human undertaking. The appropriate response to these liabilities is not to despair of the task or to disparage those engaged in it, but to join in the quest for truth. Theologians are not a special class of people in the church, nor are they engaged in an activity that is somehow foreign to the church's activity. Theology is a task for the church as a whole.

Our basic motive for doing theology is love for the church. Our love for the church is much like our love for our parents. We love our parents, not because they are perfect, not because they have never made mistakes, not because we agree with all their decisions, not because our opinions always coincide. We love the church as we love our parents, because we share its basic values and deepest commitments.

We love our church because we owe it our existence, because it is the avenue through which God's richest blessings have come to us.



Telling the Truth In Love and Loyalty

How conversation keeps the community where it belongs—
at the heart of the theological enterprise.

by John C. Brunt

I HAVE HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF CARRYING OUT MY theological reflection, writing, and teaching within the context of community. Perhaps I should say “communities,” for smaller communities always exist within the larger one. In a broad sense I have worked within the Seventh-day Adventist Church community. In a narrower sense I have worked within a community of faculty and colleagues in the School of Theology at Walla Walla College. For the past 23 years these colleagues have nurtured, stimulated, and taught me. Our community has always shared basic commitments to intellectual honesty and the search for truth, to loyalty for the broader church community, and to lots and lots of conversation. (“Fellowship junkies,” Charles Scriven called us.) In these conversations we have not only shared our work, but challenged each other’s theses, and tested the thoroughness of

John C. Brunt is vice president for academic administration and professor of biblical studies at Walla Walla College. He is the author of several books, including his most recent Good News for Troubled Times (Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1993).

our homework. Inevitably, another kind of question is asked as well: Is the material presented in such a way that the larger church community will be able to understand and benefit from it?

Although the group’s sharpening of my ideas through conversation and its loyalty to the church has hardly protected me from controversy, it has helped me address controversial issues in ways that have found acceptance in church publications and other forums.

Truth and Community

A fair question might be raised as to whether I and my colleagues have preserved the integrity always asked of theologians. Doesn’t integrity demand that we speak out when we recognize that the church is wrong? In a society that values freedom of speech and personal integrity, who could possibly wish to mute criticism?

I wish to question the traditional picture of personal integrity as the autonomous indi-

vidual standing alone for truth over against the community. I believe, instead, that true integrity includes loyalty and commitment to the community. In other words, true integrity is not merely individualistic, but also communal.

The communal dimension of integrity is celebrated, I believe, by Scripture, particularly in two passages in the New Testament letter to the community called Ephesians. In the first Paul says, "Therefore each of you must put off falsehood and speak truthfully to his neighbor, for we are all members of one body" (Ephesians 4:25).¹ A more literal translation would say that we must put off falsehood and speak truthfully because we are "members of each other." While we often think the motive for truth telling is our sense of autonomous, personal integrity, for Paul, the impetus to truth telling is our sense of community, our mutuality, our responsibility to each other. Paul believed that when we don't tell the truth, we destroy community; when we lie we ignore the fact that we are not autonomous and separate, but a part of each other. Falsehood destroys our interrelatedness, the integrity of the community. What belongs together is torn apart.

Paul makes a similar point in another passage: "Then we will no longer be infants, tossed back and forth by the waves, and blown here and there by every wind of teaching and by the cunning and craftiness of men in their deceitful scheming. Instead, speaking the truth in love, we will in all things grow up into Him who is the Head, that is, Christ" (Ephesians 4:14, 15).

Here, truth obviously matters to Paul. He

has no use for the instability of constantly being blown in every direction. He will speak the truth, but it will be truth spoken in love. For Paul, truth is so integrally bound with the good news of God's gracious love, that truth not spoken in love ceases to be truth.

In both of these passages we see a strongly communal element to truth and truth-telling.

Love Versus Integrity

Krister Stendahl addresses the same issue with an unlikely phrase: "Love Rather Than Integrity." This chapter title certainly sounds strange to contemporary ears.² How can anything be "rather than integrity"? Stendahl argues that, for Paul, love is not a super-virtue or the romantic term that is so over-used today. Rather, love is concern for the church and one's fellow Christians. It shows itself in a desire to build up or strengthen the

Paul is really insisting on a higher integrity, an integrity that recognizes the importance of community as well as the single individual. No one of us is an island who stands alone. To ignore others when we speak the truth is not integrity at all.

church.³ Stendahl suggests that Paul's advice to the Corinthians about food offered to idols shows that the true Christian must be willing to give up doing it his or her way for the sake of others. Stendahl, commenting on 1 Corinthians 8-10, says, "To order one's life by the conscience of the other weaker person is the extreme example of love rather than integrity."⁴

Stendahl is certainly right in at least one sense. Paul does not see the ideal Christian as the single individual standing alone in his or her autonomy making decisions. Rather, Paul sees Christians as part of a body, part of a larger community, willing to give up even

their legitimate rights for the sake of others. However, this is not a matter of giving up one's integrity. Paul isn't saying that one should ever violate his or her own convictions for the sake of others. Rather, one must be so free that rights don't have to be expressed and freedoms don't have to be acted out.

Stendahl captures an important aspect of Paul's thought, but his choice of terminology is unfortunate. It is wrong to speak of love *rather than* integrity. Paul is really insisting on a higher integrity, an integrity that recognizes the importance of community as well as the single individual. True integrity doesn't have to be individualistic. As Stendahl himself later suggests, integrity is broad enough to include loyalty to others in community.⁵ One doesn't give up personal integrity for the sake of love. To act in love and loyalty is to act with integrity. This is true because no one of us is an island who stands alone. To ignore others when we speak the truth is not integrity at all.

Dissent and the Church

What does all this mean for the question of dissent in the church today?

First, we must speak the truth. It is folly to think that the community can be served by speaking falsehood or even suppressing the truth. The results of the 1919 Bible Conference post-session should have made that clear forever. In recent years we have paid a terrible price because some church leaders in 1919 felt that members should not know the truth about how inspiration worked in the composition of Ellen White's books, including her use of sources. Failure to speak the truth should not be an option.

And yet it should hardly surprise us to find that we are not always appreciated when we speak in ways that seem new or different to the community. After all, there is a human tendency to find security in past truth, and

resist present truth. That is in no way limited to the church. The same is true in the scientific community. Read, for instance, Evelyn Fox Keller's biography of recently deceased biologist Barbara McClintock, entitled *A Feeling for the Organism*, to see how difficult it was for a scientist (especially a woman scientist) who was clearly ahead of her time to find acceptance within the scientific community.⁶

This leads to the second suggestion. We must speak the truth in love. Unfortunately, I find it difficult to find the love portion of this formula in most of the broadsides I read from those on both the right and the left who speak about the church. Yet when truth is understood holistically, in the context of the gospel, the "truth" of these clearly unloving messages is called into question. Given the nature of the gospel, if it isn't given in love, is it really truth?

Third, we must speak the truth in loyalty and concern for the community. We live in an individualistic society. Many years ago, when I lived in southern California, I frequently drove from Los Angeles to Riverside. I saw hundreds, indeed, thousands of cars with only one occupant. On a recent trip to southern California I was amazed that, despite carpooling, most cars are still occupied by a solitary driver.

This individualistic spirit makes it difficult for us to capture Paul's emphasis on the importance of community for Christians. His words to the Corinthians, where the church was divided into factions, become painfully intense. He speaks of the church as God's temple. By using plural, second-person pronouns (unfortunately this is not seen in English translations since only southern English allows a distinction between "you" and "ya'll"), along with the singular reference to the temple, it is clear that Paul is speaking about the church when he says, "Don't you know that you yourselves are God's temple and that God's spirit lives in you? If anyone destroys God's temple, God will destroy him; for God's

temple is sacred, and you are that temple" (1 Corinthians 3:16, 17).

Sometimes, truth needs to cut like a two-edged sword. But today we probably need to hear less of swords and more of temples. Those of us who feel the need to speak the truth as we see it, need to think of how we can express the truth without destroying the temple.

We will be helped to think about enhancing, rather than demolishing the temple, by remembering that we all see dimly through a mirror (1 Corinthians 13:12). The truth we speak is never ultimate, but is only as one finite person understands it. Most of us have changed our minds enough times to warn us that our truths must be spoken in humility.

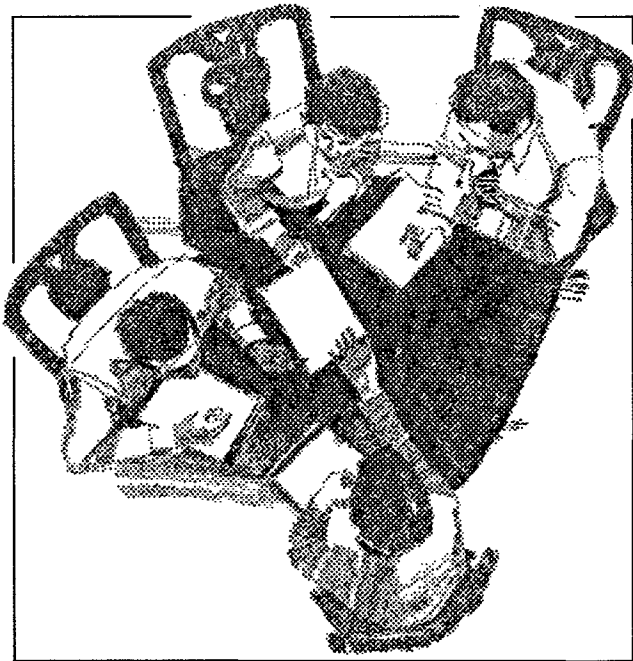
Finally, we must differentiate between basic principles and peripheral matters. Beliefs matter and truth is important. Even though I cannot conceive of Christianity without community, I could never be part of a church merely for the sake of community. If I didn't believe in basic teachings of the church, such as the Sabbath, the second coming of Jesus, and the wholeness of human beings, I would have to find a different Christian community. Beliefs are important, and to me Adventist beliefs are particularly important because of their relationship to Christian lifestyle. Doctrines are not merely bits of gnostic information, promising salvation through knowledge. Rather, doctrines are explications of the Christian's walk with Christ. Unfortunately, many debates are merely abstract disputes over theoretical issues that have little real importance for life or our commitments to God. The essentials binding us together should take a more important place than peripheral or theoretical matters that divide us.

Beyond Dissent

Isaw a vivid example of the difference between the essential and the peripheral

several years ago at a Society of Biblical Literature convention in Chicago. Several biblical scholars were debating fairly technical points concerning the interpretation and understanding of the book of Galatians. After the debate went on for some time, they stopped, according to plan, and experimented with something quite foreign to the usual scholarly environment at such occasions. A New Testament scholar named David Rhodes, who has emphasized oral recitation of Scripture, was called upon to recite the book of Galatians. The panelists and audience all joined in listening to this presentation of the letter. The purpose was to see if an oral hearing of the letter would support one position or the other.

The oral presentation of Galatians was a powerfully moving experience. I not only felt it myself; I could see it in those sitting around me. When the reading was over, the panelists were called back to the front of the room to continue their debate. The question was asked again, how does this reading support your interpretation? Interestingly, there was silence. The silence was rather long, and finally one scholar said, "After such a powerful, moving experience, it seems to me that theological



quibbling is inappropriate.”

I have observed similar experiences during long weekends, when the Walla Walla theology faculty has shared fellowship, worship, and theological conversation with the conference presidents in our North Pacific Union conference. Even though the talk includes many “Yes, but” statements about theological interpretation, the overall impact of the weekends has been to remind all of us that what is more important are our shared spiritual experiences.

In those moments of fellowship, no one more transparently and fully embodied Christian truth in love with fellowship than Dr. Sakae Kubo, for several years our chairman. My former seminary professor and guide in New Testament studies, he always exemplified honest study of the Bible combined with deep loyalty to the Adventist community.

None of us can ever be free of frustrations and disappointments in the church. For me, it was a terribly sad moment to sit in Indianapolis four years ago and hear so many speeches that tied faithfulness to God with failure to recognize the ministry of women together in one package. It was horribly painful to see the

hurt in the faces of women ministers whom I respect and who have ministered to me. But reading the New Testament should alert us to the fact that the church will not always be right. It wasn't true in the early church. It is only a delusion that the early church was a perfect community of pristine purity. Just read Paul's letters to the Corinthians. Any pastor would find that congregation more than a challenge. The church has always had its problems. Communities of human beings always do. None of us has come from a perfect family. There are no perfect human communities, and the church is no exception.

This is no excuse for sitting back and tolerating evil or injustice in the church or anywhere else. We must speak the truth, but we must also keep from becoming so frustrated and discouraged that we lose a sense of how important community is to Christian faith. It is so important that integrity is not merely an individualistic, autonomous experience of faithfulness to oneself. Since we are members of each other, Christian integrity means a mutual respect that demands truth-telling for the sake of each other. Truth-telling in love and loyalty.

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1. Unless otherwise noted, biblical quotations are from the New International Version.
2. Krister Stendahl, *Paul Among Jews and Gentiles* (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1976), pp. 52-66.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 58.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 61.
5. In fact, Stendahl does sharpen the language when he comes to the end of his chapter. He concludes, “As we have wandered through various demonstrations of Paul's principle, *Love Rather Than Integrity*, we may now be ready to re-phrase it and

sharpen it by saying: ‘Love allows for not insisting on one's own integrity at the expense of the unity of the community.’ Love, as Paul understands it, urges us to respect fully the integrity of those who think and feel otherwise.... Love allows for the full respect of the integrity of the other, and overcomes the divisiveness of my zeal for having it my way in the name of my own integrity” (*Ibid.*, p. 67).

6. Evelyn Fox Keller, *A Feeling for the Organism: The Life and Work of Barbara McClintock* (New York: W.H. Freeman and Co., 1983).



Adapted from M. Georges Rouault's
"Head of Christ"

The Ultimate Truth Is a Person

Honored by his colleagues and students, Sakae Kubo responds by sharing his spiritual journey.

by Sakae Kubo

IT IS A HIGH HONOR TO HAVE SUCH DISTINGUISHED colleagues contribute articles for this occasion. Each of them has gone through their own experience of fire: Leona Running as a pioneering woman seminary professor, facing inexplicable discrimination in our own theological institution; Herold Weiss in his baptism of fire teaching in the seminary; Rick Rice with his book *The Openness of God*; and John Brunt with his article on clean and unclean foods. In spite of it all, each has been loyal to the church. They have maintained the delicate balance John Brunt calls for in his article that appears elsewhere in this issue. It is this delicate balance that I have also sought to maintain, in my 40 years of service for the church.

Sakae Kubo writes from Chico, California. After serving as professor of New Testament at Andrews University, Kubo was president of Newbold College, dean of the School of Theology at Walla Walla College, and academic dean of Atlantic Union College. Kubo's Greek grammar for beginners and his Greek-English lexicon of the New Testament (see bibliography, p. 53) have become standard texts for seminaries across North America.

From Buddhism to Adventism

I was not born into an Adventist family. I was not even born into a Christian family. My religious transition was from Buddhism to Adventism. The decision to become an Adventist, therefore, was not an easy one. I knew other Buddhist young people who had to leave home or had been beaten when they declared their intention to become Adventists. I was not quite 16 when I was baptized. I faced severe opposition, especially from my father, but my experience was not as rough as I had anticipated.

What consumed me was sports. My brothers all played barefoot football, limited to those weighing 130 pounds or less. That's what I had hoped to do. Besides, listening (no television at the time) to football, baseball, and boxing was a fixed ritual. At the time, becoming an Adventist meant giving all this up. I thought I would no longer be able to attend or listen to athletic events. Next to estrangement

from my family, this was my biggest sacrifice.

But the pursuit of truth made me willing to sacrifice everything. Being an Adventist meant following truth, even if it meant losing one's job to keep the Sabbath, giving up one's family, one's most cherished hopes and dreams, even losing one's life to remain faithful to God. That's what the *Youth's Instructor* articles kept teaching me.

Once within the Adventist orbit, it was almost a given that I should go to college, even though none of my eight brothers and sisters went beyond high school. I enrolled at Emmanuel Missionary College (the West Coast colleges were not a possibility since all Japanese-Americans were evacuated inland), where I took theology and graduated as president of my class.

However, after graduating, I wasn't offered any jobs. It is hard to imagine the disappointment of my parents, brothers, and sisters to have the only one in the family to go off to college return to Hawaii without a job. I canvassed for a few weeks before I was invited to join the ministerial force, but that didn't work out. David Bieber, then the principal of Hawaiian Mission Academy, asked if I was willing to teach on the elementary level. I accepted, but that didn't work out either. Finally, Bieber asked if I would be willing to teach a class of special English to returning students from the Far East. That's what I finally did for one year. I was then asked to serve as a pastor.

From Hawaii Pastor to Seminary Professor

The conviction had been growing that I should teach in Japan. With this in mind, I decided to sell everything and leave for the seminary to prepare myself for any opening that might develop. In Washington, D.C. I worked 40 hours a week to support my wife

and three children while taking full work at the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary. On schedule, I completed an M.A. and a B.D. I went to the General Conference and offered myself for service in Japan, even if I had to go as a Japanese national rather than as an American. Apparently I was not needed or wanted in Japan. Therefore, in 1955, I accepted a call to join the theology faculty of Emmanuel Missionary College.

Five years later, when the seminary moved to Michigan, I joined the seminary faculty. I was immediately sent to the University of Chicago to complete a doctorate in New Testament. I worked hard the one year that I was totally free, and completed all my language requirements and qualifying examinations. The next year I commuted once a week from Michigan to Chicago to complete my required courses and comprehensive examinations. I then completed my dissertation while teaching full time.

My first year at the University of Chicago was especially difficult since my own presuppositions differed greatly from those of my professors. As I sorted things out, I was rather topsy-turvy and in turmoil. Some peripheral things I shed, but I was more certain than before in the basis of my faith.

The 1960s at the seminary was an exciting time. There was a certain openness in the church. This was also the first time that seminary faculty who had special training in biblical and theological studies were teaching in these fields. Very importantly, at no period did such an array of brilliant students converge at the seminary. Although some dropped out of church employment, and some even left the church, others today hold very responsible positions in the church.

The euphoria of this period did not last through the 1960s. Problems began as a reaction set in. The group of seminary teachers specially trained in their field was targeted. Soon they were all gone—moved into other

positions, or forced out of church work altogether.

I was one of those in the hot seat, because I still had the Adventist idea that had brought me into the church—that we should pursue the truth, no matter what the consequences. Yet it was always my intention to present truth gently and emphatically, conscious of where people were in their experience. I knew what I had gone through, and I was aware of what others would experience when new ideas or thoughts were presented. Also, I always felt that one could not move too far ahead of the community, or else you or the community would leave. Yet one had a responsibility to move the community along. Otherwise, it would petrify.

I also felt a need for theologians within the church to communicate to the whole church, not just to theological students. Though not especially talented in writing, I began to write popular theological work for the church as a whole. I think this kind of writing is very

important for the health of the church. *Spectrum* has done this work well, and John Brunt and Rick Rice have contributed a great deal.

One problem I had was regarding the nature of the inspiration of the Spirit of Prophecy writings. Each year, Arthur White taught the course on prophetic guidance. He put Ellen White on a pedestal so high that it was precarious. I kept objecting that we should face the reality concerning her writings. I felt I was trying to preserve Ellen White, while Arthur White was really setting her up for a great fall. And of course that is what happened. Rather than receiving almost all her information directly from God, critical studies demonstrated her significant dependence on human sources.

I always felt that I would never willingly leave church work. If the church felt my service was not wanted or needed, and they asked me to leave, then there would be no alternative. I loved and cared for the church too much to just abandon it. When I was under

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fire there was an opportunity to become the librarian at a non-Adventist seminary. I didn't give it a second thought.

With all the rumors that I heard about me, the only one to talk to me was Richard Hammill, the president of Andrews University. I had questioned where Paul was really the author of Hebrews, and apparently this had caused quite a stir among the "brethren." To me, this was rather a trivial matter, since the content was the important thing and I had never questioned the inspiration of the book. The book of Hebrews said nothing about who the author was, and even conservative churches do not maintain the Pauline authorship. But like so many of the issues we face, this was important to the church because Ellen White affirmed Paul's authorship. Still, after my chat with Dr. Hammill, I was a bit more careful in my presentation.

From Internal Exile to President

When Earle Hilgert was vice president of academic affairs, he asked me whether I would like to be theological librarian of the seminary. In his position, he heard what the administrators of the church were saying and knew that I was vulnerable. Of course, I loved to collect good books, so becoming a librarian wasn't onerous, but something I enjoyed. Besides, the seminary would be offering a doctorate and needed to have a library to support the research required. I continued to teach quite a bit but my office was in the library. The heat was off a little.

But more and more I felt my future with the seminary and Andrews University was bleak. In 1977, I requested a shift to the undergraduate theology department. The following year, I received invitations to head the theology departments at Atlantic Union College and Walla Walla College. I found out later that W.

J. Hackett, a vice president of the General Conference, had tried to scuttle the call from Walla Walla, but Max Torkelsen, the president of the North Pacific Union and chairman of Walla Walla's board, decided to make his own investigation. He talked to someone he knew and trusted, Carl Coffman, chair of the undergraduate religion department at Andrews. Carl had been a student of mine and apparently cleared me. I was sent the call.

My years at Walla Walla were probably the most enjoyable of my life. Big Brother was not always looking over my shoulder. Walla Walla wasn't a place you visited on the way to somewhere else, and few General Conference representatives needed to visit Walla Walla specifically. Nowhere in the world was there a better group of people to work with than the Walla Walla theological faculty (John Brunt, Ernie Bursey, Jon Dybdahl, Glen Greenwalt, Paul Grove, Lucile Knapp, Henry Lamberton, Gordon Mattison, Charles Scriven, Alden Thompson, Larry Veverka, Gerald Winslow) the two times I was there.

After only two years at Walla Walla, I accepted the presidency of Newbold College in England. I had the specific assignment of establishing a European seminary there. This was a great idea. It was not good for the church to have all theology come from the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary at Andrews University. The Europeans were capable of developing their own theology. After all, many of the faculty at Andrews were from Europe. While I was at Newbold, we began an annual conference of European theology professors to present and study papers we had hoped to publish.

The idea was to unite schools teaching theology—Collonges (France), Marienhoehe (Germany), and Newbold (England), into a European seminary, with the final two years of the Master of Divinity completed at Newbold College. The Northern European Division had invested a great deal financially into building

up the number of books in the library, expanding the library building, adding married student housing, constructing a seminary building, and recruiting qualified faculty. The difficult task of obtaining agreement from Collonges and Marienhoehe had already been achieved. The only thing left was to have Andrews convince the American Theological Association to approve the affiliation arrangement. Andrews had promised that this would not be a problem, and in good faith the Northern European Division had proceeded. Unfortunately, the American Theological Association withheld their approval. I left Newbold greatly disappointed.

I turned down a call to be president of the Far Eastern Seminary and returned to the United States. Walla Walla College made a special arrangement so that I could teach there. I was very happy, and could have stayed longer, but the college was tight financially. Instead of threatening the positions of younger men on the theological faculty, I started to look for a position elsewhere. I had two calls and soon found myself working as academic dean of Atlantic Union College with a newly installed president, Larry Geraty, a former student.

From Abstract Truth to a Person

As I look back over my career, I have come to the conclusion that what is essential is dealing kindly, justly, and graciously with persons. No matter how orthodox, something is wrong with any doctrine or policy that does not lead us to treat others with respect and concern. For example, in recent years, one of the most obvious ironies is the belligerent spirit and attitude maintained by those on opposite sides of the righteousness by faith debate.

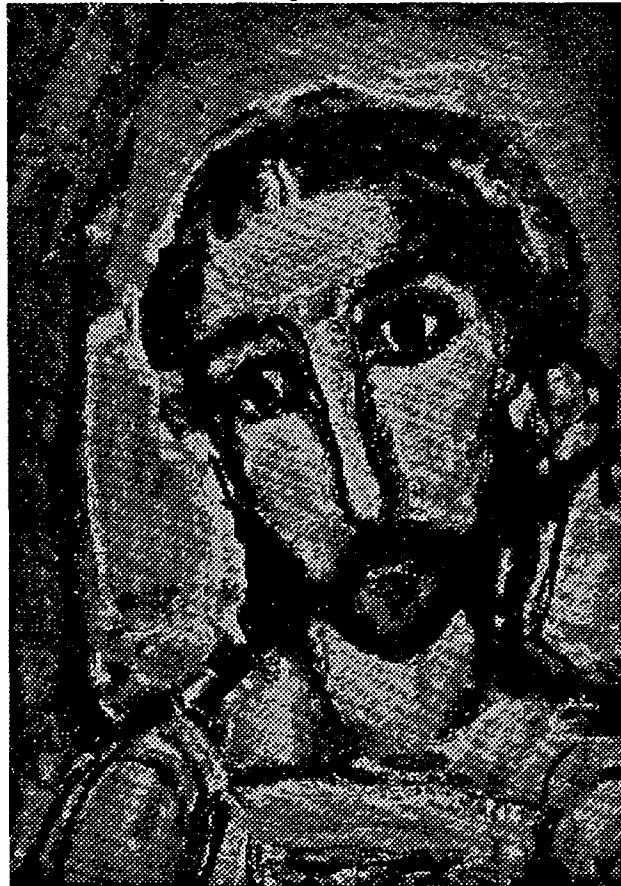
I have also come to the conclusion that truth

is infinite, and therefore we cannot possess all truth. We must be humble enough to recognize that we need everyone's contribution to our fund of truth, including that of non-Christians.

It is easy when we first become Adventist to feel we have found the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is no more to be found, and nothing more to learn. We become comfortable within this new framework. It becomes difficult to change. When new information is presented, we find it easier to ignore new truth. Too often we consider new things not as truths, but as heresies from the devil. We insulate ourselves against further truth, rather than respecting it enough to examine it carefully.

John Brunt and Rick Rice emphasize that truth must be sought in community. That means, first, that we need the challenge of others' ideas to test our notions of truth. We

Adapted from M. Georges Rouault's "Head of Christ"



do not need to naively accept others' ideas, but should welcome the evaluation of our views by others. In community there is strength.

Others also need the challenge of our views. The community should hone its ideas of truth by an open, frank, and supportive exchange of ideas. No one is exempt from human frailty and the possibility of error. A community effort can safeguard an individual from gross error. In this kind of an open debate, a David Koresh cannot emerge.

In this community effort, secondly, we need to recognize that truth is progressive for individuals, as well as for the entire community. We cannot expect that everyone will be at the same level. The church may hold a body of common truth, but individuals within the church may be at different stages in their understanding of that truth. We need to understand, not be condescending toward, those who happen to have studied less. We also need to tolerate those who have taken the time to be more adventurous.

What is really important is not that we all think alike or act alike, but that we all live sincerely by the light that has been presented to us. What is important is that we are con-

stantly growing. More important than unanimity is living by genuine conviction of belief and practice.

Finally, we need to recognize that the purpose of knowing truth is not so that we can have an advantage over others and say, "I have the truth, and, therefore, I am superior to you." In 1 John some boasted that, "We are in the light and you are in darkness." They considered themselves several cuts above the rank and file. Their attitude created divisions and animosities in the church.

Paul said that knowing the truth is not enough. "Knowledge alone puffs up, but love builds up." Truth needs love to balance it.

Jesus said, "I am the truth." The purpose of knowing truth is to become like Jesus Christ—to become more loving, more kind, more gracious, more patient, more humble, more generous, more considerate, and more affirming. We can be sure, therefore, that any one who claims to have truth but lacks the qualities of Jesus Christ cannot really have the truth.

When I left Buddhism as a teenager I sought truth. At this point in my pilgrimage I have discovered that, for a person possessed by Christ, truth is personal.



A Spirit-Filled *Adventism for a New Generation*

Reviewed by Andy McRae

Steve Daily, *Adventism for a New Generation* (Portland/Clackamas, Oregon: Better Living Publishers, 1993). 323 pages. \$12.50 paperback.

Steve Daily has done this denomination a great service with his new book. In a spirit one could call "prophetic," he seems to be calling for a long overdue renewal and reinterpretation of Adventism—its beliefs, its self-understanding, its mission, its place in the world. Intentionally or not, Daily will offend almost every interest group in the Adventist denomination. The book throws down the gauntlet; it nails theses to cathedral doors. This book needs to have people read and study it, then debate and grow.

Adventism for a New Generation is an invitation to a dialogue about the meaning of our faith, not an exhaustive systematic theology. In framing the conversation, Daily repositions Jesus at the very center of all Adventist deliberations, formulations, and actions. Daily develops three aspects of Christ: Christ as the final revelation and therefore the central basis for interpreting scripture; Christ's gospel of grace as Adventism's central experience; and Christ as the model of the principles of healthy religion.

Christ as model for healthy religion is the leitmotif of the book. Daily argues that unless our church

comes to terms with Christ as the core of our faith and experience, our church may disappear or at worst continue as a large but decidedly dysfunctional family. Christ's "principles of healthy religion" are described as the "five identifying marks of a healthy religion which are not only found in each of the world's five major religions . . . but fit with the findings of some of the most recent works which have attempted to differentiate between healthy and unhealthy religion" (p. 44, 45). Daily says that these five marks of a healthy religion (1) give meaning to life rather than contributing to its chaos; (2) encourage worship and absolute allegiance only to what it perceives to be the ultimate source of goodness; (3) seek to meet the needs of all human beings to the greatest possible degree; (4) promote mental, physical, and emotional health; and (5) give priority to love, courage, humility, purity, justice, service, and faith in a higher power, rather than to doctrinal creeds, personal piety, and institutional self-preservation.

Adventism for a New Generation's opening chapters include a delightful comparison between Perestroika and Adventism. Succeeding chapters take us back to the roots of Adventism: Judaism, Protestant Reformation, "shouting" Methodism (its Pentecostal roots!),

Andy McRae, associate pastor for nurture and discipleship at Sligo SDA Church in Takoma Park, Maryland, has been a pastor for 22 years. He received a B.A. in theology from Southern Missionary College, an M.Div. from the SDA Theological Seminary at Andrews University, and is completing a D.Min. at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia.

and Millerism. Subsequently, the book links Adventism to Christianity's central doctrines, redefines the pillar doctrines of Adventism, and connects this renewed Adventist theology to both the church and the practical life of the world.

In the final section of the book, "Applying Our Theology in the Church and in the World," Daily addresses myriad issues. He draws special attention to what the results of Valuegenesis say about the Adventist family, and discusses how the church sometimes functions as a dysfunctional community. Daily also discusses Adventist attitudes toward social issues such as abortion, minorities, poverty, and feminism, and takes a cursory look at issues that concern and often divide both Adventists and the society—homosexuality, AIDS, premarital sex, music, amusements, dress standards, and competitive sports. The list reads like the index to Adventist Bull Sessions 101. Yet, through all of the hip-deep wading, Daily bends every discussion to his central theme of Jesus as the only Savior, the essence of "healthy religion," and the ultimate basis for interpreting Scripture.

An example is Daily's reflection on prophecy and Adventism's claim to be the "remnant church" of prophecy:

The Adventist church, like many others, has often overstated its relation to the remnant church of Scripture; throughout much of its history it has even made exclusive claims to remnant status. Such claims, past and present, are unfortunate evidence of unhealthy and dysfunctional religion in Adventism" (p. 194).

The author takes the church to task for its failure to allow the Spirit to lead it to surprise the predictions of sociology. Adventism, Daily declares, has reached the crossroads

that all institutions eventually reach: the choice between stagnation and death, or ferment and renewal. Daily calls his church to live beyond the parochial boundaries of denominationalization; to embrace not only other Christians, but God's other faiths as well.

As a pastor, I have discovered that *Adventism for a New Genera-*

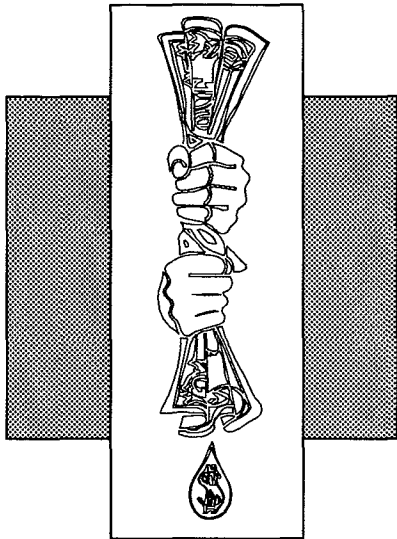
tion moves people to think about their faith in new ways, and discuss it with new language. In the Sabbath School class I facilitate at Sligo Church, we are working through the book and finding the experience stimulating and nourishing. Get it, read it, and discuss it. But Steve Daily, I think, would say, "Live it!"

An Excerpt From *Adventism for a New Generation*

My concern was addressed that night in a dream. I saw the colleges and universities of Southern California gathered together for a great student congress on the floor of the LA Coliseum. Each school was instructed to single out the one issue that was attracting the greatest attention on its campus. It was impressive to see the students of UCR erect a huge banner which read, "Free South Africa—Down with Apartheid." UCLA raised a similar sign with the words, "Stop World Hunger." UC Irvine was concerned about overpopulation and pollution. The Claremont colleges chose as their slogan, "End Racist Nationalism—Join the Sanctuary Movement." Fuller Theological Seminary raised the issue of sexism, expressing its support for women's ordination, and USC proudly proclaimed its commitment to fighting terrorism and the threat of nuclear war.

Then all eyes seemed to focus on La Sierra University as it elevated a gigantic poster that clearly contained the most perplexing message of the day. It was a very simple looking sign, inscribed with the word SHORTS. There was a moment of profound silence and then a pervasive buzz could be heard throughout the crowd. Most of the students seemed embarrassed that they were not familiar with what these letters stood for, assuming that SHORTS must be an acronym for something. A tremendous debate ensued as the various schools attempted to decode its meaning. One coed from USC suggested that the letters stood for, "the Shortage of Housing and Opposition to Rising Tuition by Students." But this idea was quickly dismissed by others as far too parochial and insignificant in its global implications to occupy the attention of an entire campus.

Suddenly, a UCR student shouted, "I've got it! I've got it! La Sierra has managed to include all of the major issues facing our world today in a single acronym. How could we be so blind? SHORTS obviously stands for South Africa, Hunger, Overpopulation, Racism, Terrorism/war, and Sexism." A murmur of approval quickly moved throughout the crowd and resulted in thunderous applause and shouts of jubilant affirmation. The roar became so deafening that it woke me from my sleep, and a still small voice whispered, "Why are the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light?"



Saving \$100 Million By Cutting Unions is Only Hype

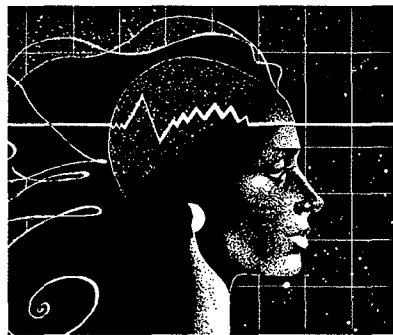
The article "North America—Can Cutting Unions Save \$100 Million?" (*Spectrum*, Vol. 23, No. 5) propagates the same misguided savings hype as does the original proposal, upon which it is obviously based. What few seem to take account of is that, in the Lake Union's case, at least—which is typical—over 33 percent of the title received by the union is typically appropriated back to the conferences and schools in addition to an even greater amount from non-title sources. Even if the proposed operating budget for the new re-

gional offices were realistic, the lost appropriations would seriously diminish the proposed savings.

I feel that a serious study on restructuring is probably long overdue. However, publishing statements such as "[it] would leave more than \$20 million each year that is not available to the local conferences"—which is untrue—raises unrealistic expectations that have no hope of being realized.

Harvey P. Kilsby
Lake Union Conference
Berrien Springs, Michigan

Defense of Hypnotism as Any Altered State of Consciousness



I wish Dr. Provonsha (*Spectrum*, Vol. 23, No. 4) was more aware that the meaning of the term *hypnosis* has undergone an evolution of major consequence.

First of all, one would have to

use a current definition and understanding of what current hypnotists mean when they discuss hypnosis. For example, quoting Ellen White about a physician's use of "drugs" is to be hopelessly irrelevant. Her use of the word, which was uniformly condemnatory, excluded any knowledge of anesthetics, antibiotics, antihistamines, or any of the psychoactive medicines we now call "drugs." Using references written in her day as valid commentary about drugs today would be anachronistic.

Second, one should at least tend to accept the results of valid re-

Readers react to hypnotism, cutting unions, female metaphors for God, and Scriven on the Atonement.

search, most of which has been done in the last 50 years, in understanding the nature of hypnosis, as well as the effects and capabilities of hypnotherapy.

Current practitioners of hypnotherapy regard any "altered state of consciousness," such as is produced by prayer, listening to music, Christian style meditation, listening to parables—in short, any indirect manner of communication—as being a use of hypnosis. (Hence Provonsha's reference to Lifton's discussion of brainwashing, which he equates with hypnosis, as virtually inseparable from what is commonly found in education, politics, and religion.)

Consequently, since contemporary specialists in hypnosis would affirm that the use of prayer, music, and parables (called "therapeutic metaphors," in current terms) increases suggestibility, we would find these practices therefore under the condemnation of Provonsha's first paragraph. By today's definitions, Jesus regularly used a number of hypnotic techniques.

We should not be contributing to the exaggerated fear of "mind controlling mind." None of us favors this happening, but it happens mostly without hypnosis. People are shamelessly manipulated to their own hurt every day all around us. But what we need to know, and that which would resolve our paranoia in this regard, is that it can only happen to us if we are willing collaborators. (The current fear-mongers are creating an anxiety that we might be hypnotized against our will and without knowing it!) Most of the fears are generated by misuse of quotations from Ellen G. White. Here is her own answer: Even Satan, with all his skills, "cannot control minds unless they are yielded to his control. The will must consent, faith must let go its hold upon Christ, before Satan can

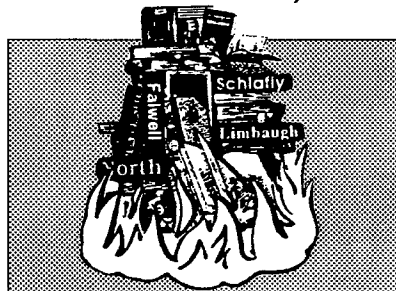
exercise his power upon us" (*The Desire of Ages*, p. 125).

So, to seek therapy from anyone, whether they use hypnotherapy or not, puts one in a position of asking to be influenced, no doubt desiring better relationships with others or circumstances, and this invited influence involves risks. The influence may be carried too far and become inappropriate manipulation. Certainly, in most cases where this has happened, hypno-

therapy was not the stated treatment. And it should be pointed out that in going to a medical doctor, the use of many psychoactive drugs involves identical risks. The same dangers are faced. A significant percentage of prescriptions today are in this category, and any surgery always includes such in the process of anesthesia.

Elden K. Walter
Springfield, Oregon

For E.G.W., Inaction was Heresy



The cover (*Spectrum*, Vol. 23, No. 4) said, "Is Conservatism a Heresy?" and I was interested. I turned to page 12 and there it was again, with a subhead saying that Ellen G. White used the term 30 times, and always in a negative sense. Then I looked at the art beside the title, and saw books burning—books labeled as though written by Jerry, Ollie, Phyllis, and Rush. "Oh-ho," says I, "finally they are going to take the gloves off and really bash political conservatives." For that is what these people are labeled—so-called right-wing conservatives.

Then I read the article, and we aren't talking about that at all. We are flagellating *religious* conservatives. But not really. If you take the four quotes on page 13, you will find that either the semantics have changed, or something else is definitely wrong. Today, Ellen G. White—or her secretaries—would have used the words *restrained*, *restricted*, *hesitant*, *inhibited*, or

something related.

Those quotes are in no way talking about what the author says the dictionary defines conservatism as: "devoted to the existing (religious) order of things, opposition to change." That would be a bias toward holding to old beliefs, and a resistance to changing those beliefs. Mrs. White's statements are not criticizing their beliefs as much as they are criticisms of the individuals' unwillingness to personally move out on what she—and, presumably, they—believed. They each address the lack of action on the part of the addressee. The quotes tell me that they just didn't have a fire in the belly to suit her. (Maybe they were still Methodists, but that isn't what Mrs. White is chewing on them for.) The author's professed shock at finding the quotes will subside when he realizes that the language has changed, and that she wasn't upset about a resistance to change, just a resistance to doing something about it.

And so the writer's piece doesn't match either the subhead or the art. The writer pretty well demonstrates that religious conservatism is heresy, but he sure doesn't buttress the top half of page 12.

Bob Patchin
Villa Park, California

More than Design, in God's Creation, Play is the Thing



When Yale biologist G. Evelyn Hutchinson selected the title for his celebrated book, *The Ecological Theater and the Evolutionary Play*, he coined one of the great metaphors of contemporary biology. His title encapsulates a central tenet of life science—that organisms interact with their environment and change as their environment changes. John Baldwin's recent article "God and His Most Glorious Theater" (*Spectrum*, Vol. 23, No. 3) thus caught my eye.

Baldwin demonstrates how William Paley in 1802 used an "argument from perfection," a subspecies of the design argument, to counter challenges leveled against the creatorship of God by Erasmus Darwin and other naturalistic thinkers. Specifically, the argument from perfection focuses on the "rise *de novo* of the 'first' new body part, instinct, or ability." It asks "how, biologically speaking, a brand new, first-time-ever body part can originate over many generations by means of many small, incomplete, initial stages called incipient forms, if none of these structures are useful entities in themselves . . . Thus in effect the argument from perfection holds nothing works until everything works."

Baldwin shows how this argument impacted the writings of 19th-century biologists, as well as publications by contemporary thinkers

from philosopher Alvin Plantinga to paleobiologist Stephen Jay Gould. He suggests "that the evidence points more convincingly to some kind of originating causality that in the final analysis lies beyond the reach of 'methodological naturalism.'" Thus, for Adventists and other theists concerned about creation, the theological implications of the argument from perfection call for a fresh, continuing study of the issue of the relationship between God and the world."

Baldwin deserves credit for reviving this compelling, two-century-old argument at a time when reflective scientists exhibit less and less confidence in wholly naturalistic presuppositions. As a Christian biologist who revels in nature and views life as a gift from the Creator, I resonate with Baldwin's conclusion—I see many of the intricacies of life as props in God's "most glorious theater." But while Baldwin makes a convincing case for design, his argument fails to consider evidence for God's "most glorious *play*," a process only dimly perceived in Paley's time and still incompletely understood today.

Recently my family and I watched a performance of the "Christmas Carol" at a nearby theater. The curtain rose on a beautifully crafted set. We marveled at the care taken to assure that everything from costumes to stage set was well designed and skillfully crafted. However, we had come to see more than pretty costumes and a colorful stage—we had come to see a play. While the theater was "perfect," it was the play that inspired us.

As a boy I was dazzled by the variety and elegance of life. I watched birds. I collected insects.

I searched for fossils. I kept pet snakes. I read books on mammals. I spent much of my time getting to know the props and actors in the theater of life. But as a professional biologist I now see beyond the "perfectly" designed theater to an unfolding play. Its a play that began at creation and continues today. No one has seen the final act. It's a play infinitely more interesting and awe-inspiring than the theater, impressive as that is. Indeed, the theater itself changes as the story unfolds. This is no ordinary play. This is God's most glorious play!

Evidence for God's play is just as compelling as evidence for God's design. It permeates contemporary life and fossil record. Life was created with the incredible capacity to respond to environmental change. In some cases, responses have been minor; in others they have been extensive—God's play features both subtlety and crescendo.

When God created eyes, for example, he created "perfect" structures—but not unchanging structures. Eyes exhibit only secondary adaptation to dim light, prey movement, submersion, water-air interfaces, and burrowing. Some eyes, like those of bats and rhinos, are barely adequate; others, such as those in birds of prey, reach acuities far exceeding those of human eyes. Still others, like those of cave animals, are sightless. The same could be said for any other anatomical structure or behavioral modality—all have experienced modification, often at a "macro-evolutionary" level.* To posit that many of these changes occurred as the result of sin does not alter the simple fact that, at the most fundamental level, all organisms are designed with the capacity to change.

Thus the concepts of change and creation are not antithetical. Indeed, they complement one another. The computer I'm now using

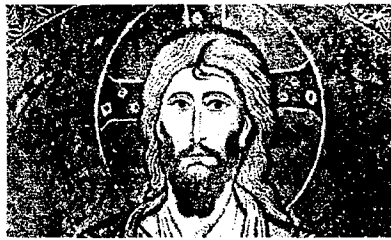
functions “perfectly.” It is a marvel of design. It does exactly what I want it to do. I can link it to peripherals, make it talk to other computers, program it to sort data, and even add to its memory. But if someone decided to change the form of wall receptacles or the magnitude of voltage surging through them, a new generation of computers adapted to the change would not be spawned by my computer and its contemporaries! Humans make unchanging machines. God creates changing organisms.

Kudos for John Baldwin’s insightful article. We glory in the perfection of God’s theater. Are we ready, now, to embrace his play?

James L. Hayward
Berrien Springs, MI

* “Macroevolution” refers to alterations such as the change from herbivory to carnivory (and vice versa) among animals, the development of complex life cycles among parasites, and dramatic shifts in leaf shape and function among plants. Seventh-day Adventist creationists have acknowledged the existence of such changes for a long time, though they have usually avoided referring to them as “macroevolutionary” (see the appendix to my article in *Spectrum*, Vol. 21, No. 2, pp. 23-33). Mechanisms of macroevolutionary change are not well understood, but are becoming more comprehensible as our knowledge of developmental genetics improves. Increasingly, I hear Adventist biologists using the term “*megaevolution*” to refer to postulated changes of magnitude unacceptable within a creationist paradigm—tacit recognition that the evidence for *macroevolution*, as commonly defined by biologists, is hard to ignore.

No to Scriven’s “God’s Justice, Yes; Penal Substitution, No”



My disagreement with Dr. Charles Scriven’s article “God’s Justice, Yes; Penal Substitution, No” (Vol. 23, No. 3) is over emphasis, scope, and theology. Agreed, the gospel is social. But it is also more than just social. If by gospel one means “good news,” the good news certainly is about God and his character, and one aspect of this is the way he runs his government and how he reunites his universe-wide family. This, to me, the universe-wide family reunited and living together with mutual trust and trustworthiness, is truly a “social” concept.

Dr. Scriven would lead us to believe that “God’s justice is central.” I have no problem with this. However, would it be any less true to say, “God’s righteousness is central”? As Dr. Scriven so amply points out in his applauded criticism of the penal or forensic theory, the weakness of *substitution* as a metaphor is that it obscures the fundamental purposes of the cross. I believe he is also guilty by choosing *justice* as his metaphor. I am told the Greek word for *justice* is the same word for *righteousness*. On what basis then is each word chosen? Why are these two often separate concepts allowed to remain so? Is it possible to discover a concept common to both, perhaps closer to the modern meaning of *righteousness*—doing the right thing?

I believe *justice*—even, in fair-

ness to Dr. Scriven, “God’s justice”—fails as an accurate metaphor for atonement precisely because of the way it “shap[es] the way we think and live.” Again, why is *justice* separated from *righteousness*? Is it a mere accident? I think not. In any event, I believe modern *justice* as a metaphor cannot help but put our thinking in a legal mode and turn the atonement into a mere adjustment of legal standing. What a shame! Justice is a poor metaphor because it is often seen as a distinct concept from righteousness—an artificial distinction, at least biblically. This is often reflected in questions such as: “Can God be just and yet merciful?” Doing the right thing, the correct thing, is the just and the loving thing, and I believe this is more closely captured in the modern term *righteousness*. God’s character is the real issue here. This is what was on display throughout Christ’s life and especially on the cross. The term *justice* often obscures this connection and is more easily isolated, as if it is above God (as many forensic theorists’ will portray it).

In the same vein, surely God saves through partnership with people “called for witness.” But in emphasizing “social justice” as God’s means of salvation, is not Dr. Scriven guilty of the same egocentric view he so accurately laid on the proponents of the Latin theory? The penal theory makes salvation strictly an appeal to an individual; so also the “social justice” theory—as posed by Dr. Scriven—makes an appeal limited to the earth. This is one of many worlds! Dr. Scriven’s view does not take into account those

not living in the squalor of sin and its injustices.

We as Seventh-day Adventists believe the conflict—the Great Controversy—is universal. Satan has centered his attack squarely on God's character—his way of doing things and, along with many of us, portrays him as arbitrary, vengeful, severe, exacting, and unforgiving. Those who have not sinned still need to have these questions of God's character answered for the universe to be truly secure. The Bible (and E. G. White) speaks of only one salvation, not a legal (or social) one for us sinners on this earth, versus a trust earned by demonstration and backed with evidence for the on-

looking universe. Should we not attempt to be as encompassing as possible in our descriptions of salvation, the atonement, the gospel, and yes, even violence and the nature of sin? Is not God's character, as revealed perfectly in Christ (fully God himself), the basis for us to trust God to heal the damage done by sin (salvation), and the basis for reuniting the universal family (at-one-ment or reconciliation)? Is not his character and the truth that he is "not what his enemies have made him out to be," the best of news, the real gospel?

Kevin G. Drew
Berrien Springs, Michigan

In his article, "God's Justice, Yes; Penal Substitution, No" (*Spectrum*, Vol. 23, No. 3), Dr. Charles Scriven has apparently taken issue with the Reformation doctrine, the substitutionary death of Christ on Calvary's cross. For your consideration, I would like to point out that the 27 fundamental doctrines published by the Ministerial Association of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists has some thoughts on the subject.

1.) Christ's substitutionary death provided the deliverance from the penalty of sin and the gift of eternal life for repentant sinners (2 Corinthians 5:21; Romans 6:23; 1

Peter 3:18), (p. 113).

2.) Scripture clearly teaches the universal nature of Christ's substitutionary death, (p. 113).

3.) He (God) accepted Christ as man's representative and divine substitute to receive his judgment on sin, (p. 111).

Our church hymnal and the writings of our much respected Ellen G. White are also apparently in conflict with his nonsubstitution thesis. An article by an Adventist scholar standing by the substitution theory is certainly needed.

Paul W. Jackson
Chester, Pennsylvania

In *Spectrum*, Vol. 23, No. 3, you have an article by Dr. Scriven entitled "God's Justice, Yes; Penal Substitution, No." It has a serious flaw. It tries to discuss God's justice without doing so in the light of his judgment. As a result it comes to some very questionable conclusions.

Jesus mentioned God's judgment repeatedly, especially in his parables—most particularly in the parable of the wheat and the tares in Matthew 13. It brings out a vital point. The tares, or weeds, were not preserved out of a sense of what justice to them requires, but only to make clear that burning is the only proper end for them. Dr. Scriven may not consider this burning to be penal; I do.

The article closes with a section on "nonviolence," saying that Jesus "espoused" it. On an individual basis this is true, but we will search in vain for statements showing that he condemned the punishment of violent criminals by those chosen to protect society. His statements about forgiveness are directed to us as individuals. It is presumptuous of us to forgive wrongs committed against others. In Romans 13:4 we are told ". . . the authority does not bear the sword in vain! It is the servant of God to execute wrath on the wrongdoer" (NRSV).

Kenneth H. Hopp
Yucaipa, California

Scriven Says Penal Substitutionary Atonement is Still Unbiblical

My argument in the article, which was originally presented as a paper at a conference on Christian ethics, is that the Jesus story, leading up to the cross and climaxing in the resurrection, proves that the Gospel of God is social as well as personal. God

wants, through covenant partnership with each of us, to heal the human *community* as well as the individuals who make up that community.

The argument rests most of all on a single claim: that to the Hebrew mind divine justice, said by

Paul (in Romans 3) to have been "demonstrated" at the cross, is steadfast and compassionate faithfulness; it is faithfulness in meeting the needs of the creation, especially the needs of the vulnerable, and in building community within that creation. The view that God's justice is *essentially retributive*, or focused on correct punishment, is unbiblical. It's true that the wages of sin is death. It's true that Jesus bore undeserved punishment on

our behalf. But it's not true that biblical justice required the murder of Jesus in order to legitimate divine forgiveness. Since the penal substitutionary theory rests on this mistaken view, it is itself mistaken.

For Scripture, just deeds matter more than pious words. But in this case the doctrinal error is worth fussing over because it sabotages the right *practice* of the Christian faith. The whole psychology of the penal substitutionary interpretation is individualistic. As I argue at length in the article, both God and the followers of God become preoccupied with their own inner life, their own holiness, their own prospects for personal integrity. Attention to matters outside the self is bound to suffer under these conditions, and it does: popular piety shaped by the penal substitutionary theory displays, as a rule, little interest in the questions of community and justice that

stirred the prophets and their successor Jesus, whom we believe to be the promised Messiah and the very Son of God.

I have spent a lifetime changing my mind under the influence of thoughtful Christian fellowship and conversation. One reason is that the Seventh-day Adventist Church's statement of fundamental beliefs, embraced at the Dallas General Conference in 1980, begins with acknowledgment that God's Spirit will lead us to "fuller understanding" and "better language." My reflections on the blood atonement of Christ are offered in the spirit of this acknowledgment and this document.

I am ready to change my mind here, too. It's just that someone must *show* (by attention to the general pattern, not just a key text or a stretched interpretation) that when Jesus and the prophets spoke of

justice they had in mind a lawyerly retribution rather than God's compassionate faithfulness to the original community-building promises. None of *Spectrum's* correspondents addresses the heart of my argument. None attempts any exegesis of any scriptural passage, let alone the ones on which I remark.

Nor does any, by the way, acknowledge that we may embrace God's wide concern with community and *still* affirm the divine offer of *personal* forgiveness and call to *personal* commitment. As I said in the article, "the personal is not a frill but a fundamental." Yet if, by design or misleading metaphor, we limit God to the personal, then the famous phrase of J. B. Phillips, the Bible translator, applies precisely: Our God is too small.

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