

It Takes a Church...

To nurture hope in the face of horror . . . to encourage pilgrims of faith . . . to embrace the morally outraged.

Surprised by Grace

by *Darold Bigger*

Shortly after I arrived at the office on Monday morning, June 17, John Cress, the campus chaplain, phoned. He asked if I would come to his office; he wanted to talk with me about "a matter of some urgency." I assumed a student had gotten into trouble over the weekend and he wanted some advice. It surely wouldn't be trouble in his own family—he had lost his mother and father-in-law in recent months. I hoped it wouldn't be another crisis for him.

Barbara, my wife, was already at his office when I arrived. (She later explained that he had phoned her, too, with the same request. When she arrived he wouldn't tell her why he had called. He wasn't interested in small talk, either—just wanted to wait for me.) My goodness, I thought, surely it wasn't one of *our* kids who got into trouble over the weekend.

He asked me to sit down as he walked toward us, then said, "I have the worst news I could ever share with you. Shannon was killed, murdered, in Washington, D.C."

Shannon had been a student missionary in the Pacific, on the island of Yap, teaching first grade. Most recently, she had been working at Washington

Adventist Hospital as a development intern.

Our shock and disbelief filled most of the next half-hour. His phone call to the Montgomery County police detectives, in Maryland, verified the facts. Shannon hadn't responded to phone calls from our cousins, who live in the area, Sunday night and Monday morning. When she didn't show up to work, one of our cousins went to her apartment, found her door ajar and discovered her body in the bedroom. He ran to the manager's office; the police were called. The next day we learned of the Father's Day disaster.

Henning Guldhammer, a pastor at the college church, came to the chaplain's office and the two of them helped us organize our day. Guldhammer drove us home, where we told our other daughter, Hilary, and Rosemary Laarad, the Micronesian high school student who came to live with us two years ago.

The rest of the day is a blur of phone calls, doorbells, sobbing, decisions, questions, and sobbing and sobbing. In two weeks I was planning to move Shannon to her new job as director of development at Gem State Academy in Idaho. We knew the school would benefit from her delight at sharing good news about church institutions, her excitement at working with young people, and her easy commitment to God. And we thought the school administration, academy supporters, and the supervision of Philanthropic Service for Institutions at the General

Conference would nurture her professional development. We were all anxious to have her back closer to home.

Through a series of careful police procedures and the working of providence, a suspect was arrested on Tuesday morning. Other apartment residents described an unknown white van that had been in the parking lot on Sunday. Detectives watched the videotape from the parking lot surveillance camera, saw the van, and traced the license plate to a stolen vehicle in the District of Columbia. Late Monday night, they drove to the area of the District where the license plate had been stolen and spent several hours looking for the white van with those stolen plates. Just when they were ready to give up, the van pulled up beside them. They followed it, but could not pull it over because they were Maryland police, out of their jurisdiction in the District. Within a few blocks, they saw a District police vehicle, which pulled the van over and arrested the driver. The driver told them who his partner was and where he lived. They obtained a search warrant, which they served first thing the next morning. Several items from Shannon's apartment were in his residence. They arrested the suspect, who was watching Shannon's TV set from his bed, and charged him with the brutal murder. (He has since been arraigned on charges of murder, robbery with a dangerous weapon, and attempted rape in the first degree.)

Amazing Peace

I've always dreaded what I would do if someone tried to hurt my daughters. A man of ample temper and dogged determination, I've hoped strong friends would surround me at such a time, to prevent me from doing something I would long regret.

Some tried to provide comfort about issues that did not trouble us. Black friends privately apologized that the murderer was black. Others would commiserate with us about our suffering from the violent consequences of poverty. Still others blamed cities. If Shannon, we would be consoled, had been more suspicious of race, the desperation of the poor, the hatred and violence of cities . . . It's all right, they seemed to say; you have reason to be angry.

But those feelings didn't come. There was no clenched-teeth rage at the suspect, no seething passion for revenge. This wasn't a choice, mind you,

no lofty Christian ideal of turning the other cheek. It was a gift. God's grace surprised me. It let me ignore Shannon's attacker and helped me focus my anger on the real source of the problem.

That surprise of grace allows me to devote my thoughts and energy to the battle against evil, not the battle against Shannon's murderer. As Paul reminded us,

For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms (Ephesians 6:12, NIV).

To be consumed with vengeance toward an individual or a race or a society would distract us from the even broader picture.

This is not to say that the accused's arrest, trial, and eventual sentencing is of no consequence. We're very relieved that he was apprehended, so that the cycle of his violence and disregard of others is stopped. But halting him does not stop evil, and that is our ultimate objective. In the trauma of death, ultimate questions seem the only meaningful ones.

When we attended Shannon's memorial service at the Silver Spring Seventh-day Adventist church in Maryland, the television stations covered the story. Our testimony of hope in spite of tragedy appeared on the evening news programs of all the television stations of the nation's capital.

Surprised by Community

It didn't take long after we first heard the horrible news to realize that we wouldn't be able to keep up with the telephone and doorbell. Our friends blanketed us with love. Even though many resisted the impulse to come or call and the telephone was constantly busy, hundreds were able to get through and make personal contact. John Brunt, academic vice president at Walla Walla College, left his office and, for several days, spent his entire time taking notes for me, answering inquiries, making telephone calls—even shining shoes. Liz Heisler, assistant to the vice-president for academic administration at Walla Walla College, and a family friend, sat for hours over several days by our telephone. She took messages and initiated calls between calls. Henning Gulddammer, the pastor, John Cress, the chaplain, and John Brunt spent hours with us, cell phones in hand, helping arrange disposition of Shannon's body and plan funeral and memorial services.

Alden Thompson, an Old Testament teacher at Walla Walla College, came the first day to share our sadness. He sat in our living room and, through his tears, recited a paragraph from memory:

Each morning consecrate yourselves and your children to God for that day. Make no calculation for months or years; these are not yours. One brief day is given you. As if it were your last on earth, work during its hours for the Master. Lay all your plans before God, to be carried out or given up, as His providence shall indicate. Accept His plans instead of your own, even though their acceptance requires the abandonment of cherished projects. Thus the life will be molded more and more after the divine example; and "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." *Philippians 4:7* (Ellen White, *Testimonies for the Church*, vol 7, p. 44).

I find myself often praying now with open hands, trying to learn how to surrender what was so precious to me.

Doug Clark, chair of the school of theology at Walla Walla College, sent an e-mail from Jordan on the Sabbath after Shannon died. "I didn't go to church in Amman today," he said. "Instead, in Shannon's honor I've climbed up Mount Nebo to look at the Promised Land."

One day a strange noise outside led us to discover a group from the campus and church tilling our not-yet-landscaped yard and planting flowers. Horse lovers fed our horses for nearly two weeks. Steve Payne, Walla Walla College's vice-president of admissions and marketing, spent hours helping us with the delicate task of meeting the media, even using his own frequent flyer miles to accompany us to Shannon's memorial in Washington, D.C.

Funds were set up at both the college and Blue Mountain Credit Union to help us with the overload of expenses. A Walla Walla College endowment fund in Shannon's memory, devoted to supporting student missionaries, has received gifts and pledges of more than \$15,000. Washington Adventist Hospital gave us the use of a car and apartment while we were in Washington. Several individuals have offered a free stay at their vacation cabins. Others have promised to give us their frequent flyer miles for our tickets to attend the trial. The Silver Spring church members have blessed us with audio- and videotapes, full of memories and lasting friendships. Families who have lost children or had relatives murdered have quietly reached out to us. Flowers, food, cards, and letters have poured in to us from near and far in such volume we have not been able to keep up in expressing our thanks.

As so many reached out to help us through this time, a paraphrase of the conclusion of John's gospel comes to mind:

Jesus' community did many other things as well. If every one of them were written down, I suppose that even the whole world would not have room for the books that would be written! (*John 21:25, NIV*).

Another passage that brings hope to us as we think of Shannon, we have come to connect with the Christian community that nurtured Shannon throughout her life and continues to sustain us after her death:

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? . . . No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord (*Romans 8:35, 37-39, NIV*).

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Pilgrims in the Hills of Carolina

by Randy Neall

A lot can come unglued in a little Adventist church when an elder lets it be known, even if only in private, that he no longer believes that Creation occurred in six days only a few thousand years ago. When that happens, a sequence of responses are in order. First, labor with that elder. If that fails, relieve him of all church offices. If the ideas appear to be spreading, preach sermons and privately meet with other members. If that fails, shut down the church.

That may sound heavy-handed, but faithfulness to Adventism leaves few alternatives. A long and gradual creation, where life, suffering, and death precede human existence is perceived as threatening the very heart of Adventism: not only the Sabbath, but our ideas about the cause of suffering and death, the nature of biblical authority, and the reliability of

Ellen White. Beyond all that, a long, gradual creation raises questions about the very nearness—or remoteness—of God himself.

So, when the Carolina Conference secretary and ministerial secretary arrived Wednesday evening, December 6, 1995, to shut down what had been the 35-member Edneyville, North Carolina, church, they were only doing what they had to do.

I sat on the back row and stared around the room at the walls and trim I had helped paint and stain, the podium where I had often stood, the whiteboard I had often used. Now that board listed the assets in the church—chairs, tables, books, dishes, clock, etc., and the old piano we had struggled to buy.

Edneyville began in 1987 as a rare experiment within this conference, as a church where there would be more than the customary latitude to discuss and probe. Our goal was inspiration through education, to be able to leave from week to week knowing more than we did when we arrived. We studied not only the Bible, but also church history and comparative religion. We studied the prophecies, too, and always retained the Adventist belief that a great testing message would someday emerge, while recognizing the limitations of the Adventist concept of what that message would be. We were Adventist, and quite conservative at that. We were a bonded, happy family.

But now this. I felt a deep sense of tragedy as the two conference men solemnly told us that complete spiritual shipwreck was all we could look forward to. Had I never said anything, this would not be happening.

I was no longer alone, and that was the problem. Among the others was Bill DuBois, who was obliged to resign as elder and Sabbath school teacher at the same time I did. Our beloved pastor, whom I still hold in highest esteem, labored with us both. At one point, he handed Bill and me a printout from his Ellen G. White compact disk. The search word he had keyed into his computer was *infidel*, which yielded a trove of quotations on geologists. He meant no offense, and how I wished I could oblige his sincere efforts on our behalf and ease his grief.

He conceded that he could not explain why the fossils of the geologic column fell into such a damning sequence, but, he argued, given missing rocks in the Grand Canyon, anachronistic radiometric readings from Hawaiian volcanoes and other such things, geologists have as many problems with their position as creationists do with theirs. So, with the scientific scores of the two sides in a dead heat, it

made sense to him to let the Bible settle the issue, particularly since God was there and we were not. Moreover, from Inspiration it can be proven that we are about to enter the jubilee millennium, the seventh since Creation, to be ushered in by the second coming of Christ.

Back in 1975, while serving as a young, earnest information officer at Andrews University, I perceived that the forces of light and darkness were engaged in battle, right on campus, over the age of the earth. Heading up the fight for Adventist truth was Robert H. Brown, then head of the Geoscience Research Institute. I publicized his research on Carbon-14 dating, where he argued against the technology's accuracy on dates prior to 2000 B.C. The local media picked it up, as did *Ministry Magazine*. Larry Geraty rebutted the piece in the school paper, but I, knowing the truth of Brown's research from the Bible itself, paid no attention.

Despite an occasional doubt now and then, my faith in the traditional viewpoint held firm for nearly two decades. Ron Wyatt, for one, helped sustain my faith by producing a video, featuring William Shea, describing the discovery of Noah's ark, complete with chambers, struts, and all. I saw to it that the video was shown at Edneyville. That anchor of faith lasted more than a year, until shattered by the *Adventist Review*. Then, in the summer of 1994, I decided to learn what I could, without bias, about origins.

I borrowed everything on the subject that I could find, including copies of *Spectrum* from a friend here who had not missed an issue since 1972, and two inches of reports from the Geoscience Research Institute. One small set of papers stood out. On the surface they were innocuous enough—a simple diagram and description of the geologic column and its fossil content, just the raw data, as it were, without much scientific editorializing.

A few things were obvious right on the surface. The farther down the column you go, the more unlike today's life fossils become, whether marine or land, plant or animal. Not a single fish, not even a single vertebra, is to be found among the low-level, Cambrian marine fossils. The fossils lowest in the column are simple cells, followed by tiny, worm-like creatures. Then follows a definite sequence, with mammals appearing only in the upper portions of the column and humans at the very top—and probably not because some animals could outrun the Flood better than others. Plants, without the capacity to run from rising water, exhibit the same progression from simple to complex forms.

All through the column, organisms are buried precisely where they formed, lived, and walked, surprisingly undisturbed. The *Adventist Review* reported rock-encased fossil dinosaur eggs arranged neatly in whole colonies of nests. How could a dinosaur, with hundreds of feet of fossil-bearing rock below it (and later plenty of rock above it) possibly be able to walk around and leave tracks, much less lay eggs, if all that underlying rock represented the accumulation of only a single catastrophe only weeks in the making?

I called the current head of the Geoscience Research Institute to learn how he interprets the sequence of fossils of the geologic column. His explanation was that the various life forms were geographically segregated prior to the Flood in patterns wildly unlike they are today. Though he did not say so explicitly, I could only gather that the pre-Flood world must have been very mountainous, and mice and all other mammals confined themselves to very high elevations, carefully avoiding the valleys, the habitats of reptiles.

Let radiometric dating be a lie, evolution a fraud, and geologists knaves and infidels, the geologic column still requires *time*, with species segregated by time rather than ecological zone. The evidence was, to me, so clear, graphic, simple, and unmediated by geologists, that my mind simply denied me the freedom of choice to come to a conclusion other than a long, gradual creation.

I once met a lady whose religion forbade her to believe that people have been to the moon. All evidence of such were an elaborate hoax foisted on a gullible public by evil men. Was God now testing my loyalty to him in terms of my ability to mimic her? If so, in what sense is loyalty to him honest, ethical, or different from any other prejudice? Those were the questions that burned within me as I staggered under the weight of my conclusion; as I listened to the entreaties and warnings of family, pastor, and fellow Edneyville members.

When sight is neither possible nor relevant, we must live by faith, but what about when sight is inescapable? Sight, particularly of physical objects arranged without human intervention, commands its own form of belief. The command not to lie is a requirement, in part, to be faithful to one's senses.

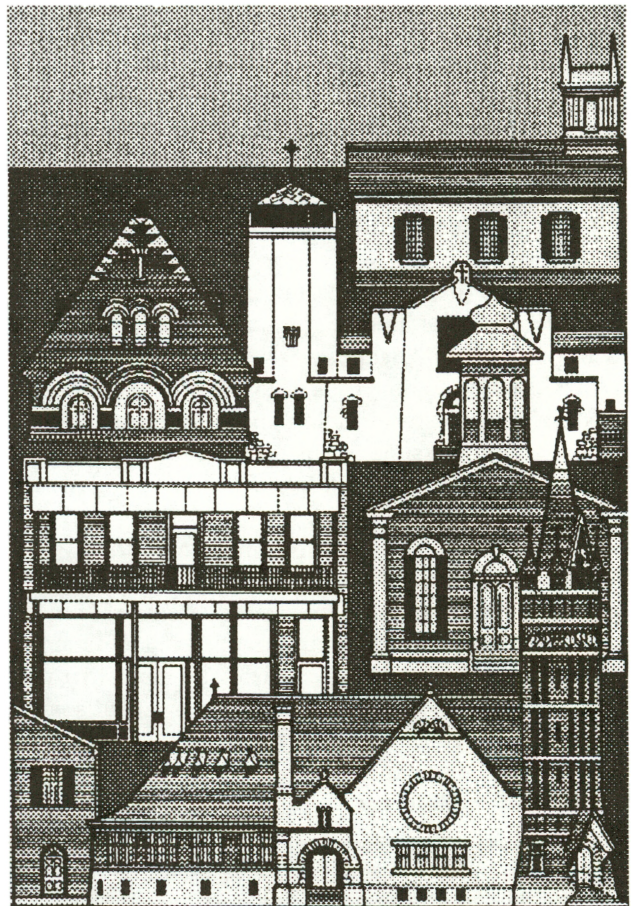
And yet, was I willing to deny the authenticity of the thunderous announcement of a six-day creation of Exodus 20 and allow that a God who is Truth would have allowed historical error in the vital first chapters of his own book? Is Adventism, with its three angels, no better than any other denomination or cult? And

how was I to account for Christ's mission to this earth, occasioned not so much by a Fall as by the sheer brutality and darkness of primitiveness itself?

My crisis was bluntly but clearly articulated by one of our leading members: "I don't see how you can call yourself an Adventist." We had invited him and his wife to supper one Sabbath evening in a fruitless effort to rebuild the broken bridge. Soon afterwards, that couple and others transferred to a more reliable Adventist congregation.

I had a simple choice to make: Come up with new answers or leave the church, and I had to do so alone. *Spectrum* at least defines the problem. For instance, in an article entitled, "Negotiating the Creation-Evolution Wars," Fritz Guy catalogues the various options (including Genesis without geology, Genesis controlling geology, and geology controlling Genesis). Guy then declares, quite rightly, that there is no free lunch with any of them (*Spectrum*, Vol. 20, No. 1, pp. 40-45). But none of the authorities in these parts had any incentive whatever to help me work out my findings within an Adventist framework.

In the months since December 6, I devoted many weekends trying to forge on paper a solution to my



own spiritual dilemma. I found myself driven to something much larger than Creation, per se: God's extreme reluctance to provide us miraculous visual evidence of himself, even when it is provable that it would be in our best interest for him to do so (Matthew 11:21-23). That reluctance—not to mention its human toll—is apparent throughout biblical history, church history, world history, and yes, natural history. Were it not for a larger purpose than the salvation of humankind, questions could be raised about God's commitment to the human race. That larger purpose I understand to be a "great controversy," played out within a race of beings who must choose the right apart from coercive visual inducement. Ethical freedom, and therein the potential for unfeigned goodness, can thus be demonstrated here under circumstances impossible in the realm of angels. Perhaps that is one way we help to resolve Heaven's dispute.

For me, the key to the problem has proven to be, ironically enough, a page right out of Adventism. I know of no other tradition that comes as close to giving humanity an intelligible role in a cosmic contest, and that tries as hard to uphold an apocalyptic denouement worthy of the tragic duration. The church seems not to recognize how profoundly in need of change many of its concepts are. But seeds of change are implied in its current holdings. And moral accountability in view of a judgment is not a bad idea. I am in debt both to geology and Adventism for goading me toward a treasure I shall never relinquish, a hint of the reason for God's persistent naturalistic disguise. To chance upon a key to that enigma is to find God's hiding place. And then he does not seem as hidden anymore. Thus, I remain, with passion, an Adventist.

Adventist congregations elsewhere have taken a pastoral interest in our little band of pilgrims. They have made it possible for us to retain our membership in the Seventh-day Adventist Church, for which we are profoundly grateful.

Still, I keep on display a picture of our little Edneyville group from happier days, complete with babies, children, parents, and grandparents. As we smiled in front of the camera that pleasant summer afternoon a few years ago, we hadn't a clue what was coming. Soon we were to receive our troubled script, to be played out on our tiny stage in the mountains of North Carolina. One can only guess the dimensions of the stage on which that script will be repeated.

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No, We Won't Let You Go

by Brent Geraty

In August 1995, following the General Conference session in Utrecht, Netherlands, Glenn Coe, an attorney in Hartford, Connecticut, and past president of the Association of Adventist Forums, wrote an open letter to "my church and its leaders." While the church's refusal to ordain women clearly was a motivating concern, Coe identified several areas in which he found the church's "literalist approach" to be problematic. In light of the "personal turmoil" Coe experienced in attempting to harmonize his personal convictions with the church's actions, Coe's letter asked for "counsel as to what I should do with respect to my church membership and further participation in the Seventh-day Adventist Church." Coe encouraged readers to share his letter openly to foster discussion and prompt "similarly conflicted Adventists" to share their disillusionment with church leaders. According to Coe's letter, "[i]f the level of disillusionment is insignificant then that will be convincing to me that I am truly out of step with Adventism and that it is now time for me to leave."

In November 1995, Coe submitted a letter to David Dennis, pastor of the Connecticut Valley Adventist church, stating that he was withdrawing his membership in the church. Coe had served the church in the past as elder, Sabbath school superintendent, chair of the school board, religious liberty director, leader of a Sabbath school class. He had given Bible studies to a number of Hartford professionals, some of whom are now church members. At a December 1995 meeting, the church board voted to "table" Coe's request rather than forward it to a church business meeting for a decision on membership. According to Dennis, the church board's tabling of Coe's request was an attempt to elevate pastoral concerns over policy concerns. "How can we by policy throw someone out of the church, even at his own request, when he is working for justice and fairness?" asked Dennis.

Spectrum interviewed Coe about matters preceding and following his request for the withdrawal of his church membership.

Spectrum: What were you hoping to accomplish by writing your August 1995 letter and encouraging its circulation?

Coe: I hoped initially for dialogue, particularly among church leaders.

Spectrum: Were you successful?

Coe: I did receive some wonderful letters from individuals whom I both knew and did not know. Except for a few, they were letters that agreed with the questions that I raised and almost uniformly urged me to stay in the church. They argued almost without exception that one is more effective within the church. I also understand that there was some lively discussion in CompuServe's Adventists On-Line service. Several individuals recruited me to join in the discussion, but my computer illiteracy and busy schedule unfortunately combined to prevent my participation at that time. A very few told me how their spirituality had actually increased after leaving the church and encouraged me not to lose my interest in spiritual matters after leaving the church.

Spectrum: What response, if any, did you receive from church leaders?

Coe: To my first letter, I received no response from church leaders (above the local church level) except for some teachers in various of our schools (La Sierra's Fritz Guy and a few from Andrews University) and from the Columbia Union president, Ralph Martin. Aside from those very few, I got no response from any church leaders. That was not entirely surprising since all are busy and have many demands on their time. It was, perhaps, a little disappointing, since I considered the three leaders to whom I sent letters to be more than just acquaintances. After the second letter went out, I did get letters from two of the three and a note from the third.

Spectrum: It does not sound as though you are satisfied with the response your letter generated.

Coe: I had hoped that the first letter might have generated a wider discussion within the church. I had hoped, further, that such a discussion might have resulted in church leaders taking another look at what had happened at Utrecht and the potential consequences that the decision would have for the church. The fact that it did not occur, that the necessary level of discourse did not materialize, in part led to my personal conviction that the prospect for change in the church was almost nonexistent. I am not talking only about the issue of women. The problem is far deeper and more intractable, and that makes it difficult, if not impossible, for the church to deal thoughtfully and responsibly with the many issues that it is confronting or needs to confront. The church's approach to determining truth creates a

barrier—whether it is insurmountable or not I won't venture to say—to God. Since the church has already charted a path for itself, it has predetermined its positions. How can God change minds that already know what God wants?

Spectrum: Having rejected the "change from within" strategy as futile, did you have any expectations regarding the withdrawal of your membership?

Coe: I really did not make my decision based on any expectation. I made my decision because I felt it was consistent with my convictions and my understanding of where the church is and will continue to be in the future.

Spectrum: Were you hoping to stir to action others who might believe similarly?

Coe: I have to leave to each individual the decision of how they see their relationship with the church. I did not, and I do not, see my role to be one of marshaling or encouraging or working toward any mass exodus from the church. I think people have to make that decision for themselves. I appreciate the respect that most people accorded me in the decision that I made, and I am going to accord them the respect they have shown me. However, I think it is fair to say that church leadership believes it has survived this issue with little loss, and that is unfortunate.

Spectrum: Describe, if you can, the personal impact of your decision to withdraw your membership.

Coe: As I think about how it has affected me, I suppose it would not be surprising to say that I am going through phases. Initially I was quite apprehensive about the road that I started down. I was concerned about whether I would be able to contain my level of interest in spirituality and the Bible. Having taught Sabbath school classes in my local church for many years, I had weekly occasion to turn my thoughts to spiritual and religious themes; I wondered if breaking with that cycle would make it difficult for me to sustain my interest in spiritual matters as well as such spirituality as I personally have. There came a time when I felt freed from the blinders we and others have a tendency to put on ourselves, and I do feel more open to insight and perception and understanding that I am not sure I would have entertained previously. Sometimes these experiences are quite exciting.

On another level, I feel quite conflicted. I have not wanted to hurt the church in my community and in the State of Connecticut. When an article comes out such as that which appeared a few weeks ago identifying me as a Seventh-day Adventist and saying the things that it said about me, I got many calls from lawyers, judges, clients, and religious people who read the article.* It gave me pause because if they were to know of the decision I made to withdraw my membership, it would become part of their understanding of Adventism. Future articles, if there are any, would or could have a negative effect on the church, and I have not wanted to see that happen. There are a few colleagues in the legal and professional community in whom I have confided about the passage through which I am traveling. When they see an article published saying that I am a Seventh-day Adventist, it contributes to some confusion.

Spectrum: In light of the decision by the local church in Hartford to table your request, what will become of your effort to withdraw your membership?

Coe: At some point, I will need a greater level of clarity with respect to my membership. Presently, I am weighing whether renouncing my membership is the only way to achieve that clarity. I am torn between my many friendships within the church, locally and elsewhere, and an issue of morality and justice being violated by the church organization. Perhaps what is needed is what was suggested by one friend—bifurcating membership so that one

could choose to be a member of a local church but not of the denomination. In the meantime, I remain appreciative of the concern that my local church has shown for me.

Nearing the one-year anniversary of his request to have his membership in the Seventh-day Adventist Church removed, Coe remains an active member of his local Seventh-day Adventist congregation in Hartford. In fact, the local church nominating committee in Hartford tapped Coe earlier this year for several local church positions, and Coe accepted. According to Pastor Dennis, "Glenn is still creatively thinking about how to improve the outreach and mission of our church." In addition, when Atlantic Union officials learned that Coe was still on his local church's books, they insisted that Coe remain a member of the Atlantic Union's executive committee.

* In May 1996, the *Hartford Courant* printed a story about the hiring of Coe to investigate corruption allegations in the town of Torrington's police department. The mayor of Torrington explained that she hired Coe because "his credentials are impeccable, . . . he is precise, he wastes no time, wastes no words and he gets the job done as soon as possible. Nobody had anything bad to say about him, and that's unusual in the legal field." The *Courant's* story also noted, "Colleagues have described Coe, a Seventh-day Adventist who does not drink, swear or smoke, as straight-laced and a nice guy."

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