

Spectrum

The Journal of the Association of Adventist Forums

Teachers and Students

OTILIE STAFFORD:
TRANSFORMER OF WORLDS

GROWING UP ON ZION'S HOLY MOUNTAIN:
PACIFIC UNION COLLEGE

MERGE 14 NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGES
INTO TWO? KNITTEL—YES! GERATY—NO!

140 ESCAPE THE HOLOCAUST:
A HUNGARIAN ADVENTIST HERO

SAVAGING THE BESTSELLER LIST

READERS' RESPONSES

Rwandan Massacre
Atlantic Union College Debt
Creationist Pilgrims



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Bringing the Dead To Life

Well, Mr. Branson, if you're going to insist on disagreeing with the rest of the class, why don't you come up to the front and defend yourself?"

My freshman composition teacher, Otilie Stafford, had assigned an essay for us to read. In class that morning, she peppered us with questions, insisting on discussion. We struggled to analyze seriously the string of metaphors the essayist used to characterize the United States Constitution, including the Constitution as a dock to which the Ship of State could be tied. I became more and more convinced that the author was making fun of writers who use overblown language to express their religious-like devotion to the Constitution, and finally said so. I hadn't counted on the tall, redheaded professor I had barely met challenging me to withdraw my views or support them, to put up or shut up. I'll never forget the fear and excitement of that march to front of the class. I was amazed at what was going on.

The word *education* just sits there—the very essence of boring. It is like *civics*, another word that brings yawns. (*Politics*, on the other hand, sounds like personality conflicts, public debates, boisterous campaigns, parades, money, power—many different things, both good and bad, but none of them boring.) Instead of *education* to describe the special section of this issue, we hoped "Teachers and Students" would suggest the vivid personalities, the conversations, the debates, the defeats and victories that form the drama of college experience. Consequently, this issue includes profiles by former students revealing Otilie Stafford stirring up Atlantic Union College and Graham Maxwell saving the faith of undergraduates at Pacific Union College by

introducing them to a reasonable, accepting God. A professor reports that Walla Walla students are startled, then enriched by artistic responses to Scripture. From La Sierra University, we hear a debate raging over the fundamental structure of Adventist colleges in North America, while Charles Scriven, the president of Columbia Union College, almost demands that Adventist colleges produce partisans engaged in conflicts of ideas.

Teachers are asked to do the impossible. Despite American youth typically being excited only about the present, teachers are expected to stretch their students' minds to encompass the past. The scientific community assumes that the young will master the longest-standing theories of what is and has been for a very long time. The nation demands that students remember how it came to be a great civilization. The church insists that those enrolled in Adventist schools be exposed to—and care about—the memories of Hebrews and Christians written down over millennia.

Great teachers are totally undaunted. They do not drone on with endless facts about the long ago and far away. They shock the present with the past. They ridicule commonplace assumptions, rescue imaginations from the trivial, bring students into the presence of the wisest, most fascinating personalities the world has known. Great teachers overwhelm the trash of the present with the vividness of humanity's most enduring visions. In the presence of great teachers, the forgotten and dead live again. Students are astonished and transformed. In the presence of great teachers, students experience a resurrection.

—Roy Branson



SDA Hero Saves Jews From Nazis

An unarmed Hungarian Adventist army officer leads 140 Jewish prisoners to freedom.

by *Marta Fuchs Winik*

MY FATHER MET ZOLTÁN KUBINYI, THE MAN who saved his life and then lost his own, in the spring of 1944. Like other Hungarian Jewish men of military age during the Holocaust, my father was taken in 1940 to a forced-labor battalion, part of the Nazi-allied Hungarian army. It would be five years before he returned home to Tokaj—the sole survivor in his family. In that same spring of 1944, his brother, two sisters, and all their children, along with the majority of Hungarian Jews, were deported to Auschwitz, where, in the euphemism of survivors, “they remained.”

Zoltán Kubinyi was in his early 40s when he was my father’s commanding officer. He was a Seventh-day Adventist. He had fought against the fascists in the Spanish Civil War, and now was a conscientious objector. My father remembers that he never wore a gun in

his holster.

The labor battalion, number 108/52, was composed of Jewish men from northeast Hungary. That spring they were situated in Russia’s Bryanszk Forest, which was occupied by the German forces for whom they worked. In Hungarian, my father told me what happened there:

By the time Zoltán Kubinyi came to us, many men, especially the older ones, had died from malnutrition and the harsh conditions. In the forest, some of the men had made contact with the partisans, who said, “Listen, why don’t you just overpower your guards, steal their rifles, and join us?” A heated discussion ensued among the men in the labor camp and people took various sides. I was opposed to the idea. I and a few others pleaded with the rest to stay and not endanger us. I said, “Here are these men, these guards. They haven’t done anything bad; they’re just here on duty. The other thing is, look, there are a number of people here who are in poor health. Some are malnourished or sickly or not walking very well. They wouldn’t be able to keep up with us healthy ones. Aren’t we endangering their lives inordinately by taking them out of this difficult but orderly place and running into the forest?”

Marta Fuchs Winik is a licensed marriage and family therapist in Albany, California. This essay is excerpted from an upcoming book, by Winik and Henry Fuchs, entitled Fragments of a Family: A Multigenerational Memoir. The essay appeared in a shortened form in Christian Century, November 13, 1996, and appears here with permission.

So, there was no general uprising. But a few days later, a couple of men who were driving the wagons went to town to get supplies and never returned. The following day we went out to work, and 20 men didn't come back. All of them went over to the partisans. The next day, again, between 20 and 25 men disappeared. The commanding officer said, "The results of this are not going to be pretty. I'm going to headquarters and asking for authorization for decimation." That meant they would line us up and shoot every tenth man. After the commanding officer left, we were kept inside the compound, not allowed to work out in the forest. All day we waited anxiously, not knowing who among us would be killed when the commander returned.

Well, on the officer's way to Gomel, where the headquarters of the German command was located, his horse bolted in fright when a truck approached, running the wagon into the ditch. The officer was thrown out and broke his leg. Another commanding officer was sent out to replace him and came later that day in the same wagon. The driver, one of the Jewish men, explained the situation to him. As soon as the officer arrived, he called us together and said, "I have heard what has happened here. I can certainly understand people's motivation for trying to escape. But you have to understand that I cannot shield you from the consequences of attempting to do so. If you will all stop trying to escape, I will try to protect you." Everyone agreed to that, and from that first day, things were better.

Kubinyi was very different from all the commanding officers we had before him. The rest had been cruel and treated us horribly. Under Kubinyi we still worked long, hard days with little food. But he was kind and respectful to us. He protected us against the German orders for abusive physical labor by negotiating on our behalf. He always saw to it that we had humane lodging and enough food.

Years later we learned that he had been christened in 1937 in Barcelona, and became a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. During the civil war in Spain, there were barely 2,000 Adventists and times were difficult. In 1942 he returned home and officially became an Adventist in the Hungarian Adventist church. He worked as a colporteur, then served as director of the religious liberty department. In January 1943, in the Szekély B. chapel in the Adventist headquar-

ters, he married an Adventist woman. A little more than a year later, in May 1944, he was drafted into military service as a lieutenant.

The Jewish prisoners noticed that Kubinyi took an interest in our religious practices. On Yom Kippur we worked like every other day, and of course we all fasted. He came out to the fields and fasted with us and allowed us to pray during breaks. Somehow he managed to arrange an extra ration of food for us that evening.

My best friend, Isaac Guttman, was this short, little, thin boy, very weak constitutionally, but a great scholar, very educated and cultured. He was also a rabbinical student, very knowledgeable in Judaism. And someone called the commanding officer's attention to this man, that he was physically weak. He didn't eat anything at all because he was strictly kosher. He only ate bread and jam and margarine. He lived on this for years.

So the commanding officer appointed him the camp rabbi, and he didn't have to go out to work. Instead, once on Sunday or Saturday, I no longer remember, he had to deliver a speech. He would prepare it very nicely and quote something from the Torah, and he would speak to us about that in Hungarian. That was the extent of his duties. He was the camp clergyman.

One morning when we were being marched along a road and took a break, we all put on our *tefillin* and started our morning prayers. Suddenly we saw some soldiers and officers coming toward us in trucks. We quickly took the *tefillin* off and put them away, but my friend Isaac Guttman just continued to pray. We urged him to stop, and told him that he was putting all of us in danger. So, our commanding officer had this young Jew sit in the covered transport in his place, so that he could finish his prayers and not be caught. Our commanding officer marched alongside us as the group of soldiers passed without a problem.

The commanding officer was such a fine man. When somebody was smoking on Saturday he would say, "Why are you smoking on Saturday? This is forbidden by your religion, that there should be smoking on Saturday." When his boots were in the workshop to be repaired, if they weren't ready on Friday, he would send his servant to bring his boots because he didn't want Jews to work on his boots on Saturday.

Once when we were clearing a big forest, moving trees that had been felled, a German officer—we were working closely with the German army—shouted to us, “One man, one tree!” Well, it’s very hard to carry a big log by yourself. Our commander told the German officer, “It’s faster if a man is on each end.” Of course, he didn’t say that it was also easier for the men. In such ways he would intercede to make everyday work a bit easier for us.

Finally, he received orders to march us toward Germany to a concentration camp. But he sabotaged the orders and marched us in the opposite direction, back to Hungary. He arranged to have us hidden in farmhouses along the way. At one point we hid on a farm near the city of Miskolc. Our group of now approximately 140 Jewish men did farm work for which we received food and lodging. We had worked there for a few weeks when Hungarian military policemen, under German orders, appeared and arrested us all. Apparently some neighbors had reported seeing us.

Kubinyi was helpless to protect us from the all-powerful military police. They ordered us to march immediately in the direction of Germany. We marched for a few difficult and exhausting days. At night we lodged in village stables. During this time, Kubinyi was always with us and tried to

help us. Finally, in the middle of one night, we awoke to whispering and quiet movements. Kubinyi whispered, with great agitation, “Come quickly and quietly. We need to leave in a hurry.” Some of the men had gotten the military policemen nice and drunk, and when they finally fell asleep Kubinyi came to get us so we could escape. We walked and ran as fast as we could the entire night in the opposite direction.

After two or three days, we arrived in a big city, Balasgyarmat, where we could hear the booming of cannons. The Soviet military forces were very close and our liberation was imminent. All around us we heard the explosion of bombs. The people of the city were gathered in the bomb shelters and cellars. Kubinyi took care of us and sheltered us in different cellars as well. Nobody could sleep because we were all frightened as the war noises came closer and closer.

At daybreak the noises subsided, and we awoke to the voices of soldiers speaking Russian. We carefully emerged from the cellar and realized that the town was being liberated, that the war was over. A group of Russian soldiers turned into the yard. They knew who we were because they saw our yellow armbands with the labor camp numbers, and they were very friendly to us. They went from house to house to look for German soldiers.

The Case of Zofia and Jakub Gargasz

The case of Zofia and Jakub Gargasz illustrates the German tendency to methodical neatness, and a meticulous clinging to written law and regulations without regard to their moral implications. They were discovered sheltering an aged Jewish woman in Brzezow, Poland, after she fled from a nearby ghetto. Let us follow the logic of the verdict by the learned court judges (two of whom sported Ph.D. titles), as it appears in official court minutes:

The defendant woman claims that as an Adventist, her religion forbids expelling a sick person from one’s home. This compelled her to keep the Jewess until she had

recovered. . . . [However], according to paragraph 1 of police regulations. . . , it was forbidden for the Jewess Katz to be found in Brzezow after December 1, 1942. . . . Therefore, the moment the defendant woman decided, in spite of this, to keep the Jewess in her home, she is guilty as charged (in accordance with paragraph 3/2 of above). . . . It is therefore necessary to impose on the defendant woman the only penalty which the law provides—the death penalty. As for the defendant’s husband, he too must bear this penalty, for the moment he discovered the Jewess in his home and did not expel her immediately but, on the contrary, together with his wife nursed the Jewess back to

health, he too is an accomplice to the act of sheltering her. . . . As the law allows only for the death penalty for extending aid to Jews, this too must be imposed on the husband. In accordance with paragraph 465 (St. Po.), the defendants must bear the court costs.

In this particular case, Nazi governor Hans Frank commuted the death penalty to life imprisonment, and the two defendants survived the concentration camps.

Reprinted by permission of *Sheltering the Jews*, by Mordecai Paldiel, copyright © 1996 Augsburg Fortress.

Suddenly the streets were filled with people. From everywhere Hungarian soldiers and the forced-labor camp members came out of hiding. Hungarian soldiers were scurrying to quickly change into civilian clothes and hide among the peasants so as not to be caught. We warned and pleaded with Kubinyi to do the same. But he refused, saying, "No, I will not. I haven't done anything wrong. I have nothing to be ashamed of. I am proud to have saved the lives of you men. I'm an honorable member of the Hungarian Officer Corp. I'm proud to be a member of the Hungarian Army. Nothing will happen to me." As the Russian soldiers came to arrest him, we pleaded with them as well, protesting, "This is a good man! He saved our lives!" They would not listen and took him away.

The Russians gathered all of us in a city square. The labor camp men and those in civilian clothes were separated into one group, and those wearing uniforms into another. They took our group to a sugar factory in the nearby city of Hatvan, where we worked for a couple of days until our discharge papers were completed and we were set free. The group in military uniforms, including Kubinyi, was taken to Russia.

Some of the men knew he had a wife and child living in Budapest. We took turns sending her packages of food, for life was hard for everyone after the war. These monthly packages went on for a year or more, and I remember that each time it was my turn she wrote me a nice thank-you note. With one of these she included a picture of him. In response to the last package, she said not to send any more because she had found a good

job and could now provide for herself and the child. At the same time, she wrote that she had received word from Russia that her husband had died in a labor camp in Siberia.

When my father first recounted these events almost 10 years ago, he was embarrassed and ashamed that he could not remember his commanding officer's name. "It was more than 40 years ago," I said, but that was little comfort to him. "But here is his picture," he said, pulling from his files an old envelope with the black-and-white photograph he had received decades earlier and which he had packed along with the barest of essentials when we escaped from Hungary in the wake of the 1956 revolution. Never had I seen this picture before. Never before had we discussed in detail what had happened to my father during the Holocaust.

I turned to him with resolve. "We must find out his name. We must have him honored at Yad Vashem as a Righteous Gentile." In the midst of all the horror, this one man acted at great personal risk to save his fellow human beings. The world must know.

My father began writing. Perhaps one of his labor camp friends might remember. Perhaps the one in New York or the other in Budapest. A few months later both wrote back. Unfortunately, neither could remember the name, but both sent their own recollections testifying to the officer's goodness. One also mentioned that he had written to another labor camp friend in Hungary. Perhaps he would remember. Several months later my father called to say he had received a letter that day. The commanding officer's name was Zoltán Kubinyi.

We quickly prepared the documentation and included the testimony of my father's friend Isaac Guttman as a required witness. In his letter to Yad Vashem, the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Jerusalem, my father summed up his testimony with the following words: "Zoltán Kubinyi was a true human

Morton and Ilona Fuchs at their 50th wedding anniversary (February 11, 1996).



being in the deepest sense of the word. During this catastrophic event, when civilized, intelligent people were blinded with irrational hatred, and innocent people, mothers with babies in their arms were slaughtered, HE WAS A MAN. Risking his own life, he stood up for and defended the innocent persecuted people. The memory of Zoltán Kubinyi deserves the highest honor that a person could possibly receive for his altruistic, heroic, and self-sacrificing activities."

Over the years, we tried searching for Kubinyi's wife and son. I wanted to meet them and thank them for my father's life, and therefore my own. Because of people like Kubinyi, Hitler's "Final Solution to the Jewish Question" was at least partly thwarted.

The last my father heard, Kubinyi's wife and son had moved from Budapest to Miskolc. On trips back to Hungary, I looked in phone books and started calling the Kubinyis listed. I asked our friends Miki and Judit in our hometown of Tokaj for help. Months later I received a letter from Judit. She had found the family and spoken with the son's wife. Unfortunately, his mother had passed away a year or so before. The daughter-in-law said, "She never believed her husband had died and spent her days praying and waiting for him to come back."

My father immediately wrote to the son, sending him a copy of the documentation we had submitted to Yad Vashem. For verification, the son sent back a copy of his father's identity card which featured the same photograph my father had shown me. Alongside it was a copy of his own card. As I looked into the eyes of Márton Gábor Kubinyi—only six months old when his father went off to war—I wondered what it must have been like for him not to know his father and now to learn, nearly 50 years later, how much he means to others.

In February 1994, in a nationally televised ceremony in Budapest, Márton Kubinyi re-

ceived the Medallion of Honor on behalf of his father, posthumously honored as a "Righteous Among the Nations." A tree had also been planted in Zoltán Kubinyi's memory in the Garden of the Righteous at Yad Vashem.

In May 1994, at the 50th anniversary commemoration in Tokaj in memory of the Tokaj Jews who were destroyed in 1944, I spoke about Zoltán Kubinyi and finally met his son. More than 200 people gathered on the top floor of the Tokaj Synagogue, under reconstruction to be a cultural center, for what was the town's first Holocaust commemoration. Attending were Miki and Lajcsi, along with their families, the only Jews who remain in Tokaj. Born after the war, like my brother Henry and me, they are our childhood friends. Some of the survivors from the surrounding area came, but the majority were the non-Jewish townspeople.

Why did they come? Partly out of curiosity, I imagine; partly because it was a big event in a small town; and partly to mourn the loss of their Jewish friends and neighbors, who before the war had composed almost one-quarter of the town's population. Jews and non-Jews had lived side by side in harmony in Tokaj, a beautiful little town world-famous for its wines, and a pocket of sanity in a country that became fiercely anti-Semitic like its neighbors. Out of the 1,400 Jews in a town of 5,000, fewer than 100 survived the Holocaust. And most of these, like us, left in 1956. In the words of Tokaj's young mayor, János Májer, "To this day, the town has not been able to recover from this loss of blood. The region had lost its intellectual and economic leadership which kept this town among the most outstanding ones nationwide."

The program began with the unexpected. A local rabbi asked all the Jewish men present to join him up front for afternoon prayers. It had been decades since the century-old synagogue had reverberated with the ancient sounds

of Hebrew. As I watched my brother *davening* alongside the dozen or so men, I wondered what the townspeople thought. This must have been so strange and foreign to them, particularly to the younger generation that hasn't grown up amidst the vibrant Jewish life that once flourished in their community.

When my turn to speak came, I couldn't keep the papers of my speech from shaking in my hands. Complete silence fell as I began to tell the story of the man who rescued some of the few Jewish men from this town who survived. When I said that Márton Gábor Kubinyi recently had received the commendations on behalf of his father, everyone burst into applause which spontaneously became rhythmic, indicating that he should stand up. From the front row, the mayor threw me a worried look. In all the frenzy of the preparations, no one had remembered to check to see if the son had even arrived for the commemoration. I finished the last line of my speech and, taking a chance, asked if Márton Kubinyi would please stand up. Far in the back a man's head slowly appeared, barely visible above the crowd.

I wanted to march straight back and shake his hand and say, "Thank you, thank you for your father. Thank you for helping me believe there is goodness in the world." It would take

so long to get all the way back to him, yet I felt time and history pushing me to reach out for the goodness this man represented. I tried to soften the clicking of my heels as I moved across the concrete floor and to contain the feelings swirling within me. I could barely breathe. This was a moment in history—a punctuation of events that happened 50 years ago. The son's eyes, like mine, were filled with tears, and I thought, "Neither of us knew your father, but both our lives have been defined by him." We shook hands, and he leaned down and kissed mine in the age-old tradition of gentility. "I am happy to meet you. We will talk afterward, at the dinner," I said.

As we sat together later, my words in Hungarian came out haltingly as I tried to express my gratitude mixed with sorrow for the loss of his father and the hardships he, a fatherless child after the war, must have had to endure. A myriad of questions I had long wanted to ask him clamored in my head as I fought against my instinct to protect him and not intrude. Had he known anything of his father's story before he received my father's letter? How much had he already known from letters his mother received from the labor-camp men when they sent the care packages after the war?

Yes, he had known about the events of the war, not from letters his mother received, but from a few soldiers who came back from captivity in Russia, bringing with them his father's dog tags. But his mother never received official notification of his father's death. Only recently, after an appeal to the Hungarian government for some restitution, did they find out that his father had died of typhus. The Red Cross helped in obtaining the information and verification.

How did he feel when he received my father's letter and the documentation? I asked. "I cried right away," his wife answered. I thought about how mixed his emotions must have been. "He was very angry at times that he

Zoltan Kubinyi and his wife on the occasion of their engagement (November 1942).



didn't have a father, that his mother quit her job and, as a result, he had to quit school and start working at age 14," his wife explained. "And his mother became quite fanatical, praying all the time for her husband's return. My husband has been a bus driver in Miskolc for many years. He has worked hard all his life. That's how he knows how to do everything, like all the building that we are doing on our house," his wife proudly stated. "And I do the letter writing he doesn't like to do," she added, chuckling.

Finally, I asked the crucial question that had been haunting me for years: "Why didn't your father take off his uniform and save himself as he had saved so many others? Was it his feeling of honor as a military officer and a deeply religious man? Was it pride in having used his Nazi-allied uniform for the higher good? Did he really believe that nothing would happen to him—that the Russians would follow the Geneva Convention protocols for humane treatment of prisoners of war? Was it principle above pragmatics? Did his fundamental respect for others, the honesty, integrity, and conviction that must have compelled him to act with such courage, transcend any consideration for himself and his family?"

The son answered, simply and with resigna-

tion, as if he had made peace with it all, "I, too, have often thought about this question. I think he didn't take off his uniform because he was such a religious man, always honest, never lied. And to take it off would have been to lie. He hadn't done anything wrong, so why should he take off the uniform?"

We looked at each other, trying to absorb those events and the repercussions they have had in our lives. Silently, the Kubinyis pulled out the certificate of commendation and the heavy silver medallion and placed them in front of me. As I started to pass them around to the others at the table, Mrs. Kubinyi reached into her purse and took out a photograph. It showed Zoltán Kubinyi with his wife, a lovely young couple, smiling and looking radiant. "Please have this from us," she said.

I have shown the picture and told the story of Zoltán Kubinyi to my son. When my daughter is older, I will tell her the same: "This is the man who saved your Grandpa's life. Like him, you too can act with courage and goodness. Though hatred and prejudice still permeate the world, you can make a difference. And his example can provide you with comfort and inspiration, as it does for me. And it can give you hope for creating a better world to come."



Otilie Stafford— Creator of Worlds

They came as Goldwater Republican chemists and left as reforming English teachers.

by Norman Wendth

I STARTED COLLEGE AS A CHEMISTRY MAJOR (occasionally calling math a second major). I had enjoyed science in high school, and my parents were pleased with the practical direction my education was taking. They dreamed of a financially comfortable son; I envisioned myself in a white lab coat with a Texaco pocket protector, mixing bubbling, colored liquids by day and reading great books by night. Then, in the honors section of Freshman Composition, I met Otilie Stafford.

Students never accused Stafford of coddling them. The first (and easiest) book we read that year was J. B. Phillips' *Your God Is Too Small*; soon we were wrestling with Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Desert Year*, with Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*, and with the difference between J.B. and Archibald MacLeish's biblical original, *Job*. I still find most of those books challenging; at 17, I was

close to overwhelmed.

Close to, I said. Actually, the class was confusing but glorious. It was confusing because, as I believe is true with most great teachers, Otilie Stafford seemed much more interested in how we were growing than in the facts we were learning, and I was not alone in feeling confused when parroting the "right answer" no longer proved enough. We were expected to thoroughly master all assignments, of course, but not because *The Grapes of Wrath* was going to be on the Graduate Record Exam. Rather, for Stafford, ideas like "academics" and "integrity" were part of the ethical fibers of her very being, and we were expected to feel—and perform—likewise.

In my own case, Stafford kept pushing me to be more honest and less glib in my reactions to class reading. In responses to an essay on ethics in public life (Walter Lippmann?), I wrote a long, smug essay demonstrating the Protestant roots of Goldwater conservatism and arguing its resulting ethical and spiritual superiority. Years later I still wince at the word *oversimplified*, in Stafford's distinctive red

Norman Wendth, chair of the English department at Atlantic Union College, in South Lancaster, Massachusetts, received his Ph.D. from Claremont Graduate School. A graduate of Atlantic Union College, he is editing a collection of essays honoring Otilie Stafford.

scrawl at the end of that early essay, it inspired a terror I had never before known. (Most of my classmates remember the phrase “be concrete and specific” appearing in their nightmares.) After I slipped a quick, angry protest note under her office door, I plunged back into my own thought processes, determined to prove myself complex and sophisticated. I only emerged breathless and red-faced at the immensity of my own naivete. Not only were my parents’ Adventism and Eisenhower’s Republicanism not identical, but I hadn’t really understood either one. I don’t remember Stafford actually trying to talk me out of my youthful enthusiasm for Goldwater; I clearly remember her pushing me to think critically, not only as an academic necessity but also as an issue of character.

Stafford’s classes gave me the dizzying sense that doors were opening into entire worlds

I hadn’t known were there—which, in turn, proved to be thresholds to even newer and larger mental universes. Others may have called the author of their confusion “rotten, mean, and hateful” (Stafford’s favorite quote when she’s being self-deprecating), but I never heard any student actually say so. I began to see her as a charismatic, intellectual liberator. And I finally wrote a successful college essay. It argued that real education cannot give a student the means to grow, without first destroying the illusions that had been holding him back. The essay was clearly autobiographical; it was also the very first time I ever really stopped to ask myself why I was in college. Happily, I not only received my first “A” from Stafford (all right, all right, it was an “A-”), I also started a thinking process I have not yet concluded.

One less immediate result was that in my junior year I became an English major. Judging

Stafford—In Her Own Words

Nothing in my childhood or youth would have led me to believe that women were made to be silent, invisible, and submissive. . . . In the New York Conference, my mother for several years was in charge of the Sabbath school department. For an even longer period, Mabel Vreeland was a district leader. Although Miss Vreeland loved young people, we ran when we saw her approaching, not because we disliked her, but because her handshake was so dynamic we feared for our elbows and shoulders.

—“On Mislaying the Past” (Spectrum, Vol. 15, No. 4)

I [recall] an English major who . . . was a plodder, not brilliant at all, never impressive, doing only barely adequate work. We debated every semester whether or not we should advise the student to change majors or at least not to plan to teach English. . . .

The student finished college . . . and did indeed become a teacher. Not long ago I sat in that person’s classroom,

warmed by the obvious affection between students and teacher. The teacher was now alive with a quickness and confidence that stimulated the students’ thinking. One community of memory had nurtured a person who was fostering another that would, in turn, shape the memories of the future. . . .

—*Scales Lecture, Pacific Union College, 1980*

I would hope . . . that your lives will be filled with the excitement of curiosity, the hunger and thirst for knowledge, the keen delight in the quest, that you will be driven from question to question as you learn and find answers, that the mysterious and the inexplicable will always be there, that you will be freed from the familiar and the trite, that you will be neither fool nor pedant, but will so combine imagination and knowledge that you will have the power to change your personal worlds and the worlds around you.

—*Commencement Address, Canadian Union College, 1992*

The grand apocalypse moves from the factual world of geographically located cities to a geography filled with unreal beasts, symbolic women, and polarized cities, where all humanity is wound on two spools of good and evil.

In the perfect city is gathered the perfect society. As evil deepens in the earthly society portrayed in the Apocalypse, the contrast with goodness is heightened. Gradually the society governed by the beast becomes unnatural, ghastly, filled with groans and the sound of weeping. Everything is lurid. And like the nightmare world it has become, the natural world turns grotesque: insects fill the air, water is blood, the heavens speak of doom, leaders of the society think only of warfare. Horror grows until God’s people are called to come out of the dreadful night and the violence of Babylon. Then the contrasting society is pictured. Groaning and weeping are replaced by song; messages of doom followed by shouts of praise; suffering and violence end and the splendid city is filled with order and love. . . . The Christian’s chief responsibility is to become a visionary and a revolutionary.

—“The Bible As Visionary Power” (Spectrum, Vol. 13, No. 2)

by what I remember of their comments, most of my friends assumed either that I enjoyed being considered a part of the elite, or that I had been seduced away from the real world by the impractical beauty of literature. Both were in part true, of course, but both missed the main point. My chemistry classes were rigorous enough for any elite, and I found physical chemistry at least as beautiful as Shakespeare's mighty line. The real reason for my new major was that I had changed my entire purpose for being in college. Rather than training for a job, I was addicted to the rush of having my worlds instantly remade. That meant hanging around Otilie Stafford; to do that as much as possible, I became an English major.

Again, Stafford showed the genius of a great teacher. She never argued me into a reluctant belief that I needed to switch majors. She introduced me to Roy Branson, a recent AUC English graduate, and over a couple of lunches all my fears of "what will I do for a job" were handled by someone else. Instead, Stafford treated me as part of the departmental "family" long before I had even decided to be an English minor. She would discuss cybernetics with me, while Dr. Smith, my physics professor, was teaching me about Norbert Wiener. She hired me to work for the English department, where I could listen to academic gossip. She let me play softball with her sons on the lawn behind the English department when I wasn't being productive. She invited me to her home for lasagna. In short, she saw to it that my education broadened beyond English and included the personal.

The experiences Stafford created helped me throughout my entire four years at AUC. Once Stafford showed me what a class could do, I started treating other classes as capable of the same. I doubt a week went by without some lecture or assignment pulling the intellectual rug out from under me, although

no one did it as often or as well as Stafford. Even more importantly, no one else so quickly showed me that new worlds were ready to replace the old. She transformed my life.

I have now spent most of that life as a professional educator in the Seventh-day Adventist college system. Much more than non-educators could possibly imagine, that means countless hours in committee meetings with colleagues, discussing—often heatedly arguing—not only how best to reach our goals but even what our educational goals properly are. The more committees I sit through, the more I realize how much our teaching attempts to do for others what has been done for us. I am convinced that both our practical teaching and our educational goals are shaped little by theories of education. Rather, what we strive to do—what we believe education ought to be—reflects our love and respect for some one teacher.

I walk into literature classes prepared to confuse my students, but also to help them work their way through their confusion; I argue in committees that interpreting is more important than memorizing; I believe we are not done teaching until our students know us personally. My colleagues, themselves shaped by their own teachers, want their students to be professional, or to be committed to the search for Truth, or to be skilled researchers. They know I am right, and I know they are right, and we vote to modify a general studies requirement and move on. And then, when crises force me to rethink whether or not we need Seventh-day Adventist colleges, or *Spectrum* asks me to write an essay, my reflections come back to the same place. *Real* education is that heady experience of having a daring teacher catapult you to the side of Keats' Cortez on an intellectual "peak in Darien," about to walk into a New World.



Irwin Hall—Pacific Union College

Growing Up on Zion's Holy Mountain

"I would not be an Adventist today," says the author, but for Graham Maxwell and his reasonable approach to Scripture.

by Delmer Davis

BORN A FOURTH-GENERATION ADVENTIST ON both sides of the family line, I grew up the child of devoted Adventist parents who worked for an Adventist institution located in what may be the most Adventist setting in the whole world: Angwin, California. All of my education through the master's level was in one Adventist school: Pacific Union College, with its elementary school and academy. If Paul could boast of being a Jew among Jews, then I could boast about being an Adventist among Adventists.

As a child and teenager, I reveled in my surroundings. Young and old alike constantly reminded me that, living on that beautiful mountain top at Angwin, we were "just a little closer to heaven."

Delmer Davis, a graduate of Pacific Union College, received his Ph.D. from the University of Colorado. For nine years he served as dean of the school of graduate studies at Andrews University, in Berrien Springs, Michigan, and for two of those years served as vice-president for academic administration. He has taught in the English departments of Loma Linda University and Walla Walla College, and is currently professor of English at Andrews University.

Keeping Saints and Gentiles Separate

I can still vividly picture the trees, flowers, streams, lakes, hills, and yes, rocks, in ways I cannot image the settings for the other places I have lived. At night, the locations continue to haunt my dreams. Perched on top of a mountain, separated from the more earthly delights of the Napa Valley and the wine industry (now some vineyards have invaded the very edges of college property), Angwin was then popularly known as a "hill of saints." Even though this was a phrase of disparagement among the "gentiles" in the valley, to us on the mountain it seemed a self-evident reality; we were engaged in a holy work at a holy school on a holy mountain. Like Abraham of old, we could look down on the dwellers in the valley and imagine Sodom and Gomorrah awaiting destruction for evil-doing. The very act of driving up the hill, leaving the vineyards and orchards, and navigating the tight turns on the twisting, tree-lined road that approached the

campus was to make real the age-old allegories of rejecting the broad road leading to destruction and taking the narrow and difficult path to paradise. Blessed by nature, climate, and scenic beauty, we knew we lived on Zion.

Separation was the key factor in our religious life. We were almost totally Adventist in the elementary school, the academy, and the college. In those years, the community surrounding the college was almost totally Adventist as well (about 95 percent, I would guess). Most of us who lived there any length of time could point out the few houses in the community occupied

by non-Adventists. During my 24 years of living in and around Pacific Union College, my knowledge of these "gentiles" was limited to brief encounters on shopping trips and field trips off the hill: the drive-in eatery at St. Helena, the warm-springs swimming pool in Calistoga, and the movie theaters in Napa or Santa Rosa. I felt I knew all I needed to know about them from people who said they knew them: family, neighbors, Sabbath school teachers, school teachers—from my earliest years.

In elementary school, I learned from teachers that any real contact with these non-Adventists could result in my downfall. I never doubted this wisdom until I was into academy. Even then, the early teachings had so much force that I remained fearful and skittish on those secret trips to the movie theaters in the surrounding towns. The force of this separate upbringing continues to this day to plague my

contacts with non-Adventists, making me somewhat uncomfortable and remote in their presence.

I knew what sins could result in my downfall: smoking, drinking (caffeine as well as alcohol), going to shows, swearing, and committing adultery (any sexual misbehavior was categorized as adultery).

The educational system was quite successful with the first two—smoking usually meant immediate dismissal, as did drinking (even students caught drinking Cokes on elementary school field trips

were suspended). It was, of course, easier to hide the last two evils—swearing (in reality, for us, often just the use of vulgar language out of earshot of adults) and adultery, especially since the latter usually took the form of awkward and hasty linkages in dark and secretive places, including the back seats of cars or even the abundant bushes.

In truth, something about the remoteness of the environment and the emphasis on purity

in language and sex in the Angwin of the 1950s resulted in teenage outbursts of almost compulsive vulgarity and would-be lustful behavior. I well remember the extraordinary means taken by our seventh- and eighth-grade teacher to stamp out these criminal activities. That a problem existed is clear. Some of the more squeamish among us (the goody-goody girls) had told parents of the obsessive vulgar talk and suggestive horseplay and gestures routinely a part of our everyday covert, away-

In class, Dr. Maxwell was the epitome of the rational person—always in control of the situation, possessed of a ready wit and good humor, willing to joke about himself, but always aiming us towards the greater purpose of the class—never offended by any answer or question, and always willing to treat any comment seriously. I would not be an Adventist today had it not been for that religion course.

from-teacher school days. The teacher brought us in one by one to answer the investigative questions. Had we done this? Had we said that? Generously sprinkling his questions with admonitions from the Bible and Ellen White, the context for his interrogation quickly became possible loss of eternal life. He attempted to get us to confirm the rumors and name others to be questioned later. In retrospect, it seems more than coincidental that this mini-witch hunt took place during the McCarthy era in American politics. I really do not think that the teacher himself favored the investigation. He seemed a reluctant questioner, very young himself, no doubt forced into the unsavory role by his principal and some anxious parents.

Many of us *were* obsessed with vulgar language and sex, but our teachers' approach did not result in reform. The unsavory behaviors and obsessiveness went further underground. This kind of continual and unnatural interest in sex and vulgarity no doubt contributed to the "gentiles" in the "valley" believing (verified by friends less squeamish than I about contact with non-Adventists) that although those Adventists girls did not smoke or drink, they were wild and unrestrained in the back seats of those big 1950s cars with the fins.

Following the Rising Line Of Sanctification

Ours was, then, for the most part a religion of surfaces and appearances. Although our Bible teachers explained justification by faith in academy Bible classes, they did not separate it from a heavy emphasis on sanctification. Always in such classes, the teacher drew that inevitable visual aid, the diagonal line reaching toward the top of the blackboard, with justification represented by a mark at the bottom of the line, and sanctification shown as the line itself, reaching ever-

upward, eternally. We understood that justification was not enough and that all of us had been justified (we had, after all, been baptized, some of us as early as the fourth grade at ages 9 or 10). We now engaged in a constant battle against the big behavioral sins as we traveled that upward line that led off the chalkboard and into heaven.

Although we knew a lot about Christ and the Bible (there is no question in my mind that the memorization techniques of the time led to better "Bible Trivial Pursuit" players), we generally did not know Christ himself or God. I doubt that many of us had any sort of a real spiritual experience or commitment, beyond a deep sense of belonging to an embattled church headed for mass persecution.

We went to church faithfully, even to Sabbath school, but at lesson times we would duck out and walk the campus in gendered clumps, looking for fun, laughing, giggling, and hiding from adults. We had a total lack of seriousness about what the Sabbath stood for. Our Sabbaths, indeed, were ruled by *dos* and *don'ts*. The *dos* included going to Sabbath school and church in the morning, eating a special Sabbath meal at noon (usually vegetarian, though not especially healthful), followed by napping lightly or going on afternoon nature walks or hikes. At older ages, rides in cars became permissible, especially if said to be taken to particularly scenic spots—Lake Hennesy, the ocean, Pope Valley (not too scenic, but certainly out in nature in those years), Mt. Saint Helena, even Clear Lake. The *don'ts* were: don't play athletic games (baseball, basketball, football); don't swim (wading was permissible as long as we didn't have too much fun); don't buy anything in a store and don't get gas at a service station; don't listen to the radio or watch television (in academy, as an avid sports fan, I would sneak out to the car and turn on the car radio to catch the Saturday football scores); don't go to a movie theater (going to movies was a dreadful sin on any day

but much worse on Sabbath).

Rainy days might mean gathering around the piano to sing hymns, or playing acceptable Bible or nature games (Ruth Wheeler's "Bird," "Flower," and "Animal" games were especially popular in our family). In many homes, reading on Sabbath was carefully monitored, but those of us devoted to this pastime (perhaps a higher percentage than would be the case today) managed to subvert such restrictions by reading fiction (also often forbidden on any day) covertly in our rooms, with faked sleep always handy as a cover, should we be interrupted.

I do not wish to paint a picture too colored by restrictions and monitoring, however. Most of the "good crowd"—that is, the non-rebellious teenagers, the conformists such as I—found nothing particularly annoying about these conditions. Our somewhat innocent subversions spiced our otherwise monotonously routine lives. That we were no more certain of salvation than the big rebellious and notorious sinners around us in the academy, the ones who always caused trouble, seldom occurred to us. Uncertain as we were, most of us saw ourselves on that journey across the blackboard, the upward path towards sanctification.

Pacific Union College (1940s)



It wasn't that our elders didn't attempt to open our eyes to impending doom. In 1957-1958, after the Russians put a man in space, our academy Bible teacher and principal predicted that God would never allow human beings to get to the moon. Christ's coming would intervene. The Kennedy/Nixon campaign in 1960 was seen by nearly all Angwinites as a sign of the end. Because of Kennedy's Catholicism, most of the few Democrats on the hill voted Republican.

By and large, those of us raised in the church had little difficulty ignoring such warnings. We had heard predictions like these before. That none had come true undercut the urgency of reform. We would listen politely, but remain unmoved. So, we were not prepared for the Adventist version of hellfire that hit our academy my senior year. An Armenian immigrant pastor, well respected in the denomination, kept us on the edge of our seats all week with thrilling stories of fleeing from persecutors in Eastern Europe. In his final sermon, he vividly pictured hell and hellfire as the ending place for each of us unless we repented immediately—then and there. As good Seventh-day Adventists, we had heard almost nothing about hell as a reality during our growing-up years. Even though discussions of prophecy often referred to the lake of fire at the time of the end, hell was, after all, a Catholic or apostate Protestant idea. But this powerfully built and stirring preacher, with a voice full of emotion, made each of us realize that no matter how committed we had been to our surface goodness, hell could, indeed, lie ahead, so we streamed out into the aisles of McKibbin Hall chapel that Friday (even the most hardened of the "bad" students), fervently knelt, and gave our hearts to the Unforgetting Judge.

Of course, this commitment to the new life could not last long. Inevitably, a number of us felt tricked, and those who didn't could not long serve God out of fear. Two weeks after

the event, most of us resumed the same spiritually famished lives as before. The emotion-filled Week of Prayer remained an embarrassing memory, an anecdote for alumni reunions.

Given the lack of depth in our experience, it is no wonder to me now that the majority of my academy class of 1958 quickly fled the church. Very few stayed around for college. Many married young (sexual intercourse made moral and legal; this was before the Pill), divorced soon after, and married again and again.

Discussing a Rational Bible With Graham Maxwell

Probably because I was less adventurous and more completely comfortable with my surroundings than my classmates, I went on to college at Pacific Union College. Although I loved my family and fully enjoyed my fun-filled academy years, I have to credit my college years as the significant influence in my spiritual growth. Only in college did I begin to discover depth to my religion. My Bible teachers in academy were both well-intentioned and admirable people; indeed, one of them was exceptionally talented and creative and really did minister to a number of teenage boys through organized and imaginative group activities.

I like to think it was divine providence that led me to register for A. Graham Maxwell's course in biblical philosophy, one of the dreaded required core classes then a part of PUC's general-education package. Even though other teachers attempted to carry out his vision in the sections they taught, Dr. Maxwell had really invented the course. At the height of his influence among both the faculty and students, Graham Maxwell's following on the hill probably seemed almost dangerously loyal. But this following felt the need to discuss

openly and rationally the basic tenets of Christianity and Seventh-day Adventism.

The key word, of course, was *rationally*. To those of us who were would-be intellectuals during the late 1950s, a rational approach to Scripture had tremendous appeal. Maxwell's class had, as a basic premise, the idea that God speaks to people through their minds. In truth, in those buttoned-down times, many of us felt uncomfortable with emotions and distrusted them, particularly in religion. We might float along dreamily with the sentimental love songs of Patti Page, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, or Pat Boone, or even Elvis Presley, but we thought that religion had no room for emotion. So, when Dr. Maxwell explained, the first day of his course, that discussions would center around each of the books of the Bible, that we would try to understand why the book was in the Bible, what its major purpose was, and what the book said about God and his eternal character, all of us knew we had embarked on a new and exciting adventure. The sort of open-ended analysis of Scripture Dr. Maxwell introduced suggested that we might even come up with new answers.

In class, Dr. Maxwell was the epitome of the rational person—always in control of the situation, possessed of a ready wit and good humor, willing to joke about himself, but always aiming us towards the greater purpose of the class—never offended by any answer or question, and always willing to treat any comment seriously. Not only the method, but the man himself moved me toward the understanding of concepts that, until then, had been but vague, dark clouds looming around my otherwise conventional Seventh-day Adventist landscape. Later, Pacific Union College religion teachers became uncomfortable with this approach and the title *Biblical Philosophy*; some challenged the idea that any religion course is truly philosophical. But what happened in Maxwell's classroom was philoso-

phy. Within the context of a dedicated Seventh-day Adventist teacher's perspective, an inquiry was being conducted every class period—an inquiry about truth and how we know what is truth. Perhaps the understandings attained in this “philosophical” format were limited, but I would not be a Seventh-day Adventist today had it not been for that religion course.

Inevitably, we never got through the Bible. We bogged down somewhere in the minor prophets—never even advancing to the New Testament, even though the course met all year, three days a week. But we dealt with some of the hard questions: Why all the killing and bloodshed in the Old Testament? What do these events say about God's character? Why are so many of the Old Testament heroes so faulty in character? Why does the Old Testament include these stories? Are Seventh-day Adventists more Old Testament in their beliefs than New Testament? For whose benefit is there an investigative judgment? We often “got off the subject” onto contemporary issues among Adventists (wedding rings, jewelry, shows—those ageless Adventist themes). But, of course, we were never really off the subject; Dr. Maxwell wanted us to address these issues

in the light of our reading of the Bible.

Rather than memorizing texts and regurgitating doctrines, Dr. Maxwell's tests required us to put on paper our own ideas, formulated through the class discussion. Most of us had little experience writing essay answers or writing at all (this was the golden age of workbooks in American Adventist education). No doubt our efforts seemed rather feeble to someone from a well-known writing family, and educated at least partially in the British system.

Dr. Maxwell and his method later fell from the highest esteem. His move to Loma Linda University (as well as the moves of several other influential PUC professors to other colleges and universities) is another story. It radically changed PUC, I believe, to a lesser institution, although one perfectly adapted to the 1960s. Maxwell and his rational approach could not sustain its popularity in an era of flower power and feeling, a time when expressions of emotion came easily, and loving seemed the solution to all problems.

Learning to Sing Along With the 1960s

A. Graham Maxwell (1943)



During the middle 1960s, I remained up in an intellectual and rational cocoon, working on a doctoral degree at a secular campus, out of touch with mainstream Adventist youth. In 1967, when I joined the teaching faculty on the La Sierra campus of Loma Linda University, I remember a Friday evening sing-in. Guitars played and testimonials flowed freely. Songs were sung that I had never heard; they seemed indistinguishable from the ones about peace and love I heard daily on the radio. (In my youth, guitars had been unacceptable at PUC on Sabbath.) Perhaps my greatest shock came in the college Sabbath school—a Hawaiian group sang and softly swayed to the accompaniment of a steel guitar. Now, of course, I know

that Dr. Maxwell's emphasis on rationality can only partially fill the Christian life; that for real spiritual fulfillment, emotion and love and doing unto others must blossom; that a balance among all the elements of spirituality provides the most rewarding Christian experience.

Now, when I return to Pacific Union College, driving up the hill, I begin to feel constriction in my stomach, a tightness in my neck, a feeling that someone is watching over me, checking my bad behavior. At the same time, memories nearly choke out the surrounding glories of physical nature. I am once again young, secluded in holiness, guarded

from temptations, wrapped in a protective doctrinal gauze, superior to those less fortunate, cut off from the world, self-satisfied, if, perhaps, spiritually empty.

Yet, how oddly attractive it seems to return to that oversimplified nest; to lose oneself in the religious routine of that earlier era in that very special place in which battles against evil and the religious answers seemed clear-cut and obvious . . . and at least one great teacher stood above fear and superficiality to demonstrate to us that faithfulness to the Bible and the God of the Bible meant asking question after question after question.



Merge 14 North American Colleges Into Two? Yes!

An acute crisis demands heroically courageous action.

by Frank Knittel

ADVENTISTS OUGHT TO REDUCE THEIR 14 senior colleges in the United States to two—Andrews University in the East, and a university in the West with a reorganized La Sierra and Loma Linda at its core. At the same time, Adventists ought to keep open only a fraction of the academies we now run and close many of the elementary schools we operate. The result of consolidation would mean we could provide the highest quality of education at less than half the current price. Adventist families could afford to provide their children with a superb Adventist education. But prompt action must be taken, or our colleges—possibly our unions in North America, even the General Conference—could be forced into involuntary bankruptcy.

Frank Knittel, professor of English at La Sierra University since 1983, was president of Southern College of Seventh-day Adventists from 1967 to 1983. For several years prior to that, he was vice-president of student affairs at Andrews University, whose faculty he joined in 1959. Knittel graduated from Union College and received his Ph.D. in medieval English literature from the University of Colorado. This essay is taken from a longer presentation to the Adventist Forums national conference held in San Diego, California, March 14-17, 1996.

Why I Care So Much

I am a product of Adventist education and have devoted my career to being a teacher and administrator in the system. My education in Adventist elementary schools in the San Joaquin Valley of California was so good that when I was put into public school I was allowed to skip the fifth grade.

My subsequent educational preparation at Southwestern Junior College (now Southwestern Adventist University) and at Union College was superb. Not only did their training permit me to do well in my entrance exams to the graduate English program at the University of Minnesota, but I also found myself ahead of student colleagues in every area except the novel. My fellow graduate students had not, for example, benefited from my classes at Union College in classical Greek.

I further believe that my decision to devote myself to Adventist colleges and universities was a response to a divine call. After graduate school, while still in my 20s, I vowed to make

public education my vocation. From the perspective of my family, our home in Colorado was Eden. Suddenly, a serpent appeared in the garden—Floyd Rittenhouse, then president of Emmanuel Missionary College, and soon to be president of Andrews University in Berrien Springs, Michigan. When I received a letter from Dr. Rittenhouse, asking me to come to the university, I wrote a very courteous letter, declining the offer. Ten days later another letter came. I sent a second letter, apologizing that my first letter had not reached him, and again declining to visit Berrien Springs. Ten days later, a third missive from Dr. Rittenhouse arrived. He was delighted that I was so interested in coming to Michigan that I had taken moments from my precious time to write two letters. Again, I responded—no euphemistic language this time. I told him that I had no interest in making a change and that he should not bother to be in further touch with me.

Then he called. When he identified himself, I was grimly determined to get this man off my back. Then he struck me where it hurt. “If we are willing to pay your air fare to come visit us before you completely make up your mind, don’t you have it in your heart to donate no more than two days of your time?”

I visited Berrien Springs the following week. Dr. Paul Gibbs, from the English department, picked me up in South Bend, Indiana. A half hour later, we drove through a short block of what looked like little Mom-and-Pop businesses. I innocently inquired, “How far is it to Berrien Springs?”

Gibbs responded, “We just went through it.”

During my stay on the campus, I said very little, asked a few questions. But something was stirring within me—the students walking back and forth, the mid-morning chapel program, the absence of the lewd, the tawdry, the profane, the very presence of a spirit way out there in the middle of the apple orchards of Berrien County.

The next day, Dr. Rittenhouse and Dr. Gibbs both took me to the airport. Some time later, Dr. Gibbs told me that on their way to the campus Rittenhouse said, “Well, I guess this is a lost cause. He said hardly anything while he was here.”

By the time I got on the plane to go home, I knew we were moving to Michigan. But how would this affect my wife, who was steadfastly opposed to the change? I mentally tried out all sorts of scenarios. Perhaps the first day after my return I could casually say that Michigan was not all bad, but Colorado had wonderful points as well. Then maybe the second day the comments about Michigan would be more emphasized and Colorado would be downplayed. After a few days of this I might bring her around. Then I remembered her once saying that if I moved to Michigan, she hoped I would write her in Colorado.

My desperate hope was that she would be asleep and the moment of truth would come in the morning. No such luck. She greeted my coming into the bedroom by sitting bolt upright. Her question was so predictable—“Well, how did it go?!” I don’t know what happened to all my little, pretty speeches. I just blurted out, “We’re moving to Michigan!” There was a long pause, and for a second I wondered if after only three years of marriage I was going to spend my first night in the study. Then Helen said very quietly, “I’ve been praying all day that you would make that decision.”

Helen and I have never backed away from that commitment. For many years, she and I have offered the hospitality of our home free of charge to students who otherwise would not have been able to attend an Adventist college. We are passionately devoted to the continued existence and welfare of our schools. My years teaching and administering in Adventist colleges have been rewarding ones, including the recent, sublimely happy days at La Sierra University.

Why the Church Began Its Elementary Schools

It is not possible to evaluate properly the present or the future of Adventist education without first understanding the beginnings of the grand and expansive—and expensive—experiment of educating people under the umbrella of our church. Ellen White, our primary church pioneer, took the lead. Some of her far-reaching recommendations are misunderstood today.

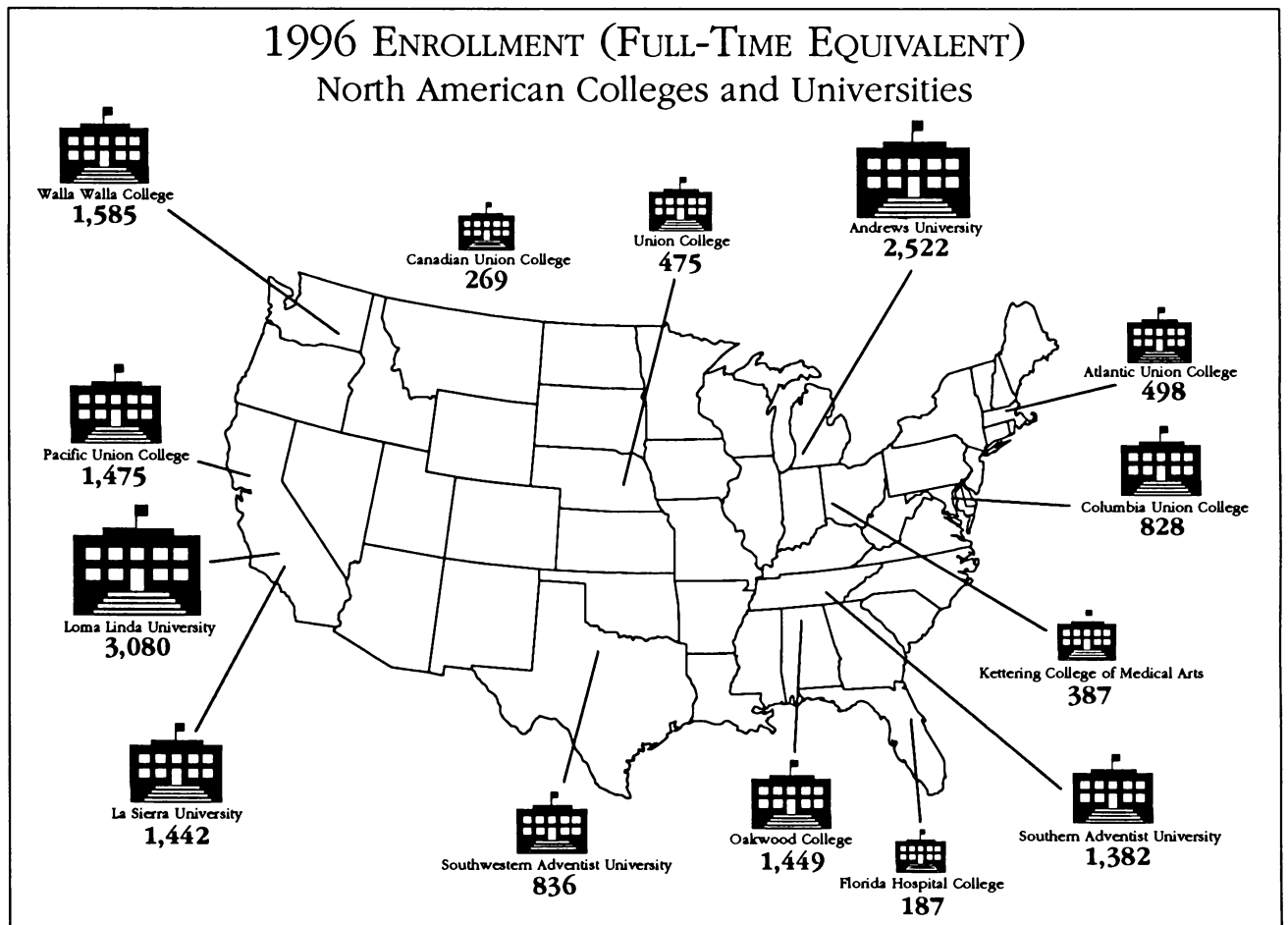
She stated more than once in her writings—and presumably in her speaking—that if there are two or three children in a family who need to be educated, or if several families in close proximity to one have a few children, the family or families should provide for education. If the parents could not do the teaching,

then they should secure the services of someone who could.

In those days, many rural children in America were taught mainly by young women with no more than an eighth-grade education. Some had less. When young women in the mid- and later 1800s finished the eighth grade, they often were delighted to be employed in homes where they taught primer-level students the basics of the three R's. These same young people often also helped with domestic chores, with very little compensation beyond room and board. They were sometimes almost slaves.

These young teachers often moved from home to home in order to spread around the burden of room and board. It was therefore possible for families to educate their children in the lower grades for very little cost.

To be sure, there were numerous regular formal schools, but many children had no



opportunity to attend these. They had no chance to learn other than at home. This home education was strictly on the elementary level. I have never read a statement from Ellen White discussing boarding academies. However, we can assume she approved of them; by the time of her death, church boarding academies existed across the country. During the lifetime of Ellen White, my parents both attended those early schools.

What is often not understood is that when Ellen White was speaking about little schools of two or three students, she was undoubtedly thinking about an education for the largely rural children making up most of the Adventist homes. She had a passion for literacy, and her plan sought to minimize academic ignorance in the Christian home. Many people agreed with Ellen White's recommendations, but the only way they could fulfill God's plan for their children was to hire in-home teachers for little or no money.

Two problems arose. First, in the many little schools that sprang up, the teachers were the least expensive, and hence the least trained, that could be found. The near absence of money for educational matters also meant that teachers had virtually no resources for even basic educational tools.

Second, an attitude emerged that teachers in our schools ought to prove their moral, spiritual, and professional worth by submitting to inconvenience, long hours, and short pay. This naturally gave rise to the long-standing concept that church education does not need a systematic method of financial support.

Today, in little Adventist elementary schools, there is usually no money for special assistance for the learning disabled, for students having problems in math and reading, for adequate libraries, for serious science education. In an age when many preschoolers have never heard of a home without a computer, students in our small schools either have no

computers, or access only to obsolete cast-offs. Grounds are often shabby and buildings careworn, often held up by little more than paint.

Today, a host of these elementary schools should not exist. I have heard the cries that small elementary schools are desirable because students genuinely get to know their teachers, teachers know all their students by name, as well as their parents. All that is true, but it is not a substitute for what our teachers need in order to provide the education they are trained to provide. I am embarrassed to say that, in some instances, our children would be far better off in public schools.

How Academies Got Started And Hardly Ever Close

Within the minds of a critical mass of Adventists, Ellen White's charge that everyone should go to school was gradually transformed into the belief that the Adventist Church should educate every one of its young people, from first grade through college. Hence, the church established academies to fill the gap between home—or church—schools and Battle Creek College.

In those early days of Adventism, through the first part of this century, difficult transportation decreed location. Boarding academies were located as close as possible to where prospective students lived. As a result, Adventist academies proliferated. Today, poor judgment sometimes perpetuates boarding academies where they are not truly needed, and day academies where they cannot be properly supported financially.

Boarding academies are often monuments to our passion for competition. Let me illustrate. Until the late 1940s, Enterprise Academy, located in Kansas, served both Kansas and Missouri, and had a roaring 250 students. The Missouri Conference decided in 1946 that it

had to have its own boarding academy. What happened? The predictable. Each academy ended up with a little more than 100 students. Both schools continue to languish in lamentable poverty.

Day academies can exacerbate the problem of proliferation. Instead of investing in school buses to transport children half an hour to an established school, San Pasqual Academy, the Southeastern California Conference, for reasons never logically defined, permitted the San Diego and Escondido churches to run their own 12-grade schools. These schools are chronically short of library books, other educational materials, and funds. (I have visited the libraries of every academy in the Southern and Southeastern California conferences, and only one or two of them can claim even a semblance of needed library holdings.) At the same 12-grade day schools, tuition is at least double what it ought to be. Similarly, within easy commuting distance of Loma Linda Academy, two churches were permitted to open their own 12-grade schools. One, in 1996, fell behind on its debt to the conference office by some \$160,000.

In all of these instances—and many more—money spent to keep alive several schools, instead of one, ought to have been dedicated to maintaining fewer schools at a high level of excellence, while dramatically reducing the present exorbitantly high tuition rates.

I know of no boarding or day academy that is funded as it should be. Within the past year, I have been in the residence halls of half a dozen academies—one of these the largest boarding academy in North America. The condition of the average physical plant of these academies is somewhere between deplorable and morally criminal.

We need to reduce the number of our boarding academies to a fraction of the number we have. For example, one boarding school in California could handle the students that the Rio Linda, Monterey Bay, and San

Pasqual academies now enroll. West of the Mississippi River, three boarding academies could handle all the students now attending the many academies that currently exist in that region.

Similarly, many of our day academies ought to be shut down or amalgamated into single units. By way of illustration, in the Los Angeles area, Orangewood, Lynwood, Glendale, and San Gabriel academies are barely hanging on by their fingernails. They ought to be integrated into one school, with bus services, if necessary.

If the people in our churches were really interested in making Christian education available for their families, they would invest the money slated for new facilities, and from the returns on this investment they could send their children to improved schools at a very much reduced fee. The tuition cost for all our academies is unconscionable. By consolidating fixed costs, reducing capital needs, and vastly improving the student cost/tuition ratio, we could have better education for far, far lower tuition charges to Adventist families.

Why We Must Consolidate 14 Colleges Into Two North American Universities

When Adventist colleges in North America were built, transportation and local pride dictated that each union conference develop its own college. By the first quarter of the 20th century, we had organized half a dozen colleges, two foreign language seminaries, and several secondary schools that ultimately became colleges. Now, we have 12 senior colleges and universities, and two junior colleges operated by the Kettering Adventist hospital in Ohio, and the Florida Hospital near Orlando.

A majority of these colleges could accommodate much greater enrollments. Fixed capital expenses continue, and so do more or less

fixed operating losses. Many of the physical plants are in serious decline. Although the colleges frantically beat the bushes for students, flat or dropping enrollments have been a major factor in skyrocketing tuition charges. Not one Adventist college in America has the minimum funding needed to make that school what it could and should be to provide students a truly excellent education.

Our colleges have countered sagging enrollments by continuing broad admissions policies. Sheer economic survival has dictated admissions practices that have seriously eroded the academic reputations of Adventist higher education. This is true, despite the fact that Ellen White was very clear that all students in our schools have a decided responsibility to be superior scholars, to master their disciplines. Sadly, these calls of hers to be intellectually great were almost totally ignored, replaced by cries of vocal constituents to have gardens and farms and teachers working with students in strawberry patches. Now, all of our colleges are plagued with a disconcerting number of students who by either personal choice or level of ability are not college material.

We sometimes try to minimize our plight by anecdotal data. We point out that many of our students have achieved high professional and intellectual standings: they have gone on to the most glittering graduate schools in the land, they have made their marks in both the secular and spiritual world. We applaud all of them for that. But the clear fact remains, that when a critical mass of our students enter on the lower edge academically, we have only

three choices. The first is to offer a slate of remedial classes to bring them up to some sort of college level. The second is to cut them out quickly when they do not perform up to an acceptable college level. The third is to bring our teaching level down to their level, so that they can finally graduate.

I have heard through the years that we should admit non-eager and non-performing enrollees, and then if they don't make the cut, that is their affair. Cut them out. Sorry, but it does not work that way. Every time we admit a student, we give tacit affirmation that we

believe the student is good college potential. That affirmation constitutes the beginning of an obligation on our part to that student. Every day, every quarter or semester that student is enrolled, our obligation increases. Moreover, in spite of the fact that we do not like to admit it, we, like all other colleges and universities, do indeed enroll and then teach for a common denomi-

nator among our students.

Not for a moment do I decry the plain fact that families want their children in an Adventist college for social reasons. Many come to our colleges for the express purpose of finding mates. Such reasons and others are commendable, provided students also come in order to become scholars worthy of the name. We like to tell ourselves that we turn away numbers of students because of low test scores and/or low grades. In actuality, the number of Adventist young people we turn away for purely academic reasons is so small as to be almost insignificant. Statistics vary from school to school, of course, but the general picture is

Broad, sweeping changes must be made to rescue Adventist education in North America. Capital investment needs are astonishing. Yearly operating expenses are almost beyond calculation. Student charges are staggering. The crisis is so acute, heroically courageous action must be taken.

grim.

The first goal of our colleges is to provide superior education—superior intellectual attainment, superior spiritual reality, superior student-teacher relationships, and superior conduct. Tragically, most Adventists do not understand the importance of intellectual attainment.

Based on almost five decades of experience as a teacher and administrator in our church educational system, it is my strong belief that members do not understand, because they have not often—if at all—heard sermons from pastors in their churches, nor read essays by denominational leaders in our church papers, explaining the spiritual value of academic excellence. Consequently, if Adventists were asked to list the purposes of Adventist colleges, most would put academic matter in a weak second, third, or fourth place.

How often through the years have I heard major church leaders at camp meetings or workers' meetings, make a statement such as, "Now, I am not an educated man. I do not have one of those Ph.D.s that some others have. I am just a simple man of the gospel." Members capture the message being virtually shouted at them: No one can be educated and also be a person of the gospel. Adventist college and university campuses are objects of suspicion, grudgingly tolerated, eagerly criticized. The last General Conference president who openly and avowedly championed intellectual excellence as a necessity in Adventist higher education was R. R. Figuhr, during whose administration Andrews University came into being.

If Adventist colleges and universities are to assure upwardly mobile Adventist families that their children will receive a truly superb academic education, they must be able to invest more to reach even minimum levels in basic educational resources. We ask students to do research, but since a number of our colleges were deliberately placed where civi-

lization would not reach them, it is often difficult, even impossible for them to peruse adequate libraries. (When I was at Andrews, the closest significant library in my field was in Chicago.) Adventist schools need to spend money building up their academic resources. Instead, the president of one of our colleges told his faculty during 1996 that the total amount that would be spent the following year for new library books was \$5,000. (He did not want to be stingy; he was following instructions from his board to cut operating costs by more than \$1 million.)

If members are to be confident that Adventist colleges can provide excellent education, Adventist colleges must be able to retain superb teachers. On every Adventist college campus (and at Andrews University), the average underpayment of teachers is a minimum of \$150,000 for every 10 teachers on the faculty. For schools of 150 full-time teachers, this comes to \$500,000 a year. Even if we lowered our estimate to \$10,000 a year for each teacher, not one of our colleges comes within cannon range of that expenditure. That does not mean that there are no good faculties at Adventist colleges. But it does mean that our colleges are presently staying afloat only because they do not pay their teachers a living wage and spend very little on necessary educational resources.

Of course, rumors persist that some Adventist colleges in North America will not keep their heads above water. There has been the almost terminal crisis in the condition of Atlantic Union College. Reports persist that Columbia Union College and Union College are gasping for life. Southern, which is in better financial shape, has recently renamed itself Southern Adventist University, and voted to begin two M.A. programs—in education and in business—even though the school simply does not have the resources to become a university. Southwestern is in better financial circumstances than some other Adventist col-

leges, but its also adopting the *university* tag makes no sense unless it can raise an endowment of \$200 million.

Not to improve academically, but simply to stay alive, Adventist colleges have raised tuition to exorbitant levels. While creating guilt among those who refuse to accept horrendous financial obligations, we bleed our Adventist families dry. We need to reduce tuition costs at our colleges by 50 to 60 percent. If the Mormons can support a major university, Brigham Young, by charging only \$2,450 a year for tuition, Adventists can certainly provide college education for no more than double that amount. But not with the proliferation of colleges we now have. The only way members can become proud of the excellence of North American Adventism's schools of higher education, and also afford their tuition charges, is for members to demand that the North American church realistically and decisively concentrate its resources at two universities.

Where Should We Build Up Two Superb Universities?

The Adventist university in the East must be Andrews. Better judgment might have decreed that Andrews be situated on the East Coast rather than in the orchards of Michigan. But it is there, and we have too much invested in it—including a still-inadequate library—to move it once again. Within 600 miles of Andrews are several Adventist colleges that should be closed, with the best of their faculties and staff grafted on to the Andrews University structure.

The West provides even greater challenges and opportunities. It is a monumental waste of church resources to have six major higher educational centers west of the Mississippi River. Loma Linda University has a gigantic start toward being a full university of the first

order. At the present time it is a specialized science institution, rather than a university in the traditional sense. That is not meant pejoratively. The *Queen Elizabeth II* is not an aircraft carrier, but it is a majestic ocean liner.

At the moment, passions probably still run too high from the previous attempt to try combining La Sierra and Loma Linda. Norman Woods, who staked his job as president of Loma Linda on the attempt, had a vision of what a genuine university ought to be. I do believe that he should have insisted, from the start, that the administrative center of the new university be located at La Sierra for a cost of much less than \$1 million, rather than moving the La Sierra operation to Loma Linda at a cost of many millions of dollars. Woods' attempt failed, but not because the problems were imponderable.

If it were patterned after what a true university ought to be, the union of the Loma Linda and La Sierra campuses would be a non-issue. Distance between the two schools is negligible. (It takes longer to find parking at Loma Linda than it takes to drive there from the La Sierra campus.) The one-time merger of La Sierra College and the College of Medical Evangelists could have been a glorious experience. It would be again if, in addition, the human resources of Pacific Union College and Walla Walla College faculties could also be incorporated into a first-rate Adventist university on the West Coast.

Some may think that drastic action is unnecessary, that the church in North America will grow itself out of its problems. They cling to a mirage. The growth in the North American church is largely among first- and second-generation immigrants. As a group, they have no financial resources to even begin to resolve our educational financial problems. No signs on the horizon suggest that they will ever do so.

Other Adventists may be numbed by the conviction that God led us in the past and will again lead us out of our quandary, without our

having to make excruciatingly difficult decisions. I hold earnestly that, in our quest for Christian education, God worked miracles on our behalf in the past. But I just as earnestly believe that past miracles are no reason for present indecision.

I do not go into further detail as to how to make the broad, sweeping, and hard changes that must be made to rescue Adventist education in North America. In North America we are caught in a vise. Our capital investment needs are astonishing. Our yearly operating costs are almost beyond calculation. As a result, student charges are staggering, and beyond the reach of a majority of Adventist young people. Action must be taken by a group of leaders from across the North American Adventist Church who are

unswayed by constituency passions. We should have resolved these problems when it was obvious they were beginning. Now, the crisis is so acute, heroically courageous action must be taken.

I do not for a moment regret devoting my life to Adventist colleges and universities. My commitment is as intense as when my wife and I first felt the call to leave the university where we were and go to an Adventist campus in Michigan. Indeed, my passion for what Adventist education can be is precisely why I plead with North American Adventists to make the wrenching decisions confronting Adventist higher education—before the present crisis becomes insurmountable and we lose our entire system of higher education.



Merge 14 North American Colleges Into Two? No!

Diversity and local autonomy advance the Adventist mission.

by Lawrence T. Geraty

THERE ARE MANY REASONS WHY I DO NOT wish to argue with Frank Knittel's broad-stroke history and analysis of the crisis in Adventist education: He set the standard when it comes to being a successful college president; now on my faculty he serves as a valuable mentor and friend; and he has articulated a defensible point of view cogently as befits a keen mind who has mastered the English language. While his diagnosis of some very real problems within Adventist higher education is probably correct and he has made

some very helpful suggestions, I do not believe one can proceed from his particular examples to his prescription for the future. It is primarily with the prescription that I differ.

I will first suggest why I do not think paring our number of colleges down to two is the right way to go. Then I will suggest why, even if it were the right way to go, it would not work. Finally, I propose my assessment of the future for North America's Adventist colleges and universities.

Why Only Two Colleges Is Not a Good Idea

As proud as I am of Andrews University (an institution where, for 22 years, I was either a student or faculty member) and as proud as I could be of a reorganized Loma Linda/La Sierra University (where I soon will have given four years), and even considering the possibility that it might in some way "enhance my career," what follows are rea-

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sons why I believe that closing all but these two universities is not a good idea for the Seventh-day Adventist Church and its members:

In my opinion, such a plan would not serve the needs of the church better. Brigham Young University (BYU) is often held up as the example for North American Adventists to emulate, but there are reasons why it is not the model to follow. One of the key reasons is that despite the fact that the majority of Mormons live within easy travelling distance of BYU, the percentage of Mormons attending BYU is smaller than the percentage of Adventists attending North American Adventist colleges and universities! We must be doing something right.

Consolidation of Adventist institutions does not necessarily guarantee healthier enrollment. In every case I know of, the consolidation of Adventist academies has meant smaller enrollments. Why? Because, despite the convenience of travel nowadays, it is still true that the majority of Adventist students wish to attend school and even college as close to home as possible. So fewer colleges would probably mean fewer Adventist students within the Adventist system as a whole. And maybe even fewer college-educated Adventists? That could not be good for the church.

Adventists and Mormons: Comparing Enrollments

	<u>Latter Day Saints</u>	<u>Seventh-day Adventists</u>
N. American Membership	4,613,000	843,690
Enrollment	30,465 ¹	19,354 ²
Percentage of Membership	0.66 %	2.30 %

¹ Enrollment of Brigham Young University.

² Combined enrollment for institutions of higher education in the North American Division.

Also, the size of an institution does not necessarily correlate with the quality of the education it offers—though research does indicate that maintaining quality at an institution with fewer than a thousand students is very difficult unless its program is very specialized. Of course, the definition of quality is important here. But Frank Knittel's experience offers typical examples. By his own admission, Union College offered him a quality education that prepared him for graduate school. The reason this is so often the case in Adventist colleges is because quality teachers like Frank Knittel are, against the odds, attracted to the mission of Adventist higher education. I well remember the day when, as president of AUC, I looked out at the chapel audience and was surprised to see Frank Knittel. Afterwards, I sought him out and said, "What brings you to AUC?" His response supports my point: "AUC sends La Sierra our best graduate students in English, so I'm here to recruit!"

If only two Adventist universities existed, and they were to admit only the "highest quality" students (such as LLU does, for instance, in medicine and physical therapy), many students who currently go on from Adventist colleges to provide distinguished service to church and society would no longer get educated. Currently, Adventist colleges admittedly take more chances on the under-prepared Adventist student, but the results justify the risk.

If only the two universities advocated were to survive a North American Division higher educational downsizing, imagine how much poorer church life would be without these literally hundreds of vital higher-education employees who are currently so emotionally and intellectually, not to mention financially, invested in the church.

Further, I doubt whether the two universities advocated would provide for the diversity that the Adventist constituency desires or even

accept all the Adventist students who would wish to enroll. (I will expand on this issue below.) Keep in mind that, given the choice, most Adventist families still wish to send their college-aged students through Adventist higher education.

Finally, a very important function of the current colleges and universities in the system is each one's Adventist presence in its respective community. If a dozen of them were to close, imagine the diminished Adventist witness in those communities and in the surrounding institutions and organizations where they now have a positive impact.

Why If Two Colleges Were a Good Idea, It Would Not Work

If the Seventh-day Adventist Church in North America were setting out now to devise the ideal plan for its higher educational system, it might very well come up with a similar plan to what Frank Knittel suggests, and for many of the same reasons. But that is not our situation. We have a history and a current reality that have to be taken into consideration. My contention is that even if having only two colleges seemed to be the ideal, it would not work now for the following reasons:

First, each college and university board is now autonomous and so recognized by NAD action; this was an important governance issue to most accrediting bodies. Most colleges are owned and operated by a union constituency. The truth is that no self-respecting union would want to see its college closed—in this day and age, what other reason is there for the union boundaries? If you don't believe that, look carefully at the length to which the Atlantic, Columbia, and Mid-America unions have been going to subsidize and restructure their college operations so as to allow them to continue to serve their constituencies.

Second, each college currently enjoys a corps of loyal, emotionally invested alumni, who would make it very difficult to close their particular alma mater. (Witness what the well-financed "Friends of La Sierra" did to torpedo consolidation with Loma Linda a few years back.) Furthermore, should consolidation succeed, it is a sure thing that for most alumni their financial support would not translate into support for the successor university nor would union subsidies go from one union to another.

Third, I believe it would be a fallacy to suggest that the larger the university, the more economical is the education it provides. Studies have shown the opposite because the larger universities provide higher salaries, more scholarship aid, more recent and more expensive technology, subsidize research, and expend more money on extracurricular activities that are not integral to a quality education. While state universities charge lower tuition fees because they are tax supported, studies have shown that their operational costs per student are not lower than private schools.

Finally, the administration of Loma Linda University and what was its Riverside campus tried to reorganize and unite on one campus. What seemed the ideal lost out to local politics and control—a tendency that seems to have the inside track in the age in which we live. What evidence do supporters of only two American Adventist universities have that would make that process succeed this time around? What has changed? Everywhere, it seems, the notion of big government is out and local control is in.

My Assessment of the Future for North America's Adventist Colleges and Universities

I believe there is room for as many Adventist colleges and universities in North America as can make it successfully! While having two

universities might be the way to go if the denomination were starting its educational system from scratch, that ignores history. That is not where we are now. As long as the Seventh-day Adventist Church in North America is organized as it is, with each union governing its own college or university, it is unlikely that any institution will close unless forced to do so by finances. And if that happens, beware: Finances will not go out of union to finance another institution unless unions merge. I agree with Knittel that each constituency must decide whether it wants a quality institution. If it does, then it needs to support it. If it doesn't, then it needs to close it in an orderly fashion rather than allowing it to die by attrition or starvation. Denominational officials must also then be prepared to deal with the implications of such a loss for their territory, its membership, and their leadership.

What is happening is that the Seventh-day Adventist Church is quietly changing its priorities, just as is society around it. The statistics of support demonstrate that the denomination is no longer as committed to higher education as it once was. When I used to hear church leaders say we must never allow to happen to our colleges what Presbyterians allowed at Princeton, Congregationalists at Harvard, or Baptists at the University of Chicago, I pictured the leaders of these institutions becoming "liberals," with lessened interest in their denominational moorings. But from where I sit now, I realize that it was their denominations gradually abandoning them that produced the changes; loss of denominational support required these institutions to make up for the resources elsewhere.

I can see the same thing happening in the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Denominational leaders are gradually, if unwittingly, abandoning their fiduciary responsibility to the colleges on whose boards they sit. I would not suggest that this is conscious or inten-

tional; denominational officials are in a financial squeeze as tithes and offerings lag behind expenses. They have to attend to many traditional programs. Often they allow everything to suffer equally. While that strategy may work for certain areas of the church, it is the death knell for quality education, as Knittel points out. I agree with him that there is an urgent need in the Adventist Church for higher education to be better funded. Every constituency meeting should put this issue higher on its list of priorities. Education in the Adventist Church does not have a tax base. People don't have to give to it. Therefore endowments must be developed. Members need to remember education in their estate planning. Why? Because, as recent studies have shown, growing numbers of Seventh-day Adventists are no longer willing to sacrifice quality for loyalty.

Denominational subsidies used to be a key source of funding for Adventist colleges. Rather than building up endowments as other American institutions were doing, Adventists institutions were led to believe that this "living endowment" would always be there. But times have changed. Resources are being shifted away from subsidies to colleges, for instance, to shore up the retirement fund—certainly another worthy cause. Today, the denominational subsidy to a college, instead of being a major source of support, is fourth, after tuition, government loans to students, and philanthropy. In fact, most Adventist colleges yearly pay out scholarship funds to Adventist constituents in excess of that year's denominational subsidy received!

Consequently, Adventist colleges are scrambling for resources, looking for new sources of income to make up the shortfall from the church. And you can be sure these new sources will have implications for the nature of the colleges. The church, too, understands this, because when it is not able to control higher education through generous subsidies, it sometimes tries control through other means

(witness the "Commitment to God" document voted at the most recent Annual Council, which applies a different standard of accountability to higher education compared to other church entities).

I believe that in spite of the denomination's inability to maintain the kind of financial support its colleges and universities in North America deserve, they will remain Adventist because of the loyalty and commitment of their faculties, administrations, and boards. And I am optimistic about the future of these institutions for the following reasons:

- More colleges, properly financed, will inevitably serve more constituents. While some few students will go anywhere to get their desired education, the majority wish to attend nearer home. So we need colleges located where the students are. The church cannot afford to diminish the total number of Adventist students receiving an Adventist higher education.

- Communism and the U.S. Government have shown that central planning seldom works in practice. Having two universities makes good theory, but constituents who pay the bill have needs that cannot be serviced by distant governments—whether political or denominational (and remember, the two universities suggested by Knittel are General Conference institutions, not even North American, while increasingly the union colleges have boards made up of local people who care about them, know their needs, and are loyal to them).

- The Seventh-day Adventist Church in North America is increasingly diverse. Two universities controlled by the General Conference would not be able to serve these diverse needs. Therefore the Adventist institutions in North America are beginning to develop niches for which they are becoming known.

When it comes to programs, for instance, everyone knows that Loma Linda University is a health science institution (as are the junior

colleges operated by Kettering and Florida hospitals, each with its own largely local clientele); Andrews University has the seminary and other unique programs, largely technical in nature, architecture being the most successful example; Walla Walla College has engineering; Griggs University is known the world over for distance learning; and now Union College is imaging itself for its new physician's assistant program.

When it comes to perspectives, for instance, Southern Adventist University subtly promotes itself as ethnically homogeneous and conservative (of course, all Adventist institutions are conservative when compared to options outside the church, though there is a spectrum at the conservative end of the scale and Southern is definitely farthest to the right), while La Sierra University has historically been progressive and now is the most multicultural, and perhaps even the most "urban" of all of the institutions (as befits the southern California society that supports it); Southwestern Adventist University promotes itself as the cheapest to attend, while Oakwood College has the market cornered for African-Americans who desire the "Oakwood experience," as does Canadian Union College for Canadians who want an Adventist education in Canada.

Institutions whose secret of success is their

Drop In North American Division Support—'86-'95

	1986	1995
Operating Income	\$243,335,896 ¹	\$392,154,654 ¹
Total Subsidies	\$15,107,716 ²	\$16,573,888 ²
Percentage of Income	0.062 %	0.042 %

¹ Gross income of all higher educational institutions in the North American Division.

² Combined higher education subsidies from all jurisdictions within the North American Division.

place include Pacific Union College, which takes advantage of its rural setting near the beautiful Napa Valley, Columbia Union College, which makes the most of being situated in the nation's historic capital, and Atlantic Union College, which profits from its location near the Athens of the New World with its history, culture, and natural beauty. These characteristics do not begin to do justice to the special qualities of each institution, but they do illustrate real differences. (In addition, of course, AU, LLU, and LSU are known for their fine graduate and professional schools, which make them unique.) One can readily see that two universities could not possibly serve the increasingly diverse needs of the Adventist constituency nearly so well as these 14 institutions located in North America, properly funded.

- Size of institution will be even less critical for quality in the future than it has been in the past. Cyberspace is making virtually the same resources available to every institution that can afford to be hooked up, no matter its location or size. Andrews and La Sierra universities, particularly, have invested heavily in this new technology, and the West Coast colleges and universities, through a consortium arrangement, are exploring supplementing their academic offerings, through interactive technology, with the best each campus has to offer the others.

- Admissions standards have been a problem on certain campuses, as Knittel correctly points out. And he is also right that many of Adventism's brightest students, knowing of the unevenness in quality, often choose to go to a prestigious non-Adventist institution. The

Adventist system is thus losing students off the "high" end of the scale. But because I am at La Sierra University, I can say what we are doing to address this problem, for instance. The faculty has recently adopted and applied the strictest policies for student admission coupled with faculty promotion and tenure of any Adventist institution anywhere. Furthermore, to get any La Sierra degree, a student will have to take a general-education core program that includes passing written tests in science and math, knowing another language other than his or her mother tongue, and demonstrating annual voluntary community service work.

We are delighted with the quality students and professors being attracted our way. And while I believe this trend is typical of Adventism's other campuses, I grant it is not universal. The system needs not only better marketing, but also better substance; our students definitely deserve to get their money's worth.

- It is well known that the majority of American society's leaders in areas of academe, government, business, and voluntary associations has received its education in small private liberal-arts institutions—institutions like the ones in the Adventist system. Here they get taught by caring teachers and researchers rather than graduate teaching assistants. Not a week goes by but what students volunteer to me what wonderful teachers they have and how interested these teachers are in them, both in and out of class. For obvious reasons, the same cannot be said at larger institutions. Furthermore, our smaller institutions are the ones that offer our students leadership opportunities that they would

As expensive as the tuition at Pacific Union College and La Sierra University is, their charges for room, board, and tuition are lower than the charges at two-thirds of the 66 private, four-year accredited schools in the State of California.

seldom get at more prestigious universities. How else, for instance, can one explain the fact that Pacific Union College ranks in the top tier of liberal-arts colleges in the West or that La Sierra University students have won the Students in Free Enterprise (SIFE) international championship three times in a row, competing with several hundred other schools of business across the nation and even overseas?

- And all of this quality at a reasonable cost to the student! As expensive as the tuition at Pacific Union College and La Sierra University is, for instance, their charges for room, board, and tuition are lower than the charges at two-thirds of the 66 private, four-year accredited schools in the State of California belonging to the Association of Independent California Colleges and Universities (AICCU). It is a truism that resources are more critical at the graduate level than the undergraduate. For that reason I do regret the rush to university status that is now taking place in North American Adventist colleges with Southern Adventist and Southwestern Adventist universities leading the way. While there is

evidence that they were great colleges, the jury is out on whether they will have the resources to compete as great universities.

In summary, I would agree with Frank Knittel that the miracles of the past are no reason for the poor judgment and indecisions of the present. Our constituents deserve better leadership. Our institutional boards must either adequately fund their educational programs or get out of the business. In the meantime, the 14 colleges and universities operated by the Seventh-day Adventist Church in North America are a precious resource. They have done a remarkable job with what they have had. I have been closely associated with a third of them and am well acquainted with the rest of them. Like most institutions, all of them have a range of faculties and students, including some of the finest anywhere. In the final analysis, then, it will depend on leadership and board support as to whether all of these institutions will prosper or close in favor of a couple of big universities. I vote for diversity and local autonomy, believing in the end that Adventist mission will be best served that way.



The Art of Teaching the Bible

From reading Genesis to creating art to understanding Creation; from Gospel stories to the whole person worshiping.

by Ron Jolliffe

Hearing four-part harmony fill the sterile confines of the tiered lecture hall startled me. I had brought carols on CDs to my Ministry of Jesus class, but I had expected the class to be reserved about singing in an academic environment. So I had placed a transparency of the song on the overhead projector and timidly suggested that we sing the first verse. Something wonderful happened. Without a piano, the students sang, not just in unison, but in four-part harmony. They didn't stop after the first verse. When they finished, they asked if I had brought other carols.

After singing, I asked them to find the verses in Matthew or Luke that had instructed the hymn writer. They noticed that the carols were predominantly based on the Lukan infancy narrative with its sheep and manger, angels singing and cattle lowing (clearly some editorial license). Not many, they saw, had to do with the Matthean Magi, the house, the slaugh-

ter of the innocents, or the opulent gifts. They wondered why I had brought only "We Three Kings" for Matthew's story. After class, several students said everyone liked it and hoped we could do it again.

Adventist higher education has a tradition of commitment to educating the whole person. Mission statements in Adventist college bulletins commonly state that the college intends to train the whole person, mind, body, and soul. Walla Walla College "aims to develop in students the whole of their human potential." While a college's reach certainly must exceed its grasp, these ideals continue to challenge faculty to teach more effectively.

Western higher education invests the majority of its resources in the development of verbal and analytical skills. The creative and celebrative skills are too frequently overlooked, or even dismissed as "non-academic" and inappropriate for the college classroom. Consequently, in the majority of classes, students are rewarded for reactionary work—responding to arguments, analyzing literature, categorizing art periods, exegeting Scripture

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texts, learning taxonomies, and reacting to position statements.

I've discovered that when I require students only to read texts, they do little more than note potential quiz questions. For example, if they are to read the birth narratives of Jesus, many (probably instructed by crèches) notice no essential differences among the four Gospels. But if I require them not only to read the four Gospels, but to list differences among their narratives of the birth of Jesus, students are more observant, seeing differences among the texts they otherwise overlook.

However, even this careful observation leads to responses other than worship. When handling the texts analytically, students typically bring good critical skills to the task and respond in predictable, "academic" ways: concerns about how to explain the differences or harmonize them, questions about background information, and discussions of the relationship of inspiration and factuality. During the past few years, as I have begun to utilize various art forms to augment lectures and class discussions, I have noticed something new occurring in the classroom.

When critical study is coupled with the arts (for example, the music and poetry of the carols), the discussion frequently includes a larger number of students, and becomes more interdisciplinary. Now, in addition to more standard "academic" concerns, the discussion incorporates nativity scenes, church versus cathedral architecture, holiday gift-giving, Christmas trees, Ingathering, caroling, and the work of the Spirit through young people. The text ceases to be an isolated object for dissection, and becomes part of a more integrated awareness of the multifold layers and meanings of Jesus' birth.

The inclusion of song in the classroom significantly enhanced the quality of the Ministry of Jesus course. However, the approach to the text remained primarily verbal, and still involved reacting to the creative work of

others. I wondered if there was a way to allow students to actually bring their own creative skills into the course, so that they could respond out of their own unique vision and experience.

I was encouraged in this line of thinking by certain biblical texts. What might we come to understand by actually "go[ing] to the ant" or "consider[ing] the lilies" (Proverbs 6:6; Luke 12:27)? There must be something to know that is not conveyed by verbal instruction. Since neither Proverbs nor Jesus say what is to be discovered, perhaps the lesson must be experienced rather than learned from a lecture.

When the weather permitted, I began taking students out of doors to sketch leaves, rocks, and trees. When inclement weather restricted outdoor activity, I brought dandelion stems and stones into the classroom. Sketching teaches us how little we actually know about familiar things. Students tell me they didn't realize how much they depend on symbols for their drawing, and how difficult it is to actually see what is there.

However, my favorite creative activity for the classroom is having students make faces with clay. Learning by doing an activity the text describes can be instructive (though certainly not all texts should be practiced: Matthew 27:5!) For example, what might be understood about the process of creation by making a head and face out of modeling clay as part of the study of Genesis 2:7?

After seeing how responsive students in the classroom have been learning with clay, I've distributed clay to audiences and workshop participants. I ask them to shape heads and faces following step-by-step instructions. I am amazed by the attentive, silent concentration grown adults lavish on their work with a bit of clay. Afterward, participants say:

"I was amazed that I could actually make something myself."

"The clay has a mind of its own. I couldn't

control it completely.”

“This face doesn’t look like anybody I know. But clearly some kinds of conversation would be consistent with who it is, and some kinds would not ‘fit’ at all. It has a personality.”

Reflecting on just these comments, I find myself amazed at what these observations have taught me. Why are we continually surprised at the work of our hands? Do we actually think we could be made in the image of the Creator, yet not be creative?

In attempting to experience the role of creator, we learn about the Creator. We also learn about ourselves. We discover that although creators have intentions, the created also has “rights” that are inherent in its nature. The creator has no control over these inherent “rights,” unless willing to substantially alter the very essence of the medium itself. But this usually destroys the very qualities that made the medium attractive in the first place. Finally, the created always has the impress of its creator. The faces we make do have personalities. Even though they are made of clay, they still have potentialities that are individually unique. Wouldn’t it be interesting to select several of these heads and let them be the characters in a novel?

Sculptures by students of Ron Jolliffe.



Another homework assignment requires students to “Respond to [a biblical text] non-verbally.” Sometimes the assignment is to be done individually, though normally I ask groups of students to work together on a project. They come to class with sketches, collages, dramatic mime performances, music, etc.

Some years ago, for a Parables of Jesus class, I assigned groups of six to eight students a text or parable to non-verbally “explain, teach, or illustrate” to the rest of the class. One group was assigned the text “where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them” (Matthew 18:20). When the time came for them to make their presentation, within 60 seconds they had covered a long classroom wall with butcher paper from the floor up eight feet. Other students appeared with an overhead projector to serve as a “light source,” and buckets of finger paint. They began to paint predrawn outlines with their hands. Gradually, life-sized human shadows began emerging, wearing T-shirts and jeans or shorts, corresponding to how the students were dressed. Upon finishing, the eight students took their places between the projector and the nine shadow figures they had painted. Each was holding a tool reflected in his or her shadow that they planned to use in service to the tall, central, ninth figure, Jesus.

It is not easy to verbalize the understanding that art seems capable of giving in the classroom. Perhaps an anecdote can capture some of that essence. Recently I sat in Room 10 of the Monet introspective at the Art Institute of Chicago, surrounded by scores of people looking at paintings of water lilies. One person entered with a companion and said aloud, “What are these? I didn’t know Monet did anything this abstract. I don’t see anything in these at all,” and went directly on to Room 11. Some minutes later a second couple entered. One of them repeated words similar to what I had just heard.

The other answered, "These are paintings of water lilies."

"I don't see anything."

After several attempts to explain what the pictures were about, the companion said, "Come, look at this early water lily painting, just where we entered the room. It shows the shoreline. In later works Monet omitted the shoreline. These dark green areas are tree reflections, and the globs of paint are the lilies floating on the surface."

After nearly a minute of concentration, the first person said, "Oh! I see them! They're beautiful!" and proceeded to walk slowly around the room absorbing water lilies floating on the surface of deep tree reflections.

Art teaches us something fundamental about language. Without art, we operate under an illusion about words. School, with its primary focus on verbal skills, leaves many with the incorrect impression that words are exact, accurate depictions of reality. Art does not solve the problem of describing reality, but it does make us aware that words are only one way to perceive and describe reality.

I am aware that not all courses easily lend themselves to creativity, especially at introductory levels. This is especially the case where students are learning the basic skills and language of a discipline. Nevertheless, when even beginning students are required to utilize a creative activity, they learn more quickly.

A more genuine concern is the difficulty of grading these types of assignments. Misguided applications and personal subjectivity are a

necessary part of any creative activity. Learning involves more than right answers. It is important to remind ourselves that assigning grades is far less important than learning, and discovering what does not work is also an important part of education.

It seems that what students learn through art and words is qualitatively different from what they learn through words alone. If we learned to think through both art and words, perhaps Adventists would exhibit less hubris about how right we are. To understand through art and words could lead us to practice our faith more responsibly.

To use just one example, we have a long-standing commitment to the words "heavenly sanctuary." When heard and believed only through words, the heavenly sanctuary seems essentially interchangeable with some physical building in heaven. Were we to come to understand "our sanctuary message" through the interaction of art and word, we might choose to spend more time as Adventists being a "heavenly sanctuary" to other people. It was Jesus himself who continually reminded us that "the Kingdom of God is in your midst" (Luke 17:21, NASB). Imagine an Adventism that was considered less a repository of truthful facts about certain biblical texts and more a sanctuary for those needing a city of refuge.

Providing opportunity to participate in the text verbally and creatively in the classroom seems to touch the whole student, and that is what Adventist college mission statements claim: Adventists educate the whole person.



The Unembarrassed Adventist

Adventist educators should initiate students into conflict and make them partisans.

by Charles Scriven

It is the work of true education . . . to train the youth to be thinkers, and not mere reflectors of other men's thought. . . . [to] possess breadth of mind, clearness of thought, and the courage of their convictions.

—Ellen White¹

WHEN TONY CAMPOLO FLIES HOME TIRED from his speaking appointments, and his seatmate wants to know his name and what he does, the answer depends on whether Campolo feels like talking or not.

"When I want to talk," he explains, "I say I'm a sociologist. And the person next to me says, 'Oh, that's interesting.' But if I really want to shut someone up, I say I'm a Baptist evangelist. That generally does it."

Once, on a red-eye special, he told the man sitting beside him that he was a Baptist evangelist. But the man didn't retreat. "Well, do you

know what I believe?" he said. "I believe that going to heaven is like going to Philadelphia."

Campolo was taken aback—Philadelphia?

The man explained that just as there are "many ways to get to Philadelphia," so there are many ways to get to heaven. You don't have to be a Baptist or even a Christian—"we all end up in the same place; how you get there doesn't matter."

Campolo was too tired to argue. He maneuvered himself out of the conversation as fast as he could and went to sleep. But several hours later, when the plane began its descent into Philadelphia, he woke up to gusting winds, heavy rains, and fog as thick as wool. The ride was rough and scary. Everyone was tense.

So Campolo, feeling pugnacious, turned to his seatmate and said, "I'm certainly glad the pilot doesn't agree with your theology."

"What do you mean?"

"Down in the control tower," Campolo replied, "the controller is telling the pilot he's 'on beam,' and the message is: Don't deviate from this."

Campolo went on: "It's foggy outside, and

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I'm glad the pilot's not spouting off about how he can get to Philadelphia any way he pleases. I'm glad he thinks the controller knows the best path to the runway, and I'm glad the pilot's going to stay with it."

As for how to live the best life you can—how to get to "heaven," how to walk the road to fulfillment—Campolo's seatmate was very like the modern educational establishment. From the viewpoint of conventional understanding, school is no place to take a strong position about morality and religion. On these matters, the rule in school is, Don't be partisan, and don't ruffle any feathers.

When Adventist education was developing in the second half of the 19th century, our pioneers were flat-out partisan feather-rufflers. In her first extended essay on education, Ellen White declared that the young can be trained "for the service of sin or for the service of righteousness." She said, too, that we should give them "that education which is consistent with our faith."² Percy T. Magan, describing the 1891 (and first-ever) Adventist education convention, said the reform participants envisioned was seen mostly in terms of making the Bible central to the curriculum.³

All the while, the conventional secular orthodoxy, especially as regards higher education, was headed in another direction. The oldest colleges in the United States were sponsored by churches, but many were just then breaking their religious ties. Educational leaders were challenging, or even ridiculing, education that tried to instill in students a specific spiritual heritage with its own distinctive way of thinking and living.

At his inauguration in 1869, Charles Eliot, the Harvard president who cut the last links between the university and its original Christian patrons, mocked the teaching that tries to instill some *particular* set of beliefs about what is good and true. That may be "logical and appropriate in a convent, or a seminary

for priests," he said, but it is "intolerable" in universities.⁴

Eliot perhaps gleaned his comparison from Cardinal Newman, who in *The Idea of the University* had declared more than a decade earlier that the university is neither a convent nor a seminary.⁵ In any case, the misgivings about religious training in higher education were taking an ever-stronger hold. In 1904, DeWitt Hyde, who studied at Harvard while Eliot was there and soon afterward became the president of Bowdoin College, called the "narrowness" he associated with church colleges "utterly incompatible" with responsible higher education. "A church university," he declaimed, "is a contradiction in terms."⁶

To these educational leaders, in other words, teaching a general awareness was fine; teaching a specific religious heritage was suspect. Today, well toward the end of the 20th century, this sentiment still predominates. Partisan education, especially in matters religious and moral, is seen widely to be, at best, narrow, and, at worst, bigoted and victimizing. Responsible teaching does not inculcate a particular point of view or set of virtues; it rather imparts knowledge and skills sufficient, as Mortimer Kadesh writes, to enable the self to criticize its "social milieu" and to "form" its being and "determine" its wants.⁷ Even a teacher at a Southern Baptist college echoes the conventional understanding: "It's not my job as a professor to tell [students] what to think," the teacher told *The Chronicle of Higher Education* recently, "it's my job to *make* them think."⁸

I will show here why the historic Adventist understanding is closer to the mark than secular modern orthodoxy. My claim, made with a view to secularization *inside* as well as outside the church, is that teaching and learning in the Christian setting, including the Christian college, should be, as Ellen White insisted, "consistent with our faith." It should display (in its own way) the church's true

identity; it should be, indeed, a deliberate strategy for building and bracing the circle of disciples. Bland neutrality is a mistake, and it is a dangerous mistake.

Let me begin by explaining a figure of speech I learned from my teacher and friend, Professor James Wm. McClendon, Jr., now Distinguished Scholar in Residence at Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena. In *Ethics*, the first volume of his *Systematic Theology*, he remarks that we humans exist “as in a tournament of narratives.”⁹ What does he mean by the arresting phrase “tournament of narratives”?

His point, first of all, is that whatever idea or possibility confronts us, any day or any hour of the day, the way we respond—the way we think and feel and act—depends on the stories we’re attached to. The stories, or narratives, we know and identify with shape our whole lives, our whole ethos or ethics. Narratives, in other words, are bedrock—bedrock for both personal and communal frame of mind—for insight, for attitude, for conduct.

The second point of the phrase concerns conflict. The narratives men and women identify with are many—across the total human landscape, beyond counting. And frequently, like contenders in a tournament, these narratives clash with one another, one story feeding this loyalty or outlook and another that. The result is variety in human culture, often welcome and often winsome. But more than anyone would like, the conflict of narratives feeds strife as well, including violent strife. We are sadly aware, we who inhabit the world of Sarajevo and Rwanda and (for that matter) the

United States, that differences of faith, politics, morality, and custom occasion not only charm but also bloodshed.

These are the conditions we live in, and under these conditions, bland neutrality, I repeat, is a mistake. If uncharitable narrowness is also mistaken, that does not gainsay the point. Conflict is a fact, and bland neutrality leaves conflict, even violent conflict, unchallenged. Conflict is a fact, and bland neutrality puts blinders over people’s eyes. Bland neutrality, in short, threatens society by feeding indifference and then compounds the threat by feeding self-deception.

In a world of many languages and histories, there can be no neutral point of view, no single pathway of knowledge available to everyone. The point is not whether to be partisan, but how.

It is in this light that I want to advance my claim, namely, that *Christian education, including Christian higher education, should be partisan*. It should not be blindly or arrogantly partisan, but, without embarrassment and without apology, it should both build and brace the circle of disciples.

As we have seen, among the secular-minded, and to a surprising degree among the religious, antipathy to the partisan is widespread. The background to this antipathy is the Enlightenment. Kant declared that movement’s ideal of the autonomous individual when he called his readers to thrust off dependence on others for direction. “Have courage to use your own reason!”—that, he said, “is the motto of the Enlightenment.”¹⁰ And with the ensuing shift to the self-governing or self-defining individual, the meaning of respect for others veered toward non-interference, or even neutrality, with respect to differences of outlook and conviction. The partisan was now bad manners. Conflict was to be domesticated. The motive was admirable. The Enlight-

enment grew into full flower on bloodsoaked soil. The 'Thirty Years' War, religion-stoked and staggering in its brutality and senselessness, ended (more or less) in 1648, endowing Europe with a need and a lively desire for peace, or at least respite. Bloodletting had failed to resolve the doctrinal discord from which it sprang. As Stephen Toulmin writes, circumstances called for a means of determining truth that "was independent of, and neutral between, particular religious loyalties."¹¹

But truth, despite these hopes, could not be determined in total independence of particular religious loyalties. Consider the idea that the individual is self-governing and self-defining, with no need to depend upon others for direction. This idea subverts—indeed, *it was meant* to subvert—accountability to authority, whether religious, familial, or communal. Autonomy was needed, so the thinking went, in order to fend off acquiescence to inherited prejudice and folly. But we each speak a human language, and every human language gives particular peoples, each with the particular narratives they have lived and told, the ability to communicate. What is more, every language bears the freight of stories past and so gives every user an inherited frame of mind. Thus no neutral vantage point exists from which the self may practice its alleged autonomy. In a world of many languages and histories, there can be no neutral point of view, no single pathway of knowledge available to everyone. How and what we think at all times reflects a storied past.

The point, despite conventional modern thinking, is not *whether* to be partisan, but *how*. Even so, the narrative that shapes the dominant version of higher education continues to be that of the Enlightenment. The debate over "political correctness" sweeping the campus and the wider culture betrays, it is true, growing uneasiness about standard, educational assumptions. Still, the curriculum usu-

ally comes across as a kind of intellectual bazaar, catering, at least ostensibly, to autonomous selves in the process of forming their being and determining their wants without "direction" (as Kant put it) from others. Students are still said to be learning how to think, not what to think. It is still "narrow" and "sectarian" to inculcate a particular point of view, especially if the point of view involves religious or moral commitment. Except in defense of diversity itself, it is still bad manners, and bad education, to be partisan.

The deception in all this, or self-deception, is palpable. But antipathy to the partisan jeopardizes education in other ways as well. For one thing, it trivializes differences. When disagreements over faith, politics, morality, and custom flame up in violent strife, as they often do, it is disingenuous to speak, in the customary, bleached-out phraseology, of mere "competing value systems," as though students were consumers meant to pick and choose like shoppers in a marketplace. To be or feign to be impartial is to push the truth away, to keep it at a distance. It is a kind of indifference, and it communicates indifference.

Far from being innocuous, the indifference damages humanity. For when in matters of faith and morals, education must be too open to contain conviction, it can no longer fight off the tendency to spiritual coma that seems in any case to bedevil contemporary culture. Differences trivialized by the trivialization of morality itself—and examples abound: This is an age when expert witnesses can make ethical judgments seem repressive even at an incest trial; it is an age when "standards" at media command posts consist of whatever the market will bear; it is an age when lawmakers wring their hands over teen violence and still cast votes for murder weapons. The situation recalls what Yeats, in "The Second Coming," declared of an age without conviction: "Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, / The

blooddimpled tide is loosed . . .”

Suspicion of commitment in the classroom does not, of course, produce students with no biases at all; it rather favors their “assimilation,” as Patricia Beattie Jung writes, to the “prevailing cultural ethos.”¹² The fiction of neutrality tends to baptize the status quo, with its implicit morality or immorality, and to nullify the stark alternatives. Antipathy to the partisan turns out, then, not just to trivialize differences, but also to protect whatever now predominates. Despite the homage paid to criticism, antipathy to the partisan is fundamentally conservative.

What this entire criticism of liberal education displays is the emerging awareness that the modern era, heralded by Descartes and the Enlightenment, is now passing. We are entering what some now call the “postmodern” era, with its key realization that outlooks are bequeathed to individuals, not discovered or created by them. How we see and live depends on the background—family, community, history—we each absorb growing up in our particular language and culture. Systems of thought and practice characteristic of particular communities may involve differences too deep to be adjudicated or even understood through simple conversation.

But does all this add up to irrationalism, add up to the tribalization, as one might say, of knowledge? This is question central to the issue of ethics and education. If we are left with mere subjectivity, if everything comes down to mere personal choice, how is anyone accountable? How does ethics, with its assumption that some attitudes and actions are right and some wrong, even have a place?

Nietzsche, who in the 19th century anticipated the shift to the postmodern, believed that the ideas we consider true are fixed and binding merely from long usage and endorsement within a particular group. One may employ strategies to promote or subvert a point of view, but it is impossible to adjudicate

among contending points of view. So-called “truths” are only fictions to assist the “will to power,” conventions whose conventionality has been forgotten.

But even if we accept the absence of a neutral viewpoint, it’s still possible—and important—to make a vigorous argument for accountability, and thus for the importance of defending right against wrong. Sheer consent to rival truth claims, after all, is not just the embrace of charming or fertile disagreement; sheer consent is surrender to injustice and bloodshed, for these are what differences of faith, politics, morality, and custom all too often bring about. Writers such as Alisdair MacIntyre, James McClendon, and Nancey Murphy, who will figure prominently in what follows, argue that even though we see the world through our inherited frameworks, no framework must be a prison-house. It is possible and important that conversation, both within and across the lines of human difference, should yield new increments of understanding and agreement. The shift to the postmodern does not, in other words, compel anarchy and resignation with respect to human knowledge.

In light of all this, let me now suggest the outlines of a postmodern conception of intellectual *accountability* for colleges of explicit Christian *commitment*. How can higher education under the church’s auspices contend responsibly—with no retreat of mind or heart—in the human tournament of narratives? How can it nourish post-adolescent minds with its own distinctive vision? How can it be partisan and still hold itself responsible to justify its partisan convictions? *To begin, let me say unmistakably that the partisanship in question is countercultural.* From the biblical narrative, this is obvious enough: solidarity with God and God’s Messiah means dissent from the wider world. Nevertheless, the lure of respectability within the surrounding, domi-

nant culture has always tantalized the Christian community. As McClendon writes, "The church's story will not interpret the world to the world's satisfaction. Hence there is a *temptation* (no weaker word will do) for the church to deny her 'counter, original, spare, strange' starting point in Abraham and Jesus and to give instead a self-account or theology that will seem true to the world on the world's own present terms."¹³

What is true for the church is true for its colleges. Here, too, the endurance of distinctively Christian vision must be a matter of deliberate design. In its decisions about personnel, curriculum, and student life, the Christian college must renounce congenial neutrality, which is in any case artifice and self-deception, and embrace without apology its own heritage and discipline. In the tournament of narratives, anything less is a recipe for defeat. Anything less marks capitulation to "the unstoried blandness (and the mortal terrors) of late-twentieth-century liberal individualism."¹⁴

In the college setting, learning takes place under the leadership of teachers. So if the countercultural, the embrace of distinctive vision, is crucial for responsible Christian partisanship, a corresponding view of the teaching function is also crucial. In the guidance and inspiration of students, intellectual accountability allows, and indeed requires, commitment to a particular point of view.

Being responsibly countercultural means acknowledging the self-deception and emptiness in the platitude about teaching students how to think, not what to think. The platitude fits neatly with the Enlightenment antagonism

toward authority and obsession with personal autonomy. It reflects as well the earlier Socratic form of moral education, which trained students for criticism of convention without offering a positive account of the good in human life. The overall impact of a purely negative approach was to leave students without reasons for preferring one way of life to another, and thus without reasons to fend off the blandishments of purely private satisfaction.

In his play *Clouds*, the Greek writer Aristophanes made this point with his imagination. A father named Strepsiades has a son who is a spendthrift and idler, with hardly any conscience at all. The father, desperate for change, brings his son to the school of Socrates in Athens.

Socrates arranges for the son to hear a debate between one teacher, who is a stern guardian of traditional values, and another who is a smirking, self-indulgent enemy of these values. In the end it becomes clear that Socrates himself,

though courageous and serene compared to both debaters, has more in common with the smirking critic of traditional values. It turns out that he has nothing positive to teach about how to live. He is like the tradition-hating debater, in that his whole mode of teaching is to raise questions about traditional morality and to shoot it down. He ridicules inherited wisdom and those who try to instill it in the minds and lives of students. And it's all the worse because he offers virtually nothing to substitute for what he ridicules. He says nothing about what a person *should* aim for in life, nothing about the standards and convictions that *should* prevail.

Aristophanes is Socrates' critic; he thinks the

Education that plays down feeling and imagination, and pays no heed to training the entire self is both indigent and undependable. Christian education must acknowledge and confront conflict; it must initiate students into conflict.

situation is disastrous. So in his play, the fancy education at the fancy school in Athens leaves the son as selfish as ever. In the end, he just doesn't care about anything but himself, anything but his own personal satisfaction. The wider world, and the people in it, don't meet any of his needs and don't even matter.¹⁵

In order to make advances in awareness and comprehension, the inquirer must first have been taught what to think, must first have been initiated into some actual way of life or type of practice. Knowing how to think presupposes some partisan account of the subject matter, some positive immersion into a tradition. Being partisan may, it is true, slump into narrow indoctrination.

But it doesn't have to, and responsible partisanship is in any case fundamental: Nothing positive can happen without it. The road to enlightenment requires advocacy as well as criticism.

Yet another respect in which the learning environment at Adventist institutions must swim against the current is in the attention paid to the total way of life—not just technical, calculating intellect but also feelings, imagination, habits, and virtues. The mere removal of ignorance—what the distinguished education writer Jacques Barzun reveres as the “prime object” of education¹⁶—calls for such attention, anyway, since study itself is a discipline involving virtues. Just paying attention and seeing clearly—traits important for scholarship as well as moral growth—require emotional involvement. As Martha Nussbaum argues, interpreting Aristotle, a person may know something as a fact—a connection as father or mother, say, to a child; or the benefit of unearned privilege relative to others in one's society—yet fail to take in the fact “in a full-blooded way,” fail to confront or acknowledge what it means and what response it calls for. When a person lacks “the heart's confrontation” with what lies open to view, the deficit

narrows vision and foils insight. Perception, to be complete, must involve “emotional and imaginative, as well as intellectual, components.”¹⁷

But as with the bare noticing of facts, so with the emotion and imagination that deepen our perception: They, too, reflect personal experience over time. Emotion and imagination disclose stories heard and lived. They reveal communal ways of life. They make manifest the past and present habits, duties, and affiliations that constitute the evolving self. All this signals the need for attention to the whole person. Education must concern itself with character, with the total way of life. This matters, indeed, for the mere removal of ignorance; for positive enlightenment, it matters all the more.

That is why Parker Palmer, in *To Know as We Are Known*, his work on the spirituality of education, declares his opposition to “objectivism” in education. In this still-dominant classroom pattern, students learn the “facts” from an emotional distance, like bystanders. Mostly, the heart has no role; in accordance with the “objective” ideal, what is investigated remains at arm's length, an object and nothing more. Yet this detachment, this denial of the connection and interdependence of the student and the subject matter, “leaves the inner self unexamined.” And without attention to the inner self, Palmer declares further, humans tend to scorn the common good and veer toward arrogant manipulation of the world outside themselves.¹⁸

If mere technical expertise—the mere removal of ignorance—were truly the prime object of education, then few could be said to have received better training than the scientists who produced the first atomic bomb. Before the initial explosion, their technical expertise smoothed the way toward the perfecting of their awesome creation. On the day after the first mushroom stained the sky, when the scientists stopped to agonize over what

they had done, one said that “the glitter of nuclear weapons,” had seemed “irresistible.” The participants were overcome, he said, by “technical arrogance” that arose from their knowledge of what they could do with their minds.¹⁹ They no doubt understood, at some level, that weapons with the capacity to lift a million tons of rock into the sky would bring unspeakable danger and death to humanity. But without confronting this fact “in a full-blooded way,” through feeling and imagination as well as calculating intellect, they failed to see what it meant or what response it called for.

The story illuminates the point: Education that plays down feeling and imagination and pays no heed to training the entire self, including those habits, duties, and affiliations that give shape to feeling and imagination, is both indigent and undependable.

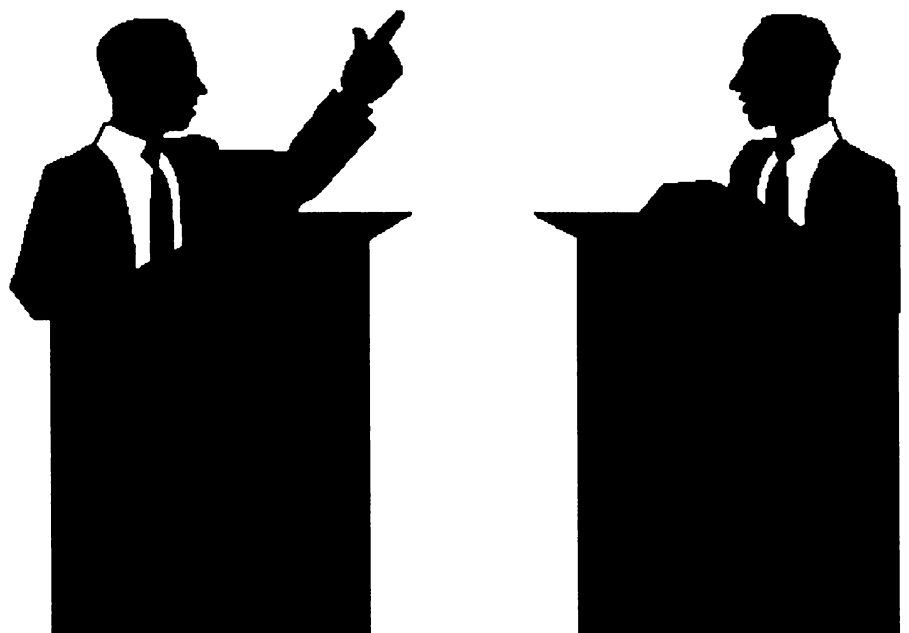
A third aspect of responsible partisanship is this: *It must acknowledge conflict and confront conflict; it must initiate students into conflict.* James McClendon writes about the school in Alexandria where Origen, the great Bible scholar and theologian, first gained fame as a teacher. He told his students no topic or question or opinion was off limits, but at the same time took an unmistakably partisan position. By instruction and example, he sought to instill the theory and practice of Christianity and to model an alliance of piety and scholarship. To him, the school was a training ground; its goal was the formation of lives that would honor and reflect the church’s narrative.²⁰

The same spirit and goal must infuse the responsible partisanship of Christian colleges today. If all education, to be complete, must

engage the whole person, Christian education must do so in a manner appropriate to its own struggle in the tournament of narratives. It must acknowledge and deal constructively and honestly with the challenges posed by other points of view. Masking over differences feeds apathy by pushing truth away, whereas the point is to nourish passion and involvement.

In the second volume of his *Systematic Theology*, McClendon says that Jesus enrolled his followers “as students in his school, his open air, learn-by-doing, movable, life-changing dialogue.” The purpose was “training” for world-changing witness; the method was “costly apprenticeship.” Then he alludes to blind Bartimaeus, said by Mark to have received his sight from Jesus and immediately followed him on his dangerous mission to Jerusalem. On the view suggested by the story, declares McClendon, “enlistment and scholarship are integral parts of one whole.” Bartimaeus, occupied with Jesus’ mission and immersed in its conflict, was “the paradigmatic Christian scholar.”²¹

Alisdair MacIntyre, who himself suggests the need for “rival universities,” says one task of responsible partisanship is “to enter into



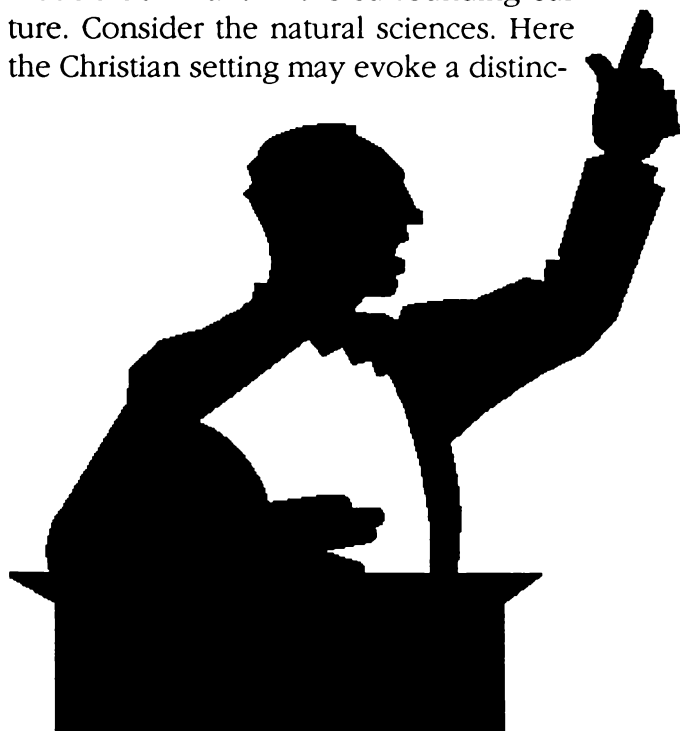
controversy with other rival standpoints." This must be done in order to challenge the rival standpoint, but also in order to test one's own account against "the strongest possible objections" against it.²² The pairing of enlistment and scholarship by no means entails, in other words, a flight from challenges or a refusal to give reasons and make adjustments. Within limits required by the maintenance of basic identity, the Christian college or university, like a responsible partisan journal or newspaper, must tolerate—must, indeed, seek out—lively confrontation with other points of view. This can happen, not just in the classroom or library, but also through the selection of students or even faculty. Postmodern awareness puts the difficulty of the knowledge enterprise in bold relief, but accountability is still vital. Convictions must still be justified. To be responsible, partisan higher education must provide, or better, *be*, a context for accountability.

In certain academic disciplines and aspects of collegiate bureaucracy, the Christian institution may find itself in virtual consensus with models dominant in the surrounding culture. Consider the natural sciences. Here the Christian setting may evoke a distinc-

tive framework for instruction—it may, for example, lead teachers to discourage the use of scientific knowledge for violent purposes—but the course content will no doubt reflect what broadly respected authorities have had to say. At the points, however, of profound difference—in the human sciences and the humanities; in the administration of student life—the only responsible conduct in the face of challenge is honest conversation. And this means readiness "to amplify, explain, defend, and, if necessary, either modify or abandon" what one believes.²³

In her book on *Theology in the Age of Scientific Reasoning*, Nancey Murphey argues that the right method for defending Christian convictions is exactly analogous to the scientific method. She writes from a postmodern point of view and relies on the distinguished philosopher of science, Imre Lakatos. Christian communities, she says, are "experiments" in a "research program." The program has to do with the claims of the gospel. As in productive science, the convictions central to the program must be held tenaciously. Secondary convictions may be held less tenaciously, but all—the central as well as the secondary—must be willingly subjected to testing. The testing is in the living out of Christian life, and in the meeting of objections to the beliefs and practices associated with that life. The objections are met either by displaying, through words or deeds, their deficiency, or by attempting to make adequate adjustments. Over the long run, evidence accrues that counts for or against the secondary or even the central convictions. The intent and hope, always, is that "new and more consistent models of the Christian theory" may emerge.²⁴

A paragraph gives short shrift to the nuance and complexity of Murphy's argument. She means to embrace the postmodern awareness of the limits and uncertainty of human knowl-



edge while arguing for standards of evidential reasoning that defeat "total relativism" and reclaim accountability. Justifications cannot be absolute, even in the natural sciences. In the domain of moral and spiritual conviction, as in the human sciences, the difficulties are even greater. But when challenges are sufficiently understood to cause dismay—a common enough experience—they must be dealt with through honest, open conversation. The attempted justifications, as McClendon writes in his own discussion of these matters, may seem acceptable and effective only in the eyes of the person or community being challenged.²⁵ But the effort of justification, and the intent of framing new and more consistent models of the Christian theory, must be embraced. Otherwise, the partisanship so necessary for growth in knowledge becomes a barrier to growth and ceases to be responsible.

For colleges and universities of explicit Christian commitment, then, intellectual accountability requires a countercultural frame of mind, a willing dissent, that is, from the wider world and a deliberate advocacy of the church's distinctive belief and practice. In the exercise of such accountability, teachers should first of all be protagonists. Second, they should, in their teaching, engage the whole person, intellect and character alike. Third, they should acknowledge and participate in conflict; they should meet challenges with attempted justifications.

In these ways, colleges that honor and reflect the church's narrative can address the

"critical years" of post-adolescence when, as Sharon Parks writes, the emerging self is especially open to "life-transforming vision."²⁶ In these ways such colleges, following their particular purpose of education, can embody and refine the practices of teaching and learning and thus create standards for these activities that assist congregations and eventually the wider world.

The genesis of modernity was, substantially, a hope for peace. But the attempt to realize the hope proved self-deceptive and, all too often, oppressive, not just in its hostility to differentiation but also in its drift toward compelled uniformity. My argument for partisan education is an acknowledgment, as Toulmin puts it, "of the unavoidable complexities of concrete human experience."²⁷ But as a call for responsible partisanship, it is also an evocation of a humane approach to discord—honest partisanship, involving mind and heart alike, fused with honest conversation and shorn of the need to injure or coerce. Here higher education can be a beacon—and especially Christian higher education, whose narrative, in decidedly unmodern fashion, calls its partisans to peaceable and prayerful regard for those with whom it differs, including its mortal enemies.

The point of the Christian narrative is not resignation, it is transformation. In a sometimes winsome but often violent tournament of narratives, colleges embracing such an approach to discord and such a hope of transformation may and must stand tall.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW			
Best Sellers			
<i>This Week</i>		<i>Last Week</i>	<i>Weeks On List</i>
1	Primary Colors by Anonymous	1	6
2	The Horse Whisperer by Nicholas Evans	5	26
3	Absolute Power by David Baldacci	3	6
4	The Celestine Prophecy by James Redfield	7	107
5	The Cat Who Said by Lillian Jackson		
6			

In 1897, Ellen White wrote that "Literature and cheap fiction of every order is circulated like the leaves of autumn; and the minds of thousands are so taken up with irreligious, cheap trash that there is no place in the mind for solid reading" (Ms. 46, 1897, p. 1, as found in Manuscript Releases, vol. 6, p. 263). What kinds of books are on the "Best Sellers" list now, 100 years later? That question guided a group of Adventist English professors as we divided up the top 10 list of hardback fiction best sellers from the New York Times Book Review, March 17, 1996. Each of us agreed to write a review covering the moral/ethical and aesthetic aspects of the book in question.

Some brief introductory observations may be useful.

- The list is volatile. Three months later (June 9), only *The Celestine Prophecy*, at number nine, re-

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Adventist English Professors Savage the Best Sellers

by Scott Moncrieff

mained from our top 10; *Primary Colors*, our number one, was number 12—the rest of the list was out of the top 15. Most of these books have the shelf life of unrefrigerated yogurt.

- Crime/detective/mystery stories and hijinks among the rich and famous seem to be the most popular ingredients. Refreshingly, titles by Dr. Seuss and Shel Silverstein are on the June 9 list.
- The authors are better at creating exciting plots than interesting characters. We set out with hope, as each devoted reader

does at the beginning of a journey, yet wary. For the most part, our hopes were disappointed, our fears confirmed.

Nevertheless, we had a good time writing the reviews. It's important for Christians to give some critical attention to what is captivating the popular imagination. From time to time, it's worthwhile to detail why bad is bad, and it's a wonderful spur to one's creative spleen. But we don't want to rest there. In a future article, we plan to recommend some recent books we've especially enjoyed.

Primary Colors

Primary Colors, by Anonymous (Random House, 1996).

Reviewed by L. Monique Pittman, Pacific Union College

My first taste of politics came in the 10th grade. I had been elected class president, but almost immediately my identity betrayed me; our class advisor informed me that a female president and male

vice president would be unbiblical, and I would have to step aside in favor of the second-place, but appropriately gendered, candidate. Perhaps something about the posturing and self-fashioning that accompanies politicking forces those involved in the profession to confront the fissures and contradictions in their own identities. Recognizing the link between questions of identity and the business of

campaigning for public office, *Primary Colors* attempts to explore the soul-searching of a relatively young political advisor who must determine whether to compromise his personal ethics for the success of his candidate.

Primary Colors chronicles a democratic presidential primary campaign suspiciously similar to Bill Clinton's, and caused quite a fluster for some months as politicians and reporters scrambled to identify the Anonymous responsible for the novel. Told by Henry Burton, a campaigning manager for the Bill Clinton stand-in, Jack Stanton, the novel explores the motives of politicians and the principles they blithely obliterate to satisfy their need for power and public admiration. Henry Burton joins the campaign team as a skeptical political advisor, but gradually succumbs to the persuasive sincerity of Jack Stanton, who seems eager to right the social inequities plaguing late 20th-century America. As the campaign faces sex scandals and disappointing primary results, Burton gradually recognizes that even Stanton reconciled himself to the endless dissimulation of the politician, and Burton must decide if he still believes enough in the worth of Jack Stanton to sacrifice his own values for the sake of the campaign.

I wish I could say that *Primary Colors* convinces its readers to care about Henry Burton's journey to disillusionment, but I can't. Too late, we understand the depth of Burton's admiration of Jack Stanton and his disappointment in Stanton's human frailty. Too late, we learn enough about Burton's background to sympathize with his own struggle to understand himself. Anonymous hoards significant information—whether Stanton fathered an illegitimate child, whether Stanton truly cares about improving the United States,

and whether Burton will remain with the campaign—in order to maintain reader suspense. Anonymous carefully structures chapters to juxtapose markedly dissimilar incidents and to leave readers guessing about the outcome of certain episodes; however, all this suspense backfires as the reader loses interest in the novel's action and flounders in the mire of a rather disappointing prose style.

The Horse Whisperer

The Horse Whisperer, by Nicholas Evans (Delacorte, 1995).

Reviewed by Douglas Jones, Andrews University

The last time I rode a horse, the animal stopped in the middle of the trail, lay down, and rolled over—with me still in the saddle. I feel there's a parallel between my last horseback ride and reading *The Horse Whisperer* by Nicholas Evans. Much of the reading was enjoyable, much of the book was engaging. But toward the end of it I felt let down and put upon.

The novel centers around the potential help that Tom Booker—the horse whisperer—can provide Grace Graves, a young girl, and her horse, Pilgrim, who has been maimed in a freak accident. Grace's mother, Annie, knows that if Booker can heal the horse, Grace's physical and emotional scars will also be healed.

I found the psychological thread in *The Horse Whisperer* to be the most rewarding. Not only does Evans portray the poignancy of the Graves family's coping with tragedy, he explores the fragile tautness of the mother-daughter relationship with respect. Ultimately, though, the novel is a study of manipulation: Annie Graves always gets what she wants, and she wants her daughter whole again. She also

I finished the book asking myself whether I knew more about the state of politics in America than I had learned in the 10th grade. I'm afraid the answer is No; most humans understand at an early age that politics involves the endless reshaping of identity, and if we need this concept confirmed we can look to far greater, more accomplished writers than Anonymous for such information.

wants the horse whisperer.

The theme of manipulation is deftly underscored through Booker's abilities to understand equine sensibilities and then nurse the damaged Pilgrim back to his former strength and glory.

The book recalls the power (diluted, however) of Peter Shaffer's play *Equus* and the randy schmaltziness of Robert Wallers' *The Bridges of Madison County*. It would seem that Evans was intent on commercial success, and the book's long-time presence in the best sellers' stables is evidence of his achievement. But I don't think the novel is lasting art. Its gait is uneven. Stylistically, *The Horse Whisperer* plods, then gallops, then plods again. While many of the setting descriptions, especially those of the Booker ranch in Montana, are handled with precision, Evans' diction, I think, is inconsistent. And the book's ending is worthy of daytime television drama.

The Horse Whisperer falls short of its promise to explore the mystical bond between human and animal. Instead, it sinks finally into tawdry exploitation—of its characters and its readers. I'd much rather recommend Cormac McCarthy's *All the Pretty Horses* (1992) to readers who want to experience the emotional bonds between horse and rider in a novel of artistic integrity.

Absolute Power

Absolute Power, by David Baldacci
(Warner, 1996).

*Reviewed by Terrie Dopp Aamodt,
Walla Walla College*

It's tough to write inside-the-Beltway fiction because the real thing is by turns so exciting, overripely scandalous, and banal that fiction pales by comparison. David Baldacci partially succeeds in carving out a fictional niche in Washington, D.C., thanks to an ever-boiling plot. His characters are less interesting. More of that anon.

The world of absolute power revolves around the U.S. president, Alan Richmond, and his vast chorus comprises mendacious corporate lawyers, the well-padded, well-paid vassals to the unbelievably rich, who in turn control both domestic and foreign policy. The president has enough power to seduce the young wife of his mega-billionaire friend, Walter Sullivan, but the drunkenness of the amorous pair leads to tragedy, and she, regrettably, gets killed, all in the way of the world.

Covering up the event might have succeeded except for an unbelievable coincidence: An undetected burglar, Luther Whitney, witnesses the slaying through a one-way mirror.

The president is abetted by his ambitious, amoral female chief of staff, Gloria Russell, while Luther's champion is Jack Graham, a former public defender who seems to be on the verge of selling his soul to a prestigious law firm and to his principal client, his fiancée's father.

Luther's estranged daughter, Kate, a fierce prosecutor of burglars, complicates matters because she once was engaged to Jack.

The tale spins out in a straight-

forward moral/ethical framework. The bad guys all worship the equation: money = power = sex. The good guys hold some kind of value system outside that equation, although the sources are never clear.

The men—both good and bad—are men, brave and bold. The women are neurotic, emotionally fragile, and given to throwing up in tense situations, torn between their powerful ambitions to succeed in a man's world and their need to be traditionally feminine.

The pleasures of Baldacci's bad guys are disgusting rather than delicious. The topic requires a number of steamy sex scenes, but the author apparently is not enjoying himself—most of them take place

"off camera," which makes me wonder if the inevitable movie will achieve a PG-13 instead of an R rating, the four murders and two suicides notwithstanding.

Aesthetically, the going is quite a bit trickier. The plot invites pursuit even though it's soon clear that Luther will get blown away and Jack and Kate will probably survive. In this time-deficient age, though, I have to care about the characters enough to keep flicking those pages. And none of the men and women who people this book are sufficiently complex or admirable to complement the plot. It would take one powerful piece of fiction to pull me voluntarily from the tales of Watergate, Iran Contra, Clarence Thomas, and Anita Hill. *Absolute Power* didn't do it for me.

The Celestine Prophecy

The Celestine Prophecy, by James Redfield (Warner, 1993).

*Reviewed by Andrew P. Woolley,
Southwestern Adventist University*

Feeling nostalgic for the Sixties? Paranoid about the Nineties? Nervous about the coming millennium? Want to combine all these feelings? If the answer is Yes, then *The Celestine Prophecy* is for you.

On a spiritual quest, the narrator goes to Peru, looking for a manuscript written around 600 B.C. that contains nine Insights. Unfortunately, no one possesses the entire manuscript. Each Insight (except the ninth) has been copied and passed around, but the narrator must find each person and gain one Insight before he can discover the next. It's a dangerous journey—evil sources, particularly the government and the church, want to keep the manuscript suppressed because of its great spiritual en-

lightenment.

The nine Insights are a combination of pantheism, Eastern philosophy and religion, and pop psychology, with elements of Emerson, Darwin, and D. H. Lawrence thrown in. They reveal that as people are becoming more aware of coincidences, they will look for a new spiritual age. Once they begin searching, they discover fields of energy, created from the first vibrations in the universe; each level of being evolved by vibrating up from a lower level. The individual may connect and vibrate in tune with the universe (Insights 3 and 5). On the other hand, he may be distracted into power struggles or may be held back by "control dramas," patterns learned in childhood (Insights 4 and 6). Or, he may be distracted from an insight by becoming "addicted" to another person (Insights 7 and 8).

The intellectual level of information here is that of a nodding

pass through Survey of Civilization. For instance, part of the Second Insight is an awareness that people were once spiritual. Then, the Protestant Reformation and the Industrial Revolution made these believers materialistic, seeing the physical world only as a commodity. Until Einstein, the Third Insight says, people weren't aware of the fields of energy that can be bent by individual communion.

The appeal of the spirituality of the Insights (there's also a workbook available) is its ease. One begins noticing coincidences. One tunes into the vibrations of the universe. One advances the cause of human evolution by vibrating to the next higher level. This is not a spirituality of hard-won battles; it's certainly not a spirituality of intellectual rigor and thought; it's not even a spirituality of physical discipline.

Characterization is nonexistent. The narrator remains nameless and faceless. We see no evidence that

the insights change him; his typical response is "I don't know," so that those with knowledge of the next Insight can explain it to him. The explainers are simply markers on the journey, conduits for explanations. There is no attempt to make them individuals; they just talk. Theoretically. Tediously. The style is excruciating. College professors talk about "hanging around," "being blown away," and "checking it out." Witness this curious event in a restaurant: "Our dinner arrived so we paused for several minutes as the waiter poured more wine, and to taste each other's food." Ironically, in a book praising the energy in physical beauty, the description is vague.

Nothing is sensually palpable. The Peru of this book is not vivid mountains and valleys; even Machu Picchu is just big blocks of stone.

A sequel about the Tenth Insight is being published. What's the Tenth Insight? Don't read the first book.

Christian redemption story: God will restore order in a world where disorder (sin) has been temporarily in control. Does our mystery reading indicate that we are being seduced by a rationalistic substitute for the redemption story? Or does our love of mysteries speak oddly of our loyalty to the traditional Adventist world view?

Parallels with *The Great Controversy* may explain why Adventists enjoy mysteries so thoroughly. Ellen White and Conan Doyle (who created Sherlock Holmes), both wrote their redemption stories against a Victorian backdrop that saw disorder enter the world through foreigners with "criminal minds." Ellen White's moral enemies were often Catholics, immigrant disturbers of Protestant order in 19th-century America, and among Doyle's cruellest villains were Mormons from Utah. Christ, of course, restored heavenly order by paying the legal penalty we deserved for breaking divine law, and Christ's arch-enemy Lucifer seems victorious before Christ returns from the dead. Sherlock Holmes used reason to restore order when society's systems (i.e., Scotland Yard) failed, apparently surrenders his life for the greater good when he dies with his arch-enemy, Moriarty, and returns from a literary tomb.

If 19th-century mystery novels reveal something of the world in which our church began, does the popularity of *The Cat Who Said Cheese* tell us anything about ourselves today? Braun gives right-leaning readers what they want. Disorder comes from a world outside small-town America, whose traditional family values are worth more than fortunes and need protection.

Strangers from other cultures are suspected at first, but are embraced when they support the traditional order; eccentrics are lov-

The Cat Who Said Cheese

The Cat Who Said Cheese, by Lilian Jackson Braun (Putnam, 1996).

Reviewed by Norman Wendth, Atlantic Union College

The *Cat Who Said Cheese* maintains Lilian Jackson Braun's formula: Koko, the smarter of central character Jim Qwilleran's two Siamese cats, yowls at key moments or knocks books off shelves as he helps "Qwill" solve the latest mystery.

As the title indicates, this time Braun's entertaining theme is America's love affair with "gourmet" food, especially the Gruyere, Brie, and feta cheeses that Koko and Yum Yum devour. Pickax, a small town "400 miles north of everywhere," is sponsoring a "Great

Food Expo" of new food specialty stores and restaurants with "modern" versions of traditional Pickax dishes. The important "expo" in this plot, however, is the bomb that goes off in the hotel. Apparently intended for a mysterious woman guest, it kills a young hotel housekeeper. Then a possible witness is murdered.

The popularity of *The Cat Who Said Cheese* raises issues familiar to students of popular culture, and should raise questions for Adventists. Years ago, W. H. Auden pointed out that mysteries console readers by showing rational processes restoring order in a society where disorder (murder) has been temporarily in control. But some Adventists see Auden's satisfying mysteries paralleling the traditional

able until they reject society, when even long-time locals become distasteful.

Murders may occur in Pickax, but no one the reader knows enough to care about ever dies. Those guilty of disrupting Pickax eventually—and voluntarily—re-

veal their crimes, sometimes because they are filled with genuine remorse. Post-modern tastes are foolish, although we often can learn from the contemporary world if we pick and choose carefully.

I wonder if Braun attends church . . . and if so, whose.

business losses and a broken nose. One of the reasons I was able to read this book so quickly was that the characters and their struggles were painfully predictable. At no point did I feel regret, knowing that soon I would have to let these characters go. At no point did I pause to ponder a particularly well-crafted prose passage. Though Spencer tries to raise feminist concerns by sketching an independent heroine, she blatantly undercuts these efforts by repeatedly holding up for our appreciation some lines from Longfellow describing men and women as "Useless each without the other." Such sentiments are more than sloppy; they are dangerous. *That Camden Summer* is a book waiting to be made into a mini-series. The week it airs will be a week I happily catch up on my composition grading.

That Camden Summer

That Camden Summer, by LaVyrle Spencer (Putnam, 1996).

Reviewed by Beverly Matiko, Andrews University

I am a slow reader. Most of my Monday morning e-mail from Fairbanks or Allentown, Boston or Portland begins with "I read a book this weekend that I think you'd enjoy. . . ." My response is typically a confession that I spent most of Sunday on the *New York Times Book Review*, and that it will take me the rest of the week to get through the paper's remaining sections, even with skipping Business.

Because I am a slow reader, I was unprepared for how quickly I turned the pages of LaVyrle Spencer's *That Camden Summer*. And it wasn't because I couldn't put the book down. I wanted badly to put it down even before I began the first chapter. A list of the author's earlier novels suggested that I was clearly in the realm of the popular romance: *A Heart Speaks*, *Separate Beds*, *Twice Loved*, *November of the Heart*, and more than a dozen more. *That Camden Summer* would have satisfied my early adolescent reading tastes; at 41 it annoyed me.

Spencer sets her story in Maine, 1916. Roberta Jewett, the heroine, is a divorced woman who has moved back to her hometown with plans of supporting herself and her daughters as a traveling nurse. She must contend with the

prejudice of the townsfolk, including her own family, who are convinced that divorce must be the woman's fault.

Roberta's presence clearly challenges their preciously preserved status quo. The resulting story is part *Petticoat Junction*, part *The Brady Bunch*, part "Harper Valley PTA." Spencer's is a world where the good are rewarded with love and marriage, while the evil suffer

Guilty as Sin

Guilty as Sin, by Tami Hoag (Bantam, 1996).

Reviewed by Renard Doneskey, La Sierra University

One would think that, with a title like *Guilty as Sin*, Tami Hoag's latest novel would at least give a token nod to the genesis of evil or seek to explore its religious ramifications. However, not only does she fail to explore the nature of evil—contentedly leaving it as an unsolvable mystery that even the book's priest cannot fathom—but she never considers "sin" at all, at least in the traditional religious sense. Instead, she serves up unbelievable characters and plot clichés.

The plot revolves around District Attorney Ellen North, who tries to solve a series of crimes that begins with a small boy's kidnapping, allegedly by one of the small town's most upstanding citizens,

psychology professor Garrett Wright.

Along the way she must battle a former lover-turned-adversary defense attorney, an incompetent and politically motivated supervisor, a sex-for-information sheriff, and an obnoxious true-crime writer, Jay Brooks, who practices seduction more than journalism. These are the good guys.

The evil characters receive much less attention, remaining shadowy throughout, partly to keep the suspense (who really has committed these crimes?) and partly, I think, because Hoag already has enough evil in the "good" characters and doesn't need much anywhere else.

Hoag's novel straddles the line between a psychological thriller and a mystery, but lacks the best elements of either genre. In psychological fiction, we want characters who would behave as we would behave if we were in their situation. Here the characters behave

exactly as characters do on a TV miniseries—bearing little relation to life as we know it. The defense attorney annoys us in just the way we expect him to—he's arrogant, self-righteous, and concerned only with winning rather than justice. The priest shows his humanity as other priests have since *The Thorn Birds* (and it was cliché then)—he wears jeans and flannel shirts and falls in love. The D.A.'s love relationship develops along the lines of a Harlequin romance, with North first being repelled by, then strongly attracted to, Brooks.

Besides failing to develop realistic characters, Hoag also fails to surprise us with the story line. In mystery fiction we want a well-developed plot and enough plot twists that we can't guess the perpetrator too early. Also, we look for a detective at least as intelligent as we are. The popularity of Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poirot, Peter Wimsey, and other such detectives stems from their ability to make us marvel at the connections they make

between things we miss.

Just the opposite situation develops here. I knew who was involved in the crimes before reaching the halfway point. Further, I made connections that D. A. North and the police fail to consider.

Obvious things, too. Example: North's car, parked in a snow-covered parking lot, has been vandalized, with an obscenity scratched into the door and the tire slashed. Three police officers and North are baffled at how to determine who might have done the deed. Meanwhile, I'm talking out loud directly to the book: "Follow the tracks in the snow!"

Problematically, *Guilty as Sin* delivers exactly what you would expect it to. Despite its flaws, it does entertain—in a mind-numbing way. It's diverting. And the final 100 pages create considerable suspense. However, reading the novel reminded me why I don't read much popular fiction. *Guilty as Sin* is a best-seller—and it just isn't very good.

disappointing reading experience on a number of levels. Its literary qualities lack the stamp of good fiction. Immature portrayals give readers characters with little appeal or depth. Harris overloads the narrative with details that add nothing to plot movement; for example, a phone call between Sean and his sister is interrupted by call waiting for no apparent reason other than an attempt at authenticity. Style and editing issues could distract the most inattentive of readers.

Among the slender pleasures in this novel readers can count the distinctive African-American banter, particularly among the female characters. Two minor characters also deserve special attention. Gina DeMarco, the fast-talking publicity agent who represents Zurich, is far more engaging than either of the two main female characters. But the star of the show is MamaCee, Zurich's grandmother come to Chicago from Warm Springs, Mississippi, to take care of her "baby" during the hearing. Her visit to an upscale Chicago beauty salon emerges as one of the most memorable scenes in the book.

Harris attempts to treat some social issues in *And This Too Shall Pass*: alcoholism, rape, and particularly the struggle of gay believers to maintain their faith in the face of rejection by organized religion.

But the seriousness of these concerns is diminished by their juxtaposition to salacious, explicit descriptions of casual sexual activity, both homosexual and heterosexual. And the answers are facile. When Sean finally turns/returns to God, he is "rewarded" by Zurich's affection. Harris's coupling of a simplistic religious outlook with his less-than-critical portrayal of a life-style that includes a crass use of language, troubled relationships, and sex without commitment, will not satisfy the serious Christian reader.

And This Too Shall Pass

And This Too Shall Pass, by E. Lynn Harris (Doubleday, 1996).

Reviewed by Meredith Jones-Gray, Andrews University

Four young African-Americans on their way to the top make up the ensemble cast of E. Lynn Harris' *And This Too Shall Pass*: Zurich Robinson, the virtuous-to-a-fault starting quarterback for the Chicago Cougars, an NFL expansion team; Mia Miller, the first African-American female sportscaster on Chicago's TV Channel 3; Tamela Coleman, attorney with a prestigious Chicago law firm; and Sean Elliott, a gay freelance sportswriter in New York City.

An omniscient narrator rotates

among the four major characters, gradually weaving their lives together. Mia accuses Zurich of raping her; an alcoholic, she was too drunk to remember what really happened when she was assaulted. Tamela is assigned to defend Zurich but struggles to preserve her objectivity in the case because it triggers memories of a college incident in which she heard, in her boyfriend's rooming house, four football players gang-raping a young woman and did nothing to stop them. Sean, who is writing an article on the emergence of black quarterbacks, suspends his formal interviewing of Zurich until the rape case is resolved but finds himself falling in love with the quarterback.

And This Too Shall Pass offers a

McNally's Puzzle

McNally's Puzzle, by Lawrence Sanders (Putnam, 1996).

Reviewed by Winona Howe, La Sierra University

I've never read an entire book by Lawrence Sanders before, although I've thumbed through some of his previous 27 titles while killing time at airports. But now, I was on assignment for *Spectrum*; I went to Crown Books and bought my 25-percent-off copy of Sanders' *McNally's Puzzle*. I'm glad I got the discount.

I enjoy reading murder mysteries. The concept of good triumphing over evil combined with an intricately plotted puzzle is, for me (as for many readers), irresistible. As Carl Hiaasen, another author of Florida suspense fiction remarked, they are satisfying because "for once the bad guys get what they deserve." Fictional detectives are often tremendously concerned with moral questions, such as the appropriate response to the evil that exists in the world. Archy McNally, however, the protagonist of *McNally's Puzzle*, doesn't spend his time pondering weighty questions like this. He is too involved with other weighty questions: What should he order for dinner? What should he wear today? What incredibly clever thing can he say next? This book didn't tempt me to examine moral questions either. My thoughts tended to be along the lines of: Archy? Binky (Archy's dim-wit sidekick)? Are people still stuck with these names from the 1940s? Even in south Florida?

Archy's investigation is centered at Parrots Unlimited, a "psittacine supermarket." He compares the brightly colored, exotic birds to the flamboyant, shallow people who inhabit south Florida, an epiphany

which is probably the intellectual high point of the book for both protagonist and reader. Archy is not a mental heavyweight; after all, it takes him 200 pages to discover that there is a market for smuggled parrots and macaws. There are a few murders in the book but, because of the cartoonish quality of the hero's mental and physical peregrinations, the violence never seems real. The novel seems like the print equivalent of a television summer replacement show: trivial, boring, and silly. Furthermore, Archy is correct about the characters who inhabit the pages of *McNally's Puzzle*—they are like the denizens of Parrots Unlimited, most of whom merely preen and squawk. I found it hard to believe that *McNally's Puzzle* is the sixth (or even the second) book in Sanders' McNally series. I found it hard to believe that

thousands of readers could derive that much pleasure out of the incredibly arch tone, the humorous condescension, the nuggets of recondite information, and the inside jokes that the hero employs.

If you like classic Florida mysteries, read the Travis McGee series by John D. McDonald; if you prefer a more contemporary Florida scene, try the Matthew Hope series by Ed McBain. If you are intrigued by the name Archy (better make that Archie), read the Nero Wolfe series by Rex Stout. There are a host of mystery authors whose protagonists are engaged in the search for justice and truth and concerned with the question of how this search fits into the context of today's world, authors such as Tony Hillerman, Ruth Rendall, P. D. James, Sue Grafton, Ross McDonald, and Elizabeth James. The list is extensive, but it doesn't contain Lawrence Sanders. I can't recommend *McNally's Puzzle*.

Rogue Warrior: Task Force Blue

Rogue Warrior: Task Force Blue, by Richard Marcinko and John Weisman (Pocket, 1996).

Reviewed by Scott Moncrieff, Andrews University

"Vengeance is mine," thus saith the Lord. For 300 pages, however, the Rogue Warrior trespasses on the Lord's territory, taking a terrible revenge on bad guys from Key West to Rancho Mirage.

The action centers around this Navy SEAL's attempts to stop a conspiracy/revolution masterminded by California billionaire L. C. Strawhouse (Ross Perot with a grudge), while simultaneously protecting his backside from sinister goings on among the new military opportunists in Washington who dislike his unconventional methods.

Some readers probably enjoy the passages on weaponry and fighting technique. There is specific (and presumably knowledgeable) description of dozens of weapons, combat clothes, and finer points of staking out, storming a hijacked aircraft, killing a "tango" (bad guy) without excess blood spray, and so on. Another presumed attraction is the inside glimpse at the way the CIA, NIS, NSA, and other government organizations operate: opportunism, petty politicking, personal vendettas—except for a core of misunderstood and underappreciated guys like the hero. Then there is the simplified and ego-gratifying picture of good and evil. Ever been cut off in heavy traffic? Lost out in a romantic triangle? Had your toes stepped on? If you could (a) be

certain that you were the wronged party and (b) could visit a terrible vengeance on the perpetrator, you would be the Rogue Warrior. The rest of us Walter Mittys can read the book.

Men who communicate through “one-fingered salutes” and gutter sarcasm (this is to friends!), and who don’t relate well with women at all will find themselves on fantasy island. The main characters—Rogue Warrior and his homogenous band—are men; women appear only in a few cameos and degrading epithets, with one or two minor exceptions. Dialogue rarely rises above grunts and gestures. Conversely, the words flow endlessly from Rogue Warrior’s first-person narration.

To give authors Richard Marcinko and John Weisman their due, the tactical angle of the book is often interesting, as are the surprising and sometimes skillful references by the narrator to Kafka, Gilbert and Sullivan, Shakespeare’s Henry V, Gauguin, and others.

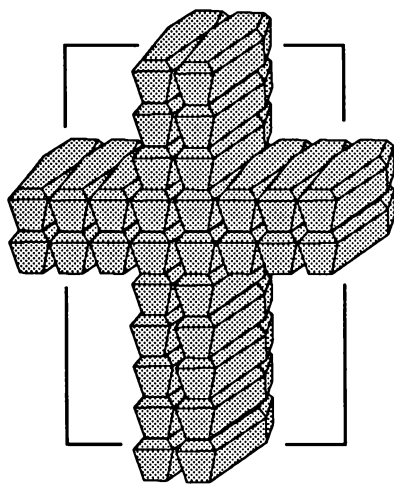
But let’s not get carried away. This is a pernicious book. It’s not just that if the F-word were removed it would be 30 pages shorter. It’s not just the assumed co-dependency between being a macho man and having a degraded view of women. It’s not just the glorification of being a Rogue, free from society’s restraints, yet smugly justified by one’s private moral code. It’s also the demonic world view of a character who finds his

highest fulfillment in revenge, a character without purpose or pleasure in a world without “enemies.”

If Marcinko and Weisman had written *Pride and Prejudice*, it might have gone something like this:

Mr. Darcy slipped on his fleece-lined Nomex balaclava, snapped his Beretta M-92 pistol in its hidden shoulder holster, and hefting his Remington 870 riot shotgun, with 100 rounds of double-O buckshot slung around his shoulder, headed for Longbourne. That *\$!@ Mr. Wickham had better not be lurking in the *&^%\$#@ bushes.

It’s just one more reason to thank God for Jane Austen!



Ntakirutimana Says *Spectrum* Smears His Father's Reputation

I totally agree with you when you say that all those who are responsible for the massacres that took place in Rwanda in 1994 should be brought to justice. I also agree with you when you recommend that every effort has to be made so that what happened in Rwanda will never happen again.

However, I was shocked to read the article entitled, "Sabbath Slaughter: SDAs and Rwanda," by Alita Byrd (*Spectrum*, Vol. 25, No. 4). All the accusations made against my father, Pastor Elisephan Ntakirutimana, and myself are false.

It is hard to understand how a Christian journalist of your caliber, who is aware of the ninth commandment (Exodus 20:16), can publish such serious accusations against someone without doing anything in order to check if those accusations are true or false. Since you had my address in Zambia and the Ivory Coast, you should have asked me to give you my side of the story before publishing (Deuteronomy 13:14). What you did to us is just unfair.

Actually, the way you handled this problem is similar to what the police in the State of Texas did on

September 26, 1996. The police acted on accusations made by some members of the Tutsi community in the United States and arrested Pastor Ntakirutimana without giving him the opportunity to defend himself. Now an innocent person is suffering in jail. I am sure that those who made up those accusations are celebrating now because they have achieved their goal. They know very well that Pastor Ntakirutimana, 73 years old, is innocent, but they want him to die in prison so that their godfather, Asiel Kabera, an influential member of the Rwanda Patriotic Front and governor of the Kibuye region, may take over his estate back in Rwanda. However, I pray to God that he prevents those wicked persons from interfering with justice so that my father may get a fair trial.

Coming back to the *Spectrum* article, I want to point out two things: First, I have never discussed with Pastor L. T. Daniel what happened in Mugonero on April 16, 1994. Therefore I have never told him that I wanted to be absolved, as the article reported. I have not done anything wrong. I do not need to be absolved. Second,

Responses to Rwanda, Atlantic Union College, and "Pilgrims in the Hills of Carolina"

being a survivor of a massacre does not make a person always tell the plain truth. Remember what Pastor L. T. Daniel and Heraldo Seidl said about the value of some of the testimonies coming out of Rwanda: "Some of it is true, some is not." "Nobody tells the truth. People are afraid to. You cannot prove anything in a confused situation like that." Please, do not

let your magazine become a channel for smearing other people's reputations.

Finally, I invite you—along with Rakiya Omaar and his informants—to read Hebrews 10:26 and Exodus 20:16, if you recognize the authority of the Bible.

Gerard Ntakirutimana
Cote d'Ivoire

workers. It would have been far better to have adopted the practice of, "from everywhere to everywhere." This might have helped to undermine the continued entrenchment of tribalism and provincialism in the working force. Perhaps we should have expended much more time and effort in interiorizing within the rank and file of the membership the biblical truth that, in Christ, all are one.

In Africa, Adventists Have Catered Too Much to Tribalism

A recent issue of *Spectrum* contained a disturbing article entitled "Sabbath Slaughter: SDAs and Rwanda" (*Spectrum*, Vol. 25, No. 4). I read it with much interest and a growing concern that perhaps we have failed to ensure that this kind of tragedy does not recur.

I am well acquainted with the Rwandan situation, having been connected with that part of the world for many years as a missionary in Rwanda, Zaire, and the Africa-Indian Ocean Division. Many of the workers who perished in the holocaust were former colleagues and friends. As treasurer of the Africa-Indian Ocean Division from 1990 to the end of 1993, I made repeated trips to Rwanda, both on a routine basis and in response to emergency calls for help in dealing with the worsening situation. The fact that Adventists participated in the killings is particularly disturbing because it raises serious questions that need to be addressed—and I am afraid we are bypassing the issue when we adopt a mentality of, "There should be a point where we just say what is gone is gone. Let's begin afresh." What assurance do we have that, given a repeat of the circumstances, Christians will behave any differently?

We need to have the courage to

examine carefully where, as a church, we may have erred in our presentation of the gospel—how we administered the church program; how we may have set ourselves up for a tragedy such as this. May I submit a number of areas that I believe deserve our careful attention:

1 I fear we were too concerned with numerical growth at the expense of discipling. When we fail to disciple adequately, we bring into being a church whose converts may be vulnerable to pressures such as those that eventuated in the Rwanda tragedy of 1994. As a church we may have relied upon figures of numerical increase as the evidence of true growth. Pressure exerted upon indigenous administrators for numerical growth sometimes resulted in hastily baptized and under indoctrinated accessions to membership. Christianity has had to compete with traditional concepts (tribalism is part of this), and as long as converts do not become new creatures in Christ Jesus, ethnic hatreds and resultant cruelty will surface under the right conditions.

I perceive one of our serious shortcomings was that we catered too much to tribalism in our selection and deployment of church

2 In Africa we have fallen woefully short in the provision of character-building literature for the membership. Rwanda and Zaire are prime examples. In Zaire, for example, until very recently, by and large the membership had no access to Sabbath school lesson quarterlies, Bibles, or hymnals. There was practically no literature available for a church membership that was growing by the tens of thousands every year. Much the same situation existed in Rwanda. We have spent millions of dollars in buildings and institutions, but have not found the funding for literature with which to nurture a growing church. In many parts of Africa, what is seen in print and what comes over the airwaves is accepted as gospel truth. Africa has been bombarded with broadcasts from secular and atheistic sources. Millions, hungry for the printed page, have absorbed non-Christian, revolutionary concepts from the abundance of undesirable publications put out by the purveyors of this poison. It was Brother Andrew, of Bible-smuggling fame, who made the statement that missionaries taught Africa to read, but they left it to the communists to provide the literature. This situation in our church in Rwanda would leave one to conclude that many of the members were ill-equipped to withstand the ethnic pressures that tore the country apart.

3 Our educational system was too dependent upon state aid and approval. When we accept state finance and recognition, we find ourselves having to bow to the state's demands in a number of areas, perhaps the most notable being quasi-control over which students we can accept and the curriculum we offer. History bears witness that students have played not a little part in fomenting unrest and violence in our educational institutions. At the university college located at Mudende, where hundreds of people lost their lives, students acted as informers upon fellow students and staff. Students rioted and even threw hand grenades. Did the curriculum we offered cater more to head knowledge than to a knowledge based upon eternal truths? Were our attempts to balance the budget by opening the doors to non-committed students really worth it in the long haul?

I was present upon a number of occasions when the university board grappled with the crises brought about by student and local community intervention in the affairs of the institution. There was the occasion when three Tutsi students were abducted and killed. Although the university pressed the government for a thorough inquiry, it was obliged to settle for an untruthful, unsatisfactory report as to what became of these three students. I personally helped the widow of one of them as she struggled to cope financially, following her husband's disappearance. What disturbed me in particular was the seeming unconcern of some of our Rwandese board members (administrators both on the union and local field level) about the killings. I remonstrated with them right there on the board. The impression was clear—the victims were Tutsi, so what else could one expect?

More than 60 percent of the baptized membership in the Africa-Indian Ocean Division was under 25 years of age. Because of this, our education system was, likely, a key factor in setting the spiritual tone of the church.

Unless I am mistaken, our church has yet to conduct a serious inquiry into Adventist involvement in the atrocities. We may have underplayed the death toll among Adventists in Rwanda. I am inclined to agree with the article in *Spectrum* that many more than the 10,000—plus or minus—were killed. A mentality of, Let's forget the past and start anew, is not good enough. Denominational employees, in particular, should be held accountable for their involvement in the carnage. What have we done about it? To turn a blind eye in this direction is to ensure that the evil will persist and occur again when conditions are ripe. I am shocked that Elisephan Ntakirutimana and his one son are named as collaborators with the killers. I have known Elisephan for more than 35 years, having met

with him and other Rwandan church leaders as late as April 1993 in Kigali. His is not just another name—he is a brother in Christ who has a fearfully dark cloud hanging over him. We owe it to the victims and their surviving family members in Rwanda to come through with a clear message and stance on the issue. We owe it to Elisephan and others of his kind who may have been guilty of genocide to make them aware of our horror, revulsion, and sorrow for what they did, and to let them know that Jesus is “able to save to the uttermost” even perceived killers like them.

What I have written is in no way intended as destructive criticism. I realize that my observations may be faulty, but my heart bleeds for the Africa in which I grew up as a missionary's son, and for the Africa in which we spent more than 40 years in the Lord's service. The Rwanda and Burundi tragedies are my tragedy, my sorrow, my loss.

Don H. Thomas
Stafford, Arizona

Editors' Response: We Delayed Publication, Awaiting a Response

The anguished letters from Don H. Thomas, a former colleague, and from a son of Pastor Elisephan Ntakirutimana remind us just how tragic the events in Rwanda have been. We can only try to appreciate Dr. Gerard Ntakirutimana's agony.

We do wish to respond to Dr. Ntakirutimana's letter. On November 28, 1995, *Spectrum* sent a fax to the Africa-Indian Ocean Division headquarters in Abidjan, on the Ivory Coast, asking for information regarding Dr. Ntakirutimana's whereabouts. We received no response, and delayed publication of our report.

After the *Washington Times* re-

ported that Pastor Elisephan Ntakirutimana was living in Laredo, Texas, *Spectrum* attempted to contact him at the natural grocery store operated by his relatives. Again, we received no response.

After the *Spectrum* report finally appeared, Dr. Ntakirutimana responded, writing from the Africa-Indian Ocean Division headquarters. Dr. Ntakirutimana cites several biblical texts in his letter, and we certainly agree with the counsel of Deuteronomy 13:14, which says, “Then shalt thou enquire, and make search, and ask diligently; and, behold, if it be truth, and the thing certain, that

such abomination is wrought among you." We also note the immediately following verse: "Thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants of that city with the edge of the sword, destroying it utterly, and all that is therein, and the cattle thereof, with the edge of the sword" (verse 15).

After finding additional information from reputable human rights

organizations, *Spectrum* printed its account of a tragic and important event in Adventism—a story widely reported in the mainstream media. We regret that the International Tribunal has become so convinced of the evidence that it has indicted Pastor Elisephan Ntakirutimana for crimes against humanity.

—The Editors

The New York Conference Did Not Loan Money to AUC



I read with interest your account of the events that have been transpiring in the Atlantic Union with the college (*Spectrum*, Vol. 25, No. 4). It is, by and large, an accurate description of the matter. The one discrepancy that caught my attention was the report that the "college officers secured \$2 million from the New York and Southern New England conference revolving funds to meet the school's payroll and finance general operations."

I cannot speak for the Southern New England Conference, but I can tell you that such was not the case in New York. The New York Conference Executive Committee, following the advice of counsel, voted an action to decline the college's request to use New York revolving fund monies for the purpose of the loan. Our attorney explained that the New York "prudent investor" law, enforced by the state upon all trustees, would not allow us to make the funds of our

trustors, practically all of which are invested in the revolving fund, available to an organization which, according to the audit presented at the college constituency session, is "not a going concern." It is not that the New York Conference does not believe in Atlantic Union College, or is trying to be obstinate; it is, simply, that we are trying to be faithful stewards of the funds that trustors and other New York investors have entrusted to our care. We value the confidence they have placed in us. We do not intend to violate that trust.

Since many of your readers are from the region serviced by the Atlantic Union, it may be valuable to them to have the correct information—to wit, that the union officers have assured us that no New York Conference monies were included in the loan from the revolving fund to Atlantic Union College.

Richard H. Coston
Secretary, New York Conference
Syracuse, New York

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correspondence to
Spectrum, P.O. Box
5330, Takoma Park,
MD 20913 (U.S.A.).



Northeastern Conference Is Paying "Debts"

I have noted in your recent article about Atlantic Union College (*Spectrum*, Vol. 25, No. 4) some observations about Northeastern Conference that should be clarified.

The article states that the Northeastern Conference "refused to join other local conferences in lending money to the college." In fact, only one of the six conferences in the Atlantic Union Conference loaned money to the college. That loan was drawn from that conference's revolving fund. Three other conferences, including Northeastern, expressed a clear willingness to do the same, but had no significant revolving fund account to draw on. Two other conferences who did have revolving fund accounts chose not to lend money to the college. To single out Northeastern on this point seems to me to be both misleading and unfair.

Second, you state that Northeastern "is already \$5.1 million in arrears in tithe payments to the union, according to the official report of the General Conference service." The report to which you refer is dated December 31, 1995. At the time of that GC report, the statement was accurate. However, since that time—and many months before your August publication date—Northeastern began an aggressive payment plan to bring its account up to date. At this writing (August 28, 1996), Northeastern Conference has reduced that account to approximately \$1.4 million. And I must stress that none of that remaining amount is owed to the Atlantic Union. The remaining funds, with a scheduled plan for

repayment, are owed directly to the North American Division, and will simply be passed through the Atlantic Union Conference according to regular policy. Thus, the present-tense statement in an August publication that the confer-

ence "is already \$5.1 million in arrears" is significantly out of date.

I hope this information helps to clarify your story.

Leon D. Thomassian, Treasurer
Atlantic Union Conference

Editors' Response: Latest Information on AUC Is Encouraging

Richard Coston expresses the view that, except for one item, *Spectrum's* report was generally accurate. Many others have also communicated to the editors their appreciation for what they describe as a succinct account of a complex and critical period in the history of Atlantic Union College. We appreciate Pastor Coston's correction—that the New York Conference did not advance the college money from its own funds. We also appreciate Pastor Thomassian's letter. While acknowledging that we accurately reported information from the written, public documents available to us, he provides helpful additional information concerning the Northeastern Conference.

Recent news from Atlantic Union College must cheer its alumni. According to a report by Mark Hyder, the vice president for finance, to a January 26 college constituency meeting, the Atlantic Union and the Atlantic Union Revolving Fund provided \$3 million for the college to operate from March through

August 1996. A recruitment program under the guidance of interim president Clifford Sorenson, resulted in the enrollment of 447 students (financial full-time equivalents) in the fall of 1996. A stringent operating budget that included the reduction of 55 employees, meant that an enrollment above 350 permitted the faculty and staff to be reimbursed for the 17 percent pay cut that they had taken during the summer. By reducing its annual operating subsidy to the college by \$1.2 million per year for the next 15 years, the Atlantic Union assumed the majority of the college's \$8.7 million outstanding debt, leaving the campus nearly debt free. All these developments must have encouraged a new president when he assumed his responsibilities September 30, 1996: Sylvan Lashley, Ed.D, formerly president of Caribbean Union College in Trinidad and of West Indies College in Jamaica.

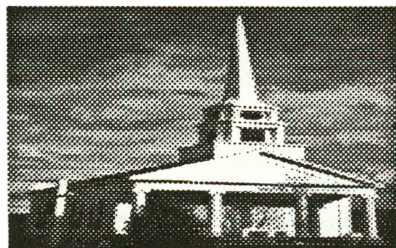
—The Editors

But we must be very careful not to degrade Creationism by maintaining an untenable concept of it. Evidence that life has been present on this planet far longer than 6,000 year has become so abundant, so diverse, and so reliable, that I cannot with integrity ignore, evade, or discredit it. I believe this evidence to be far more reliable than was the primitive astronomical data available to Galileo when he was proclaiming the heretical notion that the sun, not the earth, is the center of the solar system. We must not emulate the Christian leaders of Galileo's day who refused to look through his telescope at the craters of the moon or the satellites of Jupiter. I wonder if we do not make as great a mistake in setting a time for the creation of life on this earth as did our spiritual forebears in setting a time for the Second Coming.

Evidence for a Long Chronology: Bristlecone Pine Tree Ring Chronology and C-14 Dating. The continuous 7,700 year tree ring chronology would appear to rule out a worldwide flood since the 5th millennium B.C. Radiocarbon dates closely follow the tree ring dates, except that they gradually shorten by a few hundred years when dating material several thousand years old. This correction is in the wrong direction to support the concept that radiocarbon was missing or at very low concentrations before the Flood. Biological specimens, such as peat, show radiocarbon dates throughout the 30,000 year range limit of this dating method, and no detectable C-14 is present in coal and petroleum.

Fossil Forest of Yellowstone. More than 40 layers of petrified stumps are displayed in a ravine apparently produced by glaciation or erosion. I visited this site in 1985 while on a geological field trip sponsored by the Association of Adventist Forums. As I remember

Other Pilgrims Searching for the Creator



In response to the article, "Pilgrims in the Hills of Carolina," by Randy Neall (*Spectrum*, Vol. 25, No. 5), faith in God as Creator is one of the most fundamental beliefs in all Christianity. Without God as Creator the entire biblical record is without foundation.

them, the layers are perhaps 20 or 30 feet thick. Many of the stumps are several feet in diameter. Nearly all of them are upright and in an apparent position of original growth. One of them has roots embracing a huge stone. To me, the usual explanation of sequential volcanic activity burying the forests appears much more logical than the rafting hypothesis designed to shorten the time span of these formations. How could a raft of trees float in over a tall forest without toppling it? And then repeat the process more than 40 times in a brief time span?

Continental Drift. The west coast of Africa and the east coast of South America, with their continental shelves, would fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. The continents are now separating at the rate of approximately a centimeter per year. Similar fossil formations at corresponding areas of both continents demonstrate the presence of life when the continents were contiguous.

The only active volcanos in the

Hawaiian Islands are on the big island at the extreme southeast end of the chain. The other islands are considered to have been previously formed by the same volcanic center, as the continental shelf drifted by. Most of these islands have eroded back into the sea, leaving a chain of more than 1,000 miles of seamounts.

The Grand Canyon. The progression of fossils from primitive to mammal as samples are taken from the bottom to the top of the formations has been explained by the ecological zonation hypothesis. But could not large reptiles be more mobile to avoid the Genesis flood than small rodents? Can we invoke the Genesis flood to explain both the formation of the sediments and then the formation of the canyon by erosion?

A Possible Explanation. Genesis 41:57 reads, "Moreover, all the world came to Joseph in Egypt to buy grain, because the famine became severe throughout the world." The author of Genesis, of course, had no concept of the "world" as we

know it and applied the term to the countries adjacent to Egypt.

Matthew 24:1-44 records how, when Jesus was asked by the disciples when the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world would occur, he did not clarify that these were separate events, but mingled in his reply descriptions of both events.

Perhaps the accounts of creation and the flood in Genesis may be a similar mingling of a short-term creation of the Garden of Eden and a long-term creation of the universe. Could the creation story describe a literal, six-day miracle in a limited geographic area? Then, when Adam and Eve were evicted from the garden, they would live "by the sweat of their brow" in land long dominated by the presence of Satan, where many of the animals lived by predation. This hypothesis would solve many geologic problems and preserve the literal origin of the Sabbath.

Ralph Adams
Salem, Oregon

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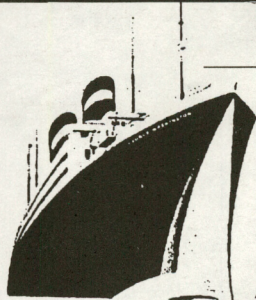
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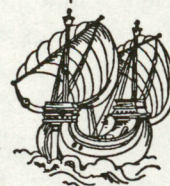
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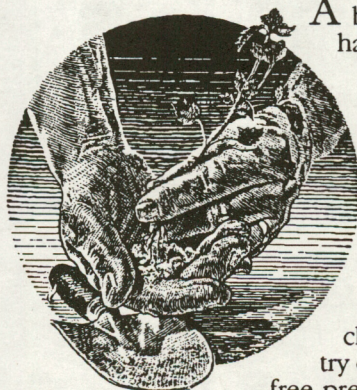
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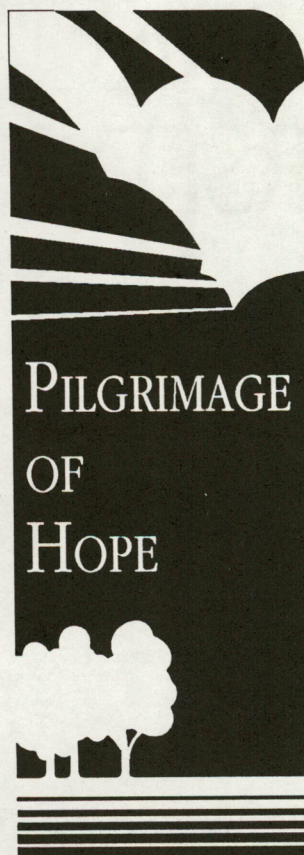


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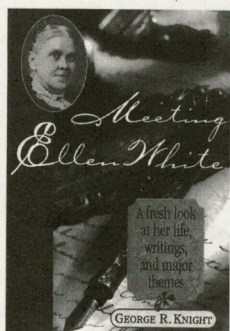
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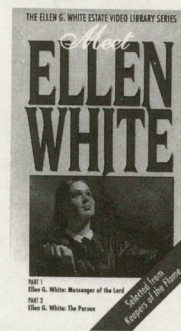
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