Do you think God still uses dreams to speak to people? I don't know, myself, but if He does, I think I have had just such a dream. It wasn't what I would call a good dream, but then, too, it wasn't a nightmare either. It was "bad" in the sense that it showed me rather horribly what I am -- a phony! I never wanted to be a phony; I don't suppose anyone does. But as the old saying goes; "You don't always get what you want"... or is that an old saying? Maybe I just made it up, I can't remember now.... Well, on with the dream. Remember now, don't expect everything to be closely and logically related -- dreams aren't that way, you know.

One of the experiences occurred when I was walking through the "questionable" end of town. You know: dingy, dark streets...gloomy... drunks laid out (laid out?) on the street...hole-in-the-wall beer joints...hippies -- or maybe they weren't really hippies, I've heard that hippies are hippies because of their philosophy, not their appearance; at any rate I felt that they were hippies... you get the picture anyway. Why I was there was left a mystery. I suppose this may mean that I am there; I don't have to go anywhere; that's just the world I'm living in... we're all living in -- the "lower end", the "east side," the "other side of the tracks," the "west end," the slums, the ghetto, the Negro district." I don't care what you call it, it's there, damn it, it's there! Take it away! Take it away! I want to hide from it!... from "it"? -- the world, I guess... Oh yes, the dream. A young man, my age, tried to get me to join him in his game. He coaxed me down a quiet street; and, as he led the way, the conversation went like this:

"Come on! It's great; you'll love it. It's not hard; once you get your clothes off, you'll be amazed at how easy it is."

He stripped off his clothes and stood naked in the street, his arms outstretched, as if to say, "See, it's not difficult; join me." And off he went, jumping, shouting, full of joy and happiness, "I'm free, free, free!" I watched him for some time. In a way I wanted to join him, but I doubted -- doubted what? the freedom he claimed to attain? the method? Maybe I doubted his right to such freedom. The

(continued on page 6.)

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EDITORIAL: HERE WE GO AGAIN?

Here we stand at the end of another academic year. What have we accomplished this year (we ask ourselves) and what have we failed to do? Questions like these can have a pretty disheartening effect. Our achievements have a terribly persistent way of falling far short of our goals. And if we are among those who have been resolving ever since their first semester as college freshmen to cast off sloth and apathy and have begun each new term determined to attain high levels of accomplishment, we are pretty well convinced by now that the Greeks' cyclical view of history is the right one; things just don't seem to change. Here we are in a kind of scholastic squirrel cage. There is plenty of activity and motion, but we are just not getting anywhere.

We really can't afford, however, to slosh around in the Slough of Despond forever. Perhaps the gravest danger facing us is that after a while, we'll get used to the mud and slime. They might begin to take on the attractiveness of the known and the familiar; even bad situations offer some security once we've learned to cope with them in some way. We are apt to forget that sloughs are not boundless and that firmer ground surrounds them. The memory grows dim that what we are actually supposed to be doing is trying to climb out.

Any talk about climbing out, however, can itself become "bogged" down in empty moralisms. We must ever be reminded that the only legitimate hope we can have is one which lies beyond ourselves. As long as we grasp at straws such as "inner resources" or "positive thinking", the reality of our dependence on Christ evades us. New beginnings are Christ's alone to give. He not only provides the grace by which true progress is possible but shows us what are or are not worthy goals and redefines our standards for gauging achievement. It is this which allows us to look forward to another year with expectation. The perspective from the spinning squirrel cage is able to comprehend only part of reality. Beyond its view, in the gap which fills out the totality of reality, stands Christ and in Him the meaningless cycle of existence is broken. The final word about life becomes, not defeat, but triumph and what is true about our eternal destiny has the potential of manifesting itself in the present. COT

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Literary Editor............... Clifford L. Swanson
Consulting Editor............... Charles C. Twombly
Consulting Editor............... H. Jeffrey Silliman
INTRODUCTION

On April 3-6 of this year ten Fuller students attended the third Pacific Southwest Conference on Faith and Order, held at St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral, Los Angeles.

The Faith and Order movement is a movement within the larger ecumenical scene in which matters of faith, i.e. the Church's belief and doctrine, and order, i.e. the nature of the Church's organization and functioning, are discussed. This local conference in which Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Greek Orthodox Christians participated, was patterned after the older Faith and Order conferences on the World Council level.

It was an exciting experience for us as I'm sure the following essay will show. In order that you, the students of Fuller Seminary, may gain some benefit from our experience we are submitting the following essay. In addition to this essay we have compiled a notebook of materials from the conference, -- copies of the main addresses, reading materials, bibliographies, etc., -- and this material will be available to students who are interested in more detailed information on this conference. This notebook will be available immediately at the check-out desk in the library.

AN INSIDE LOOK AT FAITH AND ORDER

By Clifford L. Swanson

What part, if any, should evangelicals play in the ecumenical efforts which are going on all around us? This question may be answered any number of ways by those standing outside peeking through the fence. Another way to get material for an answer is by attempting to move, at least for a while, into the ballpark. A group of us from the seminary have done just that, and we would here like to share our impressions with you, the student body. At the outset we would like to underscore the well-known truth that it is very easy to caricature an idea of a movement if one does not have some sympathetic first-hand contact with it. If one exposes himself in sincerity to other points of view, learning may take place. We exposed ourselves, and we feel we have learned.

Perhaps we can best relay our learning by answering two questions which we here ask: namely, What did we as evangelicals receive at Faith and Order, and 2.) What did we become aware that we have to contribute?

What We Received

One of the important aspects of our experience was renewed (or for some, initial) contact with students from other seminaries. Students from Claremont School of Theology, California Baptist Seminary and Fuller Theological Seminary were there with delegations of about ten each, while two fellows were present from a Roman Catholic seminary.

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in San Diego. There was a fair amount of ideological friction which evidenced itself at a number of points throughout our various discussions; communication was at times difficult, and we observed that each seminary delegation had a shared group of assumptions and thought patterns which made for discreet seminary personalities. As the conference progressed, better communication and more genuine exchange of ideas took place; but it was interesting to note that when all was said and done, evangelicals, with their concern for biblical authority and their jealousy for the Ancient and Catholic doctrines of the faith, seemed to have considerably more empathy and understanding with Roman Catholics than with liberal protestants. If any of us were before inclined to view Rome or liberalism as antichrist, we were shown here that disagreement among those who profess Christ is by degrees, and is rarely wholly right or wholly wrong. Perhaps also, in view of our divergent thinking about the faith, we were warned again to be aware of antichrist exhibiting himself through us.

Another crucial area where we gained much was in the experience of worship. The conference (as has been noted) met at St. Paul's Cathedral in Los Angeles, and such a meeting place set the tone for our worship periods. Each day was begun with Morning Prayers led respectively by a Methodist seminarian, a Lutheran minister, and a Methodist minister. These services followed a fixed format which allowed those of different ecclesiastical backgrounds to participate jointly in worship. The most impressive times of worship, both in terms of their grandeur and challenge to our narrow experience, were the afternoon Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox services. Owing to the extreme distance between these forms of worship and those of non-liturgical protestantism, from which most of us come, reactions varied among us. Nevertheless, aside from the important doctrinal differences which lay behind these forms, the majority of us were agreed that:

1) though some of us had been predisposed to look upon these forms as cold and empty, what we found was an aura of power and deep mystery; we had contacted first hand, many of us for the first time, the compelling force of an ancient tradition. And though we may have disapproved of various accretions within that tradition, we could not deny that we were in the presence of a hoary witness to the ancient age of our faith.

2) The mystery of ancientness was combined with and gave power to a vivid realization of the awesome nature of the Ancient of Days, who was being worshipped. We felt the transcendent greatness of our God as we seldom had before, an Isianic awe pervading these services which we have rarely found in our evangelical churches.

3) The services rightly stressed the reality of sin and the need for confession; the whole point of worship in each hinged upon the cruciality of Christ's death as the only proper sacrifice for the sin of mankind. These are emphases either of which can at times be lacking from worship in our own traditions; when they are present, they may be haphazardly observed. Nevertheless, they are the heart of the Christian Gospel. We were thus warned against simplistic and wholesale judgment of these traditions, realizing that God is at work in them and has much to teach us through them.
A third area of new realization, which was closely related to worship, but which extended beyond it, is reflected in Jesus words, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst...." We have known this saying from childhood, and we have claimed to believe it. Is it not to our rebuke that some of us were surprised to sense the presence of the Holy Spirit? We felt his presence in worship, and we witnessed many lives -- Roman Catholic, Methodist, Anglican, Baptist, Orthodox, Lutheran -- under his sway. To say this is not to say there were no tares among the wheat, nor is it to say there were no doctrinal errors; it is merely to say that Faith and Order was gathered in His name, and Our Lord was true to his promise.

What We Can Contribute

Why should evangelicals be concerned about Faith and Order? We cannot conclusively answer that question, though we do trust there are those among us who despise the divided state of Christ's church and believe that unity should be sought. For our part, we became aware that for two reasons, if for no others, evangelicals should be involved in ecumenical efforts.

First, evangelicals should be involved for doctrinal reasons. While there are a number (chiefly liberal protestants) who cannot wholly subscribe to the ecumenical creeds, both evangelicals and catholics can. This reflects a common theological concern in which mutual support is needed. If evangelicals are absent, their theology is absent, and one less voice is heard for the historic faith. If these people are gathered in the name of Jesus; if the Holy Spirit is there; and if we claim to know the truth in greater purity than many, dare we stand outside, refusing to soil our theological hands? We feel that we should not leave it to Roman Catholics and Orthodox alone to be articulators of the majesty and transcendence of God, the deity of Christ, the reality of the Holy Spirit, the inspiration and authority of Holy Scripture.

Second, evangelicals should be involved in faith and order for reasons of personal piety. In giving thanks for the opportunity to understand the uniqueness of other traditions, we by no means foreswear our own. If we have many things to learn from other Christians, we also have something to contribute. Not that our emphasis on the personal dimension of religion is new or something which originates from us. It is as old as Abraham, and its source is none other than his: faith, which is a gift of God. Yet, concern for a high level of personal commitment has not been equally emphasized in all corners of the church. We believe it has, by God's grace, been rightly emphasized in our corner, even though few of us would defend every working out of the principle. Thus we have been given an important insight into Christian living, which other Christians need. And we are consequently aware that if evangelicals stand aloof from faith and order at this point, whatever unity comes in the future will be lacking a crucial emphasis. The fault will largely be ours.

The aloofness to which we allude is not an empty myth. For it happened that the National Association of Evangelicals was holding
meetings across the street at the Statler-Hilton throughout the length of our conference. During the first discussion session their presence was mentioned by one of the leaders, who noted that their location on the other side of the street from us was reflective of a failure to communicate the goals of ecumenism to all segments of the church. Someone else stood up and asked that greetings be drafted and sent to the NAE gathering. It is known that those greetings were sent and read. But no reply was ever heard. Whatever the motive, good Christians and some not so good must have asked, Why? Is this silence, this isolation, the result of fear, simple fear of that which is close but still unknown? If so, we testify that there is little reason to fear, but much reason to plunge ahead. We found we were listened to even when not agreed with. We found our rather well-defined theological concerns tended to be more persuasive than the indecisiveness of some theological liberals. We found acceptance wherever we were willing to accept.

Our experience is probably best summed up by our confession that we were forced, through our meeting with this group, to ask once again the central question, what is the Church? Most of us are thinking it is larger, more fascinating, and more complex than we ever had before.

TWO DREAMS (continued)

significant thing is that I doubted. I really did want to run with him -- naked, through the streets -- but I was a Christian; Christians don't do that ... hang "Christianity," I'll do it anyway ... but I'm going to be a missionary ... so I only watched. I felt like crying. Why should he be so free and happy? But even then I knew that if I had joined with him, I wouldn't have been happy ... I would have been miserable ... I would have hated myself ... but what does that matter? I already hated myself for doubting, for not letting go all my "holy", "Christian" sanctions, and breaking into freedom -- not freedom in the act itself, but freedom in the choosing of it.

Well, so much for that scene. Another incident followed. As I emerged from that alley (it became an alley; you know how dreams are), I found myself on a crowded and very narrow street. There were no cars ... just people ... all kinds of people ... the kind you hear about -- the "needy", the "underprivileged", the "lower class", the "tired, poor, weary" ... yeah, that's it, I mean it ... those "huddled masses yearning to be free" ... that's what they were. That sounds stupid, but that's what they were to me. And I walked quietly, but -- damn me! proudly through them. I say "damn me" because if I had only slumped a little or crouched or whatever one does to be inconspicuous, then maybe I wouldn't have been noticed. But I was noticed. It was a girl ... or maybe a young woman ... it's hard to tell the age of the Chinese. Her hair was tight around her head, as though greased down, with the proverbial pig-tail in the back; and she was wearing the black pajama-like clothes, which I remember either from the movies or from my visits to Hong Kong while I was in the Navy. She sprang at me and screamed at me as though I was the last thread of hope for her. I don't even know
what she was wailing about. It didn't matter; I knew she had a
terrible need. "Help me! Please help me! I beg you, help me!" Then
I cried with her. I tried to comfort her. I put my arms around her
to console her. I tried to tell her that I cared, "I really want to
help; I would do something if I could".

But then, in the midst of this agonizing scene, do you know what
I did? I'll never forget it ... I wish that I could ... but it was too
gross, too stark to set aside or to ignore. I'm almost ashamed even
to tell you. It was a simple act ... I put my handkerchief under the
girl's face ... not to wipe away her tears ... Oh, God! that I had
done it for that purpose! No! ... I did it ... to protect my suit coat
... Oh, God, tell me it's not true ... not for a damned piece of cloth!
... It's true!

Ah, but it's only a dream, it's not real ... that's it ... I'm not
like that after all. Really I'm not ... am I?

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MY NAME IS LEGION By William Pickering

I doubt seriously that it will take two and one-half pages to
speak to the issues posed by the article entitled "Whose Big Idea Was
This?"(Tom Bade, the opinion, April 1967) The idea presented in the
article failed to reach the stature of "big". As a matter of fact,
after I had finished reading it I concluded that I was in the Kingdom
of Lilliput, rather than Brobdingnag.

Fuller Theological Seminary is blessed with three faculties: we
have a School of Theology, a School of Missions, and a School of
Psychology. This is an occasion for rejoicing, but in the background
there are already cries of "I am of Apollo!" - "I am of Schweitzer!" -
"I am of Albert Ellis!" If we are fortunate, and things regress as
planned, perchance we shall soon see the day when the Fuller faculties
jump on the Christian horse and ride off in all directions. The next
thing I anticipate is a loud outcry from the School of Missions, "Why
not syncretism?"

The people who are backing this school financially are doing so
precisely because of its unique position. But many of us are aware
that this is an age of mass conformity. The point of the conformists
is to whittle away at any new thing until it becomes just like every­
thing else. If there is anything they can't stand it is something
really different. E. E. Cummings summed it up pretty well in a letter:

"to be nobody-but-yourself--
in a world which is doing its best,
night and day,
to make you everybody else--
means to fight the hardest battle
which any human being can fight;
and never stop fighting."
Fuller has chosen which self it shall be. The School of Missions and the School of Psychology are under the aegis of Fuller Theological Seminary. Richard The Lion-Hearted would cringe in his grave if we quoted him as saying, "Let us rise up as three men, and that one for England!"

As for our freedom to examine every Christian (?) position from that of Pope John XXIII to Miss Velma, many of us have done this in the elementary stages of our theological training.

A sound exegesis of Robert Frost's poem would yield better results on the point that "Good fences make good neighbors." The poem is entitled "Mending Wall", not "Multiphrenia".

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall"

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

"Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence."

And so, as I rode off into the purple sunset, I bade Mr. Bade an affectionate farewell.

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ACCELERATED BIBLE TRANSLATION
By Ellis W. Deibler, Jr.

How long does it take to translate the New Testament into a language which has not previously been reduced to writing. There is no simple answer, because there are a multitude of factors to be considered. Besides a translator's natural abilities and temperament, there are health, amount of other assignments and activities, and degree of cooperation received, all of which vary. However, recent figures I have seen indicate that it has taken our translators an average of about eighteen years to complete a New Testament.

Reaching the remaining "2,000 tongues to go" could be accomplished in our generation much more easily if the translation time could be shortened. Is this possible? We're convinced it is. Once one has a sufficient grasp of the language, translation consists of two steps: (1) determining the semantic content of the source text; and (2) expressing that content through the structure of the target language. One who does not know the target language in question cannot help a translator much with step two. And until now, translators have generally struggled with step one by themselves, using whatever

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lexicons, versions, commentaries, and other helps were available. But since step one is the same for every Bible translator, this appears to be a needless waste of man-hours.

For this reason, we in Wycliffe Bible Translators are working on a series of helps for translators which, we believe, when completed will greatly shorten translation time, as well as improve quality. The first project, nearing completion, is a compilation of the information in the Arndt and Gingrich lexicon in such a way that there will be listed, verse by verse, all the relevant data on the meaning of each important word in a verse in the specific context of that verse. A second project now under way is the compilation, verse by verse, of comments specifically relevant to understanding the meaning of each word, phrase, or larger unit, to be gathered from all the useful commentaries available for each book. A third project, just beginning, is to attempt to set down, phrase by phrase, in English, the underlying (or sememic) structure of the New Testament writings. This will involve awareness of and familiarity with such Koine Greek devices as metonymy, metaphor, ellipsis, non-literal use of pronouns, rhetorical questions, implicit information, etc. Coupled with setting down the basic structure will be a compilation of phrase-by-phrase suggestions for translation selected from translations in other languages which have subsequently been translated back into English. In addition, we are preparing other helps for translators in the form of articles on specific translation problems.

Obviously we need highly qualified and trained men and women for the preparation of such materials, as well as for the translation task itself. We need people with a thorough knowledge of Greek (and Hebrew), of the structure of language, and of the principles of translation. The task is the most exciting and challenging in the world. Are you one whom God may be calling to help us?
THE TABLE

By Stephen Marcus

Bone-white unleavened
Pure-red vintage
Healing weakness, guilt, fear
Emanating Spirit and Life
As I remember
In the beginning God.

Chosen to kneel before Thee
To live with my brother,
Unworthily begging forgiveness
As I remember
Thy wounds, my wounds,
Thy wounds yet visible.

Placing the rare mundane
Treasure at Thy altar
(a petty gift)
Shunning earthly staffs
Ceding dearest jewels
As I rebehold
Born of the Virgin Mary
Suffered under Pontius Pilate
Crucified
Dead and Buried

Grateful Thou didst so love
To Rise for man
Lovest yet
On the Right Hand interceding
Wilt continue to love
With an overflowing cup.

** ** **

STEPHEN MARCUS is the pen name of a member of the F. T. S. student body.