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HOW HIGH THE EVANGELICAL VIEW OF SCRIPTURE?
by Ted Proffitt

Evangelicals and fundamentalists pride themselves on having a high view of Scripture, inspiration and canonicity. Historically they have been behind and active in such organizations as the American Bible Society and Wycliffe Bible Translators. They have been instrumental in giving the Scriptures in translation to a large number of peoples around the world.

However, in the light of current missionary practice it is necessary to ask how deeply felt this really is. True, Wycliffe believes in an inerrant Scripture as do others in Bolivia and elsewhere in Latin America. True, also, that much stress is laid on the Bible in preaching and teaching (despite a frequent lack of sound hermeneutics). But the real question seems to be one of the canon. How seriously is it taken? How significant is the Bible? On the surface evangelicals take the Bible seriously and are jealous of preserving an authentic canon. However, when in Bolivia the Bible exists only in Spanish (the governmental and trade language) one must question this. Aymaras, Quechuas, and Guaranis do not have the Bible in their languages. It is not that a lack of bilinguals prevents translating the Old Testament from Spanish to Aymara or Quechua. Why revise the Quechua New Testament when there is an yet no Old Testament?

Why are missions content only to provide paraphrases of Genesis as reading primers? The Old Testament more than the New speaks to an agrarian society, while the New presupposes the Old. The situation exists not only in Bolivia but elsewhere in Latin America, making God white. Perhaps the real issue is not our views of the canon or lack of them, but our faith in the sovereignty of God. It appears there exists in the minds of many a distinct fear of adventism and syncretism. The African Independent Churches certainly lend support to such a fear. However, if we really trust in God's sovereign ability to preserve His own, both Testaments can and should be made available to His people wherever they are. The current situation is paternalism at its worst.

THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A FOREIGN TRAVELER
by Bill Goff

Lately many old friends have said to me, "How was your trip?" (refering to my recent four-month voyage on S.S. Ryndam as Protestant Chaplain for the World Campus Afloat). I have replied with such profundities as "It was very interesting" or "I really enjoyed it" or, if I'm talking to a professor, "I really learned a lot". I've felt about as articulate as the man in Plato's myth (you know, the one who went outside the cave and then came back and tried to explain the world outside to his cavebound companions who had never seen the light of day). How can I ever adequately relate the experience of living intimately with a cross-section of 330 college students for four months and visiting some sixteen different countries?

Perhaps the best way I can attempt it is to describe how it felt to return home. From the time our ship docked in Los Angeles on January 29, I had the odd feeling of being a foreign traveler in my own country. The first indication of this came when I noticed how awfully white everyone looked. For the past two months I had been in tropical and semi-tropical climates inhabited by dark-skinned people. Most of us on the ship had spent hours in the sun daily and had also become dark-skinned people. I was also struck by the extravagant wealth of the United States which I saw all around. I had grown accustomed to a much lower standard of living than we enjoy in the U.S.
THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A FOREIGN TRAVELER (con’t)

I was anxious to get over to the seminary to see what had been going on since I left. When I got to the campus I looked around to see what was happening. The same professors (you know who I mean) and the same students were declaring themselves on the Board. The issue of grading, about which I had written a year ago was still a live issue in the "Opinion". The next week there was the emphasis on black history in chapel and I heard a few rumors about getting a black professor, but no action yet. Same old story; nothing had changed. At first this was a severe blow to my faith in evolution and progress. Then I realized something had changed: me! I had just returned from about four years worth of incredibly diverse experiences packed into a hectic four months. My perspective has changed. I don’t see things the same way. My views of myself, the church, America and the world are different. I'll try to unsystematically describe some of the significant ways I've changed.

First I would say I feel that much of the world is no longer a remote object I read about or watch on TV. I’ve been there. Now when I see in the paper that the English are changing their monetary system I remember the man who gave me a ride up to Summerhill and also delivered a fine lecture on how the British way of measurements was much more logical and human than the decimal system. I can sympathize with confused Britons. When I hear that there is increased phone service between East and West Berlin I remember the elderly man from West Berlin I spoke with in a bookstore in East Berlin who explained that he was visiting his son who worked as an engineer in East Berlin. When I read of the invasion of Laos I think of the angry African students at the university in Freetown, Sierra Leone who questioned U.S. involvement in Indochina and our refusal to admit Red China to the U.N.

The world has become people: a poet-sandal maker in Athens, the women in the choir in Geneva who invited me for lunch at the Ecumenical Institute, the Sierra Leone Dance Troupe which had many of us dancing with them after their fantastic performance on the deck of our ship—the wildest drums I’ve ever heard, the young black U.S. government official in Trinidad who was fed up with U.S. hypocrisy and stupidity, the man who went halfway across Mexico City to help me find the restaurant I was looking for, and all the beautiful children everywhere.

My first Sunday back home I went to church and the first person I saw was a nice looking woman at the door handing out programs and wearing an expensive looking fur stole. And I thought of the favelas of Brazil, those terribly impoverished ghettos where life is a fight for survival. And I thought of the massive, elaborate golden altar in St. Francis’ Cathedral in Salvador Brazil. Can you dig that? A golden altar in St. Francis’ Cathedral! Church buildings all over the world were one of the most disheartening things I saw. They are monuments to the irrelevancy and oppressiveness of the selfserving institutional church. The only missionaries I met were in Colombia. They were very hospitable and obviously dedicated people but their emphasis seemed to be entirely on converting people rather than discipling them. They were excited about the growth of their congregations but when asked about the social implications for these new Christians they talked like they had never thought about it.

From my contact with students on the ship I am convinced that the single most significant stumbling block for students to come to Christ today is the church. Students only come to Christ in spite of the church rather than because of it. And unless the American church begins to preach the Word of God and practice what it preaches this situation can only worsen.

Another change is my economic perspective. On the ship I audited an economics class that dealt with comparative economic systems. I talked to the professor at length about what economic system would be most compatible with Christian principles. We agreed it would be some sort of socialism. When we studied various economic systems first hand I became more and more disenchanted with capitalism. The most oppressive countries we visited were the most capitalistic: Spain, Greece, Brazil. At the same time Yugoslavia, with its liberal communism was one of the freest countries we visited.
THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A FOREIGN TRAVELER (con’t)

One last change was that when I began my voyage I felt confident that there were adequate works of apologetics to give to interested non-christians. My own favorites were Basic Christianity and Mere Christianity. In fact I bought half a dozen of the former to give out on the ship. There were many opportunities to witness on the ship. I talked with a number of students who were interested in Christianity though they were very ignorant of what it was all about. One night a Jewish student told two other Christians and me that he was afraid of death. Besides talking to such students I often gave them a copy of Basic Christianity. Most of these books were returned to me by the students who had lost their interest in Christianity. At that point I began to reread this book to find out why it was being rejected. It seemed that it assumed what it was trying to prove and it didn’t relate to the life situation of American students. It said nothing about the relevance of the Gospel to the social crises of our time. In some ways Mere Christianity is worse. Lewis argues for war and against sex—hardly a Biblical perspective. There is a clear need for apologetics aimed at the American student.

So these are some of my impressions as a foreign traveler. But this experience of changed perspectives is hardly limited to those who travel on ships around the world. I think all of us who follow Christ are foreign travelers.

FULLER SEMINARY - THEN AND NOW
Reflections of a Black Graduate
by William Bentley

This article represents the personal reflections of a single black, one of several who have graduated from Fuller Seminary. As a graduate, I have from time to time assessed and reassessed the value of the training received as a student, and how such training has affected the totality of my subsequent experience and ministry. My assessment I now present.

Course content and subject matter during my days (from 1956-1959) was good—much of it even excellent. Languages in particular, while never attracting my best efforts, were recognized as essential and their value was never questioned. (I still don’t). Theology, Church History, Biblical Theology, English Bible, Pastoral Psychology, and Apologetics gained, and sustained, my interest. They still do.

Devotional life was not particularly pursued with evangelical fervor, but in general, seminary life was conducive to it. Faculty members, those with whom I came into most frequent contact, were warm, pleasant, and dedicated.

Student life was considerably more formally structured than appears to be the case now. Off campus activity involving students was not a meaningful option. Not only because of the press of studies, but it was simply socially not feasible. Polarization, though not a word in vogue at that time, was nevertheless a stark reality. Whites lived in their cultural and racial ghettos and I in mine. After hours, the two seldom met.

This fact marked the beginning of my awareness of the growing difficulty I was experiencing in relating what I was learning in the classroom to the social and racial realities which governed the lives of the people to whom I would minister. For even in 1958-59 I had come to see that the world of the white student was not the world the black student lived in, well meaning rhetoric to the contrary. The role models and heroes of the course content were not those to whom I could emotionally relate. Their descendants and mine were too different. The message was relevant, the vessels were not. By graduation I had come to the conclusion, realistically, I think, that while the academic training was excellent, it had not
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prepared me for meaningful ministry to my own people. At Fuller, it was as if no other world existed that of white, middle class, Republican, evangelical, Protestant Christians who set the standards and therefore required cultural conformity to secure optimum results. Ethnocentrism was not always overt, but always inescapable.

Somehow, I graduated, but disillusioned with what I perceived to be the non-relevance of much of its curriculum content in terms of my own social situation, I wondered if my experience here had not been in a sense, a waste of time. For the determining factor in my choice of Fuller had been its widely publicized "neo-evangelicalism," an alternative to non-socially conscious and naive "fundamentalism." I found very little to choose from between the two. My experiences here left me hovering dangerously close to the conclusion that perhaps the genius of evangelicalism at least in its contemporary manifestations, was incapable of demonstrating a social concern that could be viable for nonwhite people. I had to rethink my entire theological experience, and on the practical level, my specific seminary training. Only contact with a single faculty member who suspected something of my problems probably prevented me from writing off meaningful contact with white evangelicals in after seminary life. For regional alumni meetings were even more narrowly conceived and for the most part, an occasion for a gathering of old Presbyterian grads. Those meetings just didn't scratch me where I itched.

That was then. What about now? As a black pastor, social worker, teacher in the area of social groups and relationships, in fine, a black man, where do I stand and how do I view Fuller Seminary today?

There are some significant, and perhaps basic changes. Faculty seems to be more conscious (I wonder if Watts, West-side Chicago, and the many Harlems since Dr. Martin Luther King had anything to do with it) that there is a world somewhere out there beyond the waving palms and beautiful scenery that theological education must somehow also address itself to. Presence on the board of directors of a black man, and possible addition of at least one more, it also a step in the right direction. And my presence on the campus in the capacity of instructor in black studies, although on the most elementary level, testifies to the willingness to be exposed to and benefit from academic study of the black experience. I regard this as of major value.

Students also appear to be more aware of the issues of the day, that they are not merely theological. Their support of present attempts to introduce relevant black studies programs into the curriculum as well as their involvement in other pressing issues, speaks of a degree of sophistication few students of my day were even aware of.

Possibly the presence of the schools of world missions and psychology had something to do with it. If so, God be praised. If not God be praised anyway! Nor must we in fairness overlook the fact of growing social awareness among members of the faculty. With some few exceptions, Fuller faculty I have never regarded as racist--just not aware.

In summary, there can be no substitute for theological expertise, analysis, or reflection, especially in the theological seminary. But the seminary, academically structured alone, can no more afford Olympian indifference and detachment nor barren scholasticism, except to its own detriment, and the loss of privilege to train numbers of willing men and women who are committed to God's service.

Hopefully Fuller Theological Seminary, a veteran at weathering many academic and other storms, can rise to the demands of the time and sustain its place of leadership within the ranks of those Christians who hold to its theological position. Perhaps, as it attempts to implement a theological education for all men, recognizing the realities of cultural and ethnic pluralism, a climate can be created in which black men and women will ultimately come to feel that they too have a meaningful part to play and a contribution to make.
CIENAGA
by John Piner

These beauteous forms
Through a long absence have not been to me
As a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft in lonely rooms and mid the din
Of towns and cities I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart . . .

William Wordsworth

Three wooded canyons meet, two bringing streams,
The other taking both; or I might say,
Looking back a thousand years, two streams
converged and trickled off together,
And slowly brought their canyons to the spot.
Small streams, I thought, to have such boulders
On their banks: but as I sat and listened,
The steady trickle seemed to giggle
At my incredulity: the laughter,
Ever passing, ever present, echoed
An ancient power.
The mountains rising from the joining streams
enclosed a convoluted bowl, the hollow
Where we camped. One ridge was almost barren
Where fire had stripped away its surface life,
But hearty desert bushes were pushing
Out already from unscorched roots and seeds.
Nothing tall grows on the mountain slopes
But in the hollow there were trees, and here,
Under a lonely one of these, we pitched
Out tent. The hollow and the hills were ours;
What there we felt we've just begun to feel:
Surrounded by the hills, the lengthened time
Between the first light of the morning and
The seeing of the sun . . .
The early morning fog cradled in the canyons,
Slowly burned away by the rising sun . . .
The freezing sound of a morning stream
And a splash in your waking face . . .
Wherever we walked the slither of lizards
From under foot . . .
The green, dark dampness of an old well site
And a rusty old well pump, and a trickle of water
As brown as the pump, and the smiles of,
"We might have known" . . .
A small outhouse or the great outdoors
Depending on which is more sensitive:
Your nose or your pride . . .
The whir of a hundred bees in a tree
Like the sound of a million on the slope . . .
With an unexpectedly angry sound
A harmless hummingbird
Like a muffled machine gun or giant beetle . . .
Miniature flies and tiny gnats,
Which must have learned their trade at the Fall...
Thick small leaves of tough desert plants
And yellow and purple hills...
Climbing...
The slow ascent to where the wind,
Which once was only pleasant, begins
Gently to threaten the balance of our weight...
The permeating tremble of our muscles
From the effort and the height...
The sudden helplessness
Of a sliding foothold and breaking branch...
The knot in the stomach
And utterly unique weakness in the knees
From stepping close to a cliff...
The summit: unmatched applause of a thundering heart
As I stand on the slender point...
The carbon marks on a lover's face
As she wins the ridge and my hand...
The renewed sensation from earlier springs
Of a burning sun and a biting breeze...
The humbling illusion of distance when my stone,
Assuredly heaved for the creek below,
Plummets somehow ingloriously to the earth
Half way down the mountain...
A mountain meal of peanut butter sandwiches
And some lazy rest in the sun...
The slow descent on the other side, and later,
The fearful, joyful pride of often glancing
At the distant peak on which I'd set my feet...
The discovery of a cool, running pool,
Then her hair let down and her pants rolled up,
And her sore red toes in the sand of the stream...
The twinkling eye of a child
Who with one less year
Would have sat right down in the pool...
Campsite, and rest, and hot beef stew
As the evening cool closes a day of hiking...
Praying hand in hand from the center
Of God's imaginings...
Playing a game to see who will find
The first five stars and putting the goal at ten
When I lose...
The coming of dark and the crickets,
And the laying to sleep of our bodies...
Waking at three to a sky so white with stars
As to make your heart beat faster...
Then the slipping back in Peace.
Friedrich Schleiermacher is a name which to many theology students of today sounds somewhat foreign. Yet Barth could say of him, "he has no rival" in the history of theology in recent times. In the theological field, the 19th century "was his century," according to Barth. He suggests that even today he is "our man of destiny." To underscore the importance of this thinker, it should be pointed out that the latest edition of one of the most prestigious theological publications in America, Journal for Theology and the Church (1970), devoted an entire volume to Schleiermacher called "Schleiermacher as Contemporary."

The great achievement of Schleiermacher is that he made "religion," as he understood it, viable for the 19th century. His reconstruction provides a convenient stepping off point for grappling with the relationship that exists between ethics and all Christian experience. His most famous early publication was called On Religion: Speeches to Its Cultured Despisers (1799), and it is the second and most important "Speech" of the group which we will examine to see what it reveals about the relation of religion to axiology.

To understand the intellectual atmosphere surrounding Schleiermacher's "Speeches" is essential. His whole purpose was to give back to religion its proper place--the place which was denied it by the imperative ethic of Kant. Schleiermacher declared that religion must not be subordinate to axiology; it must have its own independent and autonomous sphere. He exalts the worth of religion in and of itself, but this is not to say that it is not related to morality.

"As the possessor of it, religion is for morality and all else that is an object of human doing, not the handmaid, but an indispensable friend and sufficient advocate with humanity. This is the rank of religion, as the sum of all higher feelings" (p. 85).

Religion may be the friend of action, but it cannot be its handmaid. It is precisely at the point at which he attempts to make this distinction between the two in terms of friendship but not of service that he becomes involved in insuperable difficulties.

First it is important to see why religion must be distinct from morality. Running through the second "Speech" is his assertion of the exceeding value of religion. Thus where is the primary thought that it cannot be subordinate to morality in any way, simply because of its nobility. This is shown pre-eminently in the distinct nature of the two spheres. Morality shows itself as self-controlling and active. Piety, on the other hand, is submissive; it surrenders to the whole.

"Morality depends, therefore, entirely on the consciousness of freedom, within the sphere of which all that it produces falls. Piety, on the contrary, is not at all bound to this idea of life. In the opposite sphere of necessity where there is no properly individual action, it is quite as active. Wherefore the two are different" (p. 37).

Another reason for distinguishing the two is that if religion of piety were to be subject to morality, aesthetics would be seriously damaged, for there is that in aesthetics which springs from the sense of the infinite in the finite and yet which is not moral. The artist in his religious feelings cannot be subjected to the strict demands of virtue lest his creative genius, his feeling of the whole, be stifled. Thus religion is not to be found in the service of moral action in the artist. Morality is not derivable from religion, and, conversely, here it is seen also that religion is not derivable from morality, for morality is too narrow, too restricted, for that to be possible (p. 84).
His major argument for their distinct and separate roles is that a solitary feeling should not motivate a solitary action because this would make moral activity capricious and untrustworthy. "Morality cannot include immediately aught of feeling without at once having its original power and purity destroyed" (p. 84). This last point is crucial because it is in this area that the distinction between friendship and service is implicitly made. Single impulses must not lead immediately to action.

"Feeling, whatever it may be about, if it is not dormant, is naturally violent. It is a commotion, a force to which action should not be subject and from which it should not proceed" (p. 58).

This is the point at which Schleiermacher is faced with a serious problem. Notice carefully the word "should" in the previous quotation. I submit that in the case of the solitary feeling religion must be subject to morality. If it is not, then whence this "should"? Feeling itself certainly does not dictate it. But Schleiermacher never states this clearly. He merely says that the second essential element of religion (beyond that of the mere response of feeling) is that the single, definite feeling within must be taken up into the inner unity of one's life and being (p. 58). Thus, for him, while morality is not served by religion, it is its friend when the single feeling is stripped of what is temporal and individual and is taken up into the whole unity of life along with morality (p. 59). "The sum of activity should only be a reaction of the sum of feeling, and single actions should depend on something quite different from momentary feeling" (p. 59).

The pivot of his entire endeavor, as I see it, is the fact that he attributes the development of the solitary feeling into the inner unity of life where it loses its commotion and becomes "quiet, pure and eternal" to the invitation of piety alone, and not morality. My contention is that at this point morality is not only the friend of religion, but morality serves religion and religion really becomes dependent upon morality. It is morality, not piety itself, that tells the solitary feeling that it must be taken up into the whole and be united with morality. Thus feeling is limited by morality. But in his endeavor to maintain the independence of religion, Schleiermacher can never admit this.

This necessity for feeling to look to morality for its own direction is at one place unintentionally confirmed by Schleiermacher. "Religion, when isolated and morbid," says Schleiermacher, "is capable of such effects (solitude and idle contemplation), but not of curel and horrible deeds" (p. 58). Yet the solitary feeling is violent and without bounds. How is it not capable of horrible deeds? Only because of its unity with morality. Then religion is controlled by morality, not itself. Finally, to show Schleiermacher's inability to allow this, his explanation, in a later edition, of the relationship between religion and morality must be quoted at length.

"But ethics should not be restricted to the narrow imperative form. It should assign to these feelings their place in the human soul. It should also acknowledge their ethical worth, not as something that can or ought to be made for some purpose, and for which guidance is given in morals, but as a free, natural function of the higher life in close connection with the higher maxims and modes of acting. Ethics would then so far embrace religion, just as a presentation of religion would embrace ethics, yet both would not be on that account one and the same" (p. 113).

Notice the ambiguity between the "close connection" of ethics and feelings and at the same time their lack of guidance one of another. Schleiermacher will allow them to be "friends," but one cannot serve the other. How can the independence of these spheres be so limited? How can morality be expected not to guide feel-
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ings? In attempting to establish the place and independence of religion (though he always insists that it must go along with morality) Schleiermacher has effectively undermined any sound basis for the measure of feeling—it has its direction in itself to move from the solitary feeling to the whole, and yet this is something that "should" be. We can see, then, that the question of how ethics and religion can remain together and yet not serve one another is an enigma that Schleiermacher was not able to solve.

Our religion cannot be divorced from morality, and indeed must be subject to it. We must understand that all feelings, even the best, must be subject to the Law of Christ. Without this order, true religion and all religious experiences will most surely dissolve into subjectivity.

THE NATURE OF TOKENISM
by Tom Provence

Since the beginning of the school year there has been a great deal of discussion and debate about Fuller Seminary's responsibility for the theological education of black ministers. As the discussion has progressed I have become increasingly disturbed by an apparent selfishness in the desire for a "black presence" on the Fuller campus. "Selfishness?" you respond, "Why our attitude is only one of love and concern for our black brothers." I realize that if I am wrong my brothers will set me on the path of truth once again. And I hope they will do so!

This is my concern; I sometimes feel the desire for black students and faculty is motivated less out of a love for our brothers than out of a concern that Fuller be included in the black studies trend. "After all," some reason, "if Princeton Seminary spends thousands of dollars recruiting black students, should not Fuller Seminary also do so?" There can be no denying the prestige of Fuller Seminary would be enhanced considerably if blacks were brought to our campus. But this is not the issue.

During a convocation Fall quarter, a fellow student remarked that if he were a young black who saw Fuller had only one black trustee and no black faculty, he would cry, "Tokenism!" Unfortunately we must agree with him. Unfortunately we must agree with him. But even more important, we must recognize that tokenism is an attitude not a number. Whether he have one black or a hundred, tokenism may be present. Recruiting scores of black students in order that Fuller's prestige might be increased or in order that we might feel that somehow we were contributing to the resolution of the black-white conflict in America, can only be tokenism. If we establish a black studies program in order to be one of the first evangelical seminaries to do so, we are engaging in tokenism. We must realize that if we spend $100,000 to hire black students and have not love, we are nothing.

Are we to ignore the whole issue then? Not at all, for we all recognize that we have a responsibility to support our fellow Christians. We must realize, however, that ministering to the black church may not include a "black presence" at Fuller Seminary. We may find that an extension seminary would best help our brothers. On the other hand, we may find that as a seminary community we can do little to meet the needs of the black Christians. It may be that we can minister only indirectly to their needs. Our ministry may take a totally different form from what we have envisioned. In any case what we do must be done in love. Our ministry must be to the needs of the black community not to our desires. For genuine love "does not seek its own."
BOOK REVIEW: THE CHURCH AT THE END OF THE 20th CENTURY
by Ted Dorman

America is a dying culture. The last decade, beginning with a youthful optimism signalled by John F. Kennedy's call to a New Frontier, ended with the nation divided into more discontent factions than at any time in her history. Is the Church in America destined to merely follow suit, or will she be able to exert a positive influence in the midst of a turbulent social scene? Francis A. Schaeffer addresses himself to this question in his most recent book, The Church at the End of the 20th Century.

Schaeffer begins by reiterating the basic theme of his main work, The God Who Is There. He points out that the American Church is addressing its message to a culture which has "escaped from reason" and, with no rational base upon which to rebuild from the chaos in which it finds itself, flounders helplessly from one quicksand pit to another. As man searches out "logical" alternatives to his moral and spiritual crisis and comes up empty-handed, he is turning more and more to mysticism (the irrational) or romanticism (going back to the past for security). The only feasible solution for man's dilemma is, Schaeffer contends, historical-Biblical Christianity.

He goes further in developing his thesis, however, than in previous works. He ventures beyond applying the principles of Christianity to evangelism and apologetics and gets down to attacking problems both within and without the Church. Perhaps the most significant thing about his approach is that he does not set forth a program of "Biblical reform" for either the Church or non-Christian society. Rather, he calls on Christians to do one basic thing: live up to their calling as disciples of Christ, both individually and as a community. He is not so much concerned with outlining hypothetical "goals" as he is in advocating truly Christlike action on the part of Christians. He does challenge the monolithic structure of American churchdom, offering Scriptural guidelines for "form and freedom in the Church" (chapter four). But his goal is not a full-scale program of reform, but rather a preliminary basis from which the Church may confront the conflicts of the 20th century.

For anyone who may have regarded Schaeffer's earlier books as abstract academic exercises, The Church at the End of the 20th Century will correct such misconceptions. Schaeffer is no ivory tower intellectual; his primary concern is not to win theological arguments but to spur the Christian community to action. The philosopher or theologian who reads the first chapter of this book, or some of Schaeffer's earlier works, will find plenty of opportunity to differ with him at various points. Kierkegaardians and Barthians will be disappointed that his views of these two monumental thinkers have not changed, despite his awareness that some of his earlier readers were upset by his treatment of the great Dane. Schaeffer, despite his tremendous scope of knowledge in both philosophy and current events, sometimes over-generalizes his analyses of a given situation. If the reader wishes to quarrel with him over Barth, Kierkegaard, or any of several other minor points, he will find ample opportunity.

It would, however, be unfortunate for anyone to approach Schaeffer in this way. His objective here is not a thorough philosophical treatise, but rather an evaluation of modern thought and how it affects the role of the Church in American society. Although one might argue with him at points, it is difficult to imagine how one could quarrel with his penetrating indictment of modern culture. In light of his almost prophetic insight into current events, the prognostications he makes for the future of American society and the response of the Church and the end of the 20th century must be taken with utmost seriousness. Some readers may consider him an alarmist—as he himself is aware—but it will be much better course of action for the Church to be safe than sorry.
THE CHURCH AT THE END OF THE 20th CENTURY (con't)

For the Christian who considers himself concerned about the Church in the
world (and aren't we all?), this book is a must. It is not an in-depth work,
but will serve as a challenging prolegomena for anyone who wishes to become
more aware of what the Church will be facing in the not-too-distant future.
Portions of the book are brilliant: the final essay, "The Mark of the Christian",
is a stirring, soundly Biblical call to the evangelical Church to put all of its
"good orthodox theology" into practice. It could and should become a classic state-
ment of Christian love in action.
The work of the Church will not be accomplished by either unthinking activism
or dispassionate intellectual activity. Schaeffer has set forth the alternative,
a well-thought out, compassionately active faith which can truly be the salt of
the earth. The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few. Tell your friends
about this book.

THEOLOGY'S TASK
by D. Lee Stoltzfus

A place of research and publication,
this ivory tower prevarication.
From the streets a cry of desparation,
while we sit in quiet meditation.
We speak of love and Christian concern,
locked in exegesis while the ghettos burn.
We claim theology as the Queen of the sciences,
ignoring her many unholy alliances.
Doing theolog's arduous task,
Seeking answers to questions unasked.

A LOOK AT THE FUTURE - BUILDING PLANS
by Robert N. Schaper

For some time I have felt that the Seminary family needs a reiteration and
some review of the whole process by which the present financial campaign and build-
ing plans came into being. I frequently find opinions and attitudes that demon-
strate lack of information about this important matter.

One must go back to the beginnings of the Ten Year Plan. The title page of the
final document reads 1968-1977, but that edition was more than two years in prepara-
tion. I know that when I came on the staff in 1967 the trustees, the faculty,
administration and students were already deeply involved in the discussions that
were to result in the Ten Year Plan. It was at that time, for instance, that the
whole question of clustering with other schools or the possibility of re-locating
was thoroughly aired. The decision was finally made that the school would commit
itself to Pasadena, the Ten Year Plan (TYP from now on) would be formulated on that
basic assumption.

Consultations with educational experts made it clear that building would be
necessary for an expanded student body, in fact, for the needs presently confronting
the institution. Having drawn up a projection of these needs, the trustees author-
ized a search for an architect to do a site plan, and this resulted in the
retention of Mr. A. Quincy Jones, a nationally-known figure whose creative approaches
to educational problems have become widely recognized. The trustees brought to
this decision a great deal of successful business and organizational insight. It was obvious that facilities for the school were not in a condition to provide the maximal educational experience. The action of the Trustees, therefore, does not greatly differ from the situation prevailing when the school met at Lake Avenue Congregational Church and the decision was made to erect the present seminary structure.

All of this was going alongside significant planning and projection for the academic program of the school. It should not be hard to realize the Trustees would feel deeply responsible to provide the situation in which the educational task determined by the faculty and administration should go forward. It would be assumed that faculty energy would not be the dynamic for building processes, or even for raising of funds for endowment, expansion, etc. Nor was there the suggestion or instruction that Fuller Seminary was to become distinguished by its buildings. It would be hoped that wise and prudent planning would result in a proper and useful facility, a compromise between something that would just "get by" and something that would be a waste of God's money.

I think it should be noted that this compromise is something that we are all working out constantly with a great sense of humility and inadequacy. What kind of car do we drive, what kind of house do we live in, what kind of clothes do we wear, what kind of food do we eat? I suppose we all work out this problem with our own consciences, our sense of Christian ethics and our resources. It is not our province to judge the other man, even though as Christians we are constantly calling one another to self-examination. This same principle must hold for the action of the Trustees in regard to their stewardship in this seminary. What kind of seminary should be built? They have looked at the problems and challenges of the seminary. They have listened to administration, faculty and students. They have sought the mind of Christ and evaluated the alternatives. Now they have committed themselves and the institution to a program of financial goals, and they have demonstrated their faith in this commitment and in all of us by sacrificial giving to that cause. It might be well to add that these men are not paid one cent by this institution and that nothing holds them to the demands of time and money made upon them except dedication to the work of Christ and to the integrity of all of us who serve here.

It should be further noted that the financial campaign which they authorized is only one half for the building goals of the TYP. The other half is for endowment and the on-going academic program of the school. It is true that this is the ratio for this first stage of development, but I have faith to believe that it is indicative of the approach that the Trustees will take for future campaigns as well. This would mean that when the time comes for building a School of World Missions, student housing (though this may not have to be financed by gifts) and other improvements, there will also be great energy devoted to obtaining funds for the advance of the academic program.

It can hardly be expected that we would all agree with the details of procedure for the present project. Men of good will certainly do not see eye to eye as to the best way to accomplish specific tasks. Nor is there anything divine about architectural plans and future projections for expansion or modification. The architect has already discovered this when his plans have been disciplined by budgets. Constructive presentation of ideas will continue to have significance, I am sure, although some will be cancelled by firm decisions by the Trustees. For instance, it would be folly to try and reopen the question of location unless some overwhelming event dictated this unmistakably (a gift of sizeable property and an offer of ten million for the present location!), and it would serve no purpose to suggest that perhaps we should not try to build anything and concentrate on academic programs only. The Trustees have already decided to proceed.
A LOOK AT THE FUTURE - BUILDING PLANS (Cont'd.)

What I am concerned about is that we all respect the motivations, procedures and decisions of the Trustees, the administration, faculty and students that have brought us this far on the TYP. Such decisions are fallible, and, thank God, to some degree alterable, and, thank Him again, much of the time guided by a loving hand of grace that has "brought us safe thus far." I believe we are stumbling on to greater effectiveness for God. We need continued constructive suggestions and criticism. Let's pray for one another, help one another, rebuke one another but above all, love one another. Maybe the world will even see Christian discipline in a seminary. There are worse places for it.