When I moved into my new house in the beautiful little town of Sunnyville, my new neighbors threw a party so that I could get acquainted with them. That was nice of them. But there must have been 100 people there, and only a few took the trouble to come up and introduce themselves to me:

Mr. & Mrs. Peterson, who lived on the corner and had a swimming pool;

Mr. & Mrs. Malloy, who lived next door to the Peterson's and were redecorating;

Mr. & Mrs. Simpson who lived on the next block and had a big back yard;

Mr. & Mrs. Johnson, who lived across town and had just had a baby girl.

Of course, all these couples had lots of children, but none of them had come to the party because it was a school night. The other people at the party seemed perfectly at home in their context, totally unaware of my existence and my desire to get to know them.

Mrs. Peterson quickly became my best friend. She assured me that everybody was really very friendly, and that I would get to know them in due course of time. She invited me to visit her home the following Saturday.

I looked forward to Saturday and a chance to get to know my neighbors better. Mrs. Peterson wasn't home when I got there; she had gone shopping. But Mr. Peterson was very friendly and offered to show me around the house.

When we got to the back yard, I saw that there
were ten kids in their beautiful swimming pool (see 20.1). I asked my host if they were all his, and he laughed and said of course not; his three, Polly, Paul, and Patty, were all playing at other people's houses (20.2, 20.3, possibly 20.4). The kids in the pool were Molly Malloy (20.2), Sally Simpson (20.3), and Joe and Jane Johnson (20.4; their parents had gone to a movie, and the Petersons were babysitting them).

21.2 The kids smiled and waved to me, and I wondered if I would recognize them the next time I saw them (20.6). Their hair was wet and they were moving around so fast frolicking in the pool. Mr. Peterson didn't tell me who the other kids were.

22.0 While I was in the neighborhood, I decided to visit the Malloys (20.2; 21.1). Mr. Malloy wasn't home; he was helping Mr. Simpson (20.3, 21.1) fix their toilet (see 24.1, paying special attention to footnote 1). Mrs. Malloy was there; she and five or six kids were painting the kitchen (20.2). I asked if these were all her kids, and she laughed and said of course not (21.1).

22.1 With her in the kitchen were Paul Peterson (20.1, 21.1), Sam Simpson (20.3, 21.1), and Sarah Johnson (20.4, 21.1). At first I thought Sarah was a Simpson, because her name started with "S", but I found out that she is an exception to the rule. Even Mrs. Malloy didn't recognize the other two kids who were helping her, because they were all splattered with paint.

23.0 Then I went to the Simpson's house (20.3, 21.1, 22.0). I saw a bunch of kids playing ultimate frisbee in the back yard, so I stopped to say hello. Only Polly Peterson (20.1, 21.1) and Max Malloy (20.2, 21.1) returned my greeting; they introduced themselves and assured me that they didn't live in that house but that they often played there (probably because of the big back yard, 20.3).
When I knocked at the door, Mrs. Simpson answered. I thought it was Mrs. Johnson at first, especially since she was holding a darling baby girl. But Mrs. Simpson just laughed sympathetically at my confusion and explained that she and Mrs. Johnson were twin sisters, and that she was taking care of the baby while Grace and Herb (her sister and brother-in-law) enjoyed an afternoon at the movies.

Mr. Simpson and Mr. Malloy came in from the garage just then; they were covered with grease and grime from working on Mr. Simpson's car. They looked so different from the night at the party, when they had been wearing tuxedos, that I couldn't tell which was which.

On my way home from the Simpsons, I was wondering if I would ever get to know my neighbors, especially since none of them ever seemed to stay home and they all looked different every time I saw them. Then I saw Mrs. Peterson unloading groceries from her car, so I stopped to see if I could help. She seemed grateful, and as I picked up a sack I expressed a little of my frustration at not being able to learn all the neighbors' names yet. She became indignant and said that they were doing all they could to make me feel welcome in Sunnyville, and that if I didn't know their names and faces by now, at least the few that lived on that block and the next one and across town, then I must really have a problem and I wasn't trying hard enough to get to know them.

Originally, Mr. Malloy and Mr. Simpson had planned to fix the Simpson's toilet. It is important to consider this change and to reflect on what they would have been covered with had they pursued that course of action.
I was confused and angered by this sudden change of mood; Mrs. Peterson had been so pleasant at the party (20.0, 20.6). I dropped the bag of groceries on her foot and went home, not sure if I wanted to stay in the beautiful little town of Sunnyville or not.

***********

HE OR SHE WHO HAS EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM OR HER HEARKEN UNTO THE INTERPRETATION OF THE PARABLE OF EL GRECO, INDUCTIVE METHOD:

The beautiful little town of Sunnyville is the Greek text of the Book of Acts, and I am a poor student trying to learn it by the inductive method. It really is a beautiful book. The families in the town are the classes of verbs that I'm supposed to learn to recognize in due course of time, and not only the classes stems, but also all the prefixes, infixes and suffixes that go with them and that look different every time I see them.

One night, just when I was feeling most frustrated at my inability to figure out what was going on, I came across a statement in the book which was supposed to be helping me understand Acts (the same book that had assured me that I would learn in due course of time) that "due course of time" had run out for some of the classes of verbs, and that I wasn't studying hard enough if I didn't recognize them. I wanted to throw the book out the window.

Oh, how I long for a picture to show me who's who in each of the families. Then it wouldn't be so hard to recognize them with wet hair, or when they are splattered with paint or grease or whatever, or when their mood changes abruptly; in other words, when a stem shows up disguised in a word, or when a prepositional
prefix lengthens its vowel, or when a sigma is rejected, or when a movable nu moves in or out just to throw me off the track, or when an imperative or a subjunctive shows up before I am comfortable with the indicative.

Oh, how I long for a paradigm!

Wendy Bernhard
Box 958

May-Day! May Day!... Emergency... Repeat... Emergency! Lastman unit #1 aborting mission. Craft developing problems. Who the heck am I kidding? There's no one out there. No one hears me. Even if they did, they wouldn't help.

So, this is it. The big finish. Why me? It's not my fault — it's this craft. If this ship would have held up I might have made it. -- But now... It's curtains, Luke...

Lostman... unit #1... Ditching at Moon 6......

And so... the tiny craft speeds toward Moon 6 of Lost Colony Planet. Controls failing fast.

Look at that desolation. Even if I survive the wreck... I'll never last here. Better put the visor down — this is going to be a rough one.

Hurling closer and closer to impact... the pilot prepares.

To be Cont...
FULLER STUDENT CENTER:
A History in Brief

It is only fitting that an idea which first came into
the spotlight on the Fuller Campus through the Opinion should turn
to the Opinion in retrospect to sum up its eventual development and
actualization. In other words, last year, two weeks into winter
quarter, an article by Nathan Churchill appeared in the Opinion,
proposing a student coffee house on the Fuller campus. Nathan's
idea met with the approval of a number of people including yours
truly, John McClure. At the same time, as providence would have it,
Larry Burroughs, then a young upstart campaigning for the Presidency
of Student Council on a ticket of "community," was entertaining a
similar notion.

While Larry was canvassing for votes at Koinonia House,
he and I shared ideas on this. The next week Nathan and I went to Dean
Schaper with the idea. He advised us to form an "ad hoc" committee
to investigate the matter more fully. Most of the people who were
to be instrumental in the planning and building of the New Fuller
Student Center were a part of this committee: Nathan Churchill,
Larry Burroughs, Mike Long, Tom Tripp, Julia Taylor, Malinda Creeley,
Libbie Patterson, and myself.

As the concept grew throughout the following month, it came
to the committee's attention that the old student center, then only
a TV lounge and piano room, would be adequate not only for a coffee
house but a game room, kitchen, TV room, piano room, and offices for
student government. The committee began to gather estimates for
everything from carpets to coffee cups, piecing together step by step
a comprehensive plan, ready for implementation should the Student
Council and the Administration decide it was worthy of financial support. In early April the plans were ready to submit to Student Council, who approved the plan in its entirety, and the "ad hoc" committee was taken under care of the Student Council as a full-fledged committee.

Financial planning began in earnest at the next Student Council meeting, the first session at which Larry Burroughs was acting president. With myself overseeing the committee work and Larry negotiating with the Administration for further financial help, we had seen several things taking shape by the end of the spring quarter: (1) the Administration had offered to build the kitchen; (2) architectural plans were drawn up for the kitchen and the removal of a wall in the front room; (3) Cindy Paulsen volunteered to assist Nathan with the interior decoration; and (4) a working budget was drafted for the summer's labor. The goal was to finish by O-week of fall quarter.

Nathan was in charge during the summer, since I was going to Birmingham to do a summer internship. He recruited the help of Marsha Fowler and the summer crew began the search for antiques, tables, paintings, etc. It was this crew of people who did the most toward making what was a dream in January into a reality by late August.

At the end of the 1976-77 academic year, Larry and the Student Council realized that such an operation would need management and created the Student Council position of "student center coordinator." This job was given to me, to begin during the fall quarter of 1977.

Let me say that when I returned to Fuller this fall, I was truly inspired by the fruits of the past 8 months of labor. Those people who worked so very hard during the summer, especially Nathan, Marsha, Larry, Cindy, Mike Long and Jane Hanscom, all deserve applause from the Fuller student body for their dedication.
There are still things to be done, and the first month of operation has brought many changes. But Fuller at long last has a real student center, a Catalyst where throughout the years, students can draw together in fellowship and marvel at what the Lord has done and is doing here at Fuller.

John McClure reworked by Wendy Bernhard

I would like to add just one statement to the publication:

"For truly, I say to you, till heaven and earth pass away, not one rule of faith and practice shall pass from the law until all is accomplished." - Matthew 5:18

(Fuller's revised version?)

Chris Crossan box # 899 820-5295

The story of Jacob in Genesis reaches a real climax in the wrestling match at Jabbok. After a life of living by his wits rather than by God's power, Jacob's back is to the wall when the angel comes to wrestle with him. At this point Jacob really hangs on, wrestling all night. He fought so hard that the angel had to cheat in order to win - dislocating his hip - and Jacob still hung on for a blessing. He got that and a new name. From Jacob - "the cheater" - to Israel - "he grapples with God". This constant grappling, with our understanding of God, with the world's attitudes and with our own weaknesses, is the work of Christian growth.

I am wrestling with a subtle attitude I keep running into here at Fuller. I have had the advantage of waiting several years after college before starting seminary, testing the "call" through lay work in one church and as associate pastor in another, and I came here with a lot of practical questions about ministry. Foundations for Ministry is an excellent overview that should be required for every theology student's first quarter, but it has really "pushed my button". Because we are being inundated with "superstars".
Mel White is a fine preacher and a sensitive man. But he spends 30 or more hours per week to prepare his sermons. How many working pastors get that?

Don Moomaw is also a fine preacher and man, with a huge, well-known church. He tells us to preach sermons stressing God's love and acceptance. Fine. Don preaches sermons that make the millionaires and celebrities in his church feel good, and he lives in a house valued in six figures. What ever happened to the prophetic calling of the minister?

Lloyd Ogilvie is the prophet of the small group. I agree with that movement wholeheartedly. But he is pastor of a 5000-member church whose members come as far as 50 miles every week. If small groups are so good (and I think they are), why one church of 5000 commuters? Why not 50 neighborhood churches of 100 members?

Ogilvie's answer was that you need a 5000-member church to support all the specialized ministry available at Hollywood Pres. Couldn't those 50 neighborhood churches work together to support these specialized ministries? Or, would not these 50 neighborhood churches perhaps discover that much of these specialized ministries weren't entirely needed and that individual lay people can minister to each other's needs as effectively as a famous, high-priced professional staff?

Then we were addressed by Bruce Leafblad, Minister of Music at Lake Avenue Congregational. A fine man and a good preacher. The services at Lake Avenue are real production numbers - they would be great on TV. Leafblad's functions are to prepare and lead music, and to choreograph each worship service individually. How many of
us will ever have the luxury of that kind of specialization, or power to tamper with a congregation's most sacred cow?

What I am trying to say is that I am getting the constant message at Fuller to measure myself against unrealistic goals. The level of scholarship at Fuller is admirable and inspiring. But if any of us go into the pastoral ministry and decide that study, writing, and sermon preparation must take precedence over dealing with the needs of ordinary people, God save the church! Billy Graham has rightly said that the trouble with preachers is that we preach to each other, instead of to the people. Surveys of what Christian lay people seek in their minister, not in the candidate selection process but in the daily ministry, consistently show powerful scholarship to be near the bottom of the list. It's fine to be a specialized professional in a team ministry, but the vast majority of churches are one-pastor shows, and they can hardly afford him! The pastor I worked with, in a small rural town, worked about 80 hours a week and his calendar showed perhaps six uncommitted evenings in a month.

This is the sort of thing you and I have to look forward to in ministry, and we had best be counting the cost now. Very few of us will ever land in a position like the men who have spoken to the Foundations class. And while we are constantly bombarded with measuring rods like "program", "scholarship", "nickels and noses", every now and then we hear a still, small voice whispering "Don't let the world squeeze you into its mold," and "Jesus didn't call us to be successful, He calls us to be faithful."
Now let's be fair. We students are not the victims of some monstrous plot by the Fuller faculty. The seminary is under pressure from denominational leaderships that want lots of big "Crystal Cathedrals" to wave their denomination's banner, from church members who like the prestige of belonging to a great big church, and from seminary students who want to be superstars. Also the founders of the interdenominational evangelical seminaries, men like Charles Fuller, Carl Henry, Harold Ockenga, et al, did so with the wholly admirable goal of winning the main-line church back to the Lord, through pragmatic subversion on the church's own terms - scholarship and leadership. But I fear we have let the world squeeze us into its mold. Because with all the emphasis on scholarship and success in tangible terms, Bruce Leafblad quoted Dr. Munger that Fuller, like the evangelical church generally, is weakest in the area of worship, the very basis of Christianity.

We read in the New Testament that Jesus and the apostles weren't pastors of Crystal Cathedrals. They didn't preach on radio programs, nor did they fly around the Mediterranean world giving week-long closed-circuit TV "Seminars in Basic Greco-Roman Conflicts". They didn't write best-sellers nor could they say "In the past year I have spoken to tens of thousands of rich young rulers." Rather, they dealt personally with ordinary people, and spent a lot of time on their knees. They ministered with the Word, the Holy Spirit, love and personal example. These were the tools with which they changed the world.
Many of you could say with me that I have gotten more out of washing pots and pans, or digging a ditch, with a truly spiritual child of God than from any number of dry (or dramatic) sermons and lectures.

Very few of us will ever be ministry superstars, in the world's terminology. Let us intercede and give thanks for the ministry of the superstars, but let us not measure our own performance and ministry against the surface appearance of their "success". God save us from a Vince Lombardi approach to ministry!

I write this, not to nail it to Dr. Hubbard's door, but to spark thinking and debate, in prayer-support groups, on campus, even in the pages of this rag. Like you, I came to Fuller to get the best available education for the ministry, and I hope to graduate from here. I do not intend to go to some mountaintop monastery. This is my first quarter here, and I have a lot to learn. But I don't want to learn the wrong things. Even as formidable a minister and scholar as St. Paul wrote his followers: "Be imitators of me (only) as I am of Christ."

Dick Gollings

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*************************************************************
Alas oh foolish man
Who seeks to quench the problems of life.
Hastening here and there splashing the fires of
failure and pain.
One out breaks here, so defiant
One smoldering hate is snuffed
And still another springs forth
Again from that very spot.

As the flickering starts, and later rages on,
A volcano spews forth, to belch its glowing embers
abroad.
These embers in turn promote the blazes one so
diligently confronts.

At last, this one stopped.
But so many more have begun.
Again the volcano erupts
And yet none turn to fight the source.  Cont.
But, against such a mountain, who can stand?
None. None mortal for sure.
But... one did
One has won.
Yet so many never realize that the job was done.
Many never realize the presence of the firey mound.

But rather they spend lifetimes, eras, centuries
smothering the trivial blazes.
Checking the fever, but never knowing the disease.

So. What is this source?
This thorn to those known as man.
Very simply, to uncover it in its true form would
only seem as foolishness.
"For men seek darkness rather than light, for their
deeds are evil."

The Evil One
Stated thusly is the answer.
And against whom no one can stand.

But...
One has.
One has won!
And one is willing
To give His power to us.

R. Miller

It is hoped that this publication will be of service to our Lord as
well as the student body here at Fuller. Editor R. Miller 10/77