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Theology, News and Notes

Fuller Theological Seminary

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THEOLOGY, NEWS AND NOTES

MARCH 1993

Remembering Paul King Jewett

FULLER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

MARCH 1993
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INTRODUCTION

BY MARGUERITE SHUSTER

If you didn’t know him very well, you might have thought of Paul Jewett as the perfect ivory-tower academician. And you would have been right — about one side of him. Day after day he sat in an office that looked like a minor fortification, surrounded — literally — by the tools of his trade. Once you got acquainted with him, though, you would begin to realize that this was a funny and deceptive fortification, its walls of books and files and display easels as barriers to keep the world out, but as windows to let it in. After all, if theology is the queen of the sciences, then the sun never sets on its domain; and everything in the heavens above and the earth below is fair game for theological reflection. Dr. Jewett’s eyes would light up when someone challenged him with an idea that he thought demanded attention; and if it did not yield to his initial probes, he would grab hold and wrestle with it until it did yield to his satisfaction. How he loved that reflection, struggling to set problems in their proper context, to get the concepts just right, and then to find the very best way to express his conclusions.

But he never thought that even the best reflection sufficed. Theology concerns itself with what it takes to be the ultimate truth, and Christian theologians insist that the Truth has become flesh. The lesser truths we seek to express it takes to be the ultimate truth, and Christian theologians insist that the Truth has become flesh. The lesser truths we seek to express then, is not only to hint at the depth of a man whose native reserve meant that not many people knew him well; but also to give a glimpse of his breadth, of the surprising variety of people and concerns his ministry touched. Those who have written articles for this issue include, therefore, not only professional colleagues but as windows to let it in. After all, if theology is the queen of the sciences, then the sun never sets on its domain; and everything in the heavens above and the earth below is fair game for theological reflection. Dr. Jewett’s eyes would light up when someone challenged him with an idea that he thought demanded attention; and if it did not yield to his initial probes, he would grab hold and wrestle with it until it did yield to his satisfaction. How he loved that reflection, struggling to set problems in their proper context, to get the concepts just right, and then to find the very best way to express his conclusions.

But he never thought that even the best reflection sufficed. Theology concerns itself with what it takes to be the ultimate truth, and Christian theologians insist that the Truth has become flesh. The lesser truths we seek to express then, is not only to hint at the depth of a man whose native reserve meant that not many people knew him well; but also to give a glimpse of his breadth, of the surprising variety of people and concerns his ministry touched. Those who have written articles for this issue include, therefore, not only professional colleagues

“Paul Jewett was almost stunningly consistent (not to mention prophetic) in discerning where Christian doctrine must, in practical terms, lead Christian people.”

(represented more fully in the earlier Festschrift in his honor), but also former students and friends from a number of eras who experienced different sides of him. I shall not spoil the reader’s sense of discovery by giving away ahead of time just exactly what is to be found in the following pages. I think Dr. Jewett might have been pleased, though, to have a special word of thanks go to Bill Starr and David Allan Hubbard, under whose presidencies of Young Life and of Fuller Seminary, respectively, he worked for so many years. He loved both institutions. He credited both leaders, in their different ways, with making the space and giving the freedom for him to be who he was; and he delighted that these men are not only skillful administrators, but people with whom one can do what he liked best: talk about theology!

His clear-headed appreciation for a couple of presidents willing, as he put it, to “run some interference” for him gives a clue to an important aspect of his personality: his sober, sometimes devastatingly accurate judgment of himself and others. Such accuracy about one’s own and others’ strengths and weaknesses can be misunderstood in a society geared to expect hype on the one hand and a thick veneer of humility on the other. But Paul Jewett was neither unkind nor unduly critical nor the least bit self-satisfied; he just despised falseness. He hated to receive flattery (avoiding even attending gatherings where he ran that risk) and refused to give it (leading some people mistakenly to doubt his high regard for them). On the one hand, he thought it right that Christian institutions should guard their theological identity; and hence, manifesting true humility, he actually supported the Trustees’ investigation of him at the time of the uproar over his Man as Male and Female. On the other hand, public opinion could not sway him when he had reached personal conviction on a matter. This whole complex of traits that some might call integrity led others to suppose he must have ice water in his veins.

It was not so. Few people were more responsive to suffering — whether of individuals who knocked on his door or of groups about whom he learned from his reading — than he was. Few did more to help, consistently and quietly, and using pastoral and financial as well as scholarly means to provide the aid. Anyone
could see that suffering touched his heart, not just his head. I rather suspect that his own acquaintance with suffering added to his compassion. He denied it. He insisted that he had always had things easy, unlike so many whose circumstances had been more difficult. No doubt by some global standard he was right, but not, I think, by the standards most of us apply. For starters, he was rather seriously disabled physically due to a brain injury he received from slipping off an overstuffed chair as a tiny infant. His whole right side was significantly affected, so much so that he could barely shake hands. But he handled the disability so well that it seemed not to form a part of people's perception of him (especially not when he was clobbering an unsuspecting challenger on the badminton court — part of the ritual when groups of students were invited to his home: he lacked nothing by way of basic coordination!). Still, he acknowledged that it bothered him some when people kept asking him to do things, like hand out diplomas during commencement, that he simply could not do. I remember being startled by that comment: it was hard to picture him as unable to do anything, he always seemed so fully competent. Doubtless more difficult than physical problems of his own, though, were the serious illnesses and needs of several family members, immediate and more distant. He spoke almost not at all about these things and sought not to dwell on what he could not change (after he had done absolutely everything in his power to change what he could), but they took their toll nonetheless. If it seems strange not yet to have mentioned his six-year battle with cancer, the reason for the omission is the remarkable way he took it in stride. He did not fear the disease even as much as would have been reasonable, and he went through treatment however unpleasant in his usual style of not fussing about what was unavoidable. He did not live in dread. In fact, three months before his death, when he entered the hospital for treatment of a problematic symptom, he felt fine and was mistakenly confident that the problem had nothing to do with the cancer.

Perhaps his remarkable self-discipline that managed never to degenerate into rigidity or masochism helped him to keep going through it all. Obviously he was disciplined as a scholar, in both his methods and his habits. He appeared to respond to “six days shalt thou labor” as if it were an imperative (though he did not necessarily understand it that way exegetically), normally coming to the office every day but Sunday and doing prodigious amounts of research for all of his writing. But he was also disciplined in his personal life. He hated exercising but kept so fit that his doctors wondered if he was an athlete (asking him this question when he was seventy years old). He loved sticky, fat dates and juicy dried figs but simply laid them aside whenever they seemed to be promoting too ample a girth. He kept meticulous maintenance records on just about everything mechanical he owned. Every week he wrote his grandson and enclosed exotic stamps and baseball cards that he bought in bulk and doled out by measure. To save time, he also bought everything from pencil leads to shoes in bulk: his desk drawer boasted fifteen boxes of pencil leads (doubtless an accurate reflection of how much he wrote — and always in pencil!). These practices, though, were his servants and not his masters: when his regular schedule was derailed by something more pressing, he registered no distress but just got back on track as soon as he could, always demonstrating a sense of the true proportions of things.

That sense of proportion included a proper place for play. His love for classical music, as well as for hymns, should come as no surprise. He had hundreds of old reel-to-reel tapes, all carefully labeled and accompanied by a bulging notebook of information on the pieces and their composers. Every lunchtime he would play a part of one. But he also enjoyed less predictable pleasures. Files of newspaper clippings reminded him of local curiosities begging for exploration. (He was, I think, curious about and interested in almost everything.) Any “poking around” expedition whose route lay near a railroad track would surely be delayed should there be the slightest evidence — or even the fond hope — of a train in the vicinity: he was like a little kid, insisting on parking and waiting for it to come. People introduced to this side of him often felt a little bewildered, their stereotypes reduced to utter ruin.

One thing, however, he took with absolute seriousness, and

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"This whole complex of traits that some might call integrity led others to suppose he must have ice water in his veins. It was not so. Few people were more responsive to suffering."
that was his faith. He was a deeply pious man in the most positive sense of that word, and a faithful churchman as well (he would not have seen it as possible to separate the two). Do not be misled by references in the following articles to several different congregations, all of which would like to claim him for their own: he was no church-hopper, no uncommitted Sunday morning sermon connoisseur. True, he did a lot of visiting, in support of the ministries of students and graduates in whom he was interested. And true, not only have those of ecclesiastical roots ranging from Plymouth Brethren to Roman Catholic written for these pages; but also, a superficial glance might make Dr. Jewett himself appear a walking ecumenical movement, with his Regular Baptist (GARB) upbringing, his American Baptist ordination, his early participation in the life of Montrose Community Church, his switch of his credentials to Presbyterian and involvement with the Glendale Presbyterian Church, and then his association with the Scott United Methodist Church. It was natural that his Reformed theological convictions should lead him to the Presbyterians, characteristic that his beliefs about racial equality should lead him to worship with a black congregation. His affiliation with each of these groups was long-standing and marked by very active participation in the life of the church as a teacher and a caring friend. He was a faithful presbyter, too, despite his distaste for meetings and committees. The denominational judicial case that kept heterodox philosopher John Hick from becoming a member of San Gabriel Presbytery (and thereby prevented a tacit change in the denomination's doctrinal standards) bears his name; and he is the one who raised the money to prosecute the case, as well.

Any who might have ques-

tions about his view of Scripture should know that he required Scripture memorization of both his students and himself. He maintained a regular program of devotional reading of the Bible and wanted his Greek New Testament beside him when he was dying. If his compassion led him where Scripture did not support him, he backed up, firmly believing Scripture to be the authority for his faith and practice.

Dr. Jewett's views, and practice, of Sunday observance might seem oddly old-fashioned in today's secular society. Of course he went to church, wherever his vacation travels, for instance, may have taken him. Illness was an excuse; being out of town was not. He did not shop: gas and groceries should be purchased on Saturday. He did not buy or read the Sunday newspaper (a commitment fortified by ecological concerns, which concerns were also manifested in his always composing on scrap paper and in dozens of other ways). Even when he was too weak to get out of bed, he felt a little guilty about watching Sunday baseball. But he firmly believed that the day ought to be defined, not in terms of negatives, but in terms of the joyous confidence we may have in renouncing reliance upon our own works and resting in what the Lord has done for us.

"If his compassion led him where Scripture did not support him, he backed up."

So then, a sabbath rest still remains for the people of God" (Heb. 4:9). Paul Jewett sought to order not just one day but every day of the week according to his understanding of what the Lord required of him. His Calvinist faith in the sovereign grace of God bred not quietism but a drive to know and do what obedience to his Lord demanded. He was uncommonly faithful. He was, as a colleague once commented with earnest admiration, "a righteous man." Now that he knows the promised better rest, and presumably has the solutions to lots of thorny problems, I hope he also has the heavenly equivalent of some magnificent trains to watch.

MARGUERITE SHUSTER, integrator for this issue of Theology, News and Notes, was a student and longtime friend of Dr. Jewett's (and is heir of the famous desk!). A graduate of Fuller Theological Seminary (1975 M.Div.) and of the Graduate School of Psychology (1977 Ph.D.), she is a Presbyterian minister who was formerly pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Pasadena, and is currently associate professor of preaching at Fuller Seminary. She co-edited Dr. Jewett's Festschrift, Perspectives on Christology: Essays in Honor of Paul K. Jewett (Zondervan, 1991).
A Personal Remembrance

BY DOLORES LOEDING

"But what is Dr. Jewett really like?" - away from the lectern and doctrines of election, imputation, transubstantiation — was a question often posed by curious, intimidated students, a question which a few personal remembrances and observations of an extended working relationship might elucidate but could never answer completely. The students may have been at least half right in thinking there was something a bit enigmatic about him.

Long before computers and printers with microspace justification came on the scene, there was Professor Jewett, originator of justified margins in endlessly reworked double-column syllabi, revealing in his standards an unmistakable perfectionism and leaving a trail marked by gallons of correction fluid and frustrated, sometimes tearful (re)typists. As secretary to the dean of faculty, I became the reluctant liaison in a peacekeeping mission. Never accused of being a diplomat, I muddled early on into an uneasy truce that would progress into a treasured friendship.

It was through the years a friendship stoked, and sometimes soothed, by a drawer regularly stocked with chocolate..."

Pasadena mansions with stained glass windows and inlaid floors, to the lower regions of Payton Hall, with overhead hot water pipes and concrete floor for monastic ambiance. All of this he endured, outwardly, in a triumph of grace.

This nomadic life-style was made more tolerable by a notable scarcity of books among his possessions. His announced theory was that library buildings — and the offices of colleagues who readily succumb to book-buying binges — are places where collections belong. Provided, of course, that all were available for his use! My earlier employer, bibliophile Dr. Wilbur Smith, while aghast at what he considered an attitude bordering on sacrilege, nevertheless was a major participant in the "lending library" scheme. But the built-in bookcases soon filled with evidences of varied interests: old railroad schedules (Jewett was a steam engine buff); a sinister-looking wasp's nest; memorabilia from the Jewett family in America genealogy, dating back to 1633; odd rock formations; and hymn books of every description and ecclesiastical provenance. (All his classes began with a hymn taken from his own popular bulletin, "Hymns with Annotations.")

His expertise in musicology surpassed his skill in handwriting and spelling, however. "If you cannot write legibly and spell, you will never be more in life than a ditch-digger": this pronouncement from a fifth-grade teacher came to mind as I shared with the word processing department a creative theological education received through guessing what Professor Jewett was supposed to be saying and making the handwriting, and then the spelling, conform. "If I learned to write, they would know I could not spell," he proclaimed.

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DOLORES LOEDING, recently retired, was a fixture at Fuller Theological Seminary from the day it opened. At first secretary to Dr. Wilbur Smith, for whom she had worked at Moody Bible Institute, she later became secretary to a number of other faculty members, including Dr. Jewett, whom she served for many years. Her contribution is slightly adapted from the version in Perspectives on Christology: Essays in Honor of Paul K. Jewett (Zondervan, 1991), and it is used by permission of Zondervan.
Unsettling the Status Quo

BY WILLIAM PANNELL

When Paul and Christine Jewett visited our home the first time, they brought a bottle of Chablis. I opened the door, welcomed them, and stared at the bottle. I knew what it was, but I didn’t know what to do with it. We had come from a conservative church life, and we had made no room for wine on our culinary list. Indeed, it surprised us that the saints in California could enjoy the fruit of the vine with no apparent qualms such as would afflict us if we tried the same in Michigan. Back there we were modified Calvinists, but culturally miles removed from the brethren in Grand Rapids. If we had wine in the house, it was for cooking. I filed the Jewetts’ bottle under “Later,” and we proceeded to have a relaxed evening around the table without it. Neither Paul nor Chris ever mentioned this awkwardness on my part, although we could have had a lot of fun with it as our friendship deepened. Over a glass of wine, of course.

This was not the first time I had eaten with the Jewetts, though theirs was the second faculty home opened to me when I joined the Fuller Board of Trustees in the early 1970s, the first being Marge and Glenn Barker’s. But Jewett was different. He knew, as did others, that I was the new kid on the trustee block, and also the first African-American. My appointment pleased him very much, and although we could have had a lot of fun with it as our friendship deepened. Over a glass of wine, of course.

“I recall sitting next to him, wondering who in the world he was, and somewhat put off by his gentle query about the role of culture.”

Cleveland, Ohio. I was preaching at the Lee Heights Community Church, a growing congregation among the city’s expanding black community. Paul was attending the annual meeting of the National Negro Evangelical Association. We were hosted that year by one of the city’s fine African-American congregations affiliated with the Christian and Missionary Alliance denomination. It was the congregation that had been led by Howard O. Jones just prior to his departure to join the Billy Graham team.

The NNEA, as it was referred to in the early 1960s, had been started by a Fuller graduate, one of Jewett’s students. Marvin Printiss

A Conversation with John Perkins

John Perkins, founder and head of the Harambee Christian Family Center in Northwest Pasadena, was also founder of the Voice of Calvary Ministries in Mendenhall and Jackson, Mississippi. He has authored several books, including Let Justice Roll Down and With Justice for All.

PANNELL: John, when did you first meet Paul Jewett?

PERKINS: I first met Paul in about 1971 or ‘72, right here in Los Angeles. I had come out here from Mississippi to attend the annual meeting of the Negro Evangelical Association. I was to speak on the Saturday night. I was still recovering from the beating I had taken in the jail down home. Jewett was deeply interested in what I had to say and in what God was doing in Mendenhall. After the meeting that night he invited me to visit the Seminary. So that next week I went to the school and he invited me into his office. I especially remember that desk of his.

PANNELL: Interesting, John, since I first met Paul at a similar meeting of this Association. All the more significant since I know of no other evangelical theologian who exhibited such interest. Any first impressions? Besides the desk, that is? (Our laughter draws a glance from the next booth; but if they had ever seen this piece of furniture, they’d have appreciated our response.)

PERKINS: Dr. Jewett impressed me with his questions. He was obviously very interested in the issue of justice and in what had been going on in the civil rights movement in this country, especially in the South. He was informed about some of what was happening in Mississippi. Another impression was his willingness to listen to my explanation of what we were going through in places like Mendenhall and Jackson. In those days, there weren’t that many white evangelicals of his
stature who seemed interested in learning first hand about what black people were really going through in this country.

PANNELL: I know you made an impression on Paul, as did the Association. Didn't he attend a meeting of the group in Mississippi?

PERKINS: Yes, he did. I think it was in 1973. The meetings were held that year in Jackson, and Paul was there. We invited him to stay with us. A highlight of that visit was the friendship he began with our daughter Deborah: they hit it off. Paul invited her to visit him and Christine in Colorado the following summer. It was her first time away from home and her first time on an airplane, and probably the first time she had been with that many white people at one time. That trip and her stay with the Jewetts was one of the most important things that ever happened to her.

PANNELL: Paul was the dean of the summer Institute at Colorado Springs at that time, right? Young Life?

PERKINS: That's right. And speaking of deans, it was Paul who asked the Dean of Students at Fuller Seminary to invite me to campus to speak the first time. I had begun to visit California to speak at some of the churches and to raise money for our work in Mississippi. Paul kinda steered me around during those visits. He would tell me about some of his former students who were in the Presbytery; he'd sorta analyze them as to whether they would be interested in our work; then he'd set up appointments with those he thought would be open to helping us. That's how I got around to some of the key churches in this area. After we'd visit some of these leaders and pastors, we'd go back to Paul's house for supper and talk; and he'd challenge me to play badminton with him. Man, he could really play that game!

had attended Wheaton College and recognized the need for an association of black evangelicals that would provide the same supportive network as the National Association of Evangelicals had for the larger white evangelical network. My exposure to young Printiss was by correspondence. He was writing my mentor, B. M. Nottage, then a pastor in Detroit. Nottage would show me his letters and suggested we contact each other and pursue this dream. By the time I got around to all that, the young visionary had graduated and moved on to Fuller.

"Jewett's questions about culture stuck with some of us."

Here he met Jewett, and Jewett bought into his dream.

By the time the movement reached Cleveland, it had gained significant momentum. As a group of African-American believers, we had not given up on the larger Anglo body of evangelicals; but we had come to the realization that we would never be allowed any significant role should we pursue a relationship with that body. Jewett knew that as well; but he also knew, better than most of us, that we needed a separate association for more fundamental reasons. I recall sitting next to him, wondering who in the world he was, and somewhat put off by his gentle query about the role of culture in the development of the Association. At this time most of us were only dimly aware that there was a distinctly African-American culture. We saw ourselves as Americans and knew the great price our foreparents had paid to be Americans. Whatever Africa was, it was in our past, associated with slavery, and a long way from Cleveland.

Jewett's questions about culture stuck with some of us. Years later another of his students, William Bentley, would take up this very issue, give it theological undergirding, and reshape this group into the National Association of Black Evangelicals. In the process he became known as the father of an evangelical theology that takes African-American culture as a viable starting point. I am uncertain about the extent to which Jewett's thought influenced Bentley, but theirs was a long-standing relationship, lasting long after Bentley graduated and took the reins of the movement.

The issue resurfaced in me some years later. I had assumed responsibility for writing a paper laying out the rationale for decisions made about the nature of the evangelistic ministry of Tom Skinner Associates. What was our philosophy of ministry, and what was to be our niche in the evangelical world? Our choices were becoming clear. If we behaved, kept our noses clean, and preached the "simple Gospel," we could become a black Billy Graham Association. Sort of. Many Christians passionately hoped that we would follow this model and move in this direction. But the late 1960s had caught up with us. We couldn't do it like the grand people said we should. It was not in our best interest to be closely associated with the famed evangelist, even though he supported our efforts generously. We were faced with the increasingly thorny dilemma of culture and context for our work: the...
context was the city; the culture was African-American. Our preaching began to take on different shades and hues, and nuances that didn’t always play well on Christian radio or in the Christian press.

At the outset of the 1970s, I shared some of my ideas with two members of the Seminary faculty: Dr. Jewett and Dr. Donald McGavran. They immediately perceived where we were headed, and I was most pleased with their encouragement. Being oriented more toward theology than sociology, I was especially warmed by Jewett’s understanding that we were headed in the right direction, and that to go that way was not in violation of the Gospel. An entire rush of images, individuals, and ideas had come and gone by then: the Kennedys had been murdered, along with Dr. King and Medgar Evers. Young professor Jim Morgan had died; and the young senator from Oregon, Mark Hatfield, had passed through Fuller to receive, even before he spoke, a tumultuous salute from a radicalized student body. By the time I got here as a member of the Board, Paul King Jewett seemed to be the lone personification of those heady days when systematics got translated into marching feet at places like Selma.

"Paul King Jewett seemed to be the lone personification of those heady days when systematics got translated into marching feet at places like Selma."

attended there and, despite his Presbyterian ordination, was popularly considered a member of the church. I learned that Jewett had long kept alive a vital Bible-teaching ministry there. His prayers warmed the hearts of others.

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WILLIAM PANNELL, who first came to Fuller as a trustee while he was part of the evangelistic ministry of Tom Skinner Associates, has been a faculty member since 1974. He has contributed to the Black Ministries and Evangelism Departments, and is now Dean of the Chapel and Arthur De Kruyter/Christ Church of Oak Brook Professor of Preaching.
A Latter-Day Puritan

BY ROBERT CAHILL

Before Fuller Seminary became a name in the theological world, it was an aggregate of names: Carnell, Harrison, Ladd, LaSor, and Smith (to list several in alphabetical order). The name Paul King Jewett meant nothing to me save the two lines listing his academic achievements and his teaching position in the catalogue for 1958-59. The fact that both Carnell and Jewett were graduates of Westminster Seminary in Philadelphia made me hopeful that I would find Reformed theology represented in the Fuller curriculum.

What I came to find in the person of Paul Jewett far exceeded a theological position represented by a faculty member. I found in him a teacher, friend, and pastor. In making such a statement, I am aware of the adage which says, "He who claims him for a friend honors himself." Any hesitation over the claim, however, is eclipsed by a deep theological conviction. For thirty-four years I have regarded my relationship with Paul Jewett to be inextricably bound to the predestinating grace of God. (Such a statement should not seem too ponderous for a journal called Theology, News and Notes!) What follows is simply a testimony to that grace.

My own pilgrimage to a Reformed understanding of the faith came by way of C. H. Spurgeon and John Bunyan. Three years in the Marines, combat in Korea, the ministry of the Navigators, the influence of InterVarsity Christian Fellowship — but especially the sermons of Spurgeon — had convinced me of the tenets of Calvinism. I knew the position could be, and often was, a lonely one. So I rejoiced when a classmate told me before classes actually had started, in the fall of 1958, that Professor Jewett was a "five-point" Calvinist! I went immediately to his study (in those days located in the boiler room beneath Payton Hall — a space large enough to accommodate his huge desk) and boldly introduced myself. My naive enthusiasm did not seem to bother him. I still recall the glance over his glasses and the soft New England accent asking, "... now tell me your name again?"

Before I entered Fuller, friends from my Marine Corps days had recommended that my wife and I consider the Montrose Community Church as a church home. We had no idea that the Jewetts were then members of that congregation. It proved to be a rich experience. There we came to know Paul Jewett as a humble worshiper of Jesus Christ. If a teaching assignment took him away for several weeks, he was always interested to know the welfare of the congregation. He knew most members by name and showed thoughtful concern, especially for those who were ill. Aged widows, too easily overlooked even by pastors, were inquired about with detailed knowledge. Little did I know then that the same pastoral concern would one day come to me and to my wife.

Elsewhere in this issue of Theology, News and Notes, tribute is paid to Paul Jewett as scholar and teacher. Let me say a word about the teacher outside the classroom. As midder-class president I set up a debate between Bromiley and Jewett on the subject of infant baptism. In those vintage days such a theological topic filled the chapel in Payton Hall to overflowing! Both the "pro" group and the "con" group thought their respective scholar had won the debate. A few days later I went privately to each debater to thank him; both professors were gracious. What I remember of the conversation with Professor Jewett, though, was his interest in my opening prayer or invocation. (As I recall, it met with his general approbation.) I mention this experience because it illustrates his great interest in Fuller students as worship leaders. He showed little interest in whether he won or lost the debate in front of a large audience of students. What concerned him was my address to God. This same concern encouraged him to have students lead in prayer before his lectures in systematic theology. Of course he never publicly commented upon or evaluated the prayers; but dignity and theolog-
cal consistency were sought-for ingredients. In those days senior students acted as worship leaders for the daily chapel services held in Payton 101. When my turn came, it was Dr. Jewett who was to be the guest preacher. A couple of days before the service I found a note written in the Jewett scrawl, requesting that the introduction be as brief and as modest as I could make it.

Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, when free of Sunday school teaching assignments, made frequent visits to hear Fuller graduates preach. Our family has a happy memory of such a visit. As I welcomed the Jewetts before the worship hour, I invited him to bring greetings from the seminary and to pronounce the benediction. With a wry smile combined with a caustic tone he asked, "Are you sure you don't mean a 'closing prayer'?" (referring to his disapproval of the frequent practice of changing a benediction into a prayer by appending an "Amen"). My insistence that he pronounce the benediction pleased him. His brief remarks before the benediction included mention that he and Mrs. Jewett had never before ventured quite that far to hear a graduate preach. (The round trip exceeded four hundred miles!) I have asked myself, "Was such a journey purely a matter of a growing friendship; or was it because somehow he knew, through a mutual friend, that I was preaching from Romans — that Sunday the announced text was Romans 9:1-13? Or was it both?" As the congregation began to leave the sanctuary, he conducted a kind of inspection tour. He was happy with the location of the pulpit, the large pulpit Bible, and the fact that the Communion table was a table. He was pleased to have noticed so many in the congregation carrying their own Bibles. Paul Jewett never ceased being a Puritan in heart and mind.

While Professor Jewett did not preach often in the morning worship service at the Montrose Church, I have a vivid recollection of a Pentecost sermon. It combined the best of features that have made the Reformed preaching tradition great. From the exposition of the text to its searching application and sustained eloquence, the sermon seemed to gather power until a mysterious union everywhere seemed present. I told Mrs. Jewett that the sermon impressed me deeply. She agreed. She said, "Yes, Paul was in his best form today. I think he is especially mindful of several seminary students being present. He wants his students to be earnest preachers." This event further illustrates Jewett's proclivity for teaching his students outside the classroom.

Two experiences closer to academic or campus life strengthened our friendship. The first had to do with hymns. As soon as he discovered my fondness for hymns, I became a "Jewett recruit." (I suspect a number of graduates of my era reading this article will readily identify with this experience.) As he made additions to his annotated hymnal — a project never completed, at least not as he intended — a small crew of Jewett recruits would suddenly appear at a designated place and time. We would collate and staple. As I recall, these gatherings usually were called for late Friday afternoons, and they were great fun. The Professor never seemed happier! Historical reference and theological banter filled the room. His wit and humor never seemed keener. We were assured that Fuller, as part of the communio sanctorum, was contributing to the praise of God in heaven and on earth. From time to time Professor Jewett read his remarks on a hymn in chapel, followed by the singing of the hymn itself. His marvelous command of English — the text of his comments proves the judgment to be anything but an admirer's exaggeration — coupled with powerful and thoughtful singing of the hymn made me wonder which was the more moving, the remarks or the hymn!

The secretary in the first congregation I served put me in touch with the great Welsh tradition of hymn-singing, with the congregation divided into sections according to voice range. We decided to try it, and I informed Jewett as to when and where. After he attended, he sent a note my way with the always insightful historical, theological, and in this case sociological observations made. He had a Puritan concern for what may be only a cultural expression without, perhaps, personal commitment. However, he was always ready to rejoice when the two met each other as genuine Christian expression. I think he rejected the strict "Puritan principle" of worship — that only that which is commanded is allowed. But he remained a Puritan in heart and mind.

Spurgeon was the second common interest we shared. One day he told me, like a gold miner telling another miner where the richest vein was located, that Wilbur Smith owned an entire set
of The Sword and Trowel. He asked if I would be interested in prospecting. I would search the volumes and bring to him noteworthy materials. In the course of this effort we met several times over the school year. I asked about his system for filing material. I had begun a file but needed guidance. He agreed to tell me and added, with characteristic humility, "I'll tell you how I do it, and you can tell me how you file your material." Thirty-four years later I still use my file and almost always think of him when I do so. For me as a pastor-teacher, it all flows through what I think of as a kind of Paul Jewett filter. What could be a better testimony of a student to his teacher?

As the years went by, our friendship grew. During my seminary days I would find in my campus mail box material Dr. Jewett knew would interest me. The note attached was bound to be as full of wit and humor as it was of theological insight. After my graduation he sent me copies of his work on baptism, the Lord's day, and election, in manuscript form. My rather frequent visits to campus provided opportunity to share about academic, ministry, and family happenings. Over the years I encouraged several (Jewett counted them as many) students to attend Fuller. I always urged them to introduce themselves to Professor Jewett. If I felt the student might be reticent, I gave him or her some personal news to pass on to him. It worked. More than once I wrote out of pastoral concern for a struggling student and Paul Jewett always followed through. Letters in my file give evidence of his pastoral diligence. He was a teacher by example!

In 1980 I became a cancer patient. Within the decade the disease became a deadly reality for Dr. Jewett and for my wife: by the end of 1991 both had died. My wife's diagnosis came last and her death came first. During the years of the 1980s Dr. Jewett's meaning to me as teacher and friend merged ever more deeply with his role as pastor. Cancer is a shared experience. Families, friends, and colleagues are pulled into the world of cancer as into an awful vortex. The vortex pulls all things down and in, ever more tightly. In the relentless movement of down and in, revelation is no longer simply a theological conundrum for abstract discussion; it becomes, in truth, personal disclosure.

For three people dealing with cancer at the same time, few metaphors could be more suggestive or comforting than Bunyan's pilgrims on a common path. Between the wicket gate and the final river for crossing, the path is filled with pilgrims walking side by side or separated by great distance. One has this experience; another, that. A phone call received or a letter sent has the revelational value of one pilgrim locating the position of the other. Families, friends, and colleagues are pulled into the world of cancer as into an awful vortex. The vortex pulls all things down and in, ever more tightly. In the relentless movement of down and in, revelation is no longer simply a theological conundrum for abstract discussion; it becomes, in truth, personal disclosure.

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ROBERT CAHILL was a student of Dr. Jewett's in the late 1950s and maintained a warm friendship and correspondence with him until the time of his death. He graduated from Fuller Theological Seminary in 1962, served as a pastor of American Baptist churches for thirty years, and is now a minister-at-large in Salem, Oregon.
Paul Jewett, Youth Worker

BY WILLIAM S. STARR (WITH CHAR MEREDITH)

Over the early years in Young Life, most of us knew that founder Jim Rayburn had met and respected men such as Lewis Sperry Chafer, Emile Cailliet, Donald Gray Barnhouse, Frank Gaebelein, and Lawrence Kulp; and he wanted us to learn from them, too. Jim loved to learn and he loved to teach. He wanted to build excellence into his staff.

The training of leadership started with Jim taking his earliest staff members through a consistent study of the Gospels, using Dr. Chafer's Systematic Theology. He led us in a way that made us open to new things, new people. He was persuaded that we needed the best, most up-to-date instruction we could get.

In the early 1950s we devised a traveling institute: we would put the leaders in a station wagon and take them around the country to sit under the teaching of different professors. That is when we first met Dr. Paul Jewett, on the campus of Fuller Theological Seminary. After a number of encounters with him, Jim asked Dr. Jewett to take over and help us open an Institute in Colorado. It was an adventure in excellence which has affected thousands of leader-learners—not only Young Life career and volunteer staff, but also representatives from many churches and parachurch ministries.

When we were formulating this Institute of Youth Ministries, Bob Mitchell was the Director of Training, so he set up with Paul a formalized relationship. At Dr. Jewett's memorial service Mitchell said, "I had the opportunity during those years with Young Life to be involved in the development of the Young Life Institute. We came to a place with Paul Jewett one day when we decided we needed more graduates of the Institute. We were running into a real problem. Paul said, 'We put people in one end and turn the crank and no one comes out the other end.' So we moved then in the direction of affiliating with Fuller in an official way, which has become the Institute for Youth Ministries."

"I never liked school until I met Dr. Paul King Jewett," Tom Bade, one of his Young Life students, told me. "At college I was tenth in my class from the bottom! In 1954 I began graduate studies at the fledgling Young Life Institute and I met Dr. Jewett. He was courtly and extremely patient with the Young Life staff. Here was a genuine scholar who was interested in what I thought. He challenged my critical imagination, and I found myself reading mythology and philosophy—all on my own.

"When I moved to Glendale, California, in 1957, Dr. Jewett gave me the name of the best auto mechanic in the area. With his own wry humor, he could deftly deflate Immanuel Kant or extol the leaders in a station wagon and turn the crank and no one comes out the other end.' So we moved then in the direction of affiliating with Fuller in an official way, which has become the Institute for Youth Ministries."
the virtues of the Pendaflex file. I would listen with intense concentration as he imbued any subject with extreme importance and dignity.

"One day I raced into his basement office to tell him I had enrolled in a doctoral program. I expected him to be surprised, as I was. Dr. Jewett was sitting in the middle of his huge circular desk. His sly response made me realize that he knew me well enough all along to know my decision was inevitable." Bade, former Young Life staff, now a prison psychologist, sums it up with this tribute: "My friendship with Dr. Jewett changed my life."

"Could you believe that round desk?" Bob Mitchell picks up. "He sat in the middle of it, with a chair on wheels. And from that desk came ripples of influence that would touch the world in the name of Jesus, very similar to those produced by a stone tossed into a very calm lake.

"And a part of the world that he touched was the world of the young. You don't immediately think of this great theologian as being a youth worker, but he was. Not in a direct way as much as in an indirect way, when he helped many of us understand the implications of the Gospel and the Incarnation, that God became flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld him, Jesus Christ, our Lord. How many kids have been brought to faith through that emphasis, through that clarity, through helping all of us — who are not known as an organization for scholarship — to understand the true implications of the Gospel.

"One day I remember was when I took Paul Jewett with me to meet some kids with whom I was working in Colorado," Mitchell (now with World Vision) recalls. "I asked him to give them a short meditation, and it was very, very good. But the young man sitting right next to him was fascinated with the book he saw Paul using as he talked to them. The kid puzzled over the book and then interrupted him, 'What is that?' Dr. Jewett told him it was his Greek New Testament, and the kid said, 'Why are you using that?' For the next five minutes I heard — and I wish I had taped it — one of the most beautiful explanations of how we got the Bible. When it was over, another kid across the circle asked, 'Do we have to do that?' I can still hear him quietly draw out his answer, 'Noooo. You don't have to do that. Some of us have already done it.' But three of the young people sitting in that room that day did ultimately go to Fuller Seminary and graduated, one of them being our own daughter: just a part of the ripple effect of a man who served the world."

Paul Jewett was a servant of the world. He accomplished that service in a most effective way — by locating in a place of great influence, to teach and write for thousands who would then go out into the world in the name of Jesus.

"I had not yet heard of Paul Jewett when I came to Fuller Seminary as a transfer student in the summer of 1964," says Don Hagner. "That year, as I sat in his systematic theology classes, I became a member of what could be called the 'Paul King Jewett Fan Club,' and I have remained and always will be a fan of his."

Hagner recalls, "It was a treat to be in his classes. He had a penetrating mind and an eloquent tongue. He had a delight in his subject matter. He also had a wonderfully dry and whimsical sense of humor. One could not help but be impressed with Paul's honesty and integrity: it was refreshing to hear him admit that a particular problem was a real one, and that he didn't know the solution. He always called it as it was. We knew that and we appreciated it. We knew our teacher cared deeply about us as individuals and about our pilgrimage as Christians.

"Through Paul I became involved with the Young Life Summer Institute. I must say that there I experienced him in a different way." Later a colleague of Jewett's as professor of New Testament at Fuller, Hagner remembers particularly one summer when they were opposing pitchers on their respective softball teams. "I'll never forget that hot, Colorado afternoon when he struck me out — a very embarrassing thing in slow-pitch softball, and especially in front of Young Life jocks! Then he proceeded in the next inning to blast a double off of my pitching. Yes, he had that smile on his face."

I personally had over twenty years of relating very closely with Paul Jewett, working at the Institute. Then, when I became president of Young Life, we met frequently to talk about Institute matters; but it is a very personal incident that I want to share. A couple of years ago in the summer, while I was in Colorado, I got a phone call from Paul from Casa Grande, Arizona. "What in the world are you doing, Paul, in Casa Grande?" I asked.

It seems that the police had called Paul to say that they had picked up his grandson Erik wandering around a mall in Casa
Grande. The boy told the police he had a grandfather, and he knew how to get in touch with him. The twelve-year-old's father had died years ago; and his mother, who was unwell, had for the time being left him alone.

Paul's wife was very ill by this time, but she was able to manage with the help of nurses; so he left her at their home in Sierra Madre and drove to Casa Grande to pick up his grandson from the police. Then, seeking a suitable home for the young boy, he called me, knowing we had a home for kids in Phoenix. That home, however, was just for girls; and the other efforts my son Randy and I made ended up being thwarted one way or another.

When I got back to Phoenix, I called Paul, who was by this time back in California. He reported that all had worked out well: a relative helped staff a home for children, and Erik was now with her. Paul was this kind of man. The grandson knows his grandpa, and the twelve-year-old boy's call brings this erudite scholar across the miles to the scene of his need. It was an unbelievable story.

Another personal incident shows the adaptability of the man. I was at Fuller one day with Jim Shelton, who had the responsibility for our Young Life leadership and staff people there. Jim and I had gone over to say hello to Dr. Jewett. It was always a special time. I felt very much akin to him. Jim and I had made previous plans to see a Dodger baseball game. Both of us loved the game tremendously, and we also enjoyed getting a cool beer during the game. When Paul heard that we were going to the game, he asked, "Would you mind if I came?" Of course we would love to have him come with us, but we were a little bit embarrassed about the beer, not quite sure how he felt about such things. We were sitting on either side of Paul when the vendors came along, and Shelton ordered a couple and had them passed down to us. I started to enjoy mine, and Paul, watching me, asked, "Would you mind if I tried that?" I handed it to Paul and he sipped it, then took a pretty good drink of it, and exclaimed, "You know, that's not too bad!" Here was this marvelous prof enjoying one of the small amenities of life.

The last time I saw Paul and his wife Chris, together, in relatively good health, they came by our home in Arizona and spent an evening and a dinner time with us. My wife Ruth had not progressed very far along in her Parkinson's disease; Chris was still doing relatively well with her respiratory problem; so neither was confined. We really had a good time around the dinner table. We laughed a lot about the old Young Life stories, but we also laughed at some of our college experiences that showed us how far we had traveled from that point in our walk with the Savior. He had this funny little laugh, never a belly laugh, a sort of a chuckle. His wife Chris would laugh more whole-heartedly. She was fun-loving person, a great lady, and we enjoyed each other's company so much.

The last time I saw Paul was when I stopped by the seminary just to chat with him — no official business because at that point Don Hagner had taken over the Institute. Chris was now quite ill and was suffering considerably, and Paul would have to rush her off to the emergency ward at the hospital just to keep her alive. We were standing out on the parking lot at Fuller, I remember so well, and he was talking to me of Chris. I had just had to put Ruth in a nursing home with the Parkinson's plus, the plus being an Alzheimer's-type problem. Paul and I were discussing the hurts of our wives, and therefore the hurt to our lives. I remember Paul simply saying that it was wonderful we could trust in a God who understood and cared, and we both shared how that was true in our lives. Though there was never a lot left over, there was always enough to meet each day's need. It was a great kind of final touch.

WILLIAM S. STARR is founder and president of the Southwest Leadership Foundation, which addresses social problems of our cities by modeling programs for replication. He was for thirteen years president of Young Life. He also served as president of the Young Life Foundation and of the National Center for Youth and Families (the outreach arm of National Public Television). He graduated from Wheaton College and Bethel Seminary, and he received an honorary Doctor of Theology degree from Whitworth College.
Reprising Peter to Praise Paul

BY (THE FORMER BENEDICTINE BROTHER PETER) PAUL F. FORD

In the mid-1970s Fuller Theological Seminary was bursting at the seams with students and alive with the excitement of its vision of itself as the interdisciplinary, interdenominational, and international crossroads of an academically rigorous and socially responsible conservative Christianity. I came to Fuller in the fall of 1975 as a Benedictine monk from St. Andrew's Priory (now St. Andrew's Abbey) in Valyermo. I had been moved to apply by two Fuller ambassadors to my Roman Catholic seminary, President Hubbard and Dr. Jack Rogers; by the occasional alumni retreatants at my monastery, whose earnestness about Christianity impressed me; and by my community's desire to have someone capable of being a dialogue partner with evangelical Christians.

Indicative of my uncertainty over the reception I would have at Fuller, almost as if I were trying to keep my Catholic and monastic identity in this bastion of the Reformation, I found I was singing chant to myself in the corridors and stairwells of Payton Hall. But the warmth of Dolores Loeding and Vera Wils, Ann Lausch and Lynn Losie soon made me feel welcome. Gordon Smith in Copy Services became an instant buddy, and the Bookstore's Roy Carlisle and I traded bookselling hints. Christine Jewett was my frequent hostess in the library: I have always loved librarians, and she was the liveliest and loveliest I had ever known.

Because I had hope of writing a doctoral dissertation on Male and Female in Christ and in the Church, I registered for Roberta Hestenes's class on women in ministry. How novel it was for me, taught with and by only men for the previous fourteen years, to be one of just two men in a class of sixteen students presided over by my first woman professor — and how great that some of us became friends I still have today. I also felt that I needed to hear how Protestants put theology together, and so I audited Systematic Theology I, II, and III taught by Paul Jewett, then in the center of the storm generated by his 1975 book, Man as Male and Female.

“As Aslan was not a tame lion, Jewett's systematics was not a tame theology.”

What an education that was! We students (were we one hundred and twenty?) crowded into the basement classroom of Pasadena Presbyterian Church for one uncomfortable quarter and then expanded (were we now two hundred strong?) into the basement of Pasadena First Congregational Church. I noticed right away Jewett's fostering of his women students, especially Eloise Renich Fraser (he gloved with delight at seeing his student shining in her Women's Concerns Lectures in April of 1986) and Marguerite Shuster (over whose position as an associate professor of preaching at Fuller he surely smiles).

Is it possible that I am alone in remembering the power of his lecture on the Doctrine of Man, when he first convinced us of how puny and breakable we and our earth are (“Imagine that you are on a bullet hurtling through space...”) and then relieved us with the words, “Theological significance (our reality as subject) has no relation to our size (our reality as object); in fact, as we decrease as object, we increase as subject, as the subjects of God's election.” Did any of my classmates get as dizzy as I did that day from this instant immersion in existentialism, first atheistic and then theistic?

It was obvious to everyone that Dr. Jewett was a keen American student of the great Continental theological conversation going on between such giants as Barth and Brunner; and students were drenched by a cataract of authors ancient and modern, Christian and non, both hospitable and hostile to the theological enterprise. His outline of dogmatics was punctuated with references to great works of art (it was Jewett who introduced me to Grunewald's Isenheim Altar Piece). He was as at ease with Aquinas as with Calvin, with Sterne's Tristram Shandy as with Elie Wiesel's Night (he made much of François Mauriac's Preface to the latter). He allowed, even invited, the Holocaust to disturb his dogmatics and wrestled with racism and sexism and abortion in full view, so to speak, of his students. As Aslan was not a tame lion, Jewett's systematics was not a tame theology. He felt a responsibility to the discipline of systematics (to cover the material) as well as to its application to the problems of the day. But he was never
without his sense of humor, which ran to a very dry appreciation of irony and incongruity.

THE PETER AND PAUL DIALOGUES

Many of his teaching and theological gifts became especially evident when he noticed (it didn't take very long) that he had a live Roman Catholic in his class. He started directing some of his remarks my way, earnest but also friendly, often a chuckle in his voice even if there wasn't always a smile on his face. So much did he and the class seem to enjoy this give-and-take that he took significant class time at the end of the second and third quarters to host what he christened the "Peter and Paul Dialogues." The issues ranged from papal primacy and infallibility and sacraments to merit and indulgences and mariology. These were subjects about which I had left Catholic seminary with foggy notions suitable to the Catholic "ghetto" I thought would be the venue of my ministry. Now I urgently needed clarity. Preparation for these dialogues sharpened me in a way I could not have achieved otherwise. Although I converted no one, I am a better Catholic for having had Paul Jewett as my teacher.

In private conversations (sometimes seated within his unique, circular desk), I came to know that, in the early 1960s, Dr. Jewett had spent a sabbatical year at the Institut Catholique in Paris and there was in earnest dialogue with the periti (theological experts) who assisted the French episcopal delegation to the 1962-65 Second Vatican Council. (Both his ecumenical sensibilities and his resounding Calvinism shone bright when he spoke at my monastery's annual prayer service and banquet for Antelope Valley pastors and spouses, to observe the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity: I treasure that memory of when he and Christine were my guests). He actually read the books I recommended to him, a practice which astounds me now that I am on "the other side of the desk." To cite just two examples, he was pleased to read the new respect for previous Christian belief and practice in the Rite of Receiving Baptized Christians into Full Communion with the Catholic Church. But he was unswayed by my enthusiasm for John McHugh's then-newly published The Mother of Jesus in the New Testament: "What McHugh says about Mary is plausible, but I don't think Scripture warrants even the effort at mariology, let alone the results," was the gist of Jewett's evaluation.

THE CHERUB CHOIR

As anyone who experienced Systematic Theology III, Doctrine of the Church, will remember, a unique feature of Dr. Jewett's approach was his theological hymnal. He was convinced that, as the Bible is God's Word to us, so the hymn book is our response to the Bible. His studies in the history of hymn writers and composers emphasized the work of Isaac Watts and African-American spirituals. He later told Dr. Meye's students in the course New Testament Spirituality, "A unique mark of the Christian endeavor is that it teaches people to sing." He spoke so winningly that the students of my year were stirred to form what he called the Cherub Choir to sing a hymn from his collection appropriate to each class lecture. So we rehearsed before class and, after the break, Dr. Jewett would comment on the hymn we were about to lead. Few of us will forget the way he was able to evoke the sadness of the slaves who wrote, "My Lord, What a Mourning." In later years Dr. Jewett told me that 1975-76 was his favorite year of teaching at Fuller because of the eagerness of the students not only to hear what he had to say but also to put it into practice.

As I assembled material for this tribute, I went in search of my two most precious Jewett artifacts: the Systematic Theology III hymnal and the note he wrote faculty members on my behalf when he was the first person I told that I had been asked to leave the monastery: he eased my pain and helped me to go on. Paul King Jewett didn't finish writing his Dogmatics, but the students he awakened and freed are sowing the Word in human hearts who will eventually form around him a circular, cherub choir of praise to God.

PAUL FORD, associate professor of theology and liturgy at St. John's Seminary in Camarillo, California, was one of Fuller Theological Seminary's first Roman Catholic students (1975-87). He earned his Ph.D. from the School of Theology in 1987. He is an authority on the life and writings of C. S. Lewis and author of the award-winning commentary Companion to Narnia (3rd ed. MacMillan, 1986).
Paul King Jewett: Theologian and Colleague

BY DAVID ALLAN HUBBARD

For thirty-five years — half a lifetime — Paul Jewett served as anchor of the theology department at Fuller. During that rich tenure, thousands of students and scores of colleagues were stamped by his learning, charmed by his quiet wit, and warmed by his steadfast devotion to Christ. Through most of those years I was privileged to call Paul “a friend.”

His name was first brought to my attention about 1950 by Edward John Carnell, who had known him at Wheaton, Westminster, and Harvard. Carnell was lecturing on baptism and cited the work Jewett had done in a seminary thesis on the arguments for and against believers’ baptism. Carnell was not known to toss compliments about lightly, so his lavish praise of his friend’s abilities etched Paul Jewett’s name in my memory a decade or so before our personal paths came together.

That occasion, if an aging memory can still be trusted, was at a gathering in Bill LaSor’s home about 1959. From time to time a number of friends would convene for an evening of conversation on evangelical theology and where it was headed. Bernard Ramm, Robert LaRoi, and David Wallace from California Baptist Seminary in Covina; LaSor, Carnell, and Jewett from Fuller; and I from Westmont were the participants. My acquaintance with Jewett was strengthened by weeks spent together at the Young Life Institute in Colorado Springs (1961-62), by a lectureship on Scripture that he gave at Westmont, and by my year-long stint of teaching weekly at Fuller during that period.

One vivid memory recalls an unhurried dinner conversation with Paul Jewett and Charles E. Fuller at our founder’s home. The subject was the Seminary presidency. Jewett’s inclusion in a discussion that Dr. Fuller and I had carried on over a few months’ time was testimony both to his friendship with that great man and the prestige attached to his person and position. During the years that Daniel Fuller was studying in Basel, Jewett was probably the senior Fuller’s closest confidant on the faculty. The gist of the dialogue that night (Charles Fuller was chiefly a listener) was the tension between Reformed (covenant) theology and dispensationalism. Paul’s aim was to ascertain whether the vestiges of my dispensational upbringing and training were faint enough to allow me to provide leadership to Fuller’s faculty and especially to grant him the freedom to follow his own theological directions.

This is not the place to describe in detail the role that Jewett played in my call to Fuller’s presidency. But I can express the opinion that, thanks to his relationship to the Fullers and to a handful of other trustees, no faculty member exercised more influence in the Board’s decision to invite me, once Dr. Harold Ockenga, in January 1963, made his final decision not to move to Pasadena and become a full-time president.

In the summer of 1963, Ruth and I spent a day in Paris and Chartres with Paul and Christine during a lengthy sabbatical that Paul was enjoying at the University of Paris and the Catholic Institute of Paris. That memorable visit, like the many chats we had had as we roamed the Rockies together during weeks at the Young Life Institute, gave opportunities for leisurely conversations about Fuller, its needs and opportunities, and especially its role in an evangelical movement that was seeking to come to grips with history, culture, science, and the shifting morals of society.

No faculty member at that time had a clearer vision of the Seminary’s importance and limitations than Jewett. His contribution to me personally was valuable beyond words as I tried to read the winds and currents of the church and to set the Seminary’s course during those stormy years of transition.

Paul Jewett served the Seminary — its faculty, its students, its staff, and its trustees — in manifold ways. I cannot count them all, but four ministries jump to the top of my mind as I reflect on his unparalleled contributions: teacher, advocate, reformer, teammate.

TEACHER
For the first third of his tenure Jewett was the only professor in systematics. Carnell taught philosophical theology; and Bromiley, historical. Jewett enjoyed this monopoly. It allowed him to do what he liked best and gave him an adequate reason to say no to almost all requests to diversify his teaching with occa-
sional electives. His intense focus often provoked arguments with his deans but in the long run served the students well. They were the beneficiaries of his wonderful melding of learnedness in his field and passion for the church: "the matrix of all theology is the worshipping congregation, for it was out of the experience of worship that theology was born" (Election and Predestination, p. 139).

He was as distinguished in his communication as in his focus. His feel for language and his love of literature brought a humaneness and gentility to all that he said and wrote. He demonstrated clarity while he was teaching students to probe the mysteries of divinity. His lectures were salted with savory quotations of playwrights and poets from Shakespeare to Milton to T. S. Eliot.

And Jewett also had a flair for innovation. Traditional though he was, he experimented with the teaching process and continually sought to improve his effectiveness. Oral exams based on students’ "credos" (written statements of belief like those required by some denominations for ordination), syllabi and supplementary essays he prepared on a multitude of subjects, reading requirements (two hours for each hour in class) which allowed students a wide choice, taped lectures which could be heard at the learner’s convenience — these were just a few of his pedagogical devices.

Two other facets of his teaching and writing demand comment: his deep appreciation of Christian hymnody and his keen awareness of the perspectives of science. This blend of ancient and contemporary interests flavored his work with a gourmet-like attractiveness. Within a four-page span in God, Creation, and Revelation (pp. 468, 472) we find a stanza from Isaac Watts paraphrasing Genesis 1 and a section detailing Hubble’s Law based on the astronomical "red shift" and Einstein’s reaction to it.

**ADVOCATE**

For a person who sometimes projected a patrician air, Paul had an uncommon concern for the disadvantaged and under-

"He was more than a democratic aristocrat like the Roosevelts or the Kennedys. He was a theologian deeply drawn to the biblical mandate of justice and compassion."

represented in our society. He was more than a democratic aristocrat like the Roosevelts or the Kennedys. He was a theologian deeply drawn to the biblical mandate of justice and compassion for those whom society has edged to the margins of power and privilege.

He joined the picket line when Sheriff Jim Clark ventured from Alabama to Pasadena to address a right-wing audience. He carried the day in a campus decision about barring lettuce and grapes from the Seminary refectory until growers came to terms with the Farm Workers Union and César Chavez. He represented Fuller at Martin Luther King’s funeral. He worshiped regularly with black congregations and lobbied for black representation on Fuller’s Board and faculty. He established warm friendships with evangelicals who were leaders in the African-American churches and parachurches.

Once he and Jim Morgan, like a pair of Nathans, bearded me in my office over the vexation suffered by a fellow Pasadenan, a black man, who had bought a used car from the Seminary. The car gave out and left him broke and stranded. They were right. The man got his money back, and I grew in appreciation for colleagues who insisted that we practice what we preach.

The most palpable and permanent expression of Jewett’s mission as advocate was his pivotal book Man as Male and Female (1975). Paul, as he often did, had shown me an early draft of the work, and my reading of it sparked generous discussions with him.

I, with most of the faculty, supported both his method — the analogy of faith — and the basic thesis — the total equality of the genders, based on creation in the divine image, oneness in Christ through the Gospel, and the distribution of the Spirit’s gifts without regard to gender. I had trouble, however, as did many of our colleagues, with Jewett’s argument that the Pauline passages that seem to teach subordination of women in the church were a carry-over from his rabbinic training and showed that the Apostle himself had not yet appropriated the full significance of the Gospel in this area of church life. I thought then, and still do, that other explanations — like our inadequate understanding of the texts, of the specific situa-
Encounters with a Theologian
BY MITTIES MCDONALD DECHAMPLAIN

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My first real encounter with Paul Jewett was during my oral theological examination, which is required of all full-time faculty at Fuller. Because my academic training was in a discipline other than theology, I was a bit daunted at the prospect of responding to questions about my understanding of Fuller’s Statement of Faith and of Christian orthodoxy in the presence of such a stellar gathering of theological scholars. I wasn’t so much afraid of speaking a heresy as I was terrified of sounding hopelessly naive and unsophisticated. I had also heard through the faculty grapevine that Dr. Paul King Jewett was a formidable questioner at these gatherings and that I should be cautious about what I said in his presence.

So there I was, nestled somewhat uncomfortably in a chair in the Rare Book Room of the Fuller library, nervously awaiting my first question. Mercifully, the first couple of questions from various faculty were safe and easy to answer, requiring little more than some nice testimonial reflection on my faith journey. Then Paul Jewett asked, “Is it theologically wrong to refer to God as Mother?” I took a long pause before answering, to enable my heart to skip a few beats and my professional life to flash before my eyes. I then said something like, “No, it is not wrong, but it may not be at all helpful or hearable to do so in many, or even most, Christian contexts.” Paul smiled warmly, nodded, and asked no follow-up questions. I was relieved. I sustained the exam. I had faced Paul Jewett and lived!

Faculty conversations were abuzz with these questions, and the issue was intensified by keen concerns voiced by key trustees. We held forums on the issues and

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Finally set up a joint faculty-trustee committee to review the matter, which cut close to the heart of biblical truthfulness and apostolic authority. The committee deliberated diligently and came up with a Solomonic decision that questioned Jewett’s “rabbinic” explanation while reaffirming the orthodoxy of his doctrine of Scripture and his teaching of theology over the decades.

Our friendship was both strained and strengthened by this process, which unhappily had coincided with the publication of Harold Lindsell’s The Battle for the Bible, with its polemic against Fuller Seminary’s view of Scripture. All in all, that chapter in Fuller’s life and in my relationship with Paul was productive despite the pain. Our friendship was richer for all the testing. Fuller had matured through the internal and external controversies; and most important, a book — whatever its flaws — had sprung from an evangelical mind and heart that championed biblically the equal partnership of women in society, in the family, and in the church. Jewett, the advocate, had conspired with Jewett, the teacher, to do good for the household of faith.

REFORMER
This label is used with deliberate ambiguity. Paul Jewett always saw himself in the caravan that moved from Augustine, through Calvin and the Calvinistic Puritans, to the modern heirs of the Genevan Reformation like Berkouwer and Weber. At the same time he wanted to foment his own reforms in updating and nuancing the Reformed approach in ways that both learned and differed from Karl Barth and Emil Brunner.

He was at once classical and contemporary, a product of the Reformation and a pioneer in its aggiornamento, as the subtitle of God, Creation, and Revelation suggests: A Neo-Evangelical Theology. While I have never liked the adjective neo-, partly because it sounds geological, as though its alternatives were paleo- and meso-, and mostly because it suggests that we are neophytes, Johnnies-come-lately who are taking the play away from fundamentalists rather than the other way round, what Jewett has tried to do is of crucial importance: his overall aim has been to state the historic faith in ways that reflect both
church and carried the best of their thought and spirit with him.
Beyond that, he was cognizant of the contribution of biblical theologians. The renaissance of biblical theology after World War II was a source of constant fascination to him. The findings and suggestions of these men and women helped to frame his thought substantially more than did the philosophical training of his college and seminary years.
His work was marked by a sense of caution. Fully aware that he was dealing with the majesty

"Those in the next decades who want to drink the refreshment of the historic faith served in a modern cup will turn often to his work."

and mystery of God’s nature and purpose, he eschewed fads and ephemeral notions. He launched few trial balloons himself and had little patience with those who felt compelled to sound off prematurely or irresponsibly on matters of the faith.
A graceful literary style enhanced his writing and carried over into his speech: "...there is one purpose that I hope [I] have not betrayed too egregiously, namely, the resolve to avoid the esoteric jargon and abstruse style that so often leave theologians talking to themselves ... and make the reading of their books

At the conclusion of the theology exam, Paul Jewett asked me to come by his office the next day. I feared the worst, thinking that, while adequate, my theological reflections must have been disappointing or questionable in some way. When I did go by to see him, what Paul wanted to do, much to my surprise and delight, was to take me to lunch in order to get to know me better and to hear what life was like for me as a communication scholar in the preaching department and in the School of Theology. He also invited me to read and react to his systematics manuscript, which at the time was being readied for publication. This was, for me, the beginning of a sadly brief but life-changing friendship with Paul.

In relationship with Paul Jewett, I learned that doing theology was my profession as well as his. I came to realize that theological reflection is not an option but a necessity for believing people, that thinking the faith with clarity is a primary means of making life more intelligible. Paul’s gracious support and encouragement in my early years here at Fuller made my post-doctoral pursuit of a formal theological degree a welcome task. And I credit him for being one of the primary influences in helping me discern my call to ordained ministry in the Episcopal Church.
One of the things that impressed me most about Paul Jewett was the wonderful congruence between what he wrote and how he related to people. The authority of his dogmatic claims was matched by the authenticity of his character. He wrote, for example, with brilliance and precision about our dignity as human beings, made in the divine image; and my experience with Paul was that he always treated people with dignity and charity (not an easy task by any means at a place where there is so much diversity of opinion). Having dialogue with Paul about the pressing concerns of theology or of the seminary or of life was always easy because of his open, attentive, and hospitable manner. Had I never read a word of his theological writing, I nonetheless would

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teach?" His theology was too Reformed for dispensational schools, too ecumenical for fundamentalist faculties, too aware of Scripture's complexities for places where inerrancy was a sine qua non, too orthodox by miles for the liberalism of many denominational or university-based divinity schools.

Fuller was right for him. But he felt also that Fuller was right for the church, and he strove mightily in framing the Statement of Faith, seeking to articulate it, and watching the way potential faculty members reacted to it. Right from the beginning of the plans for schools of Psychology and World Mission, Paul was edgy about extending the range of faculty persuasions to include persons less solidly rooted in a Reformed heritage than he wanted Fuller to be. As he made peace with these additions to the Fuller program, he made it his aim to encourage sound appointments and responsible building of curricula. He had little appetite for the interminable labors of committees and task forces but swallowed hard and served well where he felt that the stakes were high.

In more recent years his collegial energies were spent nurturing younger faculty members. For two or three years before his retirement, Paul led a task force that planned theological presentations for meetings of the Joint Faculty. Month after month, in discussions of the Statement of Faith or of contemporary evangelical tensions, the highlight of those meetings was Paul's reflections on the issues set in the context of his decades of work at Fuller, with his hands-on acquaintance with every nuance of our doctrinal statement.

One of his great gifts to me, and indirectly to the whole Seminary, was his serving as critic and consultant. Especially in the earlier years while we were setting the sails for the 1960s and 1970s, Jewett's advice was invaluable. He it was who recommended Glenn Barker's appointment as Dean of Theology to succeed Dan Fuller, a recommendation that had magnificent ramifications for the Seminary. My last official discussions with him dealt with inclusive language and the needs and risks of speaking of God in ways that preserved personhood without linking it to gender.

His wisdom, honesty, and caution reminded me of how much the churches, the seminary, thousands of graduates, and I personally owe him. Our Jewish friends speak of their departed loved ones with the phrase zikronó libraká: "may his memory become a blessing." I think of Paul Jewett often, and always with thoughts like that.

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have been inclined to deduce the great importance of theological study based solely on my interactions with him. His loving receptivity to ideas and to people bore eloquent witness to the benefits of theological discipline. Knowing Paul Jewett was a gift. In the few years of friendship I had with him, I received a better vision of myself as a person of God, and I came to appreciate the direct relevance of theology to seeing that vision with clarity.
A Personal Remembrance

—in mock self-defense. The finished product always revealed a vocabulary and style seldom surpassed in profundity and clarity.

Another aspect of a many-faceted character showed in his delight in annually “confiscating” persimmons, by light of moon and flashlight, from several trees on school property, from atop stacked-up benches and tables, with his own fruit plucker, aided and abetted by a not entirely averse secretary and the integrator of this issue of Theology, News and Notes! Even a hovering police helicopter could not deter an operation carried out without benefit of faculty-trustee action.

Not long ago a reporter, commenting on the death of Bart Giamatti (ex-Yale president turned baseball commissioner), remarked on the unusual affinity of baseball and the intellectual. His theory was that while the academician lives in a world of abstracts, baseball is a refreshing yet technical game of absolutes — winners and losers. Dr. Jewett shared this penchant for and knowledge of the game with many colleagues, to the delight of a secretary who was privy to his armchair managing. An unforgettable experience was an afternoon at the Dodger game with Dr. Jewett and “Babe” Herman, an old-time Dodger great and a member of Dr. Jewett’s Sunday school class. No second-guessing that day, as we listened to the vocal guru of the game — though it did not keep us from “reviewing” the expert later.

Other remembrances of this rather enigmatic personality include his wry, dry sense of humor, puncturing all pomposity — the product of a relentlessly active mind combined with a dose of deviltry. It incorporated an ability to laugh at his own eccentricities. For making him an impeccable dresser (except when tending his rose garden), his wife Christine deserved the credit; but his own insistence upon suspenders long before they were in fashion was likely the sartorial statement of an independent spirit. He was in the office daily — a quaint behavior for professors generally — with door open (unless committee organizers were lurking about) to students who, after timid forays, found him a caring personal counselor and patient debater of matters theological. These traits and his influence on lives were confirmed by letters of appreciation from older and wiser alumni who as students were not always enchanted by precise study requirements and tough grading. So a statement such as, “... wish I could do it all over again,” became an expression of true gratitude — possibly tempered by short memory?

Many members of the Seminary and church community also saw evidences of a pastoral heart, having been recipients of a visit from Dr. Jewett while they were hospitalized. I personally recall waking from anesthetic stupor to hear him assuring me that I did not have to report for work the following day, and then, in true form, turning to the nurse to discuss the demerits of my pillow and the possibility of procuring another one. He always wanted to make the world a little better, out of his commitment to Jesus Christ.

Unsettling the Status Quo

—in the saints, as together they prayed that justice would prevail in a city often lacking in that dimension of its corporate life. In all the nearly eighty years of this congregation’s history, no pastor has ever enjoyed more affection and respect than Jewett received from this church.

Pastor Johnson became ill and decided to retire from his pastoral duties before the end of the Conference year. I was asked to become the interim preacher. This gave me a chance to work with this fine congregation at another level. It also afforded me an opportunity to work more closely with Dr. Jewett. We shared the platform whenever possible. He was always reluctant to do so, but he agreed to several series of five-minute “lessons,” miniature snippets of systematics tailored to this congregation’s enlightenment. He was unfailingly generous in his support of my preaching. For four months we shared in this way, often meeting in his study to discuss the future of this congregation and our role in it. We were an odd couple, but we enjoyed the encouragement and support of this fine group of God’s people. We saw the congregation prosper and grow. We began to dream dreams of what might be if such a team could continue beyond the Conference year. However, neither of us possessed United Methodist papers, and our dreams had to be shelved. But I saw in Jewett a walking expression of his ecclesiology; and when this church completes its wall of fame in the narthex, Paul Jewett’s likeness will be displayed there, honored alongside those who have served as pastors.

We’ll get together again, of course, the four of us. And since they’ve preceded us, we’ll bring the wine.