

THE YALE STANDARD

Vol. VI No. 1

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. Isaiah 59:19

Fall 1975

An icy 16-degree night—the frozen sidewalk of 119th Street, New York—two husky men, one black, one white, in trenchcoats grab 20-year-old and force him kicking into car driven by woman—car rolls downhill with door wide open, youth's head hanging out, pursued by 25 New Yorkers responding to

desperate cries for help—driver goes through red light, is blocked by four police cars—policemen with drawn guns order everybody out—all searched and taken to precinct station—abduction averted—youth's finger badly dislocated—surgery required...

A Deeper Look At Yale's Past

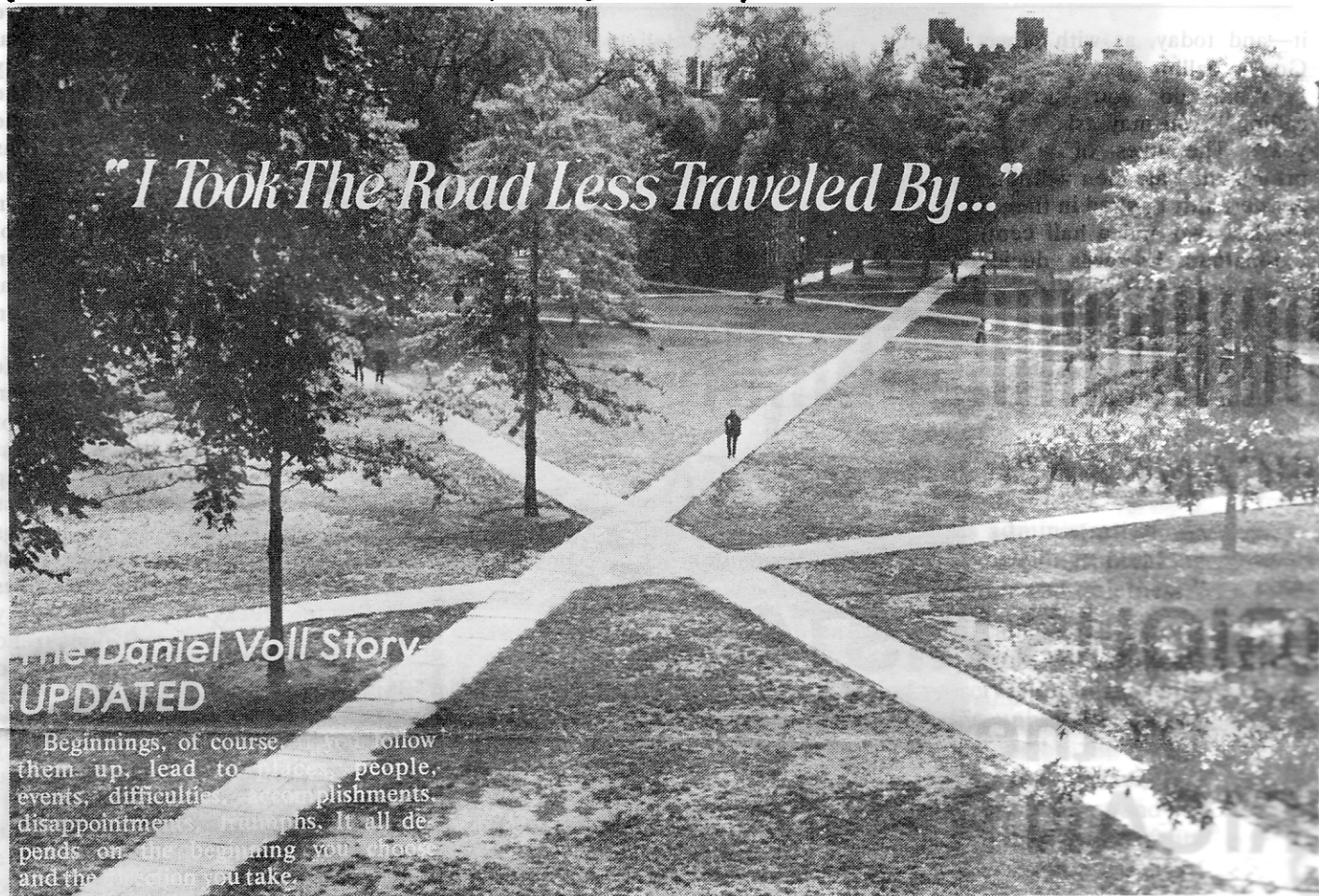
What Did Timothy Dwight, Edwards Have in Common?

A freshman's first glimpse of Yale is by nature shallow—there is simply too much here to take in at once. Buildings from the last decade, the last century and the century before bear traces of thousands of students and faculty who at one time or another passed through; sidewalks, stairsteps and shortcuts were all well broken in before you first laid eyes on them. Of course, one might say, who hasn't heard all the platitudes and funny stories about wide-eyed freshmen?

Who hasn't indeed, but the funny thing about Yale is that all four undergraduate years placed end to end do not begin to give a Yale man or Yale woman adequate understanding of Yale's vital purpose—why it became the great university it is, and why men labored from the beginning to make it so.

For those freshmen intrigued enough by their surroundings to pause before plunging into their studies or social life, Yale's physical appearance offers many hints of its past, and a thoughtful person might stop to consider that whatever Yale was then, it certainly wasn't the same place it is today.

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"I Took The Road Less Traveled By..."

The Daniel Voll Story UPDATED

Beginnings, of course, follow them up, lead to people, events, difficulties, accomplishments, disappointments, triumphs. It all depends on the beginning you choose and the direction you take.

At the beginning of my freshman year, I chose to follow Christ as Lord and take His road of discipleship. Not a popular road, to be sure, but a fascinating road that has since proved to be even more rewarding than I first expected it to be. "I took the road less traveled by and that has made all the difference."

After five years of traveling over hills and dales, that road has led me to Bogota, Colombia, with other Christians on the mission field, where I am presently studying at Los Andes University and teaching English at the Centro Colombo Americano. I couldn't be more satisfied with the way things have turned out, especially since my parents are now fully in favor of what I am doing. But things were not always so. There was a time when the traveling got rough, and that is what I think will interest you the most: some of the actual curves, cities, and "bridges out" along the road of this pilgrim's progress.

Not just being religious and going through the rounds, not just having my name on a church membership roll, not just a Sunday suit with matching face, but—A Way of Life. That was what I wanted when I came to Yale in the fall of 1970: a way of life—a Christian way of life—a daily reality. Years before I had received Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour, but I knew that I still needed more. I grew tired of religious ex-

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A Woman's First Steps at Yale

Sitting at my desk in 54 Vanderbilt, I pulled out the contents of a brown envelope which had been left for me. "Student Revivals Awaken Campuses," I saw printed in bold type across the top of the paper, which was called *The Yale Standard*. I looked briefly at the following pages. There was a picture of young people with uplifted hands, doubtless having some sort of religious experience. "Humph, fundamental religion," I thought. Surely I was too sophisticated to go for something like that. I laid the paper aside and don't recall looking at it again.

It was the second year that Yale had taken women. As an entering woman

freshman, I was filled with the usual anxieties and expectations. How would I adjust to the social and academic pressures of college life? Though I had been away from home before, I had never been presented with so many opportunities and freedoms as at Yale, and I wanted to explore as much as possible.

On the night of our welcoming dinner at Silliman College, one of my roommates and I sat with some upperclassmen. We mentioned that she played the violin and I played the piano. "Classical," I said. "Of course," one fellow replied. "I could tell by your bearing."

Another roommate of mine was an

attractive blond from California. Every time I saw her in the first few days she was with a different set of Yale men as they dragged another piece of furniture up six flights of stairs into our suite. In a very short time our living room was fully furnished, albeit somewhat shabbily, at minimum effort and no expense.

In October I met some people close to those most active in the SDS demonstrations the preceding year. My conservative dress and manners contrasted sharply with their habits, but I found these people novel and interesting and associated with them despite our external differences. I carried a washtub bass up to the Silliman attic for a small jug band performance they were giving. "That's a far cry from a piano!" shouted the fellow who had spoken to me on welcoming night.

Not willing to commit myself too closely to any particular type of people, however, I also developed friendships with members of the Party of the Right, and travelled from one group to another with a facility which would shock anyone of true dedication. I tried Yoga, spoke to members of the Unified Family, saw a Zen Buddhist, and studied all the

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Is Their Famine Ours?

Forty-thousand people are believed to have died in the drought that has ravaged Somalia and Ethiopia in recent months. Relief workers in Bangladesh say that at least a million have perished from starvation since the 1971 war.

The United Nations has a list of 33 countries considered to be close to widespread starvation, where over 500 million people have suffered acutely from malnutrition. Experts say that more countries are in critical need of

food today than a year ago.

The world food crisis has not left us. It has gotten worse. While famine and malnutrition have indeed become common words, and pictures of emaciated victims are not unusual in periodicals, this has not stopped hunger from taking 12,000 lives every day. More people suffer the incessant cry of their bodies for food than ever before, daily becoming weaker and more susceptible to sickness and disease.

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Strong Foundations: Yale's Past and Your Future

Continued from page 1

Some of the campus' visible features are beautiful for themselves. Others have tales to tell.

Some landmarks and plaques speak directly to the spiritual character of Yale at different periods, the Henry Wright plaque in Dwight Hall library, for example, or the words of Timothy Dwight in bronze outside that library door. But because it isn't easy for a newcomer to perceive the underlying pattern and purpose, we speak to you here about that remarkable pattern and its significance for you—the pattern of God at work at Yale.

God has been dealing with generations of Yale students—and faculty. But He isn't the only one who has a message and a program for students. In fact, if you are a Yale undergraduate, a pitched battle is being waged by many competitors for your attention and allegiance.

Unless you are a very divided person, you will leave college with one set of beliefs and loyalties, and one direction for your life, and what those beliefs, loyalties and direction will be is under contest. Every generation of Yale students has known the contest—you are by no means the first to walk into

entering Yale not to drift along with the general trends on campus, nor to become over-occupied with studying. Instead, he decided to give himself to Jesus Christ and live entirely for Him. Edwards graduated with highest honors from Yale at the age of seventeen, when he was filled with "an

"The position one takes the first few weeks will, in the majority of cases, determine the trend of one's whole college life."

it—and today, as with others before, God is calling you.

"What do you mean, God is calling?" you may ask. At Yale? This year? The lives of a number of prominent Yale men will illustrate the answer, as it applied in their lives over the last two and a half centuries.

Jonathan Edwards decided upon

inward, secret delight in God." He resolved then "never to do anything but what tends to the glory of God, never to lose one moment of time, and to live with all my might while I do live." He later became "the most significant Protestant voice between the Reformation and the twentieth century," in a major historian's esti-

mation, and spent the last years of his life at a small mission serving the Indians in Massachusetts.

Timothy Dwight was first a Yale student, then a member of the faculty. After being away for a number of years he was invited back to be Yale's president in 1795. Dwight unashamedly preached "Jesus Christ, the only true and living Way of access to God" to the Yale community for seven long years without a single conversion among the students—the French rationalism of Rousseau and others had thoroughly infiltrated the campus. But starting in 1802 Dwight saw five successive periods of Christian revival at Yale, when students and faculty spontaneously gave themselves to the Lord and the whole atmosphere of the campus changed. Dwight was also, as historians can confirm for you, the Yale president most instrumental in transforming Yale College into one of the first diversified "universities" in America, and he was widely influential throughout the country as an educator.

Of Tracy Pitkin it was written, "He did not postpone his life, he lived then . . . Not a few men made shipwreck of their college Christian life, or at least made it null and void of power, during those four precious college years, just because they waited to see how things 'went' religiously in college, not realizing that the position one takes the first few weeks will, in the majority of cases, determine the religious trend of one's whole college life. Not so Pitkin." Tracy Pitkin stood and made a difference from the day he came to Yale to the day he died as a missionary in China during the Boxer Rebellion, in 1900.

Bill Borden came to Yale with an attitude different than most. Already a believer in Jesus Christ, he responded to God's call in a deeper way in freshman year, as one of his freshman notebooks records: "Lord Jesus, I take hands off, as far as my life is concerned. I put Thee on the throne in my heart. Change, cleanse, use me as Thou shalt choose. I take the full power of Thy Holy Spirit. I thank Thee."

He soon began a small daily prayer meeting on campus—and by the time he graduated three out of four Yale undergraduates were attending voluntary Bible studies and prayer meetings. He sought out derelicts on the streets of New Haven to tell them of Jesus Christ, the Savior, efforts that led to the founding of the Yale Hope Mission. Though he was a millionaire's son, he had formed a purpose to become a missionary to the Moslem people in China near what is now Mongolia. Between freshman year and his early death at the age of 25, before he could reach the mission field, he made a tremendous impact on his generation at Yale, and throughout America.

Henry Wright, the son of the Yale College dean for whom Wright Hall is named, became a Yale student and then a member of the Classics faculty, yet his preoccupation was the spiritual welfare of Yale. He helped literally hundreds of students and others to found their lives solidly on faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He clearly perceived that God was working at Yale,

A SIGNIFICANT FALL PAPERBACK

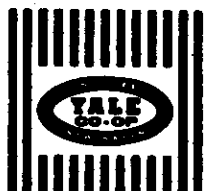
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The Hope That Never Fails

"If I lift up my eyes to the hills, where shall I find help? Help comes only from the Lord, maker of heaven and earth." Psalm 121:1-2.

Hope. A very short, simple, yet powerful word.

The American Heritage dictionary defines hope as "the feeling that what is desired is also possible, or that events may turn out for the best." To "give up hope" is to reach the end. To "keep on hoping" means there may yet be a chance, however small, that what is desired will come to pass.

How many great men and women heard, "It can't be done," and did it. Or, "It's useless to try," but tried and succeeded? If Abraham Lincoln had given up after his second business failure, we would have had no such president to guide this nation through a time of terrible tragedy. If Solzhenitsyn had decided to remain silent, "I am only one among millions," who would cry out today against oppression and human suffering in his beloved homeland?

If any man in history needed hope, it was David of Israel—the young man who, more than three thousand years ago, wrote many Psalms like the one quoted above. God chose him to be king and sent the prophet Samuel to anoint him while another king, Saul, who had failed God, was still on the throne. David was greeted not by fanfare, but by hatred and intense persecution. He had often to flee for his life before Saul's men. "My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?" (Psalm 42:3)

Yet this same man wrote, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom should I fear? The Lord is the refuge of my life; of whom should I go in dread?" (Psalm 27:1)

David could rejoice even in terrible times, and he lived through many, because he knew that the One in whom he trusted would never fail. He was realistic and knew exactly what he was up against, but found in God a sufficiency far beyond his own to meet every circumstance. The Psalms were not academic exercises; they are the story of his life. By this, he blessed his generation and has blessed everyone who has read his Psalms ever since.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want . . . yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." (Psalm 23:1,4)

In what will you, as a student at Yale, put your trust? What is it you seek from life? King David lifted up his "eyes to the hills," mountains in Israel

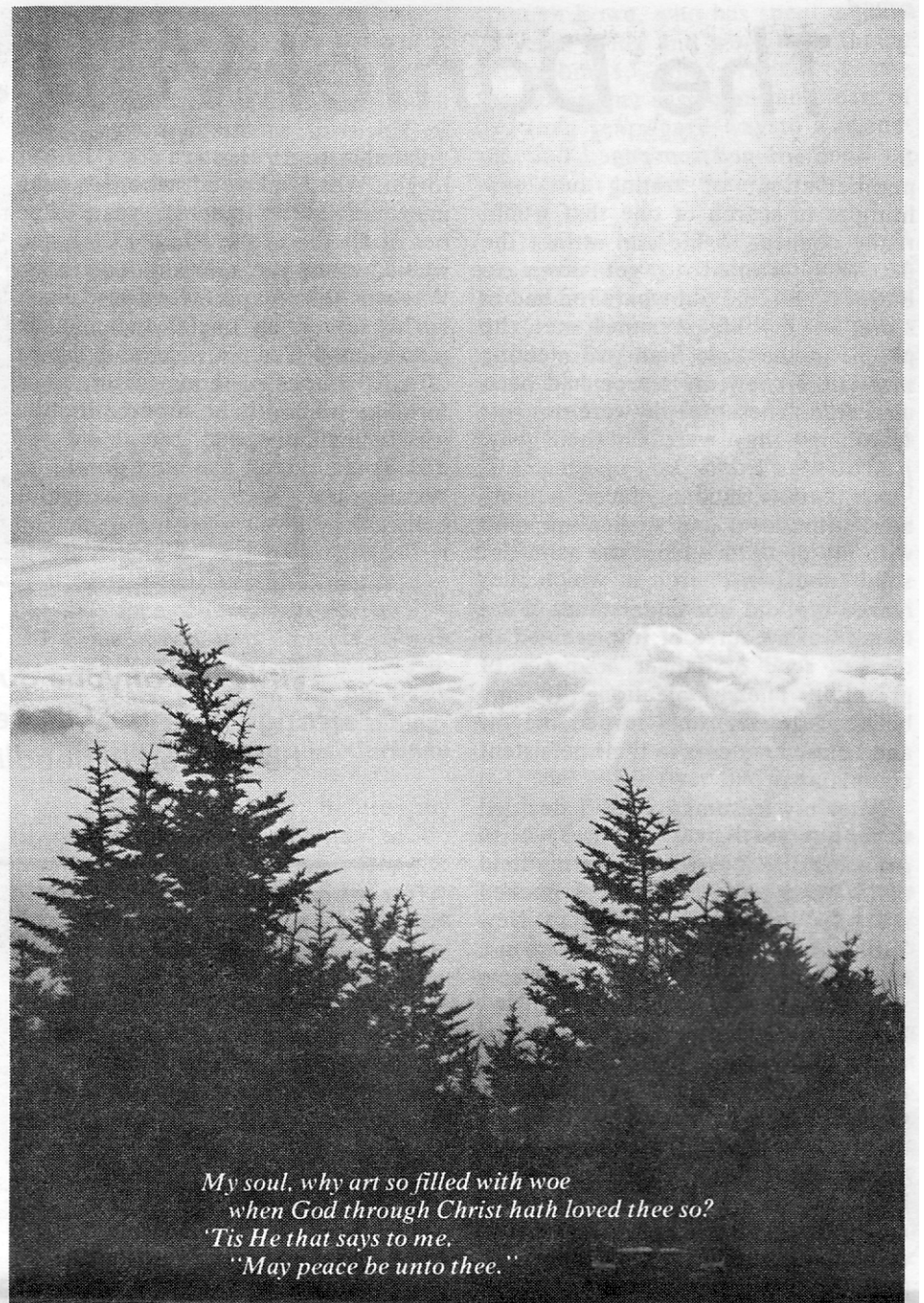
which, when he was on the throne, embodied the glory of his kingdom, and when he was facing persecution, were a place of safety to which he could flee. Yet David, in viewing those hills as written in Psalm 121, saw not something in which to trust, but a reminder that his life's hope lay entirely in God.

Yet today men and women, many of them graduates of Yale, look to other "mountains," albeit of a different kind, in which to find help and hope for their lives. By "mountains," I mean the powerful institutions of government, business, science, law, etc. which have developed in our day to a magnitude far beyond anything David knew in his day. It is the safety of employment in these similar realms that many seek. People put their trust in the satisfaction and security positions in such fields afford. The temptation is to believe that somehow such institutions will go on and on and therefore remain safe places to be.

We do not live in a secure, predictable world, however. Henry Ford, a great industrialist, called history "bunk," yet history tells us plenty about the frailness of nations and people that the continuity of day to day life can cause us to forget. John F. Kennedy did not wake up expecting to die that bright November morning. How many Indians would have thought a few months ago that their democracy would suddenly be made into a dictatorship by the elected head of their nation? The recent experience of Watergate in the United States demonstrates how far an attack against civil liberties can go without being detected.

If the victims of the Sahelian drought had known a few years ago that their rich lands would turn to deserts, they might long ago have left their homes for better territory. If King David's hopes had been built upon his continuation as King of Israel, when his own beloved son, Absalom, led a rebellion that forced him off the throne, he would have been bitter, heartbroken, and in despair. On the contrary, because he trusted the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, he said, "If I find favor in the sight of the Lord, then he will bring me back again." (2 Samuel 15:25) And the Lord did.

I remember when I was six years old and fascinated by a world so new and fresh to me. One day I climbed Blue Hill Mountain in Maine. Near the top, I wedged myself between two stones above a drop-off. Surveying the beauty of the land, sea, and islands below



*My soul, why art so filled with woe
when God through Christ hath loved thee so?
'Tis He that says to me,
"May peace be unto thee."*

caused me to wonder, "Who made all these things and why?" It was as though my eyes were for the first time opening to see that there was more to life than my own little world of experience.

Most men and women become so absorbed in day to day affairs that they overlook more important, even eternal issues. If you do that, your world may one day collapse around you and you will not know what to do. If things are not kept in perspective, our eyes easily become focused only on the small affairs of self.

"As for the days of our life, they contain seventy years, or if due to strength, eighty years, yet their pride is but labor and sorrow; for soon it is gone and we fly away." (Psalm 90:10)

Let your eyes be opened, beginning now, to the truths of the Scriptures, eternal truths which circumstances and the passage of time cannot change. "Remember your creator in

the days of your youth, before the time of trouble comes." (Ecclesiastes 12:1)

As the years of your life go by, where will your help come from? Will what you put your trust in never let you down? Is your trust in your own resources and strength rather than in God? He has the answers to the needs and longings of every human heart. The answers are found in His Son, Jesus, who died so that we could live. As the disciple Peter said, "To whom can we go, Lord? You have the message that gives eternal life, and we have come to believe, yes more, we know by experience, that you are the Holy One of God." (John 6:68) Hope built on the God of Israel "never disappoints us." (Romans 5:5)

"I have been young, and now am old," King David wrote near the end of his life, "yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken or his children begging bread." (Psalm 37:25)

Christopher White

Yale's Past—

and paraphrasing a verse of Scripture, he exhorted other believers on the campus, "We will take no rest until He establish and make Yale a praise in the earth." A book he wrote indicates his emphasis in its title, "The Will of God and a Man's Life Work."

Kenneth Scott Latourette, president of the American Historical Association, author of 83 books, leading authority on Chinese history and the history of Christian missions, wrote not long before he died in 1968, "What lies beyond this present life I cannot know in detail, but I know Who is there . . . If here and there

have been lives who have seen, although dimly, His Son in me, that has been through no merit of mine, but because by His initiative God sent His whisper to me."

If you too can hear the invitation God extends to you today, say yes. Say it from the heart and give God all the room He needs to have His way with you. You will need strength not to compromise that yes in the days to come, strength which God can supply through the Bible, prayer, and fellowship with like-minded believers. Strength is available, grace is available—will you respond to the call of Christ today?

Philip Chamberlain

THE YALE STANDARD

Philip Chamberlain

Mark W. Lindberg

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On the Old Campus
Bring a Bible

The Daniel Voll Story—Updated

Continued from page 1

perimentation; of testing out new liturgies in search of one that would really connect to life and attract the people. I wanted to get down to business and find out what God had in store for my life. When I met the people at the Yale Standard meeting that fall, I knew my search had been answered. These people were not just searching—they were on their way. And so was I.

My parents, suddenly faced with my new enthusiasm and dedication, and with my departure from the staid but solid suburban church in which they reared me, did not understand. What to me was a course of joy, seemed to them a road of danger, and not of promise. Their objections to my beliefs, however, only turned me off and I closed my ears to their persistent complaints.

After my freshman year, I decided to take a year's leave from Yale, to get some direct experience in my field of interest: publishing. So, I packed my bags and moved down to New York City where I began to work in a Christian bookstore. I was also able to work closely with my church, the New Testament Missionary Fellowship, and receive on a regular basis the practical instruction and example of the Christian life I found so helpful.

But the controversy with my parents only intensified through the months, until they were fully ready, unknown to me, to get caught up in the events that were to follow."

January 16, 1973, was a day I'll never forget. Wes Lockwood, who had been my roommate in freshman year, came out of his job in the Faculty Club and walked a few yards. Without warning, Wes was seized and forced into a car by his father, an uncle, and a black man named Ted Patrick, and driven off. A couple of hours later, at a turnpike tollbooth, he shouted that he was being kidnapped, but it did not end the ride. The purpose: to "deprogram" Wes of his religious beliefs.

The first step was to lock him up.

"Little did anyone guess that the strange events of those days would soon be framed in headlines across the nation . . ."

After three days of systematic badgering and heavy accusation at a rooming house in Pennsylvania and two weeks at Patrick's house in California, Wes was successfully "deprogrammed"—the first Yale to undergo this very special treatment. And though, in the aftermath, he described us as those who "brainwashed" him, the best description of the "brainwashing" Wes actually received is the one he gave to the *Yale Daily News* when he told of his "deprogramming" by Ted Patrick:

"I was in such darkness in my own head, it was just ridiculous. Everything was black. . . total confusion. . . And this is what the deprogrammer wants. Part of the effectiveness of a kidnapping is that amount of trauma involved. When somebody is kidnapped and pulled into a situation by force, they feel they're about to die any minute . . . They blockaded the doors with mattresses and beds and we were all locked in there . . . and then Ted would come in. We'd be eating a meal, and he would pull out a Bible and say, 'all right now, tell me about

place at the wrong time. . . . My father wanted to know why I had refused to tell one of the other kids' father some information about where he worked, and I was afraid. . . . I wouldn't tell him. I got really upset because I was afraid they were going to go and kidnap him and I didn't want anyone going through what I had just gone through, it was the most horrible experience of my life. I still believe it was . . . it was excruciating . . . emotionally, very, very, painful. I got upset and almost wanted to kill myself."

That "other kid's father" was my father. And that "other kid" was me. It turned out that I was next on Patrick's list of those who were to be abducted and badgered out of their religious beliefs. So Patrick urged my parents, through the Lockwoods, to take the step. It would be so easy, he insisted: a simple matter of hypnotizing me. They finally agreed.

That was in the last few days of January in 1973. Little did anyone guess that the strange events of those days would be broadcast and framed in headlines in newspapers and magazines across the nation. "Deprogramming," which had been going after "Jesus freaks" on the West Coast for over a year, had now come East.

I still have a badly disfigured finger to remind me of that freezing winter night, the police station, St. Luke's Hospital, the subsequent court trial of Ted Patrick, Wes's testimony,

this passage here. Now it says here, etc.,...You haven't been doing this, you've been following the devil's work, right? . . . It eventually worked out like a massive group therapy session, where they would all attack me verbally, and I would just sit there trying to block it out of my head. Trying not to listen . . . but all the barrage of emotion and words, thrown at you for three days . . . begins to wear you down . . . You become more and more convinced that day by day, that actually you were into the wrong

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'DE-PROGRAMMING'
What ever happened to Wes Lockwood?

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother (Or Else)

TIME
Kidnaping for Christ
Open Season on Sects

By Richard Oeding, religious news correspondent for TIME magazine.

The Washington Post

The Deprogrammer

What is the line between strong religious faith and mind control? Ted Patrick, a former community relations adviser to Gov. Ronald Reagan of California, believes he knows. He has been having a lively time of it the last two years as the head of a "deprogramming" organization that "rescues" young believers from mind control religion when the adherents voluntarily let their minds be subjected to its tenets? Does the right to worship as one chooses cease when a minor chooses a religion of which the parents disapprove? How is one deprogrammed of Mr. Patrick's deprogramming? None of this is to diminish the complexity of parent-child

Voll Story—

Patrick's grin. I thank God it was only my finger that was injured, and not my mind. Patrick never had the opportunity to get me behind locked doors to try to crack my mind—he calls it "breaking" a person. He only got me half-way into a car; then the police intervened.

Patrick was acquitted in the trial, on the argument that he was only acting as the agent for my parents who were only trying to do what they, whether rightly or wrongly, thought best for me. But they left the courtroom without their son. We were, by now, miles apart: in heart, in soul, in mind.

They, I felt, were crushed by the experience, and I wondered if things could ever be the same. The ties between us, it seemed, had been broken. The attempt to take me away and force me out of my beliefs had widened the gap between us by what seemed like miles. And still the controversy continued. My mother publicly insisted that she would find "the way" to bring me out of my supposed condition.

Their view of my life and associations, not favorable to begin with, had been totally soured by Patrick's advice. The man seeks out parents who are uneasy or dissatisfied with something about the way one of their kids is going. Posing as an expert on "cults," he tells them things are much worse than they had suspected, that their son or daughter has been "mesmerized" and brought under powerful control. This, he says, must be broken by swift and forceful methods.

Then he offers his solution: abduction, followed by involuntary imprisonment at some prearranged location, followed by days and nights of grueling "deprogramming" sessions until the subject "breaks."

All Patrick asks is a few necessary expenses—for plane fares, hotels, rented cars, meals, anywhere from a few hundred dollars up into the thousands—not too much to pay to force your son or daughter back onto the right track.

The assumption, of course, is that he is on the wrong track. I knew what my parents did not know—that I was not, as Patrick said, in some weird cult. I had come into a good relationship with

other Christians, a relationship that was important to me because it met some of my deepest desires. And I knew that the fellowship I was in was made up of intelligent people working, some with recognized distinction, in a variety of fields. Yet to Patrick, we were nothing but a collection of "zombies" and malign manipulators. His answer to his own analysis called for the emergency cancellation of personal and religious liberties—especially mine.

But what Patrick was working overtime, trying to annul, I found growing stronger within me and my friends. I had not come into this way of life by chance, and I was not about to throw it over at the insistence of some heavy-handed "zombie" hunter.

Early in my life I had received Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour, and I quickly found that He was not one to forsake those who trust in Him. He was, as the Scriptures say, "a friend

that sticks closer than a brother." Proverbs 18:24.

During my high school years I began to see that the call of Christ was much more than a summons to a life of middle-class virtue punctuated by Sunday ritual.

As this early relationship deepened, I sensed God's call to me to give Him more than just my friendship, more than my spare-time attention. It was a call to discipleship: to give Him my future, my life, my all. And that is what I did. Not knowing what He had in store, what I would encounter, where I might be going, I gave the Lord my answer and put my life into His hands.

That one word, "Yes"—that answer, that decision—was the beginning for me: a beginning that led me to other Christians, to fellowship, to service—but also face-to-face with Patrick.

I came down to Colombia, South America, something I had wanted to do for years, to set up my life away from the shadow of "deprogramming" and pursue my career in Christian service.

It wasn't very long before my mother followed—fully ready to do whatever might be necessary to persuade or pressure or force me to leave Bogota, to leave my friends, and to return to the States with her. That was the beginning of the end.

I, unwilling to comply, proposed (as I had done a number of times before) that we talk: talk about anything and everything—her complaints, our disagreements, my life. She accepted my proposal and the Bogota Peace Talks began.

For two weeks we talked, toured, chatted, dined, shopped, mused—and in the end had a beautiful time. She moved into a room in my apartment and visited the English classes I taught. The son she met was not like the one she had expected. She was delighted with my teaching ability—my father is an educator—and was reassured when she saw that I had not lost my sense of humor, which, according to her, was psychological proof that I was not brainwashed.

She met and had lunch with Mrs.

Hannah Lowe, who has spent a good 35 years living and working with the Colombians, and others of the fellowship; her suspicions and fears of five long years gave way to a friendship and an appreciation of something that speaks louder than words: a way of life.

That was what changed her mind: seeing us the way we are and not as we had been depicted to her. She realized that what she had wanted all along was not a young man pressed into some mold by his parents, by Patrick, or by anyone else; but simply her own son, living his own life in his chosen way. In fact, she said that she now believes it was the mercy of God that they and Patrick did not succeed in their attempt to seize and "deprogram" me.

Now we are reunited and reconciled, not by the hand of Patrick, but by the hand of God. A mountain has been moved, a sea has been crossed, and our faith in the wisdom and power of God is stronger because of it.

It was a little over five years ago, in the summer of 1970, that I told the Lord Jesus Christ that my life was unreservedly His. Since that time there have been severe difficulties and times of testing, but through them all there has been the continual peace and deep satisfaction that my life was not being spent in vain, but was counting.

Now I see the value of pressing on down that road, even when things get rough. For though this road is less travelled by, it certainly made the difference in my life, and will make the difference in anyone's life who, at the time of decision, chooses to pursue it.

Perhaps some of you have thought about God's call and considered the prospect of living your life for Him. Why not take the first step today and turn your heart, your future, your life over to the Lord Jesus Christ.

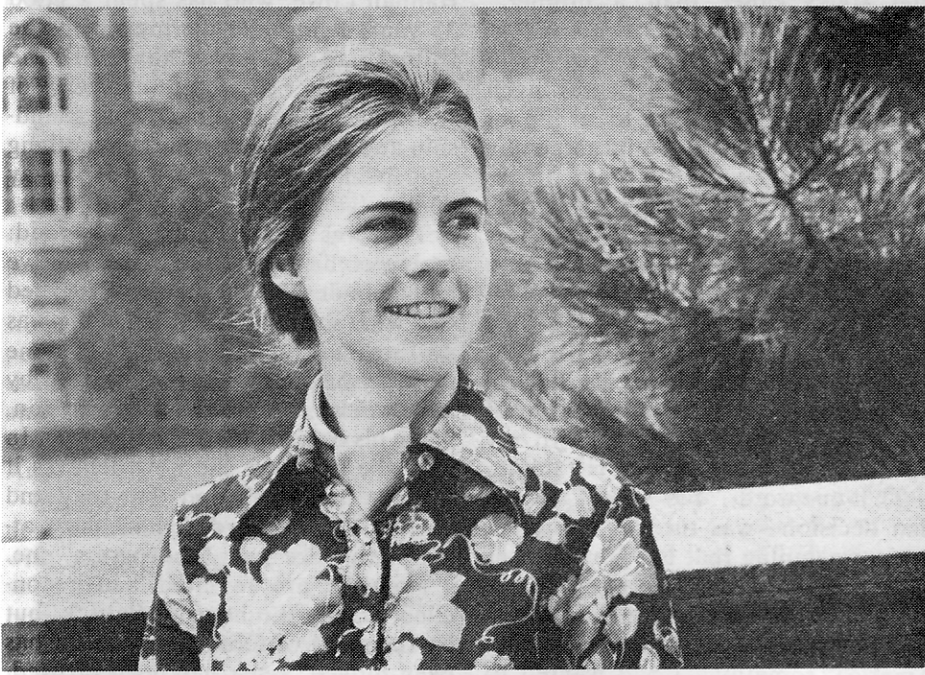
Many promises of the Scriptures go with such a decision. One that has encouraged me is:

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shines more and more unto that perfect day." Proverbs 4:18.

Daniel Voll



REUNION IN BOGOTA: Daniel Voll at right, with his mother, Calvin Burrows '66, and Mrs. Hannah Lowe, a missionary with 35 years of service in Colombia.



First Steps—

Continued from page 1

religions which could be conveniently packed into an introductory religious studies course.

Meanwhile I had my own little practice as a palm reader and fortuneteller; one friend of mine suggested that I should try to teach a course in the occult the following year at one of the residential colleges.

I had difficulty getting to know people, and I found the occult one way to break the ice. Certain readings made people think I understood them much better than I actually did. During a particularly well-received reading, I would come alive more than at almost any other time, only to lapse back into my shell when it was over.

Though I found many fascinations in the variety around me at Yale, I knew that my life lacked basic direction and purpose. I spent all my high school years grade-grubbing, extracurricular activities-grubbing, and recommendations-grubbing so that I could get into a good college. Now I was in a good college, and I really had no idea where to go from there.

I had always been religious, more or less, and thought that the basic answers to life could be found through religion. The question was, what one? Surely they couldn't all be right.

The oriental religions I sampled, though intense, were basically dissatisfying. The goal of higher consciousness was elusive, self-centered, and somehow empty. The churches I went to lacked vitality and preached little but what most of their congregations had already—general good neighborliness.

I ended up in Quaker meetings, not because of what they did but because of what they didn't do—the New Haven meeting usually passed in complete silence. At least there was nothing said which I disagreed with.

Through it all I knew inside that I lacked a relationship with God. Though I wanted to do the will of God, I had no way of knowing whether I was doing the will of God or not.

A friend of mine told me that a mutual acquaintance of ours had become a Christian. "Become a Christian? What does he mean?" I thought. In my mind, all of my Gentile contemporaries were Christians unless proven otherwise. But I heard that this fellow was taking definite action which he believed was according to the will of God. I decided to go talk to him to see if he had something real. He invited me to a Yale Standard meeting.

About this time I read the first eight chapters of Romans for my religious studies course. I began to understand some of what Paul was saying: Just as Jesus died on the cross and then rose from the dead, so the sinful nature in us was to die, and through the resurrection of Jesus we were to have a new nature and the power to live a life pleasing to God. It was so beautifully simple—I was amazed that I had never seen this before.

At the Standard prayer meeting, however, I listened for a while, then began to argue. What about the Buddhists? How could these people at the meeting say that Christ was the answer? Et cetera. I was just fighting the whole way.

Though, as I later found out, those present had given up hope that they could convince me of anything about halfway through the discussion, they felt they should ask, as a matter of course before closing, if I wanted to receive Jesus as my Savior.

"Would you like Christ to come into your life?" said one of them.

The question made me pause, because I thought Christ was already in my life. I was certainly more religious than most people I knew. However, I knew there was something I lacked. To everyone's surprise, I said, "Yes."

I asked God's forgiveness for my sins and received Jesus as my Savior right then. It was a simple prayer, but I knew that something important was happening as I prayed; it was as if something intangible broke. "You've been born again," one of them told me. "What's that?" I wondered.

They advised me to read the Bible when I returned to my room, and I did so. It was not the same as it had been. For the first time I felt that God was speaking to me directly through the words.

I knew that I did not have to worry any more about how to find God; I had found Him. More importantly, He had found me.

Later I learned what it means to be born again. Jesus, who never sinned, bore the sins of all the people of the world when He hung upon the cross and paid the inevitable penalty for sin, death. He rose again, victorious over sin, death, and hell. Because He died for us we can ask God's forgiveness for our sins and receive the righteousness of Jesus. At that point, a whole new life will open up if we are willing.

Though I was born again and had been going to prayer meetings, I still kept up many of my old patterns. My SDS-associated friends, who had

Marxist leanings and a dim view of my religious conversion, were beginning to put a lot of pressure on me to change my dress, life-style, and basic personality and values. Having studied psychology and sociology, they very penetratingly analyzed my faults, and they were right. But the answers they proposed were not. When one of them threw a glass against the wall after a session I had with them, I knew I had better make a decision fast.

I told a friend that I felt as if I were on a stream with each hand and foot in a separate boat. The boats were beginning to diverge, and if I did not get entirely into one boat, I was going to fall into the water.

After carrying a "Worry List" around with me for about a week, I sat down on the well-worn couch in my suite at Vanderbilt and lifted each of my worries to God. He dissolved every doubt and fear, showing me where it was false, and that He was fully able to take care of the situation. At that point I put my life into God's hands with no reservations.

My early Christian experience was hampered by my need for disengagement or disentanglement from the occult—not the practice, but the effects of that involvement upon my personality. I had been involved in spiritual things indeed, but not of the Spirit of God.

I discovered that the spiritual content of the occult was demonic. The Bible gives strong warnings against occult practices:

There shall not be found among you any one . . . who uses divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter

with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord. . . . (Deuteronomy 18:10-12)

Jesus is the answer for occult bondage as well as every other kind. After the basic work of clearing was done in me, God began to sort out my life, to rearrange and redirect.

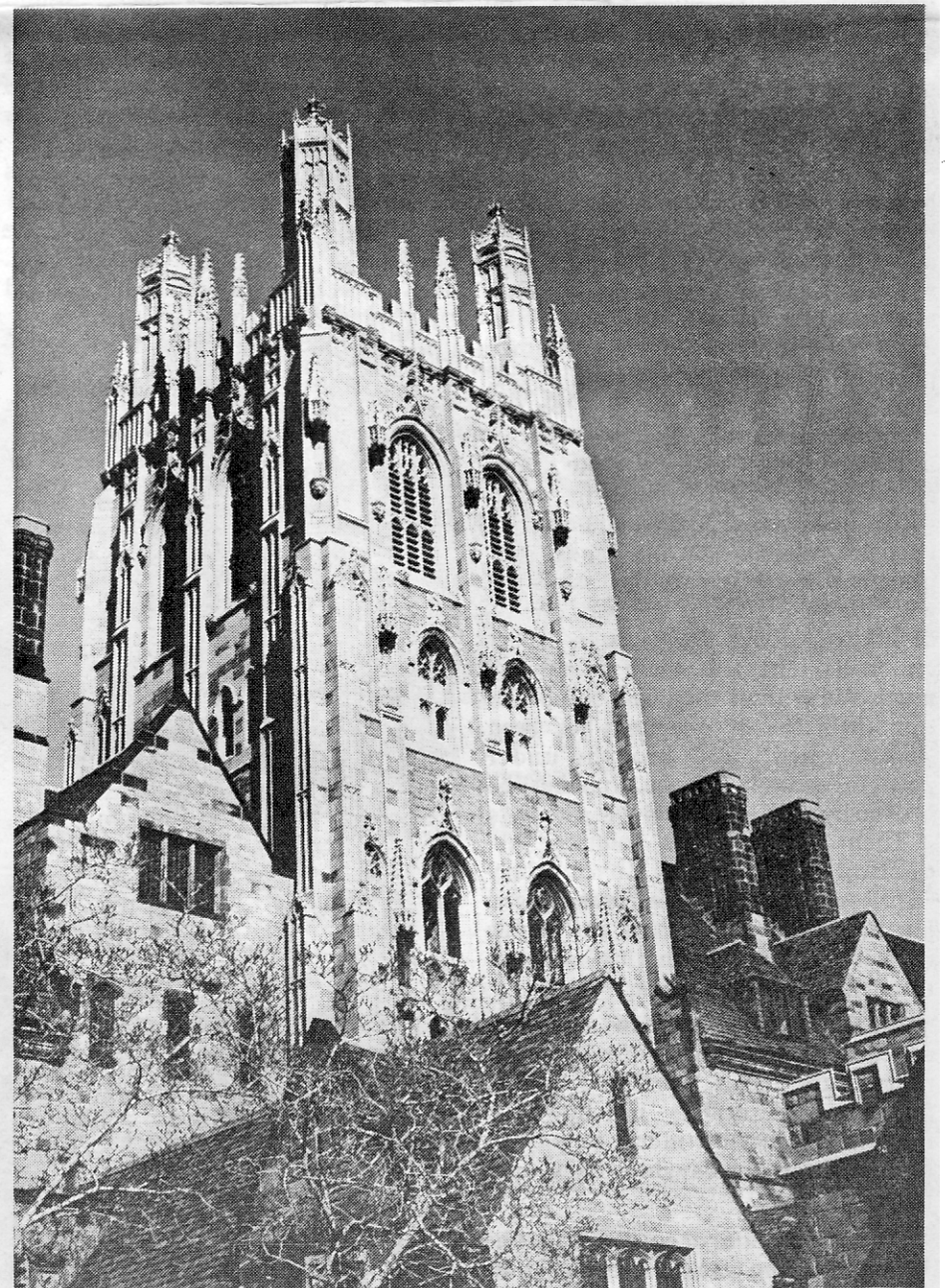
I had always been a math-science person (adequate but not inspired); I bolted completely, sold all the used math books the bookstore would buy from me, and majored instead in American history, graduating with honors in the field. I had never planned to go to school beyond college, and the idea of becoming a lawyer had never remotely occurred to me. Yet I am now in law school, not because, as with some, I cannot think of anything else to do, but because I know that it is the right thing for me. I transferred from Yale to Barnard College in New York City because Barnard was in some ways better suited to my particular goals.

I could go on much longer about the wonderful things God has done for me. One of the most exciting things about serving God is that He has a pattern which is unique for each of us.

The new life God gives us starts with the first step, salvation through the blood of Jesus. If you will simply invite Him into your life and allow Him to have His way, you will see the changes which only God can bring about.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (II Corinthians 5:17)

Sharon Worthing



WREXHAM TOWER in Saybrook Court, modeled after the tower of St. Giles's Church in Wrexham, Wales, where Elihu Yale worshipped.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

The Conquest of Infidelity at Yale

At the close of the American Revolution, the new French skepticism overcame the majority of the Yale students—only a fast-shrinking minority of Christians remained. Some were so carried away by the atheistic, amoral philosophy of the French infidels that they became true “disciples” and renamed one another D’Alembert, Diderot, and Rousseau. President Ezra Stiles (1779-1795) was a serious Christian, but not an impressive preacher. The infidels grew in number and organized “infidel clubs” proposing to “reconstruct the universe without God.” The members scoffed at divine revelation and proclaimed that “God was a hypothesis for which there was a low degree of probability” and that “in two generations Christianity would altogether disappear.”

The whole college during this period was so rife with immorality as well as infidelity that “the Christian life of Yale was in a most perilous condition.” The situation was especially serious because Yale had been so important as a center of Christian education.

President Stiles died in 1795. Without delay the Yale authorities offered the presidency of the college to Timothy Dwight, a former tutor at Yale.

On September 8, 1795, at the age of 43, Dwight was inaugurated president of Yale College. He was appalled to see what infidelity had done to the students and he immediately began the fight to recapture Yale from its dominance.

In addition to his duties as president, he served as the instructor of the senior class. In his sessions with the seniors of 1795 he confronted the infidels for the first time. “They thought the faculty were afraid of open discussion, but when they handed Dr. Dwight a list of subjects for class disputation, to their surprise he selected this: ‘Is the Bible the Word of God?’ and told them to do their best.” Dwight was convinced that the atheist philosophy, when brought fully into the open, could never withstand the truth. All the seniors took the side of infidelity and during the debate the strongest infidels rose to speak out on behalf of their philosophy. Dwight heard all they had to say and refuted their arguments one by one, demonstrating his superior knowledge of their own philosophy and with a reasoned presentation proved the authenticity of the Scriptures. “He preached incessantly for six months and all infidelity skulked and hid its head.”

In his Baccalaureate address to the graduating class of 1797, “The Nature and Danger of Infidel Philosophy,” he clearly expressed his feelings. He condemned the French philosophers who propagated its doctrines as deceivers who seduced ignorant men, “Men of learning,” he said, “were not fooled by arguments which had no evidence in history nor their own experience.” With “bold assurance” and “the appearance of knowledge,” these men encouraged others to gratify their low desires as the only means to happiness on earth. The infidels, according to Dwight, attacked Christianity with ridicule and contempt and gave people a rationale for sin by offering an escape from conscience and revelation. Those who sought a life of immorality found great comfort and justification in their teachings.

Dwight described the private lives of some ancient and modern philosophers who practiced gross immorality and then in contrast spoke of the lives which Christians had lived.

In 1796, the year after his inauguration, the records of the college show that there were only a few Christians on campus. Dwight’s students must have respected him for the stand he had



“Christ is the only, the true, the living way of access to God. Give up yourselves therefore to Him, with a cordial confidence, and the great work of life is done.”

taken, because they obeyed his commands and general student behavior improved greatly during the early years of his administration. As one described it, “no nightly revellings, breaking tutors’ windows, but all is order and quietness.”

In 1797 an organization called “The Moral Society” was formed by several Yale students “for the promotion and preservation of morality among the members of this university.” They decided to govern their behavior by the Bible’s standards of morality; not to use profane language; not to gamble or play cards; and to practice temperance. During the period from 1797 to 1800 between one-third and one-half of Yale’s students joined this “secret” organization.

For seven years the president spoke to the student body like a lawyer, presenting his case with sound argument and directness. The year 1801 was a turning point in Dwight’s struggle to wipe out infidelity and to revive the spiritual life of Yale. Several Christians from Kentucky and Tennessee entered the college. They had been converted in the new revivals which were sweeping that area. Early in the spring of 1802 these students decided to meet together to pray that Yale would be included in the great spiritual awakening which was developing across the nation.

In the spring of 1802 a great revival struck Yale College. It was touched off by a sermon of President Dwight’s. He spoke strongly to the students on their condition of spiritual death as sinners and their need to be made alive in Christ. He admonished them to “awake from sleep” and to “arise from the dead.” He reproved them for being “satisfied, stupid, gay, sportive, undisturbed by conscience, and regardless of death and the judgment.”

The powerful revival which began at this point lasted from the spring to the end of the summer term. During this period about eighty students were converted. Benjamin Silliman and Roger Sherman, two members of the faculty, also became Christians. Yale’s revival provoked no enthusiastic or violent reactions among the students, and nothing was done to create that emotionalism which was sometimes characteristic of other revivals. It was a quiet revival, but it apparently had a deep and lasting effect on Yale. Henry Wright wrote that the revival of 1802 was “next to the great revival of 1831, the most far reaching and permanent in its effect of any that Yale had witnessed.”

There was some fear on the part of President Dwight and other Christians that the spring vacation would interrupt the revival, but the news of it was only carried home and spread abroad. After the vacation, one-half of the seniors were converted and one-third of the class, about thirty, decided to enter the ministry. Following the 1802 revival, almost half of the student body was included in the membership of Yale’s church. Later, in April of 1808, another revival broke upon Yale. Students looking back to April 8 remembered that “God was certainly present that day.” Dwight preached this time without notes, urging that there be change in their lives: “Are you ready from this moment to enter into the service of God? To make his will the rule of your conduct in all things small as well as great?”

Two more revivals occurred during the administration of Timothy Dwight. The revival of 1812-13 was primarily a movement arising among the students themselves. The president did not play the major part as he had in the earlier revivals. Through the winter of 1812 a group of zealous students met daily before sunrise to pray for an outpouring of God’s Spirit

The fourth revival came upon Yale in the spring of 1815 through a series of sermons by the president which were described as “peculiarly solemn and impressive.” About eighty professed their conversions and it seemed that “nearly every room in college contained at least one youth who was awakened to the corruption of his heart.”

A stream of young men educated intellectually and spiritually by Timothy Dwight flowed forth from the college to distinguish themselves in every sphere of the nation’s life. “For nearly a quarter of a century President Dwight’s commanding Christian personality had impressed itself upon every man who had entered Yale and during the whole next generation it continued to inspire his devoted pupils and successors.”

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Famines Claim 12,000 Lives Daily

Continued from page 1

For a nation such as the United States to understand the magnitude of this problem is very difficult. This country has never experienced the nightmare of widespread famine, when one's whole being cries out for the next mouthful of food, when bread, flour and rice are more valuable than jewelry.

This country has reached a near-zero population growth, but in the rest of the world there will still be 74 million more mouths to feed next year. Four fifths of these will be born in one of the 33 destitute countries that contain two thirds of the world's population and produce only one fifth of the world's food.

One farmer in Asia or Africa provides enough food for five others to live on besides himself. In this country one farmer provides for 46 others. In India a laborer works in the fields five days to produce 100 pounds of grain. Here it takes five minutes to produce the same 100 pounds.

It is very clear that many nations cannot support themselves, and the responsibility lies on the shoulders of those nations who have an abundance to provide where there is need.

The Government estimates that a record-breaking 2.1 billion bushels of wheat will be harvested this year, 5.7 billion bushels of corn and 1.4 billion bushels of soybeans. But domestic use of wheat, for example, will require only 33 percent of the total. Similar statistics of excess production can be listed for Canada, Australia and others, yet people will continue to go hungry.

The question has to be asked, is this suffering necessary? Cannot America and its people, as well as other able nations, alleviate this suffering?

For a nation to be in famine relief, the move has to start with individuals, with totally unselfish men and women. There are some, a comparative few, who are giving their lives to prevent as many deaths as possible. One is Larry Ward, president of a Los Angeles-based food relief organization, Food for the Hungry.

Mr. Ward founded Food for the Hungry five years ago as a famine relief organization. When natural

disasters such as drought, flooding and earthquakes hit an area and cause acute food shortages, it goes into the area immediately with thousands of pounds of food. Since its founding in 1971, Food for the Hungry has shipped more than \$3-million worth of food into such countries as Bangladesh, India, Vietnam, Mexico, Panama, Burma and Haiti.

Mr. Ward, who has worked in famine relief for over 20 years, is a believer in Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and further believes that Christ's work for him is to feed the hungry.

"A man asked me one day why I was doing this work. I had my New Testament with me, and I had to say that it was because of what I read there," commented Mr. Ward. "I looked at my life, the only life I have to give to this needy world and to God, and then looked into the Scriptures in terms of God's priorities. I was struck by the obligation we have to provide for those who lack."

When an earthquake shook much of Managua, Nicaragua to the ground in December, 1972, leaving tens of thousands suddenly helpless, the organization flew over 600,000 pounds of food to the victims within days of the quake.

And, because most of the food is donated to Mr. Ward's work, it costs about a penny to get a meal from the United States to a victim of famine.

Right now, Mr. Ward says, the areas of greatest need are India and Bangladesh. "I think the situation in India is much worse than Mrs. Gandhi wants the rest of the world to know," he said. "You also have the places of chronic need like both coasts of Africa, Haiti, Northeast Brazil and Bolivia."

As to why such need exists, Mr. Ward commented: "So many of the countries that are in trouble are where you have the wealthy few and the hungry masses. I'm convinced that most of what is called food crisis and malnutrition is man's improper stewardship over what God has given him. Right now there is plenty of food in the world to keep people from starvation, but they don't get it. I believe that the heavy hand of God's



(FAO Photo)

judgment comes upon those that have not taken care of the poor out of their own abundance."

While America worries whether her wheat stockpile will be 250 or 300 million bushels, people starve who could be saved if they had a small portion of these surpluses.

Jesus spoke these words concerning stewards and those things committed to them: "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more." (Luke 12:48)

In a world gone half-mad with power plays, greatness does not come by answering in kind, but by acting generously in love—a love shown in actions, not just words.

Distressing, indeed, have been recent revelations of corruption within this nation's grain industry, of companies and officials short-weighting their grain customers. To this situation the Scriptures speak very clearly: "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord." (Prov. 11:1)

The brief drought of a year ago certainly demonstrated to most Americans that our grain crops are not immune to natural disaster. Famine is

not an impossibility in this country. People saw their weekly food prices soar, as drought dried up the corn fields in the Midwest.

Prolonged drought leads to one thing—famine. A famine in this nation would mean famine in dozens of other nations as well. It is a Biblical principle that the greedy and selfish misuse of abundance will lead to want—a divine judgment. The catalogue of evils for which the city of Sodom was suddenly destroyed included this indulgence: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her . . . neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy." (Ezekiel 16:49)

The surest way to avoid such judgment as prolonged drought is for this country to open its storehouses of excess food wider than it ever has before to those who are truly in need and cannot feed themselves. The result would mean millions of lives saved and rich blessing on this country from God.

We have an obligation to respond to the cries of millions of hungry people. If we don't, when this country is in need, there will be no one to help. "Whoso shuts his ears to the cries of the poor will be ignored in his own time of need." (Prov. 21:13)

If you would like to know more about the famine situation throughout the world, Mr. Ward will send you his book "And There Will be Famines"—a brilliantly written, concise statement about famine's bitter reality, and how it affects the lives of millions.

Food for the Hungry operates on the narrowest margin possible, in order to channel the highest percentage of its donated funds into direct famine relief. The address is: P.O. Box 200, Glendale, Calif. 91204.

God's promise is that as we give what we have to give, He will increase us more and more:

"There is he who scatters, and yet increases; and there is he who withholds more than is meet, but it tends to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he who waters shall be watered also himself. He who withholds corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him who sells it." (Prov. 11:24-26)

