

THE YALE STANDARD

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

Spring 1990

TAXES TO CÆSAR

In the days when Jesus lived on this earth, while He was teaching openly in the temple at Jerusalem only a few days before His death, there were many who tried to test Him, to catch Him in something He might say in front of the people. As we are told in the Gospel of Luke: "So they watched him, and sent spies who pretended to be righteous, that they might seize on his words, in order to deliver him to the power and the authority of the governor." (Luke 20:20) Now, as they might have known beforehand if they had understood who Jesus was, it turned out that He answered them all so effectively that soon no one dared question Him further. But His answer to one question devised by the scribes and priests was particularly remarkable. The question, simply put, was "Is it right to pay taxes to Caesar?" (Luke 20:22) They *knew* that the dilemma posed by this question would be His undoing. It was deliberately intended to put Him on the spot in front of all the people, because no matter how He answered it, He could not win. If He answered "Yes," then He would alienate the people, who expected that Messiah was coming to deliver them from their Roman overlords; and yet He could not

Continued on p. 4



"Light and Truth shall set you free."

REVIVALS MARK YALE'S HISTORY

Today the average Yale undergraduate goes through his four years of college thinking that Yale has always been more or less what it is now. He would be confirmed in this belief by every aspect of his undergraduate life. Yale's history will show that for the great majority of its 289 years, Yale was thoroughly different from what it is today.

Yale was first envisioned by John Davenport, who founded New Haven in 1638, intending to "drive things in the first essay as near to the precept and pattern of Scripture as they could be driven." This

Christian colony soon set aside land for a college "to fit youth . . . for the service of God in Church and Commonwealth."

Ten ministers confirmed John Davenport's dream by founding Yale in 1701. The first rector, Abraham Pierson, accepted the position, saying that "he durst not refuse such a service to God and his generation." Under Pierson's direction, the first Yale men met together twice a day for prayer, at sunrise and in the late afternoon.

Yale was only a few years old when Jonathan Edwards entered the college at the age of thirteen. In 1720 he graduated from Yale with the highest honors at the age of seventeen. At graduation he was "filled with an inward, secret delight in God," and he resolved "to live with all my might while I do live." Jonathan Edwards played a major role in the Great Awakening, which transformed the country in 1740, and became "the most significant Protestant voice between the Reformation and the twentieth century."

The famous English evangelist George

Continued on p. 2

AUDITION KISSES

Three Plays by Chekov were announced on the giant sign board leaning against the post office. It was early September, and I didn't know that I could expect dozens more such advertisements throughout the year. The carefully painted message read "AUDITIONS: September 14th, 15th," red letters dancing against purple, and I had

to assume that these auditions were everything, that my about-to-bud career as an acting star hinged upon them. At the top, the name of the Yale Dramat confirmed my suspicion that this was, indeed, the big time.

Drama provided only the most defined of my auditions. I strove to impress the

Continued on p. 9

Whitefield, then 25 years old, visited Yale during the Great Awakening. He preached to "enormous crowds" on New Haven Green and then at Center Church. The first Yale revival occurred the following spring. Its results were permanent; students professed an active and intense Christian faith for years afterwards.

David Brainerd, a sophomore at the time, quickly became a spiritual leader in the Yale revival. Although tradition forbade speaking to upperclassmen unless first spoken to, Brainerd went from door to door, freely presenting the Gospel to every student on campus. After leaving Yale in 1742, he became a missionary to the Indians, who willingly left their former beliefs to receive Christ.

During the American Revolution, Ezra Stiles became president of Yale (1778). Stiles was a frequent visitor to the Jewish synagogue in Newport, Rhode Island, one of three synagogues in all of America at that time. He invited every Jew who passed through New Haven to dinner at his house. He would go out of his way to meet a rabbi—he met five in his lifetime—and he often discussed with them the suffering Messiah of Psalm 22 and Isaiah 53.

The "French Infidelity," a philosophy born during the French Revolution, had obscured the Christian foundation of Yale when Timothy Dwight became president in 1795. "The frank and direct way in which he met and overcame the infidels immediately upon his accession was characteristic of the man. 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. He heard all they had to say, answered them, and there was an end. He preached incessantly for six months on the subject, and all infidelity skulked and hid its head." During his seventh year as president, Dwight saw a "quiet but thorough" revival begin among his students in 1802.

Benjamin Silliman, an instructor at

Yale during the 1802 revival, described the scene: "Yale College is a little temple; prayer and praise seem to be the delight of the greater part of the students while those who are still unfeeling are awed into respectful silence." Silliman himself was converted during this revival. Soon afterward, he began counseling newly-converted students and leading Bible studies. One biographer said of Benjamin Silliman, "Throughout the rest of his life the depth and sincerity of his religious convictions [from 1802] influenced all that he undertook. Only in this way was he able to accomplish the work which caused him to be described by another Yale president as 'the father of American scientific education.'"

The revivals did not cease after Timothy Dwight died in 1817. The years 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825 were each marked by spiritual awakenings among the students. The revival of 1827 was marked especially "by the conversion of a knot of very wicked young men, whose piety at a subsequent period became equally eminent." The movement started at Yale and spread to New Haven; for every Yale man converted

there were nine New Haveners converted. "Its effect upon student morals and order was so great that for a year not a single student was disciplined by the faculty." Revival again swept over Yale in 1835, 1836, and 1841. The revival of 1841 was so important to the students that they cancelled the Junior Ball that year.

A revival also began at Yale during the national revival of 1858.

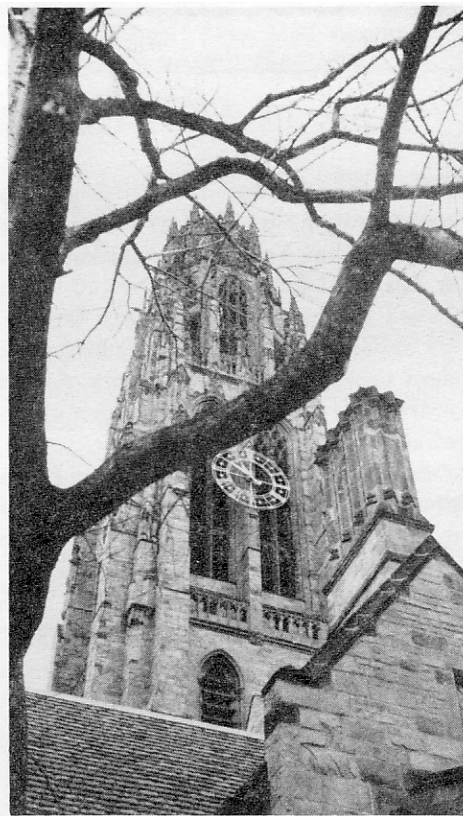
Beyond 1900, the career of William W. Borden (1909) saw the formation of Bible study classes totaling a thousand members out of 1300 undergraduates at Yale. Borden became a Christian early in life, and though he was a millionaire, decided to become a missionary. He came to Yale with that purpose in mind, but between that time and the mission field, he did a prodigious amount of work at Yale. He excelled as a student and a personal evangelist, founded the Yale Hope Mission for New Haven's derelicts, began Bible studies and made it his habit to pick the least likely men on campus to talk with and invite to these meetings.

After working at a tremendous pace in America for three years after graduation, he spent the last year of his life in Egypt in missionary training. He died there of meningitis at the age of 25. Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette, the renowned historian and one of Borden's closest friends, said of him, "His rugged yet simple faith in Christ as Saviour and Lord, and in the Bible as God's inspired Word, is a tonic to me."

But by the 1920's Yale had begun a different course. "The temper had changed beyond recognition from my student days," he wrote.

Latourette's own life, however, was an outstanding exception to this trend. After graduating from Yale, he coordinated the thousand-man Bible studies for a time. He later went to the mission field in China, but illness forced him to return to the States. He eventually came back to Yale. "Here I saw dimly, but decisively, the divine purpose in my life," he wrote later. Despite his fame as an historian—he wrote 83 books and received 17 honorary degrees—scholarship was secondary to him. His chief interest

Continued on p. 8



THE YALE STANDARD

Gina Shay Steven Reese

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Editorial:

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

Isaiah 59:19

In a day when spirituality and militancy are supposed to be opposites, Isaiah's words may seem antique, a rallying cry fit only for those who defend narrow beliefs with unconsidered zeal and blind partisanship. But spiritual battles are not human quarrels or contests between human factions. They are spiritual contests fought against spiritual forces and spiritual evils that would blight our greater hopes and turn us away from a longing for God. It is the Spirit of the Lord who lifts up a banner or standard, even in conflict, on behalf of those who honestly seek Him: those who seek Him with this attitude may be sure that they will find Him.

The Yale Standard, first published in 1969, is written for such as these: and the articles, prayers, histories and testimonies in its pages are written by Yale students and graduates to encourage Christians, and to testify to the seeking love and limitless power of Jesus Christ in this generation.

Marena Fisher

AN UNSEEN VOICE

As a freshman coming to Yale last September, I decided to walk more closely with the Lord, because He loved me with an unconditional love. I wanted to love Him back by allowing Him to work in my life.

All the same, I admit it wasn't easy. I looked at my brothers and sisters in Christ for clues to find my own special gift. I realized each one had a special God-given gift to use in specific things to which He had called them. As for me, I felt like Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn, trying out new roles to see which fit ... maybe a ringing Gospel soprano, perhaps a relentless organizer, or even a brilliant innovator.

The problem was, none of them fit. I became *so* frustrated; I despaired; I just didn't *have* an impressive gift I could use to serve the Lord and help build up my



Lord, help me to be aware that you are working all around me, and help me to be quiet and attentive so I can be a part of your working too.

Anne Royer

brothers and sisters. I felt so useless because I was *so* ordinary—not a single special skill!

My heart cried out, "How can I serve you, Lord? What is my role?"

The Lord patiently began to answer, with scriptures:

"I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show compassion on whom I will show compassion." (Exodus 33:19) "Shall what is formed say to him who formed it, 'Why did you make me like this?'" (Romans 9:20)

Then He showed me I shouldn't compare myself to my believing brothers and sisters. When Peter started comparing like that, Jesus stopped him with, "What is that to you? You must follow Me." (John 21:21,22)

That same verse spoke to me as though He were saying, "Ruth, so what if I made your brothers and sisters the way they are—*What is that to you? You follow me!* Don't look to one side, but keep your eyes straight ahead on Me."

Through these hard words, He lifted

me. I stopped seeking the Lord for some special talents to serve Him. It was such a relief to realize He had *already* equipped me to fulfill His purposes.

I may be ordinary, not outstanding, but I still have the Lord God, my Solid Rock on Whom I can depend. All I need to be is what He wants me to be.

A Bearer of Light

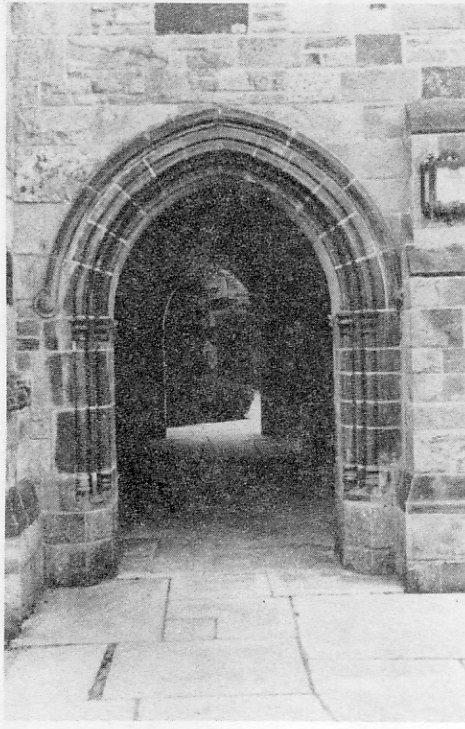
I stopped comparing and I stopped despairing, but I did keep asking Him for my role. He graciously led me to more verses:

"Who are you ... What do you say about yourself?" He said, "I am a voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way of the Lord.'" (John 1:22-23)

"While John performed no sign, yet everything John said about this man [Jesus] was true." (John 10:41)

God did not need John the Baptist to perform great signs but rather valued his faithful testimony. Even without special

Continued on p. 11



sure themselves that this stranger would never trouble them again.

“Teacher, we know that you say and teach rightly,” they began “and you do not show personal favoritism, but teach the way of God in truth: Is it lawful for us to pay taxes to Caesar?” (Luke 20:21) Jesus saw through their guile and knew what they intended, yet He remained undisturbed. “Why do you test me? Show me a coin.” When a coin had been produced, He asked, “Whose likeness and inscription does it have?” “Caesar’s,” they answered. Then He said to them, “Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.” (Luke 20:21–25)

This answer effectively silenced them, as the Scripture records: “But they could not catch him at his words in the presence of the people. And they marveled at his answer and kept silent.” (Luke 20:26) But what was it that caused them to marvel? What did Jesus really mean in saying, “Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar’s, and to God the things that are God’s”? Doubtless the people sensed something profound in His answer, and the fact that it was delivered so spontaneously made it quite convincing.

But what did it actually mean? The first part, “Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar’s,” is simple: this refers to the tax. But what about “Render to God the things that are God’s”? What belongs to God? And how do we give it to Him?

I think this second part of Jesus’ answer caused the people to see there was something more to His words, and we should take a look at this part ourselves. For most, it is just not natural to think of an obligation to God in terms as concrete as one’s financial obligations to the government (perhaps because people are not used to thinking of God as someone who is quite plainly real, possessing demonstrable power, such as these people knew Caesar to possess.) Jesus’ response to the question of Caesar’s authority is not intended to undermine or deny it, but to put it into perspective by challenging His audience to recognize their greater obligation to God’s supreme authority. His tone even seems a bit condescending, as though He were correcting sadly misguided students. The Pharisees refer to him insincerely as their teacher, and yet like a teacher, He silences them as if saying, “You need to hear from Me regarding your worldly duties? So

likewise you need to hear from Me regarding spiritual duties!” They seemed to recognize that in any test of words, Jesus would come across as their superior. Yet these spiritual experts did not recognize the One of whom the prophet Isaiah foretold: “The Spirit of the Lord will rest on him—the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.” (Isaiah 11:2) They marveled at what He said, but could only think of saving face, and would not question Him further. These spiritual experts were more concerned about how they appeared to the crowds than about learning their true obligation to God. Furthermore, they were too proud of their own righteousness to believe this man could instruct them. With such an attitude among their leaders, I wonder how many of the people ever considered Jesus’ words fully enough to follow them through to their practical conclusion, so that they might seriously ask themselves, “What, in fact, are we obliged to render to God?”

What, after all, *does* belong to God? The answer is really quite startling, and the clue to discern it lies in the parallel Jesus draws between God and Caesar, how each establishes his right to ownership. Just as Caesar had his likeness and inscription imprinted on every coin in the land, so God has taken care to imprint His own likeness and inscription on that which is most valuable to Him, in order to ensure unmistakably His claim to that which He values. An earthly ruler, like Caesar, is touched with a most sensitive concern over how much money he has at his disposal, for it is with money that he supports troops, constructs roads and palaces and monuments, ensures the loyalty of his men, and carries out his will whatever it may be anywhere within his territory. Because money is so important to him, he is careful to have all of it coined with his own likeness.

God, who rules from heaven, is touched with a very different concern, however. More than any other thing, He jealously longs after His highest creation: Man. In the book of Genesis, in which the creation of the world is recorded, we read that God, having completed everything save the last, crowning work, “said, ‘Let us make man in our image, in our likeness, and let them rule over the fish of the sea and the birds of the air, over the livestock, over all the earth, and over

Father God,

I have chosen the way of truth
and I call out with all my heart.
Answer me, O Lord.

I seek understanding,
and I search for wisdom.
Give me courage to accept what I find.

Direct me in the path of truth,
that my heart might find rest;
and accept my prayer today, O Lord.

Amen

Continued from p. 1

answer “No,” since then He would be publicly advocating treason, and the scribes and priests would only have to call in the Roman authorities to as-

all the creatures that move along the ground.' So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them." (Genesis 1:26-27)

What then belongs to God? The answer is really quite obvious with the parallel Jesus is drawing: What, after all, bears God's likeness and inscription? Is it not man himself? We are created in the image of God, and the very stamp of His character and nature resides in us! What a privilege it is, to be able to walk and stand upright, able to talk, able to work with our hands, to be endowed with reason, touched with noble sentiments, to be capable of appreciating beauty and goodness and to feel emotions welling up inside—to share with God more in common than is given to any other created work on this earth. Every man, woman, and child who ever lived has owed his whole life, his whole existence, to God, whether he realized it or not. And yet, while most of us are careful to meet our obligations to earthly governments, we for the most part neglect our duty to God.

I think an unspoken, even unconscious awareness of this neglect caused the hush to fall over the people who heard Jesus deliver this answer in the temple at Jerusalem. The painful truth which these people 2,000 years ago would not admit to themselves, and which we today still deny, is that we have failed our obligation to God.

How then shall we "render to God the things that are God's"? In the Gospel of Mark, shortly after Jesus had answered them regarding the tax, it says that "one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him 'Which is the first commandment of all?' Jesus answered him, "The first of all commandments is: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one. And you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, and with all your strength.' This is the first commandment. And the second, like it, is this: 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself.' There is no other commandment greater than these." (Mark 12:28-31) Jesus answers the scribe directly from the Mosaic law, with this command containing God's great requirement of mankind. The scribe then nodded his approval, saying "Well, Master, you have said the

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POWER—to become a son of God

When God is central in a human life, which God gives. People often think to themselves, "If only I could start my life over"—and God does exactly that. This new life cannot be earned or worked for; it is a free gift. The gift is Jesus: "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men." If you receive Jesus, you will receive power—"power to become a son of God."

A person who is born again experiences a marvelous freedom, because "whosoever is born of God overcomes the world." He does not have to conform to the world in his thinking—to be fearful and worry

God's peace is not a result of trying harder or being religious; it comes from being "born again," an entirely new life

along with everyone else. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," Jesus said.



truth . . . This indeed is better than all burnt offerings and sacrifices." To this Jesus answered, "You are not far from the kingdom of heaven." (Mark 12:32-34)

God is not satisfied with an occasional offering in the offering plate, or a few hours a week spent in a church pew, or anything else that we do as a concession to our sense of religious obligation. He demands nothing less than our whole lives. Our offering to God is not like an occasional tax to be paid—God has imprinted His likeness on our souls, not on our dollars. Although God loves a cheerful giver, and even commands us to give to those in need; and though our time at church may be very well spent; yet, it is not the money or the time itself that God is interested in.

For that matter, though we may feel that saying a prayer or singing a hymn is an act of rendering what we owe to God; yet, it is not the prayer or the song that He is primarily interested in either. It's US that He's interested in. What, after all, is the money, or the prayers, or the time we spend, or the songs we sing, but just things? And what do any of them mean if we are only trying to keep our religious scorecard up to date? Will these things please God, when He can look straight into our hearts and see that all along we barely even acknowledge His existence? What is prayer, if no communication with God ever takes place? And how can a sacrifice of time or money ever justify us when all along every good thing we have comes from God? Everything we have we owe to Him!

Each of us is a unique individual, created in the image of God and bearing the stamp of His ownership within our very being. God's great requirement for mankind might be summed up in the following words: "BE MINE. I won't be satisfied until I know that you love Me with everything you've got inside you: all your heart, all your soul, all your mind, and all your strength; until I know that you are willing to give up everything you have for Me. I have loved you with an everlasting love, and I will not take second place to anything else in your life. And love your fellow man, whom I created in love as I created you."

In the image. Do we understand or even begin to appreciate what this really means? To be that precious to God, that He would create us in His own image?

Do not our very souls persuade us how excellent our Creator is, seeing the sheer excellence of His creation? Why do we, created in God's own image, defile that image by using our lives for purposes which contradict His nature? Why do we, who bear the stamp of God's own likeness and character, misrepresent that character, and degrade our own humanity by lying and cheating, indulging in addictive habits, using filthy language, failing to care about our fellow men, even hating our brothers and sisters, being lazy in our work, lazy about our spiritual condition, lazy in our commitments to one another, continually following base and selfish desires. . . Jesus, what is wrong with us?

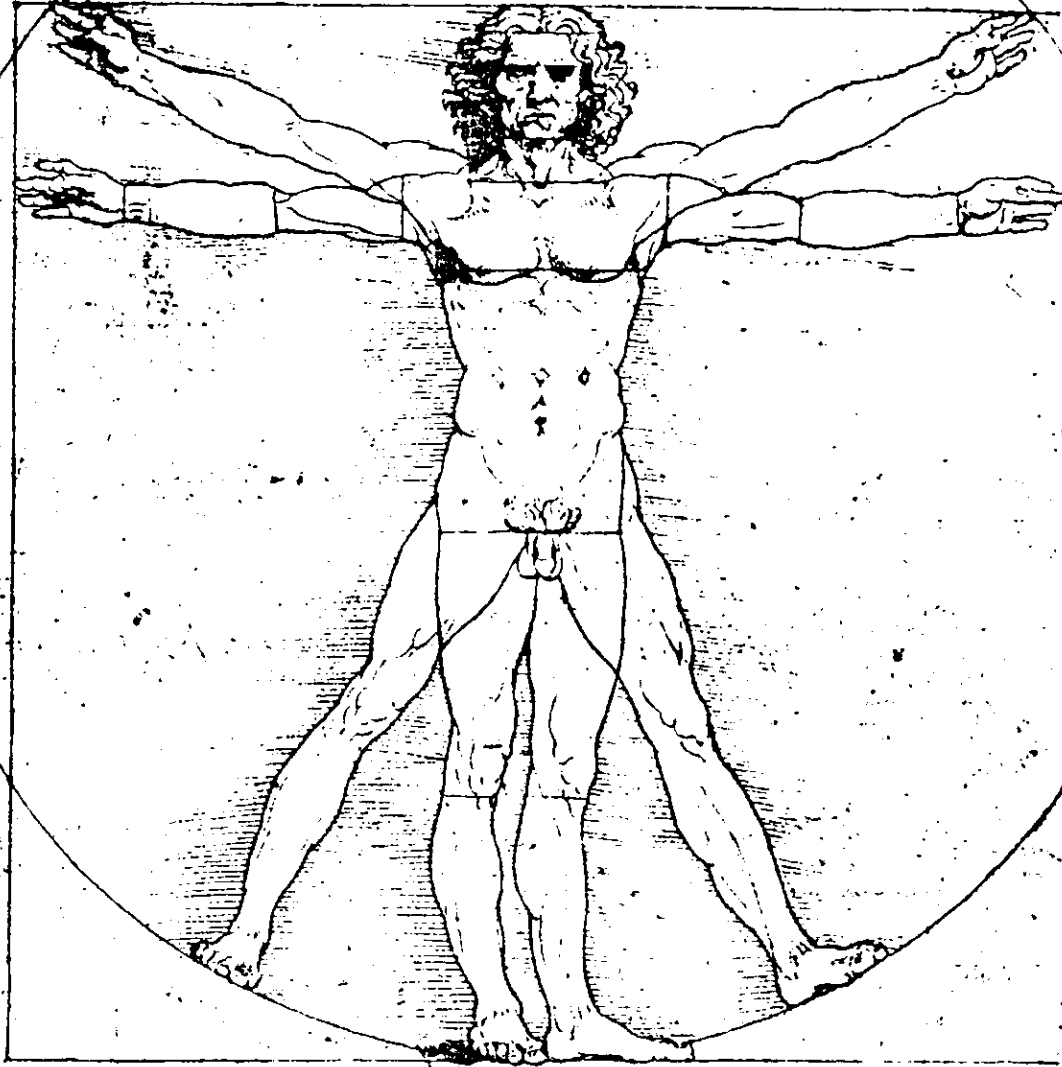
Perhaps the scribes and Pharisees would have done well to ask Him just that. But they had built up too many defenses against any possibility of doubting their own righteousness. Jesus once said of them, "How can you believe, who receive honor from one another, and do not seek the honor that comes from the only God?" (John 5:44) The crowds who listened to Jesus also failed to understand. They heard Him gladly, but the things He said never quite reached their hearts. They never loved Him enough to come to His aid when He had been betrayed into the hands of those who sought to kill Him. Some of them were undoubtedly among the enthusiastic crowds who shouted, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" when later He was presented by Pilate before the people. He had been beaten beyond recognition and a crown of thorns was pressed down on His brow - the final mockery of the former cries of adulation He had received and of His pretensions to be the coming King prophesied in Scripture. This, it seems, was a spectacle the people loved even more than the one Jesus had created in the temple, and they reveled in it.

However much we think times have changed, people today still have the same basic nature as people did back then. God demands complete devotion from us, as we are earnestly entreated in Proverbs 23:26—"Give me your heart, and let your eyes observe my ways." But as the scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' day, we too easily become devoted to religion rather than devoted in our hearts to God. Like the people who "listened gladly" to Jesus as he spoke in the temple, we can be taken by the spectacle of religion, or even feel very moved by a



sermon, while the recognition of Who Jesus is never quite reaches our hearts.

Most of us, Christians and non-Christians alike, fail to appreciate to what extent we are by nature haters of God. We cannot imagine that we believe what we do for anything but the best of reasons. Especially since we are intelligent college students, we fail to recognize that our basic attitudes reflect indifference about the existence of God, and Who He really is, and what He expects of us—that our basic dispositions about spiritual issues are often



"The Proportions of the Human Figure" Leonardo Da Vinci

just habitual responses reflecting choices that we never carefully or honestly considered. Whether we realize it or not, our attitudes are just outward manifestations of what our inward selves have at one time or other actively accepted or rejected, with or without our conscious approval.

It is not a matter of the intellect, but of the heart. I am willing to bet that most of us who find Jesus Christ uninteresting do so because we were never really willing to regard Him as anything more than an idea. Something in our basic

attitudes predisposed us to reject the actual person of God before we had even given Him a chance. It is no surprise that such an attitude is so universally prevalent, since the Bible tells us that we are by nature alienated from God. Anyone who would honestly confront the person of God must acknowledge that this is so, and such an admission necessarily implies a recognition of sin.

Most of us are not ready to recognize this in ourselves, and are even less ready to recognize that there is a God Who wants to do something about it. We are

created in the image. We are precious to Him beyond all else, and He wants to redeem us. If this sounds like something you would dismiss as foolish, irrelevant, or something you've heard before, ascribe it to a built-in reaction—basic attitudes tend to reinforce themselves. You probably haven't yet seriously considered the person of Jesus Christ.

As the Scriptures themselves attest: "Where is the wisdom of the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this age? Has not God made

Continued on next page

foolish the wisdom of this world? For since, in the wisdom of God, the world through wisdom did not know God, it pleased God through the foolishness of the message preached to save those who believe. For Jews request a sign, and Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness; but to those who are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and wisdom of God. For the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." (I Corinthians 1:20-25)

And what is foolishness if not love? And what greater weakness is there than to love someone? And God loves us with a perfect love, as is truly said in the Scriptures: "Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one's life for his friends." (John 15:13)

So what then shall we render to God? We owe everything to him, and the mark of His ownership is evident in our very selves, which bear His image. If *still* we cannot find it in ourselves to give our entire lives to Him, then consider this motivation—that He gave everything for us. What He asks of us is not unreasonable. Consider that He loved us enough to die for us, to send His Son to endure the cross. Why do we hide from our Maker? Why do we forget Him, when He thinks of us continually? As He tells us through the prophet Isaiah: "Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you! See, I have graven you on the palms of my hands." (Isaiah 49:15-16)

No longer shall our duty to God be something burdensome, but we shall gladly render to God what we owe Him, His one great requirement of mankind. Considering His love for us, is it not pure joy to love Him back? To love Him with all our heart, strength, soul, and mind, and to love our neighbors as ourselves, who bear His image.

Lord, our God, we love You. Make us like You are, as You intended us to be from the first, when You formed us in Your image. Take our lives and make them holy as You are, and acceptable to You. We gladly give You ourselves, for it is all we have to give. Amen.

Tom Erickson



The plaque of Henry Burt Wright as seen in the Dwight Hall Library.

Center: Henry Burt Wright, 1877 A.D., 1923, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Clockwise from bottom left: A university can be wholesome only when men set their faces in that direction • We will take no rest until we establish and make Yale a praise in the earth • Scholar • Teacher • Evangelist • Friend

Continued from p. 2

was students. For years he held a special Bible class for freshmen, and three informal groups of students met by the fireside in his study every week. He also took time for counseling—he dissuaded one young man from committing suicide and guided him into a new life in Jesus Christ. Until the end of his life in December 1968, Dr. Latourette considered himself a missionary and friend to the students at Yale.

With such a history of committed believers at Yale, men and women should be encouraged to seek revival again in our own time. "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God for the salvation for everyone who believes." (Romans 1:16) This is the message which needs to be heard on

Ecclesiastes

The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem:

What profit has a man of all his labor and his toil under the sun? Generations come and generations go, while the earth continues forever. The sun also rises and the sun goes down, and hastens to his place where he rose. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: to the place where the rivers began, they return again. The thing that has been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun. The living know that they shall die, and have no more portion forever in anything that is done under the sun. Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth, before the time of trouble comes and the years draw near when you shall say, I see no purpose in them. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Yale's campus today. In the words of Professor Latourette: "What lies beyond this present life I cannot know in detail, but I know Who is there and am convinced that through God's grace, that love which I do not and cannot deserve, eternal life has begun here and now, and eternal life is to know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent."

Regardless of the current spiritual climate, or the prevailing attitudes among Yale students today, God's truth does not change, and He longs to turn hearts back to Himself. He only waits for those who will call upon Him in contriteness of spirit—to call upon His name, that now as in ages past, He might bring about His purposes.

"I stand in awe of your works, O Lord. Revive them in our day; in our time, make them known." (Habakkuk 3:2)

whole world in classes, parties, meetings with new acquaintances and even conversations with good friends. Everything was an audition in which I strove to showcase my talent, hide my nerves and land myself in a larger act. Recalling my first audition at Yale is like throwing a spot-light on that old addiction to human praise.

I hunted in the savage jungle of Yale Station, and found posters bearing more detailed information: "sign-ups" were in the "green room." I knew many rooms at Yale by then, but none were green. I walked by the Yale Repertory on Chapel Street, glancing in awe at vast poster-photos of James Earl Jones in the midst of passionate monologue. No, I didn't think that was it.

Eventually, I found the right building, on York Street, but the front doors of the theater were locked. I scurried around the side and found a promising entrance. It too was locked, but through the window I could see a room: disorganized, inhabited, and faintly green.

I had to knock twice before someone arose from the sofa where she had been lying and opened the door. She looked down at me (there were steps) and appeared either disappointed or sleepy: her face drooped.

"I'm looking for the sign-ups," I said. She sighed heavily. I looked on with trepidation: drastic make-up, dark hair and satiny clothing with leopard trim. She pointed and I tip-toed in. At first, I could see only clutter: trench-coats, hand-bags, feathered hats, Viking helmets, spears, umbrellas and posters. The posters were everywhere, on the ceiling as well as every wall. Some were arresting in black, white and red; some were garish, some were golden, some were groovy. All had the same theme: an exciting production by the Yale Dramat. I spotted a few from the sixties and many from the seventies. There were also photos, but smaller, and none recognizable to me. Amidst the clutter, two comrades of the woman who had opened the doors became distinguishable. They also wore black. The man wore an earring. The woman's hair was short and sharp. I found the sign-up sheet, and in my nervousness, failed to read all the pertinent information. I scribbled my name beside a suggested time slot and, feeling that I was a foolish, unwelcome intruder, I escaped.

I returned, as I had promised, on Saturday morning at 10:00. This time, the door of the green room was propped open, and I felt almost cheerful as I passed through its mysteries into a long passage and found myself approaching the stage.

A few undergraduates were completing their audition. They looked confident and happy. Watching them from the front row seats were half a dozen other figures, grave and stiff. A young woman was ahead of me in the aisle, clutching something slim and blue. Suddenly the prospective actors were ushered away, and as they gathered up their light coats and received curt thanks from the directors, I stepped forward. So did the young woman in front of me.

"Paul Till and Stephanie—ah—how do you pronounce it?" called out a large-boned man. She coolly returned a Polish surname.

"O.K., we'll see what you've prepared and then we'll get the two of you together," stated a matter-of-fact woman who rose and gestured for us to take the stage. "Who's first?" Stephanie looked back at me. Her large eyes were not exactly afraid, but mournful and patient. I chokingly volunteered.

I was standing on a barren stage, looking down at Stephanie, the dormant lighting equipment still being dismantled from the last production, the rows of empty seats and the handful of big, bored producers and directors. They folded their arms. It was a resonant moment, one which a hundred other experiences have mirrored: that pathetic stand before a world that was, in a small part, occupied by critics devoid of compassion, and in the larger part, empty. It was a moment of loneliness and abandonment repeated through life; I didn't need to impale myself in an audition to discover it.

My mouth was experiencing a catastrophic forfeiture of humidity.

"What I have, er, prepared?" I echoed weakly.

"Your monologue." prompted the woman impatiently.

"Oh." It was clearly stated on the sign-up sheet: candidates should arrive at the audition with a prepared dramatic text.

"You didn't prepare anything?" She was running a hand through her thicket of curly, black hair: she looked exasperated. Her lanky male colleague appeared more forgiving.

"Well—listen—have you been in any shows before?"

"In high school," added the woman, hissing slightly.

"Sure," I said eagerly. "Fiddler on the Roof." Someone in the small group of authorities groaned, or possibly yawned. But as Tevye, the lead, I had received fair acclaim, and pressed on eagerly: "I can sing the rich man song!"

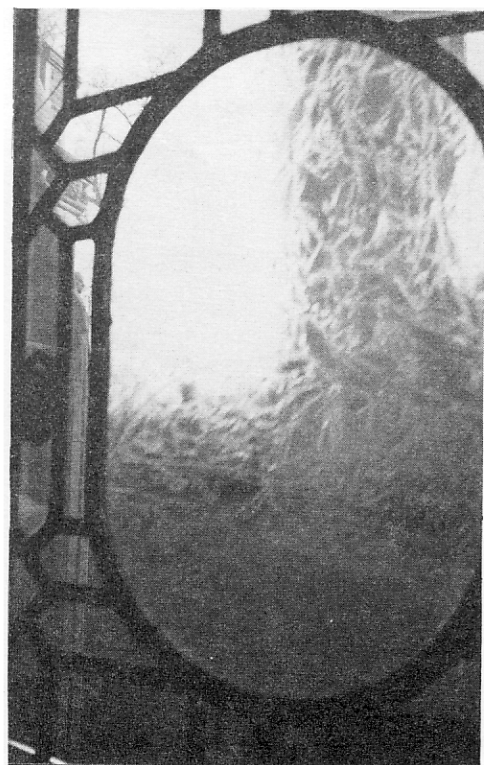
Several attempted to respond at once, but the young man in charge overruled them.

"Whatever, whatever," he said.

I am not a bad *a capella* performer. But this audience was strangely dead. A few times during my operatic flourishes or imitations of chickens, I caught a sparkle in Stephanie's eye, but the panel whom I intended to impress was as stone. Confused, I blurred the third verse into the second, finished in a new key and left the stage to the sickening roar of silence.

Stephanie now took her turn. First, she handed the woman the slim, blue volume she had been carrying. She elegantly took center stage, and proceeded to plead with us for three more days with which to scrape together enough to pay rent. I was ready to give this eloquent peasant woman a week, or a month, and if the directors weren't prepared to shower kindnesses on her three starving children and drunken husband, they did appear more comfortable with this

Continued on p. 10



performance than with mine. I heard them grunt and sigh.

Then, I was ushered back on stage and hurriedly handed a Xerox. As I was struggling to decipher a slurred passage, the stern-voiced woman explained our next assignments. I was an old man;

that point in my career, but I will say that they were not many, and none took place on a stage. Even my Tevye had been the self-controlled product of a suburban Catholic high school. At that moment, any kisses from which I had derived pleasure were absent from my memory. I could only recall the very first, dispatched with urgency and fear

of which students had earned a call-back. I told my friends that I would never audition for a show again.

But I did. A little wiser for my next audition, I won a good part in a musical comedy, and I was involved in shows for years. But for months afterward, I longed to replay that awful scene, so that I could prove myself a real man and bestow on Stephanie a real kiss.

And yet, I look back now and feel as if I escaped. So many others around me—not just actors and actresses—fell into the trap of attempting passion or genius in order to impress others and advance themselves. The result was often a success on stage or in class but an emptiness, and meaninglessness inside.

I know that feeling of emptiness, and the dark idea of being a tragic hero on a bleak stage, or perhaps a lonely rider against the sunset. There's a dramatic thrill to playing some roles, especially if you're smooth enough to avoid looking foolish in front of your human critics. I was not, but I'm no longer worried about perfecting my act.

"For God sees not as man sees, for man looks at the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart." (I Samuel 16:7) What a relief to be free from the auditioner's frenzy to impress! There is someone higher than the Yale Dramat, someone who completely fills the theater; someone who sees, knows, and loves me for myself, at a level deeper than my false sophistications. God knows and loves. Amazing truth: the shows of wit and worldliness do nothing to impress Him. He knows exactly how foolish and weak we are. But that doesn't change His attitude. Jesus said: "Do not be afraid, little flock." I am loved despite the fact that I am little and sheepish.

Paul Till

A Prayer

Lord, help us not to become so immersed in ourselves that we hinder our involvement with people.

Help us not to become so involved with people that we lose our effectiveness for you.

Rather, help us to walk so close to you that we lose ourselves in you and so love others as you do.

Anne Royer



Stephanie was a beautiful maiden who had been resisting my advances for years. In this scene, I was to enter the room brashly, begin an argument and give expression at last to my affections. I studied the pages I was to enact. I frowned and stared more closely at the stage directions. I felt the prickle of panic in the soles of my feet. I looked up for help, glanced desperately at Stephanie who was contemplating her own copy, and returned to the fateful instructions. They were unmistakable and unavoidable. They said I had to kiss her.

"Excuse me," I said, my voice becoming shrill. "Where it says 'kiss,' do you really want me to—um—"

Instead of looking at me, the directors stared solemnly at one another. Then the man, his voice artificially patient and precise, said:

"Do whatever you think is natural."

I will not enumerate here the number of kisses I had perpetrated up to

as the credits rolled in an emptying cinema.

I resolved to do what came naturally. I didn't know what that was, but I hoped and prayed I would know when the time came.

We began.

Stephanie's performance was elegant, clear, restrained and yet suggestive of a deep, inner fire. Mine was elephantine, clumsy, ridiculous, and suggestive of a man with his fly undone. And then I found myself holding her in my arms. And then, she was letting me take her weight, pressing herself toward me. And then—I glanced back at the script, in one last hope that the dread command had vanished. And then I pecked the air behind her right ear, making a squelching, sucking noise that resounded in the tense auditorium.

The audition was over. I was not thanked. I fled through the green room, never to return, not even to check the list

talents or gifts I felt I could serve God as a bearer of His Light, as a voice speaking His good news. If only He would confirm that He wanted that for me . . .

Then I went with my Christian singing group to perform at a nursing home. On the way, alone in the back of the van, I prayed, "Lord, Lord, I really want to be your witness. I really want you to use me. God, I don't know how to break through the superficial 'Hi, how are you?' level when we mingle with the folks after the concert. Let me not fear. I do not know what to say. Please show me."

Confirmation

The concert went very well, and it was time to speak to the residents of the nursing home. I greeted a couple of people before I met an old man named Bill. "Hi, my name is Ruth." He tearfully replied, "That was my wife's name, but she's dead now."

I thought, "Oh no! What am I going to say now?" But the Lord helped me, and gave me words of comfort to share with him. What's more, I was bold to tell Bill about the boundless love of our

Lord Jesus, what God did for us, and what He wants to do for us. My last words to him were, "Take heart; trust in the Lord." Bill started singing the chorus of *Trust and Obey*. Then I sang along with him:

Trust and obey,
for there's no other way,
To be happy in Jesus,
but to trust and obey.

As I look back, now, I realize the Lord heard my cries all along. He used this time with Bill to speak to my heart, and tell me I *am* a witness for Him—and I can tell you it is a joy, an honor, and a privilege.

I know I can be a voice for my loving and gentle Savior, despite my inadequacies, because God shows His power through my weakness. I remember these words from a hymn that has always encouraged me:

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

Ruth Ku

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The Yale Standard
An Undergraduate Bible Study Group
Bible Studies: Wednesday and Saturday 7 p.m.
Prayer: Monday through Friday 8 a.m.
Branford Chapel, Harkness Tower



LIGHT

Light
how oft forsaken!

Summer's blazing heat
invigorates
but the frailty of my human condition,
the slightness of my covering,
leads me to crave shade,
a cool respite from the intense heat
of bright light

Winter's blowing iciness
consumes
and the frailty of my human condition,
the need for life-sustaining warmth,
drives me to search for
rays of sunlight—
warm beams pouring through windows
since until the season passes
the outside chill saps the heat
of distant light
unenclosed in buildings

Were my body indestructible
I could live amidst unbridled light
and untempered heat;
for this I long

Yet I know I am physically destructible
my spirit yet encased in human flesh

My being is made fragile
by the sin which taints the human state

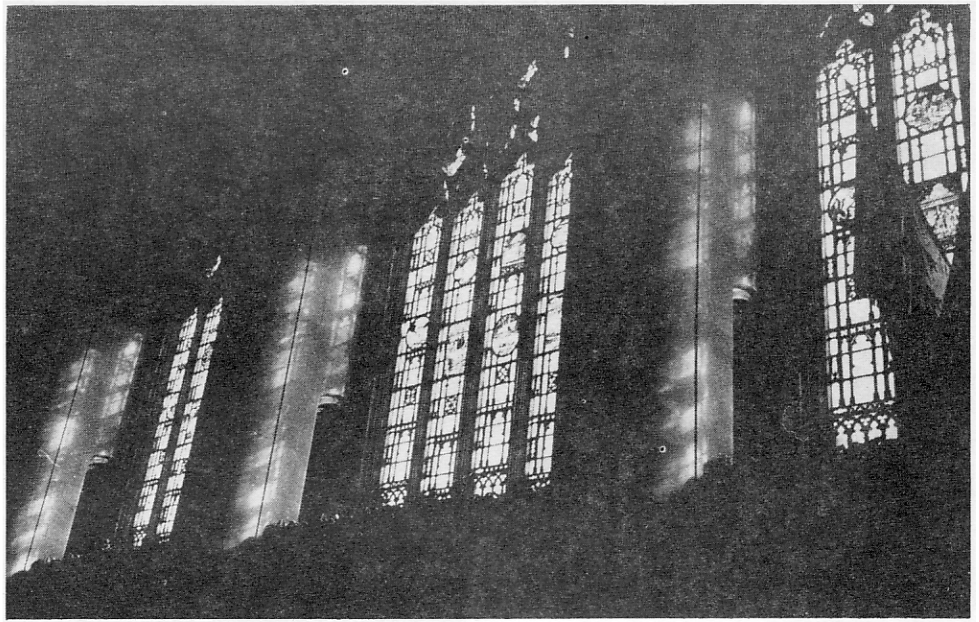
My spirit rejoices in the light of truth
but for a while
and then tumbles to the shade
for release from glorious illumination

There the embracing warmth of joy is
cooled
but the flame never extinguished—
a pilot light deep within my soul,
it is subdued
but never smothered
though its full fire becomes,
for a time, unimaginable

Shade sometimes knows no bounds—
like the desolate gray which stormclouds
create

For a time, the cool is comforting
It appeals to the flesh
It is praised by the Prince of Darkness

Soon I realize the shade settles not for
coolness,
but relentlessly saps my warmth—
the joy of the light in which I formerly
basked



Could I but step out from beneath the
tree,
or outrun the movement of this cloud
I could again see clearly and feel intense
Sunlight

The colder I grow,
the more difficult that first step toward
the Shining One
My shivering self fears that maybe no
light exists beyond the dimness

Instincts sown by Darkness suggest im-
mobility
a ball—derive warmth from myself;
I think I can

But I cannot

The darkness envelopes me
I strain to find the horizon of the shade

The night passes slowly—
I wonder why.
Black space is no company

I am blinded, chilled, and seemingly alone

I lift my eyes to the Source of Truth and
pray for light—

for rescue from the depths of darkness
into which I so recklessly tumbled,
and by which I am now so completely
engulfed

Save me! I cry. Barely able to imagine
former joy
but remembering the vision light enables
and the warmth of glowing brightness

I beg to see,
knowing I am seen

I beg to be cleansed by probing light—

to be awakened
and renewed

My body is no company
but the host of my soul leaves me not
My body exists not, but my soul yet
thirsts for light

How insignificant are bodily needs
when survival of the soul is at stake
I pray that my soul be preserved

In complete surrender I close my eyes
no longer searching in the dark, but seek-
ing other refuge

Perfect rest follows surrender

Sunlight pries open my eyelids and
laps against the windows of my world
It penetrates my skin
warming the marrow of my bones
as it surges through indigo vessels
replenishing life in every organ and ex-
tremity,
brightening all remembrance,
and purifying every thought

My spirit is revived
Darkness has been eluded—
but only by merciful grace

Singing choruses of praise
I flee the despair of darkness carelessly
enjoined
and plead for endurance of the energy
which warms me
once again

I run toward the Light

(Romans 7: 15-25)

Gina Shay