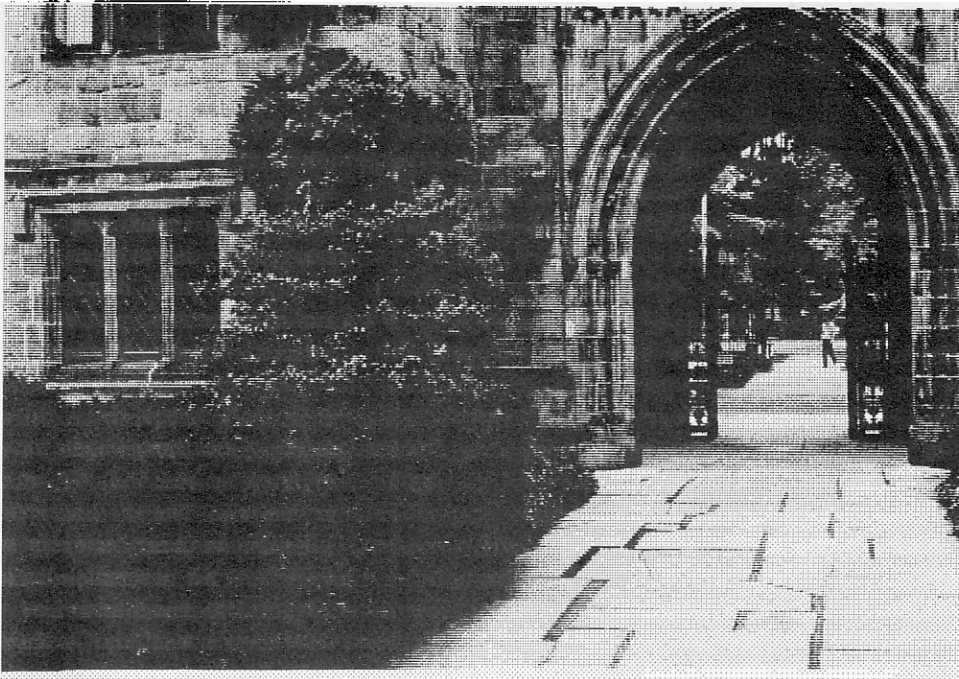


THE YALE STANDARD

Volume IX 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 1991



Harkness Memorial Gate, Branford College

RETURNING FROM CHINA

I just listened to an interview with the family of Konorak Sindrathopone. You remember him, the 14-year-old Laotian boy who was another one of the victims of Jeffrey Dahmer. The next-to-the-last one. He could have been alive today, save for human nature. "Human nature?" you ask. "That Dahmer is not a human, he's a beast. And the police were incompetent." Yeah, yeah, yeah, most people think human nature is good and that Jeffrey Dahmer is an anomaly. But I'm not convinced. Anyway, this article is about America, not about human nature.

Konorak's mother said in an anguished voice, "We came to America for a better life, a better future. What is this? What kind of society is this?" Mrs. Sindrathopone, that's one of the best questions of the year.

I just returned from two years in

China as an English teacher. This gives me somewhat of a unique perspective on what's going on in America. There's a famous Chinese poem that goes, "If you want to have eyes to see 1000 miles, go up one floor higher." Being out of the States for a significant period of time has given me that view from "one floor higher" -- I'll tell you what I see.

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PIGEONS

Flights of pigeons regularly fly, bombardier style, on the passages of air between our several apartment buildings. Be assured, the real pilots of America all wear feathers! Wheeling on one wing tip, they navigate Manhattan crevices so narrow and deep-of-downdraft that I gasp to see them disappear in sweeping

swift obliques and right angles -- only to reappear soaring back over the roof tops and into my view again and again.

But after one morning of such aerobatics, they surprised me with another side of their character, as obtuse and bewildering as their flight had been agile.

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The Road to Boldness

Welcome to Yale, among the most vigorously contested spiritual real estate anywhere! If you have already welcomed Jesus Christ into your heart, this message is for you. To judge by all recent experience, you will finish Yale in one of several ways:

-- with your faith and relationship to Jesus in seriously crumpled disarray; or
-- with huge sighs of relief upon emerging from a four-year siege against your faith and integrity; or

-- with satisfaction and thanksgiving to God for grace to stand, to pray, to reach out and help others; or

-- with great joy, eagerness, and bright hope for God's work at Yale, and for His direction for your life beyond the diploma. To put it plainly: Holy boldness will make the difference for you.

Believers who have been around Yale for some time have commented to me that, with many serious and faithful believers on campus, the largest remaining deficit has been boldness in the faith. At the same time, boldness of the "unguided missile" variety isn't going to help anyone.

Yale needs holy boldness in believers on campus. Holy means separated, set apart for God: it is a condition and deci-

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THE MAKING OF PARADISE

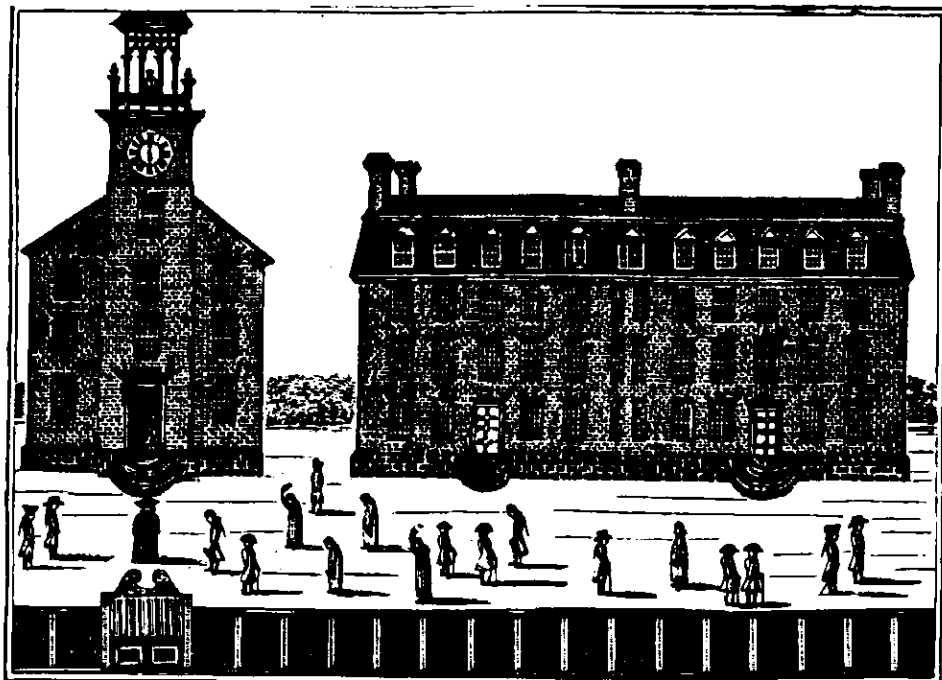
Step back with me for a minute, and let me show you Hawaii. I was born and brought up there, yet I know few people who could tell you what Hawaii was really like -- long before "Hawaii Five-O" and the "Don Ho Show." We'll have to take a long step back, about two centuries, for we must meet an orphaned Hawaiian, Henry Obookiah, who came to the doorstep of Yale, and wept. He never returned to Hawaii, but Hawaii would never be the same...

Hawaii, before 1800. Flowing white, a stream of water cascades down seventy feet of jagged rock into an emerald pool. Only the water's splash, and the shouts of war, break the silence of paradise. The nearby king has died, and the chiefs fight for control in a bloody civil war. There will be a new king soon, and new chiefs, but the bloody feudal system grinds on.

The chiefs (alii) own the land. Commoners (the makaaainana) are serfs. Their lives are fenced in by kapus, the deadly lattice-work of Hawaiian tabus. The priests (kahunas) enforce the kapus, binding the people -- on pain of death -- to beware in every aspect of life, from where their feet step to where their shadow falls. The warlike gods the kahunas serve demand human sacrifice, and smile on the warring chiefs and their caste system. There is no refuge from their vengeful reach for any Hawaiian, in all the islands of paradise.

Hawaii, 1808. The Islands are convulsed with their last great round of civil wars. Young Henry Obookiah (phonetically, Opukahaia) loses both father and mother in the violence and, orphaned, flees to the hills with his little brother on his back. The brother never made it; a spear caught him. Henry kept on going.

At last, by a circuitous route Henry finds his opportunity to escape. Begging Captain Brintell to take him on as a cabin boy, he and two others, Tomoree and Hopu, take passage on a Yankee



YALE COLLEGE IN JUNE, 1786.

ship bound for far-off America.

New Haven, Connecticut, 1809. A strange place to trace the making of paradise. But Henry has come this far, and he is all of fourteen years old. New Haven was a gracious town, far beyond most others of its day, with stately houses and broad streets, and in its heart a precious and substantial, red-brick place of learning, Yale College. At the front step of this awesome place, Henry weeps brokenly, realizing how desperately ignorant he and the other Hawaiians are. E.W. Dwight, who in 1809 is just graduating from Yale, finds him, takes him home and begins to teach him.

Later, Henry hears of Jesus Christ, His death and resurrection, His power to give life to those who trust Him. Henry believes, and receives Jesus as his Savior. Filled with new-found joy, he remembers his people in Hawaii and stirs others to return with him, as missionaries. And here is where the story reaches back to Hawaii, by way of Cornwall, Connecticut and Boston.

Cornwall, 1817. Dwight is teaching a little school for people who want to be foreign missionaries, the first such

school in America. Seventeen people attend, a baker's dozen of New Englanders and Henry, Tomoree and Hopu. Henry will not survive the year; illness will take him. Tomoree, Hopu and the rest will not be deterred.

Boston, 1819. Tomoree, Hopu and another Hawaiian are setting sail to carry out the mission Henry had inspired. As the Thaddeus weighs anchor, you might see about a dozen New Englanders in the mission party. Markwell Asa Thurston, three years out of Yale, will soon be a close advisor to Kamehameha II and Kamehameha III, each, in turn, the king of all Hawaii.

Back to Hawaii, 1820. It is ten years since King Kamehameha I united the Islands politically, and old tabus are crumbling. The main Westerners around, though, are sailors and merchants. They offer the Hawaiians nothing better than immorality, dishonesty and venereal disease to replace the cruel oppression of old Hawaii.

The missionaries' coming has filled the Islands with new controversy. Liholiho (Kamehameha II) is mulling over

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THE YALE STANDARD

Ruth Ku

Marena Fisher

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Letters and submissions are welcome, and should be addressed to:

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Playing Dressup

Recently, I was thinking back on childhood memories and a favorite came to mind. The house our family lived in had a room in the basement which was only four feet high (we called it "the Little People's room"). All our toys and games were in it and we spent endless hours there. In one corner we had a steamer trunk which my mother had filled with her old dresses, shoes, and hats. That silver trunk was by far my favorite thing in the room. I could spend hours dressing up in the most outrageous combinations of colors, patterns, and styles as I pretended to be much older -- and very sophisticated.

Well, my childhood daydream ended suddenly when a sobering thought hit me. I have been playing spiritual dress up! I was pretending to be years beyond where I actually was in my Christian experience. I was trying to bear fruit before I had blossomed.

Presently, I recalled a portion of Scripture which deals with the issue of dressing up. It's found in the story of David and Goliath. After young David had determined to fight the Philistine giant, he was taken before King Saul for "screening" and was approved. Saul said to David, "Go, and the Lord be with you." Then Saul dressed David in his own tunic, put a coat of armor on him and a bronze helmet on his head. David fastened his sword over the tunic and tried walking around, but found the armor very cumbersome. "I cannot go in these," he said to Saul, "because I am not used to them." So he took the armor off and instead picked up his staff, chose five smooth stones from a stream, and put them in the pouch of his shepherd's bag. With his sling in his hand, he approached the Philistine giant and slew him with a single shot. (I Samuel 17:38-40)

What a simple example David has set for me. If the clothes don't fit, take them off! Who knows what the outcome of David's battle with Goliath would have been had David worn Saul's heavy suit of armor. He could barely walk, let alone fight! But he removed those "sophisticated" battle clothes and instead chose everyday items which were well-known to a young Israeli shepherd boy. Stones and a slingshot, backed by the

will and power of God, brought down the armor-clad giant.

Young believers on a large secular campus may be tempted to exchange the simple "clothes" of faith for others which seem more exotic, sophisticated, or correct. In reality, what they are doing is stripping themselves of God's power in order to dress in worldly rags. In the din of collegiate life and battles over principles, we can all slip into this trap. On the other hand, as much as God disdains "dressing up," He must also dislike having reasonably mature young believers acting like babes. How would the Israelites have fared if David had crawled onto the field of battle dressed in swaddling clothes and clutching a rattle?

What about us? Have we learned to stand on God's promises? Have we discovered the wonder of being alone with Him in prayer? Have we profited from being with other believers in Jesus, mutually encouraging one another?

If so, let us hold on to the standards the Lord has taught us. Why go back to our vulnerable days in God's nursery when we can be continually clothed with the armor God has given us?

If not, if our experience of faith and friendship with the Lord are only second-hand or theoretical, we need to read the Bible for ourselves and weigh the evidence it contains. We need to search out people who follow Jesus and whose lives reflect His. Most of all, we need to go to the source, to God Himself, and ask Him to clothe us with understanding and faith. It's when we come to Him just as we are -- without any lofty pretensions or lowly ideas about ourselves -- that He can do the most with us, and through us.

So, dear Lord, in this age of "dressing to kill" and "dressing for success," help us to dress spiritually in a way neither flashy nor forlorn, but appropriate to where we are in You. Help us not to concern ourselves with next season's "fashions," but to grow day by day with Your help.

Paula Toscano

*Come join us for prayer and Bible Study
as we gather to worship the Lord in
BRANFORD CHAPEL
at the foot of Harkness Tower
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 P.M.*



PSALM 19

The heavens speak about the glory of
God,
And the very skies tell His handiwork.
As day gives way to day, they pour forth
speech
With words that wing their way to the
wide earth's end.
In heaven God has pitched a solar tent,
And like a bridegroom the sun strides
forth therefrom;
It rises, travels apace, and then it sets
With nothing having been hidden from
its heat.
The Lord's commands are bright,
enlightening eyes,
The fear of the Lord endures for ever.
The perfect law of God revives the soul,
The precepts of the Lord make us
rejoice.
The statutes of the Lord are to be trusted
And can make even a simpleton a sage.
In all, His ordinances are secure,
More valuable than gold, than much
pure gold,
And sweeter than the honey from the
comb.
In keeping them, there is a great reward.
For who among us can tell his own
mistakes?
Oh Lord, forgive me my hidden faults.
And keep Your servant from willful sin,
Allow it not to have dominion over me,
For only thus will I be free from blame.
Let my mouth's words, my heart's
meditation,
Be pleasing in Your sight, Oh Lord, my
Rock.

A Blank Verse Paraphrase by Gerard Black

The Other Face of Love

"It's so hot! Why did we come out on such a hot day?!"

"Miss Ku, Miss Ku, can I go to the bathroom?"

"...Can I get a drink? I'm very thirsty!"

"Miss Ku, I'm hungry. Let's stop; I want something to eat!"

And the Israelites grumbled in the wilderness, "What shall we drink?" "Would that we had died by the Lord's hand in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the pots of meat, when we ate bread to the full; for you have brought us out into this wilderness to kill this whole assembly with hunger."

"Miss Ku-u-u, Brendon's bothering me. He hit me..."

"No, she called me short!"

Now the people became like those who complain of adversity in the hearing of the Lord...

"Miss Ku, are we there yet?"

"My toes hurt, Miss Ku. Ahhh!! Miss Ku-u-u, my toes hu-u-u-rt!"

"I'm very tired! Can we rest here?!"

"Sigh..."

Then Jesus said to His disciples, "If anyone wishes to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."

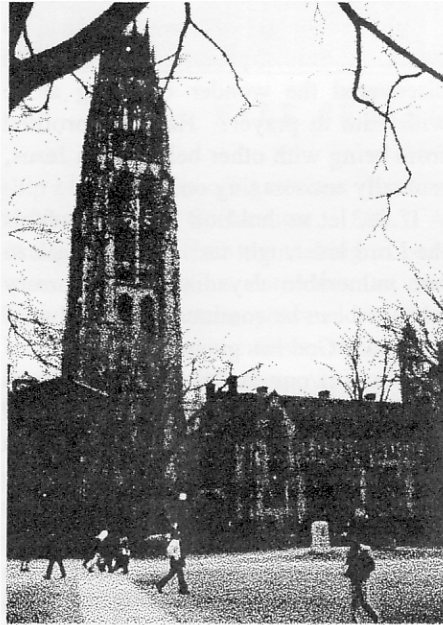
On humid summer trip days, taking my complaining sixth graders through the busy streets of New York City has often made me think of the Exodus of the Israelites through the wilderness to the Promised Land. In the face of physical hardship, my kids would become utterly irritated with each other, with the heat, weariness and thirst as we crept slowly to our destination.

Like the Israelite sojourner, I also have often faced spiritual opposition. At Yale, I have had to deal with difficulties in interpersonal relations with both believers and non-believers, in addition to dealing with the highly intellectualized and relativist environment. At times, in a desire to shrink back and become a part of the wallpaper, I have tried to strike a deal with the Lord, such that He would allow me to do less of His work.

But, knowing that I could not compromise, I would sink back in my chair and desperately cry out, "God I'm tired, and I've just about had it with this. I just can't face Yale and all that is to come. It's just too hard!"

I was complaining, and the Lord led me to Hebrews 12:1-3: "Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles, and let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us. Let us fix our eyes on Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy set before Him endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. Consider Him who endured such opposition from sinful men, so that you will not grow weary and lose heart."

As I read these verses, I thought: "How do I throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entan-



gles? Why is it I'm so tired and cannot run? I know I'm wrong, but why am I so unwilling to die to myself? I'm sorry, God, but my heart refuses to be placed where You choose to put me. I don't want to go back to school. Lord, how does your death and resurrection relate to me now? I feel so dry and worn!" All these questions raced through my mind, but the last verse of the passage in Hebrews jumped out at me. I read it over and over again and asked the Lord to help me understand it.

At a Bible study that evening, I listened intently when a woman spoke about a week-long retreat on the theme of revival. She said that the flames of awakening must be fanned first in the Body of Christ, before they can spread to non-believers. I thought to myself,

"Yep, that's exactly what I need, Lord -- REVIVAL!" The sister said that the believers at the retreat encouraged each other saying, "just hold on a little longer..."

I perked up at these words and was also helped when we sang, "I'm Going Through," a song about remaining true to the Lord no matter what others do. I said to the Lord, "Are You trying to speak to me?!", but I dismissed the thought because the Bible study was on Matthew 27 -- Jesus's trial before Pilate and His crucifixion. What did that have to do with me? But a brother then spoke vividly and graphically about the torment the Lord suffered on the Cross. He cited Psalm 69, which likens the Lord's death to a man drowning in water. On the cross, all Jesus's weight hung on His arms so that His chest muscles could no longer support His lungs. The result was slow suffocation -- I was horrified at the thought as we read: "Save me, O God, for the waters have threatened my life. I have sunk in deep mire, and there is no foothold; I have come into deep waters, and a flood overflows me. I am weary with my crying; my throat is parched; my eyes fail while I wait for my God." (Psalm 69:12-13)

The brother went on to describe Jesus's total separation on the cross from His Father who, because of His holiness, could not look upon the sin His Son bore for our sake. What glee Satan and his cohorts must have felt, seeing Jesus dying helplessly: "Many bulls have surrounded me; strong bulls of Bashan have encircled me. They open wide their mouth at me, as a ravening and a roaring lion." (Psalm 22:12-13) I shivered at this thought of the seething darkness and utter evil that my Lord faced, as He hung there waiting for death. Spectators challenged Jesus to come down from the cross, if He truly was the Son of God, a good example of how the Enemy tempts us to compromise God's purposes.

Suddenly, it became clear what Hebrews 12:3 meant. Jesus agonized for me, and did not grudge or complain. He was willing to die for me because He loved me. Yet I never stopped before to consider what the Lord endured for me; just before the study started, I had dismissed the thought of the Lord's speaking to me because we were "just"

Continued on next page.

Spiritual Highlights from Yale's History

1638--John Davenport founds New Haven Colony intending to "drive things in the first assay as near to the precept and pattern of Scripture as they can be driven." Land is set aside for a college "to fit youth... for the service of God in Church and Commonwealth."

1701--Ten New Haven area ministers contribute books to begin the library of a new college. Abraham Pierson accepts a position as the first rector saying "he durst not refuse such a service to God and his generation." Yale men meet for prayer every day at sunrise and in the afternoon.

1720--Jonathan Edwards graduates from Yale and is "filled with an inward, secret delight in God," and resolves "to live with all my might while I do live." He plays a major role in the First Great Awakening (a spiritual revival that transformed the country in 1740) and is later described as "the most significant Protestant voice between the Reformation and the twentieth century."

1740-1742--George Whitefield visits Yale and preaches on the New Haven Green to "enormous crowds." The first Yale revival comes the following spring. David Brainerd becomes a spiritual leader in the Yale revival, and later, a missionary to the Lenni-Lenape Indians, many of whom come to know Christ.

1778--Ezra Stiles, president of Yale, goes out of his way to talk with Jews, frequently visits one of the three Jewish synagogues in America, and discusses with rabbis the suffering Messiah of Psalm 22 and Isaiah 53.

1795--Timothy Dwight becomes president of Yale and begins preaching Christ to a campus enamoured of the "French Infidelity." (God was an "idea that had gone out of fashion.") Dwight openly and ably defends the Gospel and "all infidelity skulks and hides its head." After seven years, Dwight sees a "quiet but thorough" revival begin among the students, converting half of them.

1802--Benjamin Silliman, instructor at

Yale, is converted. In retrospect, one biographer hails him as "the father of American scientific education," crediting his distinctive life work in large part to "the depth and sincerity of his religious convictions."

1820-1827--Seven different revivals take place. The revival of 1827 is marked by "the conversion of a knot of very wicked young men whose piety at a subsequent period became equally eminent." The movement spreads to New Haven: for every Yale man converted nine New Haveners are converted.

1835-1858--A series of awakenings sweep Yale, the last during the national revival of 1858.



1886--Evangelist Dwight Moody calls an intercollegiate Bible study conference at Mount Hermon to which eighty-nine colleges send a total of 251 delegates. Dartmouth, Yale, Amherst, and Cornell each send large delegations. At conference close, 100 students declare themselves "willing and desirous, God permitting, to give themselves to the work of giving all men an opportunity to know Christ." At least 16,600 students leave for overseas service over the next five decades as a direct result of the conference. Around this time, Horace Tracy Pitkin comes to Yale where he "plants the missionary interest so deeply into the religious life and organization of Yale that it never died out." He himself is later martyred in China.

1905--William Borden comes to Yale already decided to become a missionary. He excels as a student and personal

evangelist and founds the Yale Hope Mission for New Haven's alcoholics. He starts Bible studies and picks the least likely men on campus to talk with and invite to these meetings. By 1909, 1,000 of Yale's 1,300 undergraduates are involved in Bible studies.

1909-1968--A friend of Borden, Kenneth Scott Latourette, coordinates the thousand-man Bible studies for a time. After a period as a missionary in China, he returns to Yale to teach. As historian and Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History, he gains fame, writing 83 books and receiving 17 honorary degrees. For years he holds Bible classes for freshmen; three informal groups of students meet weekly in his study. To the end of his life in 1968, Dr. Latourette considers himself a friend and missionary to the students at Yale.

1962--Over summer vacation, a half-dozen students were stirred after observing remarkable occurrences in their respective churches. On returning to Yale they agreed to seek a Biblical understanding of what they had encountered. Some months later about 21 students apparently were baptized in the Holy Spirit. One result was about six years of student-to-student public evangelism on campus.

Over the past 20 years, believers have become more numerous, more visible, and much more active at Yale. Hostility to the Gospel has, if anything, also increased over that period. Since 1987 students from different Christian groups have met together to pray for revival at Yale. In the last year these gatherings have become more frequent and prayer more earnest.

LOVE

Continued from previous page.

studying His crucifixion.

What's more, I saw that I behaved like a real fool, complaining about facing spiritual opposition at Yale. I didn't know the first thing about real misery, when I compared my petty trouble to what He suffered.

The Lord gave me His perspective. Now I cannot possibly run away from Him. Now, I owe Him my life.

Ruth Ku

PIGEONS

Continued from p. 1

and effortless. A high fence runs east and west down the center of these alleys or inner courts with just enough footage on either side so that, with a little care, one can toss a fistful of cracker crumbs three stories below and not litter the neighbors' side of the fence.

I had just done so twice when a flight of five or so pigeons swooped down and set about their breakfast without delay. Two, however, were caught on the wrong side of the fence. Not a single crumb had blown over to them and they tripped back and forth, ever faster, ever more anxious -- their eyes fixed steadfastly on the feast just out of their reach. Not once but five, six, seven times these two went up and down that fence. By now, I was talking to them, and there they were, trying to squeeze their plump, feathered selves through spaces not big enough for a good sized crab apple -- "Oh Lord, don't let them get caught in the fence!"

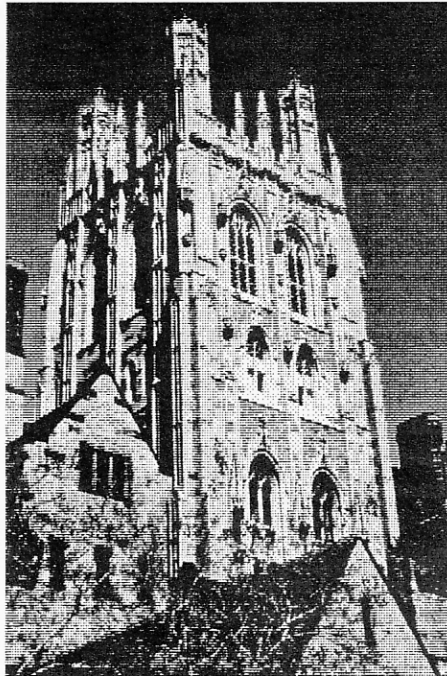
Suddenly, Wise-Willie trips, marches down another forty feet, and finds the perfect hole. ZIP! He's through and with driving purpose he approaches the table set before him. I looked at the lone straggler, "Oh, come on Jeremiah, you have WINGS; you can FLY, don't you remember?" But he doesn't even flutter them.

Feeling quite ineffective, I peer down past the seedlings on my fire escape, and it occurs to me how very often mankind does the same thing. We race back and forth -- in hope, in anxiety -- for grades and examinations, for relationships, for the coveted degree, with attitudes ranging from intellectual arrogance to sudden fear-of-the-journey. How quickly we forget (though some have never known) that there really is a cognizant, able, and loving God who gives us hope, balance, forgiveness, and victory through His Son, Jesus Christ, that we might call on Him and live abundantly -- even at Yale, even in the Marketplace, or wherever.

...And how loud are the thousand "ism's" of belief, race, gender and nation, the sick crimes and sophistries, contrived correctness and glitz. They have become barriers to Christ and to the wings of our spirit? Even a pigeon knows better than that!

Oh yes! Jeremiah knows better -- and I laugh and lean out over my windowsill applauding, for Jeremiah has just lifted his wings and soared over that fence. I think breakfast will taste very good to him this morning!

Gwen-Katherine Harrover



BOLDNESS

Continued from p. 1

sion of the heart. Boldness is safe only in a believer whose heart has set out to repent, to seek God, to know Him, and to know Him yet more. Genuine revival begins with believers that rediscover the meaning of holy, then rediscover the grace to be bold in Jesus' love.

Boldness -- willingness to speak plainly and act forthrightly -- is always contested in the spiritual tug-of-war the believer faces daily. Paul the Apostle spoke of spiritual armor for the struggle in Ephesians, Chapter 6, then concluded by bidding his fellow believers to pray much, including prayer for him, that he would have the boldness needed to preach the Gospel as he should.

If Paul needed such prayer and asked for it, our road to holy boldness must be paved with much prayer on our part for each other. No one is too young in the faith of Jesus, nor too old, to benefit from such prayer and to help fellow believers by his or her prayer.

"Love" is not featured in this article's

headline only because we couldn't fit everything into one headline. The most earnest separation from the world, the most breath-taking boldness, are worse than worthless if they are not personal expressions of grateful love for the Savior. He loved us first and gave Himself up to die on the Cross for our sakes.

Revival, real revival, begins with revived believers, then blossoms in effective evangelism to others. Revival starts as each believer steps out of the traces of this age's assumptions and drives, and separates himself to belong wholly to Jesus. Out of such separation in heart comes devotion, humility and prayer; out of such prayer comes genuine boldness for Jesus' sake. Out of all these comes revival.

Philip Chamberlain

RETURNING

Continued from page 1

Frankly, I'm seriously worried about America. It seems that values and institutions that have been long-cherished are under attack, a systematic, wide-ranging attack unprecedented since the 1960's.

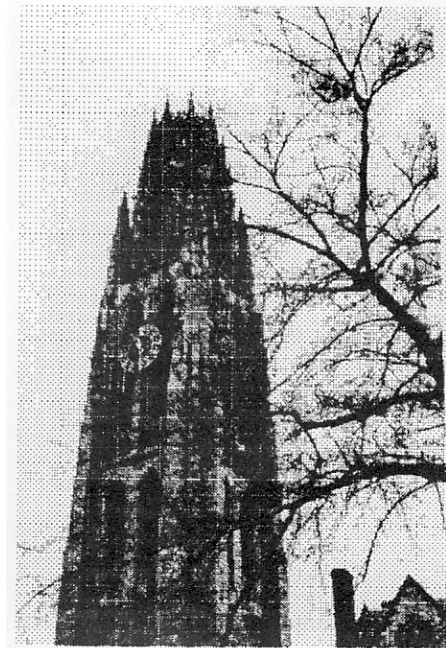
First, there is the "Political Correctness" movement that originated in the revolution of the 1960's. Reading Dinesh D'Souza's recent article in "The Atlantic" on that movement was distressing. It seems that in the academic community the concept of truth is no longer taken seriously. All opinions, however unconnected to the subject under discussion, are equally valid. Pluralism runs amok. From reading the assertions of the leaders of this movement, it appears that the name of the game is power, and whoever has the loudest voice has the power. Students opposing the teaching of a core curriculum at Stanford chant "Hey Hey, Ho Ho, Western culture's got to go." At a recent speech the voices of the protesters drowned out the main speaker. Their voices were the loudest that day, and they won out. Are their ideas compelling? No. But ideas are not so much the issue. Neither is truth.

Righting supposed wrongs is the issue. Western culture is by nature imperialistic, expansionist and repressive

and the PC'ers are on a crusade to right the wrongs committed by Western culture throughout history. Why is truth not the issue? Because it hasn't been the issue for many decades. All during my school years "the search for truth" was our grand pursuit. We were told there was no right, no wrong -- but we were nonetheless supposed to search for them. But how to find something that doesn't exist? So our present dilemma with the PC movement -- the formal death of truth -- is really no surprise, since truth has in fact been dead for a long time in liberal arts education. I never even heard of the notion of objective truth until I became a Christian. Then I suddenly understood that there were indeed some absolutes, there was "Truth."

The question of truth brings me to my second issue, the decline of the American Church. Today, I just heard a book advertised on the radio called "How To Succeed in the Christian Life." Why do Christians need such a book? The apostle Peter gave us a formula for success in the Christian life: "Add to your faith goodness; and to goodness, knowledge; and to knowledge, self-control; and to self-control, perseverance; and to perseverance, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, love. For if you possess these qualities in increasing measure, they will keep you from being ineffective and unproductive in your knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord. But if anyone does not possess these things, he is nearsighted and blind, and has forgotten he has been cleansed from his past sins."

Why do we need a book on the subject of success in the Christian life? Are Christians afraid the Bible is not enough? I think they are, in fact. They have trouble believing it is "God-breathed," as the apostle Paul put it. They have trouble with the objection that the Bible is a culturally-bound document, forcing us to decide which things are simply a product of the culture of first-century Palestine, and which things are timeless. But the Bible does not claim to be a culturally-conditioned book; rather, it claims to be the truth from God, and in all cases binding. Worst of all, this attack on the Bible comes not from atheists or other detractors of the faith, but from inside the church itself! Irony of ironies! The



**1991 INTRODUCTORY
MEETINGS OF
THE YALE STANDARD:**

Bible Studies:

Saturday, August 31st, at 7 P.M.

Wednesday, September 4th, at 7 P.M.

Saturday, September 7th, at 7 P.M.

Prayer Meetings:

Monday through Friday at 8 A.M.

in

BRANFORD CHAPEL

in the foot of Harkness Tower

*Come join us as we gather to
worship the Lord!*

conflict is especially strong in the areas of militant feminism and homosexuals' "rights." And this in the face of the very strong, unambiguous language of the Bible. How can it be?

In fact, the apostle Paul said that the Christian has no business insisting on his or her supposed "rights" -- when you become a Christian your rights are surrendered into the hands of a good, loving, and perfectly fair Judge. In the Book of Acts, facing strong persecution from the religious leaders of the day, the Christians "lifted up their voices as one." Is there an issue on which the church has one voice? No. Not even on the virgin birth or the resurrection of Jesus Christ, two historic fundamentals of orthodox Christianity.

No wonder that in this increasingly spiritual age, the church has less and less to say. Mario Cuomo gave us a typical expression of characteristically American religious sentiment when he said at

Notre Dame in 1984, in effect, "My belief is private; it has nothing to do with what I do as governor." If we grant that, what should the difference be between my private belief and my preference for butter pecan ice cream, as far as their effect on daily life?

When Jesus stood before the Roman governor of Judea, that governor thought the issue was power. Seeing the Pharisees' hatred of Jesus, Pilate sensed a political struggle. He asked Jesus, "Are you the King of the Jews?" Rather than denying his kingship, Christ took Pilate immediately to the real ground under dispute: "You are right in saying that I am a King. In fact, for this reason I was born, and for this came I into the world, to testify to the truth. Everyone on the side of the truth listens to me." (John 18:37)

Jesus is King, Ruler of all, who tells the truth, and releases the world from the darkness it is wrapped in. Truth and only truth can deliver the world from the grip of its false ruler, Satan, or loosen his hold on the life of a man -- even a man like Pilate. Jesus is conqueror because He exposes the lies on which Satan builds his kingdom, and directs each of us to a question we would rather not ask, which is "Am I willing to let go of what I want, to obey the truth?"

The truth has a way of interfering with our wants and desires, as we all know. Power is a tool to get what we want, and grasping for it is the opposite of what Jesus calls us to. Jesus said, "If anyone would come after me, he must deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me. For whoever wants to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for me will save it." (Luke 9:23-24) Jesus makes each of us ask ourselves, "Am I on the side of the truth?"

The story ended badly for Pilate who, knowing that Jesus was innocent, washed his hands of the matter and crucified him in the name of political expediency. Pilate, with almost modern ennui, says to his prisoner, "What is truth?," and gives in to the crowd calling for blood. But his biggest mistake was in avoiding the place of confrontation. Are you and I willing to stand in that unpleasant place with Jesus and ask, "Am I on the side of the truth?"

Mike Packevicz

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whether to let the missionaries stay. They'll interfere with your politics, take over your commerce, and anger the British, caution the foreign merchants and his other advisors. But Liholiho doesn't want to decide abruptly. Let the missionaries stay for one year only, and see what they do.

In another generation the impact of those missionaries became clear:

Two of them, Ruggles and Loomis, put Hawaiian into writing for the first time, and printed it.

Schools were started. After only eight years, there were 440 native teachers aiding the missionaries.

The Bible became in many ways the rule of the Islands.

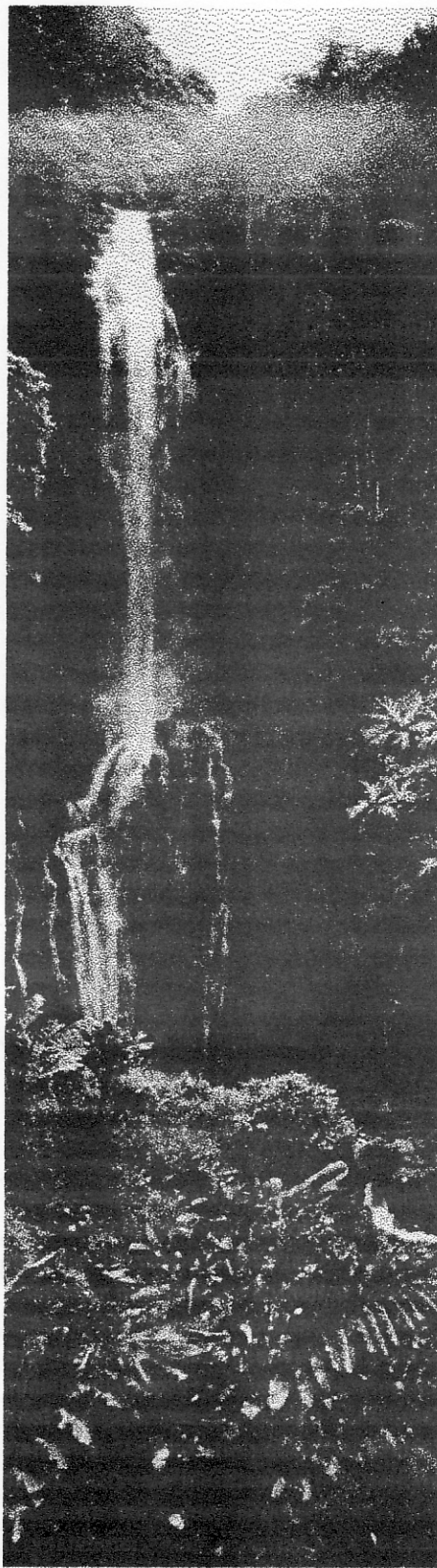
A law was passed prohibiting sailors from using Hawaiian girls for immoral purposes.

Missionaries warned the king time and again of merchants' attempts at exploitation. This of course brought down slanders and threats from sailors and merchants against the missionaries --

-- But the Hawaiians decided they loved them, and would defend them. So the missionaries stayed, and by 1840, Hawaii was recognized world-wide as a civilized nation.

None of the things Liholiho feared had happened. Instead of ceaseless war, a comparative paradise of peace had emerged, and a people free from tyrannical kings, kahunas and kapus. Kamehameha I and his queen had known there had to be something better than human sacrifice and idol worship when they abolished them, but they hadn't known what. The Hawaiians had had a thorough dose of sailors' immorality and intoxication, and rejected that. When the missionaries came to serve the Hawaiians' best interests, temporal and spiritual, the people listened. Many believed in Jesus, and Hawaii was changed.

Like Henry, I know what it is to receive Jesus Christ into my life. I can understand why at long last, peace came to Hawaii. I thank God the testimony of history is there, that Hawaii the unparadise was transformed, not mainly by "culture" or trade, but by the Bible and faith in Jesus. It reminds me of another testimony that can never be effaced:



Hana Waterfall on the Island of Maui
(Hawaii Visitors Bureau Photo)

"And this is the testimony: God has given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He who has the Son has life; he who does not have the Son of God does not have life."

(I John 5:11-12)

Randall Suzuka

Hawaii - Conceived In Fire

The following is a look at Hawaii by CBS News correspondent Charles Kuralt, from his bicentennial series, "On The Road To '76."

...It was a paradise wasn't it -- a gentle Polynesian culture in harmony with nature until we arrived to spoil it all?... The truth is: Hawaii was conceived in fire and ruled by tyrants. A paradise it never was.

Here, on the Kona Coast, the leeward shore of the island of Hawaii, where Mauna Loa's lava flows collide with the sea, the clean surf has washed away the blood stains. But the wooden images of fierce gods speak of the way of life imported to these islands from the Marquesas and Tahiti a thousand years ago. The way of life was death.

For taking fish in the wrong place or wrong season -- death. For letting your shadow fall upon royal ground -- death. For a woman found eating a meal with a man -- death. For walking, by chance, in the footsteps of a chief -- death.

...For most men and women, there was no refuge from the gods. They were gods of war, and war was unending. They demanded human sacrifice, and they were insatiable.

The idea of Hawaii as paradise caught in the romantic imagination of Europeans and Americans in the early nineteenth century and stayed there. But Hawaiians, oppressed by their chiefs and by their gods, did not share the illusion.

In 1808, a boy name Opukahaia, fishing with his family in this bay, where men still fish, swam out to a Yankee trader's ship anchored offshore and begged to be taken aboard as cabin boy. He ended up in Cornwall, Connecticut, of all places, and settled down there, telling tales of waving palms and pagan gods. After ten years of that, Cornwall's Congregationalist souls could take no more, and they set sail, as missionaries, to Hawaii.

The building they built on the Kona Coast, of lava rock and coral, Mokuaikaua Church, changed everything -- one, gentle god to replace a multitude of fierce ones, a life based not on bloodshed but on forgiveness, and of course, the hope of achieving what no Hawaiian had ever known: paradise.

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