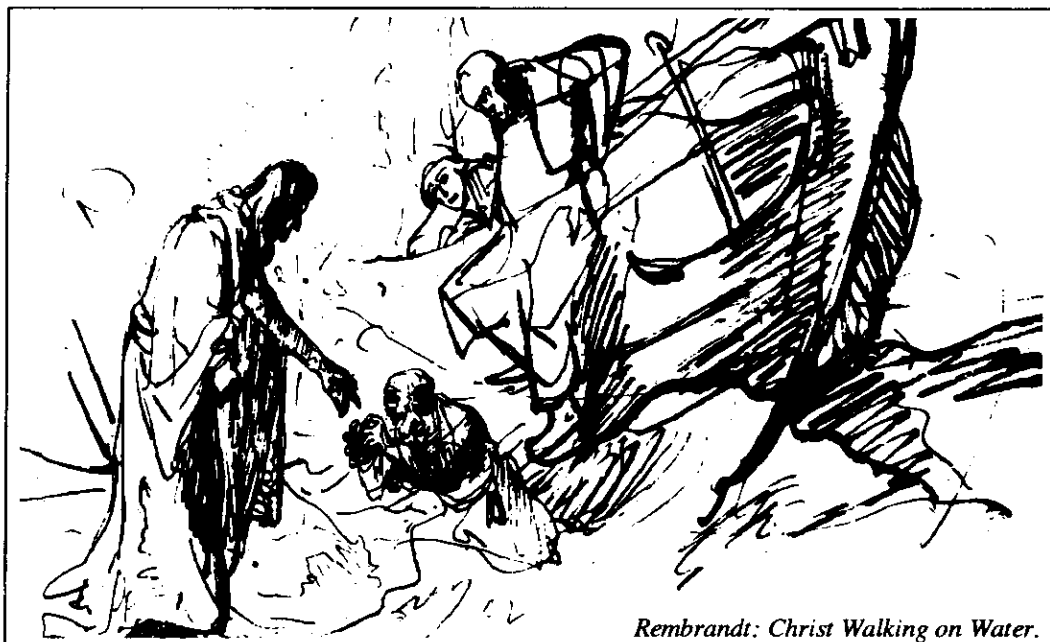


THE YALE STANDARD

Volume XI, 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 1994



Rembrandt: Christ Walking on Water.

The Story That Changed My Life

Yale seemed to be the ideal place for a Good Samaritan, and I had already made a fairly earnest stab at filling that classic role.

I'd gone to church regularly ever since I could remember. There, I had heard many stories about miracles in lions' dens and fiery furnaces, and tales of great floods. I was taught, however, that the most important was the story of Jesus Christ.

But the only story I could understand was about the Good Samaritan. The good news about Jesus dying for the sins of the world meant nothing to me; it seemed as foreign as lions' dens and fiery furnaces. But the story about what the Good Samaritan did when he saw a man hurt and needing help on the road — *that* I could understand. I was being told that helping others in need was a good thing.

Though I didn't realize it, I had settled what Christianity meant to me — it meant helping others.

So I helped. I gave money to "Save the Children" when I was

Continued on next page

Getting Thoroughly Wet...

The water took more and more of our legs as we stepped further out into the Atlantic. The rocks and sand below felt natural to my bare feet, and the saltwater, cool and clean. I never thought that I would be getting baptized, but a lot of changes had taken place since I had become a Christian.

I felt irrepressibly excited, but from the outside, anyone would have asked why I looked so solemn. Solemnity could be due to sorrow or mere melancholy. In this case, however, it was due to gratitude for the deliverance that the Lord had brought about. He had saved me from one of

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A Letter from Cairo

July 21, 1994

Some who receive this may not know that I am in Egypt studying Arabic at the British Council in Cairo. This summer is a chance to see this region, to meet with people here, to pray, to seek Him in earnest, to have an idea of how to prepare for life here should it be important later on.

My arrival in Cairo — after a lively car ride from the airport and an hour of "negotiating" an appropriate room at the Bed-and-Breakfast (my residence for the summer) — was marked by a sense of isolation and a deep feeling that I was foreign matter, unwelcomed. No one was obliged to be my guide; at least for the first week I was basically on my own to figure out things like when and what to eat and for how much, how to "work" with taxi

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1994 Meetings of
**THE YALE
STANDARD**

Bible Studies:

*Every Wednesday and Saturday
Evening at 7 PM
Beginning Saturday, August 27th*

Prayer Meetings:

Monday through Friday at 8 AM

Saturday and Prayer meetings will
be in

BRANFORD CHAPEL
in the base of Harkness Tower

Come join us as we gather to
worship the Lord!

The Story That Changed My Life

Continued from page 1

young, tutored those who couldn't read when I was older, and visited orphanages and convalescent homes with my church youth group in my last years before college.

So what would be next?

Yale seemed to be ideal for a Good Samaritan. There were many good volunteer programs set up to help under-privileged children, and to feed and clothe the homeless. But volunteering in New Haven was very different from volunteering in my hometown. In Los Angeles, I could drive away from my rescue work: there was a buffer zone between me and the suffering. But at Yale, whether going to class or to lunch, every step brought me face-to-face with the hurt and needy man on the road that the Good Samaritan would have helped.

I gave a dollar here and there, sometimes more, but that "hurt and needy man" would never disappear. He seemed to be everywhere I went.

Could I turn my back on even one and still confess to be a Christian? Didn't helping the tenth and not that eleventh man alter the principle behind the lesson of the Good Samaritan?

But, as I faced that "hurt and needy man on the road" day after day I found myself frustrated and eventually hardened. What could I do — was it right to give away my parents' money? I reasoned it wasn't, so I decided to shut my eyes to that man on the road until I made my own money.

However, my conscience convicted me that the issue was not my parents' money but my own heart. There was no love there — not for those I passed on the street, nor for those I stopped to help. My deeds meant nothing. They could not cover what was really in my heart or make up what was lacking. I thought of the verse: "Love your neighbor as yourself." An impossible standard, I thought, knowing I could not obey it.

I became unsettled about my set idea of what a Christian was, worrying that I really wasn't one. Gradually, it dawned on me that it wasn't a filled resume that God was looking for — He was looking at my heart.

I was gradually seeing that my heart was incurably wicked — without love for others, nor love for God. At that point, I began to long for a new heart.

Then one night, God opened my eyes to see that Jesus had offered His own heart, His life for a world of lost sinners. This story, that had once meant nothing to me, now brought unspeakable joy.

God had always known that our hearts were incurably wicked. He *knew* no amount of service could change who we were. So, I finally admitted my helpless estate and accepted Jesus' gift — a new life in Himself.

"For it is by grace that you have been saved, through faith — and this not from yourselves, it is the gift of God — not by works, so that no one can boast." -Ephesians 2:8-9

Vivian Kim, Silliman '96

THE YALE STANDARD

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Digging Down Deep

"On Christ the solid rock I stand, all other ground is sinking sand..."

I sat down with three others at the Food Court in the Paramus Mall. Over a mess of gyros, Chinese food and subs, the middle-aged man across from me began to tell me how "something" had led him to this place. When some of the members of our youth group began to talk to him about Jesus, he understood Who had led him there. He prayed for one of the first times in his life and accepted the Lord Jesus into his heart.

His name has faded from my memory, but I can still remember the joy beaming from the wrinkles in his face. In my own heart, however, I felt depressed. Watching the Lord's peace settle on this man did not make me leap for joy or praise God; I simply thought, "Where is this joy in my life?"

Before that day, ever since I took my first steps towards Jesus at a retreat in seventh grade, I had gone to church faithfully. I attended Friday night meetings, played the piano in the youth group band, went to every retreat our church offered, and even went on evangelistic outreaches. I was a youth group leader.

People looked up to me, gave me

responsibility and talked about me as a "faithful Christian." Yet there was something missing from my life. During those years, I knew that after the meetings ended, my heart was still empty and cold.

The key problem at that time was this:

I had not laid a foundation with the Lord; I did not really know Him. I filled my life with activities, things I thought a good Christian should do. Whenever my heart still felt empty, I filled that longing with spiritual "experiences," emotions, and anything that would make me feel like a Christian. But whenever temptations or hard times came by, I could never trust God to help me the way He promises in the Bible. I could not stand faithfully because I did not know the only One who is able to make me stand firm. I was like a seed in Jesus' parable: "Those on the rock are the ones who receive the word with joy when they hear it, but they have no root. They believe for a while, but in the time of testing they fall away" (Luke 8:13). I did not yet have the root, the foundation, of a life-giving relationship with the Lord.

After that day in the mall, I played at being a Christian before my peers for about a year until I could stand it no longer. I had duped many into believing that I was faithful and even led people to Christ, but I would jealously watch my converts experience a joy and peace of knowing the Lord that I did not have. I knew my heart was not right and that I finally had to come before Him.

"Unless the Lord builds the house, we labor in vain." -Psalm 127:1

When I did come, I came alone. The first thing I realized was a fact stated in Hebrews 4:13: "Nothing in all creation is hidden from God's sight. Everything is uncovered and laid bare before the eyes of him to whom we must give account."

"You mean He knows everything about me?"

Yes, everything! He knew all the falseness in my heart, all the lies and emptiness. And yet the Lord touched me as he showed me my empty, sinful heart; He said, "I love you and will forgive your past if you will just come to Me. I want to give you abundant life and victory over sin, but you must come to Me and lay down your life. Once you are in My hands, nothing can separate us, and I will never let you go." It was a wonderful and difficult lesson to learn. It also marked the true beginning of my life with the Lord. After five years of "being a Christian," I had finally become a child of God.

Hereafter, my experience in reading the Bible changed. It became a way to get to know this Man who loved me so much. And prayer became an exciting way to talk to the Lord and meet with Him. His Word became alive, piercing through many difficult situations in my life. I be-

Continued on next page



Digging Down Deep

Continued from previous page

gan to want to give more of my life to God and to dig down deep to find that Bedrock that is Christ. I wanted to know Him, and in doing so, I began to lay a foundation for my life.

said that only those who *know Him* will remain forever. To the rest, he will state plainly, "I never knew you. Away from me, you evildoers!" (Matthew 7:23).

God, or prophesy, or even cast out demons in His Name who will stand. Jesus

destruction was complete."

Now I am not saying that attending church or going to evangelistic outreaches is wrong, but it is essential that everything we do is built on the basic foundation of knowing Jesus. Without that foundation, everything we do will be like the house in Jesus' parable that is built upon the

sand. "Unless the Lord builds the house, we labor in vain" (Psalm 127:1).

But if we build properly, first laying a foundation of love and faith in Christ, the things we do will no longer be Christian activities, but life-giving labor for the kingdom of God.

It takes time to walk with the Lord, to get to know His ways and to understand His Word. It is a day by day process of surrendering, focusing on the Lord, trusting Him and feeding on the manna He gives. And all along the way Jesus is there for us. He will show



Rembrandt: Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet. "Having loved His own who were in the world, He now showed them the full extent of His love" (John 13:1).

During my high school years, God sent many wise, biblical teachers who gave me a lot of knowledge about God. For a long time I wanted to be like them, even more than to be like the Lord Himself. Whenever I prayed, I thought out carefully what I was going to say in order to impress these ministers and myself. I tried to speak like them and memorized sermons and verses and information about the Bible; but these were all facts *about* Christianity — *about* God. In my heart, I truly did not know Him. I thought that I was getting to know the Lord, but I did not realize that on the judgment day, it will not be those who *know about*

In Luke 6:46-49, Jesus tells the parable of the wise and foolish builders. He says, "Why do you call me, 'Lord, Lord,' and do not do what I say? I will show you what he is like who comes to me and hears my words and puts them into practice. He is like a man building a house, who dug down deep and laid the foundation on rock. When a flood came, the torrent struck the house but could not shake it, because it was well built. But the one who hears my words and does not put them into practice is like a man who built a house on the ground without a foundation. The moment the torrent struck that house, it collapsed and its

us the way, but we have to come to Him and seek His face. Whatever joy you have to share, He wants to hear about it from you. Whatever problem you have, He can fix it. His blood covers all sin. Do not miss the King's invitation because of Christian show and business. We cannot forever rely on our teachers, for every person will have to give account before the Lord, alone. We must remain faithful and become mature men and women of God, declaring His praises and living for Him.

Of course, there are times when it is hard. Satan will do anything to stop a child of God from discovering the rich gold mine he or she is

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN : Father of American Science



Benjamin Silliman (1779-1864):

Class of 1796; Professor of Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy & Pharmacy; Founder of Yale Medical School; Founder of American Journal of Science; Founder of Sheffield Scientific School for Graduate Studies in Science; Professor Emeritus.

Digging Down Deep

Continued from previous page

standing on. He can even distract us with this Christian activity or that retreat- anything that will prevent us from realizing how wonderful this *personal relationship* is. And that was it! I finally realized that Christianity is not a religion or an assortment of activities, but a loving, personal relationship with the Living God.

Dave Cho, Berkeley '95

The year 1801 at Yale marked the arrival of a small group of freshmen who came with a set purpose. They decided to pray for the spiritual awakening of their fellow students and the faculty. Their prayers were answered with the revival of 1802 at Yale under President Timothy Dwight, defender of the Gospel against the "French Infidelity," a deistic philosophy born during the French Revolution that had obscured the Christian foundations of the college. The revival brought quiet but genuine conversions to half of the college before the end of the year. This awakening made a lasting impact on many lives but especially on that of Benjamin Silliman, a recent graduate and then a tutor at Yale. He would some day be called the 'Father of American Scientific Education' and Silliman College bears his name today.

Although Silliman had been raised in a Christian home, his true conversion was marked by an evident change in attitude recorded in letters and journals. Before, he was chiefly concerned with his social position. He wrote to his mother, "I find no propensity in my system stronger than a wish to be highly respectable and respected in society. I must act in a particular sphere, and that sphere which is assigned me is the Law." In a later letter to her, he is aware of his lack of conviction in regard to the faith, as he writes, "...I know not — when the awful truths of Christianity are announced from the desk, I do not always feel that interest which the subject ought to command." After his conversion, but before his public confession of his faith, his surrender to God was clearly expressed in his journal, "...dispose of me according to thy own good pleasure; employ me

in thy service; save me in thy own way...."

Two days later, at the suggestion of President Dwight, Yale created the professorship of chemistry and natural history and offered it to Silliman. Less than twenty-two years old, he found himself asked to abandon his advanced study of law and embark on a new profession, "preceded by a course of study and of preparation too, in a direction in which in Connecticut there was no precedent." He wrote, "I was not elated by the appointment; but having youth, health, zeal, energy, and perseverance on my side, I did not, with God's blessing, despair of success."

Thus began Silliman's life in science. He was the first to establish the studies of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology at Yale when these subjects were just emerging. In addition, he helped found the Medical School, launched the American Journal of Science (which was the first of its kind to establish communication among the scientific minds of the day), gave lectures in chemistry and geology to the public, made field surveys to consult mining operations, and established the Sheffield Scientific School for graduate studies in the sciences, the first of its kind in the U.S. His contributions extended to the arts and humanities as well. He helped found the Trumbull Art Gallery, helped establish the Department of Philosophy and the Arts (which became the Graduate School of Yale University), and the traveling diaries of his trips to Europe became guides for others.

For Silliman, science did not conflict with faith in the God of the Scriptures, but it all the more pointed to the Creator to whom he always gave the glory and honor. He felt,

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Getting Thoroughly Wet...

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my own decisions.

Over a year ago, my mother had pointedly asked that I inform her before being baptized. Back then, I had been a believer in Jesus less than half a year; both sides of my family had always been Buddhist, as far as I knew. Recently, when I asked her if I could be baptized, I was surprised that the question upset her.

"Denise, you always do whatever you want anyway. It does not make any difference what I say... I can't stop you from doing anything. You do not listen to what I say."

I was saddened by her tone and her response. I didn't want to make her mad and, least of all, to rebel staunchly against her wishes. I was glad that she could not see me patting my tears away as we talked over the phone. My voice, too, would have betrayed me, and I was glad she continued.

"Why don't you wait until you are more mature — in grad school or something... I wish you would not be in such a hurry..."

I finally regathered myself enough to say, "Mom, I know that you are worried for my sake, but I think that this is not only the best thing to do for myself, but also for the family."

It tore me up inside to see my normally patient mother so upset, so

I reached for a compromise. I had been "baptized" long ago in my mind, saying that I chose to belong to the Lord Jesus. The Lord knew it, and I knew it. And a small matter such as baptism, a mere external action, should be the last thing to cause so much trouble. Paul wrote, "Everyone who wants to live a godly life in Christ Jesus will be persecuted" (II Timothy 3:12). The divisions and trouble would surely come. There was no need to wrestle at every juncture. I felt at peace about my decision not to join the rest in entering the waters of baptism.

A few days before the baptisms, the topic, as if it were not already completely worn out, came up again.

The older Christians around the dinner table, not knowing I had decided *not* to be baptized, discussed some verses that were about water baptism. Full immersion or was sprinkling enough? Well, the scene in Acts 8:38 clearly suggests the former. Is baptism reserved for those who have made a conscious decision to follow the Lord? I Peter 3:21 shows that baptism is the response of a repentant sinner to God. The details of the specific doctrine came into the air, and I felt nauseated. They kept on talking and from my seat, my housemates resembled corrupt authorities whose power was de-

rived from the rules that they made up and perpetuated.

When Adam and Eve gained the knowledge of good and evil, a consequence of eating of the forbidden fruit, their eyesight was affected as well. My spiritual myopia jeopardized me on this occasion. Had I not been short-sighted, had I not been a child descended from Adam, had I not been a human being, I would have seen that my heart nurtured hatred toward the Lord.

As I held fiercely to my own conceptions, I gave less than full obedience to the Lord. I insulted the Lord by rejecting His counsel and even by despising the fellow believers through whom it came. My insistence on my way was an opaque veil of disobedience that enveloped me more and more. I would have been enveloped entirely had it not been only for the Lord's grace and mercy. So generously He poured them out as I bent in prayer.

"Lord, okay, I let go of my conceptions, my decision, even my reservations out of consideration for my mom. And I ask You what Your mind is, and why such a big deal about baptism? Lord, always I have said this — that I will yield to You, and to You first, on all occasions. Whatever You will, may it be so, even now." After this little prayer, I felt at once the limitless refuge of the Lord. I was safe, trusting entirely in Him once again, and not in what my feeble mind in a mere 20 years had digested, sorted through, and ac-



cepted.

I pleaded again with the Lord and admitted my confusion. I had asked Him to show me the reason for baptism, and I did not see it to be more than a public declaration of faith. *And yet, why was my mother so upset because of it?*

My heart began racing, and I shuddered. It was so obvious. My

*If I gave my hand
away in marriage, my
mother would regard it
a very serious thing.
To her, baptism was
that serious a
commitment.*

mother did not want me to be baptized because she did not want me to give my life to Jesus. My mother, with her Buddhist leanings, knew the meaning of Christian baptism. If I gave my hand away in marriage, she would regard it a very serious thing. To her, the baptism was that serious a commitment. And through her, ironically, the Lord revealed to me the reason for baptism.

I thought, "Yes, I want to give my life to Jesus. Could there be any question about it?" I thought about my family and my desire to make them comfortable after they had sac-

rificed so much for my benefit. Now, my plans for that were forsaken in order to commit all that I had to Jesus. Not that I would neglect my family, but following Jesus, He would lead me to respond to them as I should, in the light of eternity. He indeed loved them more than I did.

The Lord had wooed me with His love and revelation, and it was so natural to open my heart fully to Him, myself thirsty for His direction. And then I was prepared to accept that which the Lord extends to all people. I picked up my Bible. How beautiful that God provided His truths in commands, instruction, and prophecies. *Know them, live by them, and meditate day and night on them,* He invited.

I could then accept the Lord's provision in a verse I had read many times but had never understood. Paul wrote, "We were therefore buried with him through baptism into death in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, we too may live a new life" (Romans 6:4).

I wanted to be "buried" with Jesus.

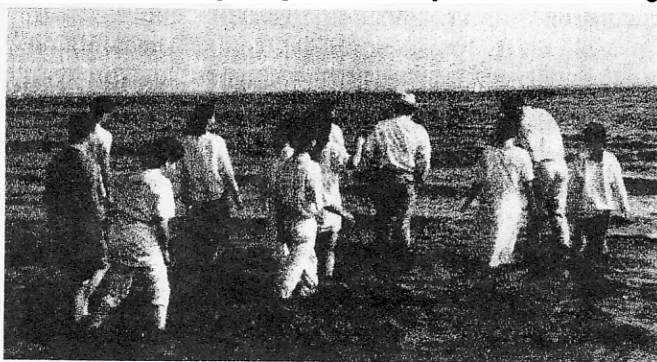
Waters washing over my head, I wanted my pangs of ambition and desires for recognition to be taken cleanly away. These desires stemmed from deception — the deception that

personal glory and success could nourish me, give peace to my soul, and even aid me when I faced the Lord, the holy Creator of all things, at the end of my days on earth. More than that, my own plans and desires distracted me from serving my Lord wholeheartedly and caused me to miss out on His original and perfectly-suited design for my life.

I heaved a sigh of immense relief as the burden was lifted off, and I rejoiced, recognizing the Lord's clear invitation to me to bury my sinful nature, with all of its subtle ways of pursuing its own desires.

That day, the waters came fully over my entire body. I went down, and came up, sure that I had a new life. "If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come!" (II Corinthians 5:17)

I did not have to be sad any longer that my own ways interfered with getting to know my Savior and doing



His perfect will. I would always be able to think back on my baptism and remember how it signified that I lived a new life, that I was free.

Denise Chen, Branford '95

A Letter from Cairo

Continued on page 6

drivers toward a fair fare (as well as to know where I was going), how to clean clothes or use the telephones, where to find fellowship and people willing to pray, how to meet with the people I hoped to meet (I had a few numbers on hand), and so on.

But really, I wasn't alone; I had not sent myself here. While the prospects were not encouraging, in my heart was a promise, unmoved,

*Imagine
70-year-old
women, in long
flowing robes,
crossing a major
thruway,
stepping in front
of moving cars,
barely avoiding
being hit, and
you have an
unexaggerated
picture of
downtown
Cairo.*

that God "who did not spare His own Son, but gave Him up for us all — how will He not also, along with Him, graciously give us all [good] things?" (Romans 8:32), and that He would equip and provide me with all that was needed for His work while I was here. In this knowledge I could not ask more but to please the One who, having seemed to take all from

me, gave all of Himself to me.

I found that living in Cairo requires energy. This city is a far cry from the clear, quiet spaciousness of Northfield and Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts. I asked a Western woman in my class who had been in Cairo the same amount of time I had, what she thought of this place. After a moment of thought she unequivocally replied: "It's a filthy, noisy city full of rude people." Unarguably, Cairo is noisy and dusty and the men do gawk unabashedly at women, so this appraisal can certainly predominate in the heart with negligible challenge if it is not carefully and persistently re-examined.

The madness of traffic here would put the most daring New Yorkers to shame. Imagine 70-year-old women, in long flowing robes, crossing a major thruway (similar to one in the U.S.), stepping in front of moving cars, barely avoiding being hit, and you have an unexaggerated picture of downtown Cairo. Honking is literally as frequent as braking or accelerating; people commonly jump on and off moving, sardine-packed buses; near-missing pedestrians is a moment-to-moment phenomenon (though unfortunately the cars do not always miss); if you don't step in the path of a taxi, 30 feet away and speeding towards you, the driver thinks you're asking for a ride. In all, where I live is like a public high school corridor between periods, except the students are cars and buses, the babble is honking horns, and it is continuous.

I think the indigenous people find me a curiosity: a foreigner for one, a Korean foreigner (with a weird haircut) from America for another. But regardless, many certainly view foreigners as more than curiosities. Whenever I emerge from a building, I am accosted by heavily accented English: "Taxi? Taxi? Hello, my friend! What is your name? Where are you from? Yabanese? Chinese?...



A Neighborhood Map from Cairo, Near Tahrir Sq.

From America? But your face — Yabanese... oh — Korean! Welcome to Egypt! What would you like to see? Pyramids? Papyrus? Fruit? Come, I show you, I give you good service, have some tea... No! It is *rude* to refuse an Egyptian

for tea (and after receiving his "help" or drinking tea, you would be heavily pressured to buy from him or pay him.) And some are not as kind as I have just described — If the deluge is not stemmed immediately (hopefully politely as well), it would easily happen several times a day. Certainly, the sometimes-rude advances (not here described) are an opportunity to prove the grace God has given me.

To be sure, many nationals do offer kindness without ulterior motives. One man, uninvited, went 20 minutes out of his way to help me find my destination. Another man, also uninvited, boarded a bus with me, apparently just to ensure I got off at the right stop, and endured a 30-minute bus ride he probably did not intend to take. Neither man accepted money.

In all these dealings, I am reminded that "he who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty" (Psalm 91:1) and am stirred for those who live not in the shadow of our dear Lord, but in the "shadow of death" (Luke 1:79).

Once classes started, there was good news and a little bad news. The good news was that 1) I finally began to learn Arabic; 2) I met an active Christian worker in my class who has lived here for a year; 3) Of the 11 students in the section, six of us were believers. How encouraging that

finding was! The bad news was that Arabic turned out to be a much harder language that I'd imagined, and while the others in class already knew the alphabet (no easy task to know) and colloquial Arabic, I was seeing the cryptic script (and hearing the pronunciations) for the first time. (For those who've never had a significant exposure, it looks like this, from right to left: **ميدان التحرير**, where I live — Tahrir Square). The classes have been overwhelming, fun, and funny.

I have had the chance to meet with several believers here, and conversations have been informative in more ways than one. I asked them what the most difficult thing is they've faced while here. Their replies have included: learning the language, security, maintaining a walk with the Lord, raising a family. Also, everyone I spoke with (including health care providers) seems to agree that the health care system here can stand considerable improvement. I hope to meet with some doctors here.

There is some more I'd like to share but will do so later if it is possible. Till we have the opportunity to see each other again, may the Lord find us closely abiding in Him; God Bless You.

Harry Yoon

Harry, Berkeley '93, will be returning to Yale this fall at the Medical School as a first-year student. He believes that he may become a medical missionary to the Middle East. He spent six weeks in Egypt this summer, and as he explained before his departure: "I cannot in this letter convey all the spiritual background for the trip, except that God began to open my heart to those who had never heard the Gospel — especially in the Middle East — roughly three years ago."

المزمور المئة والسابع عشر

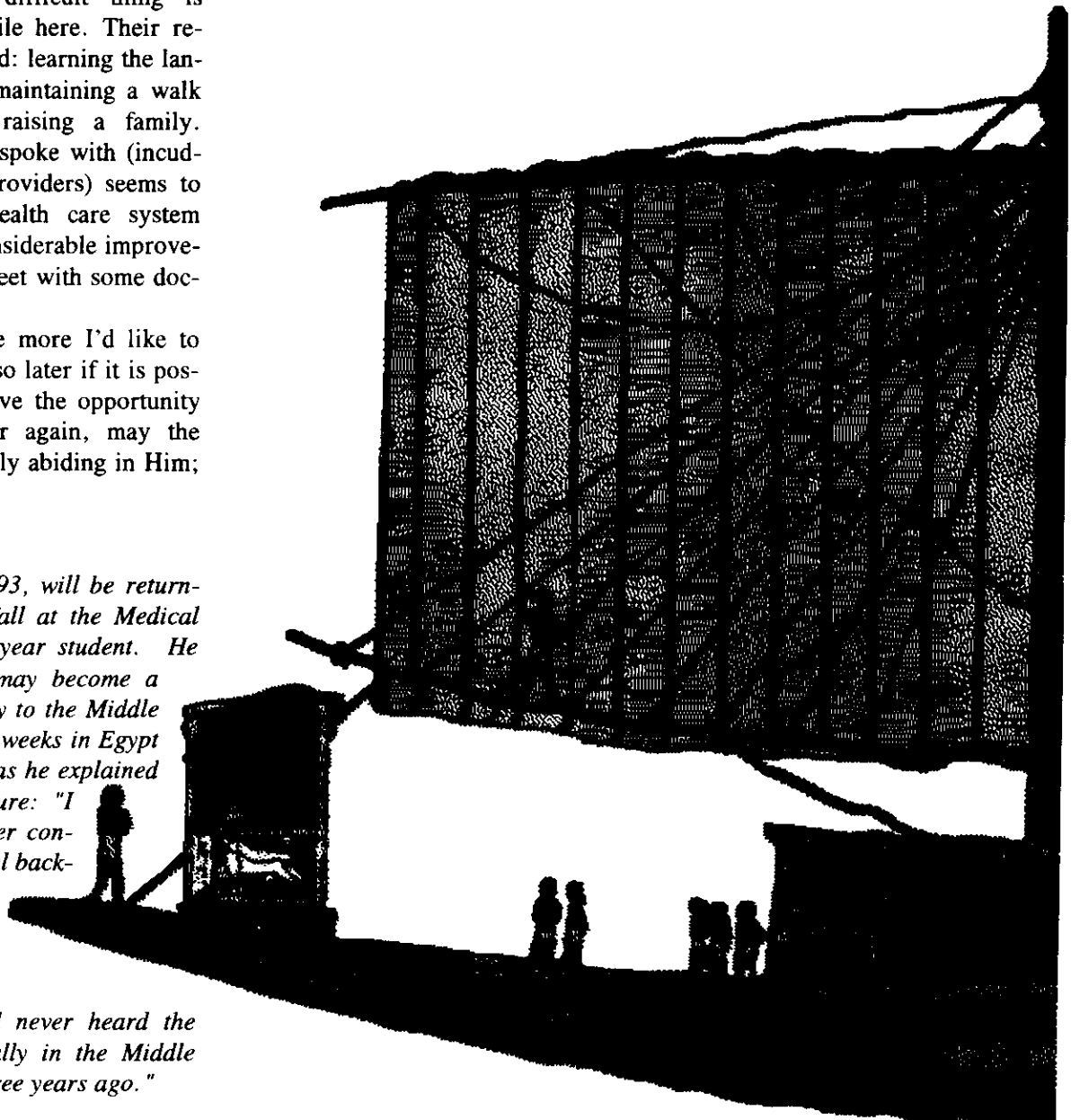
حسب على عهد الرب

اسجدوا الرب يا كل الامم حينئذ يا كل الشعوب. لان رحمته قد قويت علينا

وامانة الرب الى الدهر. مللونا

Psalm 117

*Praise the Lord, all you nations; extol him, all you peoples.
For great is his love toward us, and the faithfulness of the Lord
endures forever. Praise the Lord.*



The Peace of Jerusalem

I attended a wedding in Jerusalem this past July, an historic moment to be in Israel again. For the first time in forty-six years as a nation, Israel was promised peace with her closest neighbor: Jordan.

My friends among Colombian Jews who made "aliyah" ("going up" to Israel by immigration), and other Israelis, offered me a wide spectrum of reactions:

Ze'ev, who lives in the Jewish quarter of the Old City of Jerusalem, took part in demonstrations against the Israeli government, demanding new elections to decide if, in fact, the majority of Israelis would consider giving up the territories of Samaria and Judea.

Lior and Liuba, who made "aliyah" four years ago, live just north of Jerusalem in a settlement in the territory of Samaria. They suddenly face the prospect of losing their land to Palestinians.

Reuben, an Israeli businessman

who fought in the Six Day War in Jerusalem against the Jordanians, welcomes peace with Jordan. He believes it can lead to economic and industrial development for both countries, including joint exploitation of the mineral waters of the Dead Sea.

Yet, whether for or against negotiations, everyone expressed a troubling uncertainty. *Would there really be peace?* Would it really last? Now Yasser Arafat wants to negotiate Jerusalem. The Israelis say there is no negotiation of Jerusalem, the "eternal capital of Israel." More uncertainty.

Standing near the Western Wall at the base of Temple Mount in Jerusalem on T'sh B'Av (the date on the Hebrew calendar when both Temples were destroyed), an older lady lamented: "The air is filled with change, but we don't know what will happen."

What about Messiah? And the rebuilding of the temple? "Maybe tomorrow, maybe in a hundred years,"

a young lady, Shana, commented. She had made "aliyah" from Albany, New York, and found it exciting to live in the Old City.

Still, uncertainty dominated her view: "We don't know. Things change so fast. Yesterday we had Jericho. Today we don't. Yesterday we didn't accept Arafat. Today we do. We don't know what will happen tomorrow."

True enough: we live in a world of uncertainty. Yet it is possible and important to perceive God's hand at work.

At a youth village I know near Haifa, the director tells his Jewish students, who have immigrated from all over the world: "Did God bring us here just to let us disappear? No! We must see the thread of God's purpose even in the dark times and believe He will bring us through."

Indeed, from the perspective of centuries, Jerusalem as capital of a nation Israel stands as a sign and a

Silliman

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however, that although the physical world pointed to God and His power, an understanding of that could not provide full knowledge of God. "...I have also declared my belief that while natural religion stands as the basis of Revelation, consisting as it does of the facts and laws which form the domain of science, science has never revealed a system of

mercy commensurate with the moral wants of man." Silliman believed that not science but only God's word could reveal God's mercy. He wrote, "In Nature, in God's creation, we discover only laws, - laws of undeviating strictness, and sure penalties annexed for their violation. There is associated with natural laws no system of mercy; that dispensation is not revealed in Nature, and is contained in the Scriptures alone."

Silliman adhered to this belief to

the end of his life. He gave all the glory and honor to God for any of his life successes, and he did not trust in his own merits or understanding despite all the praise he received from men. He saw his deficiency before God and wholly leaned on Jesus for the salvation of his soul, which he deemed the greatest gain in life. At the age of eighty-four, a year before his death in 1864, he wrote,

"I am aware, blessed God, that my mind is dark and ignorant by nature; still, enough is brought to light in nature and revelation to justify our faith in what we cannot now understand; and what we know not now, we may know hereafter. My life has been prolonged to fourscore years and four. I trust, heavenly Father, that I am deeply grateful for this long life full of mercies, although very imperfectly requited to Thee by

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

***— Timothy Dwight, 1814 Baccalaureate Address
(Taken from a plaque in Dwight Hall)***

wonder of Divine sovereignty. No city on earth is like it--center of a people scattered into nearly 2,000 years' exile, and now again governing a nation of the exiles' great--...great-grandchildren.

Peace--Shalom--is written into Jerusalem's very name, yet it was attacked, captured, destroyed time after time over the 3,000 years of history we know. In King Solomon's day, it was the marvel of the civilized world, a shining city. In the depth of the Ottoman Empire's oppressive rule, it was a beleaguered, famished,

destitute shell.

Now it sits sovereign in the Beautiful Land (as Scripture calls it), yet uneasily aware of centuries of unreasoning hostility all around, and aware of its own fragility.

But, from a Biblical perspective, the city's restoration, predicted by the Hebrew prophets of long ago, lies centrally in the stream of God's sovereign purposes. In fact, according to the Scriptures, there is more to come.

Probably few people know the context in which the familiar "swords

into plowshares" peace promise is conveyed:

"In the last days the mountain of the Lord's temple will be established as chief among the mountains; it will be raised above the hills, and all nations will stream to it. Many peoples will come and say, 'Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob. He will teach us His ways, so that we may walk in His paths.' The law will go out from Zion, the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. He will judge between the nations and will settle disputes for many peoples. They will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation will not take up sword against nation, nor will they train for war anymore. Come, O house of Jacob, let us walk in the light of the Lord." (Isaiah 2:2-5.)

No other city so sits astride the long purposes God outlined through the prophets in the Bible, including those touching the coming of Messiah.

Between now and then, Jerusalem faces other fulfillments of prophecy. Some of them speak of challenging times, even terrible times that would threaten anyone's confidence in her future.

Whether we have visited or lived in Jerusalem, or only considered her from afar, we do well to step back from the political analysis, the tourist brochures, even the archaeology that beckons the curious. If we step back to the perspective of history we see that only God has preserved and restored her through many trials, and we are foolish indeed to rely on human schemes and wits to preserve her and all Israel.

Let us look instead to Israel's Maker. How wisely placed is that simple exhortation: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper who love thee." (Psalm 122, KJV)

Daniel Voll, Branford '74

שְׁמֵן שְׁלֹמֹה יְרוּשָׁלַיִם

I rejoiced with those who said to me, "Let us go to the house of the LORD." Our feet are standing in your gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is built like a city that is closely compacted together. That is where the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD, to praise the name of the LORD according to the statute given to Israel. There the thrones for judgment stand, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: "May those who love you be secure. May there be peace within your walls and security within your citadels." For the sake of my brothers and friends, I will say, "Peace be within you." For the sake of the house of the LORD our God, I will seek your prosperity.

Psalm 122

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the obedience due from a humble being to my great benefactor. To recite my mercies would be to recount the story of my life.... While recounting my mercies, I would not forget my sins and follies. When I compare my heart and life, O Thou infinite triune God! with the purity and strictness of the holy law, — with thy law which is all reasonable and right, — I feel how unreliable must be my hopes of salvation upon the ground of personal merit. Merit! Although we may feel that we have been just and kind to our fellow-men, we can have none that can justify us in the sight of God, — of a being of sinless perfection, of

boundless power, of strict justice, but, happily for poor sinful human beings, of mercy also, overshadowing all his other perfections. We need not approach Thee simply with fear and trembling, but with deep humility, and humble confidence that Thou art both able and willing to save those who come to Thee with sincere penitence and sorrow for sin, and trusting in thine infinite mercy. The bruised reed Thou wilt not break, and the smoking flax Thou wilt not quench (Isaiah 42:3). Thou hast justified our hopes of salvation if we come unto Thee, trusting in the divine Saviour."

Paulina Kim, Ezra Stiles '95
[Quotations taken from Benjamin Silliman, by George P. Fisher, Charles Scribner & Co., 1866]

Why are You Here?

"What does man gain from all his labor at which he toils under the sun? Generations come and generations go, but the earth remains forever. The sun rises and the sun sets, and hurries back to where it rises. The wind blows to the south and turns to the north; round and round it goes, ever returning on its course. All streams flow into the sea, yet the sea is never full. To the place the streams come from, there they return again. All things are wearisome, more than one can say. The eye never has enough of seeing, nor the ear its fill of hearing. What has been will be again, what has been done will be done again; there is nothing new under the sun." -Ecclesiastes 1:3-9

The trees start to bloom again. The breeze has become warm. It is graduation time: a time when people start storing memories for the future, a time of parting with friends. It is also a time, especially for those who have yet to graduate, to think seriously about their purpose for being at Yale.

All the awards, all the applause, all the glorification that comes at graduation suddenly seem shallow and satisfying only for a short time. At times we seem like paupers in princely robes, honoring ourselves but forgetting who we really are.

God says we are sinners.

I came to Yale a willful freshman with existentialism as my life philosophy; then things changed. I did not become a Christian without a miracle. God showed me my sins, and opened my eyes to see beyond my selfish dreams and ambitions. Yale is no longer a place where I pursue these things, but where I live for God. Now I know why I am at Yale.

And why are you here? Since you have one life to live, how are you living knowing that there is no cure for death? Since you have one life to learn, what would you like to

find out, before all is due and done? Life at its longest is short.

The trees will bloom and wither, the warm breeze will come and go. Every year there will be freshmen like you that come, just as every year there will be seniors that go. What will you take away with you when you graduate from Yale? Don't pursue things that are temporary. Rather, seek the things that will last forever. Refuse to be satisfied with empty honors and pleasures and find for yourself what will count for eternity.

Helen Sun, Calhoun '95

Jesus said: "I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full." John 10:10