



THE YALE STANDARD

Volume XII, No. 2

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 1995

Any student who enters Yale has a choice: he can "just get by," joining an activity here and there, or he can join God's purpose to transform Yale and an entire generation. If you take the first course, you will accomplish nothing worth being remembered, as Jesus said, "Without me, you can do nothing." If you choose God's way, you will get involved in His business of changing people's lives. You can continue the work of students who, instead of being conformed to the trends of the day, moved Yale and nations beyond with the force of their lives, and are known all over the world for it. You can be among those remembered by men and remembered by God. "He who does the will of God abides forever."

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The Yale
Standard
Bible Study
1995

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7 PM*

*Saturday in
WLH 209 at 7 PM*

*Prayer: Weekdays
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More From Yale's Files: Did You Know...?

It's easy to go through four years at Yale thinking the college has always been pretty much what it is today. But if you think that, think again. The following Yale facts, though not commonly known, are taken from sources readily available in the Yale library.

Did you know...?

- ...that at age 25 a certain Yale millionaire bequeathed almost all his inheritance to Christian missionary work, and himself set out to become a missionary to the Muslims of Northwest China?

This Yale was president of Phi Beta Kappa, class of 1909. His name was Bill Borden. (See Mrs. Howard Taylor's *Borden of Yale*.)

- ...that to the founder of Yale's medical school, the Yale of 1802 seemed like "A little temple; prayer and praise seem to be the delight of the greater part of the students...?"

Yale's medical school was founded by Benjamin Silliman, for whom Silliman College is named. Yale had not been "a little temple" in the years immediately preceding 1802, but spiritual renewal came that year. Silliman himself said to God "dispose of me according to thy own good pleasure; employ me in thy service; save me in thy own way..." (See George Park Fisher's *Benjamin Silliman*.)

- ...that one of Yale's best known cross-cultural exchange programs began as a missionary effort, conceived of and staffed by Yale students?

What is now known as Yale/China was once the Yale Foreign Missionary Society. The idea for a Yale mission in China started with students of the class of 1898.

- ...that a famous evangelist once received a petition from five hundred Yale undergraduates (then about 45% of the student body) asking him to come to the college to preach?

The time was the late 1870s, and the evangelist was D. L. Moody. The students were upset that though Moody had previously held meetings in New Haven, he had neglected to preach specifically to them. (See *Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale*, ed. Reynolds et al.)

- ...that a president of Yale once remarked at a University celebration that if Yale should ever "desert [God's] ways, and give herself up to evil and falsehood" he would not pray for her prosperity, but "rather pray that she may fall"?

Theodore Dwight Woolsey (For whom Woolsey Hall is named) made this remark at Yale's 150th anniversary celebration.

Marcna Fisher

Thank you

Special thanks to Phil and Juanita for graciously and patiently opening their home to the staff. You are beloved examples to us all. May a full measure, pressed down and shaken together, be poured into your lap.

Thanks also to the many others who helped produce this issue.

A Paratrooper's Tale

On the bleak winter day that set it all in motion, I knew only one thing: my father was dead, and I had some fast growing up to do.

I was 15, the eldest of three children, when my father had a heart attack and died. A woman relative took me aside at the funeral and said that as the number one son it was now up to me to become the man of the house. I'd have to be there in support of my mother, brother, and sister.

But who would teach me how to think and talk and dress and carry myself as a man? Who would be the role models? What was the quickest route to mature young manhood?

At 17, I found the answer. I'd sign up for the U.S. Army Airborne, the rugged paratroopers who are trained to jump into battle by parachute. The Army was the proverbial Man's World. I'd be surrounded by mature men. I could study them—their turns of thought and speech, absorb their values, and work to master the code by which they moved through life and prevailed.

I loved the military, made rank fast, and had a battalion commander wanting to sponsor me for West Point. But I decided I'd first volunteer for Vietnam. I

was assigned to the 173d Airborne Brigade, which by then was patrolling the lush coastal province of Binh Dinh in the Central Highlands region.

Sometimes at night, while on perimeter guard, I'd look up at the stars and think about the meaning of life. Why am I in this world? Where am I going? If I get killed in battle, is there life after death?

Some mornings, when the sun was coming up over the darkish mountains, pale mists lingered on the jungled slopes. But as the sun climbed higher, the heat would slowly burn the mists away.

The Bible says in James 4:14, "YOU DO

NOT EVEN KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TOMORROW. WHAT IS YOUR LIFE? YOU ARE A MIST THAT APPEARS FOR A LITTLE WHILE AND THEN VANISHES."

That, indeed, is the truth, clean, simple, uncomplicated about us all. We are mortals who have at best a few fleeting decades to live. We are here a little while, then we are gone.

The bonds between man and wife, parents and children, are all severed by death. Not only are these ended, but any

honors that may have been accorded us, any material thing we may have cherished—a house we had come to love, a favorite painting or garden—at the last, all we accomplished, all we knew and loved and wanted, falls away. Our world reduces to the narrow confines of a single hospital bed, and we can only wait for the final darkness to fall.

"What man can live and not see death, or save himself from the power of the grave?" asks Psalm 89.

For an 18-year-old in Vietnam, this fact—mortality—seemed the very

For an 18-year-old in Vietnam, the fact of mortality seemed the very essence of tragedy, vast, towering, immeasurable.

essence of tragedy, vast, towering, immeasurable.

The young Keats had felt it and envied the nightingale. It had been spared the knowledge of:

"The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs.

Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies."

And it triggered in me the same questions that teenagers and college students ask all over the world: Who am I? Why am I here? And while I am here, what is the way to live my life? What should I do and not do?

I was soon to have even more time to ponder these questions.

A day came when I was airlifted by helicopter onto a hill in the Song Cai Valley, northwest of the port city of Qui Nhon. We set up our weapons and dug in. Three days later Communist North

(continued on next page)



A Paratrooper's Tale

(continued from previous page)

Vietnamese regulars attacked the hill. We beat them back but I and six others were wounded in the opening moments of the assault. I spent the next two months in military hospitals in Vietnam, Japan and the U.S.

Vietnam and the months in the hospital worked into me a most acute and intense resolve: I would try forever after to squeeze, out of every waking moment, the absolute last drop of quality and benefit and enjoyment. I'd have lived the fullest life possible by the time my last day on the world's calendar came around.

Once I had recovered from my wounds, I was sent to an Airborne unit in Germany, and there I met a fellow-paratrooper who was a Christian.

In one sense, we were a study in contrasts. He was the picture of someone content with himself and with life.

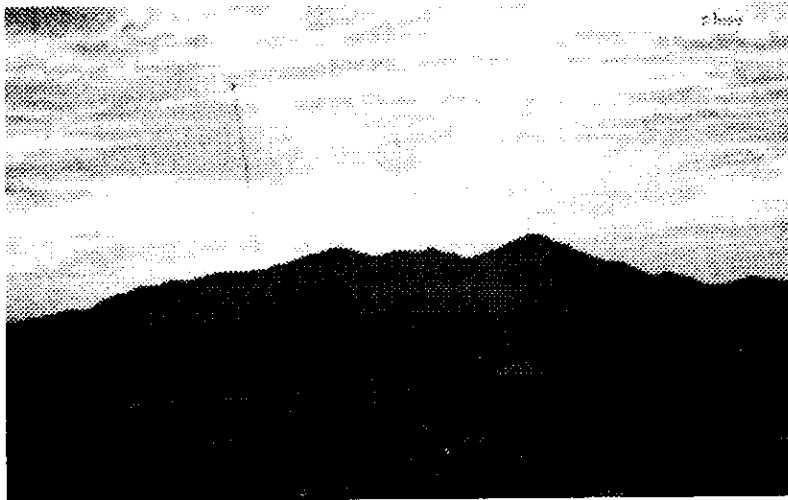
I was skeptical about religion, thinking it the refuge of the weak and deluded. Yet something rang very true about this fellow trooper.

His easy smile and clear-eyed confidence said so.

Outwardly, I knew, I struck others as being self-assured. In fact, I was a hollow, hungry vessel, starving for love and meaning.

And I was casting about in all directions to fill the void. Yet carousing and camaraderie, I found, couldn't do it.

Getting drunk couldn't do it. Neither would relationships with women. Nor would music or literature. World travel—whether to Vietnam where history was being made, or to the cities of the Old World where history stood in every street—this too could not anchor my soul.



Northern Binh Dinh Province, 1971

Piese

Because after every high, there was the coming down. After every GI weekend, the waking up. And whether the head awoke off the hard ground of an Asian hillside or on a pillow in a barracks in Germany, only the venue was different: the still-present inner hunger was the same.

This paratrooper seemed to have what I'd been always seeking and never finding. But how could I get it? I struck up a conversation and soon learned he was a believer in Jesus Christ.

I was skeptical about religion, thinking it the refuge of the weak and deluded. Yet something rang very true about this fellow trooper.

So we'd have long talks.

He told me that the Bible's claims were not propositions merely, but life-changing realities that could be experienced day-to-day. God, he said, is the Creator of the universe, and God loves each person he's made.

God cares about me intimately, he said. He knows my hurts and needs and searchings. And God was eager to bring me into friendship with him. He'd give me the gift of eternal life. I wouldn't have to fear physical death anymore.

For a Christian, death wouldn't be the end of life; it would be the passage to God's home in heaven.

God wanted also to invest me with his own Spirit to produce purity and godliness in me. Where there had been emptiness, there would now be wisdom and renewal—with joy.

In fact, my friend said, he found his God-given joy to be so strong at times, it seemed it would all but burst from his chest.

Love, joy, peace. Exactly what I lacked, exactly what I wanted.

But even if these things were true, I doubted I could live the Biblical way. God says, "Love others." But if I disliked someone, even found them contemptible,

I couldn't love them. And swearing. As a Christian, I wouldn't be free to use profanity. What if I wanted to tear into someone verbally? How could I be sure I wouldn't curse them out, even though God says not to? No, I said, I really doubted I could start the Christian life and stay the course.

The answer surprised me: my friend said, right, I could not live a Biblical life—not, that is, in my own power. God knew that. By his Spirit he would enable me supernaturally to live a godly life.

I mulled these things over for several days. My friend was sincere—but maybe only sincerely deluded.

On the other hand, what if all these things were true? He'd shown me in the Bible John 14:6, where Jesus said: "I am the way and the truth and the life; no one comes to the Father except through me." If these things were true, there was simply nothing left but to fly into God's arms for eternal life with him and ask for a changed life right now.

In the barracks one afternoon, my friend asked if I wanted to come to God. I said yes.

He led me in a short prayer in which

I acknowledged to God that I had lived a life that had broken his laws and that neither honored nor worshipped him. I asked God to forgive me and grant me eternal life. I asked him to change me and make me his friend. I said that I would submit to his authority as the Sovereign God. I said I'd trust him to help me live his way.

When we finished praying, we looked at each other and I heard myself say—the words sprang so quickly—"My emptiness is gone!"

I knew at once that I was changed. In but an instant, a fullness and contentment had entered me that surpassed any of the best moments I'd ever known.

It was the prompt beginning of a transformation of my entire life.

I awoke the next day with that new contentment still fresh and full. I saw the world through new eyes. Even—and I mean this literally—the green of the hills and the blue of the sky seemed richer, though of course they were surely just their usual hues.

This joyous vitality and new purpose came not from my human soul or some earthly inspiration. It was God Himself. The Bible says in 2 Corinthians 5:17: "Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come!"

I little knew, looking out across the perimeter those nights in Vietnam, that what I hungered for I would find only a few months later, in the person of Jesus Christ. I heard. I believed. I acted. In the years since, these words from Psalm 16 would come to stand as an emblem of my life, present and future

"You have made known to me the path of life; you will fill me with joy in your presence, with eternal pleasures at your right hand."

Franklin Fisher

Photo of Vietnam soldier, 1970 is not of the author. All photos taken from *Sky Soldier*, Spring 1971



*The Sovereign LORD is my strength;
He makes my feet like the feet of a deer, he enables me to go on the heights (Habakkuk 3).*

F A I T H

- A. A young man of 21. Pale face, tall lithe, serious.
 - a. A solitary walk—on the edge of a precipice.
 - Introspective—irritated—
 - On the verge of the greatest discovery of his life.
 - b. Not long after—another solitary walk.
 - Animated, face lit up—the great discovery was made.
- B. What was the discovery?/ 1st walk. What shall I do?
 - Discovery
 - Not what I am—but what God is
 - Not what shall I do—but what God has done.
 - Eyes on himself—Place them on God
 - Eyes on his actions—Place them on God's
- C. Have I nothing to do then?
 - Yes, nothing but believe.

Rom 10 *"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus is Lord & believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."*

Notes from a sermon by Eric Liddell,
gold medalist, 1924 Olympics (portrayed in *Chariots of Fire*),
and missionary to China

Horace Tracy Pitkin: Yale's First Martyr

"Short as was his life, I never knew him to waste a moment of it."

Horace Tracy Pitkin lived thirty years. Yet from the time he entered Yale as a freshman in 1888 until 1900 when he died as a martyr in China, Pitkin accomplished more in "twelve glorious years of crowded life" than most people do in a lifetime. He was not especially well known on campus, but he more than any other student was a leader in the Christian missionary movement that sprung from Yale during the last decade of the 1800's. The memorial that hangs in the Woolsey rotunda, erected by his classmates after his death, speaks of his influence on his generation of college students and the world.

Tracy Pitkin was a "good all-around student"—one of many in the entering freshman class. He was a conscientious student, an expressive improviser on the piano, and a versatile athlete with an active interest in tennis, football, and rowing. Yet what distinguished him from among his classmates was his sincerity.

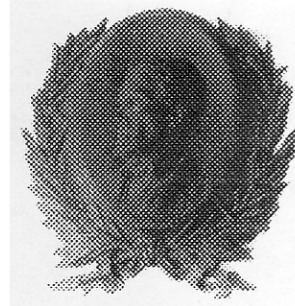
One student wrote, "Horace Pitkin,

or 'Tracy,' roomed just across the hall from me in Lawrence, so that I often heard his voice in the same entry, and listened to his playing the piano in his room. He was pre-eminently a religious man, not a recluse, not a bigot, not a wiseacre, but on the contrary a strong, cheery, healthy fellow. His sincerity was shown once when, speaking of the cause to which he gave his life, he said to me, 'I would die for it.' And how little I could comprehend then a Boxer uprising and his name among those who gained a martyr's crown."

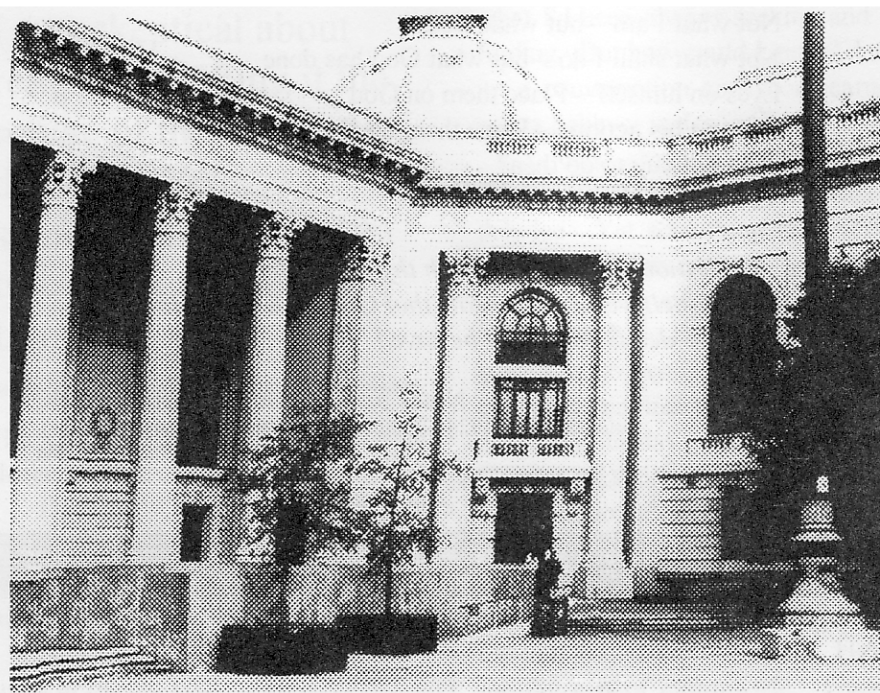
H. W. Luce, who followed Pitkin to China as a missionary (also the father of Henry Luce, founder and publisher of *Life and Time*) described Pitkin's conduct at Yale: "Immediately upon entering college, he identified himself with its religious interests. Not a few men made

shipwreck of their college Christian life, or at least made it null and void of power, during those four precious college years, just because they waited to see how things 'went' religiously in college, not realizing that the position one takes the first few weeks will, in the majority of cases, determine the religious trend of one's whole college life. Not so Pitkin. He was governed always by the inward principle and life, and he at once took his stand regardless of any outward conditions." Strong in his convictions, Pitkin refused the gambling, smoking, or in general, the carousing which were the trends of his day.

During the summer after his freshman year, Pitkin made a decision that affected the rest of his course at Yale. He attended the Northfield Student Conference, which was a voluntary



Detail from the Pitkin memorial.



The Horace Tracy Pitkin memorial can be found inside the Beinecke entrance to Woolsey Hall.

MEMORIAL
HORACE TRACY PITKIN
BORN IN 1869 AT PHILADELPHIA
GRADUATED
IN 1888 AT ENFIELD ACADEMY
AT YALE COLLEGE IN 1892
AND AT UNION THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY IN 1896
THREE YEARS MISSIONARY IN CHINA
KILLED AT HIS POST
IN PAO TING FU
BY THE BOXERS, JULY 1900.

WHOEVER SHALL LOSE HIS LIFE
FOR MY SAKE AND THE GOSPEL'S
THE SAME SHALL SAVE IT

summer meeting held to foster missionary interest in Christian students. Though he had "always had in the back of his mind to become a missionary or a minister," it was there that he quietly and resolutely committed himself to God, particularly God's work in foreign missions.

Pitkin returned to Yale a fairly obscure sophomore. Yet with steady effort and prayer and full devotion to God, Pitkin kindled the missionary interest at Yale. Under his leadership, the Yale Band was formed which later became Yale Mission in China. By his senior year, the Yale Band had 24 student volunteers, many of them prominent men in the college, who later served in foreign countries as Christian missionaries.

In New Haven, Pitkin would visit different churches and youth groups to raise money in support of the missionaries. He also worked at the Grand Avenue Rescue Mission every Sunday and there aided the homeless and drunkards.

G. Sherwood Eddy, Pitkin's classmate and later missionary to India, said of Pitkin, "He was perhaps the most consecrated man in the class. It was he, among the two thousand in the university, who was first ready to hear God's call to the foreign field. The rest of us, I think, were not within calling distance. Each had his own ambitions and plans; he was the first to be ambitious for God and his kingdom. And having yielded his own life, he became a tireless worker where he was. He did not postpone his life, he lived then."

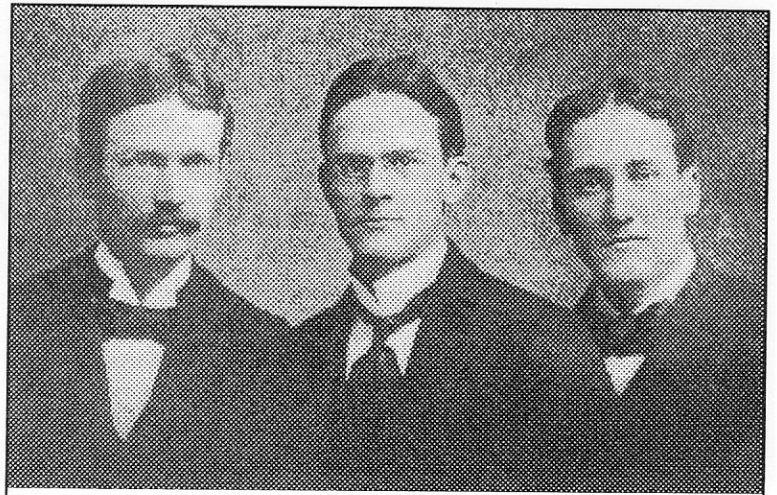
After graduation, Pitkin entered Union Theological Seminary in New York. His love of serving God made him the natural spokesman for the cause of foreign missions not only within the institution, but in the churches of New York and Brooklyn and later in the colleges of New England. For three years, he challenged Christian students with the call to foreign missionary service, even going as far as the major colleges in the Midwest. These colleges in turn supplied the strength of the missionary movement in America at the turn of the century.

In 1895, Pitkin and those who had gone to other parts of the U.S. returned east to speak at Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York. "In Philadelphia," G. S. Eddy wrote, "We prayed for deeper unity and greater power. On the

morning of the last day, I remember hearing the saintly Peter Scott, then just returned from Africa, praying that Pitkin might be filled with greater blessing. I do not know how Pitkin spent the day. He was alone in prayer, and so were we. But I shall not forget hearing him that night. It was evident that something had happened between his soul and God. It was evident that the Spirit of Jesus Himself in all he said and did. It was a mass meeting of students and though it was already late, he held the entire audience with great power."

After arousing missionary interest in the United States, Pitkin and his newly-wed wife went to China as self-supporting missionaries. Pitkin lived among the Chinese, learning their language, but he had not been in China long when a fanatical political-religious sect called the Boxers began to take over the country. Motivated by a hatred toward foreigners, they began to set fire to mission compounds and to kill Christian missionaries along with the Chinese associated with them.

In 1900, the Boxers had sealed off all exits from Paotingfu, the city where Pitkin was stationed. Despite the perilous situation, his love for the Chinese did not wane. A Chinese messenger managed to escape the city with Pitkin's last wish for his wife and son who at that time were in Ohio: "Tell the mother



Henry Luce '92
Missionary to China

G. S. Eddy '91S
Missionary to India

H. T. Pitkin '92
Missionary to China

of little Horace to tell Horace that his father's last wish was that when he is twenty-five years of age, he should come to China as a missionary."

On the first of July, through a pouring rain, a mob organized by the Boxers attacked Pitkin's mission compound from the front and back. Pitkin attempted to defend the women and children in the mission, but the mob soon burst through the gate and captured Pitkin in the mission school yard. There, he was beheaded.

The earnestness and intensity of his whole-souled devotion to God led one peer to describe him thus: "Straight, strong, with a clear eye and sensitive mouth, whether in fun or in earnest, always doing with his might what he had found to do. Perhaps that was his most striking characteristic. He was no faultless saint. I have known more gentle, more lovable men, greater scholars, deeper thinkers, but never have I known any one with such power of translating faith into action. With him, to believe was to do."

"Short as was his life, I never knew him to waste a moment of it."

Yuna Lee, Saybrook '94

Quotations taken from G. S. Eddy's
*Horace Tracy Pitkin: Missionary, Advocate,
and Martyr*

Recommended



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g

- *Hudson Taylor* by J. Hudson Taylor
Hudson Taylor learned to trust God for all things, large and small. The foundational experiences of a pioneer missionary to China, told in his own words.
- *The Hiding Place* by Corrie Ten Boom
The true story of a Dutch family imprisoned in Nazi death camps for saving Jews. The book testifies that "there is no pit so deep that the love of God is not deeper still"
- *God's Smuggler* by Brother Andrew
He smuggled Bibles across the Russian border when there was still an Iron Curtain. A remarkable story of God's power and faithfulness
- *The Little Woman* by Gladys Aylward
An English house maid to goes to China in the 1920's to serve God. Her assets? Faith and nine pence

- *The Bible, the Supernatural, and the Jews* by McCandlish Phillips
What you don't know about the supernatural *can* hurt you. A careful guide to what the Bible teaches about the spiritual world.
- *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan
Christian has left the City of Destruction, but it's a long road to the Celestial City. How he overcame along the way.
- *Death of a Guru* by Rabi R. Maharaj
Neighbors and friends worshipped Rabi Maharaj as a guru, but he knew something was wrong inside. An amazing story of God's delivering power.
- *The Pursuit of God* by A.W. Tozer
Have you ever thirsted for God? Have you ever longed for him? How God steps out to meet our desire to know him.



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Shall I empty-handed be?

Shall I empty-handed be when beside the crystal sea
I shall stand before the everlasting throne?
Must I have a heart of shame as I answer to my name,
With no works that my Redeemer here can own?

What regret must then be mine when I meet my Lord Divine,
If I've wasted all the talents He doth lend?
If no soul to me can say, "I am glad you passed my way;
For 'twas you who told me of the sinner's Friend."

If my gratitude I'd show unto Him who loves me so,
Let me labor till the evening shadows fall;
That some little gift of love I may bear to realms above,
And not empty-handed be when comes the call.

When the harvest days are past, shall I hear Him say at last,
"Welcome, toiler, I've prepared for thee a place?"
Shall I bring Him golden sheaves, ripened fruit not faded leaves,
When I see the blessed Saviour face to face?

When the books are opened wide, and the deeds of all are tried,
May I have a record whiter than the snow;
When my race on earth is run, may I hear Him say, "Well, done!"
Take the crown that love immortal doth bestow.

Rev. N.A. McAulay and Maud Frazer

Color Don't

"Hey, ching, chong, chang!"

My palms started to feel cold and clammy despite the sunny warmth of the afternoon. "They're talking about me." I thought as I spotted three African-American boys, about 12 or 13 years old, grinning at me with their arms crossed. I walked ahead without stopping. I had learned to do this in elementary school every time my classmates addressed me, the only Asian kid in the class, with a racial epithet or made fun of my "slanty" eyes.

Fortunately for me back then, a new girl soon joined our class and became their new target for teasing. I admit with shame that I did not courageously defend the poor girl but instead felt relieved that they had found a new victim. I eventually made peace with my classmates, and my tormentors soon became my friends.

Yet, as a college student fifteen years later, I realized that time and experience did not make me immune to the sting of racial slurs. I felt just as puzzled and hurt as the little girl who did not understand why people would be mean just because she looked different. And just like the little girl who cried when she got home, I started to cry as soon as I arrived at my dorm room. My self-esteem was hurt, and I felt a self-righteous anger that wanted someone to teach those boys that they were wrong.

Yet, my heart's hardness toward the boys also troubled me. With alarm, I realized that if I were in their situation, I would be equally capable of doing what they did to me. During my junior year in high school, this same realization of the evilness in my own heart was one of the factors that led me to Jesus Christ. At the time, I was a self-professed atheist who felt uncomfortable about Jesus' claims to divinity. Yet, I was attracted by the life and teaching of a man who loved and forgave his persecutors, though he did nothing wrong. When I understood that Christ died for me, even while I was still a sinner (Romans 5), my skepticism gave way to amazement and acceptance.

Although I have chosen to follow Jesus Christ and all His teachings, my attitude toward the boys that day revealed my inability to love or forgive them to the full extent that Christ commands: "Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another" (John 13). That evening I prayed, "Lord, I want to love, but I cannot do it with my own human heart. Teach me to love as you do."

The Lord answered my prayer the following morning as I headed for the laundry room with a bag of dirty clothes.

The basement is usually quiet at this time of day, but that morning there was a loud and spirited argument between several members of the custodial staff. Although

"You are all sons of God through faith in Christ Jesus, for all of you who were baptized into Christ have clothed yourselves with Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Galatians 3).

Mean a Thing

the door of their workroom was partly closed. I guessed that the voices belonged to two women and one man, all African-American. Although I had no intention of eavesdropping, I heard one of the women say, "It's not like we're perfect. But we gotta be on our knees everyday to repent..." My pulse quickened because she was talking about someone whom we both knew personally—she was talking about our Lord Jesus. The voices and images of the previous afternoon flashed through my mind, and I debated with myself for a few seconds before I hesitantly knocked on the door and waited for a response.

"Come in!"

I peered into the room and saw that I had guessed right. From the surprise in their faces, I also surmised that they probably did not receive many visits from students, especially at 8 o'clock in the morning.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but did I hear someone talking about Jesus?"

"Yup. What about him?"

"Well, uh, I just wanted to stop in to praise Him and tell you how encouraged I was just to hear you say His name this morning."

There were two seconds of stunned silence. Then, to my relief, all three of them started to nod and expressed their assent verbally: "Amen! That's all right!" After that icebreaker, we exchanged a few greetings with each other until I turned around to leave. As I closed the door behind me, I heard one of the women say, "You see, color don't mean a thing..." I did not need to hear anything else, for I understood. Because of Jesus Christ's death on the cross, I can call this woman my sister, regardless of ethnic, racial or socio-economic differences. At that point, I could let go of any resentment toward the boys I encountered the previous day, for I began to see them not as three hoodlums but as boys whom Jesus so fiercely loves that he did not spare his own life so that they might be reconciled to their Creator.

"For Christ's love compels us, because we are convinced that One died for all, and therefore all died. And he died for all, that those who live should no longer live for themselves, but for him who died for them and was raised again. So from now on we regard no one from a worldly point of view" (2 Corinthians 5).

Pearl Chin, Ezra Stiles '96

Examining the Blood

Is the power of Jesus' blood at work in your life?

Christianity rests on the foundational belief that the only way to God is through Jesus Christ, whose blood atones for sin. The "power of Jesus' blood," however, exists as more than a common religious expression and extends far beyond a new believer's initial experience of it. Just as blood constantly flows through our natural bodies to sustain life, the blood of Jesus continually courses in the spiritual being of those who have identified with His death and resurrection.

By comparing the function of blood in our natural bodies with the function of His blood in our spiritual lives, we can recognize more clearly how His blood constantly cleanses, nourishes, heals, and protects all who actively believe in Him.

Cleansing

One of the most important functions of blood is to clear away the waste each cell produces as it lives and functions. If blood were unable to do this, the accumulation of waste would become so toxic that it would kill the cell. Without the blood of Jesus, we are all dead in our wrongdoing against God because His Word tells us that the punishment of sin is death. The accumulation of everything that we have done wrong (every little lie, bitterness, hatred, selfish ambition...) condemns us to death before such a holy, awesome, and perfect God.

The blood of Jesus washes away the sins of an unbeliever the *moment* he asks for forgiveness and accepts Him to be his personal Savior. However, even the most mature believer must continue to depend on the cleansing power of Jesus' blood. We would be deceiving ourselves if we now claimed to be without sin (1 John 1)

In order for us to move forward in our walks with our Lord and to pray effectively, we must draw near to God, learn to be sensitive to sin, and keep our accounts clear before God—by *continually* seeking the cleansing power of Jesus' blood in our lives. Our desire to be ever perfect before Him should be as David's "Search

me, O God, and know my heart, test me...see if there is any offensive way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting" (Psalm 139).

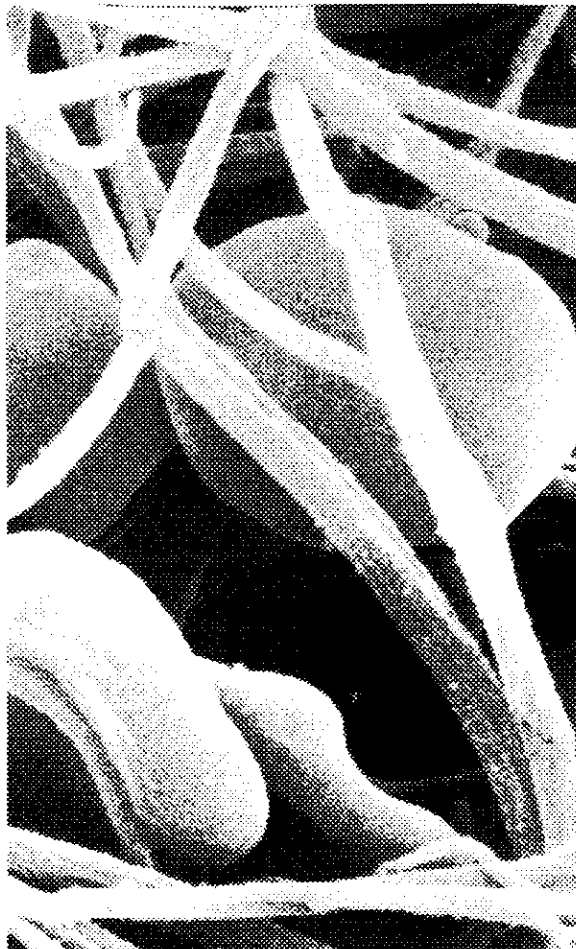
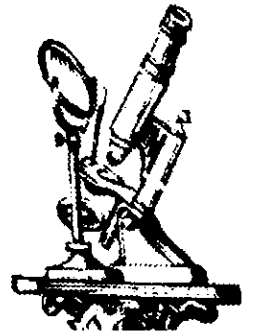
Nourishing

Most of our bodies' cells do not have direct access to the food and oxygen they need to live and function. All that we eat is of no use unless it is properly digested and then delivered for use by every living cell. And all the oxygen that we

draw in through our mouths and noses into our lungs is of no use if nothing in our bodies could deliver it, even to the cells in the tips of our toes. Blood functions as the medium by which nutrients are delivered to maintain the health, life, and replication of the individual cells of our bodies.

Jesus' blood is a similar source of life for the born-again believer. It not only removes all that is unclean, but continues to deliver to the new creation all that His sacrificial love purchased for us: *life abundant, joy overflowing, love unsearchable*. Through His blood, Jesus offers spiritual bread and living water to nourish and strengthen all those who belong to Him. The incredible love that His shed blood represents meets the need and fully satisfies the emptiness of all who turn to Him and seek Him with all their hearts. He alone provides *true* nourishment and satis-

faction that will never be found in any other relationship, hobby, job, entertainment, person, or object.



Lennart Nilsson

Fibrin strands help the blood to clot.

Healing

If our blood did not clot in the event of even the smallest paper cut, we would eventually bleed to death. The role of blood in forming clots and healing wounds can be easily overlooked. Blood carries a host of factors and cells that promote healing; the response to injury is immediate, and critical components in the blood set off a cascade of events that rapidly plug and heal the wound.

In the same way, the blood of Jesus not only cleanses us from sin and nourishes us, but also heals us when we are hurt or injured. Accepting Christ as Lord and Saviour doesn't mean life without hurt, pain, and disappointment. It does mean, however that we acquire the grace, mercy, and comfort of God to handle, and even be victorious in dealing with, the trials and difficulties that come our way. And why not, if our Lord gave Himself to beating, bruising, and shedding of blood in our place, so that in His death, we might have life? Jesus knew hurt and suffering, overcame it, and is able to heal the gaping wounds we may suffer today.

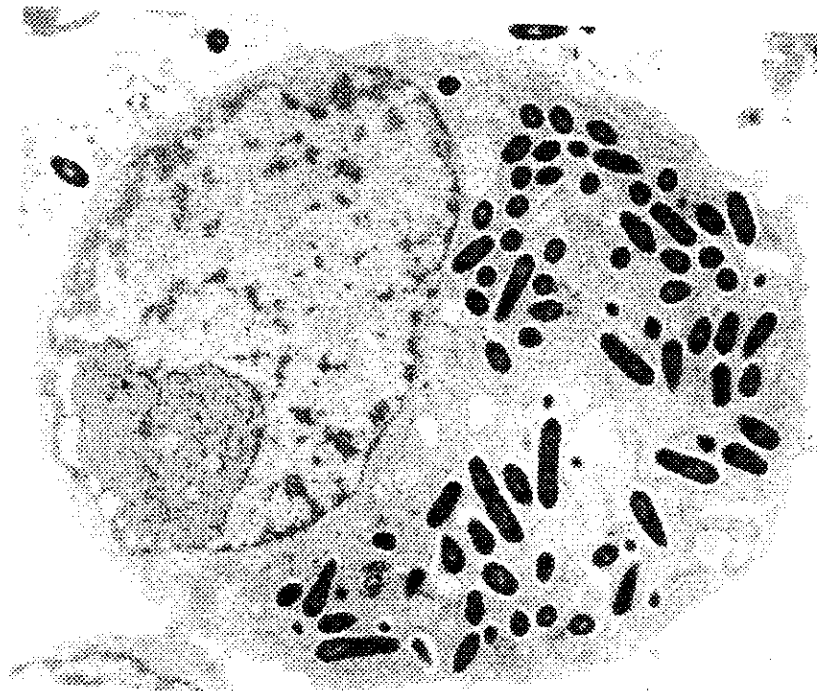
Protecting

Among the most critical components of blood are the cells that defend the body against foreign substances or invading organisms. The consequence of immunodeficiency, as in the case of AIDS, is frightening: we become susceptible to numerous bacterial and viral infections that we were once able to fight off. Some cells randomly gobble up foreign material, while others specifically recognize, and then mount an attack against, that which is foreign. Through an intricate signaling system, these cells rapidly relay information to other cells and alert them to mount up a defense and counter-attack against the foreign invasion.

Likewise, Jesus' blood sensitizes the Christian to right, God-pleasing things versus "foreign", God-displeasing things. His blood not only saves and heals, but also under-

girds the Christian's warfare. Through Jesus' blood, we can rise up, defeat the schemes of the devil, and take hold of God's victory for our own lives as well as those around us. Revelation 12:11 states that the blood of the Lamb—Christ's sin offering in our behalf—and the testi-

mony concerning His sacrifice, enables the saints to overcome the accusing enemy. Not even the strongest, most intelligent, discerning believers could stand a chance against Satan's schemes apart from the protective cover of Jesus' blood. By His blood, we not only stand in the day of battle, but we also move forward, advancing His kingdom and bringing down the strongholds of the enemy.



Paul Webster

A white blood cell called a macrophage engulfs bacteria (the dark ovals).

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We usually don't think much about blood, yet by *analyzing*

a person's blood, the doctor can find out a wealth of information about that person's health that a surface examination alone would not reveal.

If "blood" were to be drawn from your spiritual constitution today, what would it reveal about the state of your spiritual health? Are you well because you are effectively recognizing and using the power of Jesus' blood coursing through you? Is there accumulated dirt, unsatisfied hunger and thirst, gaping wounds, or stagnation? Did Jesus shed his blood so that you can live as you are living now? Have you taken hold of ALL that He offers you?

For indeed, His divine power has given us everything we need for life and godliness through our knowledge of Him. He gives us exceedingly great and precious promises so that through them we may participate in the divine nature and escape the corruption in the world (2 Peter 1, NKJV)

Lisa Chan, Silliman '94

Campus Stirrings

Nothing quite like it had occurred at Yale for at least the last 30 years.

Bearing two guitars, a banjo, accordion, violin, and a few tambourines, a 20-member crew bunched behind a microphone on Cross Campus lawn late this past summer.

Mostly former or current Yalies, they attend classes during the week or work at law firms, hospitals, boarding schools, or biology laboratories. On this Saturday afternoon, however, they sang and spoke openly about what, to them, matters most.

"You may have heard that there is no God," began Sharon Kim, Calhoun '93 and Yale graduate student in English. "that God does not care about you, or that you can't know Him. But those are lies. There is a God. He does care about you, and you can get to know Him. He sent his Son to die in our place, so that we would not have to die in our sin and go to hell."

Seated on CCL's ledge or lawn, or leaning over Berkeley's South Court wall, students listened to the singing and to the half dozen who spoke. Passersby either joined them or walked by, several curious about what was going on, a few shaking their heads. Some politely refused the free Christian literature, while others—sometimes engaging briefly in conversation—accepted.

This was not the first time Yalies have preached on campus this century.

At least since the 1960's to the present, groups of four or five, as well as individuals, have shared the Gospel with students in college Common Rooms, the Old Campus, Beinecke Plaza, CCL lawn, or Woolsey rotunda. Students' responses have ranged from conviction to hostility, the former perhaps more common near the start of this century.

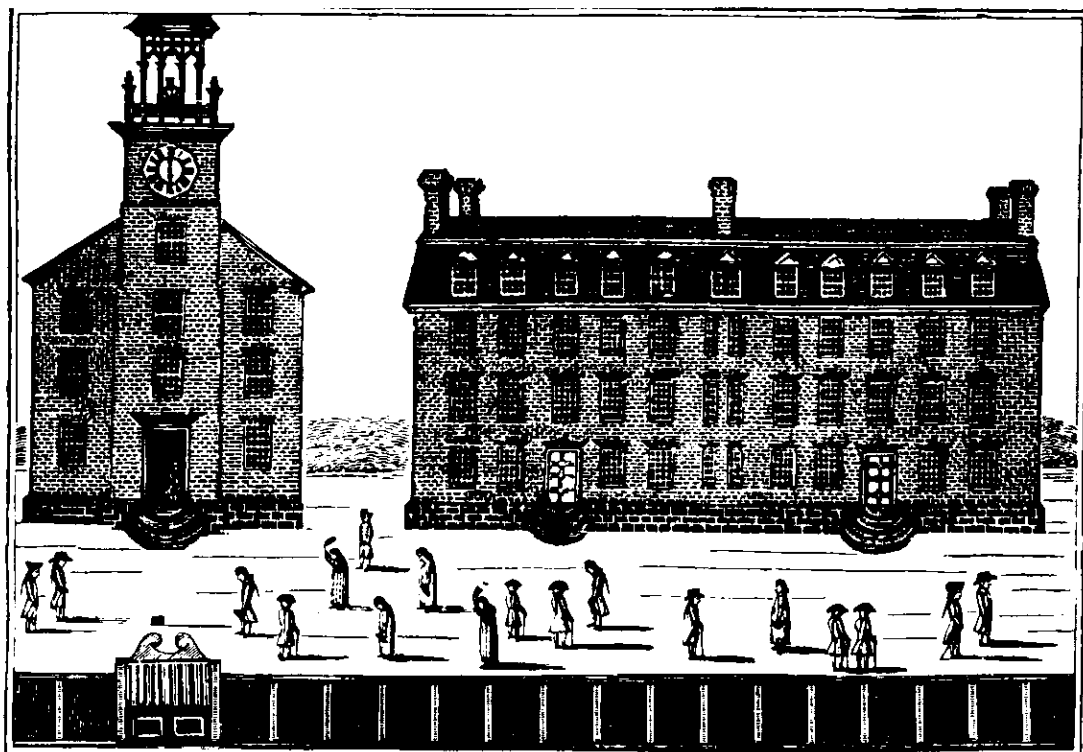
"The class of 1909 graduated more Christian missionaries from Yale than any other before or since," Philip Chamberlain, Branford '70 and a banker on Wall Street, explained. "But in the years that followed, as the Social Gospel spread, as classes cycled through, the spiritual vigor was leached little by little. By the latter 1920's there was little evidence of it left."

Saturday's preaching—perhaps one evidence of its potential return—follows less than half a year after campus-wide spiritual stirrings at other colleges (see the article, "At Evangeli-

cal Colleges, a Revival of Repentance," *The New York Times*, Sunday, April 30, 1995, page 30).

"We want people to know Jesus—He's the only one who can save," Vivian Kim, Silliman '96, replied when asked why she had come out to preach on CCL lawn. She and a few others plan to preach this coming year, as they have before. "Whether a large group goes out this year depends a lot on our willingness to share the Truth we've found. What's exciting is that a lot of repentance and growth has been happening, and the preaching is a natural outcome of our growing relationship with the Lord."

Harry Yoon, Berkeley '93
Medicine '98



YALE COLLEGE IN JUNE, 1786.