



THE YALE STANDARD

Volume XII, 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

September 1995

Welcome!

Welcome to Yale! Amid the welcoming chorus of residential colleges, academic deans, recruit-hungry organizations and scores of hopeful vendors, you have plenty to stoke the fires of excitement and anticipation. You are finally here, and we are glad you came.

We hope you will take a few minutes to look at this *Yale Standard*, an informal substitute for that face-to-face conversation that is generally so much better, but not always possible.

As Yale freshmen, we learned what a challenge it is to find one's place in the Yale community.

For the most part we found the personal choices—priorities, friendships—more difficult than the academic choices. After all, we had a lot of practice with academic challenges, but not as much with the broad range of

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David Brainerd, Freshman 1739

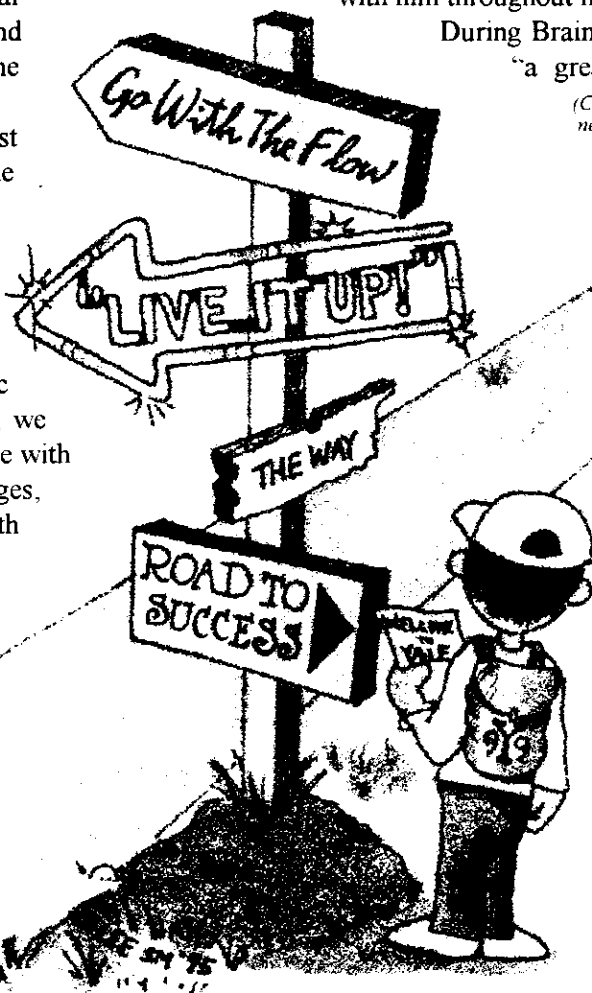
Over the years thousands of freshmen have come to Yale. They have studied four years, graduated, and passed into obscurity. Others have left an indelible mark on the university.

David Brainerd was one Yale student who did not "pass to be forgotten like the rest." Although he died before age thirty, his biographies are still being printed, and his personal journal is considered a classic in American literature.

Brainerd entered Yale at age 21, fearing lest he "should not be able to lead a life of strict religion in the midst of so many temptations," as he put it. So he began to pray for help. "I was spending some time in prayer and self-examination, when the Lord by His grace so shined into my heart that I enjoyed full assurance of His favor. Passages of God's Word opened to my soul with divine clearness, power, and sweetness... with clear and certain evidence of its being the Word of God." This assurance stayed with him throughout his years at Yale.

During Brainerd's sophomore year,
"a great and general

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Smart Investing

Lately I've been thinking about investing. As an English major I didn't learn much about stocks, commodities, CDs, IRAs, money market accounts, annuities, mutual funds, bonds....

Now, my eyes are wide open to the financial industry. It's risky waters, you have to know what you're doing, but even a novice knows what the goal is: get the largest return on what you put in. As I come across financial information, my eyes go straight to the numbers—6.8%, 14%, 22.3%! That's a pretty good percentage yield. How do I invest in that?

Imagine if there was a stock, bond, CD, mutual fund that *guaranteed* a 50% return on your money. Impossible, yes, but if there was, everyone would invest in it. What if there was one with a 100% return?

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1995 Bible Studies and Prayer Meeting

Bible Studies :

Wednesday and Saturday at 7 pm

Prayer Meetings :

Monday through Friday at 8 am

Meetings will be in

BRANFORD CHAPEL

in the base of Harkness Tower

Saturday meetings in WLH 210

Welcome

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personal choices available at Yale.

The intensity of life on this campus convinced each of us that we needed a hand (actually, a Hand) to get through personally and abundantly. We found the decisive answer to the whole spectrum of our insufficiency in a personal relationship with Jesus Christ, and a handbook for Yale life in the Bible itself.

This has been a short, one-way introduction, but we *would* like to meet you and get acquainted at any of the meetings listed in *The Yale Standard* schedule above. We have been praying that God would bless your coming to Yale.

The Staff of *The Yale Standard*

Brainerd

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awakening spread itself over the college." He wrote, "I was much quickened and more abundantly engaged." Concerned with the spiritual welfare of his classmates, he "visited each room in the college, and discussed freely and with great plainness" the gospel of Jesus.

Brainerd became a key figure in the "New Light" movement at Yale, whose ideal was "a living faith preached by a living preacher," not the dead formality of traditional religion. The Connecticut legislature's leaders were horrified that "some undergraduate students have made it their practice, day and night, and sometimes for several days together, to

go about in the town of New Haven as other towns, and before great numbers of people to teach and exhort, much after the same manner that ministers of the gospel do in their public preaching." They urged Yale to crack down on these students. Brainerd was eventually expelled from Yale for making a somewhat blunt and unwelcome comment on the spiritual state of one of the faculty.

Within a few months, David Brainerd became a missionary to the Indians, the most despised people of his day. He refused pastorates in comfortable New England towns to go to these tribes, learning their language and living as they did. After two years of hardship, disappointment, and illness, revival began among the Indians.

Brainerd said that once, when he was preaching about the love of God, "I stood amazed at the influence, that seized the audience almost universally, and could compare it to nothing more aptly than the irresistible force of a mighty tor-

rent of swelling deluge.... Old men and women who had been drunken wretches for many years, children, and persons of middle age" began crying "*Guttumaukalummeh*, i.e., 'have mercy on me'.... It might have convinced an atheist, that the Lord was indeed in the place."

A chief's daughter was converted along with her husband, "whom she had brought to hear of the Jew who had died also for the Lenni-Lenape Indians." Husbands were reunited to their wives, and an ancient conjurer was converted, who later became an evangelist. "Love seemed to reign among them," said Brainerd, "They took each other by the hand with tenderness and affection, as if their hearts were knit together."

Later, though suffering from the onset of tuberculosis, he continued his work until shortly before his death at age 29. Brainerd had helped to spread revival among the Indians of New York State, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, just as he had at Yale.

Decades later, one of his Indian converts told her grandchildren of the beloved Yankee missionary: "He slept on a deer skin or a bear-skin. He ate bear-meat and samp [corn meal]; then we knew he was not proud.... He was a young man; he was a lovely man; he was a staff to walk with...." (from *Beloved Yankee* by David Wynbeek, Eerdmans, 1965 and *The Life and Diary of David Brainerd* by Jonathan Edwards, Moody Press)

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THE YALE STANDARD

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Real Food, Real Drink

For most of my teenage years, I was dissatisfied, always looking back and wanting what was. I would always compare the dismal present with the halcyon days of my youth.

Before the age of 13, my life felt nearly perfect. I had very good grades, I was known to be gifted at the piano, and the high school gym teachers eyed me as a potential track and cross-country star. Whatever I put my mind to, I usually got. But by age 13, things changed, and one thing went beyond my control—my body.

I saw how skinny the world liked women to be. And having always followed the insistent voice inside telling me to be perfect, I resolved, in the midst of

had many friends and much attention, I felt alone and very scared.

I lacked the fuel to do things completely—as fully as before. Though I had recovered physically, for years, deep down inside, I felt I was dying.

What grew in me instead was evil, an evil I could not even control. Though considered widely as someone sweet and “good,” in secret I cursed, I stole, I cheated. Though people would never think so, I raged at my parents. In my heart I condemned close ones.

In my innermost being I was hopelessly selfish—wanting everything perfectly arranged for *me, me, me*. Soon all had become so disjointed, both outside

piano, since I had connections with some top teachers in the Music Department.

But the night I got tapped, I was not happy at all. In fact, I was very troubled, and could not say “yes” right away. I had gotten so far and earned recognition, but somehow, even the idea of being known all over campus did not quench my growing thirst for the joy I lacked.

That was my freshman year. All my calculated plans—medical school, piano on the side, and a good core of friends—did not cut it for me. I did not like my classes, grew disappointed by the shifting nature of people around me, and for everything kept asking, “What is the point?” I knew some students admired me because of what they saw—achievements and nice clothes and such. All seemed so suffocatingly fake.

That same year a few Christians from Jonathan Edwards and Christian groups on campus invited me to their meetings. I went once, a bit uncomfortable, but grateful for some reason. I liked one song, “Purify My Heart,” and cried a bit through another.

Only the next year, on my own, did I want to know this God Whom others worshipped, and Whom I could not understand. I remember walking along Elm Street on my way to Durfee's, tired from struggling to hold the pieces of my life together. I was desperate for something sure, something real, something that would heal the core of my being. That day, I made a vow to know God, to know him intimately, as I would a person.

I began visiting Christian groups and after several weeks, prayed for God to save me.

What I discovered was that God loved me, a revelation which lifted the despair from my heart. I knew God had changed me, for earlier, even when I wanted to know Him, things in the Bible remained vague. Before I could never say with certainty that I was a Christian.

Now I can say God has given me life. Since the night I said “Yes” to Him up until this day, God has provided life-

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"Whoever is thirsty, let him come; and whoever wishes, let him take the free gift of the water of life." Revelation 22

adolescence, to stay exactly how I was.

I starved myself. Diagnosed as an anorexic, I was placed in a cold clinic for two long weeks. I got what I wanted—along with a close encounter with death, and a great loss of confidence, friends, and sensibility.

All other treasures, those which gave me a sense of worth and pride, dried up soon afterwards. Obsessed with staying dangerously thin, I could not perform as well as before. I could not practice piano effectively; lessons became sporadic. It was physically impossible for me to run. And in a school where I had

and inside, that despair began to mount; I was a miserable soul.

That was deep inside. Outwardly, I seemed fine. The piano, the friends—these I had picked up again. I even got into Yale, after much hard work. But after investing so much of myself (time, energy, hopes of security) into entering an Ivy League school, I was not rewarded in the measure I had longed for.

At Yale, I got into top organizations. The New Blue singing group tapped me freshman year, and sophomore year I made my dream choral group, the Glee Club. I also tried to keep up with

Real Food, Real Drink

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giving counsel, joy, and peace. Through his Son Jesus Christ, I am fed; I have received the life-giving fuel that this world cannot give.

He is the hope that satisfies.

"Whoever is thirsty, let him come; and whoever wishes, let him take the free gift of the water of life."

(Revelation 22)

"Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood has eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is real food and my blood is real drink.... Just as the living Father sent me and I live because of the Father, so the one who feeds on me will live because of me."

(John 6)

"He satisfies the thirsty and fills the hungry with good things."

(Psalm 107)

Jenny Kang, Jonathan Edwards '96

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...

1. ...that if you had been a senior of the class of 1796 you would have debated the president of Yale College on the question "Is the Bible the Word of God?" That having answered in the negative you would have lost the debate to the president?

President Timothy Dwight (for whom T. D. College is named) chose the debate's topic from a list the seniors themselves had drawn up.

At the time, there were fewer than a half dozen Christians in the whole student body, and almost all of Dwight's class subscribed to a form of French rationalism which denied the

Bible's divine origin and authority. The students thought the case for skepticism was airtight, but Dwight ably countered their arguments and offered sound reasons to believe in God and the Scriptures. (See Charles E. Cunningham's *Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817*, p. 294-304.)

2. ... that in 1911, one thousand of Yale's thirteen hundred undergraduates were involved in voluntary Bible studies?

Student interest in spiritual things had been growing at Yale since the late 1870's. These Bible Studies were the outcome. (See Kenneth Scott Latourette's account of his years at Yale in *Beyond the Ranges*.)

[Look for more from Yale's files in the next issue.]



September

Local Christian Radio Station—WIHS 104.9 FM

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
3 Come see us at the Freshmen Bazaar. Look for Living Water, Christian a cappella, at the Woolsey Jam!	4 Yale Christian Fellowship (YCF) Freshmen Reception 7:00 pm, SSS 405	5	6 Yale Standard Bible Study 7:00 - 9:00 pm* Branford Chapel	7 Campus Crusade for Christ (CCC) 7:00 - 8:30 pm* Dwight Hall Common Room	8 Living Water Sign-up Jam Yale Christian Fellowship (YCF) 7:00 - 9:00 pm* SSS 405	9 Yale Standard Bible Study 7:00 - 9:00 pm* WLH 210

*Weekly meetings

Smart Investing

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In this world, such returns would be unsustainable, but God's economy is different. What is the return that He promises?

The parable of the talents shows two examples of a 100% return: five talents for five, two talents for two (Matthew 25). In the parable of the minas (Luke 19), there's an even greater return: five for one (500% return), ten

for one (1,000% return!). In the parable of the sower (Mark 4), the seed that falls on good soil produces "thirty, sixty, or even a hundred times" the crop; that's a 3,000%, 6,000%, or 10,000% return!

Something else to think about: investors will tell you, "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." They diversify their financial portfolios for security's sake. This is not God's way. Jesus said, "the kingdom of heaven is like a mer-

chant looking for fine pearls. When he found one of great value, he went away and sold everything he had and bought it" (Matthew 13). Purchasing the life that God has for you will mean no half measures, but staking all that you are and have upon Him.

How will you invest your life?

Jhana Lowe, Ezra Stiles '94