

THE YALE STANDARD

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"The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom." Proverbs

September 2002

BINGE DRINKING: It will come at you at Yale and force you to a choice, but you can do more than sidestep it. There is a better high . . . (see page 6)

Welcome



This institution can do you much good. Yet life here has a way of making mincemeat out of the unsuspecting. If 100 freshmen were asked if they intended to live good, productive lives here, perhaps 91 would answer yes. The other nine just *may* occupy the room next to yours and throw wild parties every weekend.

At Yale, beer sometimes gushes from taps in a way that makes Old Faithful look like a leaky garden hose.

The Bible in fact does speak of revelry as one way to live . . . *IF* there were no eternity. OLet us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.o But Othe trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised *incorruptible* .o Thatoes in the Bible too.

Our hearts tell us that at the final blast, far better to have served heavenoes purposes than any other.

This conviction prompts in us a special urgency. How will these years turn out for you?

To those yet skeptical of the Bible: You have much to gain here. But I ask you to consider this.

When the final trumpet blows, the great ironies of life will be revealed. A drunkard, who finally humbled himself before Jesus, will be shown to have thrown away his life, but not his future. And the great scholar, who resisted Godoes call, will be found to have lived his life, but forfeited his future.

You may become an academic, or a musician, or a jour - nalist, but apart from Him, the life that a person ekes out alone finally means littleoOThere is a way that seems right to a man, but in the end, it leads to death.o (Proverbs 14:12)

But Godoes call upon a human life is great and forevero OWisdom calls aloud outside . . . whoever listens to me will

dwell safely, and will be secure, without fear of evil,o says the Bible.

Wonæt you accept this promise? If you do, He will embrace you, and usher you into His kingdom forever.

To believers in Jesus : Those who already are believers in Jesus will find a dizzying array of spiritual and moral challenges ahead. This campus is no longer the haven for godly living it once was. Here, good intentions will protect you like a papier mCchc shield against a flame-thrower. Only Godoes power will see you through.

So get plugged in. Prayowith others when possible. In quiet moments, search out Godoes highest and purest calling for you.

Let prayer be your left jab against sickly spiritual liv - ing, and worship be your strong right hook. Yale will seem at times fiendishly designed to squeeze life out of you. Nothing works like prayer and worship to break free of that suffocating grip.

God has a plan, and it includes you, so step right in. He will make your time at Yale a spiritual adventureoheart - breaks and allothat counts forever, and puts the Indiana Jones variety to shame. There is not a character of faith in the Bible who led a humdrum life.

Finally, please join me and a small band of happy dissi - dents for any of the meetings described on page two. Weoed love to see you there.

In the meantime, watch yourselves, and letoes get moving!

Steve Ahn, Jonathan Edwards œ96

Come join us

What the Bible Reveals About Israel's Future

Sat., Sept. 14, 7-8:30 pm
in WLH (room TBA)



The Jonathan Edwards YOU never knew

Sat., Sept. 7th, 7-8:30 pm
WLH (Look for signs)

Holiness... THE FORGOTTEN DIMENSION

Thurs., Sept. 12, 7-8:30 pm
in WLH (room TBA)

#1



The Yale Standard Bible Stu

Regular meetings: Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7pm in WLH (look for signs)

Questions: Contact Elizabeth at (203) 776-0747 or yalestandard@yahoo.com

The Yale Standard

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

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FRESH FACES

Found at Home

Eight years ago I was roughly where you are today. I was a Yale freshman unpacking on campus, feeling a



bit overwhelmed but eager to seize my new opportunities.

More than a year before, in April, a thick acceptance packet arrived, but since I was headed to Russia as an exchange student, I deferred Yale admission for a year. But before I saw Russia, I met the unexpected at home.

I spent that summer helping my father run our family business, a lakeside campground in northeastern Ohio. One duty I had was to clean the shower and restroom facilities at the center of the camp. I could not have known how much depended on doing a mundane chore.

As I was returning from cleaning showers late one evening, a camper our family had known for many years invited me to stop by and visit at their campfire. The woman's name was Loretta. I noticed she and her sister Betty had Bibles in front of them. The two of them were, as Loretta put it, studying the Word together.

I was not surprised. During the past several days I had seen Loretta several times, and each time she had made no secret of her religious beliefs. She was not pushy about it, but neither was she timid. One day she spoke openly about the Holy Spirit, as if speaking of a person she knew.

Another evening she and her Uncle Chuck, who was in his mid-eighties, told me about Jesus. I listened curiously as Chuck told how he had battled alcohol for decades, trying all manner of ways to beat it, and had failed. Then he turned to Jesus. Jesus, Chuck said, had

(Continued on next page)

Found at Yale

I viewed it as the weak way. I was above having to go to or trust someone else in order to live.

But was I? My life was in shambles and on the brink of termination by suicide.

How did I get here?

In August before my freshman year, I wrote in my journal that I wanted to be the best at everything in academics, in extracurriculars, and in my social life.

But . . .

I got a B+ in freshman orgo. My shock and disappointment were allayed by two thoughts. One, that next semester I would do better, and two, that those who got A's were losers anyway, and that I was much better



than they were. (The next semester, I got a B, and felt I had never met such losers in my life.)

And I was rejected by the Yale Symphony Orchestra, who used to sit in the first violin section of a premiere youth symphony! Thereafter, I despised anyone I saw carrying an instrument case around campus.

The rat race did not stop there.

I just did not fit in with the club-hopping, pool-hall-frequenting Asians. I was not fun enough for the frat party crowd. Or was it my face??? Yet I did not have the flair to be accepted by those who were too cool for the rest of the world. This was even though I had their conviction, and the language to put down that unsophisticated other ninety-seven percent of the student body.

And I decided to send my boyfriend from high school a nasty letter, and broke it off. I concluded I

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Found at Home

(Continued from previous page)

done what nothing else could do for him. OJesus set me free, o he said, from alcohol.

That night I looked intently at the old man's eyes, the eyes of a former tugboat captain on the Ohio River, eyes turning milky with cataracts. He didn't look directly at me, only down at the fire, poking it occasionally with a stick. Was he telling the truth? Two things were sure: *he* believed that Jesus was real and that Jesus had helped him. And he wasn't getting drunk anymore.

Now, several nights later, there I was, talking with Loretta about religion again. When I rose to leave, Loretta invited me to join her and her sister in a brief time of prayer. I hesitated for a moment, feeling insincere, knowing that my commitment to their set of beliefs wasn't deep like theirs, sensing that earlier I had signalled more interest than I felt.

Then I thought, OWhy not? o After all, I faithfully prayed the Lord's Prayer every night before drifting off to sleep. I occasionally read the Bible. Although our family didn't attend church and wasn't religious, we considered ourselves Christians.

Seeing no harm in a moment of prayer, I sat back down and joined hands with Loretta and Betty. When it was her turn to pray, Loretta expressed thanks to the Lord for giving us a time together. Then she began speaking in a language I couldn't understand, a language with soft and gentle tones, and she sang. She alternated between English and the language I had never heard before. I could tell from the English words that it was a song of praise to God.

At the same moment I sensed the presence of God at the campfire. It was not a feeling or a physical sensation. It was a powerful internal knowledge, overriding all my other perceptions: knowledge that God was real, that He was a living Person, that He was here *now*. And He knew me, all the way inside.

The sense so convinced me that I remember opening my eyes and lifting

my head (our heads were still bowed) to glance at the place where I believed the Spirit of God was. I saw nothing out of the ordinary there, but the internal conviction remained. I looked back at Loretta, still singing softly, eyes closed. My thoughts expressed my new conviction: OIt's all true! What these women have been telling me about this Jesus is all true. o True with a capital OT. o

After prayer, Loretta explained that sometimes she prayed in a heavenly language, o which the Holy Spirit enabled her to do. That was what I had heard.

That night I told Loretta and Betty nothing of what had happened. I thanked them for their hospitality and went home, where I prayed alone before going to bed. This time, however, I prayed on my knees, not from a dutiful piety but rather from a sense of reverence for the Holy God I now knew. Inside I also knew, now, that Someone was listening to me when I prayed.

I told the Lord I was sorry, sorry because I simply hadn't known He was real.

Several weeks later I boarded a plane to Russia for a year of study. In Russia, and at Yale, and later in law school, I became ever more convinced of the truth of God in Jesus Christ that I first found that night nine years ago.

I know what it's like to be a freshman at Yale. During the coming weeks, as you face ever-increasing demands on your time and attention, I urge you to take a moment to consider the state of your relationship with God. Loretta, Betty, and their Uncle Chuck told me about a Jesus who changed their lives forever, a Jesus I didn't even know I needed to know. Now I too am convinced of His truth and power, and I pass the message on to you.

Paul Clewell, Ezra Stiles '98

This time, however, I prayed . . . not from a dutiful piety, but rather from a sense of reverence for the Holy God I now knew.



3 KNR \$ CCLF / FA

Why don't people more easily discover the truth, get on the right track and stop wasting time going the wrong way?



Photos: Annie Levy

Found at Yale

(Continued from page 3)

should have done so a long time earlier. The poor thing, as he had always been so good to me.

I groped for small comforts. At nearly 5ø11o, I was the perfect candidate for crew. I excelled at it, and it made me feel better. A walk-on, I had the best spot in the boat after the recruits.

I was a spiteful, jealous creature, and suicide would have done the world a favor.

But I kept on trying.

To pad my resume for medical school, I volunteered in the Emergency Room at Yale/New Haven from 12:00-3:00am on Saturday morning. I chose the shift as a good time to see action, and it was one less night to feel bad that I did not have friends to go out with. I saw the corpse of a man shot at close range by a shotgun, probably over drugs. And the E.R. at that time was always filled with those needing their stomachs pumped or homeless people. This world is steeped in problems.

What did I do to Christians who tried to reach out to me? I repeatedly rejected the girl in the next entryway who invited me to her pizza study breaks, but ate occasionally with a couple of others. It intrigued me that they really believed in a God. They did not reject me. After all, it's against their religion. But I WOULD NEVER become like them.

By sophomore year, I wanted to leave all the pressure from goals I could not achieve, to leave all the disappointments and the heartache. Why couldn't I be an average Joe? Why was I at Yale with all its overachievers?

Certainly I could find peace working at some burger joint in town, and not have to deal with this pressure. I would leave the gates of Yale for good.

Then it dawned on me that I'd probably be unhappy with my social life even there; be as introverted and boring as ever. There was just no escape.

Just as I was realizing that burger-flipping would not be bliss, I began to review the few strands lodged in my mind by these Christians. I lay on my bed staring at the ceiling, alone as I often spent weekend evenings, a recluse.

Would I believe in Jesus and accept His way of life? His specific plan for my life, guidance at every turn and companionship?

I gave up trying to piece together my favorite parts from Plato, Anaxagoras and Kierkegaard. Why couldn't I find a single book that could explain the meaning of life . . . ?

Filled with some defiance, I decided I would live under no other supposition except what was written in the Bible, taking whatever consequences it entailed.

I started from page 1: OIn the beginning, God created . . . o

The Bible I read had notes that explained that we were expelled from Eden due to sin. We could re-enter only through passing a gate guarded by a flashing sword.

It was the perfect design, otherwise people like me would enter and pollute the garden. If I attempted to go in, I would be sliced into a million pieces by the righteous sword.

All of a sudden, the puzzle pieces came together. Jesus died so that we could be righteous, and the flashing sword

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beer bash

OR

PENTECOST?



There is a high like no other, with never a letdown or a swordsharp afterkick. More about it shortly, but a look at binge drinking in clear-sighted reality first.

Alcohol abuse and binge drinking in particular are plainly serious problems at Yale and many other campuses. A *Yale Daily News* editorial from April 5, 2001 said, "When it comes to binge drinking, it is not a secret that Yale students do end up at University Health Services as a result of alcohol poisoning. And many Yale students recognize that the number of those treated does not even closely represent the extent of binge drinking at Yale."

National research double-underscores that. A 1997 Harvard survey found that nearly half of college students had gone on a drinking binge within the prior two weeks. Binge drinking qualifies as a college epidemic.

Why the persistent pull of alcohol and the persistence of alcohol abuse?

An occasional drink has its appeal. At its best, it may help people break the ice, talk, laugh, and be happy with others. "Wine . . . gladdens the heart of man," the Bible observes. (Psalm 104:15)

Medical research also suggests a little alcohol can do a body good. But research also reveals that over-consumption (more than one or two drinks a day) poses personal and public health hazards. Given this, the American Heart Association cautions people NOT to start drinking . . . if they do not already drink alcohol. Consult your doctor on the benefits and risks of consuming alcohol in moderation.

Some cannot control their consumption at all; many more find it a real challenge. Predicting how an individual will handle alcohol is nearly impossible.

Abandoning any moderation, an astonishing

number of students habitually get themselves drunk. Talk, friends and a glass of wine just doesn't do it for them.

Most often, the result showcases plain stupidity. Too many drinks. Incoherent talk, incoherent actions. An insult, maybe a shove or a wide punch. But sometimes a blow lands. Memory of an evening is lost. A friend rolls his eyes when you ask what you said. A stranger passes you and mutters, "What a jerk!" You don't remember getting that bruise. You don't recognize the person you wake up with!

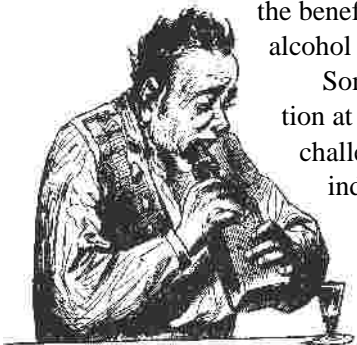
Am I a free person, seeing and choosing what's good for me and for others, or am I a slave to something that masters me?

Too often, inexperienced and underaged drinkers painfully discover alcohol poisoning. Some die.

Despite the obvious damage, there's a persistent, perverse allure and then addiction to drunkenness for too many students. This used to be called alcoholism, and that's what it still is.

That drinking binges are so popular in spite of the cost suggests a certain hunger for something they promise, however treacherously.

Life presents a continuing challenge to moderation and self-possession. We face real issues of freedom and choice, disguised as beer bashes and Jello shots. Am I a free person, seeing and choosing what's good for me and for others, or am I a slave to something that masters me? With substance abuse, this is not fanciful personification of a lifeless thing, but the real experience of any addict.





There is an alternative to all of this you have not imagined.

There is a cure for the hunger that substance abusers assault with alcohol and drugs, and it goes much farther. The Bible prescribes it as the ultimate cure for drunkenness. Though you may think it absurd at the outset, this alternative is as fundamental to intellectual and emotional life as breathing is to bodily life. It is captured in these few words of Scripture:

Do not get drunk on wine, which leads to debauchery. Instead, be filled with the Spirit. (Ephesians 5:18)

"Be Filled With the Spirit"

The first imperative is easy enough to comprehend. The second needs some explaining. God the Father promised this promise. Jesus the Son delivers it to His own, to anyone who will receive.

We were designed (yes, designed) to be filled with the Spirit of our Creator as a fact of life. But very few have any idea at all what this means.

Moses, one of history's greatest leaders, provides an example of a man filled with the Spirit of God (Numbers 11:25). For certain men with him, it meant an endowment of artistic skill (Exodus 35:31ff).

(Continued on next page)

Joe Gray never meant to kill them

Sometimes what happens when you've had a few drinks takes you so far you could scream.

Last year, in a curious attempt to combine a public apology for his reckless behavior with an effort at partial rehabilitation of his ruined public image, Joe Gray, a New York City police patrolman with 15 years on the force, told a press conference that he is not a monster or a mindless drunk and surely not a murderer.

It hurt to be called such things. He pointed to his long, good record as a city policeman, protested that he never in any way intended to kill four people members of one family on a Brooklyn street.

His van had sent speeding steel carving into their soft flesh after Gray had come off several hours of drinking, first in a parking lot, later in a bar, before driving.

The bloody, bone smashing impact killed four pedestrians crossing a street: Maria Herrera, 24, her son, Andy, 4, her sister, Delcia Peea, 16, and the infant forming in her womb after eight months, gouging them out of the lives of her husband and other close relatives suddenly, forever.

To Joe Gray, that is simply the way it happened, and it had cost the driver steeply, too. The apologetic officer begged for public understanding, pleaded for due recognition of his record of service, reproached the Police Department for threatening him with dismissal, and described his life since the smash-up as an absolute nightmare. He said it had changed his life beyond reclaim.

Joe Gray was suspended from the force, charged with manslaughter, vehicular homicide, driving while intoxicated, and reckless endangerment. He was released on \$250,000 bail.

He portrayed himself as a quiet, meek and tortured man, harmless by all intention, the co-victim of a traffic accident. The people who know me, he told reporters, my friends, family and neighbors, they all know better. I am not this monster.

Before he had finished his plea, a protester leaped out from behind a TV camera, holding a sign boldly lettered: O JAIL NO BAIL FOR DRUNKEN KILLER COP, screaming O Murderer!

Four dead. A productive life turned into a nightmare. Imprisonment most likely ahead. None of it in the least intended by Joe Gray. Gray is a good guy, a good cop, but an horrendous risk when he overdrinks and then thinks he can drive his van.

In high probability, it will not happen, but allow binge drinking to unlatch you from your normal senses and controls, and fuzz your judgment, and you have no guarantee whatever that your life won't turn into a nightmare, or that someone you never meant to harm won't end up filling a casket.

Never say we didn't fairly warn you. We cared enough to do that. There is, of course, a guarantee: if you don't engage in binge drinking, you are not likely to do something that you will regret for the rest of your life so long as you survive it yourself.

Friend, be warned. Be wise. Binge drinking is just not the way to go.

Beer Bash or Pentecost?

(Continued from previous page)

For Joshua, his successor, it meant an endowment of leadership and wisdom (Deuteronomy 34:9). For others, it meant a gift of prophecy to communicate God's mind to men (see Numbers 24:2, 1 Samuel 10:10). For a series of Biblical champions, it meant fuel for acts of military and political courage (for example, Judges 11:29, 14:6, 1 Chronicles 12:18). The Spirit of God came upon King David, and he composed scores of psalms (songs) still published and prized by much of the world.

In the Old Testament record, only a few individuals experienced an infilling of the Spirit of God. But the prophet Joel (Joel 2:28-29) declared God's promise to make this gift widespread:

*I will pour out my Spirit on all people.
Your sons and daughters will prophesy,
your old men will dream dreams,
your young men will see visions.
Even on my servants, both men and women,
I will pour out my Spirit in those days.*

so that your sins may be forgiven. And you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. The promise is for you and your children and for all who are far off for all whom the Lord our God will call. (Acts 2:38-39)

A new chapter of history opened that day. Once rare, an infilling of the Spirit of God was now declared a gift promised to all believers. It became the normal and expected experience of early Christians (see Acts 8:17; 10:44; 19:6). The effects were immediate, supernatural, and long-lasting.

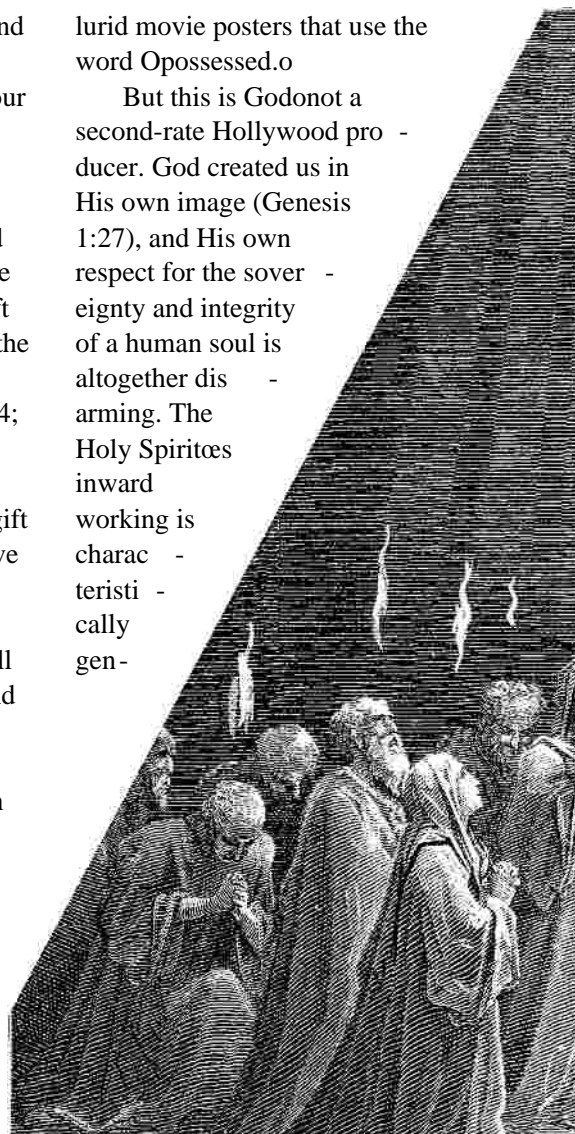
The early Church received this gift on Jesus's instructions: Do not leave Jerusalem, but wait for the gift my Father promised. For John baptized with water, but in a few days you will be baptized with the Holy Spirit, and I am going to send you what my Father has promised; but stay in the city until you have been clothed with power from on high. (Acts 1:4-5; Luke 24:49)

A Partnership of Unequals

But what does this have to do with getting drunk? And

lurid movie posters that use the word Oppressed.

But this is God, not a second-rate Hollywood producer. God created us in His own image (Genesis 1:27), and His own respect for the sovereignty and integrity of a human soul is altogether disarming. The Holy Spirit's inward working is characteristically gentle.



The early Church saw how the Holy Spirit's expressions and actions for the building into a community high

We are up against something very strong within us as any alcoholic knows painfully well.

A Gift Promised to All Believers

Peter, the apostle, friend and disciple of Jesus, began to see this promise fulfilled as he explained to a crowd of thousands what was taking place at the Jewish harvest festival of Pentecost in Jerusalem. One hundred twenty pioneering Christians had suddenly been filled with the Holy Spirit and praised God publicly before that same crowd in multiple languages they had never learned, as the Holy Spirit gave them words. So Peter said:

Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ

how is it an alternative?

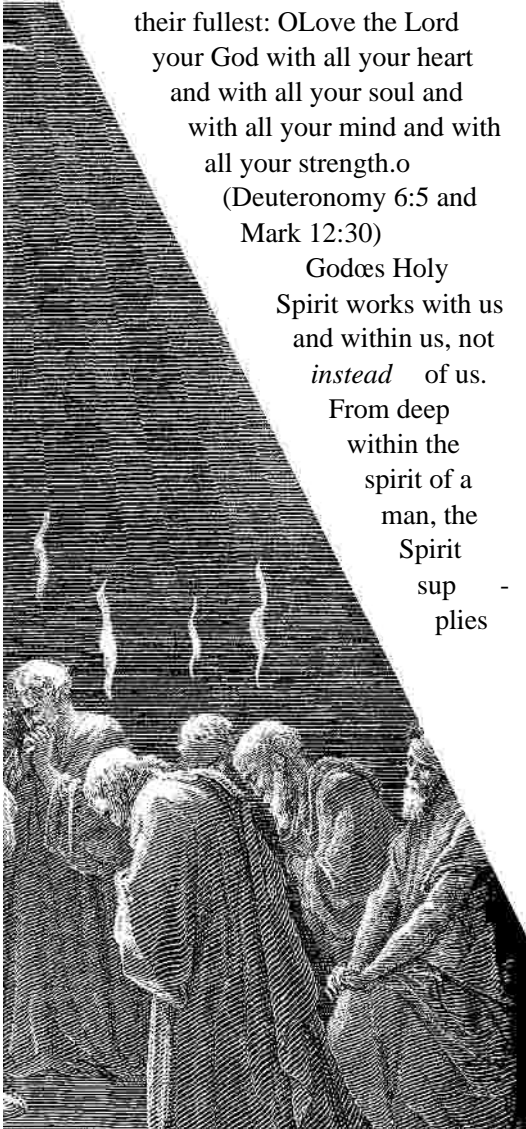
The answer begins with what the Holy Spirit brings into a life.

First, a direct and intimate relationship with God, who lives within a believer by His Spirit. This is life built on the foundation of Jesus Christ's sacrifice of Himself on the cross for our sins. It begins when we receive Jesus personally as Savior. Jesus reconciled us to God so we could be a fit dwelling for God by His Spirit.

If such a notion doesn't strike a non-Christian as absurd, it might be alarming instead, suggesting those

tle, not overpowering. He enables a profound partnership of unequals, where the stronger partner makes extraordinary allowances and provisions for the weaker. Declining to force His way, the Holy Spirit has been called a Gentleman, asking our consent and expecting initiative from us.

God does not ask us to cede functional control of life and person to anyone, not even to Himself (and much less to a bottle of liquor!) To be led by the Spirit is no abandonment of thought, judgment, or action. Rather, we are to develop and use our gifts to



their fullest: O Love the Lord
 your God with all your heart
 and with all your soul and
 with all your mind and with
 all your strength. (Deuteronomy 6:5 and
 Mark 12:30)

God's Holy
 Spirit works with us
 and within us, not
instead of us.
 From deep
 within the
 spirit of a
 man, the
 Spirit
 supplies

kindness, goodness, faithfulness,
 gentleness and self-control. (Galatians 5:22-23)

Now contrast these fruits, as the
 Bible does, to the results of a life aban-
 doned to following one's own natural
 inclinations (note the drunkenness):

The acts of the sinful nature are
 obvious: sexual immorality, impurity
 and debauchery; idolatry and
 witchcraft; hatred, discord, jeal-
 ousy, fits of rage, selfish ambition,
 dissensions, factions and envy;
 drunkenness, orgies, and the like. I
 warn you, as I did before, that those
 who live like this will not inherit
 the kingdom of God. (Galatians
 5:19-21)

Power Real Power

These are described as our nature,
 doing what comes naturally. If this is
 so, we are up against something very
 strong within us as any alcoholic
 knows painfully well. To overcome
 these inclinations, we need power.

That is exactly what Jesus prom-
 ised in the Holy Spirit: O[S]tay in the
 city until you have been clothed with
 power from on high. (Luke 24:49)

Not power to manipulate others.
 Not power to get personal wealth or
 all the stuff of greedy fantasy.

Power, instead, to live the life God
 has called His people to live. Power
 given by the Holy Spirit, as He

For just a few, who lack your notarized
 exemption, binge drinking is a shortcut to the
 irreversible finality of death and a far too early
 grave. Avoidance eludes that outcome, with
 the sorrows it visits upon others

Nothing compares with this River of living water, as Jesus described it. You will never need to take refuge in a bottle, a needle, or a pill!

chooses, to express God's own mind to
 the real benefit of others. This kind of
 expression marks those God has filled
 with His Spirit.

Peter, who was frightened by a
 servant girl into denying Jesus just
 days earlier, stood up at Pentecost.
 Filled with the Holy Spirit, he declared
 boldly and eloquently to thousands the
 resurrection of Christ and three thou-
 sand were converted to faith that day.

The early Church saw how the
 Holy Spirit gave believers a variety of
 supernatural expressions and actions
 for the building up of fellow believers
 and uniting them into a community
 highly respected by their neighbors.
 Paul the Apostle declared the variety of
 these spiritual gifts, which truly exem-
 plify Jesus' promise of Opower from on
 high:

O[T]he manifestation of the Spirit
 is given to each one for the profit of all:
 for to one is given the word of wisdom
 through the Spirit, to another the word
 of knowledge through the same Spirit,
 to another faith by the same Spirit, to
 another gifts of healings by the same
 Spirit, to another the working of mira-
 cles, to another prophecy, to another
 discerning of spirits, to another differ-
 ent kinds of tongues, to another the
 interpretation of tongues. But one and
 the same Spirit works all these things,
 distributing to each one individually as

(Continued on page 12)

ve believers a variety of supernatural
 of fellow believers and uniting them
 pected by their neighbors.

understanding, wisdom, knowledge,
 and more to a man's own faculties as
 the man thoughtfully, diligently, and
 prayerfully uses them. Jesus promised
 that Othe Counselor . . . whom the
 Father will send in my name, will teach
 you all things, and, OWhen he, the
 Spirit of truth, comes, he will guide
 you into all truth. (John 14:26, 16:13)
 What a gift!

Besides truth, the Spirit works
 from within to help the believer build
 godly character, the Ofruit of one's
 living by the Spirit: O[T]he fruit of the
 Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience,



Charles Darwin's Solution for OSavager

“At some future period, not very distant as measured by centuries, the civilised races of man will almost certainly exterminate and replace throughout the world the savage races. At the same time the anthropomorphous apes . . . will no doubt be exterminated. The break [between man and his nearest allies] will then be rendered wider, for it will intervene between man in a more civilised state, as we may hope than the Caucasian, and some ape as low as a baboon, instead of as at present between the negro or Australian and the gorilla.©

- Charles Darwin, *The Descent of Man* , 1871 edition, Chapter six.

If, on a shred of evidence, misperceived and misapplied, Dwight Hall has installed a plaque to renounce Timothy Dwight, Darwin's thoughts on racial elimination might reasonably impel the installing of a plaque by the Biology departments:

WE HEREBY REPUDIATE THE RACIAL EXTERMINATION THOUGHTS OF CHARLES DARWIN, WHILE AFFIRMING OUR HEARTFELT GRATITUDE FOR HIS THEORY OF EVOLUTION. WE ARE RELIEVED THAT WE DO NOT SEE A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO.

Found at Yale

(Continued from page 5)

find no fault. I, rebellious I, who had rejected 97% of my classmates, heartily embraced all the Christian hoopla about salvation, a Savior and eternal life.

I sat there in my room, alone, amazed and inexplicably invigorated.

Later on, I wrote in a journal that at that time Othe Holy Spirit zapped me.o I didn't know how else to explain it.

It became instantly obvious to me that our world

needed more than just a bunch of ambitious Ivy Leaguers, some with a desire to better the world, and most others just wanting to amass great wealth or to create a great name for themselves.

I had found the single most convincing, sure-fire way to live life. And I tried to tell other people about it. How could they pass it up, this chance to discover the real Truth, and finally take a meaningful course in life?

My explanation got lost in their glazed stares.

Why didn't they get it? What didn't they understand?

This was how I realized that God works in mysterious

Like David's Sling

The earth goes arcing swift around,
Whirled like David's sling,
That once swung «round a few times,
Hurling a smooth stone, chosen stone.
Home to its mark, the giant's head, the polished stone flew.
Gave the lie to boasts and curses, laid the defiant low,
By David's hand, the stone flew true and glorified the Lord.
So even now his greater Son twirls all this globe around the sun
A few times, only a handful, and upraises another son,
Or polished daughter, full of love and gratitude and faith.
And loosed! He slings his latest gem in the face of the cynics' cynic,
He puts the lie forever to the ace of cursing, lord of hate,
He brings the evil boasting down, it crashes down,
As David did before, and all in a short few circuits of the earth about the sun.
Plead with the Lord of slings, Maker of the jewelled crown,
Plead for the swiftest arc, your soonest rise to meet God's foe!
And down him, cast his boastings crashing down to earth!
The King of Love your shepherd is, who slew the lion and the bear,
Who, happy to receive your trust, will bring them low again.
Let dust declare the Victor,
Let nothing turn avenger
In the hands of your living Lord.

Philip Chamberlain, Branford «70

ways and people (including me) come to Him not just when they are convinced, but when in their hearts they decide they will follow Jesus with no conditions.

It was hard for me that people do not more easily discover the truth, get on the right track and stop wasting time going the wrong way.

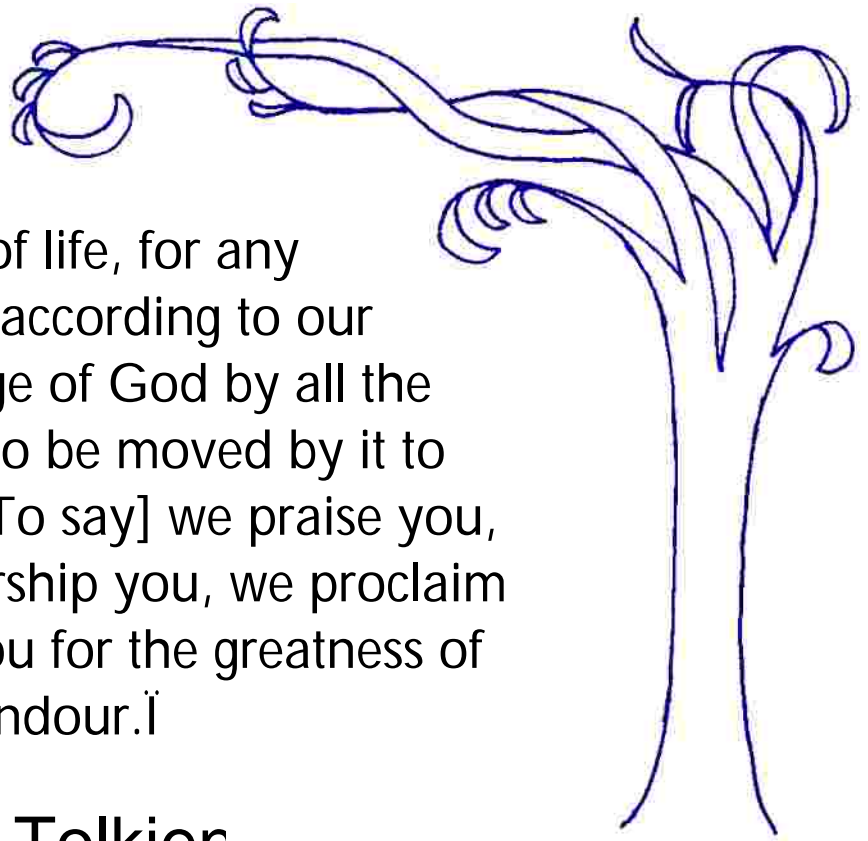
I have been happily born again for ten years now. With deep conviction, I regret every conscious year I spent outside of Jesus. I would have been spared from the terrible things I did to myself and to others. I would have been warned about consequences from sin, that now I just have to

live with.

At the time, it was hard for me to believe it, but Jesus says that those who come to Him, He will make as white as snow. The Bible says that His blood is powerful and cleanses us from all unrighteousness. It is impossible for unbelievers to understand its scope, but we who are in Jesus receive eternal life from the moment we believe.

You can step across that line, too, as I did: from unbelieving to being in Jesus.

Denise Chen, Branford «95



Ī. . . the chief purpose of life, for any one of us, is to increase according to our capacity our knowledge of God by all the means we have, and to be moved by it to praise and thanks. . . . [To say] we praise you, we call you holy, we worship you, we proclaim your glory, we thank you for the greatness of your splendour.Ī

-J.R.R. Tolkien

Source: J. R. R. Tolkien, Humphrey Carpenter ed., *The Letters of J. R. R. Tolkien*, (Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1981), p. 400.

Beer Bash or Pentecost?

(Continued from page 9)

He wills. (1 Corinthians 12:7-11)

Helped by these gifts of the Holy Spirit, Messiah Jesus' followers become Oa dwelling in which God lives by his Spirit. (Ephesians 2:22)

Since the Holy Spirit's first outpouring, people have tried to explain it away. The more cynical witnesses at Pentecost accused the disciples of being drunk. Peter pointed out that it was only 9 AM! Some Christians decline to seek a baptism in the Holy Spirit, told that the completion of the Bible centuries ago renders further revelation unnecessary, and a filling by the Holy Spirit, unavailable. All these attitudes lead to the same impoverishment.

To ask God for a baptism in the Holy Spirit may still sound questionable, even dangerous. One may say, OI've never been here before; how can I know that I won't step into some

thing strange, uncontrollable, and harmful to me? Jesus reasoned:

OWhich of you fathers, if your son asks for a fish, will give him a snake instead? Or if he asks for an egg, will give him a scorpion? If you then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him! (Luke 11:11-13)

Can you imagine the joy of receiving from God through your spirit understanding, words to speak, even the power to heal an afflicted person all apart from your own cleverness but with your full, conscious, willing partnership? Can you imagine the comfort of a life-long supply of love, joy, peace, goodness, gentleness, patience, and kindness, as you follow Christ and live by the Spirit? Nothing compares with this Oriver of living water, as Jesus described it. You will never need to take refuge in a bottle, a needle, or a pill! What's more, you

will be a blessing to friends, family and all around you.

So ask! Even if you are not a Christian yet, come!

Is there a safe, satisfying alternative to alcohol? You bet there is! We're sincere, sober, and delighted to say there is release, rest and peace in receiving Jesus Christ as Savior, and then in receiving the Holy Spirit He promised. Completeness, confidence, a way to really break the ice, a way to meet some of the best people on earthpower to live an unashamed life these are the results of knowing God, as we can testify to you.

Why wait? Don't live under brownout conditions. ODon't be drunk with wine, but be filled with the Spirit!

Jaan Vaino, Columbia U. 83

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