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All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear.  
I think He sees them coming, and He goes  
With outstretched arms and hands to meet them there  
And with a look -- a touch on hand or head--  
Each finds his hurt heart strangely comforted.\*

[\*From Poems of Inspiration and Courage (1965), by Grace Noll Crowell.  
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Row, Publishers.]

J. Stuart Holden's

What can strip the seeming beauty  
From the idols of the earth?  
Not a sense of fight and duty,  
But a sight of peerless worth.  
'Tis the look that melted Peter,  
'Tis the face that Stephen saw,  
'Tis the heart that wept with Mary  
Can alone from idols draw.  
Draw and win and fill completely,  
Till the cup o'erflows its brim.  
What have we to do with idols  
Who have companied with Him?

And there is Clarence Edwin Flynn's gem,

Revelation

Through centuries men strained their aching eyes,  
Trying to see God on the misty height.  
They heard His accents in a baby's cries,  
And saw Him in its swaddled form one night.

Vainly men reached, and tried to touch God's hand,  
For He was veiled in shadowed mystery.  
One day they looked across the trodden sand,  
And saw Him on the roads of Galilee.

Men wondered what the God of might would do,  
If He were in their place in time and sense.  
One day they saw Him move with courage through  
The vistas of their own experience.

Men wondered if God wore an ermined gown,

And if His were a jeweled diadem.  
He stood before them in a thorn-decked crown,  
And dragged a cross tree up a hill for them.

For a very long time, this last one has had no rival.

### The Comforter Has Come

Oh, spread the tidings round wherever man is found,  
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound,  
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:  
The Comforter has come!

The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last,  
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast,  
As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast--  
The Comforter has come.

Lo, the great King of Kings, with healing in His wings,  
To ev'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings,  
And through the vacant cells the song of triumph rings,  
The Comforter has come!

Oh, boundless love divine, how shall this tongue of mine  
To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine  
That I, a child of hell, should in His image shine?  
The Comforter has come.

Sing till the echoes fly above the vaulted sky,  
And all the saints above to all below reply,  
In strains of endless love, the: song that ne'er shall die:  
The Comforter has come!

-- F. Bottome

\* \* \* \* \*

### 28 -- EMERITUS

#### Doings Of The Decade

Glancing over what I have written -- a sudden memory pops up. In the dim past Dr. Shrader on one of his professional visits to Boston had Miss Harris and me attend some public health function with him. This must have included a symbolic presentation. All I remember of it is two figures: Death repeating sepulchrally, "Reap, my sickle, reap!" and Ignorance strumming on a single mandolin string one

monotonous note. Must I now be reminded of Ignorance? "A woman of one idea?" Certainly one idea. and certainly repetition of that. Or perhaps, "This One Thing I Know": "This One Thing I Do"?

Another memory comes: snowy-haired Aaron Hartt\* [\*Pioneer evangelist, founder of the Reformed Baptist denomination; our pastor at P.C.I., but I heard him long before.] singing,

All the earth took on new beauty  
When mine eyes beheld the King.

That sight, and that Presence -- however dimly realized -- is the One Thing. I recognize the persistence of the note; the tone could have been clearer, the variations more pleasing. But I cannot apologize.

The last ten years are not easy to write. I lack perspective. For tangible, countable happenings of the 1960's:

1. Two birthday milestones, the overtaking malice of octogenarianism overlaid with and far outweighed by Christian friendship and love.

2. Two real-estate events. The Franklin Avenue property threatened, almost ruined by the elevation of Copley Street at the rear, which lessened its size and flooded it with a drainage problem -- finally solved by the skill and energy of a Christian brother, Russell Mollica, who knew how and did. And the acquisition of the bit of Vermont land I have written of, which confers the high honor of Vermont citizenship, gives me new friends in the Vermonters, and also furnishes richer evidence day by day of God's providential care. He knew our need before we did.

3. A third "event" is John Warren. That is, I must reckon him in with God's other providences. His bright idea of the autobiography was at the start a ridiculous impossibility. With repeated urgings over two or three years, and a final threat (someone else would write it; I would furnish the facts), he broke down my defenses. With his gift of a new desk and a foam-rubber-seated desk chair the project showed itself as unevadable payment of an honorable debt; in the writing it was its ornery self, a demanding chore. But in the course of the doing it proved a means of spiritual blessing. Thank you, John!

4. Four perfect spring vacations in Orlando, Florida, thanks to our none such good friends the Elmer Kauffmans. There were the obvious direct blessings of blossoming azaleas and orange-blossom fragrance-laden atmosphere (my first impressions), the Bok Singing Tower and another long vista down a double colonnade of sky-tall royal palms (my second lasting memory), the complete relaxation of drowsing in the sunny out-of-doors in March. There was also the long auto ride down the west coast and back up the east, driving on famous Daytona Beach, getting acquainted with the country, feeling the difference between Miami

and Tampa, and of both from St. Petersburg (to this Yankee all three had been just "Florida"). And in Miami and Orlando the joy of meeting with E.N.C. alumni groups, the warm hospitality in Miami of the Russell Kleppingers. Stopping en route at Alice Parsons Sweetser's and Bea McKenney Herrschaft's. Visiting in Orlando with my old college friend Leola Cole Cormac, and of course with the Elmer, Jr., and Phoebe Kauffmans and their small Beverly.

The fellowship with the Kauffmans, Sr., was, and has been, heart-to-heart. And I know that this gift to us of a life-giving breath at the moment of the college year when the strain is tightest has been only representative of what Elmer Kauffman would wish to do for every member of the E.N.C. faculty. I have listened to this one of his many dreams of Kingdom investment.

5. There have been in the emeritus years talks to young people, requested by them in these "trust-no-one-over-thirty" days: at student faculty workshops, at all-Nazarene-college student groups, at Phi Delta Lambda initiations; talks too at laymen's retreats, both to the whole group and to the wives. One to a post-collegiate group at Park Street Church in Boston. And one for the Golden Age Sunday at a Nazarene church, And I have been busy teaching at E.N.C.

The first missionary workshop -- such a success that the practice spread to the other Nazarene colleges -- was the occasion of a genuine moving of the Spirit. Missionary Nurse Agnes Willox spoke simply in chapel after a night of prayer. Branson Roberts, student body president, made an honest statement of shortcomings, and the floodgates were open.

Upon graduation he, Branson, entered the Seminary to prepare for the ministry. It happened the next year that I was lecturing at the Seminary. I felt rather strange on the platform that first morning, in the grand chapel, theology professors behind me, rows of budding theologians before me. As I stood at the speaker's desk, I caught sight of Branson Roberts in a seat next the center aisle. I was at home!

The word "workshop" recalls the first faculty workshop (now an annual October feature) when the closing Saturday morning was devoted to "Why I Am at E.N.C." Faculty members spoke individually, voluntarily, without reserve, of their past leadings and present motivations. The spirit was warm, understanding; we were drawn together in true fellowship. Carroll Bradley and Eldon Hall I shall always know better for this openness.

And with the mention of Carroll Bradley, our truly Christian coach, I must mention the victories of those tall men. the Crusader basketball team, to us far ahead of the Boston Red Sox. And with them, of the E.N.C. intervarsity debaters, who for several years also brought home trophies, theirs from encounters with the strongest New England regional teams.

These successes recall also National Science Foundation grants which our science men were bringing to E.N.C.: Rigden and Taylor and Phillips and now newly returned alumnus Lowell Hall. Professor Babcock's field study courses in plant ecology in the Blue Hills, then in the Adirondacks, now expanded to marine biology in Florida, All these I could enjoy from the sidelines, Both faculty and students were assuming a more active role in the ongoing of the college; note the Curriculum Commission and the positive voice of the Student Council.

6. At the other extreme was the resurgence of the P.C.I. alumni group of loyal old-timers. Each commencement a remaining few have gathered in Munro Hall parlor the afternoon of Alumni Day. Madeline Nease, their secretary-treasurer, has been the moving spirit, keeping up an active correspondence through the year and handling their finances. Marvelously, they have made significant contributions to the college: furnishing two prayer rooms and setting up the Ernest E. Angell scholarship.

As their old teacher, I still "belong," and have attended every year. Worth it, if for nothing else, to hear Hervey Brown sing Paul Hill's "Even Me." But more, for what these lives tell me of the long-lasting quality of the work of grace we call "holiness." The class letter of 1913, still circulating twice a year or oftener, comes to me on its way. Ephraim Wordsworth, my age, is still preaching "second-blessing holiness" and living it, with a shout. Warner Turpel, veteran evangelist of the Maritimes and the entire Eastern seaboard, both legs amputated, is eager to be at it again, "every sigh changed to a Hallelujah"! The "girls" of the class are quieter, but their wells are deep.

7. I read recently how "the eternal youthfulness of Christianity tends to age into calculating manhood," and thought of that article, years back, on the "meridian test," the peril of middle age for the Christian experience. Then I look around and see the several E.N.C. "emeriti" professors demonstrating perfect love -- not a trace of the petty jealousy, envy, self-pity, unkindly criticism their situation could breed. I see Dr. Shrader, a year and a half ahead of me in years, after three coronaries still pulling at the traces, reading, writing, stirring up minds to think about God and the future wherever he goes. I sit in the Wollaston church prayer meeting an evening when the students are in class prayer meetings and only the oldsters (comparatively speaking) are present. We sing, "The burden that once I carried is gone, is gone," and in a wave of deep emotion I realize that each one of us singing so heartily has experienced the same lifting moment in the past, is now feeling a current problem lifted. This is Christian fellowship indeed, something -- Someone-says to me. This is no "calculating manhood." This is the lasting "youthfulness of Christianity." The dramatic spiritual release of Professor Violet Balwit, which has transformed her rather restless globe-trotting into joyful pilgrimages, is another evidence.

All these. Yet the "calculating manhood" of the passage quoted above had to do with our tendency to limit God's boundless resources to the scope of our human "possible."

For my personal story the word for these years seems to be "new." Some time ago I heard a listing of "the four tragedies of life," recognized as failure of joy, failure of truth, failure of ideals, failure of the sum of life. No one of these failures is possible for one who has found Jesus Christ and found in Him his joy, his truth, his ideals, the sum total of his values. This listing is a dead-end picture. No Christ in this life. No opening vista. No "wings." Against these negatives I put the positive of the "things you cannot lose." Also the new things you gain with Him.

Because I have had Him, the years since my retirement as dean have seemed a fresh beginning. God gave me a new responsibility. "A new thing"; a new commission, a new vision, new messages. A new generation of young people, so new problems -- and a new installment of faith -- every one of these says something of what these years are doing for me.

I can best express it, I think, as "the sense of wings." Martha Snell Nicholson's poem "Looking Backward" I have quoted often as witnessing to the faithfulness of God from a perspective on the past. Another of hers speaks for me now:

Let me hold lightly temporal things,  
I who am deathless, I who wear wings.

The faith I am learning today is defined,

Be like the bird, who  
Halting in his flight  
On limb too slight  
Feels it give way beneath him,  
Yet sings,  
Knowing he hath wings.

-- Victor Hugo

Not that everything is easy or simple. Quite the contrary. There is often agony of soul. But there is God. In these years my mind was not asleep. I was still growing, seeing more in "my subject." From Tennyson and Browning to Hopkins and into Dante; from Dickens to Dostoevsky and beyond. In my courses, from American Literature and English Novel to Twentieth Century Literature and deeper meanings in Shakespeare and Chaucer; to the correlation of these with Bible as Literature in the course Moral and Religious Issues in Literature; and finally to the correlation of all in Interpretation of Literature. Faith was growing firmer as mind was facing challenge.

## **"Singing Down The Years"**

**These ten years seem the richest of them all and I have the urge to try to tell them. This borrowed time I have lived like any other time, as we all live all of our lifetime, not realizing. But how thankful I am that God granted it to me!**

**I read today a suggested outline for the Sunday school lesson "Exiles Return Home": "(1) God's Stirrings of Men's Hearts; (2) God's Strength for Men's Bodies; (3) God's Songs on Men's Lips." It fits the pattern of my life story: God's Stirring (what I have called Preparation), God's Strengthening (Pioneering), and now God's Songs (Perspective, as it merges into "Singing Down the Years"). God's way always ends with a song.**

**For a long time I have been saying there were two hymns I wanted sung at my funeral -- a semi-casual way of confessing my settled faith in God's tested promises: "How Firm a Foundation" (general, universal) and "All the Way My Savior Leads Me" (individual, personal). Now another added itself, laid hold of me: "Until Then." It may be that in these later days it was living itself into me as the others had done.**

**Until then my heart will go on singing,  
Until then with joy I'll carry on.**

**I was still learning, seeing the old truths in a new way. There was the Good Friday of 1965, when the meaning of Gethsemane and Calvary became so powerfully real to me -- though only a faint shadow, I knew, of the infinite actual. There were new opportunities to test old slogans. "New occasions teach new duties"; and new situations teach new and deeper senses of old words. "Go it, John" was now not encouragement in general, but sitting on the sidelines and cheering the youngsters on as I spoke to the student leaders in conference. "How Big Is One?" was not to send honor graduates out into the world or to deliver freshmen from an inferiority feeling; it was a challenge to me to prove the power of prayer.**

**Prayer. I have learned, and said, our only hope or safety is to "build our lives around prayer." I had known prayer as daily strength, as the inspiration of "great moments," as "reporting for duty." I had written for the Herald of Holiness in the early fifties those lessons I had learned on prayer, and again on exploring our divine resources. Now the listening aspect became more clear, and the testing, the sifting of motives and the quality of my faith; the "I believe God" in the heart of the shattering storm. Also the practicing of what I knew.**

**The "problems," did I say, incident to the new student generation? Problem rather. The old problem in a new form, of the double self-identification: with the ones in need and the One changeless Christ who can meet the need, so bringing**



the two together. Not a question of making the young people different or like me, but of hearing His words, "So send I you"; then trying to understand these restless ones as they really are, both their complaints of us older generation and the essence of their basic need. And acting on what I see. Letting Him act through me as best I can.

I know a Name that dispels the power of evil;  
I know a Name that is greater than them all

These "new" things -- this newness focalized in four pressures of reality, inroads of the Spirit they seem.

The first occurred during three days of fasting and prayer requested by our general church of all its members. In addition to the individual prayers our Wollaston church observed certain hours for united fasting and prayer. During one of these our pastor, Rev. Ted Martin, read the first chapter of Ephesians with a comment on "God's purpose." It probably was verse 11, "we also," that triggered my response. The comment may have contained the phrase "something new." What it actually said to me as I knelt there at the altar was that God's purpose of the ages was to do "a new thing" for E.N.C. This certainly was included in the sweep of God's will for "us also." And the new thing I saw was that E.N.C. would not have to become completely secularized, as has been the history of so many American colleges, Harvard and Yale heading the list.

This was not a passing thought. I cannot communicate what the intensity of the conviction has meant to me -- means today -- of almost overwhelming responsibility. Many are praying for E.N.C. -- I am thankful for every one; but to me it is as if I alone must face the issue, must insist, "Thy will be done." There was a day when I thought I understood Abraham's, "I have taken it upon me to speak with God." This sense of a new commission has not left me; it only presses harder. And in the very pressure I recognize with joy the fact of God's willing and caring. A new assignment. A new promise too.

And new testings. The second of these significant experiences has to do with the illness of Mary Harris. The heart seizure, when I waited by the door of her bedroom where the physician had her under sedation, to hear his verdict at 10 p.m. -- I was praying for healing before ten. But then the quiet voice: "God's time, God's way." It has been so now for five years.

But particularly the summer of 1967. She had been so very ill the year before in Vermont; completely dehydrated, had spent five days there in the hospital. I myself had had a long struggle emerging from flu. Were we foolish at our age to risk three hundred miles away from home? Each without the other's knowledge prayed for guidance; both received simultaneously the direction that it was right to go. We were perfectly happy in our leaving home. Several problems foreseen smoothed themselves out.

Then the day after our arrival at the lake, she became violently ill; it seemed the same old struggle was taking over. And the leading? I should have known God better, but I listened. The taunt was diabolical, but it was unshakable: If I couldn't trust that leading, I could from now on trust no divine guidance in practical matters. I never had known suffering to equal this. Then one morning, perhaps the third day, as I prayed, I remembered the agony of Jesus in the garden; I remembered the "if's" Satan drove at Him in His hour of temptation in the wilderness; and there swept through me a great wave of joy. I thanked God that I had not died without having had this experience; I should have been ashamed to meet Jesus without this bitterest kind of suffering.

The next day the situation began to change. Week after week we said to each other -- we knew the reason why: "The best summer we've ever had!" A new, surer, steadier trust. Another bit of evidence to add to the "all things" philosophy.

I put beside this an earlier, never-to-be-forgotten moment when I knew the same sudden surprise of joy in the realized fact that the bare knowledge of being gladly in the will of God is actually my highest delight.

The third of the "new" experiences is not easily, or simply, categorized. Even "a new vision" seems weak. Or is it too small? It is an overall sense of God working with an urgency that demands response. Here and there around the world, "news of nations awaking borne upon every breeze." God trying to break in, it seems to me. In what we have called "dead churches," new manifestations of the Holy Spirit, a new practice of prayer, a new interest in "religion" even among the most secular-minded.

All this in spite of the breaking down from within of all the old barricades against evil, in these most degenerate of times. The God who is Reality is alive, is aware, and more than that, is claiming cooperation. The time is ripe, on His calendar, for the worldwide revival to hasten Christ's return. The pressure is strong for me and my church to share in God's program -- to open wide to the working of God through His Spirit. This too is not simply an idea; it is an atmosphere I cannot escape. A conviction of Total Reality moving. A fullness to which my inadequacy is open-ended.

I am beginning to prove its down-to-earth reality. In an ordinary prayer-and-fasting meeting, joining sincerely in the prayers of others, suddenly I pulled myself together and asked God for His special assignment for me of burden and faith. Immediately came the thought of one young man converted at E.N.C., sanctified, called to preach, and what his single life had expanded to in terms of service in God's kingdom -- just one. And then I was almost overwhelmed by the pressure of the many young men and women here at the college, lives as full of potential that could be wasted unless God was made real to them by His Spirit. "Waste!" "Waste!" the words groaned through me over and over. I knew God was giving a new

dimension, a Kingdom frame of reference for my prayer. God's perspective, it seemed. I knew I should never again pray as near the surface as before.

Again, just under the line for this book, came the first E.N.C. "Workshop on the Ministry." As I listened to four men, two of them recent E.N.C. graduates, their tremendous reports of God's active working in the inner city, with minority groups, in foreign lands, in home missions gave a new tightness to my hold of faith. I felt the quickened sense of God's attention to detail, His availability for specific direction and exact timing -- if I will be totally involved, and ask.

The fourth "new" experience is a consequence of the third: new messages, I will term it. I think of it as the winds of God. Somewhere I had read something about "the most important letter of the alphabet" -- I can't recall what the author came up with. I have my own selection. It is W. The "honest serving men"-"Who?" and "What?" and "Why?" "When?" "Where?" But also a new series. It started for me in the St. Albans church one Sunday morning. The hymn was "The Hallelujah Side," and my mind and heart, my whole "Me" responded, "I've opened up toward heaven all the windows of my soul." Windows -- the two sets, His and mine. Then Wells: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Water -- the living Water of the Spirit. And the Wind of the Spirit, "moving on the face of the waters" at the creation, moving in the hearts of men at Pentecost, moving in the world today. Windows, Well, Water, Wind -- Words too, that are spirit and life, and Waves of the tide of revival. The W's can carry us far.

And now with the new sense of the dynamic working of God in our world has come an added sensitivity to the Winds of God, ready to be picked up as the spiritual receiving set is kept tuned in. It was said of the missionary doctor Wilfred Grenfell, "He made the sound among men of a holy wind blowing."

A sampling of these Winds of God that have reached me:

The Wind of Joy. Sloth as a deadly sin, defined by Thomas Aquinas as "sadness in the face of spiritual good." I sin if I do not accept Christ's offered joy. The message keeps coming, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." The Christian is one who through the worst that life can bring is "absurdly happy." Irrationally happy, yes -- if you don't know the logic of grace: security and meaning for life in the eternal purpose of the unchanging God of love.

The Wind of Freshness. The note I read one day: "The romance that gives life zest is to meet every day with the Lord. What will He lead me to and through? The God of infinite variety (no two snowflakes alike) never leads, blesses, works twice in exactly the same way. The God of infinite wisdom (ours for the asking) orders our days, and as our day our strength. Therefore no strain."

"Life is not salvage to be saved out of the world, but an investment to be used in the world."

**The Wind of Pure Love. Again and again, the farewell speech of old Mr. Standfast in Pilgrim's Progress before crossing the river: "I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth I have coveted to set my foot."**

**The Wind of Assurance. The direct word, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I have always needed His personal word to me.**

**Such was His recent message to me on the filling with the Holy Spirit: "My void Thou wilt meet with Thy merciful and peaceful fullness, hour by hour in toil, in leisure -- in privacy, in company -- in adversity, in success -- in things sacred, in things secular -- in great things, in least" (H. G: Moule).**

**Prove in me Thy boundless fullness;  
Live An me Thy life divine.**

**"Filled like the streams of flood tide in the spring." The fullness of the spring freshets: the drive and enthusiasm, the freshness and purity; no stagnation, no clogging with rubbish.**

**"Filled like the tides that flow 'from out the boundless deep.' " The fullness of the full tide, "too full for sound and foam": the serenity and vastness of a oneness relationship with God himself, the adequacy that is peace.**

**"Filled like the ship's sails that catch the current of the wind." The fullness of the filled sail: rough canvas made beautiful in use, weakness of self become strength in service, motive power for work, energy.**

**"Filled like the house with sweet aroma when Mary broke her alabaster box of sweet perfume." The fullness of love without stain of self: joy without envy, glad sacrifice. Christlikeness because Christ-love.**

**"Filled like the sanctuary with the deep rich tones of the organ." The fullness of the holy place: the hush of the soul in the presence of God: the instrument out of sight, the life God's music to attract to Him. And more, "the measureless reaches of redeeming love." The fullness of the "more abundantly."\* [\*The quotes are Earl Wolf's, the permission mine.]**

**Be still, my soul, thy God doth undertake  
To guide the future as He has the past.  
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;  
All now mysterious will be bright at last.  
Be still, my soul, the winds and waves still know  
His voice that ruled them while He dwelt below.**

\* \* \* \* \*

## POSTSCRIPT

As I come to the close of my chronicle, I recall that somewhere I have claimed to have had "not a moment of boredom" in my teaching. I trust I have not given a wrong impression. Boredom, no. Weariness of mind and body, frustration and perplexity, yes. Once asked if I enjoyed grading papers, I replied, "No, most of them." I stopped to think, "No, I don't like correcting papers. I really suffer over assigning grades -- but I love my job!"

The phrase "Not Somehow, but Triumphantly" belongs to me, they say. But not as a boast of achievement; rather as a reminder of resources in Christ. I hope they remember that the word "triumph" implies a battle. It has not always been smooth sailing. I have needed all the grace my faith could grasp.

The many notes from that unfiled drawer have varied with audiences and occasions, but all have expressed facets of the one unchanging Reality. With the passing of time I became more deeply stirred by the wonder of the abiding dependability of Christ's principles and presence. I discovered, and was captured by, clearer insights. One Jewish woman who was enrolled in a course -- "Twentieth Century Literature," I think it was -- stopped at the desk as she went out, to say, "You seem so sure" (of my faith, she meant). I was. It was time-tested.

But the years still teach. I end the story with what I can only call the explosion in my mind of a metaphysical fact. It occurred last week. (I suppose I had known it before, theoretically. Even now words cannot communicate the burst of glory.) It was this. The 70 years' experiences of specific "grace to help in the nick of time" -- God always on hand for every one of the days-were not chance. They proved the existence of an active, beneficent, cosmic Intelligence -- absolute, infinite -- noticing, aware before I recognized my own need, providing in advance the saving word. And this miracle is available to every individual, living or yet to live, who will tune in to the wisdom of God. The universe is a-tingle with God. This is His mind, and it works for the mere dot which is I -- in Love!

Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is a poem I had to live into gradually as I understood more clearly its symbolism of the deep truths of life, love, and religion, everlasting as expressed in the beauty of its carved scenes. Merely by living through the centuries the Greek vase was declaring its truth.

Today the role of the urn came alive to me. Perhaps this is what my "staying put" has meant -- a witness across the generations to a living, unchanging Truth. (I capitalize as Keats did not.)

When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woes

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

If so, how grateful!

But my whole soul goes out in a prayer for the future, a prayer that has promise at its heart: "Behold, I will do a new thing." Could the two, prayer and promise, make prophecy? "Even now shall it spring forth."

Tune Thou my harp;  
There is not, Lord, could never be  
The skill in me.

Tune Thou my harp,  
That it may play Thy melody,  
Thy harmony.

Tune Thou my harp,  
O Spirit, breathe Thy thought through me  
As pleaseth Thee.

-- Amy Carmichael\*

[\*Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, England.]

Note Added September, 1969

One more of life's lessons, one further demonstration of the faithfulness of our God: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." This, too, I proved when this past spring my living-partner of forty-seven years, Mary Harris, died. God was with us in living, loving presence to meet both her need and mine. For her the assurance of His welcome at the open Gate; for me, the "Comforter, Counsellor, Leader, over the uneven journey of life." "The haven of rest is my Lord."

\* \* \* \* \*

## APPENDIX

For A Holiness College In 1957

Farewell Address As Dean  
Delivered Before The Faculty  
And Board Of Trustees

**"In India it is said that the truly sacred places of the earth are those where two rivers meet. So Allahabad, for instance, is held to be a sacred city because it lies at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna. In a somewhat similar way it may be said that ENC is a sacred place because it stands at the confluence of many streams. Here meet the precedents of the past and the needs of the present, the insights of scholarship and the eternal verities of faith, the grace of God and the aspirations of all sorts and conditions of men." -- Adapted From Dean Douglas Horton,  
Harvard Divinity School**

**In a special sense we stand today at the confluence-what seems almost confusion of crosscurrents, so violent the shock of meeting streams . . . . Ours the responsibility to deepen the channel into which they flow and merge, so to blend them as to change confusion to power.**

**Past and present. This fiftieth anniversary year of our church, all our institutions are subject to appraisal. We know the precedents of the past, the founders' vision -- we owe it a debt not to betray our trust: to "spread scriptural holiness." But not as a pet doctrine. As basis for a redeemed humanity to grow to "a perfect man in Christ."**

**This thirty-ninth year of ENC as a college, we have told you repeatedly of the growth of her vision. Our new dean's (Alvin H. Kauffman's) report to the faculty opens with "Our Faith: Thirty-nine years ago ENC was conceived and dedicated to the proposition that the best in education and the best in the Christian faith could be combined with a profit to both and a loss to neither. This is still our optimistic faith. Christ gives the key to the fuller realization of truth." By faith we understand; and every added bit of knowledge adds strength to our faith. (Confluence of the insights of education and the eternal verities of faith.)**

**The needs of the present -- I recall telling last year of the squeeze these needs present:**

**1. We were founded to train ministers and missionaries. Now with a seminary to do that, an increasing number of young people of college age (with a higher general level of education soon one of every two will be entering college) are preparing for various other vocations. This requires greater variety in curriculum and more expensive equipment -- buildings and apparatus, and a specially trained faculty. Yet industry takes these Ph.D.'s first -- takes them and pays them. We need men. All colleges need them, but we need a particular quality. We need money, Our constituency are not wealthy and are not fully awake to the need.**

**2. In the past we could operate unnoticed; now we must have and keep scholastic accreditation to stay open. We must raise educational standards (including admission requirements) or close our doors. We could be "out of the world"; now we must meet the challenge.**

The business world of England at one period had a saying, "In matters of trade the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much." They tell us the life of a college president combines Sisyphus (rolling uphill forever a great stone which forever rolls back) and Tantalus (standing up to his chin in water which forever recedes as he stoops to drink). Both are Greek images of everlasting punishment. And the faculty lie on the bed of Procrustes (chopped off or stretched out to fit the one standard), all service, no reward.

"Do human brains require as much investment and development as copper in the Andes?" Our faith of the past must prove itself in this present: the best spiritual, that is, genuine; the best education, that is, genuine. This is a day when only this "best" will do. And "tomorrow may be too late."

Some quotes from educators bring us to the second confluence, "the insights of scholarship and the eternal verities." "We stand now at the crossroads of history." "Glimpses now of counterrevolution against Communism." "Save the colleges to freedom as liberating forces for the world." "Educate for character." "Men are men before they are lawyers or physicians [or ministers, I add], and if you make them capable and sensible men they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers and physicians" (John Stuart Mill). "Students must ask the right questions and get the right answers."

Educators -- many of them seem to be recognizing that it will take Christian education to produce these free, sensible, wise men, and are speaking out. Note these titles and emphases:

"A Tree Bearing New Fruit." "Stir the earth and put new mould about the roots. Our task is to develop a spiritual vitality capable of holding its own among the ideological currents of the time." "To relate ourselves to truth in a new way." "A people which lacks a sturdy moral fiber, plus dependable spiritual resources, is weak, no matter how great its material forces may for the moment be."

"The Facing of This Hour." The president of Park College asks for a "religious atmosphere in which the student can think through his personal relationship to God -- find a mature personal religion which will stay with him and grow deeper and stronger throughout his life."

Now to what is my real, new burden for ENC, a concern for the individual student -- that third confluence: "the grace of God meeting the aspirations of all sorts and conditions of young people." Again our dean's report: "A second principle of the ENC program is the Christian view of the supreme value of the human personality: young people vibrant with expectation, eager to learn, yearning to serve their age -- of inestimable value, but complex, sensitive, responsive, unpredictable."



**This is a new day for them, different from ours. There has been more change in the past 20 years than in centuries before. Human nature is the same, but conditions, problems, influences, ideas are different. More are going to college; more money is spent on colleges. It is a new world of new words like "atomic," "automation," which have changed skills and the demand for skills. There is a new knowledge and different. And a new society: less work and more leisure and more ways to spend it, more temptations and different, more standardization and less individuality; less background of Bible truth. 'All sorts of aspirations' -- what are the aspirations of our young people? How meet them with grace?**

**Two studies have been made lately of attitudes of U.S. college students. (1) The Newsweek education editor finds them conformists, egocentric -- their only aspirations material gratifications -- no idealisms. Their aim to become well-rounded business executives by accepted business deals. (2) A social researcher in the nation's colleges finds college youth worried and anxious over spiritual problems. The thoughtless take the road of cars and yachts and television and travel; the more thoughtful, the way of distress and anxiety. The causes are the same: the scientific revolution with the Freudian follow-up. If man is just another animal, as superficial pseudo-science suggested, no brakes on biological appetites. Free will? Moral responsibility meaningless. Rather, moral relativism. And if no standards, then nothing else matters. Distrust of supposed spiritual values, therefore confusion and moral frustration.**

**Oldsters professing moral standards seem to present to them the hypocrisy of two conflicting systems of value: (1) religion for Sunday, (2) competition, shrewd, unscrupulous, for other days. And the fact of atomic war -- what significance and what future for the individual?**

**But the moral nature will not down. Postwar thinking of psychologists, philosophers, sociologists, scientists is swinging to theories nearer to Christian truth.**

**Our own young people -- can we put ourselves in their place? We can try. The attitudes vary.**

**(1) Some are "wise." Through unselective television, radio, reading, associations at work or school, they are infected with the atmosphere of the day. Some long for the forbidden. (2) The serious who accept the doctrines and keep the rules. Their standards are the negative "don'ts"-small vision of positive service and Christian ethics. (3) Those "trying to get sanctified" who are "up and down." Lightweight in their ideas of religion and of fun, they have to be amused. Life is a patchwork of discordant ideas. (4) The mentally keen, who "wish to think for themselves." Over-impressed by "education," they accept anything a "great scholar" says. They are exposed to intellectual dangers. (5) The genuinely sanctified, but shielded. They will be shocked, confused, when they have to learn. (6) Some with a sense of calling must prepare, but do not know what is involved. (7)**

Some at ENC were converted in last summer's camp. Some few have never before been exposed to "what Nazarenes believe." Some of these are eager, some indifferent-all inexperienced.

For all these the saving Gospel is the same, and the college degree. All must mature; these are the growing-up years. But we must find them each where he is. Jesus found the path to the heart of every individual: for Nicodemus the new birth; for the Samaritan woman at the well the living water.

"Where are the young in college to find the spiritual leadership they so desperately need? In the secular college their leaders are largely silent or ineffectual.

"He [the right sort of leader] has to bring light into their darkness, order into the chaos of their experience, to discover meaning, to make them feel and understand what was incomprehensible to them, to distinguish the essential from the inessential, the valuable from the valueless, the direction in which they should walk and what they should do. He must have the capacity for imparting his own vision of truth to others and for inducing them to choose a specific way of life." -- F. H. Heineman, In Existentialism And The Modern Predicament

Where are such leaders to be found? They should be in the holiness college. Here is my fresh vision for the holiness college, my challenge, burden, faith for our young people, the treasure of the church, sheep needing a shepherd.

The "educator's task for freedom (for God, for the church) is to provide the kind of learning in which knowledge of truth becomes transforming of life." The peculiar asset of the holiness college is the transforming grace of God; changed hearts develop changed minds. A spiritual altar will work a double miracle.

It is ours to be sure they get the real miracle. Ours to live it and make them hungry for it. To help them fall in love with the real before they are exposed to the counterfeit. To keep them enveloped in prayer and faith and love. In the new bottles to put new wine -- not a new Gospel; the same work of the Spirit that Peter knew and Wesley, but fresh in our lives and in theirs, and meeting both our problems. The new wine of the Spirit poured (released) into the new situations of the new day.

An "old-fashioned revival"? Surely no one form is prescribed for the Eternal Spirit. God's form. God's new wine. God real among us.

Then -- "Keep education open at the top to the truth God would speak to our time amid all our vast knowledge and power."

For the minute they rise from the altar they face the fact that they must "perfect holiness." There are questions to answer: how to live, what to think. Think grace into living; learn to live by principles, not by moods. Start where they are to

develop a whole man, loving God perfectly, with all soul, heart, strength, and mind. Education "open at the top" is not merely illuminating but transforming -- of themselves first.

They have minds that must grow with their growth; they are responsible to use them to face questions they cannot answer. There is no real conflict between real education and holiness, but: some new ideas seem to conflict. The Spirit will guide, but the burden is on us teachers to help them find the guideposts that we have found ourselves. "Meet the insights of education with the eternal verities." Teach the new ideas, expect the questions -- even lead to them, but beyond, to the things that do not change.

"Christ is the Answer" in the sense that His truth is the eternal corrective, touchstone of moral and spiritual reality. Any supposed truth that clearly impinges on that reality to contradict it is to that extent untrue. But true truths; secular and spiritual, reinforce and illuminate each other. Perhaps, probably, Christ's truth has yet unrealized implications. Be sure we ourselves know in our own experience something of the confluence and lead them to it, this grace in living and thinking.

"In the world" of ideas, but not wholly "of it" -- not swamped by it. but master of it; steering between the conceit of testing by human reason alone and the superficiality of a holiness that feels only and does not think. If here in college we allow them to be swamped by ideas, we can lose our best from the church. But if we do not let them think, we may lose our church. Education "open at the top" also to transform their world. Perhaps their greatest lack lies in their contentment with negativeness, keeping holy by don'ts. There are new aspects of the many-faceted truth of: Christ to be taught by the Spirit: for new needs new facets of holiness yet to be discovered by keen, sensitive minds deathlessly loyal to Christ and His cross; clear ethical insights, new avenues of service.

In "new days" of the past God used university-trained men in a large, lasting way. Paul, Luther, Wesley unearthed not new, but buried riches of Christ's eternal truth. We need some great interpreters of holiness. (I suppose John Wesley did not say the last word on the riches of grace.) Thinkers on the psychology and the philosophy of this truth, its ethical implications; on the anthropology of races to whom we send missionaries.

We need -- they need -- visions of service in the "ministry" and out: pioneers to evangelize in industry, in the professions-physicians, teachers, physicists, chemists (why did I omit lawyers?), laymen who have their own faith clear, going out to testify, meeting other educated men and women on their own ground. This is the place for "calls." We are handling the priceless future of the church, perhaps of the world. We need to keep the atmosphere electric with prayer, and testimony.

Arnold of Rugby said, "No man should meddle with a university who does not know it very well and love it very dearly." We tremble at the responsibility, but we

do not draw back. We have God. And we have you. i said the colleges ask too little? We claim your help in this -- you, their families, their church. We ask your example as witnesses, your prayers and faith for us and in us, your money, your moral support -- and your sons and daughters.

Some recent omens of victory to report. In one day:

1. The visit to me of a recent alumnus, a young man with no money, working for an advanced degree preparatory to teaching literature in a holiness college, his eyes filled, his face fairly shining as he told of the thrill of counselling at a Nazarene camp this summer, when he realized how acute the young people's need and that he could help.

2. The visit at my home of the newly elected student body president, a top-ranking chemist, kneeling in humble, earnest prayer for grace and wisdom to be a leader in spiritual things as well as in other activities.

3. Word by phone of a brilliant young high school senior now considering ENC rather than Radcliffe -- impressed by the different quality she felt in an ENC practice teacher.

4. A few weeks back, a faculty member sharing with me in prayer his burden for his contribution to young preachers in training.

5. The night our new dean knelt with me, at his request, and consecrated himself to the new task. The Spirit ratified.

6. Two recent chapel services for farewells to three of our best ENC missionaries.

To quote Churchill: "We have not set out on this course to be liquidated." "For their tomorrow we give our today," humbly, prayerfully, and. I trust, faithfully. "Tomorrow may be too late!"

\* \* \*

**Message To The Alumni  
As Dean Emeritus November, 1965**

Looking over my Nautilus files with an eye to a couple of regional alumni gatherings, I was impressed by two persistent facts: change, but sameness. At first glance you looked so young, unlike your present selves. But then I saw: not that your senior face was different, not even older -- just the same you, but lived. And I noted the terms in which you were described in those famous (or infamous?) "sketches" from freshman to senior. I saw that in the four, or five, or six years you were growing: from ignorance of yourself and your potential to clearer vision and to

a commitment both in purpose and in something of passion; from surface unawareness to deepening and direction. I saw too that today you are what as seniors you promised. And I remembered the words, "What you will be you are now becoming." The "becoming" not yet completed. We still have some of it to do, you and I.

I saw also the large number of students pictured in the Evangelistic Association, the large number of called ministers and missionaries -- large in proportion to the total enrollment of the college. And I noted the superior quality of the book evident both in tone and in workmanship. I felt the closeness of faculty and students. Change, or sameness?

Then memory went to work. I thought of the decades of change -- I had lived with the college well into six decades, each with its characteristic mood. Before 1920 this mood had been preparation for evangelizing; we were just beginning to grow from Bible school to college. No financial worries for students; no one had any money, but no one needed any nor expected any. No one griped; everyone could work in broom factory, mop factory, or kitchen. For the school itself all was financial strain and stress -- all except prayer.

In the 1920's the mood was serious study. All the students -- almost -- were serious-minded, earnest, purposeful, They had chosen a holiness college, even unaccredited, because it was a holiness college. ENC was getting its feet down academically; our aim was to be better than our reputation and we were gaining a good name. In 1930, in answer to prayer and work, we were given the degree-granting power in Massachusetts. We also had a great revival.

The 1930's were depression years. The problems were all financial, and these pulled faculty and students close together. God brought us through to a glorious mortgage-burning early in the next decade.

The 1940's were marked by full academic accreditation sought and won, and also by secularization begun. With increasing numbers of young men and women from our constituency, as well as returning GI's, more attention must be given to preparation for lay careers in science, education, medicine, social service.

The 1950's saw a second-generation faculty, younger men, Ph.D.'s earned or to be earned, with growing families, their dedication requiring a new type of sacrifice; rapid numerical growth creating new problems in maintaining the old spirit and new financial pressures (more dormitories to house more students and more laboratories and libraries) to maintain accreditation.

The 1960's: a world that has lost God and is destroying itself; new young people, conditioned to "think for themselves," rebels on principle. The problem seems complex, "to serve the present age": to sift out the essential "soul of ENC," and to communicate it to young men and women who wish to be "like other

colleges." Change -- yes. But sameness, identity. If ENC is only like Ivy League colleges, she has lost her soul. She was founded to be like them in academic quality ("the best in education"), but more ("the best in religion -- holiness of heart and life"). "And in that 'more' lie all her hopes of good."

Changes from decade to decade in circumstances and in practical problems, but a core of faith sound and, we believe, needed as never before: a standard of values and a living dynamic for a world that has lost its bearings and for young people that have not yet found theirs. Did you learn the secret in your decade? Or did we fail you?

It comes to me today in the words of a scrap of verse I came across lately -- not in a specifically religious setting. At first it may sound light.

This is the school of Babylon,  
And at its hands we learn  
To walk into the furnaces,  
And whistle as we burn.\*

[\*Thomas Blackburn. Quoted by May Sarton, *The Moment of Poetry*, Johns Hopkins Press, 1962.]

"Whistle" -- perhaps you think "sing" would say it better for us; but "whistle" has in it the lightness of perfect freedom. At any rate, you get the allusion: those three young Hebrews in Nebuchadnezzar's Babylon. How was it they could choose to walk into the seven-times-heated furnace and "burn," yet come through singing, with garments unsinged? You know: "the form of the Fourth."

We had to turn you out into the thick fires of life's testings and trust you had the secret, the magic word, "the mystery," Paul called it. That your "whistling" could not only carry you through unsinged but inspire others (as Bunyan's pilgrim heard Faithful ahead of him in the Valley of the Shadow and took heart).

This truth expresses itself in the ENC motto, engraved on its seal, *Via, Veritas, Vita*: "Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life." That motto did not just happen. It was not chosen at random. It has been lived with the years.

The Truth: ! remember when I began to think. It was years after I began to teach that I heard a lecturer say, "The greatest single fact of all history is the crucifixion of Jesus Christ." If that is so -- and it is, if Jesus is who He said, if the infinite God once visited our planet to reveal eternal truth to us -- then all other "truths" stand or fall in relation to that Master Truth and its implications. I tried this test and found it made sense, found I needed it.

**Christ, the Truth -- a philosophy of life. The implications of the Cross, a sure frame of reference for understanding ourselves and our fellows, for making basic decisions.**

**Christ, the Way -- a basic attitude that gives life meaning. Jesus' "Come," utter dependence on God; Jesus' "Go," constant giving to others.**

**Christ, the Life -- a relationship with the living Christ by the Spirit: dynamic, enabling, creative.**

**Here is the core -- solid, firm, unchanging, "yesterday, to day, and for ever" -- of faith and truth. All life is one, centered in Christ, the Son of God, life here and hereafter.**

**We hear the psychiatrists stress the need of an "integrated personality." No schizophrenic split here. Here is wholeness; here is rest and certainty for a Babylon of lostness, confused and confusing. I am reminded of Dr. Harold Kuhn's recent chapel talk: " 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free' -- free from today's loneliness, alienation, and futility."**

**We hear much throwing about of brains on the subject of creativity. Here is the secret of genuine creation: "There is no limit to the good a man can do if he does not care who gets the credit." Browning wrote of the**

**gift . . . allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he make  
Not a fourth sound, but a star.**

**Jesus himself, I believe, defined this truth, this way, this life in Him, in His well-known interview with Peter. Peter had just declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus had responded, "This doesn't come of yourself; My Father has revealed it to you. On this rock I will build My Church" -- on the personal revelation of this Christ, with the lives of ordinary men and women who have met Him and committed themselves recklessly to Him. With them and through them He is building His kingdom today.**

**But Jesus began at once to teach Peter the basic principles of this "creativity." As usual, Peter talked.**

**Peter said of the Cross, "Be it far from thee, Lord." Jesus replied, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Redemptive self-giving.**

**Peter asked, "How often must I forgive my brother?" Jesus replied, "Always. No end to forgiveness." Loving unstinted.**

Peter asked, "What shall we have?" Jesus said, "The greatest shall be servant." Expendable in service.

Committed to love: God's love for us, our love for others -- it is so that Christ can build through us.

Practical? Possible? Only through the deliverance from self-centeredness that will make us each a pure, free channel for God's love, the blessing we call holiness, through the Spirit's filling. This is ENC's unchanging pattern.

The test comes in "the school of Babylon": how the faith works in the furnaces, your furnace and mine. "The fire shall try it, of what sort it is." It was made to work. If you have proved it in the test, looking back you see that the fiercest fires were those you remember as the experiences of greatest value. So our poem ends:

We praise the school of Babylon,  
For where else could we learn  
To walk into the furnaces  
And whistle as we burn?

As for ENC, this is a day of heated, furnaces. Finances. Scholastic advance, but ever-advancing levels of education to keep pace with (or we lose accreditation and with it our very existence). Hence, a larger and larger number of high-quality faculty members (quality of both head and heart). And money for both salaries and physical facilities.

Larger enrollment, but more buildings (money) and more scholarships (money again). Community colleges and state universities are luring students away who need the Christian influence.

Spirit. President Williamson's son, about five years old when his father came to ENC in 1936, prayed one night: "O Lord, bless my father, who is president of the Boston multitudes." I think often of the "multitudes" when I sit on the chapel platform and look out over the hundreds whose lives are entrusted to us. We are responsible for preserving and developing the soul of ENC, and for communicating it to this generation of students. Responsible for translating the old spirit into the new forms demanded by the new day, for giving it practical, living expression.

Pray for us as you never have prayed. The past few years have brought us the keenest tests of faith, but the greatest sheer joy in fresh dependence on God and love of His truth.

I give particular thanks for the most recent word from Him: "O Lord God . . . with thy blessing let the house of thy servant be blessed for ever." "Thou blessest, O Lord, and it shall be blessed for ever."



Just a few recent messages given our students by alumni, to acknowledge the share you still are having in perpetuating the ENC spirit.

Claude Schlosser at this fall's opening convention: Truth, its power and dependability; attitudes, choices, commitment to truth; Christ, the Truth.

Paul Hetrick in chapel: "Lo, I am with you alway" -- God's omnipresence illustrated by a prayer in America answered by a marvelous deliverance in Africa.

Richard Howard, speaking at North Reading Camp, re-preached informally in Wollaston: "Live in the Spirit."

Gordon Wetmore in a Sunday evening service: "To whom much is committed" -- the "much" not merely a Christian heritage and a Christian environment but the gift of the Holy Spirit living in a young person today, each one to find his own creative work in God's will. Sheer excitement for layman as well as for minister; God's will for him, Christ's use for him in His building.

(Kipling's "Anybody might have heard it, but His whisper came to me.")

Dr. Robert Merki, now on furlough from Africa, in chapel: "'How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?' Listen. God may be trying to get your ear."

It is too late for some of us to make great changes in our lives even should we wish. I have asked God for each of us a new urge; a quickened sense of the worth of what we have to give -- yet -- to those around us who do not have the ENC secret; a new prayer for ENC, her president, her faculty, her students, and her development men. And a new faith to "challenge your mountain in the Lord."

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Dean Bertha Munro  
Builder And Symbol Of ENC  
Founders' Day Address,  
October, 1968  
Delivered by Dr. Samuel Young

We do not come today to give you a biography of Dean Bertha Munro -- she has written that herself very recently at the insistence of those who know her best -- and we have read the early chapters covering the years before we first met her. We promise you a treat when this work is off the press. Nor do we offer this as an obituary, for she reported to us recently, "I'm not dead yet, and hope I'll not be in October." Rather, we offer these lines as a summary of her philosophy of life and as an estimate of her service as a builder and symbol of Eastern Nazarene College.

**We have known Dean Munro for 46 years. We are still one of her students and listen when she speaks and read everything that she writes for print. But we have also been her pastor, her district superintendent, a college trustee of "her" college, a colleague on the same faculty, and for a few years, her college president. We have prayed often in her home as well as around the same church altar. We have seen her perplexed and burdened and even at her wits' end. We have argued with her occasionally but seldom successfully. She has the daintiness of a woman, the poise of a scholar, and the strength of a saint. She has been a symbol of ENC to hundreds of students both in what she is as well as what she strives for.**

**Her very length of service -- more than half a century, any way you count it -- makes this day appropriate, but its real significance to us lies in the nature and quality of her service. While Emerson wrote, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," Bertha Munro makes us acknowledge "man" here as generic - it includes woman, too.**

**We have drawn heavily on her own writings in making this brief summary of her place of service and have also been privileged to look into her personal notes for chapel talks and educational addresses. As we read these during recent weeks it was not hard to understand why She was valedictorian of her class in high school at 16 years of age, and to learn that she testified to the saving and sanctifying power of God's grace even then. Neither were we surprised that she was valedictorian of her class at Boston University, having earned scholarships all the way, besides serving as a proctor during her junior and senior years. They elected this Latin major to Phi Beta Kappa. She rejected the sororities as inconsistent with her high ethical and social standards, but she was not unpopular with the students herself: Also, her grades in graduate studies are a closely guarded secret, but she does not fool all of us -- the same caliber student prevailed at Radcliffe College in Harvard.**

### **Christian Believer**

**The key to Dean Munro's service to ENC lies first of all in her own religious experience, for her service cannot be evaluated unless we see that she serves her God first of all and then her fellowman. Also, her contribution in building this holiness college can only be understood as a Kingdom building endeavor. But let the Dean offer her own religious testimony and basic philosophy of life given in the epoch of her maturity:**

**"How have I known Him? As Savior first, from sins realized and unrealized, from deceit, from selfish ambition, from laziness and willfulness. The sight of His cross showed me my treacherous nature; His word changed my quicksand, too, to rock.**

**"I too have known Him as Counselor. Without Him I should have been bewildered and lost in a confused world. But He directed my basic choices, at every turn I heard His 'Follow me.' And looking back, I see the way He led was good.**

**"How do I know Him? As faithful Guide, He has given meaning to my life; He has given me a cause to live for that is bigger than I am. The very day I gave myself wholly to Him, He gave me a work to do for Him. Delivering me from an almost certain death, He laid claim to my service for life. At every crossroads the word of direction has come in the nick of time. In the keenest temptation to think myself a useless failure, He has repeated, 'I have chosen you . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.'**

**"How do I know Him? I have come to know Him as Provider and Giver of Bread. I have found by specific tests that, if I would give daringly to the Kingdom, He would fill up the lack in my purse; if I would 'rest in the Lord,' He would care for my interests.**

**"How do I know Him? As Master and Teacher, He taught me with the basin and towel that my work was to be done selflessly for Him: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.' He taught me that things -- rewards and material possessions -- do not matter so much: 'I am your Possession.' He taught me to pray, 'Establish thou the work of my hands,' and promised but how can I tell all my secrets?**

**"How do I know Him? As Friend, Comforter, Strengtheners, with me always. In my early teens He took my mother but whispered in my ear a word of comfort I had not known was in the Bible: 'They shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.' And in every emergency since He has been there to speak the lifting word. How faithfully those words have come! Alone under the wreckage of a railroad car, 'Jesus, every day the same.' At the point of a crucial test, 'Lo, a spring of joy I see.' In heavy loss, 'God hath provided some better thing.' Battling weakness and illness, the healing word, 'All things are possible to her that believeth.' Fighting for a soul when it seemed too late, 'Even now -- '; and again, 'The faith of the Son of God.'**

**"It all comes too close and too personal to put into writing: the gifts of inner strength and hope and courage to face life's battles -- the power of that faithful engine down in the hold of the ship throbbing steadily and carrying it on through the waves and storms. 'In all these things we are more than conquerors through him.' 'God is able to deliver us . . . But if not . . .', the form of the Fourth is there. 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"**

**Teacher**

**Dean Bertha Munro is first of all a teacher. She began teaching in high school in Middleboro, Massachusetts, 61 years ago, but managed always in those early**

days to return to her holiness church in Cliftondale for Sunday services. She has taught in a wide range of areas, especially in languages, but English literature became her chosen field in graduate studies and this has occupied her mind through all the years.

Her philosophy concerning true literature has been hammered out on the anvil of life as she saw the issues emerging clearly enough to pass them on to her young people. These insights contributed to clear thinking. She calls it her "Lived-into Philosophy." There are three distinct insights or contributions that came to her, she reports:

(1) The first was given in a lecture by Dr. Harold Paul Sloan: "The most important event in all history was the crucifixion of Jesus Christ." Dean Munro confesses, "I recognized this as basic truth."

(2) The second insight came much later in an essay by Edmund Fuller, distinguished literary critic. He wrote: "The most important question to ask in judging a work of literature is its view of the nature of man." Again Dean Munro observes, "This, too, I saw to be sound."

(3) Her third great gift in evaluating literature came from Theodore Spencer, then head of the Department of English at Harvard. It consisted of "the four assumptions common to the greatest works of literature through the centuries." They are:

- a) The worth of the individual
- b) The conflict between good and evil
- c) A Reality behind the apparent in the universe
- d) A Unity behind the seeming diversity

When we put the above all together we discover in part why Dean Munro became such a clear lay theologian among us. She was not afraid to let her religious faith mingle with life. Truth was not to be shunned or feared. She was careful to identify truth as personal rather than limit it to abstract principles. She was fond of quoting the Syriac version of John 1:17: "Grace and Reality [truth] came by Jesus Christ." George Macdonald's lines expressed her true prayer:

Oh, let me live in Thy realities,  
Nor substitute my notions for Thy facts.

Dean Munro's vision for a holiness college began when she was a teen-ager during her undergraduate years. It came as an intuitive insight -- perhaps a bit dim

at first -- "Why not the best in education combined with the best in religion (holiness)?"

Early in her service she underscored the noblesse oblige spirit -- "in which privilege entails a corresponding responsibility; the good citizenship attitude that accepts duties as well as rights." This is one reason (apart from her own inner spirit) why she would never shelter anything of snobbishness. Even in her emphasis upon scholarly excellence she insisted, "There can be no snobbishness within the Church. The Church's Master made himself of no reputation and became a servant. The elite can be saved; but they become humble first."

Dean Munro always insisted, "We want to be like other colleges in the best things." Using religion as a cloak for intellectual laziness was for her inexcusable. She wrote, "We want no exemptions. We have been trusted by the educational world; we want to keep faith with them." In fact, her own ideal was to be better educationally than we professed to be. Her religion reinforced her here as she reminds us: "We have been trusted by God: 'we will walk honestly.' His praise is for the 'good and faithful servant.'"

Dean Allyn of Mount Holyoke, secretary of the Investigating Committee for the New England Association of Colleges, said to Dean Munro at the close of their investigation of ENC, "You are doing all that it takes to make a good college."

But Dean Munro knew the risks of the intellectual task involved in education. She confessed: "It may mean too little or too much. It can be a show thing, if taken superficially merely to get a degree; or it may be an overwhelming, ruinous experience if taken over-seriously without the necessary balance of faith." It is interesting at this point to observe what she calls the true spirit of ENC. She notes, "I believe that spirit comprehends a certain attitude to things of the mind, an attitude combining independence and humility." She writes to the graduates in a warm letter: "The things that were the heart of ENC we have tried to keep intact for you and for your children: the friendliness, the sincerity, the democratic standards, the loyalty to God and holiness."

We were almost shocked last May while visiting on the campus to discover that she was still teaching a class. We were sure she must be fragile (we're getting older, too), and here she was with the light step, twinkle in her eye, and when we sat down to talk with her, we discovered the same clear mind and unswerving devotion to God and truth. Long ago we had discovered the source of her drive (apart from her inner renewing through faith in God); it was in her very task itself. She saw in youth "a world of spiritual opportunity, inner resources unlimited." She always insisted, "Not a moment of boredom when you are embarked on an adventure for God, especially an adventure with young people their minds, and how to use them, their lives, and what to do with them . . . . No two boys have ever been the same. That is why years fly by so fast and so excitingly in our great adventure."

**But she never taught a class -- she taught individuals. Even when classes became large, she seemed to know them one by one. She had the happy faculty of adding a name to each one that described him for what he was or did. It may have sounded like a nickname to some, but it wasn't. It was descriptive and appallingly accurate. In evaluating her own service she never pandered to the A student to the neglect of the C student. She was not usually "tough" in her grades, but she could pile on the work. She insisted that her field required a volume out of line with many other areas of instruction.**

**For many years she gave thumbnail sketches of the seniors at the junior-senior banquet, and many an individual received a deserved and revealing boost or gentle stab with good humor. Always there was penetration until they wondered, "How did she know that about me?" Those lines revealed her too, for she never lost her interest in the age-long boy-girl dilemma. In truth, they became her children. and their children in turn became her grandchildren, too. And when they left these halls, she followed them with personal notes, especially during holiday seasons, even to faraway places, reassuring them, especially in times of crisis, that she still loved, cared, prayed, and understood.**

#### **Writer**

**In all her teaching, Dean Munro cherished highly her service in the Sunday school. For the most part she taught college girls. Not long ago we discerned her inner feelings regarding this service when we rediscovered that she had dedicated her first devotional book Truth for Today "To my co-workers, the Sunday school teachers of the Church of the Nazarene"; and the second one, Strength for Today, "To my Sunday school girls of the years, now scattered abroad."**

**Actually she had written a column for our denominational teacher's journal for more than 13 years, first under the heading "Points That Are Practical" and then as "Truth for Today." She also wrote freely for the youth magazine, Conquest, for the college's Christian Scholar, and for other magazines and publications.**

**Her book Not Somehow but Triumphantly reflects her undying interest in the mind and problems of youth. She never seems outdated, and in recent years when a few would remind her that she was well over 30, she would counter with the fact that Jesus was more than 30, too, when He taught.**

**The Pilgrim's Road Map contains a practical study in Pilgrim's Progress. Here she reflects a special interest in Puritanism at its best, especially from John Bunyan, preacher, evangelist, pastor. It is seventeenth-century to be sure, but "practical, colloquial, down to earth," she insists, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven."**

Her devotional books deserve special mention. We helped to nudge her into writing Truth for Today with the plea that it would help ENC if she would do it. This was followed by the companion volume, Strength for Today. Both continue to enrich the lives of Christians who read them and dare to let their truths search and strengthen their hearts.

### Lay Theologian

In her own right, Dean Bertha Munro is a recognized lay theologian among us. She would be the first to insist that she is not a technical theologian at all, for her emphasis is upon the practical applications to life. Her starting point of reflection and her chief frame of reference is always the Bible, but long years of study in literature have shown her confirmation and fresh applications of the Bible principles and illustrations. When she contemplated the soundest principles involved in the greatest works of literature, she concluded: "All these I could see were comprehended in the implications of the Incarnation, Crucifixion, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ . . . . This philosophy meant to me a steadiness in Him, a shaky uncertainty apart from Him."

Dean Munro would agree heartily with Luccock when he writes, "Literature reinforces the values inherent in the Christian revelation." Her studies here especially emphasized the nature of man, underscoring his sinfulness and need as well as his potential and moral responsibility. In numerous classics she sees "symbols of sin that will live in the imagination." Her picture of Hugo's octopus in *Toilers of the Sea* describes "clinging carnality." Also in Hugo's *Les Miserables* she sees the quicksand setting as a symbol of the depth of man's need and his utter helplessness to save himself. In Hawthorne's *Poison Flower* she sees "the poison of moral evil -- and the girl infected and infecting others -- lovely and deadly." Again in Melville's *Moby Dick* we have the great white whale, "symbol of the mystery of evil, the mystery of what the author felt to be a malignant power in the universe." But further illustrations are too numerous to list.

We suppose her two chief studies were of two seventeenth-century Christian classics -- Puritan classics which appeared only seven years apart. They were *Paradise Lost*, by John Milton, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan. Anyone who sat wide awake in her classes on these studies came away richer and wiser.

But she also judged contemporary literature by the standard of the classics. She seemed to be able to lift the meat out of literature's contribution without getting lost or engulfed by the century or by the illustration itself. She was especially fond of quoting Dinsmore's summary: "We in our easy tolerance think of sin as some 'soft infirmity of blood'; but those masterminds that have gone down the deepest into the heart of evil have felt that they were entering a dismal world of chill fog and sick poison, a place of squalor, dull misery, and benumbed wretchedness; and He [Jesus] who most of all the sons of men tasted its true character through His own purity, found it to be paralyzing, horrible, God-forsaken."

But Dean Munro also glories in redemption. She sees God's initiative in the divine-human encounter. A ready illustration in literature was Thompson's Hound of Heaven: "I fled Him down the arches of the years." Jesus Christ is always the Seeker after man. She also loved to quote the Wesley hymn with its emphasis upon the Cross:

'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, oh, my God, it found out me!

Wesley continues,

Thy grace diffused a quickening ray;  
I woke -- the dungeon flamed with light.  
My chains fell off, my heart was free;  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

Dean Munro always identified "the implications of the Cross, a sure frame of reference for understanding ourselves and our fellows, for making basic decisions."

### Symbol Of ENC

Dean Munro by her life and service is a symbol of ENC. She had the vision and she applied it to her own life. At certain points in her career it looked to some of her intimates foolhardy to continue, but they did not understand. She was like the third servant of the Lord in Henry Van Dyke's Legend of Service. She did not tarry with a Why? or argue with a How? but asked eagerly When? The nudge had come under the railroad car wreckage that day and she started immediately to obey.

The church's concept of a holiness college in the early years amounted to a kind of "sanctified gumption," but Dean Munro saw it rather clearly in her early days of college teaching. "God-given too is the larger vision of a holiness college in the East that shall stand until Jesus comes. The Christian college is vital to the work of God. In the years when young people are making longtime choices -- of vocation, companionship, philosophy of life -- it makes it natural for them to choose the right. It urges them to know God for themselves and to make these choices through Him."

Her vision came to include:

"(1) An atmosphere where education will never choke out the love of God; where God is real in Christ; where His knowledge, His standards, His commissions are trusted implicitly.

"(2) Teachers who are investing in young people. Called of God, their lives interpret the truth they teach.



**"(3) Sound preparation for life and Christian service; reputable scholastic standards and adequate equipment; a variety of training for ministry and laity.**

**"(4) A sterling product in young lives saved to the Kingdom and directed into the useful channels of God's choice. Holiness in action; education poised and aglow."**

**She concludes: "ENC a praise in the earth."**

**Where did this New Englander discover this gleam and how has she kept it glowing to this present hour? We think we see the secret in her own testimony recorded in an earlier page and in the last paragraph which we have withheld until now -- in a God-given faith that has not faded with the passing years. Hear her:**

**"Faith in Christ is not an upside-down cone teetering tipsily on its point; faith in Christ is a pyramid resting firmly on its base, broadening down and settling surely so that it cannot be overturned, more real and more precious than life."**

**Don't feel sorry on this Founders' Day for the oldsters -- including Bertha Munro -- for she will answer you with the poet's lines:**

**The young can only trust to Him,  
And walk by faith; but we,  
Those who have traveled longer roads,  
And older grown -- can see!**

**In the intimacy of Dean Munro's personal notes we found a poem sent her by one of her former students, now a missionary. She describes her Alma Mater, and probably reflects the idealism imbibed from her major professor. She writes:**

**I came one day, a stranger to your gates;  
You welcomed me, and in the few brief months  
That passed while I remained with you  
You gave to me a multitude of friends.  
I came one day content to live within myself;  
You made me take a world into my heart.  
You taught me not to seek for happiness;  
To smile, to love, whate'er the circumstance.  
You gave me vision of a mighty task,  
A life that, living, builds itself in life.  
You showed me splendid wealth in human souls  
Beyond whatever I might dream in gold.  
You gave my soul the courage to fight on  
And win a battle I had thought to lose.  
You gave me faith and loyalty and truth;**

**You gave yourself to me, my Alma Mater.  
Your own, henceforth, your spirit incarnate.**

**Our prayer joins Dean Munro today, for as she read these lines when they were first written, she wrote at the bottom: "If this be true for Marion Rich, I feel we have not wholly failed. It must be true for many more. Amen."**

**In the richest sense ENC is always an unfinished task and is entrusted to each succeeding generation. In short, Dean Munro's vision will not die if it lives in you and me.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**THE END**