Cultural encounter as Taylor students meet the Chinese

Israel, China, Russia, England: trips provide special insight

Gee, Anderson receive national basketball honors

Engstroms receive special welcome to galleria

Continued success: Leadership Conference, Youth Conference
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Insight and understanding from other cultures

While Taylor University has been well-known for its missions activities throughout this century, a new type of travel program has become popular on campus.

Students are discovering that not only can they give of themselves while serving in other countries, but also they can learn from other cultures while traveling in foreign nations.

Overseas travel for Taylor University students is nothing new. Coach Don Odle was sending Venture for Victory basketball teams to Asia dozens of years ago; Wandering Wheels has toured various nations in Europe, Asia and the Middle East; Taylor World Outreach has sent missions teams to countries in need at nearly every opportunity in the last score years.

But now students and faculty members alike are discovering that there is something to be said for studying a subject in its natural environment. And what better time to leave Indiana than during a cold, blustery, snowy January interim?

This past January saw the most variety of study and travel ever. From the New Testament sites of Israel to the castles and cathedrals of England, from the warm, soggy rice paddies of China to the ice-encased trees of the Soviet Union — Taylor University students were granted the magnificent opportunity to actually see and experience what can never be fully explained in a textbook.

In this issue, junior Michelle Donaldson writes about the variety of worship rituals she witnessed in Israel and the questions and challenges they brought to the forefront in her own life. Phil Sommerville, a graduate of Taylor and member of the Wandering Wheels staff, shares the lessons he was able to learn from the humble Chinese peasant. Mark Willis, a freshman, describes the sense of constant tension and restraint prevalent during his stay in the Soviet Union, and tells of the high level of commitment he found in the Russian Christians. Senior Rochelle Manor tells a tale of an England that is not quite like the charming, romantic nation set forth in literature.

The insight and understanding these students developed while studying under Taylor University professors overseas is, to say the very least, impressive. They were able to experience a subject in a way that would never have been possible in a classroom on campus, and their stories aptly display the perceptions and knowledge they garnered while studying in a foreign land.

Magazine to expand in size, improve in quality

Held before you is a publication that has set Taylor University apart from its sister institutions for nearly three decades. Very few colleges and universities attempt to produce a magazine; most are satisfied with a bi-monthly tabloid.

Taylor University's first magazine was published in November of 1960. Since then, it has undergone several changes and alterations.

And as of the fall issue, the Taylor University magazine will have received yet another facelift. The size of the publication will nearly double, the quality of paper will be of the more-familiar gloss coating, the variety of articles will be enhanced, and there will be more stories featuring alumni.

All of these, we feel, are changes that will improve our service to you, the Taylor University family. More and more alumni are writing to the Class News section these days; thus, there is a need to expand that portion of the magazine. Betty Freese will be in charge of the Class News section, and she's looking for more information from our alumni. We plan to highlight the achievements of our graduates with in-depth articles and photos.

So send us your news — we want to hear from you! And look for more details in our summer publication about the new and improved magazine coming your way this fall.

— Kurt E. Bullock '81, editor
One of the most difficult things for any westerner travelling to the Middle East, I suppose, is the adjustment to the eastern view of religion. Most Protestants growing up in 'Middle America' or any other ethnically-isolated area expect the Moslem tradition to be alien, and they suppose the potpourri of Jewish traditions to be somewhat more 'extreme' than those found in the United States.

For some reason, though, we expect that Christians will be the same all over the world. Although I did not have these gut expectations in my conscious intellect, I did find myself feeling amazed that the Middle Eastern religious world did not meet my personal expectations as a believer.

I grew up in a large midwestern city, and had friends of various ethnic backgrounds, including Moslems and Jews. I have read many books on these philosophies and religions, and as a student of political science and history, I am well aware of the historical and political significance of both cultures. I really did not expect to be surprised by what I would find in these two belief systems, and I was not. But even so, I was quite startled to see and experience the worship system of the

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Analysis leads to synthesis:

Israel's conflicting images of worship bring about a new understanding of reverence and adoration.
Middle Eastern Church.

We had already been in Israel for a few days, living between Jerusalem and Bethlehem in the Ecumenical Institute for Advanced Theological Study (Tantur). Our group had previously spent time in Jordan and had already taken the bus to Jerusalem for an evening. At supper this particular evening, an announcement had been made that it was Epiphany, and that several buses would be driven to the night service at The Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. Our group was invited to attend. As it had been a long day, and we were told that the service would end between midnight and three in the morning, only five members of the Taylor group elected to go.

Later that evening, when we arrived at the church, we went through the already-familiar process of being body-searched by soldiers before entering the courtyard. It was our first trip to Bethlehem, and I was amazed at the immense numbers of armed soldiers posted throughout the town. Lining up to enter the church single file, I again was surprised to see armed soldiers inside the rugged, bare stone walls of the building. I later discovered that the soldiers were there to prevent an outbreak of violence similar to one that had occurred the previous year between the various sects of worshippers.

The Church of the Nativity, which for centuries has enclosed a place of pilgrimage for Christians, is basically unornamented now. Years of invasions by Turks, Moslems, and Christians have stripped bare any treasures, paintings or decorations it once must have held. As it is still a holy house of worship, there were hundreds of incense censers of all shapes and sizes filling the high, vaulted ceilings with a thick, gray cloud, the bottom of which hung just a few feet above the floor.

The elevated sanctuary and the narthex of the church were crowded with men, women, and children; some dressed in the poorest of clothes, some dressed somberly in black, several wore furs and tuxedos, and all intermingled with tourists of many nationalities. After several minutes, we approached the sanctuary of the church. It had been restored and was decorated with many gleaming gold icons, the large and ornate iconostasis, multi-tiered candles, vivid portraits of the apostles, and scenes in Christ's life that typify the Eastern Orthodox Church. We mingled with the standing crowd to watch the Eastern Orthodox Patriarch. He was wearing full liturgical dress, and began leading the traditional chants.

After a while, many people began moving down into a lower level where, in a similar though less dazzling arena, the Coptic church had begun its service with chants and singing. A few minutes later, the Armenian church began its service in yet another portion of the church. The chanting and singing grew louder as each group vied for attention. I am not sure whether they were seeking the attention of God, man, or themselves. Whenever the various chantings grew quieter, a group would begin a procession around the church with the censers twirling, the staffs of the altarboys pounding for attention, the chants increasing in volume as various men in the congregation joined in.

During this time, I went down into the crowded grotto where the focus of this worship was located. Although it was crowded with Russian Orthodox priests and nuns, there were many other people...
there as well. The nuns crouched, quietly whispering and praying among themselves, alongside the low stone walls marked by centuries of graffiti. At the front, a priest was performing a ritual over the small, celebrated hole in the floor through which worshippers could thrust their hand and touch the stone which is believed to be where Christ was born. Large icons stood guard above this place as they did around the small cave to one side; here, Christ was laid in the manger, and candles burned above the celebrated site.

I went back upstairs to the sanctuary where the worshippers made a point to purchase candles, place them on the candelabra, pray, and then kiss the appropriate icon. This area was surrounded by large lights and cameras that were filming the event for the benefit of an unknown audience who could watch at home if they could not physically participate. After a final procession by the Greek Orthodox Church, emerging from the grotto where they had spent their allotted time worshipping, our group headed home, although the service would continue far into the night.

I left feeling greatly confused, all my preconceived ideas of worship and of Christ at conflict. I come from a small church where scarcely an "amen" is heard, let alone the turmoil that these people were obviously accustomed to. If we all worshipped the same saviour, how could I doubt their sincerity, for in the Protestant faith I was familiar with "Sunday Christians" and other forms of hypocrisy. I could not just write off an entire side of the world as damned for being "Mary worshippers" or so preoccupied with the liturgy that they had no concept of a personal relationship with the one they worshipped. My confusion would only grow during the next few weeks.

A few days later we toured Jerusalem and Bethlehem with a leader in the Palestinian Christian community named Geries Houry. A fascinating man, and an obviously dedicated believer, he taught me much regarding the difficulties of being a Christian in a land surrounded by Muslims and Jews. I was deeply struck by the problem Palestinian ministers face of reconciling the Arab role in the Bible as the enemy of the Jewish people, to be cursed and destroyed by both God and the Jews. How could these people accept this as Christians while believing in the redemptive love of Christ - as they are living in a land the majority of Christians worldwide claim as Jewish? How could they see their land taken and their people killed, all in the name of this loving God? But they, too, are commanded to love their Jewish brother. The Palestinian Christian also is faced with the problem of a fragmented church, formed of many denominations, having few differences but historic traditions. The already-difficult problem of outreach is merely complicated by this lack of unity within the body of Christ.

During the tours of these churches, I was struck by the beauty of the ornaments within them and the richness of design, color and illustration. Although I had known that icons were a learning tool for the congregations, that function had not seemed real, until at a Syrian Orthodox Church a priest demonstrated to us how he could point to an icon and explain a sermon. Only after I had been to a church where the people could not afford to own Bibles, and where many were illiterate, could I begin to understand this function. But for me, this raised yet another question: How could the congregation justify spending money for icons when they could not afford education and Bibles, and while the people in the area lived in obvious poverty? This jumped out at me again and again as we visited the various churches throughout Israel.

For five days of the last week-and-a-half of our trip, we toured the area of Galilee, with a kibbutz on the Sea of Galilee serving as our home base. As we had visited the various sites in and around the Jerusalem area, many of the people on the trip had commented upon how incredible it was to be in the various places that had been familiar to Jesus and other Biblical figures. I was extremely interested in all of these sites and was intellectually excited, but I really did not feel any different spiritually. During a walk in the Judean Wilderness, I had felt very close to God, but that was more because of the quiet and beauty of the...
place than its connection to the life of Christ. I was beginning to wonder about myself and my own spirituality; I was hoping the trip to Galilee would change this.

It had become a sort of running joke about every place being a traditional site of something: "Here is the traditional site of Mary's first labor pains," "See this tree--Christ might have leaned against it, so let's build a church here." Although most travellers feel that these sites are a major reason for coming to Israel, I continued questioning myself and my own beliefs.

On the shores of Galilee, near Capernaum, we visited a small chapel. It was in a beautiful spot on the sea, the mountains surrounding Galilee on one side and the trees, rocks and waves on the other side. This chapel was built, just like the one up the road, around the rock Christ had pointed to when He told Peter, "Upon this rock I will build my church." Being good Protestant Crusaders that they were, they had done just that. We went into the church and saw that the altar was a large rock, and that the windows were all stained glass, blocking out any view of the sea. I could not understand how man's beauty could possibly outshine God's beauty. I could not think of anything that could possibly be more beautiful than the sea outside of that chapel.

Needless to say, when we returned to Jerusalem several days later, I was just as confused as when I had left, if not more so. That evening I had a long talk with one of the other college students staying at Tantur, a Canadian graduate student preparing to enter the Anglican Priesthood in a couple of years. I took this as my chance to ask a fellow Christian all the questions I had been mulling over during that month. As he was from a Christian tradition closer to the Eastern Church, he was able to explain his views on liturgy, ceremony, and icons, and how he planned to work them into his own church's religious service. Although this helped me place these practices into a framework and eased my Protestant conscience regarding the "orthodoxy" of much of what I had seen, I still felt confused.

The final day we were able to go to Jerusalem, I took the bus into the city to visit the last-minute sites I had not previously had the opportunity to see. Near the end of the afternoon, I went to The Church of the Holy Sepulchre; we had been there before with our tour guide, and I had felt very confused then. I felt in some strange way that this was my last chance to settle my confusion.

The church is a place few Protestants actually recognize as the tomb and the site of Calvary. But after hearing the evidence presented for it, the place seemed most reasonable to me. This church was very Eastern, and was controlled by four churches whose politics were so at odds that one church had had its priests living on the roof for centuries since they were not able to enter the church. The roof was as close to the site as they were allowed to be.
The sepolchre itself is surrounded by an enormous marble hill, decorated with gold and located inside the church. There are candles all around the entrance to the cave and, in the center, a small table which many worshippers kiss. Bowing low, the worshippers then pass through a small door that leads to the sepolchre itself. A low, marble table is surrounded by fresh flowers, candles, gold icons, and incense censers. Crossing themselves, the worshippers enter while lighting candles, then touch and kiss the table and icons. After praying silently, they back out to visit the place of Calvary.

Near the main entrance to The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a narrow, steep stairway winds up to a higher level. This is where the memorial to the cross is found -- the most elaborate memorial that I saw in Israel, similar to both the nativity and tomb memorials, but several scales larger in size and grandeur. Again, while I watched, worshippers followed the typical and very physical rituals.

I had seen this same type of worshiping in the Moslem mosques and at the Jewish sites of worship as well. Although the structure had varied, the essence had not. Moslems prostrated themselves toward Mecca in their prayers, and at the Western Wall, many Hasidic Jews had rocked in time with their chanted prayers. While in one sense this form of worship seemed very alien, in another sense it did not.

I began to understand the reason for this different worship when I entered the small chapel at Tantur for vespers in the evenings. After a long day of visiting, exploring, and experiencing, I felt amazement at the creations of God. Not that Christ had walked at a specific place, or been born at a traditional spot, but that God had created such a diversity of men, cultures, languages, and societies, and yet that Christ had made the ultimate sacrifice for us all. With this feeling, I wanted to physically do something to show him my love -- not that I had to physically do anything, or that I had to show other people, since I often felt this same way when I was alone, but simply because I felt the need to physically prostrate myself before God. I had never felt this so strongly before, yet there was no quiet, acceptable way in my tradition to demonstrate this, at least not in a manner with which I felt comfortable.

It was with this deeper understanding that I began to look back at my other questions in an attempt to answer or at least start to understand them. I saw all these cathedrals, churches and chapels in a different light. Possibly, the people who built these structures needed to create a physical manifestation of their love for God. Instead of feeling a simple need to prostrate themselves before God, they needed to create something larger to demonstrate the extent of their devotion -- not necessarily to prove their love, but to exercise this love.

I am not idealistic enough to believe that all church buildings have been constructed for the reason mentioned above; I have read enough history and know enough about man to recognize the atrocities done in the name of God. But I do believe that it is necessary to realize the role that culture plays in religion and its corresponding forms of worship.

People frequently ask me what impressed me the most when I was in Israel, and I suppose because of my political bent they expect to hear of some great revelation regarding the Palestinian-Israeli crisis. Although I have gained a new level of understanding and compassion for this situation, I have not discovered any answers. The part of me that has undergone the most change as a direct result of this trip, oddly enough, is my attitude toward and my understanding of worship.

When I think of worship, I now think of two conflicting images. Out of the chaos and confusion of the Epiphany service at The Church of the Nativity, I see a small, elderly lady dressed in black patiently waiting her turn to go to the iconostasis, place her candle in the appropriate holder, bow, cross herself, kiss the icon, and quietly pray in the midst of turmoil. The second image I see is a group of fifteen Taylor students that climbed a large series of rocks in time to watch the sun set over the Sea of Galilee. If people like the small lady in Bethlehem have a need to physically touch or go to a designated place of worship, God has provided that place for her and a church environment in which to exercise this privilege. But for people like me, God has granted an ability to worship anywhere in an individual and personal way.

Even if I never go back to Israel, I will always have those two images in my mind along with the knowledge that I can worship God where I will, that my faith is my own, and that if visiting specific sites does not spiritually stimulate me, then that is all right.

I still do not have the answers to all of my questions, and there are still many

Please turn to ‘Israel’ on page 23.
Lessons of humility abound in:

The life of the Chinese peasant

"Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth." How many times have I read that verse, have I heard that verse used as a sermon topic, have I read commentary concerning that verse?

For all my knowledge of this beatitude, however, I began to suspect that I had not yet discovered the power of this statement as I rode my bicycle through the Chinese countryside and discovered the Chinese peasant. Before encountering these peasants, I had felt that I had a very good grasp of the teaching, "Therefore, I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more important than clothes?" Now I realize that I am just beginning to learn the truth of this lesson. God has spoken to me through some talented writers, but God worked in my life this time through the presence of simple, poor, and largely uneducated peasants who did nothing more than live out their daily routine.

A peasant's life is a very simple one and consists mostly of hard work. From the country to the city, there is little modern machinery to make work easier and more efficient. This is probably not all bad, considering the large number of people who need to be put to work. So, from the planting of grain to the making of bricks, the work is done by hand.

Though the peasant may find temporary jobs in the winter to help him earn money, the focus of his life and energy is the rice
paddy. From spring until fall, peasants labor endlessly, sun-up to sun-down, raising their crop. Indispensable to their labor is the water buffalo, the peasants' John Deere tractor, which would be as valuable and expensive to a Chinese peasant as a combine would be to an American farmer. Behind the water buffalo, the peasant yokes his single-bladed plow, which is often made entirely of wood, and together, man and water buffalo plod up and down through the calf-deep mud of the flooded rice paddy. Once the paddy has been plowed and then raked, it is ready for the back-aching work of planting. Planting involves being bent-over all day long under the 100-degree sun, the peasant pushing small clumps of young rice plants into the mud in rice, straight rows.

When the rice is ready to be harvested, a small thrashing machine is brought out to the fields. The thrashing machine is simply a wooden box with a revolving drum inside of it that is operated by a foot pump. Attached to the drum are metal wickets. The tall rice stalks are cut down at their base and the ends stuck into the thrashing machine box. There, the wickets on the spinning drum knock the rice off the stalk and into a storage bin. The rice is placed in large, wooden buckets; these buckets are then strapped onto the backs of bicycles and pedaled into the village.

Just so I could get a feel for how heavy a load these buckets of rice were, I tried picking up the back of a bike loaded with a full bucket. After straining to lift it, riding my lightweight Schwinn suddenly seemed less tiring.

In the village, the rice is spread across concrete slabs that double as basketball courts; there, the grain dries in the sun. Once dry, the rice is packed into large gunny sacks and then transported by back, by bike, by tractor, or by truck to the town to be sold.

Peasants waste very little, and this includes the left-over rice stalks. The rice stalks are used as bedding, animal feed, fuel to be burned, and fertilizer, or else they are woven into baskets and hats. All of the rice stalks are gathered into large bundles and carried back to the village. I remember being amazed upon arriving at the top of a small hill, my body hot and sweaty from the climb, only to see a line of ladies walking up the other side of the hill as they made their way to the village from the rice paddies. Each woman was carrying two large bales of straw attached to either end of a wooden pole, the pole balanced across the back of their shoulders. I began to sense guilt for having felt at all tired from my ride.

The few peasants fortunate enough to be located within trading distance of Hong Kong make a decent living. This is due to China's recent economic reforms. Most peasants, however, are poor and can only manage a plain, simple life from their back-breaking labor.

The average peasant lives in a bare, brick home that has a hard-packed clay floor and a few rooms to house the nuclear family that includes grandparents, in-laws and children. Television sets, very abundant in the cities, are not yet as common in the villages, although they are not unusual. You can imagine how valuable a television set would be to a person who never has the opportunity to travel. Refrigerators still seem to be a luxury item in China and are less of a priority to a family than a television set. So, most food is bought fresh in open-air markets. A frequent sight is women returning home from the market with a live chicken or strips of freshly-slaughtered pork for the evening meal.

Meals are simply bowls of noodles or rice for breakfast and lunch, while dinner might include some meat and vegetables.
By the time they are five, children are cooking meals and running the household while their parents tend the fields. There is little opportunity for the child of peasants to change his lifestyle; admission to a university is difficult, and, besides, the family would give up a worker if the child continued schooling. Despite their rather poor living conditions, the author says, the Chinese people appear content with their environment.

These meals are prepared in large, metal woks heated by wood fires. I've been told that the secret to good Chinese cooking is knowing how hot to make the fire. Children, by the time they are five years of age, learn how to start cooking meals for their families while their parents are out working.

There is very little opportunity for a peasant to change his way of life. He is not allowed to move to the city and take a job in a factory; he is not even allowed to move to another village. About the only opportunity a peasant has to change his occupation and way of life is to attend a university. Admission to a university, however, is very difficult; only 20% of those who take the entrance exam manage to pass it. Making it even more difficult for a potential student from a peasant family is that his parents may not provide much support to attend the university. If a child were to go away to college, the family unit would lose a worker for good, making it much harder for the family to raise its crops. If the child were a son, not only would the family lose him as a future worker, but they would also lose his wife and their eventual children as workers. Therefore, many peasants do not see obtaining a higher education as a valuable project. The result is that most peasants never leave the home, village and fields of their birth and seldom ever travel far from the homeland.

Obviously, a peasant's life is not one of excitement, but rather a life of hard work that often makes the men look older than their age and leaves the women with hunched backs. The peasant wears simple clothes, eats simple meals, and lives in a simple house devoid of much material wealth. The peasant seems to me to be truly meek, but not down-and-out. Rice paddies are tended with love, and grain is
Back-breaking labor is a way of life for the peasants of China, whether it's bending over to plant each seed or carrying heavy burdens across the back of the shoulders, such as women transporting baskets of seed to the fields (left, below). After pedaling up a steep hill and feeling quite winded from the effort, the author encountered women -- carrying large bales of straw and nearly concealed by their load -- reaching the summit from the other side (left), a humbling experience, as he notes.


Phl Sommerville '80 works at Wandering Wheels. January's Wheels' tour with Dr. Alan Winger's Modern Chinese History course was Sommerville's second time in China, having visited the country with another Wandering Wheels' expedition in the summer of 1986.

grown with the pride of carrying on a family tradition that may be centuries old.

I greatly admired the peasants' industrious work and back-breaking labor, but what really moved me was their attitude toward life. In spite of their situation, the peasants appeared to be happy. I could never sense a discontent or "poor-me" spirit. It wasn't that they didn't want any more than what they had; they would have loved to have some of the comforts that I have come to think of as basic necessities. The peasants, however, seem to have the ability to live and enjoy life for what it is and not be unhappy about what it isn't. This ability not only impressed me but also humbled me.

By American standards, I am not someone who has much in the way of material wealth. After I was able to compare myself with the peasants, though, I recognized that, in reality, I am very wealthy. I became aware of the abundance I have and that is available to me. I also started to become aware of my attachment to this abundance; I knew that if I were to switch places with a peasant, I would not have his ability to be happy with what I had. Instead, I would be very aware of all those things I no longer possessed.

"Teacher, what good things must I do to gain eternal life?" Jesus answered, "If you want to be perfect, go, sell your possessions and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven. Then, come, follow me."

Since my experiences in China, these words have taken on more meaning, and they have a sting now when I hear them. Another verse that carries more weight now, since I have become more aware of my abundance, is one that was shared by one of our group's members during a devotional time in China. When this verse was shared, I felt like an arrow had just struck a bullseye in my life: "From everyone who has been given much, much will be demanded; and from the one who has been entrusted with much, much more will be asked."

I found the Chinese peasants to be beautiful people whom God has used to enrich my life and faith. The simple way they live their lives and the spirit in which they live has taught me a great deal. God has been gracious to me in providing such abundance; He's been gracious in the new lessons I have been taught. Now, as I have discovered areas where I fall short of his high calling, I rely on his continued graciousness as I struggle to seek first his kingdom.
Individuals in a different environment:

Government molds the lives of its Russian people

Before my trip to Russia over interterm, I thought of several reasons for going to the Soviet Union: I would probably never get a chance to go there again; it would be a great chance to see how some of the rest of the world lives; or, who knows, I might even learn something about the Russian writers of the nineteenth century.

In actuality, I learned about many things that I hadn't even thought about before the trip. In fact, some of the most important things I learned and memories I will treasure for life came very unexpectedly. I wound up learning most about myself, others in the group, the difference between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., and propaganda.

However, one of the goals of the trip really was to study several of the Russian writers of the nineteenth century. Even though the Russia that each of these writers lived in was much different from the Russia we saw, there were still many things we could learn by actually studying there. During the trip, I gained a deeper understanding of the literature we read for class.

For example, I read Ivan Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* before visiting Russia. At that time, I thought the character of Bazarov was so anti-establishment that Turgenev must have been using him just to make a point. It was hard for me to imagine anyone who could actually be so negative and militant. After experiencing the controlled Russian society of today, I have a more sympathetic opinion of Bazarov. Many times while in the Soviet Union I felt very oppressed and restricted, almost as if there were a physical barrier surrounding and strangling my activity.

These feelings began when we first flew into the Soviet Union. It was a very bleak, cloudy day and there wasn't any grass around the runway, only dirt. Surrounding the airport were fences and barbed wire. We were flying Aeroflot, the Russian airline; the dirty, small plane stank, and I was sure that it was a 1950s reject from the U.S.A. that was going to fall apart. When we landed in Moscow, armed guards stood in and around the airport. There also were a couple of people who had been eyeing us since we left France; we were sure they were KGB agents. All these things combined to produce a tense, strained atmosphere, and I was vividly conscious of the fact that I was no longer in a free country. Before I even realized it, I was praying fervently and my heart was beating furiously.

Text by Mark Willis '91

Photos by Adam Odell '91 and Mark Willis

Russian mothers, like mothers of any country, bundle up their children to face the cold weather (above). At one point during the trip, the temperature in Moscow reached 46 degrees below zero.
These ominous feelings of restriction returned several times during the trip. I felt like I couldn't let loose and be myself. Rather, I was forced to channel my creative and independent energy into controlled, conspicuous activities. In this environment, a nihilistic philosophy could seem appropriate. If I lived in that situation, it would be very easy for me to develop a hostile attitude and attempt to aggressively tear down the institutions that suffocate the people.

In fact, I had similar feelings in the short time I was in Russia. These feelings usually directed themselves in irritation toward the government and its policies of a controlled society. It irritated me that some of the people I became friends with had lost their jobs for becoming Christians, or for simply attending church, or even for just being a Jew or some other "wrong" nationality or ethnic group. I was angry that people were caught in dead-end jobs like sweeping the sidewalk or tending museums with no hope of a new job in the future. Usually I would think of things I could do to try to improve the situation or to help the people. Unfortunately, there wasn't much I could do for them or give to them. A smile, a cheerful attitude, prayer, and in some cases money or clothes, were the only things I could offer.

As a result, I was often frustrated by an overwhelming sense of the government's somehow "winning." All of this irritated me, but it also allowed me to better understand Bazerov's position. He was in a similar situation and reacted more militantly; he concluded that the only way to improve the situation was to tear down every existing institution and rebuild from scratch. Through my own feelings of restriction as a result of oppression, I was able to relate better to this character in Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*.

These same feelings helped me to relate better to the main character in Dostoevsky's *Notes From Underground*. When I first read this work, it confused me, and I thought that a lot of it was nonsensical. I now understand it a little better after having visited Russia. In the same way that the oppressive, controlled Soviet society provoked feelings resembling Bazerov's nihilism, it also could bring about feelings of intense despair. The Russian society today seems to be guided by such a strong hand of the government that a person could easily feel that he has lost all freedom.

For example, the people have no control over which job they hold. Four times we were able to meet with groups of Russian young people. In one of these meetings, we interacted with a group that we knew beforehand was entirely composed of young communist party members or applicants. During the course of the conversation, I asked one young person why he felt that it was right for the government to assign jobs without any input from each individual. He replied that people do have a chance to switch jobs, after a mandatory period of three years working at whatever job the government originally assigned the person. To prove to me that the Russian workers have a chance to change their job opportunities dramatically after this three-year period, he used his friend as an example. This friend switched from being a computer programmer to working as a computer analyst. This was his idea of a dramatic career change!

In some companies in the U.S., a promotion changes a worker's title from computer programmer to analyst. Not only do the people have little or no control over their jobs, they also have no control over the economy. The government sets all prices, and there is no free enterprise or competition. Everything, right down to the street vender of ice cream or chocolate, is regulated by the government. One afternoon in Leningrad, I was able to get away alone and walk to places in the city where guides never would have taken us on a tour. I had a chance to go into many of the small shops and bakeries that are tucked into every block. I found that bread is one of the few items the Russian people can buy inexpensively. Everything else is very expensive. At times the prices are comparable to the prices in the U.S., although the average Russian worker makes only $200 a month. We left a coat with our tour guide, who became a close friend over the three weeks that we were in Russia, a coat that would have cost him over four months' pay. I purchased a winter parka before the trip for $90 that
is virtually identical to the one we left with our guide.

Not only is merchandise highly priced, but also the quality is very poor. People are forced to wear many layers of clothing because none of it is very warm. In fact, the nicest of all the stores are the Berioski shops, but those are stores that only foreigners or military personnel can shop in, and customers must pay in foreign currency. The price in rubles of items in these shops is often one-third the price in a normal Russian store, if the product can even be found in a public store. One small shop that I saw had some of the same chocolate that we found in abundance in the Berioski shops. There was a line of about 250 people waiting to get into this one small store that was about 30 by 20 feet in size.

As a result of all this, Russia has a thriving black market. Too many times to count, people came up to us asking if we wanted fur caps or jackets, or if we wanted to trade money or anything else. We talked to several teenage traders in Odessa whose only source of income was money they could earn by trading with foreigners. Because of all these factors, I felt that the Soviet government wasn’t trying to help its people, but only guard them. Often I had the feeling that I couldn’t do anything without the consent of the governing forces.

In addition to gaining a better understanding of the Russian people that I met, I learned a lot about myself, the other people in our group, and Americans as a whole. Living with the people in our group for three weeks forced me to realize how selfish I really am. It seemed like I was always concerned about myself and not others. Making sure I had a good seat or I got the good food or I got the good roommate or I this... or I that... became a priority over helping others. It was sobering to see, using both others and the Bible as mirrors, how selfish I am.

Not only am I selfish on a personal level, but we as Americans are very ethnocentric and snobbish toward the rest of the world. Many times I felt embarrassed that I only know one language, English, when the people I talked to knew three or four languages. I began to realize that Americans have developed an attitude of superiority. For some reason, we think that we should get the best treatment everywhere, be served first, and obtain the best of everything. In several situations, I heard people from our group saying indignantly to another group member, “They can’t do that to us; we’re Americans. We have our rights.” Some people became upset when we had to wait in line for something or weren’t given the best treatment. At times I was embarrassed to be known as an American because of the very worldly, high-handed and far-from-Christian demeanor that we naturally assume overseas. We have been pampered, and it seems that we aren’t able to handle being weaned from our luxury. It was very sobering to note all this, and the Biblical passage concerning the talents came to mind. We, as Americans, and specifically as Christians, have been given so very much, but we seem to be doing so little with it. I know that much will be required of us. And that scares me.

It especially scares me when I see how much the Christians in Russia are doing with the little they have, compared to the work we do in the U.S. with so much. It was exciting as well as sobering to visit some of the churches in Russia and see the incredibly strong believers there. I remember one person in particular we met at the
church in Odessa. She had been a Christian only a year, and yet she was so strong in her faith that it amazed me. She and several others walked six of us back to the hotel after we met with their youth group following a two-and-a-half hour evening service. She had related to me earlier how she had gotten in trouble with the KGB and been questioned and harassed extensively in the past. So I asked her if they had put themselves in danger by walking with us back to our hotel. She replied by saying, "We are not afraid of them." They were so overjoyed and encouraged by visiting with us that it was nothing to put themselves in certain danger to fellowship with us.

It was through contact with people like this that I began to realize the incredible difference between the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union. I don't think I ever understood just how much freedom we have in America until I visited Russia. I never realized before how often we, as Americans, take our tremendous freedom for granted. And yet, my friend was not at all sorry that she lived in the Soviet Union. Her sole and evident purpose in life was to do the work of the Lord. She took it for granted that we would go into full-time Christian work, and even made some in our group who were going into business almost feel guilty for not becoming missionaries. Granted, we must filter her remarks through a cultural grid. However, she helped me truly realize for the first time that the intense persecution of the church in the Soviet Union serves a good purpose. There are no lukewarm Christians in Russia. As soon as anyone finds out that you are even sympathetic to religion in general, you become blacklisted. The eventual result of all this is that the Christians there are strong, dynamic, Spirit-filled people who are close to the Lord.

We are never as thankful as we should be for the great privilege we have of living in the U.S.A. But it is also a curse. Too many times we become lukewarm and fall away from God for extended periods. It is here that we can learn a lesson from the Christians in Russia who are so much worse off than we are here. That may be the case materialistically, but they are much happier and more fulfilled as a whole than we are here in "comfort." We have so much that Satan effectively traps us into becoming lethargic. As a result, we aren't accomplishing what we could with our talents and resources if we were truly serving God wholeheartedly.

One last item that I learned about, was influenced by, and observed working, is propaganda. I realized how much the Soviet government uses propaganda in everyday life, and it made me wonder how objective we are in the U.S. media. The Russian government has placed propaganda posters all over the cities we visited. We found posters with Lenin's picture, the hammer and sickle emblem, or other pro-Soviet material, covering whole sides of buildings. The television and radio stations that do exist are controlled by the government. I talked to one student who had seen a Soviet documentary on New York City, and the sole question he wanted to ask me about the city was this: "Why do you
always let little old ladies sit by the road with car problems while everyone else whizzes past? That was the lasting visual impression that a Soviet documentary about New York City had left on this man!

I saw and read a lot of propaganda that the Soviet government uses on both its inhabitants and visitors. But I also realized something that our media incorrectly does. We always think of "The Soviets" or "Commies" but never think of the fact that Russians are people, too. We always think of the country but never of the individuals. So many times we had Russian people tell us they don't want war, and ask us why the Americans always want to fight. We spend so much time worrying about not trusting the minority in power in the Soviet government that we forget about the majority of people who are just like us in so many ways. We did see only a few people smiling in Moscow, but in the smaller city of Pskov there were many people we met who were very friendly. Amid all the dominating media attention given to national affairs, I now have a different perspective that has changed my attitude. Russia is no longer a country opposed to us, but a nation of individuals with a government opposed to ours.

I did learn about some Russian writers of the nineteenth century, but that was not what made my trip worthwhile. Rather, it was all the things I learned about the Russian people, their country, my country, and myself.

Mark Willis is a freshman math/computer systems major from Wheaton, Illinois; Adam Odell is a freshman social work major from Winfield, Illinois. They studied Russian Writers of the 19th Century, taught by Dr. Bill Fry.
Imagination brings to life the fairy tales and romance of England's castles and cathedrals

I always wanted to be Sleeping Beauty. Instead of rising to an alarm clock and going to school to turn in algebra homework, I wanted to be awakened by my true love's kiss and saved from the evil clasp of drudgery.

My prince would carry me away on horseback to a royal wedding in a solemn, but magnificent, cathedral. We would live happily, forever after, in his castle—a grandiose, stone
fortress that would be elaborately furnished with gold and silk. Life would consist of jewels and pageantry, candles and romance.

Unfortunately, Prince Charming never saved me from algebra, but part of my dream was fulfilled last January. Given the opportunity to travel to London during Intermur 1987, I anticipated seeing the land of my dreams. My mind's eye waited for lonely castles nestled amid rolling green hills in an early morning mist. My mind's eye expected little villages of thatched-roof houses surrounding an ornate cathedral with one spire pointing the way to God.

My first day in London was not spent on horseback, but in a hired coach. The bus driver guided us along the outer edge of the Queen's garden behind Kensington Palace. From our vantage point, higher than the cars and pedestrians, I looked over the brick wall and past the twisted barbed wire to see naked brown trees shaking in the wind and a flower garden buried beneath last autumn's leaves and gnarled twigs.

Because this palace didn't meet my expectations, I resolved to visit Buckingham Palace before totally giving up on the existence of my dream home. The day was cool and a light drizzle slowly saturated my coat. Feeling slightly chilled and a bit disgusted with the weather, I realized that even paradise has to have a January; with that resolution, I excitedly approached the palace.

It really didn't look like a palace at all. I recalled seeing pictures of it before, but the sun had always shone and the royalty had always stood kissing, waving and smiling on the balcony. This day the brick front was blank. Two lone guards paced back and forth mechanically, unaffected by the crowd of tourists that gathered to push their faces and camaras between the iron bars in hopes of getting a closer look at the little men with tall fur hats.

The queen was trapped in that palace, penned in by gawking tourists who probably did not even think about her existence. I wondered if she ever watched from her window and chuckled because we would come to take pictures of her iron gate, brick wall, and little guards with tall fur hats.

During the next week I let myself enjoy the luxuries of tourist life — eating out, going to theater productions, visiting museums and art galleries. But all that I had read in literature classes about the London of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Keats led me to expect the romance of Romeo and Juliet, not the bustle of New York. I concluded that romance, like I desired, could not be found in a twentieth-century city.

Rochester beckoned. Unstained by progress and stress, Rochester consists of brick houses and narrow winding roads. High upon a hill overlooking the River Medway sits a castle. Silhouetted against the gray sky, it loomed majestic, dark, mysterious, and definitely was more along the lines of what I had expected. As I climbed the hill, the castle towered over me. It is only six stories high, but the corner towers and massive stone foundation made me feel as if it extended higher than any skyscraper ever could.

The admittance to my dream home cost 75 pence (about $1.25), but I would have gladly given a million pounds to see it. The chill penetrated my wool coat as I slid my bare hand along the slippery stone wall. The stairs were worn to a smooth finish with a small dip in the center of each step. The walls were slick from the brush of many hands that had braced against the stone of those narrow passageways.

"Now, this is more like it," I thought as I imagined myself in a flowing silk gown prancing down the hallway to my personal chamber. Even though it was 3 p.m., the chamber was dark. Only a small shaft of light through an arched window allowed me to see the outline of rough stones wedged together to form a lumpy floor. From the passageway, I looked across to the other side of the castle.

Scaffolding surrounds much of Rochester Cathedral as workers try to preserve the centuries-old walls from the decaying effects of today's pollution. The cathedral faces the ruins of Rochester's castle.
Shaped like a large hollow box, the inner courtyard was open to the sky. The ground was overgrown with bushes and weeds. The wall straight down from my fifth-story perch was iced with green moss and trickles of water that dripped onto the brush below. At the top of the castle, I stood in one corner tower and looked down upon Rochester. It wasn’t exactly a village of thatched roofs, but Rochester Cathedral stood smiling up at me, its spire camouflaged by scaffolding and sheets of plastic to aid repairs.

From the walkway around the top, I leaned over the edge and looked straight down to the grounds outside the castle. But the inside of the courtyard is covered by a mesh netting lacing one corner of the castle to the others. “Not sturdy enough for human weight. Pigeon deterrent only” a sign warned.

My castle had a pigeon deterrent. I was impressed. The Queen’s garden was enveloped by a brick and barbed wire wall. Buckingham Palace was fronted by an iron fence and patrolled by little men with tall fur hats. But my castle, stately and strong, needed only a pigeon deterrent.

My conclusion may be a little off base philosophically, but I began to parallel these palaces with my own life. The more we try to protect our paradises, the less beauty they possess. I thought about all the times I had wanted to protect something special—a favorite toy, a gold locket, a close friendship. But every time I tried to keep it perfect and free from harm, I didn’t enjoy it. I had barred it with fences and guards, trying to protect it from the January weather that inevitably comes anyway. My treasures became useless because I was too cautious. Too often my own life lacks the enjoyment I desire simply because I look too hard for it and then try to barricade it for myself. The cathedrals that I visited in England were also protected, some patrolled by guards, some requiring an entrance fee, some—like the one in Rochester—laced with scaffolding, construction crews repairing the exterior walls. While the fact that its structure is still standing after several hundred years is nothing short of a miracle, Rochester Cathedral is as quiet and cold as the lonely castle that overshadows it. Winchester Cathedral, Southwark Cathedral, Salisbury Cathedral, Westminster Abbey—all massive stone structures whose architecture is incredible to behold. Yet while all the polish and glitter is breathtaking for the visitor, the halls are nearly empty during worship services.

One Sunday morning I attended St. Paul’s Cathedral. The hundred or so chairs were dwarfed by the arches and gold leaf dome. Statues loomed over the people as if the stone that had ruled the dark corridors for centuries resisted the intrusion of tourists. Canterbury Cathedral still resents the intrusion of four knights who murdered Thomas a Becket in 1170 A.D. Westminster Abbey, covered wall to wall and floor to ceiling with monuments and tombs, shudders with the January cold and the footsteps of tourists who come and go through its winding halls of stone memorials. Winchester Cathedral, with its overwhelmingly long nave, stands aloof.
I felt that all the cathedrals were ornate monuments to God that had been so protected and preserved that they served little purpose except as historical buildings. The beauty and pageantry of the structure merely created a special aura that soon vanished like the smoke of a candle.

But one day, in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, I stood at the Altar of Lady Undercroft. A small metal stand held a few white candles burning prayers to God. As I watched, one flame flickered and died in its puddle of warm wax. The last stream of smoke offered one last aspiration to the heavens. Twenty-five pence a candle. Twenty-five minutes of smoke and prayer. It seemed an expensive price to pay for a small white candle, but the monetary loss held no comparison to the experience.

The flame and smoke from those candles was the only warmth I felt in that cathedral. The air, stone, gold, and music contained a chill, but those candles represented more than fire. The candles were lit by human hands that held human hurts and needs. They were more than candles used as a futile attraction or appeasement to God. They were symbols of frustration, hurt, fear, and a need to communicate to God these emotions. I know the tenseness in my throat and the tightness in my muscles when I can't find the words I need to express myself. These candles gave an expression to the emotions that humans often cannot define.

Looking back upon my expectations of mighty castles and monumental cathedrals that would change men's lives, I knew that I had found them—within myself. Perfect castles are not liveable, but occupied palaces are barred and fenced from the rest of the world. Ornate cathedrals offer a sense of God's vastness and awesome majesty, but unless God can also be personal, we are too overwhelmed by His power and find only coldness and impenetrable stone.

Too often we spend our time trying to build the perfect fortress, the ultimate cathedral. But without the human element, our masterpieces are as empty as the bare trees in the Queen's garden, or as dead as the tributes to the forgotten in Westminster Abbey. Romance and religion can only be found within the individual. It took seeing the castles and cathedrals of England for me to recognize this concept, to understand this philosophy, but now I know that I can carry it with me wherever I go.
Basketball points, grade points add up to national honor for Lisa Anderson

As of the end of March, the impressive numbers in Lisa Anderson’s life were 4.0, 11.8, 9.8, and 300.

They were impressive enough, in fact, to earn the Taylor University junior basketball player the M.L. Liston award, an honor bestowed by the NAIA upon but one woman per college basketball season. From hundreds of candidates, the NAIA selected Anderson as its 1987 Liston Award winner based upon her academic record, her citizenship merits, and her basketball ability.

Because of Anderson’s 4.0 grade point average — perfect on Taylor University’s four-point scale — along with her 11.8 scoring average and 9.8 rebound average this season, she earned the $300 Liston scholarship and the distinction of receiving the NAIA’s highest national honor awarded to an individual in women’s basketball.

Not bad for someone who had very little interest in lacing up a pair of Adidas shoes for a college basketball team. “I wasn’t even going to play basketball at Taylor,” Anderson admitted. “I never thought I had enough talent to play college ball.” Fortunately, her freshman roommate convinced Anderson to go out for the team. She became the starting center and has held that role since, although her commitment to basketball runs on a one-year contract. “Academics is the main reason I came to Taylor, and so whether or not I play basketball is a decision I make every year,” Anderson said.

The perfect grade point average is the result of good time management, Anderson said. And it’s not just basketball practice that must be fit into the schedule. Anderson is a discipleship coordinator for Olson Hall, a member of the Delta Mu Delta and Alpha Chi Omega honor societies, and spent the past two years playing the violin for the Taylor University orchestra. An accounting/systems analysis major, she has been named an Extraordinary Christian Student of America and is a member of the National Dean’s List.

“Actually, basketball and the other activities are good outlets,” Anderson said. “During two hours of basketball practice, I forget about my studies. I feel more prepared then to study after practice.

“I seem to do better in the classroom during the season. I’m more disciplined with my time.”

The discipline and hard work is apparent to Anderson’s teammates; to them, the award is well deserved. ‘It

Please turn to ‘National Honor’ on page 25
Honors and awards continue to come Ralph Gee’s way long after the senior forward took his final jump shot at the NAIA National Tournament in March.

Gee, a four-year starter for the Trojans, was recently named an NAIA All-American, selected to the third team. Previous to that announcement, he had been chosen a first-team member of the National Christian College Athletic Association (NCCAA) All-American team.

Add to that NAIA All-District 21 honors each of the past two years, and “distinguished college basketball career” is a fitting label to be applied to Gee’s four years at Taylor University.

“We’re very proud of Ralph,” Coach Paul Patterson said. “You have to rank his achievements as some of the greatest in Taylor University basketball history. Ralph’s very deserving of these honors.”

An added feather to the cap of success was Gee’s selection to a team of all-stars from Indiana that challenged Big Ten players in Newcastle, Indiana, in April. Gee scored 10 points against the likes of Indiana All-American Steve Alford, Michigan’s Antoine Joubert, and Ken Norman of Illinois, although his squad lost to the Big Ten stars 150-140. The Taylor University representative added a little flash to his performance by finishing third in a pre-game Slam Dunk contest.

Gee simply defines his college career as “the achievement of a lifetime goal.”

The 6-5, 210-pound forward ranks third on Taylor University’s all-time scoring list with 1816 points, and that total came while playing in a slow, methodical pattern offense -- no run and gun ball during Gee’s career. Proof of that is in another mark Gee attained this year: he became the first player Patterson has ever coached who averaged 20 points during a season.

This past season, Gee dished out 109 assists and averaged five rebounds a game. He shot 80% from the free throw line to lead the Trojans in that category.

Other notable statistics will be lodged next to Gee’s name in future Taylor University basketball programs, such as his 51% field goal accuracy and 75% free throw accuracy during his career. Gee played in 123 varsity games, despite being hobbled by an nagging ankle injury.

Taylor University’s team accomplishments complement Gee’s achievements. During Gee’s four years of basketball, the Trojans amassed a 99-35 record, winning 11 invitational tournament championships, and three district titles.

During his four years of college, Gee not only scored well on the basketball court, but also in the classroom. He was graduated with a double major in psychology and Christian education, attaining a 3.0 grade point average.

'Traveling the Road' (continued from page 8)

questions that have not even been fully formulated in my mind. I do not understand the fragmentation of the Christian church of the East, and I recognize that what I think I am beginning to understand, I have only just begun to grasp. But my trip has stimulated me to think, to question, and to analyze my own views on faith, Christianity, politics, and my personal value systems. This is what has been gained the most from my time in the Middle East.
Spring break at Taylor University was never more deserved than in 1987.
On two consecutive weekends, the first two weekends in April, the Upland campus geared up to host two of the biggest student events on campus during the school year: the relatively new National Student Leadership Conference for Christian Colleges and the legendary Youth Conference. It was far from being a chore Taylor University was unable to handle, but the knowledge that spring break was just around the corner made the two weekends of playing host that much easier.

The sixth annual National Student Leadership Conference, which spawned the National Leadership Conference for High School Students two years ago, featured two Taylor University graduates in key speaking roles: Dr. Billy A. Melvin '81, executive director of the National Association of Evangelicals, and Dr. Eugene Habecker '68, president of Huntington College. Also on hand was Christian music artist Sheila Walsh, who performed Saturday evening and led a seminar on women's leadership roles in the church earlier that day.

Mike Nelson paid a return visit to Taylor University to serve as guest speaker for Youth Conference, a role he had performed the previous year, as well. "Discover His Love" was the theme for this year's program, and, as usual, hundreds of high school students were made to feel right at home on the Taylor University campus while being challenged by services and activities. Billy Sprague provided special music for the conference from his most recent album, "Serious Fun."

Billy Sprague

Second perimeter trip nears end of the road

Just over two months remain in the Wandering Wheels' Circle America II trip. Following a week-long break the beginning of May in Seattle, Washington, the riders returned to the road and are back in the Midwest. The trip concludes the first week of August.

Overnight stops for the Circle America II team are listed below. Alumni and friends are encouraged to meet up with the group on a one-to-one basis; check with Wandering Wheels (317) 998-7490 on the actual site of camp in towns and cities listed as overnight stopping points.

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Nicole Honor'  
(continued from page 22)

shows that Lisa is a committed person, a hard worker — someone who expects a lot out of herself and sets out to work and achieve her goals," said Sue Kellum, a senior. "She's a real leader and an example."

“She really deserves this,” added sophomore Emily Cox. “She's worked hard for what she’s attained.”

Players and Coach Marcy Girton alike became skeptical of whether or not the NAIA had realized just how deserving Anderson was. Her nomination had been submitted in January, but notification was anything but prompt. "It got down to a couple of days before the award was to be presented, and so we just didn’t talk about it," recalled senior Karen Helm.

But word did come through, and Anderson and Girton were treated like royalty during the presentation in Kansas City. It just so happened, too, that Anderson’s parents, who reside in Minnesota, were visiting relatives in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the weekend before the award presentation, and so were able to attend, "We don’t call it a coincidence," Helm said, and she meant it in all seriousness.

When questioned about reactions to the award, all Anderson's teammates use the same word: Excited. "That’s what has made this so wonderful -- all the players being so supportive and caring," Anderson said. "Without them, there’s no way I ever would have received this award.

"I improved a lot this year, and it’s because our team had a really encouraging, loving attitude. I also had a coach who worked with me and made the most of what abilities I have."

Girton has made the most of Anderson’s national recognition. "I really took advantage of the situation -- and I don’t mean that in a negative way -- in that every recruit who has been on campus has heard about Lisa Anderson and her award," she said. "We’ve used Lisa as a model; she is a good example of what we want to achieve in all of our girls."

Anderson, although embarrassed by the attention and humble about accepting any credit for her talents and abilities, doesn’t mind becoming an example for recruitment. "I’m excited God can use me in this way. It's hard to believe it's me they’re talking about."

"I’ve gained so much from Taylor University, and I’m glad I can give something back,” she said. Anderson listed, in order, Christian atmosphere, good academics, and a friendly reception during a visit to the campus while in high school, as her reasons for attending Taylor University.

The award comes as a post-season honor, but it only serves to give Anderson and her teammates a reason to work hard in the off-season in preparation for another year of basketball. "This can only help us build what we started this year,” Cox said. "It really excites me about our potential for next year and our confidence level for next year. This award will make Lisa work even harder, and her assertiveness will spread to the rest of us."

Class News

'99
Marilyn Wilt Heavillin has authored a new book, Roses in December. Released early in February, the book deals with healing the heartache suffered by trauma and tragedy. Marilyn and family reside at 453 Grant Street, Redlands, CA 92373.

'70
Joe Romine is the recipient of the National Christian College Athletic Association’s 1986 Coach of the Year award for men's track and field. The award was presented in March at the NCCAA national conference held in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Joe, who succeeded George Glass as athletic director at Taylor University, completed his doctorate at Ball State University in 1986. He and wife Carol (Luginbill '70) and their children, Kellie and Kyle, live at 815 Valley Drive, Upland, IN 46989.

'74
Judi (Bragan) Flannery was honored in March by the Grant County Council of Social Services. The award was given for Judi’s “exemplary medical and legal advocacy to victims of domestic violence and rape,” for her effectiveness in public speaking, and for her contributions to fund raising for the Women’s Services Center in Marion, Indiana, of which she is director. Judi, her husband Wayne, and their children live at 8855 E. 500 S. Upland, IN 46989.

'76
Keith D. Thompson has been named general manager of The Hartford Insurance Group’s Pacific Northwest regional office in Seattle, Washington. He joined The Hartford in 1981 as assistant to the regional manager for field operations, advanced to assistant general manager of the Chicago regional office in 1985, and has served as acting general manager of The Hartford’s St. Louis regional office for the past year. Keith received the Chartered Property-Casualty Underwriter (CPCU) designation in 1983 and holds an associate in management designation from the Insurance Institute of America.

'77
Jay & Ruth (Faulk) Smith live in Cridersville, Ohio, with their three children,
Rebekah (6), Sarah (4) and Samuel (1). Jay is a park naturalist with the Johnny Appleseed Metropolitan Park District, his duties including educational programs, land management, and law enforcement. Ruth is home with the children and shares her numerous responsibilities in their church. The family's address is 5773 Auglaize Road, Cridersville, OH 45820.

99 Marianne Carter is now vice president at Quaitech, a computer systems application firm with seven Midwest locations. She previously served as vice president of operations for ComputerLand of central Indiana and Ohio. Marianne's address is 4828 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, IN 46208.

Weddings

Martha Kaler (71) married Ngai Van Lam at the West Chicago Bible Church on November 1. Ngai repairs houses, and Martha is working as staff nurse for the home care department of Delnor Community Hospital in Geneva, Illinois. The couple lives at 920 W. Lakeside #1114, Chicago, IL 60640.

August 9 was the wedding date of Tracey Lynn Jorg & Douglas Lee Rollison, both '87. Parents of the bride are Paul x61 & Marcia (Van Doren '63) Jorg. Taylor alumni participating in the wedding were Rochelle Monroe '88, maid of honor; James Snellink '75, best man and soloist; Lynette (Fletcher '87) Cowper, bridesmaid; David Cutrell '85, groomsmen; Wilma (Jorg, '59) Trapp, organist; Ron Trapp '58, photographer; and James Mathis '64, officiating minister.

Deaths

Bill Vogelsang, 18-year-old son of Rev. Elmer & Nancy (Estep) Vogelsang, both '64, died March 21 following a boating accident in Florida. His parents' address is PO Box 6893, Vero Beach, FL 32961.

Stanley B. Ray '66 died March 19 after a long illness. Stan had taught music in both the Marion and Anderson, Indiana, school systems, and was one of the 54 pianists playing during the opening ceremonies of the 1984 Olympics.

Dr. James T. Shotwell, Jr. '72 died March 22 after an extended illness from a rare disease. His funeral service was a testimony of his faith in Christ. Jim had been a dentist in Spartanburg, South Carolina, following his graduation in 1974 from the Medical University of South Carolina. His wife and three children are at home at 1115 Edisto Drive, Spartanburg, SC 29302. His sister, Jewel (Shotwell '66) Lane, lives at 116 South Sneed Street, Ashland, VA 23005.

Global Taylor

Leon and Martha (Johnson '48) Strunk are in the states until July on a brief furlough from their missionary service in Brazil with the United Methodist Church. Their daughter Alicia '79 was ordained in May and will return with them to Brazil to pastor a church and teach in the United Methodist seminary in Bela Horizonte.

David Bormann '61, his wife Lidia and their family returned to Trieste last summer after a furlough year in the states. Since their return, son Ivan has spent three months in a cast in an attempt to correct the effect of scoliosis. They pray God that the spinal curvature has been greatly reduced without the need for surgery. The family address is Via Murat, 14, 34123 Trieste, Italy.

Rob and Marilyn (Amstutz '76) Helms moved in May from their home in Paris, France, where they spent two years in language work and tropical medicine study, to join Africa Inland Mission's medical work at Rethy, Zaire. Marilyn and Rob, a pediatrician, have three daughters, Eleanor (6), Laurel (4) and Allison (1). Their mailing address is Box 21285, Nairobi, Kenya.

Michelle Cates '78 is a 2nd Lt. in the U.S. Air Force, stationed at Osan Air Base in the Republic of Korea. She plans to be at Taylor in 1988 for her 10th-anniversary class reunion; in the meantime, she would be happy to hear from her classmates. Her address is PS Box 1404, APO San Francisco, CA 96366-0006.

Quentin & Karen (Garnet) Nantz, both '82, teach English at Wuhan Institute of Hydro-Electric Engineering in the Hubei Province of the People's Republic of China. This is a two-year assignment after which they plan to return to teach at Morrison Academy in Taiwan.

John Schindler '82 is a first-year teacher at ECWA Bible College in Kagoro, Nigeria. He rejoices in the knowledge that God is using him in this ministry of SIM, International. His address is ECWA Bible College, Box 35, Kagoro, Kaduna State, Nigeria, West Africa.

Class News is compiled by Betty Freese. If you would like to be included in Class News, please follow these guidelines: include your name, including your maiden name, and the class from which you graduated; list your address and telephone number for alumni records, although only your address will be posted in Class News; if you so desire, present your information according to the style of that particular section of Class News; mail to Betty Freese, Class News, Alumni Relations, Taylor University, Upland, IN 46989. Thank you for your assistance; your news item will be placed in production for the next Taylor University Magazine.
Engstroms welcomed, given personal tour of galleria in February

Ted and Dorothy Engstrom missed the big Homecoming Weekend bash last fall, a celebration in which Dr. Jay Kesler was inaugurated as president and the Zondervan Library was dedicated.

The couple received a warm welcome during a cold stretch of Indiana winter, though, and were given their own little "homecoming" party as they toured the Zondervan Library's galleria, named for the Engstroms. President Kesler had actually given the Engstroms a personal tour of the galleria before the celebration was held February 16, but they, along with 200 others spread throughout the galleria, had to wait that morning for the unveiling of the Engstroms' portrait which now hangs in the lobby area.

Ted and Dorothy (Weaver) Engstrom are both 1938 graduates of Taylor University. Ted Engstrom was presented an honorary doctor of humane letters degree by Taylor University in 1955 for his work in the evangelical world. He most recently served as president of World Vision.
Months of waiting have ended, and the verdict is all that was expected and more. North Central Association of Colleges and Schools has granted continued accreditation to Taylor University through the 1996-97 school year.

The Commission on Institutions of Higher Education voted upon continuation of accreditation during its February meeting; Taylor University President Jay Kesler was notified of the decision by Thurston F. Manning, director of the commission, in a letter at the end of March.

"Taylor University is extremely pleased to have received notification from the North Central Association continuing accreditation for another 10 years," said Dr. Daryl R. Yost, provost/executive vice president. "This culminates approximately two years of intensive work on behalf of faculty, staff and administration. It truly affirms our beliefs in the quality of programs existing at Taylor."

Action by the North Central Association follows submission of a 231-page self-study and a three-day visit by a North Central Association evaluation team in November. Based upon the team's report to the NCA's Commission on Institutions of Higher Education, Taylor University's accreditation, which began in 1947, was extended through the 1996-97 school year.

The self-study was coordinated by Dr. Mildred Chapman, professor of education. Evaluation team members who visited the Upland campus in November were Dr. Todd Bullard, president of Bethany College and team chairman; Dr. Maxine Fish Huffman, Central College; Dr. Albert J. Smith, Wheaton College; and Dr. James Taylor, North Central College of Illinois.

Because the university is in the midst of developing strategic planning, North Central Association has asked for a report regarding its implementation to be submitted by October, 1989. This report will update NCA on the direction of Taylor University through the remainder of its present accreditation.