Faith in Crisis:
Rejoice always?

Spring 1990
Little children have a wonderful understanding of the nature of the clown. Almost instinctively, they recognize the clown-fool as paradox: real, but not real; human but not human; defenseless, but invincible.

Surely that was the mind of the little boy who came up behind me at a family reunion and skewered me with a straight pin.

Although I was in my clown character at the time, the human side of me howled in pain and anger. But the clown won out. I reacted in character and, as clowns have been doing for centuries, picked myself up, dusted myself off, and kept going.

In his or her own way, each of the people featured in this issue has done the same. Life dealt tragedy: three children dead; cancer at the prime of life; quadriplegia; Alzheimer’s Disease; loss of a limb; again, cancer.

In such circumstances, it seems no one but a fool would pick up and go on. But go on, they have. Praise God for fools such as these!

And after all, isn’t that the message of Easter? Confound the wisdom of this world. Be a fool for the sake of the kingdom. Rob the spear of its power by stopping it with your heart. Take the worst life can dole out, death, even; and rise triumphant!

Oh, sometimes the thing to do is howl with the pain. Sometimes, to get as mad as all get out. Sometimes, to cry out, “take this cup from me.” But, in the end, to pick up and go on. And to rejoice? Always. Why, only a fool would do that.

—Doug Marlow ’81, editor
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Barnett to coordinate minority recruitment
Kim Barnett, a 1989 graduate, joined the admissions staff this past February as Taylor’s first coordinator of minority student recruitment, programs and retention.
As her title suggests, she is developing and implementing a recruitment strategy to attract minority students to Taylor’s campus.

Kesler receives award, national recognition
Recognizing Taylor University President Jay Kesler’s life long service to youth, the Religious Heritage of America honored him with its award for Outstanding Youth Leadership at its 39th annual national awards ceremony last fall.
To be selected from nationwide nominations, award recipients must demonstrate the highest ideals of America’s religious heritage.
Religious Heritage of America is an interfaith, non-political organization whose stated purpose is to demonstrate that the perpetuation of Christian principles is vital for America today.

Summer session programs announced
June 18-July 20 mark the dates for Taylor University’s two tuition-free summer session programs this year, one designed for children of alumni, the other as an honors program for eligible high school students and recent graduates. Both offer students a taste of college life and the opportunity to earn six hours of college credit.
For more information, contact the Office of Alumni Relations, Taylor University, Upland, IN 46989, or call (317) 998-5515.

Kim Barnett, coordinator of minority student recruitment, programs and retention

Million dollar dream
Matching grant challenge realized
Taylor University has successfully met a $500,000 matching grant challenge from Lilly Endowment, Inc., resulting in a total of $1 million to develop an innovative telecommunications program.
According to Dr. Charles Jaggers, vice president for university advancement, the Lilly grant is the largest grant ever received in the university’s history. “We’re elated,” Jaggers says. “It’s clear that Lilly Endowment, our alumni and friends believe in Taylor and share our vision for the university.”
In 1987, the Indianapolis-based charitable foundation selected Taylor and 50 other independent colleges to receive a ‘Dream of Distinction’ matching grant award for a major investment in its campus.
Lilly required grant recipients to raise an amount equal to the award before January 1, 1990. Taylor alumni and friends rose to the challenge, Jaggers says, matching the $500,000 to fulfill the grant requirements and make the dream a reality.
The money will be used to establish an intra-campus instructional delivery system linked to inter-campus networks. In the process, a new learning laboratory for mass communication studies will be constructed and furnished with television and radio production equipment.

Dr. Dale Jackson chairs the communication arts department. He appreciates the benefits the new equipment will offer students within his department and across campus. But technology is a means to an end, he points out. “The focus of the department is in instilling an ethical and sound ‘perspective’ in the use of media, particularly in relation to ministry, not just in teaching technical skills. New equipment will not change that (focus).”
In the same way, technology available through the realization of the dream, will enhance, not change, Taylor’s unique contributions to Christian higher education.—DM

Scholarships for those who “carry the torch”
This fall over 160 Taylor students will automatically receive scholarship awards from a new fund by virtue of their being dependents of a Taylor alumnus/na.
The Alumni Dependent Scholarship Fund was created to encourage children of alumni to carry on the Taylor tradition in their families.
Although each recipient will receive less than $100 during the fund’s initial year of distribution, George Glass, associate vice president for alumni relations, is more interested in the attitude communicated than the amount of money awarded.
“It says to alums, ‘We’re interested in your kids,’ ” Glass observes. “ ‘We want your children to have the same positive experience you did. Here’s 50 bucks if it will help.’ ” He pauses, then adds, “Oh, I’d like it to be $1000 a year—but even if it is, I want students to come to Taylor because they want to (come).”
As an endowed fund, accrued interest earnings will be distributed equally to Taylor students whose parents qualify as Taylor alumni. Anyone who has completed 25 credit hours at Taylor is considered an alumnus/na, says Glass.
The amount of the scholarship will vary each year, based on both contributions to the fund and on the number of eligible recipients.—DM
Coach Law turns in his whistle

The Jim Law Era of Taylor University football came to a close with the end of the '89 season when Law announced his resignation as the school’s head football coach.

Combined, Law’s 1988 and 1989 Trojan teams posted a 15-4-1 record. Law himself posts a college coaching career record of 41-34-1.

“It’s the right time to step down,” Law says. “Some younger blood and new leadership can cause this program to continue to grow.”

Age is one of the reasons he’s retiring, says Law, 53. “Football is a young man’s game,” he declares. “There has to be a fire inside of you to maintain that winning edge.”

The demands placed upon his time and family are another reason. “Through the years, I didn’t get to spend the amount of time with my family that I wanted to,” he reflects. “But I hope the quality was there.”

Before coming to Taylor in 1982, Law spent three years as an assistant coach and 19 as head coach at Oak Hill (IN) High School.

During his 30 years of coaching at both the high school and college levels, Law’s teams have amassed a 168-88-3 record.

A high point for Law came during a two-year stretch when his Oak Hill team went 20-0, out-scoring opponents 748-20. Monty Tone, quarterback for that team, later starred on the North Carolina State basketball team that won a national championship.

“I originally wanted to coach basketball (at Oak Hill),” Law confesses, “but my goal was to be a head coach and that opportunity was in football. My first love at that time was basketball.”

Law will remain at Taylor as a member of the Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation and Intercollegiate Athletics.—JG

January-term groups shine gospel abroad

Thirty-six Taylor students tasted different cultures when they traveled to the Bahamas, England and Germany with Lighthouse this past January.

Sponsored by Taylor World Outreach (TWO), the Lighthouse program originated in 1970 when the first team traveled to Nassau, Bahamas, for a month-long stay. The group named themselves for the red-and-white lighthouse standing in the Nassau harbor. Short-term mission groups from Taylor have returned to the island nation every January since then.

In 1986, TWO added England to the program; Germany was added in 1988.

Sophomore Stuart Hite and juniors Leigh Evink and Alan Mercer acted as student co-leaders for this years’ Bahamas, England and Germany groups, respectively.

The three teams used drama, puppets, music and comedy, sharing the gospel in schools, churches and youth Bible clubs during the Interterm session.

“We wanted to show the kids how to take a stand for God,” says Hite. “We did drama for some of the time and we shared with the kids about Christ,” Evink reflects.

Team members learned much themselves. “It’s the soaking up of culture and the dynamics of the people in different countries that I learned from,” Mercer explains. “It was a long learning process which started in Germany and will continue for a long time.” —AC


**VB rankings announced**

The national NAIA volleyball rankings peg Taylor University's women's volleyball team, under the direction of Coach Karen Traut, as first in the number of both assists (13.3) and kills (15.1) per game. The team ranked fifth in the number of digs (26.4) per game, and 27th in the overall national rating.

Lori Arnold '91 and Laurel Kinzer '90 placed second in the number of assists (12.69) and kills (5.62) per game, respectively, while Becky Roost '90 was named NAIA scholar-athlete.

**Attention, teachers:**

Teachers who hold Indiana Bulletin 400 teaching licenses for grades seven to twelve physical education, arts and crafts, or music may be able to convert their licenses to kindergarten through grade twelve coverage.

To be eligible, teachers must have three years of elementary teaching experience in a state accredited school in their licensing areas prior to July 1, 1989. Eligible teachers may contact Marian Kendall, Director of Teacher Certification, Taylor University, Upland, IN, 46989, or call (317) 998-5286.

**Positions available**

Taylor University is currently seeking qualified candidates for two positions, residence hall director for the 1990-91 academic year and university chaplain.

Interested candidates should contact Tim Herrmann, associate dean of students, (hall director position) or Walt Campbell, dean of students (university chaplain position) Taylor University, Upland, IN, 46989, or call (317) 998-2751.

**Writing on the wall**

**Taylor faculty make their mark**

"Wealth and Waste and Writing on the Wall (or, Somebody Go Get Daniel)" is the title of an article by biology professor Dr. Edwin Squiers. It is one of many articles, listed below, by Taylor faculty to appear in print during the most recent academic year.

**BURDEN, Stanley**


**CORDUAN, Winfried**


**Volleyball stars:** (front row): Laurel Kinzer (back row): Coach Karen Traut, Becky Roost, Lori Arnold

**Faculty grants enhance learning for students**

This year, grant monies received by Taylor University faculty members topped $127,000, says Dr. Richard Stanislaw, vice president for academic affairs.

Included in that total is a $50,000 grant from Lilly Endowment awarded to chemistry professor Dr. Stan Burden. The money will be used to fund opportunities for students of the natural sciences to be involved in faculty research projects.

Recipients of grants for $5,000 or more include: Dr. Mark Cosgrove, professor of psychology, for development of a new course; Roger Phillips, reference librarian, for minority awareness; Dr. Jessica Rousselew, professor of communication arts, for international study; Dr. Richard Stanislaw, to further Taylor's extension program in Singapore; Dr. Kenneth Swan, professor of English, for curriculum development.—JWK


**COSGROVE, Mark**


**CROUSE, Janice**


**GORTNER, Robert**

Taylor breaks new ground with environmental studies center

On April 22, National Earth Day, Taylor University officials will break ground for a new Center for Environmental Studies, to be located at the arboretum, on the campus’ west side. The $3.5 million project includes a 19,000 square-foot building, necessary equipment, and a $1 million endowment to maintain the center.

According to Provost Daryl Yost, Taylor University is one of the first colleges in the United States to recognize and implement a program to prepare qualified leaders to help improve and solve environmental problems.

Kathy Prosser, commissioner of the Indiana Department of Environmental Management says the center “represents a major step forward in the training of environmental scientists in the state of Indiana. Environmental issues have taken on international proportions, and students from Taylor’s Center will play a significant role in solving these difficult problems.”

HARRISON, Albert

HOUSE, Paul

JACKSON, Alice

KESLER, Jay

NEWTON, Gary

PARKER, Richard

PATTERSON, Paul

RINGENBERG, William
Article: “Milo A. Rediger and the Development of Taylor University.”

Taylor Winter 1989,

ROUSSELOW, Jessica

SIGWORTH, Susan

See Writing on the wall / page 6.
**Writing on the wall**

from page 5.

**SQUIERS, Edwin**


**STANISLAW, Richard**


**WHIPPLE, Andrew**


**WALLACE, John**


**FAITH, love and a Taylor professor put African woman back on her feet**

Today, on the other side of the world, in the small African republic of Burundi, Dorothy Rutwe is up and walking the countryside, sharing the gospel. A small miracle, she says, for a woman who thought she’d never walk again.

Rutwe’s late husband, an Episcopal minister, was known as the “Billy Graham of Burundi.” Together, they had preached the gospel and ministered to people in their homeland and neighboring African nations. After his death, she continued to share the gospel.

Then, a severe case of arthritis stiffened her hips and forced the 61-year-old to use a wheelchair. Medical facilities in Burundi are scarce and inadequate. Doctors told her a hip replacement surgery, her only hope, was not available in Burundi. She would have to travel to Great Britain or the United States.

In a country where the average income amounts to $250, the cost of the $25,000 operation was far beyond her family’s resources. “All I could do is pray,” she says.

The answer to her prayer came in the person of Tim Kirkpatrick, a communication arts professor at Taylor University, and a long-time friend. Kirkpatrick had spent 15 years in Burundi and returned last August to deliver some computer equipment.

While there, he learned of Rutwe’s condition. Returning home, Kirkpatrick contacted the Caylor-Nickel Medical Center in Bluffton, Indiana, and explained the situation. The medical center, doctors and hospital staff agreed to raise needed money and donate their services to make the operation possible.

Kirkpatrick telephoned Burundi to share the good news. “She almost broke her leg jumping for joy,” he says.

All that remained was air fare for the flight to America. Rutwe’s six children sold a house, some land and personal belongings in an effort to finance the $4,000 trip and some portion of the medical expenses. By November, she was on her way to Upland, Indiana.

“I praise God for this gift,” Rutwe says, as her daughter-in-law, Anne Sindamuka, interprets. “For many years I was suffering from pain and sickness, but I continued to trust in God. I told him it was okay if it was his wish that I remain crippled for the rest of my life.”

Apparently, remaining crippled was not in God’s plan for this dynamic Christian lady. Her December surgery was successful, and Rutwe is well on the road to recovery.

In February, she returned home, vowing to praise God all the rest of her life. “I will praise the Lord in various churches and in neighboring countries,” she says. “I will tell them how God used my brothers in Christ here.”—DM
The just may get as wet as the unjust, but the just can learn more from the experience

Insight in the midst of adversity

Speaking from painful experience and with the “valley of the shadow” directly before him, the Apostle Paul assures us that in our weakness Christ shows his strength. Many Christians would like an antiseptic environment protected from the strains and heartaches of living in what has proven through all of human history to be a hostile planet. In retrospect, most of us think it doubtful that a life devoid of pain would be truly worthwhile; however, in the crucible of trial, we are prone to seek a way out at almost any cost.

Stubborn faith
This issue of Taylor magazine is devoted to telling the stories of our very own Taylor family members and their experiences with reality and the importance of making sure that God is central to that reality. Their honesty, stubbornness, resilience, and faith demonstrate the quality of their faith and the fidelity of God in the midst of it all.

It is evident that “the rain falls on the just and unjust.” Indeed, bad things do happen to good people. In the midst of the agony, Christians are given some insights unavailable to those without faith. Several become flushed out in the accounts continued in this issue.

Insight in agony
- The process of life is a dynamic experience that the people of God never face alone. God is the paraclete who is companion, friend, and comforter. He will never leave us or forsake us.
- Though adversity is inevitable, in the struggles of life we can become God-shaped instruments of far greater value than those unrefined in the fire.
- Our experiences take on relevance as in retrospect we are able to empathize and provide help to others facing similar battles (II Corinthians 1:4).
- The principle of incarnation makes suffering in our lives take on meaning as we, like Christ, partake in the sufferings of others. Suffering in the world is a fact. If Christians all avoid it, then our lives become trivial to a watching world in which pain is ever present.
- Faced with the apparent futility, inequity, and randomness of much of human experience, we can turn to God in faith rather than “curse God and die.” We are assured that there is more to come; the whole story is not told this side of eternity.
- We can pray with confidence, “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” because we have been exposed personally to the character of God in his Son. We can therefore trust him for healing or glorification according to his best judgment because he is love personified.

Hope casts out fear
More is contained in these lives than can be told in these pages, but what is here generates hope and indeed casts out fear. None of these friends contradicts Paul’s assertion, “Being confident of this very thing that he who has begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ” (Philippians 1:6).

We are grateful to the alumni featured here for offering, with vulnerability, their lives to us.—JK
TRAGEDY: prepare now for this unexpected visitor

BY MARILYN WILLET HEAVILIN '59

With the death of three children, tragedy has three times come calling unexpectedly at Marilyn Heavilin’s door. With the voice of experience, she urges, “Be prepared for calamity.” With sensitivity, she shares her source of strength through suffering.

Our son should have been home by 11:30 p.m., but he had still not arrived at 1:00 a.m. After many calls to friends and his coaches, the mother of one of our son’s friends informed us that she had just received word there had been a terrible head-on collision. Her daughter was seriously injured. Since she often rode home with our son Nate, we called the hospital. The man said, “We have two men listed as John Does. They are both alive, but in very critical condition. One of them may be your son.”

Power of attorney

We moved as quickly as we could, but we seemed to be crawling along in slow motion. When we finally got in the car, my husband Glen drove and I prayed. Dear God, is it happening again? My husband and I have had five children, and at that point two of them had died—Jimmy at seven weeks of crib death, and Ethan, Nathan’s identical twin, at ten days of pneumonia. Lord, I sense you are telling me we’re going down that path again. Dear Jesus, you know we want Nate to live. We know you have the power to raise him up no matter how serious his injuries appear, but—we also want your perfect will in his life and in ours. We give you power of attorney in Nate’s life right now. Please give us strength. Amen.

Much of the next few hours is a muddle in my mind. I remember our family, our older son Matt, our daughter, Mellyn, and her husband, Mike, a close friend, and Glen and me praying, hugging, making phone calls, talking, and then finally hearing those terrible words: “Nathan is dead.” It had happened again.

Some details managed to filter through the numbness that comes with grief. The accident was caused by a drunk driver.

He and his son were seriously injured, as well as the three teenagers in Nate’s car, but the doctors felt their injuries were not life-threatening. They would live. How could an innocent ride home from a basketball game at a Christian high school end in such tragedy? We were nice people and were raising good kids. How could it happen to us? Again?

Faith insurance

I received Jesus Christ as my personal saviour when I was four years old. My husband became a Christian when he was 19. We both had a strong faith in God and in his sovereignty, but was it strong enough for this? Could our faith give us enough strength to bury another son and still have any faith left?

Sometimes our faith as Christians seems to fail when we experience trouble. Christians often doubt God’s sovereignty when a loved one dies or a marriage fails. Can we prepare ahead for a possible calamity? Can we develop faith insurance? Suffering will never be easy or fun. We will always hurt when we walk through sorrow, but I believe we can be prepared spiritually, and we can build
family relationships that will endure hardships. It is possible to have faith insurance.

Lesson #1:

Rely On God's Word

Before we are ready to walk through a trial, we need to be steeped in God’s word. Shortly after we arrived at the hospital, someone suggested to me that death was never God’s will and if Nathan died it would be my fault because I didn’t have enough faith to believe God could raise him up. My common sense told me the person was wrong, but that wasn’t enough.

A different view

As I walked out of the hospital after Nate’s death, I pled with God, “give me some verses that will help me know it wasn’t my fault.” It would have been hard for God to give me instant recall if I weren’t familiar with his word.

Two passages came to me immediately: Psalm 116:15, “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints” and the principle taught in Psalm 139:16, that even before we are formed, our days are numbered. Through those verses I realized that God obviously has a different view of death than we humans do.

I sensed that all of heaven was rejoicing because Nate was coming home. I also was reminded that God is the only one who can decide when one of his children will be transported from this world to the next. He holds the keys to life and to death.

When our boys, Jimmy and Ethan, died within a year and a half of one another, I did not allow myself to grieve very long.
In Roses in December and December's Song, Marilyn Heavilin provides sensitive insights into how to deal with grief.

I had the impression it would be a sign of weakness or spiritual immaturity if my grief were prolonged or if I allowed myself to express anger toward God or anyone else connected with a tragedy. I reasoned that if I grieved openly, I would be expressing a lack of faith in God’s plan.

Permission to grieve
In the 17 years between Nathan’s and Ethan’s deaths, I matured spiritually and became more familiar with God’s word.

Oswald Chambers writes, “God expects his children to be confident in Him that in any crisis they are the reliable ones...And what a pang will go through us when we suddenly realize that we might have produced down-right joy in the heart of Jesus by remaining absolutely confident in Him, no matter what was ahead...it is when a crisis arises that we instantly reveal upon whom we rely.”

My knowledge and understanding of God’s word gave me hadn’t been so angry. If only I had said I was sorry. If only I had spent more time with him. If only I had prayed for him more. Once someone has died, it often takes hours of therapy to resolve the “if onlys” for the survivors.

Through my grief experiences I have learned life has no guarantees. When I put my children to bed at night, I have no guarantee they will be alive in the morning. When my family members walk out the door to go to work or school, I have no guarantee they will ever come back. Likewise, they have no assurance I will be there if they do return.

Do these thoughts unnerve you? Do they sound morbid? They don’t need to. These statements are all facts of life, results of living in this crime-ridden, fast-paced world. But rather than letting these thoughts depress us, we developed a philosophy for our family.

On speaking terms
We try to practice the “prayed-up, loved-up, and confessed-up” philosophy every day. First, as Christians, we must be prayed-up—on constant speaking terms with God. We never know when we are going to meet him face to face or need his instant counsel and support. How thankful I am that the evening Nathan died, I had things all squared away with God. I didn’t have to take time to get back on speaking terms with him. God and I carry on a continuous conversation each day, and it was a natural response to turn to him immediately when we knew our son was in danger.

Glen and I have tried to make it easy for our children to say “I
love you” to us by saying it to them often. Nate was in the awkward teenage stage and it was sometimes difficult for him to show physical affection to us. Whenever I said, “Nate, I love you,” however, he would respond, “I love you, too.” He was confident of our love and proud of his position in the Heavilin family.

**Resolve differences**

It is very important that we stay “confessed-up” with God and our families. Nate and I were quite opposite in our temperaments and it was not unusual for us to disagree. Since I taught at the high school where he attended, we rode to school together each day.

One of my favorite memories of Nate is seeing him standing at my classroom door, beckoning for me to come out to talk with him. He would say, “I’m sorry I was so grumpy. Please don’t be mad at me.” I usually had to apologize for my attitude also. Then we would hug each other and were free to go about our day in peace.

**Say, “I love you”**

When Nate died, I had many “I wishes.” I wish I could tell him once more how much I love him. I wish we could have said a proper good-bye. But I didn’t have to say, “If only I had told him I loved him. If only I could ask him to forgive me.” Death and separation never come at an appropriate time, but at least we can be “all caught up.”

As Paul urges, “Fix your thoughts on what is true and good and right. Think about things that are pure and lovely, and dwell on the fine, good things in others” (Philippians 4:8, TLB).

**Lesson #3: Recognize God’s touch**

One of the greatest ways to allow your faith to grow in the midst of adversity is to train yourself to recognize the good things God is doing in the middle of your calamity.

One month after Nathan’s death, it was my job as the high school counselor to take his fellow classmates to visit a nearby Christian college for the weekend. I was not in the mood for such a trip but, out of a feeling of obligation, I agreed to take the students. However, I requested that the college give my girlfriend and me a room far away from the young people. I did not want to hear all of that teenage noise. It was just a reminder of my own loss.

My friend and I were in our room for just a few minutes when we heard a knock at the door. It was some of the girls from our school. They had their sleeping bags under their arms and tears were running down their cheeks.

One of the girls said, “Mrs. Heavilin, we can’t sleep. We have a lot of questions about Nate’s accident and we need to talk with you. May we sleep in your room tonight?”

Well, that wasn’t in my plan, but reluctantly I said yes. We spread their sleeping bags out on the floor and began to talk.

Finally, one of the girls asked, “Mrs. Heavilin, how are we going to face Christmas since Christmas day is Nate’s birthday?”

I answered with the honest feelings of a mother who had just buried her son: “I’d like to ask God to cancel December for this year. We’ll try it again some other year.”

**Roses in December?**

The next morning while the girls were visiting classes, my friend and I aimlessly browsed in the college bookstore. Suddenly, I called my friend over to see a poster that had caught my attention. The poster was a picture of a very beautiful red rose, but it was the statement at the bottom of the poster that made me cry. “God gives us memories so we might have roses in December.”

God had been listening to our conversation the night before when I said I wanted to cancel December. Now he was promising me roses. How could anything as beautiful as a rose come out of the death of my precious son? Nevertheless, I bought the poster, had it framed, and hung it on my bedroom wall. It took many months before I understood the message.
Marilyn Heavilin credits Taylor with grounding her in God’s word as a young adult. “When I think of Taylor University,” she says, “I remember the Bible classes, the friendships that have lasted, and the spiritual impact of the professors and Dr. Bergwall.”

God wanted me to receive. I feel he was saying, “Marilyn, this whole grief period is a December of your life, a winter time. But if you look very carefully, you will discover that I have given you many beautiful December roses, my special touch for you.” In the years since Nate’s death I have received many special roses.

**Treasure the memories**

More than two and a half years after Nate’s death, I started to play a cassette tape of myself which I had recorded when I was speaking at a luncheon a few months earlier. I inadvertently placed the tape into the recorder on the wrong side. I listened to the woman speaking and thought, **Who is that? That isn’t my voice.**

As I listened, I heard a piano and a male voice. I quickly realized I had discovered a tape of one of Nathan’s voice lessons! I prayed, “oh God, please let me hear him clearly; don’t tease me with this.” As he began to sing, the teacher suggested he move closer to her, which was also closer to the tape recorder. I could hear him perfectly. God answered my prayer!

I sat on the floor of our living room sobbing as I heard Nate sing one song and discuss it with his teacher. She asked, “Nate, do you have any more songs?”

He answered, “I’ve got one more. It isn’t my favorite, but it’s my mom’s favorite and I want to learn it for her!”

I felt I had moved back in time, back to when things were normal, back when I couldn’t comprehend how much emotional pain one body could stand.

I hungrily devoured each precious note as Nate sang the beautiful Jewish melody, “Pierce My Ear, O Lord.” What a beautiful rose God had provided for me.

**Sing a new song**

My second book on grief, December’s Song, is based on Psalm 40:3, “he has given me a new song to sing, of praises to our God. Now many will hear of the glorious things he did for me, and stand in awe before the Lord, and put their trust in him.” The cover of the book has a picture of a red rose placed on top of a piece of sheet music.

In addition to writing, Marilyn Heavilin enjoys an effective speaking ministry.

When my publisher presented me with the first copy, my eyes filled with tears. They had managed to find a copy of “Pierce My Ear, O Lord” and had used it for the cover of my book. I was so pleased at their thoughtfulness and wanted to do something special for them. Since many of the employees knew Nate, I decided to share the tape of him singing that song at the dedication of the book. I had allowed only a few special people to hear “my tape” prior to that time.

**God knows our needs**

The morning of the dedication, as I sat down to read a portion of scripture from the NIV One Year Bible, I was amazed to see that the Psalm for that day was Psalm 40. I read through verse three and rejoiced that God had again provided that verse for me on the day of my book dedication. Then I read the sixth verse, “Sacrifice and offering you did not desire, but my ears you have pierced” (emphasis mine).

Could it be that God was so involved in my life that he arranged for that verse to be in my daily reading on the very day I was going to play the tape of my deceased son singing “Pierce My Ear”? Oh yes. It not only could be, but God’s influence in my life was, and is, a reality. He knew my needs before the foundations of the earth, and he is always present to meet my needs. What a God we serve!

Someone once said, “The only thing certain in life is change.” How true that is. I cannot give you a guarantee that you will never have any traumas or problems in your life, but I can guarantee that God is faithful to meet your needs if you remember to turn to him.

He will even give you some beautiful roses along the way as you rely on his word, restore relationships with him and those around you, and recognize his special touch.
A sure foundation

BY BRAD NEWLIN ’89

You'll need a firm foundation to withstand the storm, Brad Newlin warns. This from a man whose rare form of cancer was diagnosed last year, just four months prior to his graduation from Taylor.

For three days and more last fall, I watched the news broadcasts as Hurricane Hugo tore through Myrtle Beach and South Carolina, leaving a path of destruction.

That powerful storm brought back memories of my first few nights after hearing the diagnosis. Cancer had hit me like a hurricane. It was sudden; it was thorough; it was scary. I remember staying up at night after all my friends had left the hospital room. I cried and cried because I was scared and I didn’t know what was going to happen next. The storm had hit.

Comfort came in many ways: letters, flowers, visitors, and the prayers of many. But two scripture passages, Matthew 7:24-27 and Romans 8, struck a place in my heart and restored peace in my life at a time when everything seemed in shambles.

In Matthew 7, I believe Christ sets down two principles that will hold us
Total commitment to Christ has long been an important goal for Brad Newlin. The following list of goals, which Brad compiled during his junior year at Taylor, offers instructive insight.

My focus:

1. to live and fight over the edge
2. to allow God to conform me into the likeness of his son

Indelible footprints of faith on hearts of students, faculty

To say that Brad Newlin has had an impact on the Taylor community is an understatement. When asked to describe him, students, faculty, and staff readily use a “boatload”—Brad’s term—of superlatives: encouraging, magnetic, positive, other-centered, fun, enthusiastic, super, giving, committed, always smiling, loving spirit, heart for missions, zest for life, deep faith, leader, truly exceptional young man.

Small wonder, then, that Brad Newlin’s impact was felt long before the second semester of his senior year, when his cancer was diagnosed. “It was such a shock,” reflects Dr. Gary Newton, head of the Christian education department and Brad’s academic advisor. “People had a hard time believing that such a popular guy, who had so much going for him, could have such a dread form of cancer.”

In addition to their prayers, cards, visits, and round-the-clock prayer vigils, members of the campus community have responded by watching Brad. Seeing his faith hold true in the midst of crisis has inspired and caused their own faith to grow.

Shawn Mulder ’90, student body president, speaks for the campus when she declares, “Brad is totally sold-out to the Lord. His commitment is very real. Watching him through all this, I’m encouraged to be that way, too, no matter what.”

Brad’s former roommate, Jay Dellis ’89, observes, “Perhaps it’s not so much Brad, but Brad having cancer, that has made people more serious about life. You look at Brad, then at yourself, and say, ‘Hey, that could be me. Do I have that same security (that Brad has)? Is my life in Christ’s hand?’ ”

By virtue of who he is and how he lives out his faith, Brad Newlin has left an indelible stamp on the hearts and minds of the Taylor community.—DM

Brad Newlin

Together in the storms of life. The teaching is a simple comparison of two men.

The first man hears the words of Christ and puts them into practice. He is likened to a man who builds his house on a firm foundation. The second man also hears the words of Christ, but doesn’t put them into practice. He is likened to a man who builds his house on the sand.

Hurricanes on the horizon

The first principle I find at work in here is that we do have storms in life. The Bible is up front with us. There are no ‘ifs’ here, no fine print.

It says, “Hey, storms are going to come. You’re going to have wind and you’re going to have rain and you’re going to feel it beat against your house.”

I grew up in a society that doesn’t want us to look at pain and denies the fact that death is our common destiny. For me, getting cancer was a rude awakening. It opened my eyes to the fact that I am not going to live forever. I think it’s healthy for all of us to look at death in the eye and realize it’s coming. There are going to be storms in life. This first principle tells us we shouldn’t be surprised.

The second principle is that we need a foundation to hold us together in the time of storm. The man who heard the words of Jesus and put them into action weathered the storm. The other man did not.

Obedience: the foundation

I believe Christ is talking about obedience. If we hear his words and put them into action, then we’re obeying what he has to say. The teaching here is that if we obey what the Lord has taught, then we’re going to hold together.

I’ve struggled with this principle. I’ve asked, “Lord, how in the world does my obedience create a foundation within me that will hold me together in this time of trial? I’m scared for my family and it feels like everything is pulling apart. What is it about obedience that keeps me firm when I’m scared to death and don’t know what to do?”

Faith is the result

The answer is this: obedience produces faith. The more I am obedient to God, the more I trust him, the more faith is produced in my own life.

People may define faith differently, but the faith that has helped me stand firm through
cancer is an active trust in God to fulfill his promises. Four of them—and there is a boat load from Genesis to Revelation—have especially helped me as I weather the storm of cancer. These four are found in Romans, chapter eight.

Promise #1: Forgiveness

Initially, the hardest struggle for me was not the sickness, but how I viewed myself. When people get sick, they naturally tend to go through and examine their lives. Often, what stands out is the failures.

In Romans 8:1, God gives me a very tangible promise: “Therefore, there is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus.” That’s a present-tense promise. I can have present assurance that I won’t be condemned in the future for those things in the past. And that helps when I’m lying there on that hospital bed saying, “Boy, have I ever lived a crummy life.” God’s very tangible promise says, “Hey, if you’re in me, you’re not going to have to worry about those things.”

Promise #2: An End In Sight

Verse 11 reads, “And if the Spirit of him who raised Jesus from the dead is living in you, he who raised Christ from the dead will also give life to your mortal bodies through his Spirit, who lives in you.”

This reminds me that this life is going to pass away. The storm won’t last forever. In light of eternity, this life is just a blink in time. The assurance that God can raise me, just like he raised Jesus, is a hope that can help me stand firm in the storms of life.

Promise #3: God Is In Control

A lot of people sent me cards bearing Romans 8:28, “And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.” I struggled with that verse. I lay on the bed, read it and thought, “Boy, I don’t know if I believe that or not. I don’t see it.”

Then I heard a pastor comment: “You know,” he said, “a lot of people think that God has to use good things to bring about good results. But that’s not true. God uses all things. All things include some evil things like cancer, divorce, death. He uses all things to bring our lives closer in relationship with Jesus Christ.” I think I understand that verse better now.

My fight with cancer is bringing me closer to God. I don’t think I’ve ever been closer to the Lord than I am right now. Cancer has forced me to seek the foundation, to focus on obeying God more. That, in turn, has produced faith which has held me up in this time.

Romans 8:28 affirms that God is in control, even though it may not look like it. I believe it now because I’ve gone through it.

Promise #4: Inseparable Love

The main promise and hope that I hold onto is found in Romans 8:35-39. I’ve read these verses over and over and over:

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? As it is written: ‘For your sake we face death all day long; we are considered as sheep to be slaughtered.’ No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

When I think, “God, where are you?” I turn to this passage and read it. “He’s right here,” it reminds me. He’s not going to leave me. And cancer isn’t going to sever the relationship I have with him.

Dead sheep

Why, in the middle of this great promise, does Paul throw in the quote from Psalm 44 about facing death all day long like sheep at the slaughter? It seems kind of crazy to put it there. It took me a while to understand, but I think what Paul is saying is that, for believers, suffering is not a new invention. It’s been around for a long time. That helps me to know that
Cap and gown (above): Brad gives his parents, Max and Bev Newlin, a hug at his graduation last May. “My, that was a happy day,” Bev Newlin recalls.

I’m not alone. When the storm hits, it’s easy to think, “I’m the only one here. I’m the only one that’s gone through this storm before.” Paul is saying, “Hey, you’re not alone. This has happened to a lot of people.”

More than conquerors
My particular cancer is a rare one. I don’t know what will happen from one week to the next. But no matter what cancer does to my life—even if cancer kills my body—it’s not going to beat me. (That’s one thing I continue to express to my family.) All it can do is kill me. I’ve got Jesus Christ in my life and he can overcome death.

This is what Paul refers to when he says, “In all this suffering, we are more than conquerors.” I never thought I’d say this, but I am thankful for the suffering in my life. It has caused me to grow more than has any other circumstance. When I stand on faith as my foundation and rise above the circumstances life brings, I see the good things God is teaching me. I am then, indeed, more than a conqueror.

A tenacious faith
A foundation is something that has tenacity—it holds something together. Glass, for instance, is a very hard substance but it doesn’t have any tenacity. Drop it from shoulder-height and it will break. Lead, on the other hand, is very tenacious. While its outside edges may roughen, the lead itself doesn’t break.

Faith, too, is tenacious. It’s made that way by obedience. Our obedience produces a faith that holds us together through the storms of life.

A challenge
Let me leave you this as a word of challenge: when you go through the storms of life, your greatest fear is not the storm itself. It is not disease, nor death. Don’t be afraid of these. Rather, be wary of despair.

Despair can devastate and ruin you. I’ve spent a lot of time in hospitals and I’ve seen a lot of despair. I know what it can do to you. But I’ve found a hope to answer every feeling of despair that wells up inside. It is the promise God gives us as a strong foundation: through obedience, comes faith, the type of faith that will hold us up through the times we can’t handle.

Who’s handling this?
A lot of people came to me saying, “Brad, God will never, ever, put you through something you can’t handle.” But I don’t believe that. I can’t find any such verse in the Bible.

There is a verse that says God will never tempt me beyond what I can handle. And another, Romans 8:28, that says God is in control. But not one that promises God will never give me something I can’t handle.

I, personally, cannot handle cancer. Without faith in God’s promises, I would collapse under the pressure and despair. I can’t handle cancer—but God can. And his promises can. They hold me fast as a sure foundation. I’m so thankful.
Honey from a dead lion

BY JERE TRUEX '68

Just as Samson found something sweet in the broken shell of what was once strong, Jere Truex, a quadriplegic since age seven, has discovered God can bring strength out of weakness. As Jere shares his story, he offers a part of himself.

Some people argue that the words "physically handicapped" and "physically disabled" emphasize the negative instead of the positive. So I get around it by telling people, "I'm not handicapped—I'm a mutant."

No, that's not true. Actually I'm a quadriplegic respiratory postpolio. Being translated, that means polio has left me without use of my so-called voluntary muscles and with very limited ability to breathe.

Personally, I think quadriplegics should be restricted by zoning laws. You let one in and they all think they should be let in. And they're so clumsy; they're forever dropping things. You get more litter every time you give them some-
thing. Me, I don’t admit to being a quadriplegic. I tell people I’m just practicing to be one.

All joking aside (for the moment, at least), I am a quadriplegic. And it’s not easy being totally dependent on others for personal care: I need help to button my shirt, brush my teeth, “go to the bathroom,” reach for a magazine, stick food into my mouth...you name it.

Oh, I admit I especially enjoy the attention I receive from the athletic coeds who often labor as my “bodyguards.” (What middle-aged bald guy wouldn’t enjoy such pampering?) Still, being able to operate a television remote control isn’t enough to instill a sense of self-sufficiency or security.

During the day I lie on a stretcher and breathe with the help of a portable positive-pressure ventilator. At night, I sleep in an iron lung. For the routine aspects of my work, I use the microcomputer in my bedroom-office. My mother sets the keyboard on a platform positioned above my stomach. I punch the keys with a stick held between the fingers of my right hand. A speaker phone set alongside me provides the means for verbal contact with other offices. A station wagon provides transportation for on-campus meetings.

**When I was seven...**

I should be good at this quadriplegic stuff because I’ve been practicing for a long time. I turned seven years old in August of 1952. That fall, a polio epidemic swept through the area. By October, the epidemic had waned when the virus attacked me and my younger sister, Karen. It evidently missed my older sister, Sue.

Like most persons struck by the disease, Karen recovered quickly, without any immediately perceptible damage.

During a period of approximately 48 hours, however, I was transformed from an active second grader to an immobile, feverish and very frightened hospital patient.

I was so scared. An iron lung encased my body and an oxygen tube placed into my nose let me simulate breathing. I panicked even at little things, like being transferred from one electrical outlet to another as patients were moved or died.

Several times, the doctors warned my parents about my impending death. I’m told I reacted angrily the only time the movable curtains, used to shield dying patients from frightened eyes, were placed around me.

**Santa Claus and me**

The initial weeks of frequent delirium caused by the continuing onslaught of the polio virus replaced real tears with perceived ones. Throughout this phase and for months thereafter, I had no inkling that my life had taken a permanent turn. I was terribly homesick and firmly believed my almost-total paralysis would vanish if I could just get dismissed from the hospital.

Still in the hospital that Christmas, I discovered the truth about Santa Claus. The reality of my own condition, however, eluded me. Mother and Dad felt the pain of truth whenever I
mentioned future plans, but they never shattered my self-delusion.

Heroes and heroines

One or both of my parents spent every day with me throughout the seven months of that first hospital stay. My father spent Tuesday and Thursday evenings and all day on Saturday and Sunday with me—my mother spent only Saturdays at the house that had been our home. Karen and Sue stayed with various relatives, including our paternal grandmother until she died just before Christmas that winter.

At the time, I didn’t realize the trauma my parents and sisters were going through. I didn’t care, either. I didn’t appreciate their steadfast love and support. I was busy spewing copious crocodile tears on my own behalf, while they endured my laments and the innumerable problems associated with my illness. Generosity in the wake of such ingratitude must be genuine.

Next, my parents did something even more remarkable. Thanks to them, I became the first iron-lung user in Indiana to go home! Hospital officials reluctantly dismissed me on a one-month trial basis, believing the experiment wouldn’t last much longer than that.

They knew our family life would never be “normal” again and doubted my family could cope with the around-the-clock physical and emotional demands of caring for me. Besides, they figured, I probably wouldn’t live much longer than that anyway.

We proved the doctors wrong. At the end of the month-long trial period, I was still alive and my family was holding out okay. In fact, I was the one who was the emotional wreck—I feared the medical team would re-admit me to the hospital.

Personal appearances

During my time in the hospital, my weight had dropped from 70 to 35 pounds; that, combined with the atrophy of my muscles, made my appearance especially shocking to those who hadn’t seen the changes happening.

I was generally oblivious to the dim prognosis, even when each of two severe bouts with pneumonia nearly took my life. Instead, I dwelt self-consciously on the cosmetic aspects of my condition. A photograph taken at Riley Hospital as cowboy-movie star Roy Rogers visited the young patients shows me ignoring the costumed star to cast a disapproving look at the photographer.

Of course, now I look at that picture and think, “even though I did resemble a half-drowned rat, at least I had a flat stomach and hair on the top of my head!”

I still hate my physical appearance. I avoid looking into mirrors and tend to shunt photographs of myself quickly away. Reminders of my GQ (grossly quadriplegic) aura hurt my self-confidence.

As a result of being self-conscious, I eventually learned the best defense is a good offense—and I can be very offensive.

Seriously, feeling a need to repeatedly prove oneself can and does provoke anger and frustration—within every “normal” person. Even minor irritations,
Two lessons from suffering, that severe teacher

By Dr. Mark Cosgrove

At the beginning of Taylor’s chapel, I frequently hear prayer requests concerning disease and death in the larger Taylor family. A student’s mother unexpectedly dies. A Taylor graduate’s two-year-old child is burned and disfigured. A Taylor senior struggles with cancer.

The prayers penetrate my defenses, and I wonder what suffering awaits me in God’s world and how shall I bear it?

Let not cancer come soon. God forbid that I should see a son die. In any fearful moments, I begin to think like the Disney movie title, “Something Wicked This Way Comes!” Life contains many joys, but, as we age, disease, death and emotional pain are likely to increase in our lives.

How can we live in peace, when we know our time of suffering must also come? My comments that follow are not reasons why God allows suffering, but are suggestions about what suffering in ourselves and others can teach us.

Suffering reminds us of the way life ought to be.

Painful experiences are reminders from deep within our souls that we were not made for this present world, that suffering and death are not the way things should be.

With the gradual onset of Christian faith and maturity, I have acquired some appreciation for the wisdom of Romans 5:3, "...we also rejoice in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces perseverance,” and Psalm 119:71, “It was good for me to be afflicted so that I might learn your decrees.”

To dilate the eyes of a listener and to make the point that practically everything in life has trade-offs, I often comment that being stricken with polio kept me from getting killed in a barroom brawl.

In fact, I probably wouldn’t have gone to college if I had been able-bodied. (Actually, I didn’t “go” to college at Taylor but attended classes via a telephone intercom in our living room.) Since inaccessible gymnasiums at that time blocked
But is secular belief more satisfying? Atheistic man says there is no God, only suffering and certain death, which defines a meaningless, temporary existence. For the Christian, there exists a loving God who never lets go of his children, and there is a direction and goal to life.

Suffering reminds us of how we must live
During times of emotional and physical loss, a response is not needed from God, but from us. When we suffer, it is natural and acceptable to approach God and cry out in pain. This is the lesson from Job’s terrible experience. Faith in God is not an emotionless acceptance of pain, but a turning to our Father in tears and even disillusionment.

Weeping before God and asking why, even in anger, does not tell of a lack of faith. On the contrary, crying out to God recognizes that he is God and could do something about our pain. Hurt and distress asking “Why me?” is honest communication.

Doubts during the times of anguish are not equivalent to a lack of faith. People have doubts because the reasoned beliefs they cherish are being challenged and they must rise to meet that challenge. Questions and attempts to understand are evidence of faith in God, because we believe in God’s character and we want to depend on him.

Faith in times of pain is not an emotionless peace. It is a peace that cries out for help and then lets God be God. True, it takes faith to believe that God can end our suffering. But does it not take more faith to put ourselves in his hands and believe that he will carry us through our suffering?

I desire that faith, not “something wicked,” when all things go well and true must this way come.—MC

Dr. Mark Cosgrove is head of the psychology department at Taylor University.

my current favorite social activity (attending Taylor basketball games), my energies went into studying. Dull, but productive.

My time in Egypt
I graduated from Taylor with high honors. It seemed excellent grades would be the key to my future, but it wasn’t easy to find employment. Possibilities always teased and disappeared like the rays of a sunset. My situation rated two on the difficulty scale compared to Joseph’s nine in Egypt, but his example spurred me nonetheless. There were five agonizing years of resumes, applications, calls, tests, and a near-interview (we were stopped in the hallway as soon as they saw me).

In the middle of this period, my father battled lung cancer for a year and died, still concerned about our welfare. That year, undoubtedly, was the worst year of my 44 thus far. My mother and others cared for the two of us at home while Dad deteriorated from a powerful, 200-pound man to a gray shell. The horror of his suffering and the equally terrible emotional pain of my mother hardened me spiritually for years.

Joy comes in the mourning
Graciously, God has been tempering my passions and my sinful nature by letting me stretch in a temperate world where people are good at giving the right of way.

I’m convinced that if you believe and have faith, no explanation is necessary. If you don’t, no explanation will suffice. Believing really is seeing. (I know, I know: pat answers to the problems of life should set off warning signals.
Just consider these as rules of thumb, then.

As a non-traditional candidate, I began to approach the job market in non-traditional ways. I determined to be less self-conscious and set out to convince people that the perceived barriers to hiring physically handicapped persons are more apparent than real.

I landed a job at a computer-service bureau. While working full-time there, I attended Ball State University for my master’s degree in computer science. It was a wonderful opportunity and experience for me.

Just as my position disappeared in a reorganization after ten years, Taylor University offered me a more attractive slot as a computer programmer/analyst. Now my duties include work as an adjunct professor and administrative specialist.

**Honey from the lion**

A poster on my bedroom-cum-office wall chides us not to pray for an easy life but rather to be strong persons. Emotions tend to reinforce themselves and to affect many facets of our lives, including our “success” and health. I now believe that human power has a dark side.

Just as the bees made honey in the shell of Samson’s lion, God turns my physical weakness into a form of strength—strength in the sense that my weakness benefits others. II Corinthians 12:9 states, “My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.”

Many persons feel more capable when they compare their strength to mine; some feel more willing to share their problems when they think the listener will understand; some feel more tolerant of my chastisement when they resist less battle-scarred counterparts; some feel more relaxed when they perceive no need to be tough...the possibilities go on.

One sage wrote that ability is a fine thing, but the true test is the ability to find ability in others. If this thesis is correct, I consequently can contribute and my disability doesn’t constitute inability.

**With thanksgiving**

Most days, I’m just very grateful for all the wonderful people (most of all, my mother) and experiences that have made my life possible and basically pleasant—I do love all the attention and pampering God lets me have. Watching the evening news consistently reaffirms how fortunate most of us are.

As Thomas Paine wrote, “what we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value.” No kidding there.

Much has been given to me (an embarrassment of riches through Taylor) and much should be expected. As Christ observes in Luke 12:48, “...from everyone who has been given much, much will be demanded.” Other disabled persons—and we’re all disabled in some way—make far greater contributions than I do.

**I’ll finish the race**

Several years ago, a TU student had a plaque made for me with II Timothy 4:7 on it. It reads, “I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.” Each day I look at that plaque; each day I pray for that success.

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**Terrific team** (left): Jere Truex credits his mother, Maxine Sanders, for much of his success. In 1968, Taylor awarded her its first honorary B.A. degree.
And he makes no mistakes

BY BETTY DAVIS '58

Each day, Bob and Betty (Godsey) Davis (both '58) trust God for guidance along the dark and shadowy path that is Alzheimer's Disease. God is in control, they affirm, and he makes no mistakes.

"DE-FENSE!" he yelled as he jumped from his hospital bed. Tearing the oxygen tubing from his face, he turned to sprint through the bedroom knocking over furniture in the process.

I jumped from my chair on the opposite side of the room—grabbing him as he rushed by. He shrugged me off with ease and continued his run through the dining room. Throwing his arm over his head, index finger pointing to the sky he again raised the battle cry, "DE-FENSE!"

By the time he reached the kitchen, I again had caught up with him. Hurling myself against his 6'7" frame, I pushed him against the wall attempting to slow his wild outburst. I truly expected him to drop dead from this sudden outburst since his activities have been limited to a slow walk around the house four
times a day since his massive heart attack a year ago last December.

At this moment our daughter, Becky, heard the commotion from the other end of the house and met us in the kitchen. Bob, suddenly disoriented, went limp.

He had awakened from a dream state and a new reality surrounded him. Suddenly, he was thrust 33 years into the future. The 1957 Manchester College-Taylor University game had suddenly disappeared. Bob’s eyes asked the questions that he would later voice as he became re-oriented. Who are these strange women talking to me now? Where am I? Where are my teammates, Stan Beach and Glen Schell?

This is just a taste of what it is like to live with Alzheimer’s Disease. Patients, such as Bob, in the early stages are not in this never-never land all of the time. Thankfully, these episodes occur no more than once every month or two. Most of the time Bob Davis still lives in the present. But now his living pace is that of a worn-out 80-year-old, not the vital man in his 50’s that he was a short three years ago.

**Blank-blackness**

About three years ago, Bob awakened from the anesthesia following a simple angioplasty (balloon catheter procedure) to open a small artery in his heart. Boredom with hospital television fare prompted him to reach for the book he had been reading two days earlier. Ten minutes later he replaced the book on the table thinking, I must be grog-gier than I thought. I just can’t carry the thread.

He lay there trying to recall pleasant memories but no pictures would come to mind. Bob’s thoughts were blank-blackness. Mental arithmetic—this will pull me around—two plus two equals...? What does it equal? Three? Four? What has happened to me—it must be the anesthe-sia—surely tomorrow this will clear up. But the clear tomorrow has not come.

After weeks of psychological, psychiatric, and medical testing, the dreaded diagnosis came. “As nearly as we can tell, you have early stage Alzheimer’s Disease. At this point we know no cure, no way to slow the progress and we do not even know the cause.”

**A difficult step**

As pastor of a church of more than two thousand members and a staff of more than twenty, there was no alternative but to step down from his leadership role. But the joy of pastoring this church was his life. He loved his people as a father loves his children.

Bob’s middle-of-the-night thoughts wrestled with this dilemma: I want to push on. But now—how can I dare go on? I have lost the ability to read more than a page with comprehension. I cannot do the simple math to add a restaurant check or know if I am getting the correct change. Sometimes I forget the way to my destination and have to pull the car to the side of the road and wait until I

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**A guidebook for your journey**

Surely there is not a more unique, heart-rending travelogue about the walk into blank-blackness than Bob Davis’ *My Journey Into Alzheimer’s Disease*.

Despite the title, however, his book is not only for people touched by the disease, but for people who are hurting, ordinary, you-and-me-type people who struggle to reconcile God’s will with the tragedy that touches our lives.

Throughout the book, Davis offers penetrating insights into the human condition. With language that speaks to the heart, he shares his struggle, surrender and acceptance of the dark journey set before him.

Read this book.

Order it through your local bookstore or write Tyndale House Publishers, P.O. Box 80, Wheaton, Illinois 60189.—DM

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This is the day that the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.

—Psalm 118:24
became oriented again.

Bob Davis resigned his pastorate on August 2, 1987.

Rest, surrender, acceptance

During May of 1987, we took a trip out west. The diagnosis had not yet been verified but we needed to retreat, seek God’s will and surrender ourselves to whatever God had for us before hearing the final diagnosis. We left Miami tired, sick, and low enough to crawl under a worm’s belly with a high hat on.

First, we needed rest. The weeks of hospital routine, trial medications and surgery had taken their toll. We drove and ate and slept and walked and talked and prayed and laughed and cried. God ministered to us through his creation as we beheld the mighty Mississippi, the grandeur of the Tetons, and the microcosm of life in the desert.

Day after day affirmed to us:

**GOD IS IN CONTROL AND HE MAKES NO MISTAKES.**

One night in a motel room in Thermopolis, Wyoming, Bob was assured, as certainly as if God had spoken audibly, that he was not going to be physically healed: that life, as he had known it, was over for him. God was going to take us on a walk of faith into another way.

Peace filled our hearts as we said, *Lord, we gave our lives to you over thirty years ago to do with as you saw fit. We will not think of rebelling against you now. If this is for sure the end of the pastoral work, so be it. We will praise your name, love and serve you whenever and wherever you give us opportunity.*

**One day at a time**

More than two years have passed. Nothing spectacular has happened. The physical and mental losses are an ongoing presence with us. Each day we take and enjoy and use whatever God gives for that day. Some days, for Bob, it is nothing more than lying in a dark room with no stimulus—his speech slow, words unreachable to express his thoughts. These days we praise God for the quiet room, for air conditioning, for the fact that I can be home with him to see that medications and shots are given on time.

Other days, Bob’s mind is clear, wisdom is present, communication is possible, and words rush out, as from an artesian well tumbling over one another lest the thought is lost before it can be expressed. On these good days, there are visits, phone calls, shared prayers.

**Touching others**

In 1987, Bob still had the skill to plan and start a book, though it required both Bob and me to finish it. *My Journey Into Alzheimer’s Disease,* published by Tyndale House, has brought many phone calls from people in situations like ours telling us that they have received a better understanding, helpful hints and encouragement to continue ministering to their loved ones with Alzheimer’s Disease.

There are calls from young men called into the gospel ministry. Bob prays for and shares his experience and wisdom with them. We are always home, except for visits to the doctor, and hurting people know that our door is always open for prayer and encouragement.

Through all the sorrow of a life cut short in its productive time has come the peace that God’s timing is perfect.

Bob had only two speeds: ‘full speed ahead’ and ‘stop.’ God called him to service in a place that needed someone to work sixteen hours a day. Now, God has put Bob into the stop mode—or, as Bob expresses it, *God has caused me to lie down. And this bedroom is my green pasture.*

Our joy is full.

**Rejoice in God’s grace**

The illness is progressing, but the personality changes have been to the “surrender mode,” not the “angry and ugly mode.” We attribute this easy acceptance of the progressive horrors of this disease directly to God’s grace in answering the prayers of literally thousands of people around the world who have prayed for us.

Whatever challenge God sends to our door we endeavor to meet with all our heart, mind and strength. With the psalmist, we affirm: “This is the day the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.”

What God
gives
when life
takes

By Becki Conway Sanders '83

Just 18 months before coming to Taylor, Becki Conway Sanders lost a leg to cancer. But she held on to her faith. Here, she shares what she learned in the process.

Having my left leg amputated at age sixteen was definitely a life-changing event for me. Right from the beginning, however, I saw God’s hand at work. He provided me with good physical abilities, spiritual growth and ministry, a sense of humor, and even a career direction. (I am now a licensed recreation therapist and nationally-certified handicapped ski instructor.)

I started my freshman year at Taylor University less than 18 months after losing my left leg to cancer. During two years in Taylor’s supportive environment, God shaped me in some dramatic ways. Taylor will always hold a special place in my heart.

From the crazy dorm antics with my artificial leg, “Harold the Hairless Wonder,” to the privilege of assisting the women’s track team, Taylor accepted me—and I love Taylor for that.

As I have daily faced my own disability and helped other people with a variety of limitations, I have come to realize that everyone struggles with various losses and difficulties.

Does God care?

Suffering doesn’t mean that God doesn’t love us. Actually, none of us deserves anything from God, but by his grace he made provision for us to be saved from eternal judgement. In fact, God loves us regardless of our response to him: “He causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous” (Matthew 5:45). His unconditional love is not swayed by our disobedience or unfaithfulness.

God’s unconditional love for us, however, does not save us from the normal tragedies that come with living in our world. No one is exempt from the difficulties of our humanity. Life’s norm is not living without problems but learning to cope with the unfairness that comes to us. Instead of pouring our energy into learning “why,” we need rather to ask God to help us live and grow because of it.

Many times we ask God, “Why, why, why?” If we don’t find an answer, we feel God doesn’t care. We think he is obligated to keep us from anything hard, unless we see a good reason for it.

Knowing why

I wonder if knowing why would make our suffering any easier to accept. Would Job’s ordeal have been any more comfortable if he had known the reason? Perhaps focusing on why is an excuse. We unconsciously are saying, “Until I understand the reason behind my pain, I’m not obligated to deal with it.” We may then become stalled at the questioning stage and never move on to living life with the pain.

Often, in the midst of our deepest pain we are most able to see God. When we are open to his guidance, life’s hardships can be tremendous places of growth. In the following paragraphs, I would like to share some of the specific ways God has spoken to me through suffering.

This is the day that the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.

—Psalm 118:24
Lesson #1: Crisis Makes Us Stop

God wants our crises to stop us! Any crisis—whether physical, emotional, financial, or spiritual—takes us out of our regular routine. It stops us cold.

Our society has become obsessed with activities. Somehow, we think if we do more, we'll feel complete and content. Our busyness goes deeper than working for financial gains alone; our accomplishments become the core of who we think we are. We frantically fill our days in the hope of finding a lasting sense of purpose.

Activities blind us to God

My hectic, crammed schedule can cloud my view of God. I can become so wrapped up in tasks that I lose sight of his purpose in my daily life. I confuse “important” with “urgent.” Unconsciously I make priority choices based on time constraints. I gradually forget God in my busyness. Sometimes it takes a crisis to help me see what is important in my life.

Activities blind us to others

Our overcommitted life styles also blind us to the needs of people around us. When we are consumed with our own schedules, we don't have energy left to care for others. The real tragedy is that we are so busy we don't even notice our blatant neglect.

A few years ago my husband's job change and resulting move left me unemployed. My career-oriented life changed quickly as unemployment dragged from weeks to months.

I realized how often I had ignored friends and needy
A family's perspective on pain, crisis

No man is an island, nor does crisis effect but one member of a family and leave the rest unscathed. When Becki, at age 16, lost her left leg to cancer, each family member responded very differently to the crisis: shock, anger, peace, fear, humor, despair. In *What God Gives When Life Takes*, Becki Conway Sanders and her parents, well-known authors Jim and Sally Conway, relate their experience with crisis.

It is an inspiring story, told with honesty, humor, and a sense of deep and abiding faith in a loving God—who loves and calls the believer to worship, even in the midst of the valley of weeping.

Becki and her family open their life to the reader. The pain is real, as are the questions and doubts. But real, too, is the gratitude for the lessons learned through crisis. *What God Gives When Life Takes* is available or may be ordered through your local bookstore, or by writing InterVarsity Press, P.O. Box 1400, Downers Grove, Illinois 60515.

Activities blind us to problems

Often we are tempted to do, do, do—piling up accomplishments so we feel worthwhile. But maybe we are missing opportunities to learn, to enjoy necessary quiet time to prepare for the next life stage or to face problems that need correcting. Crises, no matter how big or small, offer these opportunities.

He makes me stop

A familiar Psalm impacted me in a new way during my struggles with employment. I was sitting in church when Psalm 23 was read. The words, "He me makes lie down in green pastures and leads me beside quiet waters," hit me with a new force. They made me realize that often God is making me "lie down" for my own good. Naturally, I want to get up and run. I have important things to do.

God sometimes takes us away from the busyness of our lives to refocus on his purpose. God loves us enough to stop us—even when we want to run.

Lesson #2:

A Crisis Makes Us Run

A few years ago my husband, Craig, taught Outdoor School in the San Bernardino mountains of Southern California. This was a "hands-on" education where the children spent time in the local mountains. In one lesson, Craig explained how to tell the difference between two look-alikes, a tree squirrel and a ground squirrel. The easiest way to tell them apart is where their homes are. When a tree squirrel is frightened, he runs up a tree. A ground squirrel runs to his hole in the ground.

In many ways, the same test can be applied to our lives. When crisis or suffering strikes us, where do we run? Where we run tells a lot about what we trust and where our "home" is.

I can handle this myself

What an inconsistent squirrel I am. One time I run to myself, the next time I run to God. True faith, however, is when I trust God in every situation, running to him every time.

Fortunately, God loves me in spite of my inconsistency. No matter how many times I run to myself or to other people, he is always waiting for me with open arms.

Yell, if you must

Sometimes we assume God can't love us if we don't feel love for him. I really believe God would rather have us communicate with Him, screaming and angry, than not at all.

Separating ourselves from his
support leaves us isolated and vulnerable. Without communication with God, we soon will feel overwhelmed by our circumstances. By looking to our Creator to meet our everyday needs and to help us through hard times, we will realize we are only mortal and finite.

Lesson #3: A Crisis Reminds Us We Are Temporary

Death was introduced very personally to me during my confrontation with bone cancer. Losing part of my body made me realize how quickly life can be over. I had already lost seventeen pounds of myself in three hours. How could I be sure the rest of me would last any longer? I never again could assume I’d live until the ripe old age of ninety-five.

Death is real

One advantage of crisis and suffering is to be reminded that we’re not on earth forever. Many of us grow up with a theological concept of heaven and hell, but how many of us can actually picture ourselves—or our friends and family—in either place? Although we may claim to believe in life after death, that belief often doesn’t change the way we live life before death.

Life must be lived now

When I lost my leg to cancer, I began to understand that seeing life from an eternal perspective was the key to contentment in all of life. I needed to fix my eyes today on what was eternal. I had graphic evidence every waking moment of my day that the temporary physical part of me would not last, but I also was promised an eternal future that would make the present seem almost trivial. My missing leg vividly helped me realize that my real home was not earth.

Lori’s light

Lori Sigrist was a dramatic example of this new perspective. She lived in the same dorm at Taylor as my sister, Brenda. I met Lori in 1977 after my second biopsy when I still thought I would not lose my leg.

Upon first meeting Lori, one would not know of her deep emotional and physical pain. But she had an inoperable form of abdominal cancer. Lori was a talented, intelligent, beautiful girl with gorgeous dark hair and sparkling eyes. She was a vibrant Christian who loved the Lord and desired to serve him in every way. Ever since she was very young, she had been singing and traveling widely with her family’s gospel music ministry.

The exciting part about Lori was that she had a ministry everywhere—on stage, in class, in her dorm and even in the hospital. She would often share God’s love with doctors, nurses, and especially their patients. The Lord opened up doors of ministry and she walked through them. Lori was bold and excited about her relationship with Christ and the difference he made in her life.

It was evident that her strength had come from taking her eyes off her own suffering, even though she had every right in the world to feel sorry for herself and complain. I remember that once Lori told me she felt sorry for everyone else. For most hadn’t realized they too were just as terminal as she was! She consciously focused on God and other people instead of herself. God blessed her obedience and dramatically used her to touch others. Her faithful trust and unusual life focus was a model for me as I faced the outcome of my bone tumor.

Crises remind us that we are temporary. Acknowledging our impermanence also helps us enjoy and use what we do have.

Lesson #4: A Crisis Helps Us Appreciate What We Have

Losing part of my body made me appreciate the three strong limbs I had left. I had taken my healthy body for granted before. But now, after losing part of it, I realized how fortunate I was that the rest of my body was strong.

Scripture has helped me appreciate what I have and not to fret over what I don’t have. The Bible says, “My God will meet all your needs according to his glorious riches in Christ Jesus” (Philippians 4:19). It’s comforting for me to realize that. I’ve found it helpful to think, “If I
don't have it, maybe God knows I really don't need it right now." **Where are the perks?**

Sometimes we are victims of a consumer attitude toward God. We give him our life, but we want to make sure we get something in return.

Obviously, the hardest time to thank God is when we are in a difficult situation. It isn't easy to be joyful if your husband has just left, you have lost a job, you have had a terrible accident or your child has committed suicide. How are we supposed to be full of joy when things are really rough?

When I'm in a difficult situation, I don't feel joyful about the actual circumstance, but I can be joyful for who God is and remind myself of all I do have. I am happy that God is with me and that he is ultimately in control of the situation. I realize he is allowing the situation to happen. Even though I may never understand why, I get a sense of peace in knowing he loves me and is in charge. A crisis—no matter how horrifying—truly makes me thankful for all I have.

**Lesson #5: A Crisis Gives Us The Ability To Comfort Others**

Since my amputation, I find myself welcoming people who are handicapped. I'm intrigued by their adjustment and desire to live life to its fullest. Instead of ignoring the disabled, I seek them out and encourage them to continue their fight.

I also need support from others so that I don't feel sorry for myself. Their courage and affirmation help me—when my artificial leg is giving me blisters, my physical limitations put me at a disadvantage, or people discriminate against me.

Jesus experienced trials and suffering and can therefore identify with me in my troubles. Hebrews 4:15 reminds me that Jesus was “tempted in every way, just as we are—yet was without sin.”

God also meets my need for support and empathy in specific situations through other Christians. God's family has many members who have lived through a vast array of life's hardships.

This concept excites me. Christ isn't simply a model person who lived two thousand years ago; he is alive and living in each of us; we can bring Christ to others as we support them in their pain.

What a satisfying arrangement it is that God equips us to help others by means of our own pain and suffering. He first meets our needs, helping us to accept and deal with our crisis as well as giving us hope beyond our circumstances. We then have the privilege of reaching out to others.

**Comforting through sharing yourself**

Comforting other people doesn't mean simply sending a sympathy card. Effective comforting demands personal risk. It means sharing about my own burdens, struggles, and failures, maybe even before I've gotten them all straightened out.

Sometimes as I admit my struggle to another person, I'm finally able to admit I need God. Until I verbalize it to someone else, I keep trying to hold it together, pretending I can handle life by myself. As long as I don't admit my need for God, he is left out of my problem. When I share, it's an opportunity for God to work in me and the other person.

It's true, our troubles and crises allow others an opportunity to comfort us. In turn, experiencing pain gives us the ability to comfort others and help them trust God—"the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God" (II Cor. 1:3-4). It's valuable to view our present pain as a future opportunity to meet others' needs.

There are no easy answers to life's unfairness or random pain. But there are life-changing lessons to be learned through them when we keep our focus clearly on our Lord and his eternal plans.
Becky Ellenwood's memory and influence continue to affect the lives of students at Taylor University. In her will, Becky left a sizeable estate to the college. Her gift endows the support staff and services of the university counseling center, perpetuating her concern for young people at decision points in their lives.

In clay jars

By Becky Ellenwood ('79)

After graduating from Taylor, Becky Ellenwood served as area director for Young Life, an evangelistic gospel club ministry to teens. Faith in God carried Becky through the cancer in her “clay jar” and beyond, into glory. These excerpts from letters written before her death on April 1, 1985, testify to her faith.

January 1983

A verse that my kids hear me mention often is John 10:10, where Christ tells us that he has come with the simple purpose of giving each of us “abundant life!” It excites me to realize that God doesn’t want any of us to drag along through life halfheartedly, instead, he wants us to experience richness in living.

Looking back on 1982, I see the successes and the difficulties had to be woven together to make it a complete year. And I am reminded by these words of Christ that in the midst of the ups and downs, he gave the opportunity to us to take hold of his life-giving power, so that we could know wholeness in our own lives.

Take advantage of God’s gift in Christ—live life fully!

Lord,

You’ve really begun building the “quiet spirit” within me—what a beautiful peace you want to give to me at all times in all things—let me remember that always living in your love and strength is not a “cop-out” or escape, but a beautiful promise for always—even when the going is awful and hurting—you love me—thank you—it’s all I need.

Love,

Saturday, July 5, 1975

Love,
On October 9th, I was sent to the hospital for a biopsy of one of my swollen lymph nodes. That “node” turned out to be covered with little tumors and I have a quite rare form of cancer called “malignant histiocytosis.”

I was in the hospital 12 days and then checked myself out so that I could go back and see “my kids.” Since I’ve spent the past few years getting up in front of them telling them over and over about the constant love and care of the God of the universe for us and how Christ could still say all those wonderful things in the face of what happened to me. It is wonderful to be able to say that NEVER have I felt so surrounded and taken care of by God—He really does not change in His love, nor does He go away!

My other major concern was that none be “mad at God” for what has happened to me. For one, that would infer that God gave me this cancer, which I do not believe; and also it leaves a person alone, rejecting God’s love and care—and none of us can exist that way.

I will really be needing your support through prayers, dear ones, because while I’m planning on fighting hard, I can’t walk the road alone.

October 1983

February 22, 1984

Lord, my mind is so small. My soul catches at my heart as you teach me. Revelation is a wonder. Yes, marvelous are your ways. You have created me, came for me, lived with me—this is a gift for my finiteness—my chance to gaze upon your face and live.

March 1985

I can’t really answer questions about the future, except that I continue to live one day at a time, and plan ahead and dream as best I can. Each day only shows me more of how God’s grace provides for our growing at every turn.

For God made his light to shine in our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ. But we have this treasure in jars of clay to show that this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us. We are hard pressed on every side, but not crushed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not destroyed. We must always carry around in our body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus may also be revealed in our body...therefore we do not lose heart, though outwardly we are wasting away, yet inwardly we are being renewed day by day.

2 Corinthians 4:16

This passage states the reality of my experience so well. There are hard times, full of questions, when I waver between tears and stubbornness, and yet there is the underlying, undergirding love which remains constant and sustaining. And this is what I hold on to.

Love,

December 1983

These past few months have simply flown by, and yet in relation to coming to grips with the reality of cancer in my life, watching and feeling the changes in my body and life, the time seems very long and full. God has shown me so much of His care and is teaching me new things, but, more so, he is re-opening my eyes to look at the already known in new and deeper ways.

There have been a lot of tears, feelings of loneliness and being suddenly removed from my home and work, fears of the unknown and uncertain, and questions about the future...and these do not suddenly go away even though I am confident of the Lord’s continuing provision, love and plans for my life. But those things that are most important: love, truth, faith, honesty, family, friends, and the constant presence of the very Creator-Savior God inside and surrounding my whole being: these are the things that make the difference. They bring light into the darkness and they bring Christmas into all of our lives in a way that goes far beyond December 25th. My prayer for each of you is that these may all be a growing reality in your lives: Hope and Joy are here as we relive the coming of the God of the Universe to us in Christ. We have been shown an overwhelming and everlasting love—don’t let it slip through your fingers as the tinsel comes down and the carols fade.

The celebration of His life to us is for every day—Merry Christmas!

Much love,

Becky

late March 1985

I could be leaving at any time...

I thank the Lord for each of you and the way he has used you in my life.

Becky
Kesler, Wyrtzen to provide encouragement at conference

The 1990 Taylor Christian Life Conference, a weekend offering speakers and activities for all ages, will be held on Taylor’s campus June 29-July 1. Renowned speaker, author and authority on the family, Taylor President Jay Kesler, will be the keynote speaker.

Each year, “Growing Places” is the overall theme for the conference. This year, the keynote address, workshops and discussion groups will focus on “Encouragement” as the sub-theme for the conference.

Noted concert artist, musician, author and speaker Christine Wyrtzen will be on hand as guest musician, music director, and workshop leader. Wyrtzen’s appeal is to people of all ages. She often addresses the theme of encouragement in her work.

She has released several albums, including Person to Person and the snappy children’s album, Critter County. In her first book, Carry Me, Wyrtzen shares her own struggles with pain, hurting and grief as she “journeyed into God’s arms.”

For adults, workshop leaders will highlight encouragement in marriage, moving beyond discouragement, balancing priorities, and how to encourage your teen, among other topics.

Junior and senior high youth will attend sessions designed specifically for their interests and needs.

Youngsters, from kindergarten to grade six, will be stimulated and entertained by Jill Parkinson in her alter-ego of “Jillybean” the clown. She uses puppetry, ventriloquism, music, and creative Gospel illusions to teach children about the word of God.

Skilled care and activities for children, nursery through preschool age, with trained adult leaders are planned for the entire weekend to allow parents time for renewal and relaxation.

Conferees will stay in residence hall rooms. Meals will be served in the Hodson Dining Commons.

Call the alumni office (317-998-5114) or write to Taylor University Alumni office, Upland, IN 46989, for information and a brochure about this holiday with a purpose.—JWK
A life and legacy dedicated to higher education

Lemuel Herbert Murlin received more educational degrees—including nine doctoral degrees—than any other Taylor University instructor in the history of the institution.

Always interested in the pursuit of higher education, Murlin began his career as a teacher. At age 16, he taught in Convoy, Indiana, where he had been born in 1861. In 1882, he left his hometown both to teach and to pursue his education at Taylor University (then called Fort Wayne College). He completed his work there in 1886 and continued his education at DePauw University. By 1893, he had received both the B.A. and S.T.B. degrees.

In 1894, Murlin assumed the position of president at Baker University in Baldwin, Kansas. After a successful administration, he left Baker in 1911 to become Boston University’s third president.

During his thirteen years at Boston, enrollment increased seven times over, and he established new graduate programs. In 1925, Murlin returned to DePauw University and presided as president for three years.

Active as a teacher and leader until his death in 1935, Murlin’s legacy is represented in the lasting contributions he made to the institutions he served so well.

1882

Lemuel Murlin was active in the pursuit of knowledge. An instructor at Taylor and later president of three colleges, his love for education is a legacy for Taylor students today.

1899

A hymn written by Taylor graduate Henry Zelley has enriched worship services since the turn of the century.

1899

A sunlight that is “flooding my soul with glory divine”

Each generation discovers for itself a form of music appropriate to its own sense of worship. In 1899, a Taylor graduate wrote a hymn that is still used in worship services today.

In fact, Henry J. Zelley, born July 15, 1859, wrote more than 1500 poems, hymns and gospel songs during his lifetime. At the age of 40, he wrote what was to become his most popular hymn, “Walking in Sunlight All of My Journey.” This song first touched the public when it appeared in Gospel Praises, edited by William J. Kirkpatrick and H.L. Gilmour. The hymn became even more well-known when Evangelist Charles E. Fuller paraphrased the refrain as “Heavenly Sunshine” for his radio program, “Old Fashioned Revival Hour.”

Zelley attended both Pennington Seminary and Taylor University while doing his graduate work, eventually earning his M.A. and Ph. D. degrees. In later years, Taylor conferred upon him the D.D. degree. He was ordained into the Methodist Church ministry and served nineteen different churches in the New Jersey conference before retiring in 1929.

Among other songs and hymns Dr. Zelley wrote are “I Do Not Ask To Choose,” “Bless Me Lord” and “My Heart was Distressed and He Brought Me Out.”
A cornerstone offering the “best that colleges have”

The addition of Maytag gymnasium to Taylor’s campus in 1930 laid the foundation for a rich athletic heritage—and more. “Athletics at Taylor took a forward leap this year that is going to mean things in the years to come that we only dream about now,” state the editors of the 1930 Gem.

Construction of the new gym began in 1926, but could not be completed due to financial problems. Four years later, T.H. Maytag, member of the famous washing machine family, made the single largest donation necessary for completion of the project. The gymnasium-auditorium was named Maytag Gymnasium in his honor.

On May 23, 1930, popular evangelist Billy Sunday dedicated the new building. The second function held in the multi-functional structure was commencement exercises for the graduating class of 1930.

The 1930 Gem’s editors predict, “Taylor is at last coming into her own and offering the best that colleges have to give to athletes and all those who play and exercise.”

In 1976, after extensive remodeling, the Maytag gymnasium emerged as the Rediger chapel/auditorium. As such, it has hosted numerous guests, including many prominent evangelists. Billy Sunday—and T.H. Maytag—would be proud.

1930

A washing machine magnate and evangelist Billy Sunday laid a cornerstone for Taylor athletics one Sunday in May, 1930.

1973

A darkened Maytag gymnasium and spotlights on all-American Dana Sorensen added to the excitement of the 1972-73 wrestling season.

A triumph of underdogs and an All-American

The theft of the Hoosier Buckeye College Conference crown from the favored Anderson College and Defiance College wrestling teams occurred during the 1972-1973 wrestling season. The perpetrators, the Taylor Trojans, came into the competition as the underdogs. The Trojans posted a 10-5 dual meet record.

Throughout the season, senior All-American Dana Sorensen led the team. He captured the championship in every major meet he wrestled and set a new Taylor record for total points scored with 135.

Sorensen compiled a 33-2 record during this remarkable season, advancing all the way to the national competition, where he experienced his only defeat.

Other senior wrestlers on the team included Mark Marchak, Craig Seltzer, and Doug Arnold.

Looking back, Sorensen remembers, “It was an exciting time. Everyone would crowd into the Maytag gym and they would turn off the lights, and have spotlights on the mats.”

Sorensen served as a wrestling coach at Taylor from 1980 until 1984, when the sport was dropped from the Taylor schedule. He coached track and football teams until 1988 and now works at the Christian Family Center in Adrian, Michigan.
There's a ring of truth—and miracle—when this grad's friend observes,

"She's doing fairly well for a dead woman"

Dena Strasbaugh has always been a fighter. Ask those who have run track with her—or against her. They will testify to her stamina, determination and sense of humor. Nor are those qualities limited to her performance in the sports arena. In 1982, Dena graduated magna cum laude from Taylor University.

What happened to her on October 14, 1983, did not change her resolute determination. Nor did it alter her steadfast faith in God. But it did change her life.

It was raining in North Fort Myers, Florida, that Friday when Dena—“Miss Strasbaugh” to her elementary school students—turned her Honda motorcycle toward home.

She was driving north on U.S. 41 when a car pulled out from a side road. On impact, her helmet flew off and she was catapulted 45 feet from the collision site. Dena was pronounced dead on arrival at Lee Memorial Hospital. Her parents were numb with grief. Lois Strasbaugh signed for her daughter’s organs to be donated for transplants; Bob Strasbaugh went to see about retrieving the Honda.

But Dena clung to life. For more than a week, her parents stayed by her side, seldom leaving the hospital’s eighth floor. After six weeks—and still in a coma—Dena was moved to Shell Point Village, a nursing home facility.

But I am more than alive...

By Dena Strasbaugh ’82

I wish the accident on October 14, 1983, never would have happened. I don’t like being handicapped. I want to be able to get up and walk.

God does not cause pain, he works through it. God allows suffering for many reasons: so we can learn from it; so he can be magnified; so we can understand and become more like Jesus, who had the ultimate suffering.

We can learn from suffering

I am learning from suffering—I have learned not to ride motorcycles! I am learning to please God in every small task, not just in major decisions. (It is easier for me to think about God now because my mind is not so cluttered with all the mundane things of life. My mind no longer has the capacity to be constantly cluttered.) I have learned that Laurie, my rehabilitation specialist, is my friend. I have learned to rely on other members of the body of Christ. I have learned about the constant presence of God.

Even though I have many problems with my memory and other thinking processes, God is always here for me. If I can never memorize another Bible verse, he is here for me. If I am unable to remember what I read in the Scriptures on any given morning, God is still here for me.

God is magnified in our suffering

Yes, I can say that God is using my situation for his glory. I know that other Christians are encouraged when they see how much healing God has already done in my life. And sometimes they say that they are challenged by my ability and my desire to praise God in everything. God receives all the glory for every tiny thing I accomplish because from a human, medical point of view, I shouldn’t even be alive. But I am more than alive; I have the abundant life God promised to us. And even though I am somewhat handicapped, I still have many opportunities to serve God.

Suffering makes us more like Jesus

Suffering is part of developing the mind of Christ. God gives us difficult circumstances so that we can learn more about him—and about ourselves: We learn more about God’s grace and how he is sufficient for our needs. Since the accident, I have grown closer to God because he is helping me recover. I can’t do all the things for myself that I could before the accident, so I have to rely on him and the people he brings into my life.

One blessing from God that I am very much aware of since my accident is my wonderful parents. They support me and encourage me, as well as expect a lot from me. I am also blessed in having Laurie work with me every day. She puts up with my rotten moods, as do my friends. (I have occasional outbursts of anger, usually directed at whoever is wanting me to exercise at that particular moment.
Bob and Lois were informed that their daughter’s condition was about as good as it was ever going to get. They refused to accept that, however. So, too, apparently, did Dena.

In mid-December, Lois noted that Dena occasionally opened her right eye an eighth of an inch. By Christmas, she claimed Dena would raise her leg about two inches when asked to do so. “Impossible,” claimed the medical authorities. “You’re just seeing what you want to see. Dena has too much brain damage to ever recover from the coma.”

Despite the grim prognosis, Bob, Lois, and the Shell Point staff pressed on. So did Dena. In February, she regained consciousness. Because of the severe head trauma she had suffered, she was unable to function in any capacity. Little things—the flicker of a finger—were momentous events.

In April of 1984, Bob and Lois transferred Dena to a rehabilitation center in Orlando. Each weekend they made the six-hour journey to visit their daughter. It was a tough time for the entire family.

In September, nearly a year after the accident, Bob and Lois Strasbaugh welcomed their daughter home. At the same time, they secured the services of a rehabilitation specialist to give Dena the full-time, professional support she would need.

Dena’s recovery has been slow, but remarkable, says Laurie Frydenlund (“Freddie,” Dena sometimes calls her), the rehabilitation specialist who oversees Dena’s regimen. Lori Shepard ’84, with whom Dena was co-named Taylor’s “most valuable runner” in 1981, agrees: “We tell Dena she’s doing fairly well for a dead woman.”

Physical and mental exercises are a part of Dena’s daily schedule. Though she has fairly good control over her left extremities, Dena is considered a quadriplegic.

Cognitive processing skills such as sorting information and identifying patterns give her trouble. That’s normal for persons who have suffered severe head trauma, Frydenlund says. “Dena has made a lot of progress and I’m optimistic.”

What is unusual about Dena’s case, she points out, is that Dena’s personality has returned to a fair approximation of her pre-trauma personality.

Though her life has changed dramatically since that October day in 1983, Dena continues to praise God with her whole heart, Frydenlund testifies. “All that makes Dena unique in this world still resides within the body and mind she can no longer control perfectly,” she says. “And we all look forward to the end of time when we each will receive our new bodies. God has been and will continue to be glorified in the very fact of Dena’s existence.”

—DM
1916
Mr. & Mrs. Everett Jarboe have donated to Taylor's Zondervan Library a 1732 edition of A Compleat Collection of the Works of Flavius Josephus, along with John and Charles Wesley: A Bibliography. The books were given in memory of Rev. A. W. Jarboe, Mr. Jarboe's father.

1918
Lois (Vayhinger) Browning died of a heart attack on November 7, 1989. She and Ray V. Browning '16 had celebrated their 73rd wedding anniversary on August 2. Ray lives at the Methodist Home, Box 141, Franklin, IN 46131.

1926
Ernest Lindell died April 21, 1989. His widow, Ruth (Draper '27), lives with their daughter, Virginia (Lindell '53) Cathcart at R.D. 2, Box 451, Homer, NY 13077. Ruth is bedridden with Parkinson's Disease. • Rev. Raymond Squire has written an autobiography titled, My Guided Pilgrimage. The book is a chronicle of his life and ministry, including summers as a circuit-riding preacher in Saskatchewan. Ray is retired and lives in Wasco, California.

1928
Rev. Rosell Miller died at his home on August 22, 1989. He was a retired United Methodist minister, having served a number of Indiana churches in his 40-year ministry. His wife, Zola, who survives him, lives in Columbus, Indiana.

1929
Wayne York died August 18, 1989, of complications following cancer surgery.

1932
Eunice (Brown) Weiland died September 26, 1989, of leukemia. She is survived by her husband, Harris, whose address is 54790 High Low Road, Rock Springs, WI 53961.

1933
In spite of two major surgeries during 1989, Rev. Stanley Boughton continues to serve as supply pastor of Solid Rock Community Church in Montgomery, Texas, a congregation to which he was called on his 80th birthday. His wife, Mae, is in a nursing home, having had Alzheimer's Disease for the past ten years. Rev. Boughton's address is 104 Baretta, Conroe, TX 77301.

1936
Herbert W. Ayres died October 6, 1989, in California. He spent 34 years in public service with the Food & Drug Administration, retiring in 1974 as a Compliance Officer.

1938
After providing leadership for 27 years, first as executive vice president, then as president, World Vision's President Emeritus Ted Engstrom is now serving as interim president of Azusa Pacific University in Azusa, California. He and wife Dorothy (Weaver) live at 3205 La Encina Way, Pasadena, CA 91107.

1942
James Celender died October 13, 1989, of a massive coronary. His wife, Hazel, lives at 1601 Reynolds Street, Verona, PA 15147. • Rev. Phillips Brooks Smith died September 2, 1989. A retired United Methodist minister, Rev. Smith had served several Indiana congregations and was a former superintendent of the Huntington district of the U.M. Church.

1944
Elizabeth Suderman, who now makes her home in Sumter, South Carolina, is grateful that her house was spared when hurricane Hugo hit. She continues to do translation work for the mission in Angola. Her address is 26 Edgewood Drive, Sumter, SC 29150.

1945
Ralph & Ruth (Roseberry) Herber are enjoying retirement in Florida and working in Alliance Bible Church where Ralph is minister of prayer and outreach. They live in a double-wide mobile home at 2523 Paddock Drive #483, Jacksonville, FL 32250. • Marian (Young) Maybray died May 10, 1989, following a year of intensive suffering. Her
1949

Eileen Lageer retired last June from the faculty of Emmanuel Bible College in Kitchener, Ontario, where she was head of the missions and Christian service departments for 11 years. She continues as "missions ambassador," representing the college at mission conferences and workshops. Her address is 186 Clover Place, Apt. 10, Kitchener, Ontario N2A1P4, Canada.

1951

Rev. Truman Bauer, pastor of the Ringgold Free Methodist Church in McPherson County, Nebraska, was featured in the March '89 issue of Rural Electric Nebraskan for his reputation as a horseback preacher who has performed weddings on horseback. He and wife Vonda (Bahn '53) live at HC 35, Box 31, Tryon, NE 69167. • Claude R.

Thomas died September 2, 1988, after a 5-year battle with cancer. He was owner and broker of Hoosier Realty, Inc. His wife, Jean, lives at 15 Sunset Lane, North Vernon, IN 47265.

1954

Dick & Marilyn Steiner have returned to Zaire for a 4-year term as missionaries of Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission at the International School of Evangelism in Kinshasa. Their address is Evangelism Resources, B.P. 4577, Kinshasa 2, Zaire.

1955

Richard D. Clark has been appointed senior pastor of the United Methodist Temple in Terre Haute, Indiana. He and wife Ann, who is an occupational therapist, have 10 children and 6 grandchildren. Two children are in college, and two are at home. Their address is 5001 Dixie Bee Road, Terre Haute, IN 47802.

1957

Dr. Kenn Gangel, chairman of the department of Christian education at Dallas Theological Seminary, has written an inductive study, Romans 13-16 and Galatians for inclusion in the Personal Growth Series published by Victor Books.

1958

Ted Curtis teaches technology at Benson High School, Benson, Arizona. Wife Carol (Miller '59) teaches physical education at Benson Primary and a computer class at Benson High. Son Joe graduated from college last spring with a 4.0 and major in music education. Daughter Becky is a college senior, majoring in elementary education. Son Chad is under contract with the California Angels and is in their instructional league. Bill is in 6th grade with baseball as his career goal. The family lives at 590 North San Pedro, Benson, AZ 85602. • John & Blanche (Burwell '57) Louthain retired from the active pastoral ministry last May and are in the process of building a home on five acres. Their temporary address is 601 Pebble Place, Delaware, OH 43015. • Eleanor Morsac has informed us of the death of her husband, Jerry Morsac x, on August 25, 1989, of a pulmonary embolism.

1959

David Bowman's wife, Bea, died November 15, 1989. David welcomes the prayers and letters of Taylor friends. His address is 30 Road 1740, Farmington, NM 87401.

1960

Skip & Joan (Haaland) Britton
keep a busy schedule with Trans World Radio in Monte Carlo, Monaco. Joan’s responsibilities as mission hostess brought 19 live-in guests in 5 weeks, in addition to her work teaching English and studying French. Skip is involved in program editing, the weekly program log, public relations, and is taking a computer course. Son David recently traveled to Hungary and Yugoslavia with the music group. *One Accord,* from Black Forest Academy. He is considering attending Taylor. • Rev. Robert Dvorak, senior pastor of Winnetka Covenant Church in Winnetka, Illinois, has been named to the board of directors of North Park College and Theological Seminary in Chicago. Bob is a former dean of instruction at Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary.

1963
On October 27, Ron & Jonell (Willis ’62) VanDam traveled 300 miles across Kansas to Sterling College where Ron represented Taylor at the inauguration of Sterling’s new president. Ron and Jonell are both on the staff of Central Missouri State University in Warrensburg.

1964
Elizabeth Miller x and Frank Nelson were married July 14 in Rockford, Illinois. Elizabeth is a kindergarten teacher in Rockford School District, and Frank manages an architectural and real estate firm. They live at 3369 Sage Drive, Rockford, IL 61111.

1965
Judith (Boyko) Imperial was named Instructor of the Year at the Bergen campus of Berkeley College of Business, Waldwick, New Jersey. Judy teaches computer and office skills and serves as academic advisor to the continuing education division. • Warren Jacobus, a chiropractor in Wayne, New Jersey, died November 30. His wife, Judie, lives at 44 Jacobus Avenue, Wayne, NJ 07470.

1966
Karen (Huston) Russell has informed us of the death of her husband, Terry, on February 26, 1989. During liver transplant surgery in 1988, Terry was found to have cancer which spread rapidly. He was superintendent of Shelley City Schools, working until the last week of his life. Karen lives at 74 Edgewood Drive, Shelby, OH 44875.

1968
Ted Cryer has been appointed to the presidency of the medical staff at Waynesboro Hospital in Pennsylvania, and has been notified of his continued listing in *Who’s Who in the East.* A practicing ophthalmologist, Ted and wife Kimberly live in Fayetteville, PA.

Barbara (Johansen) Van Wicklin is co-designer of a new “Creativity and Innovation” course for high school students being taught and evaluated in 20 New York state high schools. Barbara is a teacher of gifted and talented students at Fillmore Central School. She lives at R.D. 1, Box 44B, Houghton, NY 14744.

1969
Doug & Evelyn (Jantzen ’70) Sizemore are rejoicing over the adoption of Stephanie Ann, born August 4, 1989. Doug is professor of computer science at Covenant College, and Evelyn, after a maternity leave, is back at her position as data systems methods analyst for Erlanger Medical Center. The Sizemore family lives at 402 Fort Trace Drive, Lookout Mountain, GA 30750.

1970
Dr. Charles Ridley, associate professor in the Graduate School of Psychology at Fuller Theological Seminary, was granted tenure last June. Chuck lives in Pasadena, California, with wife Iris, son Charles Jr. (13) and daughter Charliss (8).

1971
Andrew Evan Day, 4th son of Harlan & Heather (Ewbank) Day, was born October 11, 1988. Heather’s second bibliography, *The Disciples and American Culture,* will be published this year by Scarecrow Press. The Day family lives at 126 East Stadium Avenue, West Lafayette, IN 47906. • David & Joan (Smith x’73) Sorenson announce the birth of Tyler Kenneth on September 17, 1989. The Sorenson family, which also includes Matt (12), Cammie (8) and Kyle (4), lives at 5930 Schumann Drive, Fitchburg, WI 53711. David is the new state manager for Plan America.

1972
Donald & Sharmin (Drake) Brenneman have adopted a daughter, Joanna Leigh, born May 19, 1989. Donald is a chaplain at Barksdale AFB in Louisiana. The family lives at 1840 Andy Circle, Bossier City, LA 71112. • Rod & Evelyn (Mencek ’74) Dickson are delighted to announce the adoption of Chad Harvey, born June 12, 1989, and brought home at two days old. He joins sister Jennifer (12). Rod is a CPA in private practice. Evelyn is on maternity leave from teaching kindergarten at East Moriches School. The family lives at 15 Tuttle Avenue, Eastport, NY 11941. • Becky Wilson has completed 8 years of teaching at Seoul Foreign School in Korea. She and her two daughters, Abbi (6) and Amanda (4), reside at 3114 Devon Road, Muncie, IN 47304. Becky is a doctoral student in education at Ball State University.

1973
Richard Hoagland has completed his foreign service assignment as public affairs officer for the Afghan resistance in Pakistan and is now the Pakistan analyst in the Bureau of Intelligence and Research at the State Department. His address is 1011 Massachusetts Avenue NE, Washington, DC 20002. • Dr. Craig Nelson resigned his hospital position as director of emergency services last summer and moved, with wife Donna and their three daughters, to Glennallen, Alaska, where he is the second physician in a small rural clinic in the bush. The clinic is associated with SEND Intl. Their address is Box 5,
Glenallen, AK 99588. - Jeannette (Miller) Springer and husband Robert serve with Far Eastern Broadcasting Company, communicating the Gospel by radio from the island of Saipan in the Marianas Islands. Their address is c/o Far Eastern Broadcasting Co., P.O. Box 209, Saipan 96950.

1974

Tom & Janice (Blue x) Holmes, Jason (10) and Melissa (7), live at 7850 Dunhill Road, Sylvania, OH 43560. Tom was recently promoted to vice president of Lo-Temp Brazing Co. in Toledo. Janice is financial secretary for her church, sells Jafra cosmetics, and makes and sells baskets. Besides his continuing interest in golf, Tom has taken on the rebuilding of his grandfather's 1947 Studebaker truck.

1975

Chuck & Agnes (Petersen) Dickert are pleased to announce the birth of Gregory Paul on February 2, 1989. He was eagerly welcomed by Jonathan (8), Jason (6) and Kristen (3). The Dickerts' address is 10225 Harvest Fields Drive, Woodstock, MD 21163. - Julie (Freeze) Wagner was married December 20 to Stephen Byers. Both Julie and Stephen lost their first mates to death, and met in a Christian support group. Their address is 1517 Northaven Drive, Jeffersonville, IN 47130.

1976

Lane x & Marcia (Winkler) Sattler joyfully announce the birth of Abigail Elizabeth on September 19. Abigail joins Amy (10), Aaron (8), Benjamin (5) and Kaitlin (3). The family lives at 1832 Rockwell Road, Abington, PA 19001. - Dan Southern has worked for the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association since his graduation from Taylor, and is currently resident crusade director, a position which necessitates his moving to each city in which a crusade is to be held. Dan's wife, Lori, also works on the crusades in addition to caring for their son Adam (1). Their permanent address is P.O. Box 9313, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

1977

Kris (Hays) Amerson has an executive gift and promotional company called "Gifts Not Forgotten," with service in the selection of gifts and organization of special events. Husband Steve '76 has now embarked on a full-time concert ministry. They live with son Matthew Wesley at 12465 Nedra Drive, Granada Hills, CA 91344. - Sid & Bonnie (Johnson '78) Hall and big brother Christopher announce the birth of Matthew Eric on October 12. Sid is maintenance supervisor for Taylor University, and the family's address is P.O. Box 632, Upland, IN 46989. - Jeff & Laurel Pond announce the birth of Elisabeth Rachel on October 29. The Pond family lives at 1370-C Woodcutter Lane, Wheaton, IL 60187. - Tom & Suzie Troup have a son, Jonathan Warren, born November 9. Tom is a physician. Their address is 5203 Dewey, Wichita Falls, TX 76306. - Stephen Wyatt of Carey, North Carolina, recently completed his final actuarial exam and has been admitted as a Fellow in the Society of Actuaries. He is a senior actuary with Hutchinson & Associates in Raleigh. Steve, wife Marlene, and daughter Christina (4), received a special Father's Day gift in 1989 when son David William was born June 18.

1978

Baby Kathryn, born July 3, 1989, to Kent & Sue (Deutscher '77) Beilor, has made a big change in their lives after a number of years of marriage. The happy family lives at 1526 Medford Lane, Mishawaka, IN 46544. - Rick Haynes, a letter carrier for the postal service for the past 5 years, recently transferred from Indianapolis to Pensacola, Florida. He and Cheryl (Reed) (1978) have four children: Christina (10), Jennifer (8), Ralph (5) and Rebekah (1). Cheryl is busy homeschooling the children this year. Their address is 8418 Williamsburg Circle, Pensacola, FL 32514. They would appreciate letters and visits from Taylor friends. - Kathy & Richard Lloyd announce the birth of Angela Ruth on September 17. She joins brothers Ryan (4) and Brett (2). Richard is a lead systems engineer with Mead Data Central in Dayton, Ohio. The family's address is 2660 Highland Village Lane, Miamisburg, OH 45342. - Dennis & Nancy Patton are pleased to announce the birth of Valerie Joy Patton on August 13. She was received for adoption on August 18, and her new parents are delighted with their "bundle of joy." Dennis is pastor of Osgood First Baptist Church, and the Patton family resides at 124 North Sycamore Street, Osgood, IN 47037. - Mary (Davis) Rogers received the MEd in school counseling last June and is teaching preschool students, including her own little Katherine (3). Ned, Mary and Katherine moved in September to 2514 Greenville Drive, Troy, MI 45373. - Gary & Nan (Kennedy) Smith announce the birth of Graham Richard Kennedy Smith on July 31. He was welcomed by sisters Heather (7) and Morgan (2). Along with crisis counseling, Gary has begun a program to deal with domestic violence which focuses primarily on the abuser. The Smiths live at 220 East Maywood, Morton, IL 61550.

1979

Tom & Ruth (Hammond) Chew and Timothy Ryan (2) are delighted to announce the birth of Rebekah Danielle on November 13 in Adana, Turkey. The Chews live in Ankara, Turkey, where Tom is stationed with the Air Force. Their mailing address is PSC Box 2655, Turkish Air Force Base, Turkey.

Gordon Mendenhall '69 was honored at an awards ceremony in Indianapolis last fall as Indiana's Outstanding Biology Teacher of the Year. He teaches biology at Lawrence Central High School in Indianapolis.

Mendenhall's teaching expertise has been recognized before. In 1988, he was named Lawrence Township Science Teacher of the Year. In 1986, President Ronald Reagan presented him with the President's Award for Excellence in Science and Mathematics Teaching.

Gordon, his wife Susan, and children Tyler and Erin reside at 8741 Ginnynock Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46256.
APO NY 09254. • Kevin Dale Samuel was born October 31 to Guy & Linda (Pevsner 'x) King. Sister Ashley is 6. Their address is 3380 Lees Avenue, Long Beach, CA 90808. • Katharine Gaelle was born September 8 to Lonnie x & Debbie (Palacino '78) Smith. Her big sisters are Lauren, Alyssah and Rebekah. Their address is W166 N8410 Dardis Avenue, Menomonee Falls, WI 53051.

1980

Brian Burnett was married on May 7 and May 14, 1988, both times to Andrea Jung. The first ceremony was held in Brian’s hometown, Anderson, Indiana, and was the legal ceremony. Since Andrea is German, the second ceremony was in her hometown, Stuttgart, Germany, and was the main church ceremony. In attendance at Anderson were Taylor friends John Jaderholm, Ken Delp '82 and Bob Sprunger '81, as well as professors Wally Roth '59 and Bob Gortner and their wives. Helping with the Stuttgart ceremony were Mike Alderink '81, Rick Sprunger ‘82 and their wives. After a honeymoon in Norway, the couple returned to Philadelphia where Brian completed the MBA at Wharton School of Business. He is now a systems analyst for Eli Lilly’s international systems development group in Indianapolis. Their address is 5371 Holly Springs Drive West, Indianapolis, IN 46254. • David & Kim (Tomrell) Elliott and daughter Katie moved last July from Colorado to Springfield, Ohio, where David is terminal manager for Provincial American Truck Transport, Inc. Their address is 140K The Post Road, Springfield, OH 45503. • Darwin & Janet (Rediger) Glassford are at Montreat-Anderson College where Darwin is professor of Bible and Christian ministries. Their address is 831 Lakey Gap Road, Black Mountain, NC 28711. • Peter & Becky (Hilbert) Grant announce the birth of their first child, Colin Peter, on November 17. Having moved from Scotland in February 1989, the Grants now live in Atlanta where Peter is pastor of the Buckhead Community Church. They live at 77 East Andrews Drive NW #124, Atlanta, GA 30305. • On October 18, 1988, a precious daughter, Brittany Fayce, was born to Mike & Christina (Stark) Hogg. Christina is a part-time (assistant) R.D. at Biola University, and Mike is attending Fuller Seminary. Their address is 13800 Biola Avenue, La Mirada, CA 90639. • Steve & Jann (Doehrman x) Irvin happily (but belatedly) announce the birth of Nathan Andrew on September 20, 1988. Brother Ben (3) is delighted with him. The Irvins live at 2411 Live Oak Road, Escondido, CA 92025. • Stephanie Lynn was born August 14, 1988, to Allen & Debra (Boetsma) Mechling. Brother Daniel Allen was born October 17, 1983. Debbie formerly taught kindergarten for 6 years and directed a day care center for 2 years, but now teaches piano at home, does volunteer work and cares for the children. Allen is a heating and air conditioning technician. The family lives at 6645 West 11th Street, Indianapolis, IN 46214. • Doug & Lynn Pelton are pleased to announce the birth of Sarah Nancy on September 2. Doug is systems programmer at Purdue University, operating the restaurant, hotel and institutional management department’s computer resource center, and Lynn is at home with Sarah. Their address is 3250 McCormick Road, West Lafayette, IN 47906. • Joanne Roehling and Michael Burnsed were married August 6. Barbara Miller ’79 was maid of honor. Joanne teaches 1st grade at West Green School, and Michael is an auditor for the State of Georgia. They live at 301 Clough Blvd, Douglas, GA 31533.

1981

Steve & Jean (Jaggers) Holaday have two precious sons. Andrew Steven was born November 23, 1987, and Brian Charles joined the family on March 16, 1989. The family resides at 118 North Ascot Court, Newtown, PA 18940. • Brad & Kathy Koenig praise the Lord for His wonderful gift of Wayne Daniel, born November 1. The Koenigs live at 200 Jellison #704, Duncanville, TX 75116. • Dave & Susanna (Hartman) Poucher are thrilled to announce the birth of Andrew David on July 2. Susanna resigned from her personnel position at Farm Bureau Insurance Co. and is now a full-time mother and homemaker. Dave received his North Carolina CPA certificate last May, and is now corporate accounting manager for GoodMark Foods, Inc. The three Pouchers live at 7700 Foxwood Drive, Raleigh, NC 27615. • Doug & Laurie (Schoen ’82) Walton are the proud parents of Kimberly Joan, born May 2. Doug works in human resources at Scripture Press, and Laurie works part-time in the investment department at Wheaton College. The Waltons live in Geneva, Illinois.

1982

Craig & Phyllis (Koden) Beadle announce the birth of Brooke Elaine on June 9, joining brother Ryan James (2). Craig is a manager in the internal reporting department of BancOhio National Bank where he is a bank officer. Phyllis is a full-time homemaker. Their address is 31 East Walnut Street, Westerville, OH 43081. • David Dalton was born March 7, 1989, to David & Marilyn (Collins) Bennett, 7931 Chase Circle #180, Arvada, CO 80003. • William & Debra (Huffman ’83) Cargo are pleased to announce the delivery of their precious Cargo, Delaney Taryn, on October 16. Bill is currently a Village Manager in Edmore, Michigan, and Debra is on leave from her work as a mental health therapist. Their address is 416 Crescent Drive, P.O. Box 568, Edmore, MI 48829. • Tom & Carol (Askeland) Chauvette and daughter Michelle Joy (2) announce the birth of their first child, a girl, on May 30. Peter is the first grandchild of Betty (Tusant ’50) Roehl. The Cooks live at 7575 North Fowler, Portland, OR 97217. • Kevin Dayton and Deana White were married July 22. Kevin is an account systems engineer for IBM in Flint, and Deana is a physical education teacher for Lake Fenton Schools. The Dayton’s live at 3245 Regimental Banner, Grand Blanc, MI 48439. • Twins, Korye and Kayla Deaney, were born July 31 to Steve &
Ellen Adley
Tim John
Molly Kurt
Kyle
Judi
Jenifer
birth
nicipalities
address
the
Emily (Bogart)
in
systems
801
Marta
Kurt (Knudsen)
State,
tree
Kyle
live
Road,
Naples,
Quentin
ine
645
Taiwan
Church
Maple
Graphics
is
Harms
manager
in
homes,
女儿，
now
is
WV
Henderson.
reside
north
on
Marcia
Karen
Nitzsche
is
Sunday
for
several
he
served
17th
to
the
Pastor
5.
Derek
joins
the
big
if
were
their
child,
and
for
current
like
and
he
is
Baptist
Church
was
26, 1989. The Browns’
address
is
3316 Viceroy Drive, Bethel, OH 45106. • Janie Cummer
and
Ralph Gwalney were married
October 7.
7. Taylor friends in the wedding were
Jody Livergood, Lynn Barrigar ’84
and
Jim
Cummer,
Jr. ’86. Janie
'89
with
the
of
Trey
Daniel. Mark is a systems programmer
for
Blue
Cross
Blue
Shield
of
the
National
Capital
Area. Joy has a 2-year
leave
of
IBM
to
be
at
home
with
the
children. The
Haydens
live
at
12525
Browns
Ferry
Road.
Hendron, VA 22070. • Tim Himmelwright,
former
director
of
marketing
for
Refuge
Music
Group
in
Allentown,
is
now
director
of
media
for
Trinity
Lutheran
Church
in
Reading,
Pennsylvania.
He
produces
a
1-hour
weekly
program
and
4
half-monthly
programs
and
oversees
all
aspects
of
audio
and
video. His
address
is
1956
South
Hall
Street,
Allentown, PA 18103. • Greg & Teresa
(Sheffler)
’84
Holz
proudly
report
the
birth
of
Kaitlyn Marie on November 24. They
reside
at
907
North
Ridge
Avenue,
Arlington
Heights,
IL
60004. • Mallory
Kathleen
was
born
September
18 to
Michael
&
Gena
(Griswold)
Kendall.
Big
brother
Jared
is
4,
and
sister
Megan
is
2.
The
Kendall
family
lives
at
404
Parkway,
Niles,
MI
49120. • Molly
Moody-Day
&
Darren
Day
announce
the
arrival
of
Derek
Wayne,
born
at
home
on
May
16, 1989. Derek
joins
sister
Kelly
Jo (2). He
was
born
three
days
after
Molly
received
her
MBA
degree
from
Indiana
Wesleyan
University.
The
family
lives
at
3917
Arrowhead
Drive,
Lake
Holland,
Crawfordville,
IN
47933. • Erik
Jacobs
was
born
June
21 to
Steve
&
Marsha
(Brinson)
Nygren,
30W177
Allister
Lane,
Naperville,
IL
60563. • Brianna
(3)
was
promoted
to
big
sister
on
June
23 when
Eric
Scott
was
born.
Parents
John
&
Bonnie
(LeClair)
Nystrom
are
working
with
Wycliffe
Bible
Translators
among
the
Arop
people
of
Papua
New
Guinea. Current
address
is
SIL - Box
365, Ukarumpa
via
Lae,
Papua
New
Guinea. • John x & Colleen (Tibbetts
’82) Rodgers
are
happy
to
announce
the
birth
of
Jacquelyn
Tibbetts
on
October
5.
Jackie
joins
sister
Alexandra
(2) at
their
family
home,
1247
Edward
Street,
State
College,
PA
16801. Colleen
is
at
home
after
working
6
years
in
social
services. John
is
enjoying
his
position
as
a
sales
associate
and
training
consultant
for
the
Dale
Carnegie
courses.

1984

Ben
&
Shelly
(Sample
’83)
Fulton
report
the
birth
of
Anna
Marie
on
July
21.
Brother
Jacob
is
almost
3. Ben
is
an
account
executive
with
Bear,
Stearns
&
Co.
in
Chicago,
and
Shelly
is
at
home
with
the
children. They
live
at
25W644
Jewell
Road,
Wheaton,
IL
60187. • Allisa
Mae
was
born
October
5 to
Chris
&
Deb
(Glass)
Goeglein,
and
was
welcomed
to
the
family
by
brother
Justin
Taylor
(2). The
Goegleins
live
at
7833
Glen
Oak
Parkway,
Fort
Wayne,
IN
46815. • Kirk
&
Marilyn
(Hardwick)
Harvey
welcomed
their
first
child,
Lauren
Elizabeth,
on
August
14.
Their
address
is
6600
Walden
Glen
Court,
Clarkston,
MI
48016. • Scott
Hewlett
is
a
loan
officer
at
Sun
Bank
in
Planta-
(Continued)

This spring’s issue of the Wallace Stevens Journal includes a poem by Lorne Mook ’87. Entitled “ARS Poetica” (the art of poetry), the poem won Mook the Academy of American Poets’ college prize in the spring of 1989. He wrote the poem while studying at the master’s level at Baylor University of Waco, Texas.

1985

Dave & Heidi (Halterman ’86) Chupp welcomed Hannah Rose to the family on October 8. The Chupp family resides at 1827-G North Josey Lane, Carrollton, TX 75006. • Steve & Melinda (Haran) Moffitt were married in June 1987, and are happy to announce the birth of their first child, Olivia Jean, on March 1, 1989. Steve resigned his position as an electrical engineer at Joy Technologies to become a pre-aviation student at Moody Bible Institute in January. Melinda works part-time as a physician’s assistant. Their address is 4221 South Harlem #8, Stickney, IL 60402. • Diane Stocksdale has returned to the U.S. after two years teaching missionary children at Rift Valley Academy in Kenya. She may be reached through her parents’ address: R.R. 2, Box 112-A, Union City, IN 47390. • Darrell & Susan (Vinton) Stone had their first child, Darrell Keast Stone III, on August 10. Darrell II is an account executive at Moody’s Investors Service, Inc., in Cleveland. Susan formerly worked for Dun & Bradstreet. The Stones live at 27840 Southbridge Circle, Westlake, OH 44145.

1986

David Dugan x and Tracie Wendell were married June 24. Taylor participants were Jeff Comley, Ron Ward ’87 and Pam (Dugan ’87) Holden. The couple lives in Moorestown, New Jersey. • Faith (Champoux) & Marty O’Leary live at 851 Ironwood Drive #263, Rochester, MI 48063. Faith is a business relations analyst for EDS in Troy, and husband Marty is a contracted engineer in the safety/crash department of GM in Pontiac. • Juan & Carrie (Greene ’83) Porter live at 45 Stuart Avenue, Unit K, Norwalk, CT 06850. Carrie has her own desktop publishing business, Porter Computer Services. Juan is a consultant for IMRS, a computer software company, and also does consulting for Carrie’s company. • Jeff Schaffner, former legislative correspondent for Sen. Richard Lugar, is now a legislative assistant in the Washington office of Congressman Dan Burton (R-IN). His duties include analyzing domestic economic policy matters and assisting the Congressman in his legislative work on these and other issues. He lives at 7009 Churchhill Road, McLean, VA 22101. • Rachel Nicole was born July 25 in Scranton, PA (Brunner & Kim Smith). Amy and Kevin have joined the pastoral staff of a newly-planted church, Mercy and Truth Ministries, in St. Paul. They live at 339 Fillmore Street NE, Minneapolis, MN 55413. • Phil Taylor and Linda Chappell were married September 16. Taylor participants were Robb & Kim (Brunner) Logan. Phil is intake and emergency services coordinator of Hancock-Brooke Mental Health in Weirton, West Virginia. Linda is a secretary for a CPA firm. They reside at 117 Clara, Apt. 3, Weirton, WV 26062.

1987

Daniel & Jennifer (Aldridge) Bozone announce the birth of Chelsea Ann Marie on September 14. Jennifer teaches 5th grade in Fort Pierce, Florida. The family lives at 1010 SW Janar Avenue, Port St. Lucie, FL 34953. • Kari Crawford and Joseph Gribbon were married September 16 in New Jersey. Taylor participants were Kanda Crist, Lee Crawford and Karen (Ramsland ’89) Granitz. The couple enjoyed a honeymoon in Bermuda, and now reside at One Washington Avenue 3-A, Morristown, NJ 07960. • Elizabeth Dowden was married to Dave Straley on August 12. Kim (Montalbano) Shultz and Kim Myers ’85 were attendants. Elizabeth and Dave are both employed by GTE. Their address is 3843 Westlane Road, Fort Wayne, IN 46815. • Pamela Dugan and William Holden were married April 22, 1989. Taylor participants were Kim Hall, Patti Link ’85, Lani Plumb ’88 and Dina (King ’88) Horne. The Holdens live in Wheaton, Illinois. • Veronica Jennings, a science teacher at Government High School in Nassau, was recently honored as “Most Outstanding Youth in the field of education.” She also serves as Nassau representative of the Taylor Admissions Office for recruitment of Bahamian students. Her address is P.O. Box N-245, Nassau, Bahamas. • Tami Tucker and Sgt. Jeff King x were married July 28. Participating in the wedding were Steve (Fuzz) King ’86, Phil King ’88, Mark Hurt ’85 and Amy McCann ’86. Tami serves with Wesleyan Native American Ministries, teaching 1st/2nd grades at Sioux Chapel Christian Academy. Jeff serves in the U.S. Air Force at Ellsworth AFB. Their address is Route 10, Box 5064, Rapid City, SD 57701. • Kevin Moritz is a copy editor for Guns & Ammo magazine in West Hollywood. His address is 12249 Dunrobin Avenue, Downey, CA 90242. • Molly Platz was married September 9 to Rudy Peterson in an aspen grove with a view of 14,000-foot mountain peaks. Taylor participants were Deborah (Spear) Smith, Beth Mahren and Thor Thomsen ’89. Rudy served in the Marine Corps 1977-79, and is now program director for “Noah’s Ark,” a Christian outdoor ministry in which Molly has also participated. She is now substitute teaching and pursuing certification in Colorado. Their address is P.O. Box 350, Buena Vista, CO 81211. • Janet Porfiol and Lee Westlake were married August 12. Nancy (Frettinger ’88) Kirgis and Karen Collom ’88 participated. Lee is a petty officer first class in the U.S. Coast Guard, and Janet is a freelance consultant in Christian Education. Their address is 2000 Harris Avenue, Key West, FL 33040. • Randy Southern, an editor of youth material, has written a book, It Came From the Media, designed to point readers to Biblical guidelines for making choices of music, television and magazines. It was released by Victor Books’ SonPower Youth Sources, Wheaton, Illinois. • Scott & Penny (Fischer) Wood are pleased to announce the birth of Grant Michael on December 3. He joins
1988

Tim Anderson and Candy Walker were married June 10. Their friends in the wedding were Doug Baker, Brian Berce, Steve DeBuhr and Natalie Green '90. Tim works for Hewitt Associates in Deerfield, Illinois, and Candy is finishing her degree at Trinity College. They live at 2077 Half Day Road, Deerfield, IL 60015. • Judi Gibbons received a master's degree in August from the Tulane University School of Social Work. She is now a clinical social worker at Gulf Oaks Hospital in Biloxi, Mississippi. Judi lives right on the beach at 133 DeBuys Road, Apt. 225, Gulfport, MS 39507. • Philip Herman, a youth guidance director for North Area Youth for Christ, was the subject of a recent newspaper article on "Gangs in the Suburbs." Phil lives and works in a Prospect Heights (Chicago suburb) apartment complex which police identify as a center of gang activity. • Jeff Hurd and Angie Gollmer were married September 9. TU participants were Doug Gradin, Bob Karacsony, Andy Chen '89, Teresa (Gollmer '89) Veach and Carla Gollmer '92. Angie has completed her master's in speech communications from Texas Tech University, and Jeff continues in the counseling psychology PhD program at the University of Utah. The couple resides at 730 East 1200 South, Apt. 13, Salt Lake City, UT 84102. • Leora Miller married Robert Troyer on August 6. Leora received her degree from Eastern Mennonite College and now teaches 2nd grade. Robert, a Malone College graduate, is in construction work. They live at 1210 Jerome Avenue, Hartville, OH 44632. • Carole Newing and Jeff Johnson were married October 28. TU participants were Cheryl Duncan and Crystal Handy '89. Both Carole and Jeff work for Tyndale House Publishers, Carole as an editor and Jeff as director of personnel. The Johnsons' address is 1350 North Oakmont Drive #204, Glendale Heights, IL 60139. • Michelle Roberts took first place in a logo competition for the Bahamas Games last July. Shelly, who works at Media Enterprises, an advertising firm, designed the logo using colors and symbols of the Bahamian flag. Her address is P.O. Box N-9523, Nassau, Bahamas. • Brian Smith and Valerie Flower '90 were married May 27. TU participants were Joe Maniglia, Jim '83 & Priscilla (Smith '85) Wynalda, Joe '89 & Lisa (Moritz '90) Miller, Dana Deacon '89, Jeff Jacobson '89, Jeff Kiger '89, Tom Meeks '89, Dirk Rowley '89, Kristie Kuhnle '90 and Stephanie Novak '90. Dr. Jay Kesler '58 performed the ceremony and Dr. Paul House read scripture. Brian is associate pastor/youth director at First Baptist Church of Portland, Indiana, and Valerie is finishing her senior year at Taylor. The Smiths live at 601 North Charles Street, Portland, IN 47371. • Greg Sweet married Lisa Huntman on July 15. Dan James and John Nelson '89 were Taylor participants. Greg is head of marketing research for Summit Bank in Fort Wayne. The couple's address is 6408 Covington Road, C-205, Fort Wayne, IN 46804.

1989

Jennifer Alberson and Bradford Irvin were married May 21 in the Butz-Carruth Recital Hall at Taylor. TU participants were Jon & Karen (Clouston) Kastelein, Allen '84 & Patricia (Irvin '85) Sowers. The Irvins reside at 9465 Lovat Road, Fulton, MD 20759. • Sue Carlile, Francie Horvath and Laura Kroesen '87 have been living together in Madrid, Spain, and teaching English. Last November they celebrated "Taylor Homecoming" with a visit from Richard Mathiab and Thor Thomsen, both '89. • Karen Clouston and Jon Kastelein were married September 2 in Yorkshire, New York. • Joe Miller and Lisa Moritz '90 were married July 29. TU participants were Clyde Parker, Jeff Jacobson, Brian '88 & Valerie (Flower '90) Smith, Pam Scott, Kristie Kuhnle, Teresa Knecht, all '90, Stephanie Summers x'91, Michelle Congleton '91, and Erika Pfluder and Terry Moritz, both '92. Joe is a counselor in the Taylor Financial Aid office, and Lisa just completed her student teaching in Marion area schools. Their address is Taylor University, Upland, IN 46989. • Diana Thomas and Steve DeBuhr x'88 were married August 26. TU participants were Doug Baker, Tim Anderson, Brian Berce, all '88, Mark Bolthouse '86 and Toni (Thomas x'85) Swanson. Steve is a sales representative for Noxell Corp. The couple's address is 8043 Pine Island Court #860, Crown Point, IN 46307. • Traci Stewart and David Mason were married June 3. Particip-

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pents from TU were Scott Miner, Mike Belcher '90, Martha Mann '91 and Connie Moorman '91. David is employed at Merchants National Bank, and Traci at American Free Enterprise. Their address is 9450 Benchview Drive #F, Indianapolis, IN 46240. • Todd Yeager married Mardi Hahn on August 19. Taylor friends participating were Troy Gongwer x, Rex Stump and Mark Unger.
December 1, 1989 is a date which will most likely remain fixed in my conscious memory for years to come. I had been visiting my friends Sharon and Gary Remmen in Manila. I was scheduled to return that day to Singapore, but when I awoke I learned that a coup had been mounted against the Aquino government during the night. Throughout the day we heard the sounds of gunfire and bombs and watched the billowing clouds of smoke in the distance.

I awoke the next morning to the same booming sound of the guns. Contrary to reports on the government-run television station, it was obvious that the government was not yet back in control.

We were totally unprepared for the turn of events which the revolution took that afternoon. Around 3:30 p.m. Gary walked out onto the front balcony, turned back to us and announced that there were rebel soldiers approaching the building from different directions. They were all armed with M-16 rifles and carried ammunition clips. The thought of being in a building occupied by rebel soldiers was far from comforting.

We cautiously made our way down the stairs to the garage. In the process we encountered two building guards who allowed us to proceed. As we drove out of the garage, a rebel stopped us. Gary asked if it was O.K. to leave for about twenty minutes, and much to my relief we were allowed to proceed.

Our destination was the home of Jack and Pat McDowell, located in Urdaanetta Village, a walled housing area directly across the street from the Remmens’ condominium. We watched from the McDowells’ front windows as rebel soldiers placed heavy artillery on the rooftops of the Ritz Tower, the building we had just vacated, and several other adjacent buildings.

Sometime between 10 and 11 p.m. that night the battle for Makati began in earnest and, for the next forty-eight hours, raged on with only minor periods of relative calm. Sharon and I found our anxiety levels growing hourly as the days and nights progressed.

We talked about our fears. The village was located between government forces and the rebels. Bullets, mortars and bombs cannot distinguish between innocent civilians and enemy soldiers; they do not always find their target. Since the two armies were actually firing over our heads much of the time, the possibility of being caught in the cross fire was very real. Another danger was fire. We had seen the television clips of burned homes at the edge of Fort Aquinaldo. Most frightening of all was the total irrationality of the war and the apparent determination of both sides to destroy the enemy or be destroyed themselves in the process.

We talked about our faith. We recited scripture together. We held each other. We cried.

By Monday evening, I felt I simply had to do something because I felt I was on the verge of hysteria. I decided to call Taylor. If I was going to die on the other side of the globe I wanted to say good-bye to the people there. I reached Dale and Margaret Jackson and told them what was happening and how terrified I was. During the next two hours two people from Taylor called me. Each call brought the assurance of support and love, of concern and care, and the promise that all of Taylor would be praying for me. The isolation had been broken for me.

Making the call to Upland was probably the most important action I took that evening because the next ten hours were to be the most terrifying time of the entire six day ordeal. Around 11:30 p.m. the electric power was suddenly cut. A few minutes later we heard the drone of the government helicopters followed by a hail of rebel artillery.

We moved to the floor in the interior hallway. The battle raged on through the night hours. It was as though we had suddenly been dropped into the middle of a bizarre fourth of July celebration where rockets and firecrackers had run amok.

I was shaking uncontrollably as Sharon and I held each other in the pitch black hallway. I sat
there in the darkness forcing my mind to repeat over and over the Apostle’s Creed, sections of different psalms and other scripture passages, the Lord’s Prayer and verses of hymns. Finally, I felt my mind grow calmer.

At about 5 a.m. the phone rang. It was Jack’s embassy contact telling us that if we could we should leave Urdaneta immediately. This call was followed by a flurry of activity. Many phone calls were made as we tried to find out if the gate was open, and if it was, where were the government barricades. Which streets, if any, would be relatively safe.

Finally, even though we had not been able to find out any solid information, we decided to try to get out. We loaded six adults, a dog and a cat into McDowells’ car and made a break for the gate we thought was most likely to be open. It was. We had to drive through the “war zone,” and we knew that our moving car—the only one in sight—would be an easy and prime target. Finally, we reached the government barricade. In a few more minutes we were safely outside the war zone and out of immediate danger.

I know that my experience is not all that unique. Crisis experiences are the lot of everywoman and everyman. Living through a crisis has the effect of forcing us to confront the reality of our own humanness in an intense and inescapable fashion.

Many, if not most of us, go through the days of our lives caught up in a multitude of responsibilities and activities of ordinary living. We fill the moments with eating, sleeping, working, and playing. We earn and spend money. We laugh and cry, love and hate, fight and make up. We are restless and unhappy or satisfied and content with our lives.

If we are religious we attend to this aspect of living in much the same way. We go to church or we don’t. We are bored if we are not sufficiently stimulated and entertained. We may pray at certain appointed times in particular ways and in special places. If we are really pious, we may read the Bible or other religious books or listen to religious music. However, for many of us the sheer weight of this dailiness of life dulls our sense, and we find that we lose touch with the miracle of human life and the mystery of human faith.

A crisis forces us back into relationship with this mystery. Often our sense of power and control is severely challenged in crises. We are forced to acknowledge that there is nothing we can do to change things. Reality is being shaped and controlled by other people or other forces which are not within our sphere of influence. We are not masters of all we survey. We are forced to acknowledge the greatest of all human limitations our own mortality.

When we find ourselves in crisis, our first response is often to struggle against the experience—to deny its reality. We tell ourselves this can’t be happening—not here—not now. What we are really saying, of course, is “I didn’t plan this event and I won’t give my consent.” But when we don’t wake up—when we have to recognize that this is not just a bad dream, we may feel like beating the breast of God and demanding, Why me? What did I do to deserve this? Was I really so bad?

Eventually, we move into another stage of awareness. We stop asking “Why me?” and begin instead, “Why not me?” At this point we begin to understand anew the extent to which we are a part of all human experience. We acknowledge that there is a sense in which we are not special and therefore not immune to this experience.

Sometimes we have to go through this, therefore why not me?

If we are people of faith, we find ourselves moving to yet a third level of awareness. We come to understand that whatever happens it will be all right. We acknowledge that we are not alone. We are a part of the great cloud of witnesses to the faithfulness of God. Our lives are tied into the community of faith, and they are hidden with Christ in God. We exalt with Paul of old that “there is nothing in all creation that can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.”—JR
Trial by term paper

The night loomed before me like a second helping of my aunt’s meat loaf at a family dinner. “Why do I do this to myself?”, I wondered. Of course, I have wondered this the night before every paper I have ever written was due. I watched the few words that I had typed on my P.C. join hands and begin to dance wildly about the screen and then blinked tightly to try to refocus my tired eyes. I looked at my digital clock. Its angry red glare flashed 2:40 a.m.

From past experience, I knew that my stomach would begin to hurt around 4 a.m. (a direct result of all the caffeine-riddled Diet Coke I had been drinking to stay awake). “My second wind should hit any moment now,” I consoled myself and sighed.

Actually, I did know why I was staying up all night writing a paper that could have been finished days earlier. As a senior English major, I have had plenty of time—and papers—to analyze my actions. Although I am sure there is some type of clinical term for my compulsive desire to torture myself over essays assigned by well-meaning professors, I explain my behavior as an acute fear of failure. The symptoms of this affliction are easy to recognize.

I start preparing for the fated essay with good intentions. I go to the library several weeks ahead of time and check out at least 10 books—the more books the better the paper, is my philosophy. Then, I ambitiously carry them home where they remain on my desk, collecting dust and intimidating me with their intellectual titles. Each time I see them I suppress the urge to panic.

My symptoms intensify the week before the composition is due. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, my schedule becomes extremely hectic. I remember that I have not balanced my checkbook in at least a week; I realize that I really should spend time with my roommates (after all, what is more important, grades or people?). In fact, around this time, it always occurs to me that I really should change my sheets.

My symptoms culminate approximately three days before the dreaded due date; I begin to rationalize. I take out the class syllabus and mumble soothing words to myself: “Ten pages isn’t that long...It’s only 50% of my final grade (gulp)...I have until 5 P.M. on Friday...” Then I plunge in, feverishly taking notes from the now overdue books sitting on my desk.

When I come to, I am always in the same situation; it’s 2:40 in the morning; everything blurs together because my eyes are tired, and I’ve only just finished my introduction.

Once my paper-writing delirium has passed, I am certain that my worrying was futile. However, I know that if assigned another essay tomorrow, I would again experience the same stress. Like all minor problems, the more I focus on it, the worse it seems. The paper begins to represent more than just an ordinary assignment to me. I give it the power to change the course of my entire life. I predict that I will get an “F” on anything I write, which will, in turn, lower my grade in the class and eventually even lower my GPA. Ultimately, I will never be able to get a job because prospective employers will look at my transcript, see the unsightly mark, and swoon.

College life seems to be filled with temporary traumas like this one. Not all of them involve assignments. I remember the homesickness my roommate experienced her freshman year and struggles my friends have had deciding which family values they should keep and which they should reject in the face of new and challenging ideas.

Even today, I am aware of the multitude of unanswered questions that I and my fellow classmates face: “Where will I find a job? Who will I marry? Where does the Lord want me?”

Just as we look back at our freshman year and laugh at our insecurities or smile at the needless worry one short paper can cause, I’m equally sure that in ten years, each one of us will sigh over a steaming mug of coffee and chuckle, “Wasn’t life simple then? How did everything become so complicated?”—JH
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Taylor senior at head of nation’s class

When USA Today called the nation’s honor roll earlier this year, 121 college students were recognized for their outstanding blend of scholarship, initiative, creativity, and leadership—and their willingness to use that talent to benefit others.

Taylor University senior Kevin Firth was among those to receive mention for USA Today’s All-USA College Academic team.

“It is a thrill,” Kevin says of the honor. “And not just for me, but also for Taylor. It is a reflection on the school itself, with its emphasis on leadership, spiritual and academic development.”

Firth, a physics major, believes his research work with natural science research professor Dr. Walter Randall earned him the award. He is quick to point out, however, that there are other Taylor students who also deserve the honor. “It is staggering to look at all the talent in one place,” he says. “Really, I just represent Taylor.”

Taylor University senior Kevin Firth