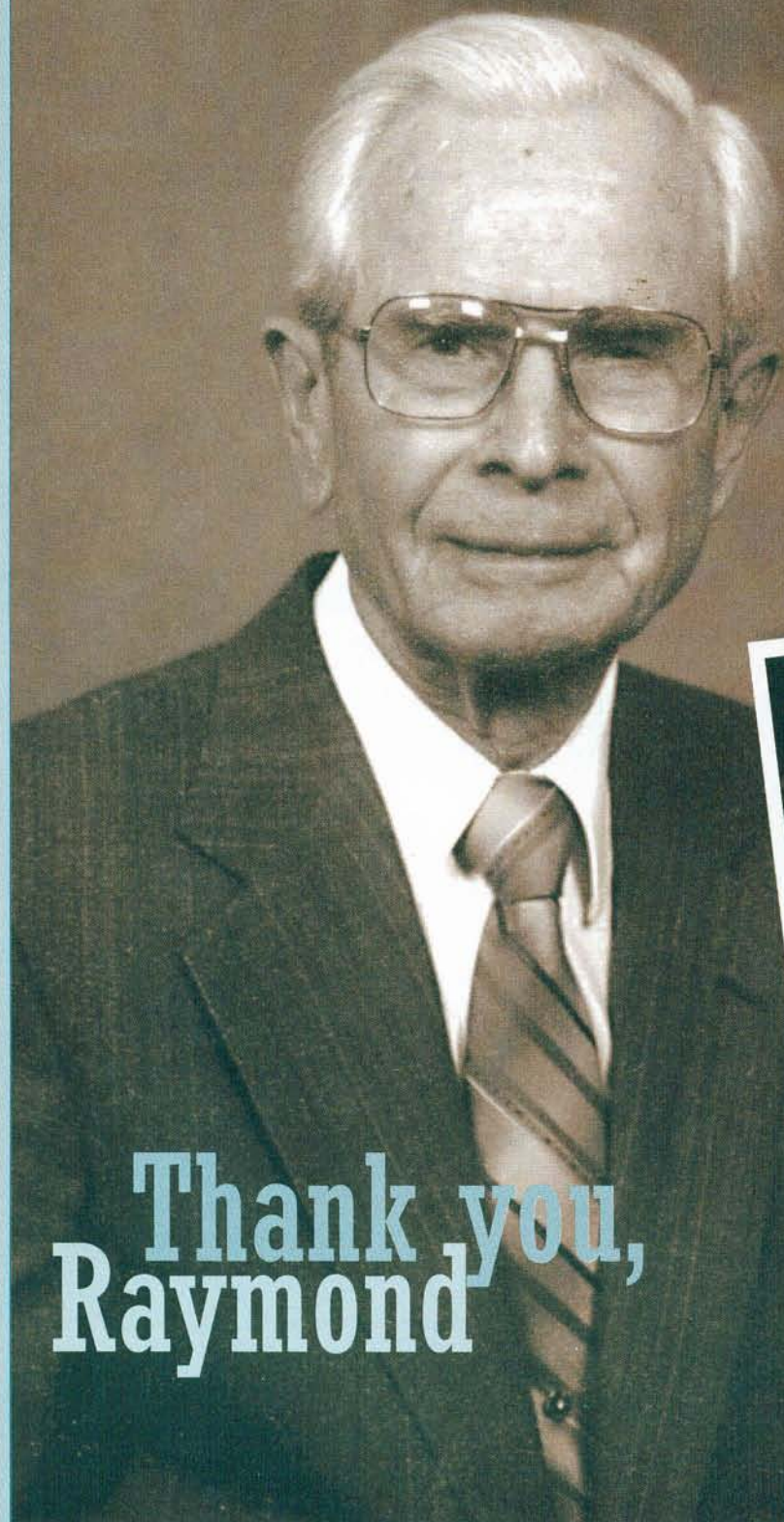


adventist today

NEWS
ANALYSIS
OPINION

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Thank you,
Raymond

Raymond Cottrell, A Tribute: 1911–2003

NOTES from the editor

The Community and Its Prophets

JOHN MCLARTY

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Jeremiah was unruly; he was always in trouble or making trouble. His relatives tried to kill him (Jeremiah 11). Other prophets accused him of false prophecy (Jer 28). A coalition of prophets and priests called for his execution. He was rescued only because of the intervention of a nobleman named Ahikam (Jer 26). He advised surrender to the Babylonians. During the reign of King Zedekiah he was falsely charged with treason and desertion and thrown into a cistern with a mucky bottom where he would have died except for the intervention of an Ethiopian (Jer 38). To cap it all off, Jeremiah had serious disagreements with God. He tried to quit his prophetic work (Jer 20). On occasion God scolded him (Jer 12).

Jeremiah was not the only "unruly" prophet. Jonah had to be shanghaied by God before he carried out his mission to Nineveh.

Amos preached withering messages against the greed and cruelty of the ruling class. Nathan delivered a divine verdict against King David. Daniel pronounced God's judgment on Belshazzar and the nation of Babylon.

Unruliness is not proof someone is a prophet. Being obnoxious or pugnacious is not proof of saintliness or wisdom. But we can hardly expect someone to fill the prophetic calling without rocking the boat.

In this issue we remember Raymond Forrest Cottrell. My personal acquaintance with him was meager, but as I have listened to those who knew him well, I have been struck by his prophetic function. Cottrell was thoroughly committed to this community. In his local church he was active in humanitarian labor. He taught a Sabbath School class. He led effective evangelistic programs at La Sierra University and at Pacific Union College. But in his scholarship, Cottrell was also characterized by the unruliness of a prophet.

When he became convinced that our traditional interpretation of Daniel 8 could not be supported by sound methods of exegesis, he worked to change our interpretation. When he found logical and theological holes in our official stance on the origin of life he had to speak up. When

he saw women treated unjustly in the name of a flawed doctrine of ordination, he was not silent. He did what prophets do: He challenged the status quo. He rocked the boat.

Are prophets always right? No. In the days of Jeremiah prophets said all kinds of things. They contradicted each other. Only the passage of time revealed which declarations were actually congruent with truth. In the early church all kinds of books circulated claiming to give "the truth" about Jesus. Only the passing of time has led to nearly universal agreement on the canonical books included in our New Testament. Prophets are not infallible, and one of their jobs is to remind the church that it is not infallible either. The church tests prophets over time. But it is the visions of the prophets that move the church forward.

“Are prophets always right? No. In the days of Jeremiah prophets said all kinds of things.”

The articles in this issue on sexual misconduct by clergy are another form of prophetic utterance. The authors raise issues that I would rather not discuss. None of us who are clergy want to admit the terrible truth that some of us are predators. But these voices will not allow us to continue to pretend that all is well.

Not every accusation of abuse is valid. Not every scholarly protest against our historic interpretations of Scripture is valid. It would not be a good idea to turn control of the church over to prophets. Their stridency and absolute self-assurance would be destructive in positions of significant political power. But if we silence our prophets, or drive them into exile, we will gravely impoverish our community.

We will have stifled the present voice of the Spirit. We will have crippled our future.

“Do not restrain the Holy Spirit; do not despise inspired messages. Put all things to the test: keep what is good and avoid every kind of evil.”

1 Thessalonians 5:19-21.



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Date Setting Alive and Well: Ruhling Responds to McLarty

John McLarty writes. In 1999 I mentioned Richard Ruhling's ideas as an example of failed Adventist date setting. I began my article this way:

"Leaving the New Jersey Campmeeting I met an old acquaintance, Dr. Richard Ruhling. We greeted each other, and I asked what he was up to. His face was all smiles as he told me the good news: Jesus would be here in five years or less. The tracts he was handing out presented the Biblical proof.

"That was 1989. His five years are now ten. Date setting has a long history in Adventism. We wouldn't be here without date setting. Jesus was going to come in 1843. No, make that 1844, 1847, 1851. These dates were not set by kooks out on the fringe of our community. Some or all of them were believed and taught by James and Ellen White, Joseph Bates and other leaders. And they were all wrong. And so were the predictions Jesus would come in 1964, 1994 and 1996.

"But our church is maturing. To be sure, there are Adventist evangelists and campmeeting speakers who recklessly hint that the year 2000 is the year. But they are becoming noteworthy because of their eccentricity. They no longer articulate the center of Adventist thought."

Recently someone pointed out this reference to Dr. Ruhling. He took exception with my personal reference and sent the following letter in response.

Richard Ruhling writes. Our pioneers could not have given the "midnight cry" in 1844, because that was during the "tarrying time." Christ's words imply a message will be given when His coming is imminent. When Peter said, "1,000 years are as one day. God is not slack" the Greek means no tarrying in the context of 6,000 years. Since "Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn will line up with the sun and moon—the first time in 6,000 years" (*Time Magazine*, 1-17-00), we can say, "the Bridegroom comes!" Wise virgins who choose to fulfill their destiny will examine the evidence of this claim and light their lamps

when they hear this message. Please have due diligence in regard to this serious claim. If you are interested in further information, write, call or email me at Box 1299, Collegedale TN 37315, 423-396-9910, or Ruhling2@juno.com. Confirming this is Bush's plans for war with Iraq. Gabriel said, "the vision points to the time of the end." It's about a ram (Iraq and Iran are descendants of Medes and Persians) and verse 5 fits our time not Grecia (touched not the ground-air war by the goat that came from the face of the whole earth—U.N. support).

Richard G. Ruhling, M.D.

First Strike

I always enjoy reading what you write. Your editorial "First Strike" (AT Sept/Oct 2002) has to be taken seriously. At the end of your piece you state, "But I don't see how there can be any serious debate among followers of Jesus over whether we should strike first." Although I think you make very strong arguments for avoiding pre-emptive action by the U.S. against Iraq, I do not think serious debate among the followers of Jesus on this issue has quite yet been resolved.

According to some scholars pre-emptive action can be "defensive" if it is prompted by a reasonable belief that a known aggressor is equipping himself with the means to carry out further acts of aggression. Saddam seems to fit here.

I do not think the Bush administration is cynically trying to fan the flames of war by attempting to convince the American people that we face a dire threat from Iraq. In a democracy these issues should be debatable and I do not think it is wrong for the president to let his position be known. The president does have a "bully pulpit," but you and many others have freedom of the press to voice your opposition.

In the *Wall Street Journal* of Friday Dec. 6, 2002, an editorial article appeared by Robert P. George... "A Just War in Iraq." In this article he defended these three issues: 1. Can military

action be morally legitimate if it is pre-emptive? 2. Is it morally permissible to use force to oust a tyrannical and aggressive regime, as opposed to merely disarming it? 3. May the U.S. legitimately lead a coalition against Saddam Hussein if the U.N. refuses to authorize the use of force to remove or disarm his regime?

What you wrote caused me to continue to think deeply about these issues but, alas, I don't think it ended "serious debate among the followers of Jesus."

Lynn R. Heath | Loma Linda, Calif.

New Beginning

Congratulations on the "New Beginning for Adventist Creationism" issue (AT Sept/Oct 2002) starting with the beautiful chambered nautilus cover picture. The three articles on the Ogden meetings were well done and encouraging. Thank you for a good report. The work of Dick Ritland and my husband, Ed Hare, has not been in vain. I am glad to see the door opening a crack and meaningful dialog taking place.

Patti Hare | Daytona Beach Shores, Fla.

Intellectual Honesty

You are absolutely correct, Brother McLarty (AT Sept/Oct 2002). It is "intellectually dishonest" for some of the participants at International Science and Faith Conference to ignore what they have learned "through observation and broad-ranging study." Moreover, they shouldn't have to fear loss of employment "if their questions and opinions about origins were fully known." But, it is equally disingenuous for these denominational employees to continue to work for an SDA college or university and not hold to a literal, contiguous six-day creation. When you go to work for an employer, you should agree with what the employer is propagating or find another job....

Anyhow, these scientists that fear for their job safety could always go to work for a public or private university that doesn't advocate a literal, contiguous six-day creation. They can have all the academic freedom that they want and

not the cognitive dissonance that they suffer while working for an Adventist institute of higher learning.

John A. Lockley | Huntsville, Ala.

Teachers on Welfare

The September/October 2002 issue had so many pertinent articles. I thank you for covering so many areas. I wish to comment on two in particular: "Does Adventist Education Pay?" by Gill Bahnsen and "SDA Faculty On Welfare?" by Don Riley....

One question I have...is the astounding fact that since our church education tuition is so high and obviously teachers are not getting the benefit—where is the money going? This subject is of interest to me since my granddaughter (attending a local community college and now in her second year) has grown more towards entering education training to eventually become a teacher. Her abilities, talents and gifts lie in that area. I've encouraged her to read these articles. She has already told me that she knows she'll have to marry someone with an excellent income for her to be able to do this. I've known some elementary school teachers (single parents) who have had to work holiday and summer times in local department stores to make ends meet. One can't always count on falling in love with a rich husband!

**Peggy Harris | Burtonsville, Md.
W.A.S.H. Board Chair**

Teaching in Church Schools

[Re: Riley in AT Sept/Oct 2002]
I taught in our denomination from 1957 to 1968, 11 years. I taught in public high school and was rewarded with a fairly decent salary and a monthly retirement. I became an RN, and after 10 years retired and receive a monthly retirement.... I am quite disturbed that I worked for the denomination, [but] have received no help in retirement.... Once I made the step out of denominational employment, my life started picking up. I could now buy a house, afford to pro-

vide for my family of four and take the burden from my wife. I'm still an SDA, but I will decide where my money goes, what I do, and how I live....

Fortunately, I'm now answerable to God and not the denominational bean counters.

Ray Couden | Via the Internet

Adventism and War

An interesting article (AT Sept/Oct 2002), but does Mark Carr not know anything about the Medical Cadet Corps (MCC) on our

college campuses during WW II, or is he choosing to ignore it? As I recall, the church had a very definite position and it was to be conscientious cooperators rather than conscientious

objectors, to save lives rather than to take them. I was a child living at AUC during WW II, and I have vivid memories of a large flag full of blue stars hanging in the chapel, one star for each AUC student serving in the military. The church instituted the MCC program in conjunction with the U. S. Army to train our boys to become medics when they were drafted. Has he never heard of Cpl. Desmond Doss, who served as a medic in WW II and earned the Congressional Medal of Honor?.... Our boys also served in the Korean War as medics or in Whitecoat. Let's render unto Caesar what is Caesar's. We can serve both God and Country.

Patti Hare | Daytona Beach Shores, Fla.

Liberal ideologically driven purists?

It appears that *Adventist Today* is attempting to bend over backward to be fair to the fundamentalists in our faith community. This is understandable since regretfully we have a lot of them.

But please—please—don't fall over on

your back to do it. Unfortunately, in my view, your editor—usually a sensible and reasonable man—recently did this in his recent editorial on "Grown-up Adventism" (AT Nov/Dec 2002). He says that the "...maturation of the church annoys the ideologically driven purists among us—whether right-wing historicists or evangelicals, or liberals." Where are the "ideologically driven liberals" he is talking about in our church? I know plenty of ideologically driven reactionaries and conservatives. Just attend a meeting of a local cell of the

“One question I have...is the astounding fact that since our church education tuition is so high and obviously teachers are not getting the benefit—where is the money going?”

Adventist Theological Society. I suppose that a classical Marxist Adventist might be certified as ideologically driven but I have not met one yet.

My suspicion is that your editor had to include liberals in his sentence so as to appear balanced and fair. If he can point to an example of such views, this long-time reader of your magazine would like to know what they might be. I might be an ideologically driven liberal and not know it.

James Hilton | Glendale, Calif.

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tribute

Raymond Cottrell: A historical biography

DOUGLAS HACKLEMAN

If ever “a workman” “stud[ied] to shew [him]self approved unto God,” it was Raymond Forrest Cottrell. And the last phrase of 2 Timothy 2:15, “rightly dividing the word of truth,” so aptly describes the efforts toward a reliable interpretation of scripture that our lately departed friend called his “unending quest.”

Ray Cottrell worked as easily in the Hebrew as in the Greek, but he seems to have misunderstood the Psalmist in chapter 90, verse 10, to be saying that “The days of your *labor* are threescore and ten.” Because he was a most cheerful workaholic decades before the term was coined.

Born in 1911 among what then were the strawberry fields of south central Los Angeles, Ray’s work and study habits first appeared as he approached adolescence, following his family’s move in 1919 to Shanghai, where his father had been encouraged by Roy Franklin Cottrell, Ray’s China missionary uncle, to come and sell Hupmobiles, the creation of one of Henry Ford’s early employees.

The boy Ray created his own map of Shanghai, which was then a city of 250,000 people. And during his first two years at the American high school there, he was so taken by his Latin classics that he translated Caesar’s *Gaelic Wars* long-hand, into English—just for fun! “It filled four handwritten notebooks,” his surviving brother, Leland, recalled recently.

Leland’s most significant memory from their childhood in Shanghai is of the evening when, as an early teen, Ray approached the dinner table where his parents were dining alone. “He looked at Father and Mother at the table, only he was seeing something farther away. And...he held up his hands, just like somebody [trying] to get their attention. But he was looking past them. ‘Friends,

Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears. I have decided to give my life to Jesus.’ And he just broke out crying. And, of course, Dad and Mom jumped up from the table and came to comfort him. It was a tremendous incident that I had witnessed. And that explains his whole career in working for God.”

Ray followed this commitment with action. As young as he was, Ray seemed to have the run of the dynasty. He would ride his bicycle or take the bus through Shanghai to the jetty along the Huangpu River where American, British and French warships frequently stood at anchor. For a few pennies he would hire a skiff that would take him out to the destroyer, cruiser or battleship of his choice. There he would climb the gangway up the side of the ship to the main deck and provide the sailors with truth-filled literature.

It was also in Shanghai that he began his lifelong love of astronomy and cosmology. His father bought him a very high-quality telescope that he used at one point to focus the sun on a drawing board across which he plotted the movement of sunspots over a period of weeks.

A few months after the birth of his third brother, Kenneth Grayson, in December of 1925, the Charles Cottrell family returned to the United States, settling in Riverside.

Through farm, maintenance, monitor and cafeteria jobs, Ray worked his way through the last two years of high school



at La Sierra Academy and two years of junior college at what is now La Sierra University.

During his senior year of academy Ray taught second-year Latin to a class of one, so that Leland would not have to begin again his two-year language requirements in Spanish, French or German when La Sierra had no one to follow up on the year of Latin he had taken in Shanghai. In his final year at Southern California Junior College, Ray became the founding editor of the *College Critterion* and, through no fault of his own, graduated one major piano recital short of a double major.

While at the junior college Ray learned Spanish well enough to ingather in that tongue and hold Bible readings in the home of a Mexican family in Wineville, which has since changed its name to Mira Loma, and where Ray’s early contacts resulted in the first American Spanish-speaking Seventh-day Adventist Church. Ray and his theology major friends also participated in various



outreach efforts in Pedley, Norco, Sunnymead and Corona, all of which resulted in Adventist churches.

Raymond had begun in college to read books omnivorously, something like 30 volumes a year. As he read he compiled a list of words (along with their definitions) that he encountered in his reading. Around 1930 he wrote an essay on simplicity using almost exclusively the "simple" words from his vocabulary notebook. Three months ago he recited the first sentence of that essay to his biographer:

"Transcending the meticulous austerity among the genus homo, I descry an inscrutable resilience permeating the fortuitous prescience of adamantine anthropomorphism."

Straight out of junior college Ray was asked to be principal of nearby San Bernardino Colton Junior Academy that later became Fairview Academy. He had been all set to attend Pacific Union College, but the depression got in his way.

The next year he accepted a pastoral internship in Arizona, where he met a young nursing student named Elizabeth Landis, who shared her flashlight with him while Christmas caroling. Ray and Elizabeth were married on Dec. 16, 1932, in the Ninth Street Phoenix Seventh-day Adventist Church by Sofus Tony Borg—a union that endured four months shy of 70 years. Within months the newlyweds

moved to Yuma, Ariz., and then Ogden, Utah, pastoring a few months in each field until, late in 1934, they accepted a call to mission service in Manchuria.

On a layover en route, the young couple visited a public aquarium where, Ray wrote home, "the biggest fish we met...was Babe Ruth in person, who had just arrived on the 'Empress of Japan.'" The voyage to Yokohama, Japan, on the SS President Lincoln took a little over three weeks. "The only time I ever gambled in my life," said Ray. There were one-armed bandits on the ship, and the young pastor "had a guilty conscience until I put what I won in the Sunday offering."

After a year of immersion in the study of Mandarin and some other duties, Ray's titles accumulated: Director, Kirin Mission; Principal, Manchuria Union Training School; Educational Secretary, Manchuria Union Mission and Director, Central Manchuria Mission. For several of their Manchuria years, Ray and Elizabeth lived in Hsingking, literally next door to Henry Pu Ying—the last emperor.

By 1940, six years into a seven-year commitment, hostilities involving the Japanese occupation made mission work

more than difficult, and dangerous as well. Along with the other missionary women and children, Elizabeth returned to the States; and in early 1941, Ray and the other remaining missionary men had to evacuate.

The returned China hands moved to PUC where Ray taught full-time at PUC

Some of Ray's colleagues have described him as a 20th-century Desiderius Erasmus (1466-1536), minus the inflated ego and the biting sarcasm. A review of their respective lives reveals a considerable list of parallels between Ray and the 15th-century Des who lived to mourn the execution of his friend Sir Thomas More.

Prep and then in the College religion department, while completing his bachelor of arts degree and graduating with a master's degree in 1944, along with long-time friend and colleague, Graham Maxwell.

Continued on page 8



Continued from page 7

And it was at PUC in the late 1940s that Ray and Elizabeth adopted Richard and Peggy.

Beginning in 1948 Ray devised and directed the Personal Evangelism Crusade that involved more than 550 students and faculty of PUC once each month in highly organized visitation and literature dissemination to thousands of homes in a 160-by-80-mile corridor between San Francisco and Sacramento. The crusade lasted several years and resulted in the establishment of several new Seventh-day Adventist churches.

Ray taught in PUC's religion department quarter after quarter for ten years, with no summer breaks. During that decade, Ray served as the founding secretary of the Bible Research Fellowship (the first professional association of Adventist Bible scholars) from 1943 until 1952, when it disbanded over conflicts with the General Conference president regarding (especially) the identity of the King of the North.

Ray's proposal to replace the BRF with a Biblical Research Committee under the auspices of the General Conference was approved by the GC Committee in 1952, the same year that *Adventist Review* editor F. D. Nichol called Ray to join him, along with Don Neufeld, in the Herculean task of creating a Seventh-day Adventist Bible commentary. For the next several years

Cottrell and Neufeld, the duo that Ray termed the "galley slaves," worked six days a week from 4:30 in the morning... well, from dark to dark. In 1957, their "long march" resulted in a monumental, lasting and most useful achievement.

In 1959, while working as associate editor of the *Review*, two Rays—Cottrell and Moore—were instrumental in planting a new church in the growing neighborhood of Wheaton, Md. Ray served as associate pastor there on a voluntary basis for many years.

The Cottrell youngsters, Richard and Peggy, grew up around Takoma Park. Although Ray enjoyed traveling and giving lectures on a variety of topics, until the children began academy at Blue Mountain, he traveled minimally, and then only when he could take his family with him. Both Peggy and Richard recall how Ray regularly took the effort to make Sabbaths special—with trips to zoos, parks, museums and historic sites, or on weekends camping in nature where God's creation was on display.

Although sometimes distracted, he was always kind to them and they could absolutely count on his word. And neither will forget the image of Dad in his missionary (pith) helmet towing Richard and friends behind their ski boat.

Some of Ray's colleagues have described him as a 20th-century Desiderius Erasmus (1466-1536), minus the inflated

ego and the biting sarcasm. A review of their respective lives reveals a considerable list of parallels between Ray and the 15th-century Des who lived to mourn the execution of his friend Sir Thomas More. The fitness of the analogy remains to be made in his biography, along with his controversial friendship with another well-known Des.

Like his Albigenian and later Seventh-day Baptist forebears, Ray was a reformer, albeit a most gentle one. In his modest and pleasant way, he encouraged reform in our methods of corporate Bible study toward a scripturally sound defense of the sanctuary doctrine, in a consistent and valid use of Ellen White's writings, in our understanding of the relationship between science and theology, in church structure and governance and in the place of women in the institutional church. Although he played strictly by all of the explicit—as well as the many unspoken—rules of the church hierarchs, Ray's unswervingly kind and long-suffering responses to the mistreatment he received by some of those in positions of authority is a poignant lesson in loving your enemies.

Working on a favorite theme, "Faith and Reason as Coordinates," Ray gave the commencement address at Andrews University for at least the third time, in 1972, on which occasion he was awarded an honorary doctorate for the many ways he contributed his intellectual gifts to the

church: his facility in six languages (three living and three dead), his staggering commentary contribution, his self-taught expertise in astronomy, cosmology and geology, his various books and hundreds of reports and editorials for the *Adventist Review* and his shepherding of so many other manuscripts to publication as book editor for the Review and Herald Publishing Association. It is a datum that fills to overflowing the requirements of irony that Ray's doctoral certificate is signed by Willis J. Hackett.

Although Ray had reached retirement age in 1976, Kenneth Wood persuaded him to return to the *Adventist Review* to fill a vacancy for one additional year that concluded years of denominational employment. But he retired sort of like Old Man River. He kept rolling along another

Ray played a significant role at the subsequent Glacier View conclave. He was an appointed delegate who contributed a white paper, who provided pre- and post-discussion polls of the delegates, and who reported on the experience, based on his shorthand notes. His record remains the most comprehensive and accurate portrayal available of this Adventist watershed.

In his retirement Ray provided a number of significant services to the church at local, conference, division and world church levels. Beyond the variety of classes he taught, beginning in 1977, for both La Sierra and Loma Linda Universities, with Walter Specht, in 1983, Ray co-authored the first General Conference-sponsored effort to evaluate Ellen White's use of sources in *The Desire of Ages*. For the Association of Adventist Forums' first

national congress in 1984, he produced a comprehensive, multifaceted comparative analysis of the structure and governance of Adventism with 11 other Christian denominations in North America. In 1992, 52 years after his founding editorship of the *College Criterion*, Ray, along with Loma Linda University professor of ethics Jim Walters, former GC vice president and Andrews University president Richard Hammill,

and University of California, Riverside, anthropology professor Ervin Taylor, conceived and co-founded *Adventist Today*, which deals with Adventist news and issues from an independent perspective. This was the same year that Ray produced for the Southeastern California Conference Constitution Committee a draft constitution, along with other support documents, in anticipation of the conference's triennial session revision of its organizing documents. Ray also played a central role in 1996 on the Southeastern California Conference's Gender Inclusiveness Commission, providing support monographs that detailed the Bible principles relating to the ordination of women.

Throughout his retirement years Ray enjoyed scores of speaking engagements that addressed some of the topics just reviewed as well as those relating to his

continued study of astronomy, cosmology and geology. He holds the record—an even dozen—for addresses to the most active Adventist Forums chapter in the world, the San Diego chapter, to which he presented a paper in February of 2002.

But his recurring theme—and his most ardent desire—was that his church would adopt and utilize consistent, valid hermeneutical principles in its study of the Bible. An accurate understanding of scripture, he said recently, was his life's "unending quest."

On faith Ray believed that "God will take to heaven anyone who would be happy there." His only concern for the interregnum would be that he will have missed a lot of work and the opportunity to tend his garden.

Ray was preceded in sleep by his two youngest brothers, Elwood and Grayson. He leaves behind his beloved brother Leland, his two adult children, Peggy and Richard, three grandsons, eight great-grandchildren, numerous nieces and nephews, a host of admiring colleagues, students and friends and a church that is deeply (and largely unwittingly) in his debt.

It seems fitting to conclude Ray's life sketch by applying to him words he wrote in tribute upon the departure of a long-lived colleague. ■

**“On faith Ray believed that
“God will take to heaven
anyone who would be happy there.”
His only concern for the interregnum
would be that he will have missed a
lot of work and the opportunity
to tend his garden.”**

quarter of a century—teaching, writing, editing and lecturing well into 2002, his 90th year.

Within two years of his retirement in 1977, Ray was confronted by an opportunity to engage more broadly the dialogue that for nearly 30 years he had limited to a select group of his scholarly peers regarding the legitimacy of the interpretation of the few biblical texts on which rested the uniquely Adventist sanctuary doctrine.

Quite coincidentally, Ray had addressed in a fairly comprehensive way his concerns about the state of biblical support for the sanctuary doctrine and its investigative judgment to a limited audience at Andrews University over the weekend of Oct. 20, 1979, a week before Desmond Ford's unsettling presentation to a larger and more diverse audience at PUC. For the most understandable of reasons,

from Raymond

As noble mountain majesty
Serenely near the skies
Inspires the soul with lofty thoughts—
You lifted up my eyes.
As waters of some mountain lake
Reflect a graceful tree
In vivid form and living hue—
You mirrored God to me.
As twilight sends its afterglow
In light almost divine
Enriching lake and tree and sky—
Your life illumined mine.
As with eternal majesty
The lofty mountains rise
Inspiring faith and hope and trust—
You lifted up my eyes.

Raymond Cottrell: A tribute

JIM WALTERS

Ray was a colleague and friend, who I now realize had become a father figure to me.

My first vivid impression of Raymond Cottrell came when he gave a chapel talk at Southern Adventist University in 1965; I was a sophomore. As I recall that talk, he happened to mention that Jupiter had some eight moons (we now know of sixteen), and that was contrary to Ellen White's visionary reference to Jupiter's four moons. As a church we've largely worked through such discrepancies now, but in 1965 that discussion was exceptional, and I sensed in Elder Cottrell an unusually perceptive, open mind.

A decade and a half later in 1979, as pastor of the North Hills Church (Claremont, Calif.), I invited Ray to preach. Then, a couple of years later in the early 80's we began a close working and personal relationship. We led out in three significant projects: the Association of Adventist Forums Committee on Church Structure, the founding of Southeastern California Conference's Gender Inclusiveness Task Force, and the founding of *Adventist Today*.

I knew all along that I was working with a great man, but only in the last couple of months have I come to realize Ray's personal eminence. As a father and husband, as well as churchman and scholar, Raymond was exemplary. But further, Ray's intellectual integrity and spiritual serenity were the bedrock of his personal commitment to others and his courageous theological leadership in his church. Truly great persons need not be physically imposing nor vocally loud, and Ray was neither. Ray was a quiet giant.

Ray was so honest and secure that he never developed the art of subtle self-promotion, a skill that many of us acquire quite naturally. He was no church functionary; he marched to the beat of his own Adventist Christian drum. That's why a leader at a denominational press recently

said he could not possibly publish a candid biography of Ray, but he eagerly anticipated *Adventist Today's* biography that is well under way.

Throughout his life Ray was a remarkable thought leader in our denomination. It is usual to be productive in one's prime years, but consider Ray's accomplishments both early and late in his long career. In his 30s, teaching Bible at PUC, he became one of the first Adventist theologians to join a scholarly religious society; and simultaneously, he co-founded the first Adventist Biblical

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research fellowship, an association that evolved into the current Biblical Research Institute at the General Conference. After formal retirement, in his 70s, Ray advocated the need for a judicial branch of church governance. In his 80s he argued for relative autonomy for the General Conference Divisions in our increasingly diverse world church. And then, just last year, he courageously called for progress beyond our dated sanctuary doctrine.

Was Ray right in all these progressive positions? I suggest that question misses the larger issue. The point is that Ray epitomized the spirit of Adventism and its fearless pioneers in conscientiously advocating what he saw as vital and true. He was not a political leader with his wetted finger to the wind, but neither was he oblivious to the changing needs of his

denomination—as seen in his calculated decision to long withhold from publication his 900-page study of Daniel, because he sensed it might unduly disturb people. Ray estimated that he wrote over 10,000 pages of unpublished manuscripts.

Given Ray's prodigious work, you'd think maybe he neglected his children. His son, Richard, tells of his dad often taking the family to the fine museums and gardens of Washington D.C. And Richard chuckled as he reminisced about his dad in a jungle helmet, piloting a motorboat ahead of himself and fellow skiers on

Chesapeake Bay.

Peggy was very close to her father through the years. And particularly during the last five years, Raymond was especially indebted to Peggy for moving into the family residence to care for her aging parents. Ray often mentioned to me that he and his increasingly ill wife, Elizabeth, couldn't have survived without Peggy's aid.

The Cottrell home, in some respects, may not have been your ideal Adventist home, but Ray

persevered, never complaining. The closest he came to that was once when he explained why he couldn't financially help with *Adventist Today*—he was spending tens of thousands of dollars for the special needs of a relative he and Elizabeth had taken into their home.

With Ray, there was no moral gap between the public person and the private individual. A few days before his death I was speaking with Peggy, and I queried: "My, Peggy, isn't there anything bad that your father ever did?" She smiled, answering, "Not really. Oh, he'd get silent when he was put out by something." Then she recalled: "Yes, there was one thing he did that was wrong. Years ago our family was in Boston. We were navigating those narrow streets, trying to find the North Church. Finally, my desperate father

looked both ways and charged the wrong direction down a one-way street!"

Ray's intellectual brilliance was evident very early. While barely a teenager he studied Latin, translating Caesar's *Gaelic Wars* into four notebooks as a pastime. Then a couple of years later at La Sierra Academy, when his brother needed an instructor for his second year of Latin, Ray was invited to teach. Ray served many years on the denomination's Daniel committee, writing his magnum opus on that book, and memorizing the entire book in its original Hebrew. Then, just a few months ago, when Ray needed to stay in bed later than usual in the morning, he copied Hebrews 11 on flash cards—memorizing them, of course, in the original Greek.

Given Ray's erudition, I often wondered why he never got a Ph.D. I never directly asked him, just reasoning that Ray didn't need that "union card" to get an academic post or prove scholarly legitimacy. And that is true, but it's not the whole story.

It's a sad story, but with a good ending—for Adventism. The story was discovered just 10 days before Ray's death. It concerns a folder, penciled "Personal," and

discovered by daughter, Peggy, and Doug Hackleman, who were at the Cottrell home researching documents for Ray's biography. I only disclose this most personal story because one of Ray's last decisions was that this file's contents should be included in his biography.

For 50 years Peggy and most all others thought that Ray had left teaching at Pacific Union College because of an invitation from F. D. Nichol to join him at church headquarters in Takoma Park, Md. to be an associate editor of the *Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentary*.

This folder contains originals or copies of eight letters between Ray and two college presidents at PUC and one he wrote to C. L. Bauer, college board chairman. These letters show that Ray gave his all to PUC as a religion teacher, receiving only one scheduled four-day vacation in at least five years. But Ray craved going to graduate school, and he evidently had a special contact at the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute, where Ray desired to study Old Testament and biblical archeology.

Ray cites eight times that he requested

leave to pursue his doctorate—twice while teaching in the preparatory school, and six times while at the college. He was promised, but others went on to graduate school as Ray worked hard at the college. The academic slighting hurt Ray, but it was minor compared to what followed. Evidently, in early 1952 PUC President J. E. Weaver accosted Ray, berating him for not having accepted an invitation to teach at Glendale Academy. Ray's soul was yanked from his frame. But let Ray speak for himself, as he writes a three-page, heartfelt letter to a friend, the board chairman. Ray is not angry; he's almost contrite:

"May I assure you that in what follows there is no personal animus toward any individual or group of individuals. I am confident that the intentions of all concerned have been above question, and I am not now seeking to raise a question of any kind; I do think, however, that certain aspects of the problem have not entered the thinking of some...."

"I have always and will always cooperate with such an approach to the problem

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In honor

We are grateful for the gifts received in honor of Elder Cottrell. Thank you for your thoughtful and generous donations. —The *Adventist Today* Foundation

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DANIEL 8: Let's Not Lose Our Nerve

ALDEN THOMPSON, SPECTRUM ONLINE (15 APRIL 2002)

In recent decades the traditional Adventist interpretation of Daniel 8 has been under steady attack. I'll be candid: I'm not eager to defend the "traditional" Adventist interpretation, at least not in the way that it typically has been defended, but I am even less eager to capitulate to critics who often ignore great chunks of biblical material in their eagerness to jettison the Adventist position. The objections generally fall under three major headings:

Historicism. Since the historicist approach to apocalyptic is virtually ignored in today's religious world, Adventists are judged to be out of date, if not just plain wrong, in continuing to adhere to it.

Context. In Daniel 8, Antiochus IV Epiphanes is a much better candidate for the little horn than is papal Rome. Antiochus polluted the Jerusalem sanctuary for three years (168/67 to 165/64 B.C.), among other things, offering pig to Zeus on an altar erected in the temple court.

Assurance. The Adventist doctrine of the "investigative judgment," which owes its existence to the 1844 experience, robs believers of security in the Lord, and therefore, declare its detractors, should be abandoned.

There are counter observations with reference to these objections. As I see it, they contain important kernels of truth, but usually are developed in ways which could jeopardize key features of the Christian faith. Here are some comments relative to each.

Historicism

In its thoroughgoing mode, historicism is indeed dated. No one today would simply pick up a Bible and interpret the parable of the 10 virgins in Matthew 25 as a road map of the 1844 experience, the seven churches of Revelation 2 and 3 as seven successive eras of history, or the bittersweet little book of Revelation 10 as reflecting the Disappointment and its

aftermath. Our Adventist forebears saw the historicist pattern in places where their heirs and descendants do not.

But let us not be too quick to snicker. Indeed, we would do well to ponder Norman Porteous's comment on the link between "the contemporary climate of thought" and methods of interpreting Scripture. In a preface justifying the exceptional reprinting of a 1928 book in 1955, he said: "Books of Biblical exposition tend to date very rapidly, and eventually to become almost unreadable; so close is the connection between such writing and the contemporary climate of thought" (preface to Adam Welch, *Jeremiah: His Time and Work*, Oxford, 1955). In short, the "wisdom" that tempts us to laugh at yesterday could make us the laughingstocks of tomorrow. A modicum of humility is in order.

Furthermore, in a more moderate form, historicism is still the obvious interpretation for the book of Daniel. The successive kingdoms in Daniel 2 and 7 move toward climax and the establishment of divine rule; the sanctuary in Daniel 8 and 9 moves toward restoration; and history flows toward the resurrection in Daniel 10-12. These are all examples of "historicism" at work. The book of Revelation may be another matter, but historicism is alive and well in Daniel.

I will also argue that we don't need to be ashamed of our historicist heritage. Scholars of the 20th century openly state that "historicism" was standard fare among premillennial Protestants at the time Adventism was born. Here are two quotes worth noting:

"In the immediate post-Napoleonic era, events took place that appeared to confirm the pre-millennial view for

a number of British Christians. As historicist premillennialists—and all premillennialists were such between 1815 and 1830—they saw a number of signs that indicated the nearness of the Second Coming" (Ian Rennie, "Nineteenth-Century Roots," in Carl Amerding and Ward Gasque, eds., *A Guide to Biblical Prophecy* [Hendrickson 1989]).

This may be the crux of the matter. If our Adventist forebears overemphasized human responsibility (and I think they did), the spirit of our age overemphasizes assurance....The painful truth is that some of us are too easily frightened, others too easily assured.

"All Protestants expected some grand event about 1843, and no critic from the orthodox side took any serious issue on basic principles with Miller's calculations" (Whitney R. Cross, *The Burned-Over District: The Social and Intellectual History of Enthusiastic Religion in Western New York, 1800-1850*, Harper & Row, 1965. Cited by Rolf Poehler, *Continuity and Change in Adventist Teaching* Peter Lang, 2000).

Context

The language of Daniel 8 is sufficiently mysterious that any precise application to historical figures is fraught with hazards. But two points are clear. One is contextual: 8:17 and 8:19 state that the vision is for the time of the end. If the Jerusalem sanctuary is gone, what sanctuary is left? The heavenly. There is an alternative view, of course: With our futurist friends,

Raymond Cottrell: A tribute

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the dispensationalists, we could project the rebuilding of the Jerusalem temple on the site where a Moslem mosque now stands. I'll take the Adventist perspective any day.

The other clear point is the historical fact, confirmed by 1 and 2 Maccabees, that Jews in the days of Antiochus Epiphanes applied the language of Daniel to the abominations practiced by that evil king. Yet Jesus spoke of the abomination "spoken of by the prophet Daniel" (Matt 24:15) as still being future in his day. In short, taking the full sweep of Scripture into account, we are looking at multiple applications: Babylon the desolator in 586, Antiochus in 168/67, Rome in 70 A.D. And in our day? Anything that diminishes the effects of Christ's heavenly ministry is yet another desolating sacrilege.

Assurance

This may be the crux of the matter, for we live in an age that craves assurance. If our Adventist forebears overemphasized human responsibility (and I think they did), the spirit of our age overemphasizes assurance. But my New Testament reminds me that it is possible to live with assurance and still be lost: "Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven," said Jesus (Matt 7:21). The painful truth is that some of us are too easily frightened, others too readily assured. That's why Paul gave the believers in Corinth a choice: "Am I to come to you with a stick, or with love in a spirit of gentleness?" Quite frankly, I don't think Adventists do a good job preaching Romans and Galatians. We can do better. But dumping the doctrine of judgment is not the right cure for our disease.

In sum, our Adventist heritage enables us to be consistent with the entire book of Daniel, for each major line of prophecy points to restoration: In Daniel 2 the mighty rock fills the whole earth; in Daniel 7, the saints receive the kingdom; in Daniel 8-9, the sanctuary is restored; and in Daniel 10-12, Michael stands up for his people. Let's not lose our nerve now. ■

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(sitting down and 'explaining the matter fully'). But to meet the matter head-on as an angry reprimand for not leaving the college—Elder Bauer, that is a deep wound.... That night I could not sleep, and it was several nights before I could sleep with any measure of repose.... I do not have words in my vocabulary to describe how I felt. The sharpness of the sting has gone, but the wound is still there.

"May I make it clear that there is no feeling on my part against Dr. Weaver; there was not then, there is not now. He knew nothing then and knows nothing now of how I felt. I have gone out of my way since then to demonstrate friendship by such things as taking him berries from our garden and of doing many things for him that I am not required to do. So far as he is aware, we are better friends than before the incident; and in a certain sense at least this is true. I have not said anything to him about this because I do not believe he would understand; PUC is just another stopping place for him on his journey around the world, it means no more to him than any other college in the country. But to some of us who have spent years here it is a part of our very being. I have known for years that I would not choose to accept even a major promotion elsewhere unless convinced that the Lord wanted me to; position and honor mean nothing to me. I simply want to do my humble tasks in the best way I can to the honor of God and the advancement of his kingdom."

I am in awe of Ray's life. It's not that I see his rueful behavior as the ethical ideal for dealing with injustice. Rather, I see a man who was so individually strong and committed that he rose with great equanimity above the pettiness and cruelty of others. Ray's thwarted longing to earn his doctorate at Chicago was a secret pain he lived with for the last 50 years—evidently never discussing it with anyone. But I'm convinced the whole denomination benefited: Rather than being absorbed in scholarly study of antiquity, Ray contributed to the whole church and its significant theological needs. It's not too much to see

Ray as our 20th century suffering servant: through his pain we all have benefited.

Now if Raymond Cottrell were a member of the Roman Catholic Church, I'm convinced he would be eligible one day for sainthood. The Catholics don't have a corner on saintly living, and Ray was a 20th-century Adventist saint. Now, I'm not saying that Ray's self-effacing life is the ideal for our lives. Ray's behavior under duress didn't model justice—only saintliness. But let's not demand too much of our saints. Mother Theresa personified a spirit of self-giving for the poor, but she wasn't a model for feeding the starving millions in the developing world. Ray's virtual silence in the face of personal injustice is not what he envisioned as decent relations in outlining a judicial system for our denomination, but Ray's standard for himself went beyond justice.

Just as that fiery St. Paul could look back at his life with satisfaction, so could the generous Raymond, and he must have, for one of his favorite Bible passages comes from Paul's letter to Timothy: "The time of my departure has come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to me on that Day, and not only to me but also to all who have loved his appearing."

This is the Advent hope that Ray held dear. ■

Jim Walters, Ph.D., teaches religion at Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, California.



The Roman Catholic Church has recently come under fire for its silence and co-conspiracy concerning sexual abuse by its clergy. Is it time for us as Adventists to do some soul-searching concerning our own practices in dealing with clergy misconduct, to put a stop to similar tragedies in our own backyard?

How big is the problem of clergy sexual misconduct in the Adventist church today? (Clergy here refers to all members of the ministry, including pastors, administrators, educators, coaches, and lay leaders.) Not surprisingly, the church has no official records of sexual misconduct committed

throughout the church worldwide. Research on sexual misconduct, however, indicates that when approached through anonymous surveys, approximately 10 to 24 percent of clergy in general will admit to engaging in some type of sexual misconduct (Muck, 1988; Goetz, 1992). Unfortunately, this statistic is probably not far from the mark within the Adventist church as well. Women and men who have long kept secrets of their victimization are now coming to the forefront and confronting their abusers. At least one Internet Web site is dedicated to clergy and educator abuse specifically targeted toward Adventists. This site notes that in one survey of Adventist women, 30 percent said they had been sexually abused (www.advocateweb.com/cease/). That is, one in every three or four women—a staggering statistic. If these figures are any indication of the magnitude of the problem in our church, it is imperative that we do something about it.

What is Clergy Sexual Misconduct?

At the heart of sexual misconduct lies someone's abuse of their power within a trusting relationship, and someone else's vulnerability. Any person with authority of some kind has power that invites vulnerability in other people. People can get this type of power from their employment role, or from their age, gender,

race and socioeconomic status, or their physical, intellectual or social resources (Kaiser, 1996). Whenever a person in such a power position allows or encourages a sexual relationship with someone in his jurisdiction, it is sexual misconduct. [Note: In using the word 'his' in describing the person in power, it does

nessing group, is asked to help out more and more by the group's leader. She readily agrees as her good Adventist upbringing would require her to do. The leader notices her dedication and remarks on it publicly. The appreciation is nice and feels affirming. The leader features her in a student leadership

position and she is known to other members of the group as an "insider." As time goes on, the leader takes the young woman more and more into his confidence. He loves his wife, but she doesn't understand how important his work is. He's glad to have the help of the young woman. The woman considers herself a friend of

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Eliminating Clergy Sexual Misconduct in the Adventist Church and Schools

RENE DRUMM

not limit sexual misconduct to males. Females can also be abusers; however, most cases of clergy sexual misconduct are perpetrated by males and will be addressed as such throughout this article.]

Obviously, any sexual behavior between an adult and a child is sexual misconduct. Regardless of the age of the victim, any activity in which the clergy kisses, touches or hugs with sexual intent, or uses sexually explicit language with someone under his care (a parishioner, student, employee or volunteer), is sexual misconduct.

While these definitions highlight physical sexual abuse, it is important to understand emotional sexual abuse as well. Emotional sexual abuse occurs when clergy develop an emotionally intense relationship with people in their care that is exploitive. Whenever a person in power allows or encourages an inappropriate emotional attachment in which another individual feels powerless and used, it is sexual misconduct. In fact, any time the person with less power is led to feel "special" or unique to the person in power, in an emotional attachment or relationship, a subtle form of abuse and increased vulnerability may well be present.

How Abusive Relationships Form

An example: A young female college student, dedicated to her Christian wit-

the family and is often invited to the family's home. She helps care for his children and is friendly, although not close to his wife. Months go by and finally the day comes when in the basement of the leader's home, he reaches out to her and pulls her to his lap. The woman is stunned—unable to act. She is only able to react, that is, go along with her trusted leader's actions. The thought passes through her head that, of course, the man she has looked up to must need her. He begins to kiss her. She feels confused, flattered, scared. These incidents escalate and end with him one day coming to the room where she is sleeping and assaulting her there. She at first resists, but later succumbs with no apparent alternative. Silence and fear become her companions. Guilt and hurt well up inside.

Abusive relationships seldom "just happen." While research documents that some clergy are naive or uninformed with poorly defined boundaries (Muse 1992), usually more calculating motives are at work. Often clergy who engage in sexual misconduct use others to meet their own unhealthy needs by choosing vulnerable, trusting victims. People who have a history of being any kind of abuse victim are frequent targets of subsequent abuse. Knowing who to trust is difficult, if not impossible.

Abusers seem to have a talent for knowing who might be potential victims.

One of the first steps abusers take after identifying a potential victim is to gain that person's trust. This can be done in several ways, such as being needy themselves and asking the potential victim for help. Because the abuser is in a position of power or charismatic, the person generally complies. Another way to gain trust is to give the message that the potential victim is "special." One abuser wrote notes to the person he abused and would begin the note by saying, "Hi Special." In addition, this abuser would often tell his victims that they were special. He gave them presents that he would make himself as tokens of his attachment.

Abusers gain trust also by making the potential victim a confidant. Often, he will share with her a secret or confide sadly about his poor marriage. One victim was asked to carry a large amount of cash on a trip for her abuser who was heading an organization on tour. The abuser's spouse was on the trip, but the victim was asked to secretly handle the money for them. Those kinds of secrets can invite a false trust within the victim toward the abuser. They are tempted to think, "He really can't do without me."

Another step in the abuse relationship is to break down the personal boundaries of the potential victim. Since the abuser is often loving by nature, physical closeness may be part of the person's "way of being." This kind of invasion is often subtle and absorbed by the victim without notice. One survivor recalled, "sometimes around the table, he would put his leg against mine or pat my back or my arm and just come into my space. This affection I didn't perceive as wrong. He treated me with kindness, affirmation, and even said I was like a daughter. One time he kissed me on the cheek while I was on the phone, even this didn't seem to concern me." Looking back on these events, however, the victim could see how her personal boundaries were invaded and eventually led to sexual abuse.

It is the extreme subtlety of these invasions that cause victims to ignore the

signals that something might be amiss. An abuser who shared an office with a student worker would change his clothes in the same office while the female student worker was in the room with her back to him. "Many times I would be in the middle of typing something in the small office. He would tell me to keep on typing while he changed clothes behind my back."

After a time of "grooming" the potential victim, the abuser carefully chooses a time and place to make a more blatant overture. This unexpected advance usually takes the victim by surprise, not knowing what to do. "It wasn't long after living with the [family] that he surprised me by showing up in my bedroom. He would come in to wake me up after he'd showered. Mrs. _____ probably thought he was up studying the Bible. He came into my room and lay beside me and kissed me. His kisses were sort of like his lips were too big for my mouth."

After an abusive incident, the victim often feels trapped and paralyzed, and sometimes intrigued or dazed. "The defining moment that distinguishes victimization is when the person is rendered powerless" (Mercadante, 2000:288). Almost immediately, the victim recognizes that there is no way out. She cannot say, "No." She cannot tell anyone. She cannot believe it herself. She no longer trusts herself, her abuser, or the world she had previously known.

How Does Clergy Sexual Misconduct Affect Victim/Survivors?

The effect of clergy sexual misconduct on its victims is much like that of a Mack truck colliding with a grasshopper. The greater the power difference, the greater the devastation. "There is no going back once a person has been victimized. Normal patterns of self-

protection and control, feelings of safety, cherished beliefs, trust, patterns of human connection, and one's sense of meaning and self-efficacy have all been challenged and irrevocably altered" (Mercadante, 2000). Victim/survivors confront the need to heal emotionally, mentally, physically, and spiritually.

Physical Issues

It is not uncommon for victim/survivors to have many physical symptoms resulting from their abuse, including sleep disturbance, sexual dysfunction, persistent somatic disorders, and mood swings. One victim/survivor commented, "I continue to have dreams that revolve around [my abuser]. I wish I could get away from them." More than 20 years have passed since this victim/survivor ended the relationship with her

“The emotional distress that comes from victimization is tremendous. Victim/survivors report feeling shame and guilt, betrayal, rage, helplessness, depression, anxiety, loss of self-esteem, abandonment, loss of trust, self-loathing and despair.”

abuser, yet she continues to experience sleep disturbance.

Emotional Distress

The emotional distress that comes from victimization is tremendous. Victim/survivors report feeling shame and guilt, betrayal, rage, helplessness, depression, anxiety, loss of self-esteem, abandonment, loss of trust, self-loathing and despair. One survivor remembers a predominant feeling of fear. "I was scared I'd get pregnant, afraid we'd get caught because he often abused me in his house with his wife and children in another room."

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Is It Possible? Eliminating Clergy Sexual Misconduct in the Adventist Church

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A combination of fear and guilt often will keep a victim silent and prevent her from protecting herself. "I didn't tell for a long time because I had lots of feelings of guilt over potentially changing the [organization] forever, let alone the sanctity of his marriage and his family. I think because I was single that made it difficult because I struggled with the issue of who would ever want to date me knowing that about me."

Spiritual Despair

The experiences of victim/survivors remind us that clergy sexual misconduct has eternal consequences. One writer describes the effects on the victims as rape of the spirit (Hadman-Cromwell, 1991). Victim/survivors may experience a sense that the divine order is abrogated and suffer losses such as seeing the church as an unsafe haven, losing confidence in the teachings of the church, and losing faith in God. One survivor explains, "Often the deed was done on Friday night or early Saturday morning. He would read the Bible before breakfast and ask me to go to church. How could I be interested in a church he goes to? Sometimes he would hold my hand while he was naked and would ask God to forgive us or have me pray for forgiveness. This little routine of praying for forgiveness naked was repeated many times. Mixing God with sexual abuse has been devastating for me. This kind of spiritual abuse wreaks havoc in me."

Behavioral Consequences

Because of the hurtful effects of victimization, victim/survivors often experience changes in their behaviors to try to deal with the pain. These behaviors may include: self-mutilation, substance abuse, prostitution, unprotected sexual involvements (with their own consequences of sexually transmitted disease, pregnancy and abortion), suicide attempts, troubled relationships and isolation.

One survivor remembers, "After my first sexualization with [my abuser], I started self-stimulation. He awakened my

sexuality and I had no other outlet. I had a hard time dating and leaving things asexual after that. I felt that I wasn't good enough for the ideal guy that I pictured in my mind. I ended up getting married quickly to a non-SDA because I was pregnant. I am trying to live with the consequences of that decision currently and it will always be a thorn in my flesh. I am made to feel unintelligent for believing the Bible and that Jesus died for my sins. I feel like I am in a constant battle with eternal consequences. I realize I have to take some responsibility for my behavior after my abuse, but just about every important decision in my life was tainted by the fact that he sexualized me."

What We Need to Do to End Clergy Abuse in Our Church

To current and former victims:

Realize that this is not your fault. First and foremost, it is important to remember that this situation is not your fault. Even if you in hindsight can imagine how your naivete contributed to the situation, or now looking back you can see signs that could have been a warning signal to you, it was not your responsibility to do so. It was clearly the person in power's responsibility to protect you, not abuse you. Whatever it takes for you to believe that it is not your fault—do it, think it, talk it through until it is accomplished and you can say with confidence, "This is not my fault."

Tell someone. Then, keep telling people until you are heard and believed. There will be people who do not believe you. Realize that many people do not want to believe that sexual abuse happens, let alone happens to someone they know. Don't make that unbelief about you and your credibility a reality. Keep telling until you find someone to support you and help you get what you need. Besides what you can begin doing for yourself by telling someone, you may help protect another potential victim. If you keep your victimization a secret, you leave the door open for others to

be abused by your abuser.

Get support. You've gone through a stressful and extremely painful ordeal. You will need support. If you can get that from a professional counselor such as a clinical social worker or psychologist, that would be great. Joining a support or therapy group can also be very healing. In addition to these options, find a good listener, someone you trust, and let that person give you support.

Get Information. Find out all that you can about clergy sexual misconduct. Surf the web, go to the library, make phone calls or whatever method of investigation that works for you. The more you know about what this phenomenon is all about, the easier your healing time will be.

To parents, friends and church members: Believe your child, young adult, coworker, church member or peer. Remember that abusers are often very charismatic people who are loving and warm, people we want to trust, men who have often done much good in the world. That is why so often, a parent or friend's first reaction is, "No, Elder So-and-So? Are you sure? Couldn't it be that he was just ... " This is not a helpful response for someone for whom it has just taken every ounce of courage to tell her secret.

To churches and organizations:

It is imperative that churches, schools, and organizations act now to have an IMPACT on clergy sexual misconduct within the Adventist Church. In brief:

- Investigate allegations of abuse.
 - Make policies about sexual misconduct and follow them.
 - Provide prevention information.
 - Act—the offender must be stopped.
 - Compensate victim/survivors.
 - Take victims at their word—believe them.
 - Investigate allegations of abuse.
- People in leadership positions in churches, school administrators, and organizational leaders must not put their "heads in the sand" and hope an

allegation of sexual misconduct will “go away.” If you do this, be prepared to take full responsibility for any future victims who may surface under your watch. If you know of a complaint or allegation and do nothing, you are as responsible as the offender. You become a co-conspirator in the abuse.

Make policies about sexual misconduct and follow them. Within your organization (church, school, etc.), are there clearly stated policies about sexual misconduct? Do you have well-articulated procedures to follow in the event of an accusation of misconduct? If not, it is every member’s responsibility to make sure they exist. If you are a member of a church reading this and don’t know the answer to these questions, give your pastor a call. If he doesn’t know, then you probably are not protecting your most vulnerable members.

“Can clergy sexual misconduct be eliminated in the Adventist church? I believe the answer is a resounding ‘Yes!’ It is not only possible, it is our imperative, our duty, to address these issues. Jesus served as our example as he stood on the temple steps exposing the hypocrisy of the Pharisees.”

Provide prevention information. One of the most destructive beliefs today is the myth that if we don’t talk about a problem, it does not or will not exist. Nothing could be further from the truth. We must equip people to protect themselves from abuse within our church structures: our churches, schools, and organizations. We can do this by holding special programs featuring abuse prevention information. We must also educate those in leadership positions about their own vulnerabilities and help them to see healthy alternatives to getting their needs met.

Act. It is up to each one of us to stop the offender. Whenever we hear of an allegation of abuse, we must do our part to see to it that the allegation is investigated. If the allegation is supported (and most are), it is our duty to assure the victim that the offender will not have access to future victims.

Compensate victim/survivors. It is important to offer victims the message that we understand they were wronged. We should have done more to help. We should ask, “What do you need from us to get your life back on track: counseling, relocation, a public apology, a church/school or organizational educational program put in place?” While money does not heal emotional and spiritual wounds, it sends a message of acknowledgment that the person was wronged. This is certainly an appropriate measure.

Take victims at their word—believe them. One of the most harmful events for people that have been abused is the pain of not being believed. Clergy abuse happens because some people are more powerful than others. Those in power are more likely to be believed than those with less power. While it is important to be fair to the accused and in-

vestigate the accusation objectively, it is important to give the message, “I believe you” to the victim right from the start.

Can clergy sexual misconduct be eliminated in the Adventist church? I believe the answer is a resounding, “Yes!” It is not only possible, it is our imperative, our duty, to address these issues. Jesus served as our example as he stood on the temple steps exposing the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. It was an uncomfortable time for the disciples and it caused some people to turn away wondering. We cannot let the prospect

of discomfort turn us away from doing what is required. Jesus commissions us, “Feed my sheep.” That is, “Take care of the flock I’ve entrusted to you.” We must stand up for the most vulnerable among us and do whatever we can to stop abuse in our church. ■

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Editor's Note: The following excerpt is published to illustrate the incredible subtlety and tenacity of sexual predators in a religious setting.

We lived on Long Island. Mother wanted me to attend the Adventist academy in Queens. It turned out that one of the teachers lived near us and would be willing for me and my friend Lisa to ride the train with him into the city. I found him a bit "spooky," but it seemed like an answer to

By spring, I would often find my thoughts meandering to the pastor's warmth and love of fun. His ability to attract students continued to impress me. He was a rebel, and that felt good to my adolescence. Often starting or encouraging food fights and cutting up after class, he recommended bucking the system to an extent that represented a freedom I had never experienced before. He was still very careful around me, only occasionally directing his attention to me, and when he did ask me a question or play-

theology of "Spiritual Gifts."

During our commutes, Lisa and I began to compete for Pastor C's attention. Lisa had the advantage. She seemed very comfortable around him. He would tickle her affectionately and sling his arm casually around her shoulders. Sometimes his attention to her would upset me. It seemed very inappropriate when he would bite her nose or pinch the inside of her upper thighs—actions more seemingly appropriate (if ever) if she had been 6 than 16. They had a playful

PASTOR, PROFESSOR, PREDATOR

CHERYL COONEY

prayer so we rode the train together.

Pastor C taught freshman religion and sophomore, junior and senior history that first year. In the mode of a real life Gabe Kaplan, he was skilled at engaging students with wisecracks, followed by an occasional wink or smile. Classroom management consisted of putdowns and sarcasm. Sometimes his threats or his body language suggested physical punishment when he waved a fist or squared his shoulders up against a student. His stories of his gang experiences in Brooklyn and his Navy training as a "SEAL" lent credibility to his threats. Most students knew not to mess with Pastor C.

Despite this harshness, students liked him, thriving on his comments and warm embraces. Sometimes students got his attention even when they were not looking for it—Patty, in particular. He would often wink at her or pinch her cheek, despite the fact that she scowled at him when he did. In fact, Patty scowled so much, he nicknamed her "El Groucho." With me though, he didn't attempt to breach the wall I had raised around myself.

Nonetheless, I began to notice that several students were envious of the time on the train that the pastor, Lisa and I shared. Slowly, a sense of satisfaction began infiltrating my thoughts, and I began to be pleased to have such a coveted benefit—yet I remained unsure it was a privilege I wanted.

fully tease me, I was flattered.

Before I met him, adults had not spoken to me as though I was an equal or capable of speaking on the same level as they were. Pastor C was an adult who was capable of speaking comfortably to teenagers with respect and interest. He knew our lingo and seemed to understand that we were insecure and in search of our identities. He spent time getting to know us and visiting with us before and after school, appearing to enjoy our company.

He offered incontrovertible answers to theological questions no one else had ever answered. He gave credit for this skill to the spiritual gifts he was given, combined with education and his knowledge of Greek, Aramaic and Hebrew (knowledge which unfortunately most other pastors lacked, he said). His explanations released me from the confusing ambivalence I had felt regarding religion. He was a walking theological encyclopedia who took the drudgery out of Bible study by making things relevant to me—explanations customized to real-world examples I understood. And he went at my speed; I could interrupt and ask any question I wanted.

He made spirituality attractive. I was beginning to really want a personal relationship with God. I was certain that such a desire could only be awakened by a God-given messenger, a belief that Pastor C encouraged by his

"thing" going that I didn't understand, but as much as I did not want to be treated as Lisa was, I did not like feeling left out either.

Occasionally, if Lisa were out sick, I would travel alone with Pastor C. When this happened, I worried I would seem uncool to him. So I would ask him questions and listen to his stories. He would comment on other students' dress or behavior and sometimes talk about how pretty Patty was and how much he worried about her well-being. I wondered if he thought I was beautiful, too. His remarks about Patty sometimes seemed inappropriate, though I couldn't describe just why.

Pastor C told me about his high school girlfriends and how pretty they were, describing his relationships, even down to their flirtations and sexual teasing. Sometimes he compared my schoolmates disparagingly with his friends, noting that loyalty was not a quality espoused by my classmates, but that it had been the test of a true friendship among his crowd. He missed his friends, some of whom had died young, either in Vietnam or of disease. One girl coincidentally had shared my name, he told me. Cheryl had been his first love at 13 and had died shortly afterwards of leukemia, a heartbreaking experience that he explained had destroyed his ability to open up to other people for years.

At the end of that first school year,

Pastor C told me that although Patty would always be his "Number One" worker, he had selected me as a worker also. I knew Lisa would be green with envy and I felt bad, but I was thrilled and immediately accepted.

The topic of kissing first came up while we were both alone in the school van in a parking lot. Pastor C had just finished telling me how happy he was that we had become friends and how grateful he was for my friendship. Patty had begun dating a classmate Pastor C did not trust and he was quite upset. He felt very sad and let down that Patty had chosen to date this person. Her choice made it clear to him that I was the more loyal and close friend. The rush I felt at this news brought butterflies to my stomach. But competing with my elation at this new level of acceptance was my jealousy of Patty.

A boyfriend, or even a date, was an achievement I had dreamed about since before the days of reading fantasy books about "malt shoppe" dates. I recognized that I was not as attractive as Patty, but still I wanted to attract boys. Afraid to ask directly how to do that, I asked the pastor

I didn't even kiss my family on the cheek. I was afraid my kiss would be too wet, or too dry, or too tight, or too loose...or miss the mark entirely and I would embarrass myself by kissing someone's ear or nose or something. Not wanting to admit these insecurities, I simply said I was too uncomfortable.

I can still remember the amused twinkle in Pastor C's eyes. Kindly, and playfully, he told me I could practice on him. My stomach became queasy at the thought. I had no intention of practicing on his cheek, but at the same time I also didn't want to go through high school without ever having a boy approach me, so I was slightly tempted to take his offer. He began playfully teasing me, goading me to take the step. I balked. I could not make myself move toward him. And I didn't. That time. I was too shy to reach over and kiss him on the cheek when he expected it. It felt too contrived. Instead, an idea came to me that I would try to find a time to do it spontaneously, in a way that would not seem unusual and that would be similar to my classmate's manner.

Sure enough, when he dropped me off at my house that night, I quickly leaned over the center console of the school van and kissed the pastor goodbye on the cheek. His eyes lit up and he smiled. "Not bad...on a scale of 10, about a two." He had graded my kiss on the cheek! Stunned, I stared at him, insulted that he had the nerve to grade it. At the same time embarrassed that my score wasn't higher, slightly indignant because I was sure it was worth

a higher score. From that night ensued a little game where I would give him multiple pecks on the cheek trying to improve my score. I have no idea how long this took place but of course it was always in private because it would not be an activity anyone would understand—even though kissing on the cheek was harmless...

One day in his classroom, with the door locked, he turned his head while I was "practicing" the cheek kiss. He kissed me on the lips. I became speechless and motionless for what seemed like two to



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CEASE stands for Clergy and Educator Abuse Survivors Empowered.

three seconds after I pulled away. "What's the matter?" the pastor asked me point blank. "I am upset!" I said, equally indignant. And then he said something I could not fathom: "Are you upset because you did not kiss me back?"

The beautiful spring day had been infiltrated by a silent, killing frost. My heart froze.

"No!" I remember almost spitting the word at him.

I was furious. How dare he! I felt like a special moment had been stolen from me. I had never been kissed before and I didn't feel ready to kiss anyone now. What was this married father of two, a minister and teacher no less, doing kissing a student? Kissing on the lips was the most intimate thing I had ever seen on TV or movies. The length of time it took me to walk from his desk at the front of the classroom, to get my things from the chair in the first or second row, to walk behind him to the door seems so long I can picture every second as though it were a minute.

“Pastor C was an adult who was capable of speaking comfortably to teenagers with respect and interest. He knew our lingo and seemed to understand that we were insecure and in search of our identities.”

how I could have more friends. He explained that many people were afraid I would reject them and that I was viewed as "unapproachable." He contrasted my reserve with that of a classmate of mine who would kiss all her fellow students and all her teachers on the cheek every morning.

I was crestfallen to think that I had to be "kissy" in order to make people feel at ease enough to see me as approachable. It seemed an impossible thing to change myself into someone else. For one thing,

continued on page 20

Sexual Abuse and False Accusations

EVALINE WEST

The editors of *Adventist Today*, knowing that I've provided therapy for victims of abuse, asked if in my experience there have been incidences of false accusations of abuse. My answer was, "Yes, but very rarely." I was then asked to briefly share my observations on the subject.

Having read the Drumm article, I'm reluctant to detract from its message, with which I concur. Clergy sexual abuse within the church is a real and devastating problem and must be confronted for the good of all.

On the other hand, to trust every accusation as authentic without careful evaluation provides the potential for another kind of devastating abuse.

False accusations are very rare but do occur. Opportunistic, vengeful, or unprincipled persons may accuse someone in the hope of financial or other gain. An ex-spouse may occasionally convince a child to accuse the other parent in order to win a child custody battle. Children who have been abused at a young age or by more than one person may sometimes confuse the identity of the abuser(s). There are other complex issues that may enter into false accusations.

My intention is not to provide an exhaustive list of types of such accusations, but to admit that they do occur. Furthermore, my purpose is to urge that only those who have specialized training and experience in sexual abuse issues should do evaluation of accusations.

We owe this to all parties.

To underscore this, the local Child Protective Services Agency (California) whose mandate is to protect neglected and abused children, has within it a specific unit whose specially trained personnel conduct all interviews pertaining to accusations of sexual abuse.

I believe that in church-related situations we must use the same caliber of expertise in making determinations of such sensitive and far-reaching consequences. Often specialized public agencies are the best and only source of such competencies. ■

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With my hand poised to turn off the light before leaving the room, I asked the pastor how he could kiss me on the lips when it is not appropriate. When he shrugged his shoulders in an offhand way and walked out of the room, muttering something under his breath about not seeing it as a problem, my blood ran cold. I was stuck. I felt convinced that this man had made a terrible mistake, a fact he needed me to explain to him so that I could save him from a lack of judgment that could cost him salvation, his job and my trust. Visions of my bleak future if I distrusted this man who had become my emotional prop and ego booster blinked in the back of my mind. I did not want to go back to my confused theology...but if he thought there was nothing wrong with kissing a student...all of his theology would be suspect.

After a sleepless night, I awoke with a sickening feeling, instantly remembering the events of the previous afternoon. I still had lots of questions and there was no

one I could ask them of except Pastor C. If I talked with anyone else, I feared expulsion from school for myself and the ruin of his ministry.

I got to the station early and when Pastor C arrived, I told him I needed to speak with him alone. He suggested that we sit in a different car so that we would not be interrupted when Lisa came. I felt very guilty leaving Lisa out so abruptly, but I felt that my need to placate my own distress outweighed my feelings of loyalty to Lisa.

During that morning's train ride, repeatedly over the days and weeks to follow, I debated my questions with him, driven by an icy emptiness in the pit of my stomach that I attributed to a guilty conscience.

His arguments did not change, but became more and more elaborate. Then came the day in Bible class when Pastor C explained the various forms of love in the Bible: there was brotherly love (Phelos), erotic love (Eros), another kind I don't remember, and the very highest form—

Agape. After school, I stayed and worked late so I could travel home with him and ask more questions. I asked him about the four forms of love in more detail, specifically asking if kissing weren't part of Eros. He explained that he was beginning to think that our special friendship was approaching Agape love, the godly form of love, in a way he couldn't understand or explain. It was a form of love which hallowed every act in the relationship. ■

This article is excerpted from a longer piece. C eventually drew Cooney into a full-blown sexual affair that lasted for 11 years. He even proposed to her, claiming God had shown him in a dream that his wife would die and the two of them were to marry. When Cooney was finally freed from the relationship and talked to the conference officials, C was removed from the Adventist ministry, but his parishioners and colleagues were never officially told why. Cooney is now married and struggling to rebuild her life.

He was a tall, skinny kid with long blond hair that he let fall as wind and the casual toss of his head directed. He had come to the church office several times asking for food. Each time he came, a new embellishment had been added to his already impressive display of body jewelry. A ring of silver at the top of his ear. A stud on the side of his nose. Despite my personal lack of appreciation for such accoutrements, I saw a young man who needed help. I put him to work doing odd jobs around the church. After he finished one of his tasks I asked him what he saw in his future. He responded by saying that right now he just wanted to make some money. I asked him what he intended to do with what he earned. His response was immediate and sure: "I want to buy a new nose ring."

I've thought about the conversation during the 20 years since it took place. This kid saw the wave of the future and wanted to be on the crest. At one time,

woman. Not so today. Body piercing and tattoos are an accepted part of American culture. Multimillionaire sports and media stars of both sexes cover all displayable skin (and some that is not) with tattoo "art." All manner of rings, posts, bars and other paraphernalia are placed/dangled/embedded/ hooked in obvious and secret body

at Harvard Divinity School, wrote, "If we are to honor our bodies, it is important to pay attention to how adornment frees or constrains us. What is constraining for one person can be freeing for another. Whereas tattooing may seem a violation of one's freedom not to be wounded and permanently marked for one person, it might be a gesture of freedom for another." ("Body language," *Christian Century*, January 16-23, 2002).

There are, however, compelling factors, apart from aesthetics and moral concerns, that body artists might well consider before breaking any skin surface to insert foreign objects: infection, transmittable disease, tongue studs that break teeth, and piercing, which can cause permanent deformity. Despite the risk,

people want to make their mark, and that mark may be on or within their own body.

Jesus said, "Is not life more important than food and the body more important than clothes?" (Matt 6:25). A person is more than the accumulation of her/his body accoutrements and markings.

The individual who seeks differentiation through adornment is as precious in God's eyes as the Puritan who eschews buttons and bows and is convinced that those who adorn themselves with silver or gold will one day be sent by their Maker to inhabit the lower regions.

We in the church possess no mandate from the Lord to winnow out those who follow a standard other than one we may value. Bible texts traditionally quoted to support an anti-adornment position (James 5:3; 1 Peter 3:3 and others) direct the exegete toward other conclusions than eschewing adornment!

Be gentle, is my plea. Be gentle with the woman or man who practices an adornment ritual different from the one we value. It is my hope that our sight not stop at the things displayed, but rather that we may by God's grace see and value the soul within. ■

Walking Signboards

LAWRENCE DOWNING

parts. Adventist churches and campuses across America are not exempt. Airport alarm systems must go crazy when the mobile gallery goes through security. I am not aware that an Adventist church has installed metal detectors, although some might count them a welcome sacerdotal addition. Keep the saints pure, at least an hour a week—if only it were that simple!

For the record, I do not hold the notion that those who pierce, bedeck or attach things to their bodies violate a moral code. I may look with wonder at those who strut their stuff, which, to some degree, meets the purpose for "body art."

I often ask myself why people mutilate themselves. What need is satisfied by the display? Those who study human behavior have offered several suggestions. Historian Joan Brumberg calls the traveling gallery "'body projects' that

turn the body itself into a canvas to be painted with one's identity, a page to be inscribed with bodily experience."

Professor Stephanie Paulsell, a teacher

“After he finished one of his tasks I asked him what he saw in his future. He responded by saying that right now he just wanted to make some money. I asked him what he intended to do with what he earned. His response was immediate and sure: ‘I want to buy a new nose ring.’”

such displays were limited, for the most part, to sailors and motorcycle gang members. People paid money in the sideshow to gawk at the tattooed

The Schumann Pavilion Sabbath Seminars class of the Loma Linda University Church recently spent four months reviewing and discussing Huston Smith's recent book, *Why Religion Matters: the Fate of the Human Spirit in an Age of Disbelief*.

The main thesis of the book is that modernist Western culture has ridiculed, marginalized or ignored religion, to the detriment of civilization. He names the culprits as the law, the media, higher education and science itself in its guise as scientism, which he defines as the position that sees science as the only valid avenue to truth.

Many class members either disagreed with the book or found parts of it unclear, beginning with the title theme, "Why Religion Matters," which is never satisfactorily addressed in the book. This left as an open question what his real purpose was in writing the book. Especially problematic for the class was his distinction between science and scientism, upon which the main argument of the book depends. It would have been helpful if this had been more carefully explained at the beginning of the book, an issue which should have been taken care of by good editors. As it was, some class members were left with the impression that Smith was against science, preferring a world in which the current dominance of science was replaced by that of religion. We were privileged, however, to have the author himself visit our class to clarify both his purpose in writing the book and his position on science and religion.

On Nov. 9, 2002, we saw a tall, thin, aged gentleman haltingly making his way to a seat at the table in the Schumann Pavilion. Although his frame was frail, his eyes were bright and his

wit sharp as a tack. Obviously proud of his book and enjoying immensely the controversy and attention that it stirred up, he called it "my culminating book," readily admitting that he wrote it to "dump my pet peeves onto the world."

His main peeve is what he sees as an unfair "tilt of the table" against religion,

views, but nevertheless, the condescending attitudes toward religion exemplified by advocates of Scientism have so thoroughly permeated higher education that religious viewpoints have a hard time gaining a serious hearing in Western intellectual circles.

Smith stated, "I want an end to the adversarial position of science and religion to one of dignified partnership. I do not want dominance of religion, but an end to the tilt relationship." Smith believes that the future of

HUSTON, WE HAVE A PROBLEM

Huston Smith Responds to Questions on Science and Religion

JOHN
TESTERMAN

promoted by the intellectual establishment and abetted by the media and the law. He charges that the universities still operate largely on the developmental view of science and religion promoted by Auguste Comte, that religion represents a primitive way of looking at the world, only to be replaced by science as civilization advances.

Science, "the enterprise that discovers empirical facts about the universe," has been transmuted by the academy into "Scientism," the view that "the scientific method is the only or most important way of getting at truth and that the most fundamental building blocks of reality are material," conclusions that Smith points out are not themselves discoverable by science, but are philosophical presuppositions.

The prevailing attitude toward religion is perhaps worst exemplified by the statement of some of his scientific colleagues, "We don't even bother to ignore you." On questioning, Smith admitted that the majority of individual scientists were not so extreme in their

civilization itself depends on its achieving this dynamic partnership between the two entities that have often blamed each other—"religion has given us the will to destroy the world and science the means." Now the two need to work together from their respective areas of

"I want an end to the adversarial position of science and religion to one of dignified partnership. I do not want dominance of religion, but an end to the tilt relationship." Smith believes that the future of civilization itself depends on its achieving this dynamic partnership.

expertise to find a way to a viable future.

Science by itself can't find a way to a sustainable future because "it can't get its fingers on values, meanings and purposes," which are the special province of the religious wisdom traditions. "Numbers don't carry existential meaning."

All eight of the major enduring world religions agree on transcendence—transcending our physical reality there is a dimension from which our world derives its meaning and purpose. “If anything characterizes modernity, it is the loss of transcendence, a reality which surpasses and encompasses our everyday world,” said Smith. “It is a simple logical mistake to think that science alone is the royal road to truth, that it can open the door to truth of every sort, knowledge in all areas.” Paraphrasing Einstein, he said “Science tells us what matter does, religion tells us what it means.”

The world needs the meaningful worldview supplied by religion, which holds human beings accountable to a power higher than their own egos. “If you begin with matter, you are lost,” Smith stated. “In the worldview of science, we are the more that has derived from the less. In the worldview of religion, we are the less that has derived from the more.”

In response to questions pointing out the multiplicity of religious teachings in the world, Smith had this to say: “You can’t speak ‘language;’ you speak German, Japanese, etc. If God wants to communicate with a people, he (she/it) has to use the idiom of the culture.” This is why on the level of specific teachings, each religion is different, but the great enduring religious traditions agree on the core concepts that underlie the surface differences.

Regarding the often contradictory nature of claimed “revelation,” Smith stated, “You recall the old RCA record logo, with the dog listening to ‘his master’s voice.’ On those old Victrola recordings, the dog was hearing not only the voice of the master, but a lot of scratchiness. When we listen to God, we hear not only the voice of God but a lot of scratchiness provided by the human condition. We often mistake the scratchiness for the voice of God.”

“The micro world of quantum mechanics and the mega world of relativity can’t be reduced to the human language of the macro world of

human experience without contradiction and paradox. Science therefore uses the technical language of mathematics to translate. Likewise the divine world can’t be reduced to human language accurately without contradiction and paradox. Religion therefore uses the technical language of myth, metaphor and story to capture its truths in humanly understandable form.”

Smith states that as a young man he had set out to begin a career in theology by studying at the University of Chicago. Then he read the Christian mystics, which totally changed his worldview and launched him in the direction he has followed ever since in studying and making available to the educated public the teachings of the world’s great wisdom traditions. This led ultimately to the publication of his bestselling book, *The World’s Religions* and a five-part PBS television series with Bill Moyers.

Huston Smith envisions a world in which the two greatest powers, science and religion, will work as partners for the betterment of civilization. He is optimistic that this necessary reconciliation will happen. Already he sees signs of mutual respect and a new willingness to dialogue from both sides. If they fail at this task, if either partner dominates the other or plays an arrogant and destructive role, then the future of mankind could be grim. ■

AToday next issue

Ciro Sepulveda on
the changing craft of
Adventist historians.

Kenneth Richards
on authority in the
church

Janine Goffar on
President Paulsen’s
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Medicine and Prayer in New Guinea: A MISSION REPORT

RICHARD WORLEY

Modern medicine and Papua New Guinea (PNG) provide an interesting mix. You walk down a ward after a heart team's visit and see patient after patient with "football stitches" down the center of their chests. Lack of air conditioning and humid weather create a languid atmosphere that takes away much of the mystery of medicine.

Patients eat food brought by friends and relatives. Patients often have relatives who may sleep under the bed and keep the store of food there as well. In some parts of the country, relatives may hear cries of pain or get the idea that things are going badly and threaten medical personnel. Isolating patients can be difficult.

When the beloved father of a faculty member at Pacific Adventist University (PAU) suffered a severe heart attack we vicariously experienced several of the conditions that make health care in PNG unique and reveal the Great Physician at work.

Reuben Alu's chest became tighter and tighter as he continued to mow the lawn. Finally he had to lie down with the crushing pain. "Stupid" was the word he used to describe himself. He was rushed to the intensive care unit (ICU) at the Port Moresby General Hospital and his wife Pele, PAU's registrar, stayed with him constantly.

Several patients were side by side in the ICU, and it was clear from the monitors that some, including Reuben, were dying. This was confirmed by the "bed-side manner" of the hurried and harried

staff who moved from patient to patient. Reuben's malarial fever, chest pain and desperate struggles for breath as his lungs filled with fluid were more than ominous.

As Pele sat there, two men in similar condition and with similar monitor readings died within hours after their arrival. Reuben's blood pressure shot up as the first man struggled and died in the adjacent bed. The man's anguished wife rushed in and cried out, "How can you leave me, who will take care of your children?"

When the second man died, ICU protocol broke down. A large group of relatives from the village, perhaps 20, rushed into the ICU to be with him. As noted, this can be dangerous as some may assault doctors or break things in their distress. In at least one village hospital relatives are not allowed inside, because if things seem to be going wrong they may attack the doctors and nurses.

By Sunday Reuben was in really bad shape and was expected to go any time. He had not rested and was in great discomfort. The doctors' demeanor clearly indicated that they expected him to die momentarily.

At this time events took a fortuitous turn. A man of about five feet with a very traditional, rural village look—barefoot, with well-worn clothing—came in with a Bible. The doctors and the nurses told him to leave, but he said he had come to pray for a patient. They responded to the request by firmly explaining why he could not come in and were adamant that he must leave immediately.

He said he had to pray for a patient. He

spotted Reuben and said, "That is the man." Reuben and his wife had never seen the man before (actually, Reuben did not see him then) and they have not seen him since. Pele indicated to the staff that a little prayer might give some comfort to Reuben, so they stopped ordering him out.

The little man said they should kneel down. He took Pele's hand, and she noted his hand was soft like a woman's. After an earnest prayer, he arose and left. On his way out he stopped by a bed and stroked the forehead of a young girl who had been flown to Moresby for treatment of snakebite. She was on a drip, with tubes down her throat, and her father said doctors hoped to remove the tubes in three days. A few hours later the medical personnel felt they could remove the tubes. The girl was fine and was discharged within a day.

To the amazement of the doctors, Reuben also began to get better right away and his pain subsided. It was not instantaneous but was clearly miraculous. Thoughts of surgery in Australia left with the pain. A year later Reuben is seen jogging and mowing his lawn, and he feels great.

As Reuben and Pele and their two small daughters shared their experience a year ago in the small chapel at PAU to an audience of people from many parts of the South Pacific as well as from western countries, they all could sense God's presence and could not doubt his miracle-working power. ■

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