

CHALCEDON Report

A Monthly Report Dealing With the Relationship of Christian Faith to the World

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EDITORIAL

NO PART-TIME CHRISTIANITY

There is an old Armenian proverb of amused skepticism that asks, "Your mother was an onion, your father a garlic, so how did you become sweet sugar?" Politics today is the art of masquerading as sugar when you are garlic, of acting as a saint when you are a scoundrel.

Our faith tells us that man is a fallen creature. The Bible is emphatic that man is depraved, that "there is none righteous, no, not one" (*Romans 3:10,12; Psalm 14:1-3; 53:1-3*). This means that efforts to build a good society with evil men are doomed. As the old proverb has it, "You cannot make a good omelet with bad eggs." But it is basic to politics in the modern age that *the* good society is best built without Christ and apart from Biblical law. Christians are regarded as a roadblock to the good society. The issues are clear to our humanists. The church is less aware of them. Too many churchmen believe that the good society can be built on the foundation of humanistic man and without the Lord.

St. Paul is emphatic on the impossibility of any good order apart from the Lord, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (*I Cor. 3:11*). Our Lord concludes His Sermon on the Mount by describing the two foundations. One house is built upon a foundation of sand. The storms and floods of life wash away the foundation and destroy that house. The other is built upon a rock (literally, in the Greek, upon *the* Rock), and therefore it does not fall (*Matthew 7:24-27*). In every area of life and thought, our lives must be built upon the Rock.

A few years ago, when we devoted an issue of the Journal of Christian Reconstruction to Christianity and Business, Dan Maxwell spoke to several wealthy evangelicals in business, inviting them to submit articles. Their reaction was, What does Christianity have to do with my business? They could not relate God's law-word to their work.

But the fact is that there is only one kind of Christian, the full-time one. In every area of our lives, work, and thinking, we must be governed by the Lord and His word. We cannot reduce our faith to fire and life insurance: we must be the Lord's faithful people in all that we do.

Our faith must have a vital and active relationship to our everyday life. As Calvin wrote, "The gospel in its very nature, breathes the odour of life: but if we are stubborn and rebellious, this grace will become a ground of terror, and Christ will convert the very doctrine of his salvation into a sword and arrows against us."

Part-time Christianity is a contradiction in terms. The mystery religions so common in New Testament times satisfied peoples of the Roman Empire by providing reassuring doctrines about the future life. They were part-time religions:

they only provided limited services and knowledge to people; they did not command them nor govern a person's total life. The radical character of Christianity was that it demanded that *all things* in every sphere of life and thought be commanded by the triune God. This is why Christianity had martyrs, and the mystery religions had none. Our faith requires, not a retreat into a particular corner, but a capture of every sphere of life and thought for Christ the King.

R.J. Rushdoony

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In the January 1993 issue of the *Chalcedon Report* there is mention on page 19 under topic number 7 of unusual road names.

One you mention is Upe Street in Beach Lake, PA.

I was born and raised in that small farm town in northeast Pennsylvania.

The Upe's were a husband and wife, Janis and Herta, who were refugees from Latvia. They had fled first the Nazis and then the Communists, having been imprisoned by both during and after WWII.

They were both wonderful individuals and our family got to know them very well. He was a jurist in Latvia, and they emigrated to this country in the '50's.

At any rate, I had the pleasure of a continued relationship during my high school and college and graduate years, being welcomed in their home any time I was in the village. They loved to discuss politics, treated you as a special guest with coffee and cookies and were especially hungry for conversation with anyone whose knowledge of events went beyond the TV. My brother John (Trinity Foundation) and I were always welcome.

Both have passed away many years back.

By the way, I have been a reader of your publications and books since the '60's and first met you in either 1970 or '71.

James O. Robbins
Industry, CA

Continued on page 24

The Australian conference, under the leadership of Ian Hodge (1992), on "The Church in the Modern World," covered the history of the church from the apostolic era to the present. Subjects such as "The Church and Islam," "Political vs. Christian Salvation," "The Church and Humanism," "Origins of the New World Order," and more, were covered in the eight tapes. The speakers were Otto Scott, R.J. Rushdoony, and Bob Burcher. These tapes can be ordered now. They provide an important perspective on our past and our present condition.

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THE ADORNO SCALE REVISITED

By *Otto Scott*

A little over ten years ago I submitted an essay to this publication regarding the Adorno Scale. That scale, which was in the book *The Authoritarian Personality*, by Theodore Adorno, was originally headed *The F Scale* (F for fascist).

It sought to establish a link between Fascism and conservatism in the US (as the essay explains) and convinced a majority of the American Jewish community that this is a valid connection.

I was reminded of it (and its influence) by a review in *Chronicles*¹ by Alan J. Levine (April, 1993) titled *Every Man a Victim*. The subject of the review, by the way, is Charles Sykes' book: *A Nation of Victims: the Decay of the American Character*.² I have not read Sykes' work, but, according to Levine, it examines the tendency to place ideas into a medical category — a widespread tendency today that is having very dangerous effects upon both intellectual life and freedom. I was especially caught, in this context, by one of Levine's parenthetical observations.

In the past, many people have described their political opponents as mad, sometimes with justification; it was for Adorno and his colleagues to transform their own political views into psychoanalytical diagnoses of their rightist opponents. In purely political terms, *The Authoritarian Personality* was an important milestone in the progressive blurring of the difference between conservatism and fascism and in the identification of middle-class values as the roots of fascism.

It is a sign of Christian intellectual provinciality that this 'milestone,' as Levine calls it, was largely unknown to Christians when it appeared, remained unknown ten years ago when I mentioned it here, and is still largely unknown.

Yet when *The Authoritarian Personality* first appeared, it was the number one topic in general conversation among intellectual circles in San Francisco, where I first encountered the subject — and the book. That was over a generation ago! That a book can remain influential so long and still be unknown to Christians is simply appalling. The Christian community apparently lives in an intellectual cocoon bounded by the Bible, serenely unaware of the surrounding world, indifferent to what is said about it or its beliefs as translated into social opinions. The average Christian seems to expect the clergy to do all his intellectual work for him. That is an illusion.

The clergy has to be supported and protected by the congregation. A clergyman explains and defines the faith. But the congregation is composed of people who work in the world, and it their duty to protect and defend the faith in the world. They cannot do that if they are indifferent to the world, inattentive to what it says and does to members of the faith.

In that context *The Authoritative Personality* did not openly attack the faith: it attacked the traditional values of most Americans and charged that they are inherently fascist. That these values reflect Christianity led to later charges by others that Christianity was responsible for the suffering of Jews under Hitler. In time, as Levine makes clear, this has led to the charge that the American First people in the Thirties were antiSemites, because they did not believe that this nation should go to war against Germany. We have today seen similar charges escalate to the level where those who demur against the flood of present immigration (legal and illegal) are called racists because that flood is dominated by black and brown people.

There are echoes of these trends on all sides. Bill Bennett, the former Secretary of Education and the former Drug 'Czar' who did nothing to improve education and less to halt drugs, heard Pat Buchanan defend our traditional culture and said Buchanan was "flirting with fascism." That is not a small charge. Levine cites William Ryan's book (1971) *Blaming the Victim* "which details, in hysterical style, how anyone who suggests that there was a culture of poverty, or that the down-trodden might have to change some of their own behavior, was a bigot."

In the real world, one ignores such developments at one's peril. The Christian community does not seem to pay any attention to its critics, and one result is that they have multiplied almost beyond calculation. They produce anti-Christian books, films, plays, satires and even pornography, while Christians pretend that this tide is not lapping at their churches, seeping into the minds of their children, pressing the government of the United States into increasingly anti-Christian regulations, rulings and restrictions.

It is more than time that these threats to the faith be recognized and their authors named and read. For that reason I have decided to resubmit my decade-old essay on the Adorno Theory. Perhaps its relevance will be more easily recognized, this time around.

¹ Published monthly by the Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.

THE ADORNO SCALE

By *Otto Scott*

It is not enough to agree with Richard Weaver that "ideas have consequences"; it is necessary to remember the evil influence of mistaken ideas. One great example of a bad idea floated through intellectual circles during World War II; it slid easily into Academia and emerged with devastating effect upon our democratic processes in a book titled *The Authoritarian Personality* (Harper & Row, 1950).

Authored by Dr. Theodore W. Adorno and Max Horkheimer, with pages of "research" by other social scientists, *The Authoritarian Personality* argued that persons holding certain views about society could, by nature of these views,

be accurately adjudged racists and antiSemites. So certain were the authors of their assumptions that they even provided an "F-Scale" (F for Fascist) by which individuals could measure one another, and, on the basis of certain held opinions, could determine that an individual could be held guilty of harboring prejudices he did not voice.

Although most great intellectual breakthroughs have had a difficult time being accepted, the Adorno Theory met with little initial resistance. It traveled from Academia throughout American society with great rapidity, and to this day remains one of the more popular myths of the nation. For many Americans, including many who have never heard of Dr. Adorno, it is an article of faith upon which their social and political ideas are rooted.

In a later explanation, Dr. Adorno said he originally toyed with the idea of adding hostility to modern art as one of the links between attitudes and prejudice, but dropped that thought because such "hostility presupposed a certain level of culture" at a time when most Americans had not been exposed to modern art. Dr. Adorno did not add the obvious: that a preference for modern art could be linked, by his theory, to a lack of racial prejudice. But that assumption, implicit in the Theory from the start, gained popular credibility. A recognition of this enables one to perceive the reason for many social and political arguments in the American postwar society that are otherwise inexplicable.

Of course, the Adorno Theory did not retain scholarly respectability very long. Dr. Sidney Hook and Dr. Ronald Berman and others were coolly sarcastic about Adorno's assumptions. Dr. Berman referred to it in 1969 as "a theory which for two decades has been increasingly dissipated by the cold light of inquiry. There may be an authoritarian personality," he continued, "but it makes precious few distinctions among systems, and is diffused throughout the political spectrum. . . . If anything, [quoting Edwin N. Barker], the authoritarian leftists appear to be more selective in their intolerance, e.g., they tend to censure only rightists" (*America in the Sixties*, The Free Press; 1968; p. 181). By that standard, Dr. Adorno himself was an authoritarian personality.

Nevertheless, the Adorno Theory lives and is accepted by millions as automatically valid, though seldom given coherent expression. A small army of writers march to the tune of the F-Scale, and their works are available in every library and bookstore.

One consequence of the Theory has been the intrusion of sociology and psychoanalytic theory into politics and even into judicial decisions. Another has been the expansion of the Theory into our culture, into the theater, media and advertising. Advertising is especially important in the context of popular ideas, because most American publications are supported, directly or indirectly, by the private sector, and advertising is the vehicle of that support.

Once congeries of conservative attitudes in religion, politics, national defense and culture were accepted as the

equivalent of racism and anti-Semitism, the advertising agencies began to look coldly at conservatively-oriented publications. One of the first to suffer was the old *Saturday Evening Post*, despite its circulation of over six million. Once the editors of the *Post* realized they were the targets of a Madison Avenue boycott, they turned handsprings in order to gain re-approval — to no avail. Meanwhile, leftist publications became respectable. *Rolling Stone* can carry vicious cartoons without being accused of prejudice: that is the unenviable monopoly of the right.

That is not to say that the advertising industry mounted a conspiracy. The agencies merely reflected the lower levels of popular rationalizations. It is the nature of advertising to go along with popular myths. The actual selection of media outlets is done by media buyers inside the agencies. Large clients believe in letting experts handle such details; few firms dispute a media buyer's recommendations.

To my knowledge, no survey has ever been undertaken to examine the attitudes and opinions of media buyers, to see if there is any correlation between their attitudes and their choices. It would be a phenomenon close to the miraculous, however, if no correlation could be discovered.

The reasons for my persistence and the popularity of the Adorno Theory are far from mysterious. The F-Scale provides a standard against which the protests of the judged are held to be hypocritical. And the unpleasant fact is that the passage of time has strengthened, and not reduced, the effectiveness of the Theory. The F-Scale now includes Fundamentalists Christians and others not originally categorized. Although Dr. Jerry Falwell is a supporter of Israel, he is, nevertheless, held to lead an anti-Semitic organization. The Moral Majority is considered, by believers in the F-Scale, to be obviously fascist.

The Adorno Theory, therefore, is all around us, and it seems likely to remain for the rest of our lives. It may even last for generations, for militant prejudice cloaked as intellectuality is one of the more difficult demons to exorcise from a nation. Only adherence to the F-Scale, which brands all dissenters to a liberal catechism with the labels of racism and anti-Semitism, explains the disdain of the media for conservative spokesmen and policies, and the otherwise mysterious preference of advertising agencies for the more leftist of publication choices. It also explains the reluctance of so many politicians to be associated with conservative positions and groups, especially in respect to "social" issues.

It is more than time, therefore, that conservatives and Christians (who are not synonymous, and not always together on a number of issues) should realize that they are tarred, and have been for a number of years, by the same brush. It is more than time that the assumptions of Dr. Adorno, conceived in the heat of a terrible war and in the distress of his expulsion from Germany, should be dragged into the light of day to be examined and laid to rest in the name of freedom, justice, and truth.

DOMINION WORK

MORAL LEADERSHIP

By Joseph R. McAuliffe

Prior to his death, the author Walker Percy was questioned as to what concerned him most about the future of America. Percy said: "Probably the fear of seeing America, with all its great strength and beauty and freedom, . . . gradually subside into decay through default and be defeated, not by the Communist movement, demonstrably a bankrupt system, but from within by weariness, boredom, cynicism, greed, and in the end, helplessness before its great problems." Had Percy lived to witness the Clinton Administration, perhaps he would have included the anti-Christian statism which presently defines our corroding social order.

Even Pollyanna would have to admit that America is chronically ill. The triumph of abortion rights, the acceptance of homosexuality, the pervasive enslavement to pornography, drugs, gambling, debt, the break up of families, and the cultural repudiation of Biblical values all testify to what Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn spoke of earlier this year: "The West has been undergoing an erosion and obscuring of high moral and ethical ideas. . . . The spiritual axis of life has grown dim."

Permit me to cite several recent studies that illustrate the moral decline in America. *U.S. News and World Report* in their article, "Terror in the Schools," discloses that in our nation's schools over the last five years:

- Robberies have increased by 37%,
- Homicides have increased by 18%,
- Attempted rapes have increased by 40%,
- Assaults on students have increased by 75%,
- Assaults on teachers have increased by 77%.

In 1965, there were no security guards in Chicago schools. Today there are over 700.

The Heritage Foundation and the Empower America organizations have recently created the Index of Leading Cultural Indicators that quantify the moral, social, and behavioral conditions of America from 1960 to present. Despite a 500 percent increase in governmental social spending and educational programs, and a Gross Domestic Product that has nearly tripled, "the fact that," according to novelist John Updike, "we still live well, cannot ease the pain of feeling we no longer live nobly."

- Teenage suicides have risen 350%,
- Children with single mothers have risen 275%,
- Illegitimate births have risen 419%,
- Children on Welfare have risen 325%,
- Violent crimes have risen 560%.

What has declined during this thirty year period includes:

- SAT scores have dropped from 975 to 889,
- Median prison sentences for serious crimes from 22 to 8 days.

The principal explanation for the moral decline is the val-

ues revolution that has displaced Biblical faith in favor of a self-serving, secular value system. Social Scientist James Q. Wilson writes that: "the powers exercised by the institutions of social control have been constrained and people, especially young people, have embraced an ethos that values self expression over self control." William Bennet, co-director of Empower America, declares that: "our society now places less value than before on what we owe to others as a matter of moral obligations; less value on sacrifice as a moral good; less value on social conformity and respectability; and less value on correctness and restraint in matters of physical pleasure and sexuality."¹ The fundamental moral problem in America is best summarized by the expression describing Israel during their degeneration: ". . . there was no king in Israel; everyone did what was right in his own eyes" (*Judges 21:25*).

The consequences of this moral revolution have affected every aspect of national life, and invariably, for the worse. The caliber of political leadership, the economic standard of living, the theological vitality of the churches, the performance of our educational system, and the condition of our families, have all been adversely altered by our spiritual rebellion against God. Although history is replete with peoples and nations that have morally sunk to the abyss, it is unlikely that moral temperature has ever been so low in America's history.

The Civil War years in America (1861-65) were palpably a time of a great crisis for the relatively young nation. The country was split, not only over the slavery issue, but over the precise nature and role of the system of civil government in America. During this fractured time, the United States Senate passed a resolution signed by President Lincoln on March 30, 1863, that called the leadership and people of this nation to repent before God and to invoke His intervention to heal the nation. Despite the rising tides of secularism being promulgated by the Unitarians, Darwinians, and nascent Marxists of that period, the political leadership nevertheless acknowledged the Almighty God of Scripture and they possessed the wisdom and faith to call the nation back to Him. The tragedy of our time is that we instead have spiritual impotents governing us who either don't believe in or are afraid to acknowledge what their Senatorial ancestry did 130 years ago in a cataclysm.

"Whereas, the Senate of the United States, devoutly recognizing the Supreme Authority and Just Government of Almighty God, in all the affairs of men and of nations, has, by a resolution, requested the President to designate and set apart a day for National prayer and humiliation. . . ."

This resolution paralleled the response of the leadership of Nineveh when confronted with the divine message of judgment articulated by Jonah. The Senate resolution affirms God's authority over His creation, including the government of nations. They also knew from Scripture that divine intervention is often prompted by fasting, prayer and other expressions of humility and that in order for America to pull through their turmoil, God's grace was necessary. Today, our cultural elite — political, media, and educational — is above such medieval superstition. They purport to resolve all our problems with

another federal program, Cabinet agency, more legislation, regulation, and of course . . . taxes.

"And whereas, it is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions, in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon; and to recognize the sublime truth, announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord:

And, insomuch as we know that, by His divine law, nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war, which now desolates the land, may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole People?"

How dare these Senators say such things that so blatantly violate our contemporary interpretation of the First Amendment? Didn't they believe in the sacrosanct separation of church and state? Their Resolution affirms not merely God's existence, but His active Lordship over the nation. This bipartisan political document reflects a fundamental theological consensus concerning God's Providence and Sovereignty in America at that time. America, they reasoned, was being judged by God because of presumptuous sins and unless the political leadership and people corporately repent, the ruination would continue. Such is our lot as well today, but we have no statesmen from any political party willing to call us back to God.

"We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us! It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness."

This political resolution reads like a sermon — one that needs to be preached in every pulpit as well as every legislature and court in our land. The Senate simply paraphrased that great but forgotten twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy which asserts that God will either bless or curse nations in accordance with their compliance to His laws. History is not the province of great men, conspiratorial clans, class struggles, geographic frontiers, or political ideologies. History is the outworking of God's eternal covenant, and the basic lesson of history is that the well-being of each generation is dependent upon the degree of honor rendered to the revelation of Almighty God.

Men may forget God, but God never forgets men. The pressing issue of our time is the same for all time — will we turn to God or trust in fallen men? The moral crisis, the dissolution of a once great nation, the darkness that defines us, all attest to our unwillingness, unlike our forefathers, to have

Jesus Christ rule over us. The task for the Christian church in America is to be the pillar and support of the truth and serve this generation according to the will of God.

¹ William Bennet, *Wall Street Journal*, March 15, 1993, A12.

OUR MAN IN WASHINGTON A CALLING TO DISAGREE AND BE SILENT?

By John Lofton

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." — John 14:6

Note please, what the Lord Jesus Christ says here. He says that He is the way, the truth and *the* life, *not* a way, a truth, a life. But, still, there are, alas, the pluralists among us who seem to differ.

On his talk show (3/9/93) on the Christian radio station WAVA in Virginia near Washington D.C., the host Mark Gilman had as his guest author Os Guinness. When Gilman asks Guinness about "those out there in the public platform right now that are saying that the future of this country relies in Christians taking over values, Christians taking over government, Christians deciding within their one voice to try and set the goals of this country for the future," Guinness says, approvingly: "Christians don't have a united voice, I'm not sure they ever should because on political, economic, aesthetic, and many issues like that; there is a richness in the Gospel which means that diversity isn't always chaos. It's part of richness and strength. And the idea that on every issue we should be in lockstep, saying the same things, is a fallacy."

But what does God say? Not this.

Psalm 133:1 exclaims: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Romans 12:16 says: "Be of the same mind one toward another." And 1 Corinthians 1:10 says: "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." Others have rendered this to read that we should "agree in what you profess" and "agree in what you say," that we should "not allow yourselves to be split up into parties" or "factions," that "all together you should be achieving a unity" and "be knit together" in "your understanding and judgment,"

that we should be “of one mind and one opinion,” that we should be “seeing things from the same point of view.”

First Corinthians 12:25 tells us: “That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care for one another.” Others have rendered this to say that there should be “no clash,” “no discord,” “no division” in the body, that “the body should work together as a whole.” Second Corinthians 4:13 says that we have “the same spirit of faith.” And in 2 Corinthians 12:18, St. Paul, speaking of Titus and a brother, asks in part: “Did Titus make a gain of you? walked we not in the same spirit? walked we not in the same steps?”

In Ephesians 3:6 we are told that the gentiles should be fellowheirs, “and of the same body, and partakers of his promise in Christ by the gospel.” Ephesians 4:3 speaks of “endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Ephesians 4:13 tells of the necessity of our coming “in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the stature of the fulness of Christ.” Or, as some have rendered it, “till we all attain the same faith,” “till we all of us arrive at oneness in faith,” “until finally we all believe alike about our salvation.”

In Ephesians 6:22, St. Paul, speaking of a beloved brother and faithful minister of the Lord, Tychicus, says he has sent him “for the same purpose, that ye might know our affairs, and that he might comfort your hearts.” And Philippians 2:2 commands: “Fulfill ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind.” Alternative readings render this as “by living in harmony,” “by your mutual identity of purpose,” “with united souls,” “to one and the same object,” “[with] your hearts beating in unison, your minds set on one purpose.”

Philippians 2:18 says: “For the same cause also do ye joy, and rejoice with me.” Another rendering is: “In like manner do ye also joy.” Philippians 3:1 says: “Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord. To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe.” Others translate this “To repeat the same warnings is not wearisome to me.” And: “For you it is reassuring,” “it is good for you to hear it again and again,” the same thing. Philippians 3:16 urges us to “walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.” Or: “Let us persevere in the same course.”

In Philippians 4:2 Euodias and Syntyche are commanded to “be of the same mind in the Lord.” Colossians 4:8 speaks again, of Tychicus who has been sent “for the same purpose, that he might know your estate, and comfort your hearts.” Second Timothy 2:2 says that “the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.” And Hebrews 11:9 speaks of the heirs of those who sojourned in the land of promise, having dwelt in the tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, as being heirs of “the same promise.”

Hebrews 13:8 tells us that Jesus Christ is “the same yesterday, and today, and forever.” First Peter 4:1 says, in part: “Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind.” Or: “The same

resolve,” “the same determination,” “the same attitude.” First Peter 4:10 says: “As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.” Second Peter 3:7 says: “But the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.”

And 1 John 2:27 tells us: “But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.”

Amen! “The faith which was once delivered unto the saints” (Jude 3) is sufficient! We do *not* need that which any man teaches us. No way! And this is what is so sinful and evil about the notion that Christians need not speak with one voice: It contradicts what God says! The kind of pluralism and diversity preached by Gilman and Guinness is “another gospel.” This is false teaching.

In his “Precious Remedies Against Satan’s Devices” (excerpts of which are available in booklet form from Calvary Press, Box 805, Amityville, N.Y. 11701), Thomas Brooks (1608-1680), one of the greatest Puritan writers and pastors, tells us the distinguishing marks of false teachers. (1) They are men-pleasers, those Brooks calls “soul-destroyers” and “hell’s greatest enrichers”; they are “smooth teachers” who are “sweet soul-poisoners” (*Jeremiah 23:16,17*). And this is precisely what all this blather regarding pluralism and diversity is about. It seeks to please men. It seeks to avoid giving offense or making any waves. But the Scripture commands us to, first, *fear* God!

Brooks says the second distinguishing mark of false teachers (2) “is that they are notable for casting dirt, scorn and reproach upon the person, names and credits of Christ’s most faithful ambassadors.” And those of us here at Chalcedon are trying, with every fiber of our being, to be such faithful ambassadors. Amen! We believe that Jesus Christ is King of Kings, Lord of Lords! He is the God who governs *everything* — “values, government, the future of this country, politics, economics, aesthetics.” You name it and Jesus Christ is Lord and Savior of it. All power in heaven and in earth *is* given to Him! But notice how Gilman and Guinness deny this and disagree with those who believe this.

Brooks says another distinguishing mark of false teachers (3) is “That they spew out the devises and visions of their own heads and hearts.” Brooks calls these inventions “brain-sick fantasies.” And there is no fantasy more brain-sick than the false teaching that Christians are not to speak with one voice.

Brooks says that another way to tell false teachers (4) is: “They easily pass over the great and weighty things both of the law and the gospel, and dwell mostly upon those things that are of the least importance and concern to the soul of men.” Amen again! Gilman and Guinness, for the most part, major in minors. They strain at gnats and swallow camels. For example, Guinness was one of the movers-and-shakers behind the wretched ecumenical Williamsburg Charter document, the purpose of which was to extoll, not Jesus Christ, but

“religion,” to try and find common ground between believers and unbelievers — again, to please *men*. And this sinful desire relates to another Brooks point (5) that false teachers “strive more earnestly to win men over to their opinions, than to improve their behavior.”

Thomas Brooks says of these false teachers that we must “shun them and so deliver your souls out of their dangerous snares. And that you may, my prayers shall meet yours at the throne of grace.” And my prayers are the same for you, too, friends.

John Lofton is presently speaking on: ‘The Spiritual War We Are In And How God Commands Us To Fight It: Why Christians Are So Numerous Yet, Alas, So Powerless In America Today.’ To Negotiate directly with John regarding a speaking date, you can call him at: (301)490-0104, or fax him: (301)953-3423, or write him at: 313 Montgomery St. Laurel, MD 20707

DOROTHY RUSHDOONY’S COMMENTS

“11. When men shall strive together one with another, and the wife of the one draweth near for to deliver her husband out of the hand of him that smiteth him, and putteth forth her hand, and taketh him by the secrets:

12. Then thou shalt cut off her hand, thine eye shall not pity her.” —Deuteronomy 25:11,12

Now here are verses that certainly should interest women! First, because they speak about a sin that only a woman could commit and because of the severity of the punishment. The totally rational mind would certainly not understand why this crime is so terrible and would strongly disapprove of the punishment that was to ensue. Looking at it rationally, what had she done that was so bad? But all of life must be viewed, not rationally, but religiously, and so, because God has passed judgment, we must say *Amen* to His judgment and try to understand what God is teaching us. I don’t think a godly woman would have much trouble understanding that since man is created in God’s image with the task of subduing and having dominion over God’s creation, he needs to have self assurance and godly pride. But let’s review the situation. According to verse 11, two men are in deadly physical combat. The wife of the one man draws near and grabs the other man’s privates. What are the consequences? Well, the fight is over!! We are assuming that the woman didn’t mortally injure her

husband’s opponent, so he is not happy, but he’ll recover. But what of the husband? I miss my guess if he didn’t wish he were dead. He is shamed, he is mortified, and time is going to change nothing. And the woman, what about her? Well, if she tries to justify her action by saying that she was trying to help her husband, she only succeeds in proving that she is stupid as well as being a bossy, intrusive female. God made us male and female with certain unique qualities, and we don’t always enjoy all that implies, but we are never going to change that reality. We are blessed only when we accept God’s reality and the limitations that the law-word necessitates.

Verse 12 is most interesting. Since the executioner will be a man, and since men are basically tender toward women, God found it necessary to say, “thine eye shall not pity,” in order to ensure that the punishment would be meted out.

Any number of forecasters of the future believe the world is headed toward anarchy. Certainly the family in the U.S.A. is in a fearful condition. It will not improve until women again realize that without clearly defined authority, beginning in marriage, there will be no improvement. The ad that says, “You’ve come a long way, baby,” is stupid. If smoking is what women have achieved and what they are to be proud of, we certainly are sorry creatures.

The text tells us that a woman cannot transcend her boundaries without sin. A woman’s weapons are the weapons of weakness; she is not a fair fighter. She cannot help her husband by demeaning him. She must respect the manhood of all men. Her strength is to know her place, *to be a woman*.

TEACHING IN RUSSIA

By Mrs. Maren Halvorson

“May God be gracious to us and bless us and make his face to shine upon us; Selah; may your ways be known on earth, your salvation among all nations.” —Psalm 67:1,2

During the 73 year communist regime in Russia, atheism was virtually compulsory. Since the collapse of communism in Russia, the authorities have been keenly aware of a need for the people to have a firm foundation upon which to build their morals and ethics. Authorities have issued an invitation to several religious groups to come into the countries of the CIS (Commonwealth of Independent States) and teach ethics, but the primary group to do so thus far has been a coalition of several evangelical American Christian groups, called “CoMission to Russia.” Under the auspices of this group, I traveled to the Ukraine in January to participate in two 4-day workshops to teach Ukrainian teachers. We presented to them a curriculum of morals and ethics based on the person of Jesus, that could be used in their classrooms or in after school meetings.

The convocations, each lasting for four days, were held in different cities. About 450 teachers from the region were selected to attend each convocation. The format for them was to hear a plenary speaker in the morning sessions, and to meet in small groups in the afternoon sessions. Our task as small group leaders was to answer any questions from the plenary sessions, facilitate the afternoon workshops utilizing the curriculum, provide each person in our group with a Bible in his language, a video of the "Jesus" film, and give each person several apologetics books in Russian.

Our group of about 60 Americans met for the first time as we arrived in London. From there we flew to Kiev, the capitol of the Ukraine. The lack of lighting in the airport and the fact that our plane was the only one arriving should have been an indication that we were entering a very different culture. Clearing customs was slow and inefficient, but not frightening. Shortly thereafter, we got on a train for the 11 hour ride to Dnepropetrovsk. It was Sunday morning when we arrived, having begun our travel on Thursday afternoon.

Until four years ago, Dnepropetrovsk had been closed to all foreigners because of the nuclear weapons manufactured there. Being the first large group of Americans ever to visit the city, we received a gracious welcome. Some Ukrainian high school students welcomed us to our hotel with singing and dancing in their native ethnic costumes, and their wonderful custom of offering a large round loaf of bread held on a long tea towel.

On Monday, we had training sessions and then met the people who would be our individual translators for the week. My translator was Tamara, a 29-year-old mother of two daughters, who is married to a Ukrainian Army officer. She is a lovely young lady, and I marveled at how God had prompted so many people to learn (years previously) to speak English, even though there were no native English-speaking people for them to converse with. An interesting detail is that Tamara's parents were taught the atheist line, but her grandmother was already a believer. Through the influence of this grandmother, Tamara's young daughter has made profession of faith as a Christian. Tamara herself is unsure of what she believes, but did ask numerous questions about the Bible, Jesus, and Christianity.

The first afternoon of the convocation itself we presented each of our small group of people with a Bible in the language of their choice, either Russian or Ukrainian. Although some did already have a Bible in their homes, I could tell from our first "Walk through the Bible" session that they were novices in using it. It was exciting to teach them how to find their way to different texts. As we addressed the issue of prayer, we came to realize that for many of them, "to pray" means to go to the Russian Orthodox church building and listen to the priest say prayers. We then taught them how to "talk to God," which a believer can do at any time in any place, not limited to a particular building or only listening to the words of someone else.

On the last afternoon, we gave each person a gift bag containing such items as aspirin, band-aids, anti-bacterial oint-

ment, Christian logo lapel pins, a solar calculator, and other souvenirs from home. When we were packing the gift bags, I thought that aspirin and band-aids seemed like rather unimportant items to include. But that was before I saw the lack of some very basic supplies. These people are undergoing very difficult times economically, and even when there is some money to spend, very often there are not the goods available to be purchased.

While in this city, two of us were invited to speak at a high school for students ultimately going into premed or chemistry. We addressed the "11th form" (we would say the 11th grade) and we were very impressed by the level of the questions asked. We came in, presented the gospel, and answered questions. These students are allowed access to the Bible, unlike their parents in days past, but they also have been exposed to several other religious writings, like those of Islam or Hare Krishna.

After our week in Dnepropetrovsk, we traveled to Donetsk by bus. The roads are not heavily traveled as the majority do not own private vehicles. In Donetsk, we essentially repeated our week as far as what was taught, but of course it was with a different group of people. The people were so incredibly warm and receptive.

So often we think of missionaries as those who travel abroad to translate scripture into foreign tongues or to plant churches. Yet in this instance, some of us who teach were able to use this gift to bring the gospel to some who had never before heard God's word. It amazed us that we were allowed to bring into the schools of the former Soviet Union the very gospel of Jesus Christ that is unwelcome in the public schools of the United States.

The food that we were provided was very adequate; we had plenty of beets, cabbage, and soup made of beets and cabbage! The sanitation facilities reminded us how much we missed technological conveniences from home. But inconveniences aside, we each counted it a privilege to be able to share the good news of Jesus with these precious folks.

ISN'T IT TIME?

By Andrea Schwartz

Do you fit this profile?

- You have been reading the *Chalcedon Report* for some time. You sit in a church hoping that you will be able to bring the ideas of Christian reconstruction to bear, in spite of the fact that antinomianism is preached from the pulpit.
- You sacrifice to send your children to a Christian school or have taken the further step to home school them yourselves, even though you receive criticism from the pew and the pulpit accusing you of retreating from the world.
- You attempt to get others in your church active during

primaries and elections, only to discover that the church leadership frowns upon your efforts.

- You participate in Bible studies or Sunday school groups and attempt to introduce ideas from a reformed, orthodox perspective and bring up men like John Calvin, John Knox, etc., only to be silenced and smirked at. You suggest the idea that there is more to Christianity than “bringing new people in” and are looked upon as though you were some sort of wolf in sheep’s clothing.
- You find yourself upset almost every time you return from hearing a sermon on Sunday because the pastor didn’t go beyond the milk of the word or blatantly spoke out against the law of God being the rule for every area of life and thought.
- You hand your pastor or elder a *Chalcedon Report* or some book you feel might begin to plant seeds, and you are happy when he doesn’t throw it back in your face or frown too badly once he understands that it has to do with Christian reconstruction.
- You feel lonely and wish you lived where you could fellowship with Christians who were into more than waiting for the rapture or concerned with potlucks and fellowship desserts.

Have I just described you in whole or in part? Well, you are looking at a fairly incomplete list of the way my husband and I felt prior to realizing that it was quite alright to begin a home fellowship — meeting on Sunday mornings and concerning ourselves with the worshipping of God, hearing of His complete Word (both Old and New Testaments), and sharing our prayer and praises with others (sometimes just the members of our family). For years after our conversion, we went from church to church looking for a place to “fit in,” a place where we could contribute and be taught and challenged in our faith. It wasn’t until we bumped into the writing and teaching of Dr. R.J. Rushdoony that we felt that we even had a concept of what we were supposed to do as Christians. But, Rushdoony was not just around the corner. Even though we could visit regularly, the 2 - 3 hour drive each way made a weekly jaunt unrealistic. So, we continued to look — but unfortunately to no avail. Then one day, as I was talking to Dorothy Rushdoony in her kitchen, complaining about the lack of interest in the church we were then attending and the fact that we were routinely being “shut up” by the leadership, she asked a very deep and profound question. “Why are you doing this to yourselves?” That’s it. Why are you doing this to yourselves? I couldn’t answer. In fact, I immediately asked my husband, Ford, when I got an opportunity — “Why are we doing this to ourselves?” Guess what? He didn’t have a great answer either; in fact, he sighed with relief as if he had been attempting to get this message across to me himself.

What is the point? Well, since then, despite the fact that our fellowship (Emmaus Christian Fellowship) is still quite small (there have been periods when we have “swelled” to three to four other families joining us), we have been able to be fruitful as a congregation. I won’t go into detail here, as it is not the purpose of this piece, but suffice it to say that we regularly receive calls for counsel, opinion, and teaching from believers who are desperately hungry for a Biblical perspec-

tive to their problems. Even though we are small and operate on a shoestring, through God’s grace, we’ve become leaders in our area. Is that how the big churches view us? Not, hardly. But those believers who are beginning to put together the fact that God has called us to service through obedience to His Law come to us because they are not being directed in this capacity in their churches.

And that, quite frankly, is the discouraging part. It’s not that we don’t feel God’s pleasure when we minister to these brothers and sisters. We do. The fact is that those who come to us for counsel and guidance, who admit that their churches don’t “concentrate on the Law” and that is why they need to come to us, continue to attend and tithe to those churches. In discussion they admit that their church is busy doing “something else” than what the Bible calls it to, lost in trying to accommodate the culture around them. They admit that they, too, are lost but that they seem farther along than most who attend their church. Why do they continue to invest time, energy, and their tithes and offerings to such places? *Why do they continue to do this to themselves?* I wonder if they could answer this question any better than I did years ago. Imagine what would happen if rather than giving the 10+% of their income to their current church (if in fact they are tithing) that at best entertains them, they put it together with other like-minded believers in their area and formed or joined an ongoing house church. What would the ministry possibilities be? How could that small group of people free from the pretense and frustration of “churchianity” impact their community?

This is not a new idea. This is merely putting into practice the very things that the early church, the reformers, and those that settled and founded our country did.

It is time that reconstructionists removed their resources (especially the tithe and offering money that they give) from churches that preach against God’s Law, work to stifle the introduction of reformed, orthodox doctrine, and seek and do belittle the efforts of Christian reconstruction. For the problem with these churches is not that they are doing “some things wrong.” By denying the relevancy and necessity of applying God’s Law to the problems and situations of life, they are doing *everything wrong* and leaving their congregations open for the types of assaults that the current political and social climate is launching.

There is a prevalent attitude today *that things have progressed too far to be able to do anything effective about them. Yes, God’s Law would have worked at one time but now it’s too late. We need to take other measures.* How preposterous and presumptuous!!! That is the very thing God condemns in Leviticus 26 when He lets Israel know that their problem is that they have HATED HIS LAW. That is our problem today. *Most of Christendom HATES HIS LAW.* That leaves us prime fodder for those who seek to destroy Christianity. After all, they, too, hate His law.

It is high time that we realize that God will not be patient forever. It is high time that we build new structures so that when the old ones fall down, there is someplace for true believers to gather, work together, be led, and learn to lead

themselves. It doesn't matter if you feel particularly ill-suited for such leadership yourself. Many of our spiritual ancestors felt the same way. That did not change their commission from God. Nor does it change ours. Maybe our situation is not unlike Gideon's. God wants us to venture out with lesser numbers in order to demonstrate to us, when He delivers the enemy into our hands, that it is not by our strength but by His that we have prevailed.

God bless you as you venture out. Contact us and we'll do our best to help you. (Write to: 4960 Almaden Expressway #172, San Jose, California 95118.)

INTO BULGARIA: "A WET MAN DOES NOT FEAR THE RAIN"

By Dr. Lloyd Sparks, M.D.

My first step while resting up from the trip to the DDR and Poland was to bone up on my Bulgarian. How I came to master that language is a story in itself, and not without importance in my own theological development.

I had grown up in a Christian home with a respect for missionary work and a belief that I, too, would one day serve the Lord on the mission field. My theology was main stream Baptist and evangelical, complete with training by Campus Crusade and work in Youth for Christ and Young Life. My eschatology was pre-trib, pre-mil, and I could quote half the Bible from memory, Navigators style. Well, the most important parts, at least. And all from the Scofield Reference Version that the Apostle Paul used!

It was after a trip to Taiwan as a short-term missionary that I realized I had a talent for languages. Until then I had been majoring in music and then, in 1973, decided to switch to languages in hopes of making it a springboard to other things. I enrolled in the University of Oregon with a major in Linguistics (since there is no "Learn-all-the-languages-you-can-in-four-years" degree). I soon came to realize that university training in languages would be inadequate for my purposes. It took too long and lacked the presence of the native culture. Six months in Taiwan had put me well beyond the other second year Chinese language students and a month in Norway was all it took for me to feel completely at home in that language.

Then I met a recruiter who told me about the advantages of becoming a translator in the Army. I could get training in virtually any language of my choice, finish my B.A. degree, get experience, and lots of other interesting things. Not only that, I would avoid service in Vietnam by choosing a language

they couldn't use there! My father had misgivings about it, having been a soldier himself, but in the end I signed the paper with a guarantee for Russian language and service with the super-secret Army Security Agency (ASA). Sounded great.

And it was great. I liked Army life right from the start. Going to language school and getting paid for it was fantastic. There were lots of things to do in off-duty time, too. I learned to fly, to hang-glide, to scuba dive, and to speed read and draw fairly well at on-post classes. I got my black belt in karate and finished my B.A., just like the recruiter said I could.

The only hitch was that no sooner had I been inducted that word came down that my enlistment guarantee had been cancelled. There was something in my background so horrible that I was not eligible for the Top Secret (TS) security clearance required for service in the ASA. What was that horrible thing in my background? They couldn't tell me because I didn't have a TS. That, dear reader, is the classic Catch 22.

That also made me ineligible for the Russian language school slot I wanted so badly. However, my aptitude scores were pretty high, and I was the Honor Graduate from Basic Training. My commander took pity on me and made a few phone calls. He was able to get me either Amharic or Bulgarian. Take it or leave it. Having no idea what Amharic was (it's the language of Ethiopia), I chose Bulgarian.

So that is how I wound up learning a totally useless language, despite having made a very well-planned career decision.

By the way, it turned out that there was nothing bad in my background; the ASA just had too many people and simply cancelled my enlistment guarantee without doing the background investigation at all, thinking no one would find out. Later, I sued the Army for breach of contract and won.

I still got caught in the Vietnam war, but that is another story.

At that point in the early 1970's, it seemed to me that God didn't know what He was doing. I knew it wasn't true, but I could see no point in the turn my life had taken. It wasn't until almost three years later, when I would meet a Bible smuggler named Paul who came to speak at our church that I would realize the divine purpose in the whole twist of affairs.

What was more, the Bulgarian was the least important aspect of my preparation. In the Army I would be trained in prisoner interrogation, guerrilla warfare, codes, intelligence gathering and analysis, security, and numerous other odd skills that, unknown to me at the time, would become very useful behind the Iron Curtain in just a few short years. Although at the time I felt like all my plans had fallen into chaos, when I stepped into the world of smuggling Bibles, I was a polished stone fitting perfectly into a divinely prepared setting. Moreover, the Bible smuggling mission that recruited me was badly in need of people with that kind of training.

The mission had suffered several setbacks in the few years prior to my joining in 1977. Our people were being picked up at the borders with greater frequency. Literature and vehicles were confiscated and the couriers fined and held for questioning. Under interrogation our people were divulging to the

Communists very damaging information regarding the underground Church. What was worse, often after being interrogated and released, the missionary sometimes wrote a book about the experience, revealing important information to any Eastern European intelligence service that might take the time to read it. There were a lot of copy-cat books being printed modelled after Brother Andrew's "God's Smuggler."

The border police began to let the smugglers through and follow them to the contacts' houses, so operations were getting ever more complicated and expensive to counter this tactic. The information gathering and processing system of the mission was badly in need of organization. There was also a great need for a brief training program for new couriers.

The mission recruited people to come out in the summer at their own expense and make one or two trips carrying Bibles. It was called the Summer Missionary Program and was by and large a big success. The best people to carry Bibles are people who have never travelled, or more to the point, never been picked up in Eastern Europe before. They are also great sources of advertisement for the mission for both funds and future summer missionaries. And they paid their own way. Such summer missionaries were the four of us that would make the trek to Sophia, Bulgaria, ostensibly to see the World Games being held that summer.

Susan would be accompanying me again. Along with her would be Tracy, a college Sophomore from Seattle and Don, a Pentecostal Bible school student from Kansas.

Susan, I knew from experience, would be fine to travel with. She would work hard, do what she was told, and not panic in a tight spot.

Tracy was the vivacious, athletic type who loved competition sports, especially volleyball and swimming. Backpacking in the Northwest was a favorite pastime we shared. She was my first convert at the mission to an early morning exercise program which included dawn jogs through the Dutch farmland before morning devotions and breakfast.

Don was my second convert. He was up for anything that sounded wholesome. Soon Don, Tracy and I were even planning a weekend bike trip over to Belgium when we got back from Bulgaria.

I have never known a more fervent Christian than Don. When he wasn't organizing extra prayer meetings and Bible studies, he was looking for some kind of humble work to do around the farm, like cleaning up or repairing something broken. He never had an unkind word for anybody and always seemed to be in a good mood. He was in every way a better Christian than I was. I never got to really like him, though. Maybe it was because the real Don never peeked out from behind the facade for me to get to know. He never seemed quite human to me. Nevertheless, he would be a good one to have along on what was bound to be a physically and mentally trying excursion.

If he had a fault that might jeopardize the trip, it was that he sometimes failed to see things from a proper perspective. When I first met him he was going through a phase of not capitalizing his "I" when he wrote because he thought that

particular grammatical custom was arrogant! That the breaking of convention drew even more attention to himself escaped him. Or perhaps humility was a point of pride with him. On the trip he would wear Dutch wooden shoes in the Bulgarian campgrounds so people would not think we were American, again missing the point that we were to remain inconspicuous, not simply avoid drawing attention to our citizenship.

But all things considered, it looked like a good crew and I was eager to command my first sortie.

The first task was to get the car at Ermelo, get briefed on the tasks of the mission and then go to see Brother Henk.

I took the train up to Ermelo and called for someone to pick me up. I was brought to the garage, or so it was called, by the operations director, Paul's brother Piet.

The organization at that time was in flux, although I didn't know it. Brother Andrew, the head of Open Doors, had kept the world-wide operations under his control while putting his Eastern European operations under the leadership of Paul, who originally founded a separate mission. It made sense to join the two organizations since their purposes were identical with regards to Eastern Europe and Andrew could no longer travel there, being too well known. Unfortunately, Paul turned out to be less than capable as a leader, and Andrew later had to return things to their original separate arrangement.

The garage was both a workshop for the mission's courier vehicles and a warehouse to store literature. Moreover, there was office space under the roof as well. Piet showed me through the place and introduced me to my vehicle, a Fiat camper van. It looked nice, complete with a small kitchen. There was more than enough room for the four of us and all our baggage, supplies and camping equipment.

Then Piet showed me how to work the secret compartment under the floor. It was really marvelous what they had done with that vehicle. It would be a determined guard indeed who could find it. The compartment was only partly filled with literature, but we would pick up just over a hundred Bulgarian Bibles at the Licht im Osten mission in Stuttgart on our way. I would be leaving the books, mostly by authors like Billy Graham, David Wilkerson and Corrie Ten Boom, at a separate contact from where I would leave the Bibles. Piet showed me how to pack them so that there would be no hollow sound if the guards started tapping around.

After that, Piet took me into his private office and briefed me on my assignment. With a map of Bulgaria in front of us, he showed me the borders he wanted me to use and said to keep a sharp eye out for the seriousness of the searches, not only of our car, but of the others as well. We should go in through Yugoslavia and out through Greece. He gave me folders on each of our contacts including background information and maps, both marked and unmarked. He told me to memorize everything carefully, since, except for the unmarked maps, I could take no written information in with me. I could take some xerox copies of important details with me as far as the Yugoslavian border if I wanted, but I must be sure to destroy them all before we went in. Since some of the contacts

had not been seen in years, I should do my best to remember details to update the mission's files when I got back. And to try to bring out some up-to-date maps.

He left me alone for a half an hour to study my assignment. I made a few copies of the more important things, put them together with the unmarked maps and then we went to his house to have lunch with his family.

From there, Piet called his friend who went by the pseudonym of Brother Henk. Virtually all of us need pseudonyms both in our travels into the East and on deputation work in the West. Brother Henk was one of legends in the mission on par with Brother Andrew (also a pseudonym, by the way,). An elderly biologist with a heart condition, he had done quite a lot of work in Romania and Bulgaria, two of the worst places in those days. When I met him, he was semi-retired and rarely travelled any more due to his heart. Our meeting left an indelible impression on me.

Piet drove me to Henk's house after lunch and left me there, saying he would be back for me in an hour. I walked to the door and pushed the bell button.

The figure that greeted me was a tall, thin, elderly Dutchman who spoke perfect English and, although he smiled not at all, had a kindly air about him. He beckoned me inside.

His house had the feel of the presence of a Dutch housewife, so neat and so clean. But the fact that he seated me in his study and prepared the tea himself left me to wonder whether he might be a widower. I didn't know much about the personal side of Henk at all.

Waiving the unnecessary "how do you like Holland?" kind of pleasantries, he got right down to business.

"When do you plan to leave for Bulgaria?" he asked.

"Tomorrow," I said.

"Will you be picking up the large-print Bulgarian Bibles in Stuttgart?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Good. They are a special request from a special person. While in Stuttgart, be sure to say nothing of the details of your trip to anyone there. They are good people, but they don't need to know anything about your trip, and certainly not in advance. I can't emphasize enough that you must be cautious."

I was going to point out that my military training taught me the basics of operational security and that I understood about caution, but thought that it would be wiser just to keep quiet and listen. Not to mention polite.

He continued on with general advice about what to do and not to do. Make sure I'm not followed to the Christians' houses. Never let anyone outside of the team in the car. Don't take out any letters or messages when we leave Bulgaria. "The Bulgarians are a people given to intrigue and treachery. Their history has bred into them a tradition of spying on and betraying each other, even family members."

I knew something of that. Bulgaria has spent some five hundred years under Turkish rule and been on the losing side of almost every war it ever fought in. Even their language has a rare and unusual point of grammar called the "hear-say

tense." From the conjugation of the verb one can tell whether the information reported is believed to be fact or just rumor.

"In politics they are more Catholic than the Pope. More Stalinist than the Russians, even the Romanians. The KGB uses Bulgarian assassins to do jobs they won't touch. Nothing is too dirty for them and they are involved in everything from training terrorists to distributing Turkish heroin. Be very, very careful," he emphasized again.

Then, "How is your Bulgarian?"

"I graduated top in my class. It should be pretty good," I answered.

"Have you ever spent time among Bulgarians or been to Bulgaria before?"

"No," I admitted. All of my teachers were over 60 and sitting in a classroom isn't quite the same as spending time in society.

"Then it would be safe to say that you will be easily spotted for a foreigner," he concluded. That hurt, but I don't know why. It was nothing to be ashamed of and it was true. I should have recognized that little bruise to my ego as a signal that I had a higher opinion of myself than I should have had. "A man has got to know his limitations," as Dirty Harry aptly put it.

"But you can understand the spoken language well enough," he said, more as a question.

"Sure," I said. Of that, I was certain regardless of how old my teachers had been. I had listened to hundreds of hours of Bulgarian radio tapes while in language school.

"Good. I am particularly interested in you getting some information from two people. The first is a policeman who had allegedly converted, but his story sounds a little fishy to me. I want you to meet him and hear his whole story. Bear in mind that he may be a double agent or perhaps even psychotic. I won't tell you any details so you can keep an open mind. But we must talk about him when you get back. You can ask around at the Baptist church you will visit in Sophia.

"The second person you must meet is old Pastor Simon in Shumen. He is the one you will be giving the large-print Bibles to. He is very wise and knows more about the underground church in Bulgaria than any man alive. He is close to 90 now and has spent over 13 years in prison. But his mind is sharp. He may have some new people for you to meet to expand our contacts. Tell him you were sent by me and ask about the rain. He will confide in you."

"The rain?" I asked.

"That is our little private code. When you return, tell me what he told you about the rain."

About then Piet showed up at the door and Henk let him in. After a little friendly conversation, Henk turned me over to Piet with an avuncular pat on the shoulder and one last admonition to be very, very careful. I left filled with the mixed feelings of anticipation and trepidation.

In driving the van out of the garage, it struck me just how easy it would be for the Communists to shut the place down if they wanted to. There must be hundreds of people who know what goes on there, and, with an organization whose annual

budget exceeds a million dollars, it would be easy indeed to find the address from any of their PR material. All one would have to do would be to have somebody watch the front gate and take down the license numbers of all the vehicles that came and left. Any vehicle with one of those license numbers that appears on any border gets detained and searched. That uneasy thought accompanied me all the way back to the farm.

The next day we left for Bulgaria. The whole drive was uneventful, even pleasant, with four people to share the wheel. We got the Bibles in Stuttgart, which I stored away by myself and overnighted there. The next day we made Vienna, or more specifically, House Eidelweiss.

House Eidelweiss is the base of the Toronto Christian Mission in Austria. It is a big Bavarian lodge nestled in the Vienna woods and incomparably nicer than the farm we lived at in Holland. I found myself wishing that I had run into TCM before I met Paul. The air was fresh, the woods were peaceful, and there was even a swimming pool. The lodge itself had a history going back over a hundred years, involving the murder of some member of the Hapsburg family on the premises. And for people like Susan and myself, who really wanted to practice our German, it was more than ideal. Many of the staff didn't even speak English. It also made more sense to have a mission within an hour of the borders of either Czechoslovakia, Hungary or Yugoslavia than as far away as Holland.

They welcomed us, fed us, let us rest up and take a swim. Unfortunately for Tracy, she didn't have a one-piece suit with her and the rules didn't allow for even boys and girls to swim together, let alone bikinis. Loving the water as much as she did, I wasn't surprised to hear her grouse a little about having been cheated out of a good swim. Don couldn't swim, so Tracy and he went for a walk in the woods, which put her back in a good mood in time for dinner.

The next day we rose early and drove all the way to Bulgaria. I destroyed all the sensitive information, having committed it all to memory before crossing the Yugoslavian border. We took what was ominously known as the "Black Road," which was the main highway running north to south through the middle of that country. It was alleged that there were more accidents on that road per mile than any other in Europe. I don't know if it was true, but I decided on the return trip that we would take a different route back and compare the two.

A mile or two before the Bulgarian border, we pulled over and said our prayers, including the traditional Bible Smuggler's prayer: "Lord, when you walked this earth you made blind eyes to see. Now we pray that you make seeing eyes blind. Let us safely cross this border with the Bibles we have for your people on the other side."

There were not many cars in line to get into Bulgaria and the search was not nearly as professional as the one at the East German border had been. We saw one car being searched fairly thoroughly, but the rest were being let through without much hassle. Then our turn came. I was at the wheel.

The official who took our passports saw that we were American and asked in English, "Where you go?"

"Sophia," I answered.

"World Games?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How long?"

"One week."

"Okay," and he waved us on through without even a search. The World Games were being held in Sophia that month, and there was apparently a lot of traffic heading that way to attend. I didn't plan to see any of it, but it provided us a plausible reason for being there.

It wasn't long before we arrived at our campsite just outside Sophia. I was filled with exhilaration at finally being inside Bulgaria after the years of studying it so intensely. We no sooner set up camp than I took the car into town with Tracy to "spy out the land." I knew from my maps about where our first contact should be, which was the Baptist church. Although the map of Sophia I was using was old, it was easy enough to find the place. There would be a prayer meeting there the next night, if our information was correct. We drove around a little more to familiarize ourselves with the area and found a place nearby where we could park the car fairly inconspicuously. I told Tracy that I planned to visit the church the next night and she and Don would probably spend an hour or two driving around or park here and wait for me to return. Then we drove back to the campsite.

We started the next day with a refreshing cold shower in an absolutely gross wash house. The toilets were mere holes in the concrete floor and unspeakably filthy. As I lathered up under the spigot, the cleaning lady came in, mop in hand and without so much as an "excuse me," started to swab around my feet while I stood there in my Adam costume. I guess she did this every day (although the place didn't look it), because she carried on as though I were nothing more than a fixture in the shower stall.

Then, after a nice breakfast, we drove into town to look around. I was eager to practice my Bulgarian. We did a little shopping at an open market, drank some tea in a bar, and then decided to go on over to the stadium where the World Games were being held.

At the stadium we split up and agreed upon a time to meet back at the van. Tracy made a beeline for the swimming pool while Don and Susan decided to see the basketball game between the U.S. and Czechoslovakia. I made my way towards the gymnastics area.

Once inside, I surveyed the floor considering which event to sit near. As I stood there undecided, I was tapped on the shoulder by a policeman who told me, "Burzo vzemete mesta!" (Quickly take a seat!) I wondered whether he was going to order me to have fun, too.

Hours later, back at the campsite after finishing our supper, the sun was starting to set. I outlined the plan to Don and Tracy, who would accompany me into town while Susan stayed in camp. Then we drove into town and parked. I got out and told them I would be back in two to three hours.

I reached the church on foot and arrived just as the service was breaking up. People eyed me, a stranger, suspiciously as I

entered, but when I asked a young fellow whether he knew Sister So-and-so, he first asked me, "Vyarvashtli ste vie?" (Are you a believer?).

"Da. Vyarvashtsum" (Yes, I am a believer).

"Elate took molya" (Come this way, please).

He introduced me to a pretty, young university student who spoke English and who was our primary contact in this church. Actually, her family was our contact, but she was the only one who spoke any foreign languages. She invited me home for tea and cakes.

At her place we sat down to a table set for the family of three, her fiancée and me. I conveyed my greetings from Brother Henk and we discussed the state of the church in Sophia. The conversation was noncommittal and shallow, owing to the fact that they were never really sure that even their own apartment wasn't bugged. When I felt the time was right to broach the subject of literature, I asked whether they read much from the West. The girl's father made hand gestures to suggest that our conversation might be overheard, so I began to write as we discussed what kind of novels were available in Bulgarian translation.

[Have you seen any of these books? *Cross and the Switchblade*, *Tramp for the Lord*, *Children's Bible in Bulgarian*, etc.]

[Yes, all of them.]

[Do you need any more?]

[We could use more Children's Bibles.]

[How about the others?]

[If you have them, but we would rather have Bibles.]

As we wrote back and forth, we discussed Hemmingway and Mark Twain out loud.

[I have some books for you. How should we make the exchange?] "Twain was actually the first to write in the vernacular of America. How does it translate into Bulgarian?"

[Do you have a map?] "Not too well, I am afraid. Such translating requires a sense of humor strange to us."

He showed me on the map where the house of a believer was that had a cellar. I should go to that house late the following night and leave the books in his cellar, which would be unlocked.

After that, I looked at my watch and said that I should probably be going. There was an 11:00 curfew and I had to be back at the campsite by then. We had prayer together and I left.

I left the house, went through the gate, closing it behind me quietly and walked up the road. Just as I closed the gate, the lights of a car parked on the opposite side of the street came on. The engine started and it pulled up along side me as I walked.

It was the police.

They drove and stared, keeping pace with me as I walked. My mind raced for what to do. Ignoring them seemed silly and running was clearly the wrong thing to do. I stopped, turned toward them and stared back, waiting for them to get out of the car.

Though it seemed like an eternity, the stare-down lasted

only a few seconds. Then they moved on without a word. I wondered what they knew and whether I would see them again.

By the next night I had my plans made for a running drop and pick up. Don would drop Tracy and me off with the Bibles at a designated intersection, wait a half an hour, and then drive past the same intersection every 15 minutes. If we weren't back in two hours, he was to return to the campsite. If we weren't back by noon the next day, he and Susan were to head for the border and the nearest U.S. consulate in Greece. If we were caught and interrogated by the police, Tracy and I would have to hold out only until the following afternoon. Naturally, she and I left all identification in the van with Don.

It was 10:00 and dark in the suburbs of Sophia when Don pulled over at the drop off point and let Tracy and me out. Without a word, he drove off while we, laden with five garbage bags full of Bibles, disappeared down a side street.

According to the map, that street led directly to the house we wanted which was only a few hundred yards away. The streets were deserted and dark, just like we wanted them to be. We moved slowly, cautiously, listening for movement.

We had gotten almost to the intersection where the house was supposed to be when the road suddenly ended in a new apartment complex. It wasn't on our old map. We had to backtrack.

By the time we got back to the intersection, a half hour had passed, and as chance would have it, from the shadows we spied Don in the van, driving down the street with the dome light on, map in hand and looking confused. He was lost, or thought he was. I had overlooked the possibility that he might find the map and road signs confusing, being printed in the Cyrillic alphabet. It was too late to do anything about it then.

I briefly consulted my map with a little penlight shaded by red cellophane and decided to try the next street over. The bags were heavy and my arms already ached. I had three of the bags, but I knew Tracy must be hurting, too. We found a place under a tree where there was some trash, left the bags there and moved off to the other side of the road.

"I'm going to scout up ahead before we carry these things all the way. You wait here out of sight and keep an eye open. I'll be back in a few minutes," I whispered.

Just then we heard a car approaching and saw the headlights before it turned the corner and headed towards us.

"Put your arms around me, quick!" I hissed. We stood there in the shadows, looking (I hoped) like two lovers on a clandestine rendezvous. Our hearts were certainly doing a good imitation. Tracy was trembling. Maybe I was, too.

When the car was gone, I struck out for the target house. Moving swiftly through the shadows, I found it with no trouble. The intersection was a little too well lit for my taste, so I waited in the dark until I was sure that the only sound I wasn't imagining was my own pounding in my ears. Then I walked quickly to the gate, opened it (it creaked), found the door to the cellar and tried it. It was unlocked. Good.

When I got back to Tracy, I asked her whether she had seen anybody.

"I saw two people up the road going the other direction about five minutes ago," she said.

"Do you think they're gone?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"Shall we go for it?"

"Okay."

We picked up the bags and started off down the dark street, keeping as best we could to the shadows. It was now close to 11:00.

Things were going fine when all of a sudden, out of a side alley stepped two big men. They were so close to us that even in the dark I could read the writing on their red arm bands. They were members of the Citizens' Militia, a civilian organization that acts as an auxiliary to the police. They patrol the streets after dark and are alleged to take their job very seriously.

I cannot imagine anything more suspicious than two Americans carrying five bags of Bibles down the back streets of Sophia, Bulgaria, after curfew. Yet they didn't stop us, didn't look at us, didn't even break stride. It was as though God had suddenly made Tracy and me invisible. We kept right on walking.

When we arrived at the house, we paused to check out the area and, seeing and hearing nothing, walked to the gate, opened it (this time it didn't creak), opened the cellar door and descended the stairs. At the bottom stair, I kicked over an empty milk bucket with a crash.

When our hearts started beating again, we dropped the bags of Bibles on the floor and scrambled out of there as fast as we could. Then we made our way back to the pick up point by a different route.

By the time we got there, the excitement and adrenaline surge had worn off, leaving a pleasant afterglow. Although we were far from out of danger, the worst was over. We waited for Don to show up.

And waited and waited.

After an hour, we were forced to accept that Don was not coming back for us, and we had a 14 kilometer hike ahead of us in the cool Bulgarian night.

It could have been a pleasant stroll, but we were tired and hungry. Moreover, I was a little worried about what Don might do. What if he left for the border before we reached the campground?

Another annoyance was the consequence of the Bulgarian economy still making abundant use of ox and horse carts. The roads were strewn with manure which we, in the dim light, couldn't see until too late.

Then, a car loaded with three drunken musicians pulled up and offered us a ride.

"Kude otivate?" (Where are you going?)

"V Kemping. (To the campground.)

"Hn, taka. Chzuhdentsi. Ot kude?" (Oh, you're foreign. Where are you from?)

"Amerika."

"Ah! Amerika! Elvis Presley! Kom on averybody! Ladit da good times role!"

It was a fun, if somewhat scary, ride. They couldn't speak English, but they knew all the words to all the popular songs. They let us off at the gate, refused the money I offered them, and drove off.

Getting into the campground at 2:00 a.m. wasn't that easy either, since we didn't have our passports on us, but after a lecture from the night watchman about curfew, he finally let us in.

When I plopped into our tent, Don woke up.

"What happened to you? Get lost?" I asked.

"No. I did just like you said. Drove up that street every fifteen minutes for two hours and then came on back here."

"We were back before two hours, but didn't see you. Are you sure you were on the right street?"

"Pretty sure. But, to tell the truth, the markings weren't all that clear. Sorry if I let you down," he apologized.

"No, you did just fine. Anyway, we're back and everything came off without a hitch," I said.

Don wanted to hear all about it, but I was so tired I said we'd tell both of them all about it in the morning. I think I was asleep before my head hit the air mattress.

The next day, we left for Shumen. I was particularly looking forward to meeting Pastor Simon. The campground we found that afternoon was little more than a side road into somebody's plum orchard. Except for a water spigot, there were no facilities, but neither were there many people. As far as the four of us concerned, it was just fine.

We drove into town and found Simon's place without any trouble. He lived in a pleasant, simple little cottage surrounded by a garden filled with fruits and vegetables. Grape vines covered the walls. They were just getting ready to have a little afternoon refreshment on a hot August day when we arrived.

Simon looked all the world like George Burns to me, complete with thick glasses. Only the cigar was missing. He smiled and greeted us, speaking passable English, and invited us in for a little snack.

We chatted and got to know each other while his wife fixed what turned out to be a full meal of a most imaginative order. There was a cool yogurt, garlic and cucumber soup, fried zucchini, mixed vegetable stew, raw vegetables with garlic yogurt dip, steamed yellow squash and sweet mashed squash for dessert. We drank tea sweetened with jam. She unnecessarily apologized that there was no meat. I knew it was expensive, and we didn't miss it anyway. Then she cut up a watermelon for us. It was a real vegetarian feast.

Simon took me to see the church while the others stayed and socialized with his wife. She spoke excellent German. As it turned out, she was Swiss by birth. She had met Simon at seminary in that country, married him and moved to Bulgaria. Although they had a daughter in Shumen, their son was living in Wintertur, and we promised to try to look him up on our way back. It wouldn't be much trouble to swing through the corner of Switzerland on our way to Holland.

Simon and I reverted to Bulgarian as I told him I had over a hundred large-print Bibles for him from his "rain" friend, Henk. How would he like me to make the transfer?

"Just drive right up to the front door of the church and bring them in," he said.

"But what if somebody sees us?" I asked.

"What if they do? We are all in God's hands. If He can't hide us, we can't hide ourselves any better. Just bring them in through the front door. We do everything openly here."

I didn't know whether I had the nerve for this, but Simon insisted. Over the hours we would spend together, he told me about life as the servant of the Lord in that land. Many times he had openly invited children to Sunday school, distributed Bibles and literature, even set up a mimeograph machine in his own home, all of which were strictly against the law in Bulgaria. The police has threatened him with prison over and over again. He had spent 13 years in jail and said it was "glorious." Always he told the police that it was his job to serve the Lord and their job to stop him, and he held for them no malice.

I asked about the meaning of the cryptic "rain" code between him and Henk. Simon explained that since he did nothing secretly, he had nothing to hide. None of their threats intimidated him in the least. "A wet man does not fear the rain," he said.

I was stirred by the simple wisdom of that statement. It was strikingly similar to my Grandfather's final words to me as I left for Holland: "Let the peace of God rule in your heart."

Simon and I returned to his house to find his son-in-law, Boris, had joined the party. Boris was very curious about us and wanted to see inside the car. Somehow, one of my crew had told him that we had brought in Bibles for Simon and he wanted to see how we had managed to get them through the border. I evaded the request with a "God provides" kind of comment and told him that such things were better left unspoken.

As we drove out of town to find a place where I could take the Bibles out of the secret compartment in safety, Don commented that he didn't trust Boris. I agreed.

Later that afternoon, I drove the van up through the middle of town, parked directly in front of the steps of the church, took a deep breath, and the four of us hustled 104 large-print Bulgarian Bibles in through the sanctuary and back into the pastor's study. Simon wept as he saw the gifts, saying that we had no idea how precious these were to his congregation, most of whom were old and had difficulties reading normal sized print.

"Did you notice something funny about the streets?" Don whispered to me.

"No. What?" I asked.

"They're deserted. It's Saturday afternoon in the middle of town, and there's nobody on the streets."

"Really?" I looked around as we left the church, leaving Simon with his treasure. It was true. When we had left Simon's house to prepare the literature for the drop, the streets had been full of pedestrians; now there was nobody.

We drove off and decided to swing past his house to say goodbye. But first, I wanted to drive out of town to make sure we weren't being followed.

We weren't, and when we drove back through town past the church, the streets were again filled with people. Don and I looked at each other without a word and wondered whether our minds were playing tricks on us. We had just made the riskiest drop in Bible smuggling history, all without a bit of secrecy, and succeeded. Later, Henk would take me to task for breaking the rules, but relent when I explained that Simon would not have allowed it any other way.

We stopped in to say goodbye and renewed our promise to look up their son in Switzerland. As we got back in the car and prepared to leave, he suddenly disappeared around the corner of his house and came back with two watermelons for us under his arms. We thanked him and pulled out, waving as we left.

"Stop!" cried Susan. She had an idea, and rummaging quickly through our grocery box from Holland, pulled out a big canned ham that we all knew we'd never eat on the trip. She hopped out of the van, ran back to Simon and handed him the ham. "A Dutch watermelon," she said, kissed them both on the cheeks and scampered back to us. That was the last time I would ever see Simon again in this life.

A year later he would be betrayed by his son-in-law, Boris, and go to prison again only to be let out after a few weeks because of his age and health. Another group of summer missionaries would visit him and, in direct violation of their orders, try to take out a letter from a believer. The letter would be found at the border and incriminate enough people to initiate a mass arrest which would wipe out the entire underground Bible distribution network in Bulgaria, and Simon with it. When I asked the leader of that trip why she had violated policy, she simply said that God had told her to do it, and that was all there was to it.

From Shumen we pressed on to Varna. Simon had given me the address of a Baptist pastor there, but said that he was a very cautious man and not to do anything more than just say "hi" from him.

Varna is a beautiful resort city on the Black Sea. Tracy and I were looking forward to a good swim. Now, essentially all our literature was delivered and we only had to try to make a few contracts. That was completely my responsibility, of course, because of the language, so for the rest of the crew, it was time to look like real vacationers.

We set up camp and, after refusing a few Polish campers who wanted to change money, headed for the beach.

The beach was beautiful from afar, but when you started walking on it, you suddenly encountered the old manure problem again. Only on the beach, it wasn't horse or cow manure. There were no toilets or wash facilities near the beach, so apparently the custom is to just relieve oneself right on the beach while covered with a towel.

Tracy and I got to the water and simultaneously made a dive into the waves. That action was abruptly halted by a whistle and a shout from one of the life guards. "No swimming! Only up to the knees!" and he pointed to a sign explaining that wading only was allowed. We were crushed, but in no position to argue. He was the first lifeguard I had ever seen in

my life with a pistol. There was even a life guard tower with a gun port in it not far away. We settled for a stroll down the beach instead, joking about whether any of our friends would believe we had been thrown out of the Black Sea by a gun-toting lifeguard:

"Stop drowning or I'll shoot!"

That afternoon, I took a little walk through town and looked up Simon's Baptist colleague. He was, just as Simon described, a very cautious man, but with a very friendly wife. We talked a little and I asked where I might buy a Bulgarian-English dictionary in town. She immediately brought out one and gave it to me. I tried to refuse, but she insisted. Besides, for all their faults, the Communists had made all printed matter in their world very cheap. Before I left, we had prayer together and the lady wrapped up a nice little vase for me to "take home to my mother."

The next day, we decided to drive hard to Sophia. I only wanted to meet this converted policeman Henk had told me about before we left the country. We stayed at the same campground as before and I went into town alone to meet my first contacts. They would know where to find the policeman and advise me on his reliability. Also, I was curious about the incident with the police car that night and how the literature we had dropped off had been received.

When I showed up at their door, they welcomed me like family. No, nothing had happened after I left that night and the "bread" was already being distributed. With the television turned up, I asked them about this policeman. Did they know him, and was he reliable?

"Oh, yes! Absolutely reliable."

"Could I possibly meet him?" I asked.

"Of course. You already know the way to his house. It was his cellar in which you left the books." They would arrange for me to meet him the following morning.

Back at camp, I told the others that the following day, if all went well, we would leave Bulgaria. We would break camp early and I planned to have a talk with the policeman in the morning while they waited in the parked car. From there we would head south and be in Greece that afternoon. There were cheers all around.

The next morning, after my usual cold shower and encounter with the cleaning lady, we packed up. Inspired by Susan's generosity, I snatched a couple of jars of Nescafe out of the box and took them over to the staff house where the night watchman and the cleaning lady were.

"V imeneto na mezhdunaroden mir," (In the name of international peace), I said and presented them with the gifts. They received them with smiles and thanks, apologizing for any inconvenience while we were there, and I assured them we had a wonderful time and hoped to return soon.

The next stop was the policeman's house. He was waiting for me eagerly. He was a dark haired man with a moustache and piercing black eyes. He looked about 35 and very fit. He also looked just a little unstable to me, though I can't really describe why. He was just a little hyperactive and too eager to

talk.

Actually, he didn't want to converse at all. Only tell. He seemed driven by a need to tell me (and probably anybody else who would listen) about how the Lord Jesus Himself had appeared to him in broad daylight to call him to repentance and give him a mission in life to serve Him. Until then he had been an excellent and decorated police officer. Now his only purpose in life was to preach the gospel.

Enough strange things had already happened while working with the mission for me not to dismiss this man outright. There had been the smooth border crossings, the near miraculous escape from the police one night and the militia the next. Then there was the deserted streets the moment we dropped off the Bibles at Simon's. If Jesus did indeed still appear to people in broad daylight, it would be here if anywhere. As I write this, with a medical degree and some familiarity with the manifestations of psychosis, I look back on this person with wonder that the Bulgarians didn't lock him up immediately or admit him to a psychiatric hospital. He was clearly mentally ill. But at the time, I chose to believe him, just like all the others in the congregation did. I would later write his story for the mission to publish.

When I left him and returned to the vehicle, I had a lot on my mind. Don drove while I sat in the back in meditation until we reached the Greek border. There was a lot to sort out when I got back to Holland and later to the States. I needed to get into a systematic Bible study course. I needed to get my feelings on the Charismatic movement straightened out. While Western Charismatics, for the most part, seemed pretty loopy to me, what I was seeing in Bulgaria was pretty strong evidence for a God capable of intervening supernaturally when events called for it.

One thing was for sure, I would never be the same again.

Bible smuggling missionaries could generally be divided into two camps in those days. One was the Pacifist camp that basically believed that we should make no attempt to hide the Bibles we were bringing into the countries, nor in any way lie to or deceive the police as to our purpose. Let God deceive them if He wants, but we should keep our hands clean. Their reasoning was that there is no excuse for sin in the Lord's name and the name of the Lord must not be brought into disrepute.

The other camp was the Activist camp which viewed the whole effort of delivering Bibles as spiritual warfare in which the enemy is clearly identified, and aiding him in his effort to destroy the Church is wrong. I was firmly on the Activist side.

I reasoned that the Pacifist position was naive; are not God's hands dirty if we expect Him to do what we refuse to do? If we accepted that God could deceive the border police, such deception could not be construed as sin. To be consistent, such people should offer a current medical history when someone asks them how they are, or hang signs on their front doors (or at least not leave a light or radio on) when they leave to honestly inform potential burglars that they are not at home. Such people generally accept that Rahab was right in helping

the spies of Jericho, but wrong in lying to those searching for them. For me it is hard to imagine how she could have helped them and not lied.

Moreover, I would see later that the Pacifists were doing a great deal of damage to the underground believers they were trying to help by allowing the police to follow them to the believers' homes. In keeping their hands lily white, they shed the blood of saints. For me, even to refuse to try to deceive the police was wrong. It was like allowing the enemy to kill when I have the ability to stop him, even if it means me killing as well. Or like an adult allowing two kids to fight and hurt each other when he should step in and stop them by force if necessary.

For me, Proverbs 25:26 states it succinctly: "Like a mud-died spring or a polluted well is a righteous man who gives way to the wicked."

Simon's example, however, rocked my boat. Here was a man who made no attempt to deceive or even oppose the police, and yet was not passive in the least. He went about his spiritual work and left the consequences in the Lord's hands. He was equally content whether in a seminary in Switzerland or in a Bulgarian prison. What was more, he didn't even look on the police as his enemies, only God's. And God had apparently protected and prospered him for a great many years.

Clearly, I had much to consider and rethink.

The border crossing went smoothly and we spent that evening in Thessaloniki. At Don's suggestion, we read Paul's letters to the Thessalonians for devotions. The relief of leaving Bulgaria and getting to the relative freedom of Greece was tangible, like a weight lifted off our shoulders. We ate pizza in a clean restaurant with a friendly waiter, so much in contrast to those in Bulgaria. That night, while we were praying before bed, Susan fell asleep even as she was praying aloud and drifted from thanks for the successful border crossing into a commentary on rabbits she was dreaming about.

The next day would be a catharsis for me. We headed north, crossed into Yugoslavia, skirted Albania, and headed up the coast past Dubrovnik, one of the most beautiful towns I have ever seen. In fact, I felt that if I could live anywhere in Europe, it would be Yugoslavia, for there is no more beautiful country on the continent. We had been many hours on the road on a sunny August day and as we pulled into a campground late that afternoon, Tracy was already chafing at the bit to get down to the water. God help the person who stood between her and finally getting a swim! And after the long, hot ride, I was almost as eager as she.

The sun was just about to set as we got the tents up. Don and Susan volunteered to cook supper while Tracy and I scouted the beach.

Actually, it wasn't a beach at all, but just a place where the rocks met the ocean. The beach was up the road a ways, so on we walked. When we came to the actual beach, there was a turnstile and a booth to pay an entrance fee. We didn't mind the small cost at all, but the beach closed for the evening and, while we could leave when ever we wanted, if we wanted in, it would have to be now before the sun went down.

We hadn't brought our swim suits or towels, as we intended only to scout the place out and return later for a leisurely swim after dinner. Now it looked like even that might not be possible. As we strolled along the pebbly beach, Tracy muttered under her breath that she was getting a swim tonight by hook or crook, and I sympathized. The beauty of the Adriatic lapping gently against the shore backlit by the fading orange and red of the sunset only served to steel our resolve.

The solution to our problem came completely unexpectedly. In our haste, we hadn't read the sign as we entered the gate. But the few bathers that remained on the beach demonstrated that we had missed something important.

We were on a nudist beach.

"Trace, this is too perfect for me to resist." I said. "I'm going for a swim, if you don't mind looking the other way until I get into the water."

"I'm coming in, too," she said firmly, and then chuckled, "But I don't think we should tell Don and Susan."

"Or write it up in our mission report," I added with a smile, already pulling off my shirt.

I got into the water and turned around to tell Tracy that she could start if she wanted, but she was already out of her clothes and picking her way gingerly through the rough pebbles. I turned away quickly. She splashed into the water and broke into a vigorous breast stroke, then rolled over about 20 yards away, and floated on her back mumbling, "There is a God, there is a God. . ." in ecstasy.

It got dark and we stayed in the sea paddling around, talking, or just floating in our own thoughts giving no concern for the time. I reflected on all we had been through, what we had risked for the cause of Christ, what we had accomplished, and what I had learned. I thought of how silly and superficial all the program-oriented game playing that made up so much of my Christianity until then now seemed. How tragic it would have been never to have found these people, these magnificent believers, for whom their faith was a paradoxical choice between life and death! Choose death and live!

"A wet man doesn't fear the rain." Such wisdom!

The symbology of Tracy and me floating naked in the Adriatic seemed appropriate. It was for both of us a holy moment, like the creation of new life, a moment of birth following a long mundane gestation in America with a difficult labor in Bulgaria.

We came out of the water feeling pure, cleansed and refreshed. The darkness hid our nakedness and we lay a polite distance from each other on the warm rocks talking as we dried in the cool air of evening. We felt neither shame nor lust, and strangest of all, it all seemed fitting and as things should be, as though Christians walked around outside naked together all the time. Maybe heaven will feel like that.

Getting back into our clothes felt positively obscene.

When we got back to Don and Susan, supper was cold and they gave us that knowing look. Just as well, I thought, if they think we have a romance going. We couldn't tell anybody what we had really done, anyway.

COVENANT VERSUS CONTRACT

By R.J. Rushdoony

It is well known that the modern social contract theories of civil government are derived from Biblical, covenantal thinking. There is, however, a great difference between them. Both have to do with law, but, in contracts, man determines the law. In the Biblical record, covenants are laws given by God to man as an act of grace. God's covenant is thus entirely a God-given law, whereas contracts are entirely man-made.

The thesis of contracts was boldly set forth in 1812 by Benjamin Watkins Leigh in *Substitute, Proposed by Mr. Leigh, of Dinwiddie, to the Preamble and Resolutions, on the subject of the right of the State Legislatures, to instruct their Senators in the Congress of the U.S.* In this pamphlet on government by consent and the doctrine of virtual representation, Leigh wrote: "It is a maxim of all governments founded on contract, that no man can be bounded by laws to which he had not given his assent, either directly; or mediately by his representative, or virtually thro' representatives chosen by his fellow citizens, among whom he dwells, having the same local and general interests with himself."

This is a plain statement of a faith which is still working out its implications in the United States and elsewhere. All over the world, the social contract theory is increasingly basic to governmental theory. However it be done, everywhere to some degree "It is a maxim of all governments that no man can be bound by laws to which he has not given his assent." This is basic to constitutionalism, and it is also basic to anti-constitutionalism and its belief that no document from the past can be valid for the present. In the 1930s, it was held that the U.S. Constitution was a social contract for a horse and buggy era, not for the 20th century. If "no man is bound by laws to which he has not given his assent," then no law is binding on any man, nor any tax, if the man has not consented to it. This gives us a society like that of the Book of Judges, when, having rejected God as King and Lawgiver, did as each one pleased: "every man did that which was right in his own eyes" (*Judges 21:25*).

This is increasingly what we see in the world around us. All the so-called minority groups feel free to despise every law they disagree with. The same applies to some Christians. If they see a law as wrong, they refuse to obey it because they have not given their consent to it. Lawlessness and rioting are thus on the increase.

All contractual theories of civil government rest on this same doctrine of assent. It has led to universal suffrage; but, if everyone has the vote, not everyone votes for the existing laws. Marxist countries have provided a single slate, with only one option, to gain nearly unanimous voting, but even then

dissenting votes appear. The demand for universal assent leads not only to universal suffrage but to total controls to gain a total assent.

Benjamin Watkins Leigh was a Southern gentleman. He had no idea of the implications that the reigning doctrine of the social contract would lead to. The example of the French Revolution did not register with him, nor did he foresee the implications of his theory for the South. In time, Southern blacks would demand that laws exist only with their assent. The social contract theory came from Enlightenment thinkers who saw it as a noble concept. They believed the future of mankind required it for peace and harmony.

The doctrine of covenantal law states simply that God, being the Creator, law-giver, and Redeemer, is the only valid source of law. God gives His law as an act of grace to man, so that His covenant is both law and grace. It is not within man's jurisdiction to debate, for example, as to whether or not murder and theft should be allowed or banned. God decrees the law, and man's duty is to obey and enforce it. Man has no right to make law; God gives man the law, and man's duty is to obey it.

In a humanistic society, law is whatever men may decree. As in the Soviet Union, men may then make your assent mandatory! Your assent is coerced.

Almost from the beginning, and before the U.S. Constitution was ratified, there were demands for a more democratic order. A social contract theory of civil government having been adopted, the people increasingly demanded that it become democratic. It was felt that the suffrage had to be extended so that all laws receive more and more of the people's assent.

As the area of consent was enlarged, so too were the areas of control. As the United States became more democratic, it became less and less free because assent had replaced freedom and justice. Is an American free now that he pays 49% of his income as local, state, or federal taxes? Has the freedom to vote made us more free when we vote for more statism via both major parties? Of what value is our assent (or dissent) when the progressive tyranny of universal assent rules us?

I recall very, very vividly the election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt to the presidency as against Herbert Hoover. Hoover was himself a liberal out-liberaled by Roosevelt. In some areas, certainly our own, anyone against Roosevelt was called an "enemy of the people." He who disliked Roosevelt was a non-person, a capitalistic fool, and so on and on. This was in 1931, in a still free America! Why?

The social contract theory requires a universal assent to the general will, as Rousseau saw it. In *The Social Contract* (Chap. VIII), Rousseau wrote, "whosoever shall refuse to obey the general will must be constrained by the whole body of his fellow citizens to do so: which is no more than to say that it may be necessary to compel a man to be free." This is the world of George Orwell's *1984*.

There is no escape from the logical conclusion of humanism's social contract theory of law other than by a return to Biblical covenantalism, to God's law and God's salvation. Civil gov-

ernment under humanistic presuppositions is increasingly becoming a hellish nightmare. Is it not time to speak a word about bringing back the King, Jesus Christ? (*II Sam. 19:10*).

RANDOM NOTES, 24

By R.J. Rushdoony

1. Just before the outbreak of World War II, at a church where for three months I was the supply pastor, I met with a young communist couple, both of whose parents were devout Christians. I tried to, *first*, convince them of the error of their ways, and, *second*, to convince them to return to their graduate studies. But they were convinced that, very soon, fascism would take over the world, including especially the United States, and total tyranny would prevail everywhere.

Almost twenty years later, friends told me of a talented young man, a master of several languages, who was convinced that, very soon, the Marxists would take over the world, and the U.S.A. in particular. He and his mother were busy learning how to make their own ammunition. He would not meet with me. In the ensuing thirty years, that man has done little or nothing of a constructive sort and is now in prison, still convinced that he is right.

Neither the young couple, nor the talented young man, ever did anything to alter the evil in the world around them. Their goal was "action" in the political sphere. The Lord will ask them, What did you do for my Kingdom?

2. When Bennett Cerf first published this about fifty years ago, I found it an amazing example of masculine idiocy. I still do! It was a letter, up for auction in Sotheby of London, written in 1851 by the prominent English novelist, Anthony Trollope. It read,

My Dearest Miss Dorothea Sankey:

My affectionate and most excellent wife is, as you are aware, still living — and I am proud to say her health is good. Nevertheless, it is always well to take time by the forelock and be prepared for all events. Should anything happen to her, will you supply her place — as soon as a proper period of decent mourning is over?

Till then, I am your devoted servant.

Trollope had married Rose Heseltine in Dublin in 1844. When he died in 1882, at the age of sixty seven, his wife survived him!

3. In any country, if the politicians are the most powerful, they think of spending money and of war. War leads to a concentration of power and enhances the state's central authority. On the other hand, if the businessmen are most powerful, they think of peace (war endangers capital) and prosperity, and this means jobs. This has usually been the case.

4. One of my beautiful memories is of a very retarded girl in the deep South. This goes back perhaps twenty-five years.

Born seriously retarded mentally, her mother refused to put her into a "home." She taught her patiently and made her a useful member of the family. Moreover, she was taught the faith. When her brother's university student friends came to the house, she would witness to her faith. 'I know I am retarded, but I know Jesus Christ died to save me, and someday, I will be with Him forever. I will be well and like everyone else. Think how much more Jesus can do for you if you are His child also.' The students were often moved to tears.

5. I am grateful to Jean Chastain for sending me these four lines from John Greenleaf Whittier's "Centennial Hymn," 1876:

O make Thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law.

I had not read those lines since my school days. They reminded me afresh that the acceptance of God's law was routine in the America I knew then.

6. Here is an astute comment from an excellent man who shall be nameless: "The fundamental church law is this: Thou shalt be a bureaucrat."

7. There are many grim accounts from the 19th century, from old Russia and elsewhere, of wolf attacks, and yet our animal rights people are determined to "prove" that wolves and other animals are innocent children of nature, and only men are fallen and depraved: Delta airlines' *Sky Magazine*, February, 1993, in an article "The Wolf: A Western Odyssey," calls the wolf a much misunderstood creature!

8. *Today Then* is a collection of essays from the 1893 Chicago World's Fair (the World's Columbian Exposition) on what the world would be like a century later, in 1993. The "predictions" were that prisons would decline; taxation would be reduced to a minimum; there would be world-wide free trade; there would be no need for standing armies; longevity would be so improved by science that life-spans of 150 years would be commonplace; government would be reduced to a very simple affair; a Nicaraguan Canal would be built, and the United States would have perhaps 60 states in both North and South America. The experts of 1893 were as good as those of 1993!

9. One of history's outstanding if neglected men was Narses, in the days of Justinian and Theodora. Unlike his two brothers, who were generals, Narses became a court official. In his sixties, he became the Grand Chamberlain. At the age of seventy, Justinian named him general over the armies to reconquer Italy for Byzantium for the Eastern Roman Empire. The great general Belisarius had failed at the task. Narses succeeded brilliantly and stayed on as Exarch and general over Italy until not long before his death, when Justinian's successor replaced him. Narses died not too long thereafter, at apparently age ninety six. Narses was one of a number of Armenians in Byzantine service; we know of sixteen who were Justinian's generals, and Lawrence Fauber speaks of "the Armenian 'genius for war'" (Lawrence Fauber: *Narses, Hammer of the Goths*; New York, N.Y.; St. Martin's Press,

1990). There are a number of amazing things about Narses. *First*, although his military strategy became, to the present, textbook cases of brilliant tactics, Narses had no military experience prior to age seventy. He is, however, regarded as one of history's greatest generals. He ended in 553 A.D. the Ostrogothic rule over Italy from 493 A.D. on. A little later, he shattered the Frankish invasion. *Second*, besides lacking military experience, the small, white-haired Narses was a eunuch. What had happened, we do not know; perhaps capture by enemies led to his castration, but he entered Byzantine territory in his 'teens, already unmanned. His battle enemies regarded him as a joke . . . until they fought him. He was a very devout man, much given to prayer, and a builder of churches.

I mention Narses because of a remarkable incident in his life. Otto Scott has more than once commented at our weekly staff breakfasts, and in our Easy Chairs, about a significant change since 1940, the loss of the idea of *honor*. It had for generations been very important.

Well, Narses was a man of honor. When he besieged the last of the Ostrogoths, and they faced death, he gave them his word that, if they surrendered, none would be harmed, provided that they marched out of Italy. These Goths had been born in north Italy! All the same, they kept their word and marched into the northern countries.

After that victory, Narses' troops, resting in Rome and awaiting word of an invasion by the Franks, began to celebrate and dissipate. The army was called *Roman*, but it was made up of Near Easterners, Greeks, and various barbarians, no Romans. Narses, with his sense of honor, reproved the troops for their conduct, "unworthy of their 'Roman' forefathers!" The army at once came back to its senses and to conduct becoming Roman soldiers! Narses gave his men a sense of honor. Narses, the most unlikely of all generals, gave to his men a sense of dignity and honor.

10. An interesting book, published in 1972 and now out of print, is edited by Paul Hair and titled *Before the Bawdy Court, Selections from church court and other records relating to the correction of moral offenses in England, Scotland and New England, 1300-1800*. The term "Bawdy Court" refers to the church courts of lowest grade: they tried cases of sexual misconduct, Sabbath violations, resorts to magic, "white slavery," perjury, what is a wife's due, pagan sacrifice, wife beating, and more. (One wife beater was "whipped in the usual way around the market.") The Courts were kindly, and ready to be merciful. Being whipped, sitting in the stocks, or making a public confession in church were common punishments. Those who could afford it were required to pay a fine to a specified charity. The editor commented, "The age of church courts is over. But it may be reasonably questioned whether that age was any more stridently insistent on the propagation and acceptance of 'correct' social morality than is our present age" (p. 28).

11. This is Chalcedon's 28th year. We have grown from a one-man operation (myself) to more than 20, here and abroad, full-time and part time, persons on the staff. When we began, there was, I think, no other Christian foundation dedicated to

scholarship, let alone Christian reconstruction. I am continually grateful for the support of those of you who faithfully send us your gifts. We sometimes fall behind, but not into debt. We pay our bills, and then our staff, as the money comes in. I am always thankful for those of you who feel that you can support us. It is a continuing happy surprise to me, and a matter of grateful prayer. Thank you, and God bless you.

BOOK REVIEW

By Mark R. Rushdoony

Bones of Contention: A Creationist Assessment of the Human Fossils, by Marvin L Lubenow,
Baker Book House, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1992.

The enemies of God always end up in self-destruction. Lubenow, a professor of Bible and apologetics at Christian Heritage College in El Cajon, California, has shown how they have proceeded to do so in the field of paleoanthropology. Life was simple for the evolutionists when a few primate or human fossils could be neatly arranged in a phylogenetic tree of supposed evolution. But by 1976 there were at least 4000 hominid fossils on record. The primary value of Lubenow's book is in showing the situation evolutionist find themselves in today. He thus uses their own terms (hominid, for instance) and ages and sorts out where their fossil finds fall in terms of their own theory. Lubenow not only tells us why these evolutionists are wrong, he tells us how they have destroyed their own theory in their quest for the missing link.

In the evolutionary theory, man must have evolved from an extinct primate called *Australopithecus*, perhaps through *Homo habilis*, to *Homo erectus*, and then to *Homo sapiens* (with Neandertals being an extinct branch of an archaic form of the later). Given the large time span evolution requires, finding fossils and judging them as more or less advanced by evolutionary standards has posed no problems. But even a theory as flexible as evolution carries certain demands. The mutation-selection theory (Neo-Darwinism) assumes a beneficial mutation caused a group of organisms to survive better and supercede other similar organisms. The "survival of the fittest," in fact, necessitates the death of the non-mutated organisms. If death and extinction does not follow, inbreeding would occur and the mutated genes would be diluted. Evolution demands death and extinction of the less fit as the natural consequence of the mutant's competition and survival. Lubenow has obviously studied scientific literature at great length, and perhaps his greatest accomplishment is organizing hominid fossils in charts. The charts reveal what evolutionists do not want to admit. Hominid fossils do not show a pattern of extinction and corresponding domination of a more advanced form. On the contrary, there is a contemporaneous overlap of

all major groups of "human ancestors." The oldest such hominid remains are, in fact, *Homo sapiens*! Over half of all fossils fall outside of the earliest and latest dates which would allow them to be part of the supposed evolution of man. Lubenow has shown that the more fossils that are found, the more confused any history of human evolution becomes.

The disarray of the human phylogenetic tree is in spite of frequent deception, fraud, omission of details, manipulation of fossils, and a circular reasoning which dates fossils pretty much according to the wishes of the paleontologists. To avoid the obvious, of course, modern remains that are given a very old date cannot be given the name *Homo sapiens*. Instead they are given another name "to protect evolution theory" (p. 176). Additional means of disguising modern looking skulls are artists conceptions showing body hair, ape-like posture, and primate noses (which are cartilage and do not fossilize). Lubenow makes clear that "... when the chips are down, factual evidence is prostituted to evolutionary theory" (p. 164).

Lubenow wisely addresses the claim that science is a self-correcting quest for truth. Most scientists and their research are never checked or challenged. If scientific research agrees with accepted theory, it is assumed to be correct unless it can be demonstrated to be false or fraudulent. (Though in the case of some sacred cows such as Kinsey or Margaret Mead, such revelations fall on deaf ears.) Fraud (such as Piltdown man) or biased errors (such as the primitive portrayal of Neandertal) are usually not found unless later researchers become suspicious because their own research shows discrepancies. In the case of Neandertal and Piltdown, it took about forty years to happen (though the old view of Neandertal is still commonly recited). The fact is researchers have neither the time nor inclination to check out the work of others. If research agrees with accepted views (*i.e.* evolution), it is assumed to be accurate.

Lubenow notes how evolution so quickly displaced creationism after Darwin. It was because the nineteenth century concept of creation was not Biblical but Greek. The idea then in vogue was that of the Great Chain of Being, the idea that God had created a complete and rigid chain or ladder of living things from the simplest to more complex. Nature was seen as perfect. Extinction was viewed as not possible (or God was not caring for His Creation). Fossils were thus viewed as fakes, natural formations, or part of the original creation. When fossils of creatures unlike those of living things came to light, many were ready to replace the whole concept of a Chain of Being with the concept of the evolution of being. "The concept of the Great Chain of Being by its very nature became a setup for evolution. All one had to do was to change that static chain to a dynamic one, with the forms gradually evolving upward from one into another, and one had the basic evolutionary scenario" (p. 95).

Lubenow shows not only a technical mastery of evolutionary research and theory but a theological and philosophical grasp of the necessity of a literal reading of Genesis. (His chapter on the authorship of Genesis, based on the writings of D.J. Wiseman, is superb.) He correctly diagnoses the problem

in calling evolution atheistic. The issue is not the existence of God (Darwin believed God used evolution to create). The issue is the sovereignty of God. Darwin denied God as a controlling force in the universe and only allowed Him in the universe as a creation of man. "But evolution is as comfortable with theism as it is with atheism. An evolutionist is perfectly free to choose any god he wishes, as long as it is not the God of the Bible. The gods allowed by evolution are private, subjective, and artificial. They bother no one and make no absolute ethical demands. However, the God of the Bible is the Creator, sustainer, Savior, and judge. All are responsible to him. He has an agenda that conflicts with that of sinful humans. For man to be created in the image of God is very awesome. For God to be created in the image of man is very comfortable" (p. 192).

My only real criticism of the book is his use (and support) of the implantation of a baboon's heart into Baby Fae as a springboard to discuss the contempt for human life of animal rights activists (who opposed it as cruel to the baboon) and environmentalists. That point was somewhat lost by his silence on the issue of evolutionary suppositions behind that operation.

This book should be read by anyone who must take a course in anthropology, especially in a secular school.

BOOK NOTES

By R.J. Rushdoony

There is a major Calvin revival under way. There is reason to believe that, if our "best seller" lists were accurate, Calvin's works would be high on the list. Since world War II, their sales have been remarkable. There are now three new books on what Calvin wrote. W. Gary Crampton is the author of *What Calvin says* (Trinity Foundation, P.O. Box 700, Jefferson, Maryland, 21755; \$7.95, paperback, 160 pp.). J. Graham Miller's *Calvin's Wisdom* (Banner of Truth, P. O. Box 621, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, 17013; \$35.95, hardback, 424 pp.) lists by subjects key statements by Calvin on various subjects; the sources are given. Mary Beatty and Benjamin W. Farley have translated various Calvin letters and documents, *Calvin's Ecclesiastical Advice* (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh, Scotland; Westminster and John Knox presses in the U.S.A.; paperback, 184 pp.). Crampton summarizes Calvin's works on various subjects, and his ten chapters are an excellent summary of Calvin's thinking. J. Graham Miller gives us specific citations, from sentences to paragraphs, so that we have Calvin's own words on thirty or more areas of the Christian's world and life view. Beatty and Farley translate documents previously closed to English readers; these give fresh light to Calvin's thinking on church problems. All three books are valuable tools for anyone interested in Calvin. All are good reading, simply and ably done. They will clarify and sharpen our thinking.

Prices and Price Controls is a collection of articles on the subject from *The Freeman* (Foundation for Economic Education, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York, N.Y. 10533; \$14.95, paperback; 1992). The articles are uniformly excellent and very readable. They are very usable as a home school text on the subject, or college supplementary reading. All are important. One in particular I had missed when originally published which I now found very telling was Gary M. Pecquet's "Crop Controls and Indian Raids in Colonial Virginia." With material like this, we can produce a better informed people. We should be grateful to Dr. Hans Sennholz and to John Robbins for this and like works being published by the Foundation for Economic Education.

Two somewhat related works are Gertrude Hoeksema's *A Watered Garden, A Brief History of the Protestant Reformed Churches of America* (Reformed Free Publishing Association, P. O. Box 2006, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501; hardback, \$19.95, 417 pp; 1992), and Theodore Platinga, editor: *Seeking our Brothers in the Light: A Plea for Reformed Ecumenicity* (Inheritance Publications, Box 154, Neerlandia, Alberta TOG-IRO, Canada; Canada \$4.95, U.S. \$4.50, paperback, 142 pp; 1992). The Hoeksema study is of the 1924 Common Grace controversy in the Christian Reformed Church. Rev. Herman Hoeksema accurately saw what the future course of the C.R.C. would be; their common grace doctrine was a novelty, closer to natural law theories than to Biblical faith. The Protestant Reformed Church has 26 churches with a very strict, informed witness. A question that some scholar needs to discuss is this: how strict should theological uniformity be to ensure purity and yet to avoid a shattering rigidity? This is a question that needs discussion, and the history of the Protestant Reformed Churches is a key fact in such a study. Apart from that, this work is important in its own right. As the author points out, an initial error in the Christian Reformed Church was the confusion of providence and grace (p. 50). One can differ with the interpretation of K. Schilder without losing respect for the burden of this history. It is an account of resolute fidelity. The study by Platinga, with Wynia and Veenhoff, of the problem in the Reformed Churches in the Netherlands, in particular the Schilder case, is related to the same question of uniformity and purity. If men are agreed as to the basic doctrines, how much is to be allowed in the way of differences among those who are faithful? Both Hoeksema and Schilder were the targets of intolerance for very important and healthy dissent, and the results have been sad ones. Should Hoeksema then have been ready to respect dissent within bounds? I am not doing more than raising a necessary question which I hope will start discussion and, some time in the future, a Biblical answer.

Jim Owen in *Christian Psychology's War on God's Word, The Victimization of the Believer* (Eastgate Publishers, 4137 Primavera Road, Santa Barbara, California 93110; \$9.95, paperback, 215 pp.; 1993) is a timely and important study. Both in the church and the world, there is a major effort under way to see people not as sinners but as victims. Man is seen as needing self-esteem rather than grace, and evangelicals and

modernists alike proclaim this false gospel. As Owen observes, "Evangelical Christianity is materialistic, consumeristic, entertainment-oriented, self-focused and self-indulgent. Intellectually, we are informed as much by the tenets of humanism as we are by the Scriptures. We are saturated with worldly values that have co-mingled with Biblical ones. And while we defend our rights to indulge our freedoms, we are rapidly unraveling morally" (p. 165). I have heard too many times of people who have been the target of this evil psychology and the cult of victimhood. Owen's work is timely and important.

I am periodically surprised by the wealth of material available to Christians today, and yet too little used. I was impressed when I read Harry van Dyken's *To You is the Promise, And to Your Children, A Progressive Course of Study of God's Covenantal, Redemptive Revelation to His People* (Books I-VI; \$3.50 each; Line of Promise Press, 748 N. Burlington Blvd., Burlington, Washington 98233; tel. 206-757-4039).

Book I is for beginners, Books II-VI are for children of the successive grades. These are usable by home schoolers and Christian schools. Parents who are serious about training their children will find these books very helpful. Books beyond no. VI may be forthcoming soon.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, CONT.

I always enjoy receiving the *Chalcedon Report*, and this last one was special. The articles by John Lofton concerning the goings on in the OPC were both timely and much needed.

All the Reformed Churches need to be on guard against the errors of Arminianism which, like a slow drip that fills the bucket, continue to creep into faithful Reformed camps until their lies overflow it. Lofton's warnings must be heeded. God bless him for his faithfulness and willingness to speak out. I'm sure he has received much criticism for his correct views.

The OPC has swallowed the lie of Church Growth, and many of its churches blindly, with no critique at all, brought in the NIV and other modern versions to pulpit and pew. I am glad to see another faithful man like Lofton quotes the KJV. The Church Growth mentality also despises the "Old Ways" of teaching our youth the Catechisms and Confession (in their original English!) and shows up in the confused ideas of education which Lofton speaks to in "Pastoral Brutality."

He is "right on," and I pray along with him that the Lord will be pleased to bring Revival to the OPC and other Reformed denominations to return to the Old Paths, and Love of the Truth. We need only look at the events recently occurring in the CRC to know where all these "Great New Ideas" will lead. Note also that it was the CRC back in 1973 which brought upon us the New International Version, which in the end does not increase faith nor faithfulness by its use! In twenty years it has helped bring that denomination to the brink of complete unbelief and total liberalism.

Meanwhile, keep up the good work at Chalcedon, and pray for Revival! Gift enclosed to keep me on your mailing list!

Al Salmon
Moorestown, NJ