April 2001
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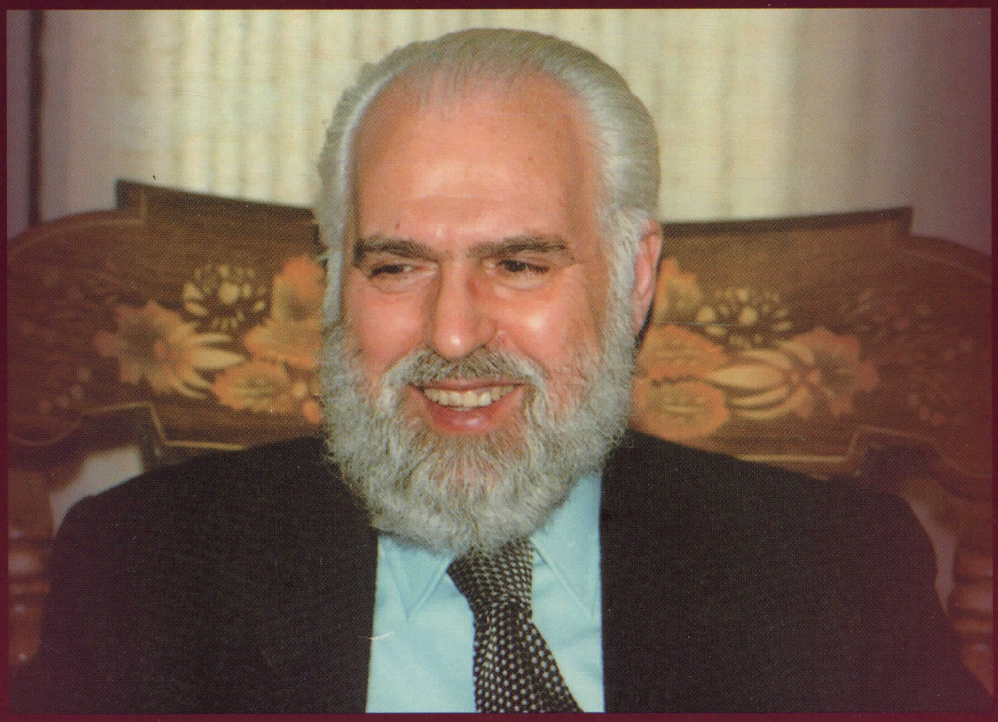
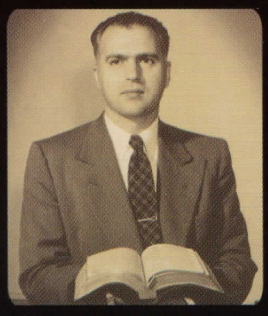
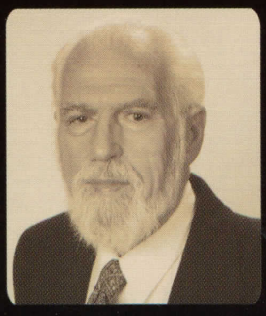
Chalcedon report

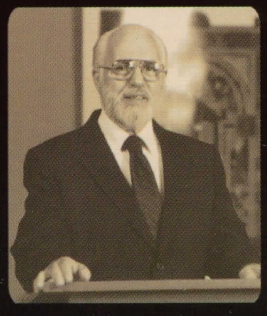
FAITH FOR ALL OF LIFE FAITH FOR ALL OF LIFE FAITH FOR ALL OF LIF

In Memoriam



Rousas John Rushdoony, 1916-2001



April 2001 **Chalcedon report** #429

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

A Tribute to R. J. Rushdoony

Receiving the *Chalcedon Report*: The *Report* will be sent to those who request it. At least once a year we ask that you return a response card if you wish to remain on the mailing list. Contributors are kept on our mailing list. Suggested Donation: $30 per year will cover only printing and mailing costs ($35 Canada, $45 foreign — U.S. funds only). Tax-deductible contributions may be made out to Chalcedon and mailed to P.O. Box 158, Vallecito, CA 95251 USA.

Chalcedon may want to contact its readers quickly by means of e-mail. If you have an e-mail address, please send an e-mail message including your full postal address to our office: chaloffi@goldrush.com.

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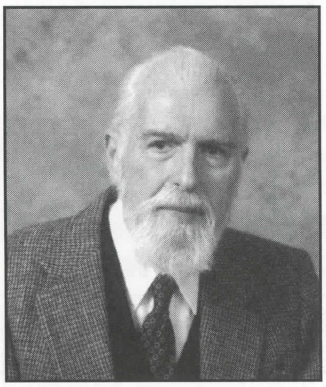


On Death and Dying

By Rev. R. J. Rushdoony

I have been asked to write on death and dying. Since I am dying, according to my doctor (within a few months or years!), it seems fitting for me to do so.

My familiarity with death goes back to my earliest days, to World War I, when a young maternal uncle died. The loss was more like that of a big brother to me. I can recall vividly the puttees he wore as part of his uniform. When last at our Kingsburg cemetery, I visited his grave.

After World War I and into the mid-1920s, a very familiar event was the arrival of Armenian friends and relatives from the Near East. Armenians from Fresno, Kings, and Tulare counties gathered to ask if, during the massacres and death march, they had seen relatives and friends. The answers were sometimes grim ones.

I was thus very early familiar with death, but even more familiar with the Faith and the Bible, read daily to us by my father, often in two languages.

It never occurred to me to doubt the Faith. I was around six or seven when I first heard a boy express atheistic beliefs, and I thought he was crazy. I have not since changed my mind. To believe that creation is a mindless product is at best stupidity, if not a sin.

As a pastor, some deathbed incidents have made me very aware of the thin line separating us from eternity. I expect, when I die, to see the Lord and countless loved ones. It will be going home for me.

We live in a world of death because of sin and we have a duty to overcome sin and death through Jesus Christ. This is our major calling. When I die, I shall be with the Lord, and free from sin and death.

I have always seen unbelief as a form of sin and madness.

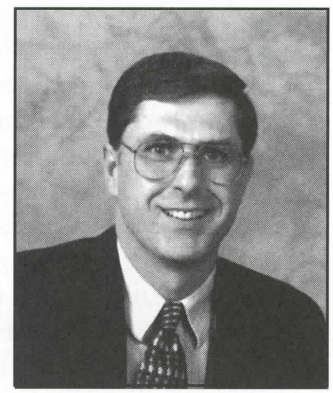
Now all that the Bible has to say on the world to come can be stated in a few paragraphs. God requires us to believe in the resurrection, but not to be too interested in it. God's commandments fill books; His comments on the life after death, a paragraph or two. It is obvious what we are to be concerned about. It is not Christian to neglect the law (much of the Bible) and to concentrate on life after death, to which little space is given.

God's priorities must be ours also. We must believe and obey the Lord. God does not exist to answer our questions! He is the Lord, the King, and Commander. Obey Him, and believe Him.

Rev. Steve Schlissel officiating at the graveside service for Rush

Rousas John Rushdoony

April 25,1916 – February 8, 2001
Funeral Eulogy by his son,
Rev. Mark Rousas Rushdoony
February 16, 2001



Thank you for coming today and showing your love and respect for my father, Rousas John Rushdoony, and for celebrating his entrance into eternal reward.

He was a man with a great command of words. As such, he deserves a more eloquent eulogy than I can provide. My father was a remarkable man, a man of firm faith, and a man who was certain to act on his convictions about what that faith required of him. We knew him in different capacities. It would be too difficult for me to speak about him as a father and I would like to keep those memories forever my own. I would rather like to say a little about Dad's life as it relates to his labors as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

My father was born on April 16, 1916 in New York City of Armenian immigrants to the U. S. He was conceived in the Old World and born in the New. His parents waited until he was a few weeks old before they traveled to Kingsburg, California where his father was the founding pastor of the Armenian Martyrs' Presbyterian Church. This was an Armenian-speaking church made up of recent immigrants who, like his parents, had fled the twentieth century's first genocide. My father spoke limited English before he started school.

The beginnings of my father's world and life view took shape in that setting of extended family and friends who all shared a horrific past. My father was aware that these people, his people, had lost all because they were Christians unwanted in a non-Christian culture. My father had a phenomenal memory. He remembered the stories told by those of the Armenian Diaspora who came by the farm seeking information about loved ones lost in the massacres or to reminisce about the Old Country. His father also spoke with him at great length of life in the Old Country and imbued Dad with a love for a land he never saw. Despite the tragic experiences of that generation, my father always remembered them as a happy group that loved to laugh and sing. My father could see their character, their strength, and even their greatness as coming from their Christian faith.

My father loved to laugh and enjoy life. He believed the Christian life was one of joy and fulfillment. He did not believe in "sourpuss" piety. The ability to see the Christian faith as one of joy and victory despite temporal difficulties became part of who he was.

His family lived in Detroit, Michigan for a time before returning to Kingsburg. By the time he finished high school, he had lived on a farm and in an industrial city, and had seen roaring prosperity and depression in both urban and rural settings. He was already a voracious reader.

When he attended the University of California, he saw a secular, cynical, humanistic worldview. Marxism was in vogue and the Soviet Union was hailed as a model of progressive reform. He ended up taking much of the teaching selectively. He often took a class for its stimulation and then dropped it.

Seminary was a like challenge. But by that time he knew enough to attend a seminary that was openly modernistic. He said he preferred that to modernism under the pretense of orthodoxy.

My father knew quite early that he wanted to write. But after his graduation and ordination in 1944 he did something that was a bit unusual. Instead of seeking an urban church pastorate that would provide him exposure and access, he became a missionary for 8 1/2 years on a remote Indian reservation in northeastern Nevada, where he would sometimes be snowbound for months. He did this out of a real, though not sentimental, regard for the Indians, a belief that they had been treated badly. But he also felt that he needed to learn how to make the Faith relevant. He was already a well-educated young man, but he wanted to learn how to make the Faith meaningful to others. The isolation also enabled him to study and begin writing articles. He loved his years on the reservation, and always spoke of them in the fondest terms. He so frequently said "during my years on the

reservation" that more than a few people thought he was a Native American.

Family constraints made him leave the Indian reservation and he then moved to Santa Cruz, California where he pastored two churches. Santa Cruz was then a retirement community, and he once estimated that he had performed over 500 funerals, the majority of them during these years. It was in Santa Cruz that he began to write his books.

After nine years in Santa Cruz, he retired from the full-time pastorate to devote himself to writing and in 1965 moved to Los Angeles and founded Chalcedon, a foundation devoted to the application of the Christian faith to all of life and thought. People told him an organization dedicated to ideas could never succeed, but he was undeterred. Devoted to writing, study, and teaching full time, my father began to produce manuscript after manuscript. When people think of my father, they think of him as a teacher, a theologian, a historian, or a philosopher. Many have come to respect him for his brilliance, but my father's emphasis was never himself, but about the message. These were all areas in which his knowledge could point people to God and His righteousness.

Most people know my father wrote books and that he loved to read and collect them. My sisters and I all learned that tearing or scribbling in a book was a sin you did not repeat. Few people, however, knew my father wrote poetry. One such poem is about his love of the written word. He wrote it in 1970. I would like to read it. It is entitled "The Luxury of Words."[1]

The luxury of words, beyond all
Empires, makes me lord
And King. No beggar here,
In majesty, I can afford
The treasured wealth of ages.
Come, gather round and never fear
A drought of gold and silver.
This is the sphere
Of endless plenty, a dower
Of wealth and hammered power.
All words when servant to the Word
Are potentates whose laws are heard.

At the time my father founded Chalcedon and began intensive study and writing, some Christian ministers were making names for themselves and bringing in a lot of money promoting conservative politics, denouncing communism, or fighting one straw man after another. But my father knew this was not what his ministry was about. My father saw the big picture.

My father saw time itself as a creation of God. Human history lies within this boundary of God's plan. Human history has a beginning in Creation and an end in the final judgment. The focal point of this span of human existence is the incarnation of Jesus Christ and His death on the cross which paid our deserved death penalty for rebellion against God. At the end of time, my father would say, all men will know Jesus Christ. Some will know Him as their Savior and Lord Who restored them to fellowship with God. And some will know Him as their Judge. The minister's role is to point men toward Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord, and pray that God's Spirit turn them to repentance and faith in His saving work on the cross.

My father always considered himself a minister first, because that was to him his highest calling. Sadly, many saw him as a threat to the gospel itself. He upset a great many people. My father once wrote that he believed in a maximal, not a minimal, Christianity. He did not believe the ultimate goal of the church was to see sinners saved. He believed that was where the church's work began. He believed that the church, the family, the school, and all individuals and institutions should be taught how to serve God in word, thought, and deed. My father believed God to be infinite, and so he urged Christians to see their faith in terms of the implications of the immense grandeur of what they confessed.

My father denounced the tendency to restrict the Faith to one part of our life. To my father, the Faith was more than a personal spiritual matter, though it

Thank you:

Dear friends and supporters of Chalcedon,

The family of Rousas John Rushdoony wishes to express its heartfelt gratitude for the outpouring of sympathy, love, respect, and assistance in the time of its loss. You have helped us bear our burden of grief in a very difficult time; we shall not forget nor shall our Lord:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."
Matthew 25:40b

With gratitude and Christian love,
Dorothy, Rebecca, Joanna, Sharon, Martha, Mark, and families.

is that. He saw the Faith as being as big as time and eternity. He saw no limits in God and no limits to His claims. He called men to not only believe in God and His Son Jesus Christ, but to obey in all areas of life. When he spoke of the power and majesty of God, he spoke more than theological lessons; he spoke with a certain faith and practicing confidence. My father believed that the future is as bright as the promises of God, and he urged others to so believe. But he never saw this as great faith; he saw it as the minimal essence of faith.

I remember when my father was not held in high esteem. Some thought he was a rogue who confused a simplistic spiritual message with this big picture and the responsibility it placed on men. But in the 1970s when Christians were being imprisoned and children were being removed from homes and churches were being padlocked for educating children in Christian and home schools, many across the country saw a distinguished, white-haired man they had never met appear in courtrooms to act as an expert witness in their defense. My father testified in dozens of these cases, and slowly the tide turned as victory after victory was won for religious liberty. People then saw my father in a new light. He helped them, yet made them re-examine their own beliefs. He expressed a faith that helped them take a stand based on the Word of God. Once my father was ridiculed on the witness stand by a prosecutor who sought to discredit his testimony. The prosecutor wanted my father to appear ignorant and prejudiced by saying he did not believe in evolution just because the Bible taught creation in six days. When the prosecutor cynically asked him why he did not believe in the theory of evolution, my father incredulously replied that he did not have that much faith. Many began to see that my father was a man who could teach them something about taking a stand for the Faith.

My father loved his work, because it was for the kingdom of God. His illnesses in recent years made his work difficult, and his only regret was that he had more work he would like to do, but he was ready to die. He believed in God and in the reality of Christ's substitutionary death for our sins. He believed that by God's mercy and grace Christ's work was put to his account. He knew that he would reign with Christ.

My father often spoke with delight of the Old Testament references to being gathered unto one's fathers. Many have commented that because my father was a minister, theologian, and scholar, he was already speaking with Moses, Paul, Calvin, Luther, Van Til, or other great men of the Faith. But several times over the last few years he spoke of going to heaven and his first thoughts were of seeing his "Mother and Papa." And then he would choke up and say "and so many godly ones...." I knew his thoughts were going back to his Armenian heritage and his home and church life in Kingsburg. My father kept a framed picture of the old Armenian Martyrs' Presbyterian Church near his desk where he wrote. He also kept a copy in one of his Bibles with the inscription "my home church" on the back.

Dad revered his Armenian forebears. Some thought it to be part of a nationalistic pride. There was pride, but he saw in their witness the essence of what it meant to stand for the Faith. In a different time and in a different way, he made a stand for the Faith, and many will look back to his life and work and derive a similar strength and courage. My father's faith strengthened many of us and will continue to do so for years to come.

My father believed the Christian life was one of joy because our victory was certain in time and eternity, our victory having been achieved two thousand years ago by Jesus Christ. Our task is to believe and to stay faithful in dutiful obedience as long as God gives us breath. But even a guaranteed victory necessitates our entrance into the battle. And he constantly encouraged Christians to do battle against evil in service to Jesus Christ.

My father stayed faithful. His final words to his family were to fight the battle unto our certain victory. He said, "We are ordained to victory." He could say, as did Paul when he said goodbye to the Ephesians elders:

> *... I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.*
> *Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.*
> *For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.*

Last year I suggested to Dad that he was pushing himself too hard trying to preach, even on an occasional basis. His response was, "If I can't preach, there is no reason to go on." Though very ill, my father preached just a month before his death. The Sunday before he died, he apologized that he couldn't preach. It was that evening he asked me to gather my sisters. I would like to read the last paragraph of his last, undelivered sermon on 1 John 5:10-12:

"He that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (vs.12). Life is not a property of flesh but of God, Who by His grace gives us life. It is He Who made us and can alone give eternal life. Life must be lived on God's terms, according to His law, and in His grace. Thus, life is a gift, not an attribute.

Paul said, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." My father lived for Christ and His kingdom. For the family, his friends, and the church of our day his passing is a great loss. For Dad this is gain. He has gained his certain victory in Christ.

But the battle goes on. And we honor my father and his life's ministry by continuing our labors in the kingdom as he urged us. They will continue at Chalcedon and Ross House Books and they will continue in his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and in their children. And many of you have come from great distances today because those labors of which he spoke continue in you. Our labor for Christ and the great moral battle of which they are a part continue. And as he urged his family, we must fight on because we are "ordained to victory."

Many people were impressed by my father's command of words. But even his greatest gift he saw as nothing before the God he served. I would like to conclude with another of my father's poems, this one written in 1952 when he was on the Indian reservation.

When the Silence Comes[2]

What shall I say when the silence comes?
The words, which like lush grass,
Grow rapidly on Babel's soil, will wither. The scums
Of speech, which with unhallowed brass,
Trumpet the emptiness, shall turn to shame.
Silence, that borderland of all our speech,
Sends lengthening shadows on our name,
Lays hands upon us. It is a death we never reach
But daily live in. It comes most surely.
The last is the essence of the first
And the certain guardian of the purely
Providential silence, hunger, thirst.
Lord God, when the time of silence comes,
When my sustenance is less than crumbs,
When I stand without a plea,
Let Jesus Christ then speak for me.

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[1] "The Luxury of Words" Copyright 2001 by Dorothy Rushdoony and the Rushdoony Irrevocable Trust.
[2] "When the Silence Comes" Copyright 2001 by Dorothy Rushdoony and the Rushdoony Irrevocable Trust.

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Rousas John Rushdoony, My Brother

By Haig A. Rushdoony

In 1915, our parents along with my mother's sister, her husband and son, Edward Esajian, were alerted to leave their home,Van, and the country, Turkey. The Turks were coming to Van, killing all Armenians within sight and could not be contained. The notification came from the British, who considered our father, Y.K. Rushdoony, a British subject since he had studied and lived in Edinburgh, Scotland, for seven years. Given a disabled horse by a retreating Russian officer for whom my mother had done cooking and washing, the folks left Turkey before the Turkish massacres reached Van. They ultimately arrived at Archangel, Russia.

After six months of running, as God would have it, a representative of the American Consulate overheard our parents speaking in English at the edge of a curb in the city. He took them into the Consulate Office and gave them a choice of going to England or the U.S.A. They chose the latter and traveled to New York City where Rousas was born. That same year, our father accepted his first pastorate in Kingsburg, California (he had received his B.D. degree from New College Seminary after graduating from the University of Edinburgh).

Except for six years (1925-31) Rousas lived in Kingsburg, graduating from Kingsburg High School — he served as Student Body President, editor of the school yearbook and as an "end" on the football team. The six year gap was spent in Detroit, Michigan shortly after my birth. Our sister, Rose, had been born earlier in Kingsburg as well.

After high school, Rousas went to a community college for two years. In 1933, when our father was called to start a church in San Francisco, Rousas rejoined us. He graduated from U.C. Berkeley with B.A. and M.A. degrees and was in seminary when I was drafted into the U.S. Army.

Rousas' first assignment was to serve teenagers and young adults in the Cumberland Chinese Church in Chinatown, San Francisco. After graduation from seminary, he accepted a position as missionary to the Shoshone and Paiute Indians in northeastern Nevada and southwestern Utah. While at the mission, one of his former students at the Chinese San Francisco Church completed his seminary work and spent a year with Rousas at the Shoshone Mission.

After serving the Shoshone Indians, Rousas pastored two churches in California. While in the pastorate he began writing, first in secular journals and then in Christian publications. He returned to the San

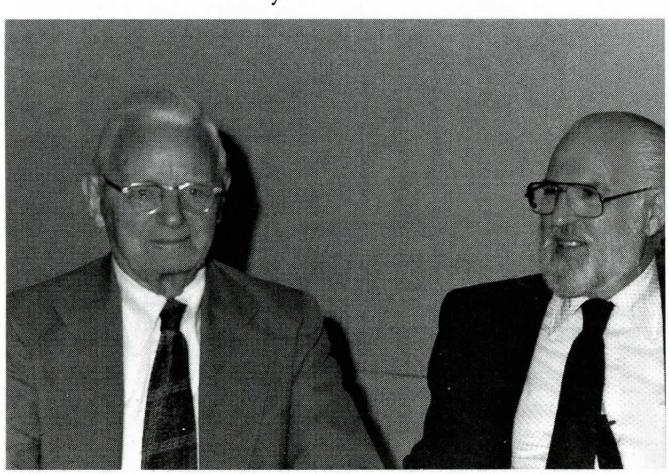
Rousas with his younger brother Haig in Detroit in the late 1920s.

Francisco Bay Area to become a resident scholar for a secular foundation for three years. Here his writings began in earnest.

As *Chalcedon Report* readers are aware, Rousas founded the Chalcedon Foundation in 1965, which has become a tremendous influence worldwide in the Christian community. He is considered by many to be the father of the modern Christian and home school movements, as well as the Christian Reconstruction movement. He has authored over 40 books in which God is central.

Rousas and his beloved wife, Dorothy, are very dear to both Vula, my wife, and me. We love them both dearly and they us. As we visited them, we liked to question my brother on many issues, theological or otherwise, as I found him possibly more read on issues on which he disagreed than those who espoused them. He often articulated the "other side(s)" better than they would, even though he was opposed to their viewpoint. He would then systematically explain why he disagreed and explain succinctly his own position. Rousas had the uncanny ability to get specifically and candidly to the point so there would be no doubt in one's mind what he believed. Many other conversations focused on family, using his remarkable photographic memory. Our deep regret is that only a few of those conversations were ever taped or written down.

He was interested and knowledgeable in art in which he had minored at the university. He was a great classical music lover. In his college days, when he would come home, he would turn on the radio to a classical music station of his choice and walk around the room to the music. When I questioned him as to why "all this walking," his reply was as always short and to the point, "It helps me to release the tensions of the day."



Cornelius Van Til and RJR at a 1983 Chalcedon Conference which honored Rush's mentor.

He had a marvelous sense of humor. When his cousin Ed, who escaped Turkey with his parents and ours, and Rousas were together, they easily moved back and forth between the serious and the humorous. They were two years apart in age and in many ways were like brothers. Ed's brother and I were the youngest in our families. Ed preceded Rousas to eternity by 20 years. He had lost a dear cousin really too early in life.

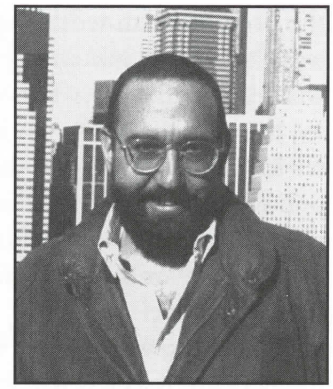
As those who knew him well know, Rousas was a voracious and rapid reader. One day when we were at Ed's parent's home, Rousas was reading, flipping pages quite readily. Ed stopped him remarking, "How can you remember what you're reading? Who are you trying to impress?" He took the book from Rousas and began to quiz him. Ed never stopped him again as Rousas literally re-told Ed what was in print. That photographic memory appeared again!

Rousas would become very emotional at times. On one such occasion during our visit, he became teary eyed, commenting, "Haig, Papa always wanted you to enter the ministry. After all these years, he must be pleased now that you are doing mission work in the Balkans." During the last two years as I would regularly phone him, he would respond in terms of his condition with, "I'm fading." He dearly loved Vula and at the point of crying would say, "Give my love to Vula."

The last time I saw him before he died was on Saturday, February 3. I found him unable *for the first time* to focus on a conversation. As we left I gave him God's blessings and told him we loved him and to take care. He responded, "I'll be all right." Previously, many times he had indicated that he was ready "to join my family above." On February 8, after a dramatic family reunion he fell asleep and joined his Lord and family in heaven. His life exemplified a truly dedicated Christian while with us. He is deeply loved and missed! But, he has now "joined his family *above*." We are looking forward to joining him someday. His life, his writings, and his tapes will long outlive us all.

I was the kid brother. Rousas now has left me as the patriarch of the Rushdoony family. His life, because of Jesus Who saved him and the Holy Spirit Who freed him to love and to serve God and us, will be an everlasting memory. He will remain with me to eternity. My life has been so overwhelmingly enriched, first by my beloved parents and sister and now by my big brother. Thank you for permitting me to share my brother with you. May our Triune God bless you all.

Rousas ha' Navi' — Rousas The Prophet: A Funeral Message



By Rev. Steve M. Schlissel

If asked to compare Rousas John Rushdoony to a character from Scripture, it would have to be Ezra. Ezra, like Rush, came from a line of priests. Ezra is known as "The Scribe," certainly a fitting appellation for Rush, whose writings, voluminous already, won't finish being published for years to come. And Ezra was a prophet, who understood the times in which he lived, instructing Israel to obey and apply the Word they had received from God.

> *For Ezra had devoted himself to the study and observance of the Law of the* LORD*, and to teaching its decrees and laws in Israel. (Ezra 7:10)*

Rushdoony bears strong resemblance to Ezra. According to the rabbis, Ezra "restored and reestablished the Torah that had been almost completely forgotten." His heart was so bound up in God's law that Psalm 119 is, by tradition, oft attributed to him. Surely Ezra spoke for Rush when he said, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law" (*v. 136*).

It is difficult to be a prophet, to be granted insight into the Word *and* into a culture which violates that Word on the wholesale level, bringing sure judgment upon itself. Solomon, that wisest of mere men, said it plainly: "With much wisdom comes much grief." It seems to be God's way to allow this sort of pain in the souls of called individuals as a preparation for reformation, even for epochal changes.

Ezra said, "Horror hath taken hold upon me because of the wicked that forsake thy law" (*v. 53*). Such an intense, intestinal approach to God's Word is a precondition of reform. Ezra, humanly speaking, out of his passion helped save Judaism from extinction. So too, St. Paul was, above all things, passionate and wholly given over to "the cause." Luther had his internal upheaval out of which was born the Reformation of the sixteenth century.

And Rush — who, contrary to popular myth, was an extremely emotional man — was either blessed or chastised with a painfully keen insight into God's requirements and Israel's, *i.e.*, the church's, modern failings to abide therein. And he felt it. He knew, in his very breath, the life of the blessings enumerated in Deuteronomy 28, and the dread of the cursings which form the ever present second edge of the covenant sword.

The result of Rush's insights found embodiment in a simple, recurring theme: Return to the *whole Word* of God — or be enslaved to the State. There was no abstractionist thinking in Rushdoony: if we failed to gaze reverently and obediently into "the perfect Law that gives freedom," we would be looking up at the boot of a tyrannical pretender to God's throne, the modern savior-State.

Returning to the whole Word is not accomplished by speaking of God's law — as is traditionally done — as having but "three uses." Sure, the law can drive us to Christ. Yes, the law can restrain civil evil. Certainly, the law is the pattern for sanctification.

But to speak of "the three uses of the law" is to come up way short. For the same law that convicts of sin also delivers *from* sin through the Christ therein revealed. The law that restrains evil in the civil realm does the same in the familial, the ecclesiastical, the commercial, the artistic, and the epistemological realms. And the law that patterns our sanctification also governs our relationships. Better than "three uses of the law," we should speak of three thousand uses.

Rush's burden to our generation: Your law is too small because your Bible is too small (dispensationalism did away with two-thirds of it!) because your God is too small. How artful of God to send such a big message in such a petite package!

Throughout his entire ministry, Rush made it clear that such small thinking would have big — and unwelcome — consequences. His very first "Position Paper," in 1965, explained that "as the church begins to revive and resume its required ministry, the result is *conflict* with the humanist state.... The roots of the ancient conflict between church and state are religious.... It is Christ versus Caesar."

"Truer words...," as they say. These words continued to be heard even unto his *Chalcedon Report* column published in the month of his passing: "In

the pre-Christian world, apart from Israel, the state was the central *and saving* institution. Man's hope was a statist hope.... This twenty-first century will see the collapse of the statist faith. It will be a disaster for Christians to pin their faith in non-Christian politics. They will then die with the statist culture."

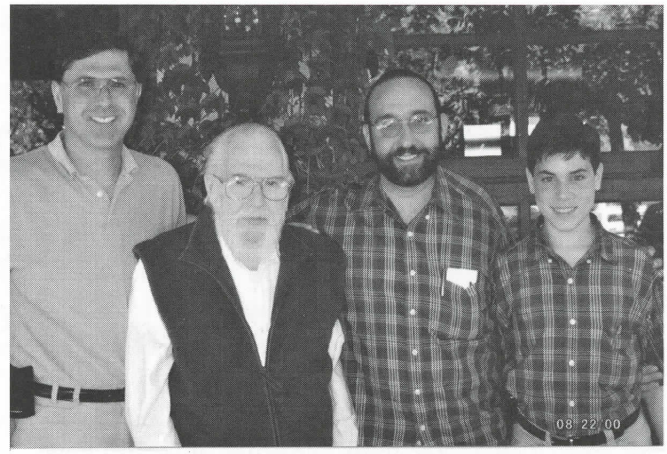
One message from beginning to end: Christ or Caesar? Life or death? Which shall you choose, O House of Israel?

In keeping with Rush's warnings, Christianity is today being rejected while anti-Christianity is embraced. The Boy Scouts, Christian in only the remotest sense, are banned from churches while gays and lesbians are affirmed. Twenty-five San Francisco Bay area churches — including Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, and Lutheran, among others — have launched a "pro-gay series...designed to focus attention on anti-gay discrimination."

Universities are now making massive accommodations to the religious views and practices of Islam, *e.g.,* but when a Temple University student recently protested the on-campus portrayal of Christ and His apostles as homosexuals, he was forcibly brought to a mental ward for psychiatric examination.

It is quite obvious that the need for Rushdoony's message is *greater* than when his ministry began. We must regard his labors as a kernel of wheat that has fallen into the ground, leaving to us its dissemination. Rousas John Rushdoony — husband, father, grandfather, friend, author, prophet — has died. But his works, insofar as they faithfully explain the Word and ways of God, must live on. The prayer attributed to Moses in Psalm 90 is surely expressive of the sentiment of Ezra — and R. J. Rushdoony: "Lord, establish Thou the work of our hands — the work of our hands establish Thou it."

Amen.



The death of Rousas John Rushdoony marks a deep personal loss to the Schlissel household. "Rush," as he called himself and asked others to call him, was more than an instructor to us.

I was first introduced to Rush's writings by Rev. Robert Hall, a missionary colleague laboring in the Bronx. Though Robert and I were connected through a relationship with a dispensational organization, he had become Reformed after spending time with Francis Schaeffer at L'Abri. Through Rush, it became my turn.

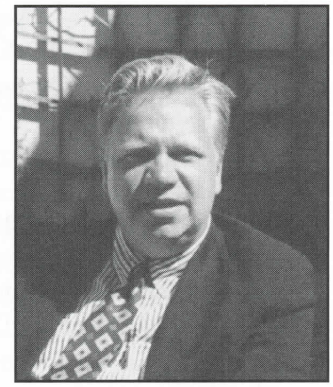
I was thoroughly undone by Rush's writings. It was not the doctrine of salvation (I had already been taught, and had embraced, Reformed soteriology). It was the worldview! The first thing I read was *Politics of Guilt and Pity*. In the first chapter Rush shows that the need for atonement is inescapable. If it is not discovered in Christ, it will lead to all kinds of sinful and destructive behaviors.

I was hooked. We began a friendship through correspondence which led to phone calls and visits to our respective coasts. Two of the most memorable events in our relationship are 1) the letter he wrote to my son, Jedidiah, when he was born nearly 14 years ago, welcoming Jed to God's world and Christ's covenant, and 2) when *Politics...* was reprinted, Rush asked me to write a new introduction. Full circle.

In modern Judaism, a Rabbi is a teacher competent in the law. A Rav is a Rabbi par excellence. A Rebbe is a Hasidic Rabbi who serves as a spiritual guide, leading his disciples into a fuller appreciation of God and covenant.

Rebbe Rushdoony, you will be missed. Thank God that your writings live on.

R. J. Rushdoony: Champion of Faith and Liberty



(appeared originally on LewRockwell.com)

By Rev. P. Andrew Sandlin

Late this past Thursday evening, Rousas John Rushdoony, founder and long-time president of the Chalcedon Foundation, was ushered into His Lord's presence after several months of rapidly declining health.

The Christian world has lost a giant.

I first encountered Rushdoony in what most consider his *magnum opus*, *Institutes of Biblical Law*. I was a young intellectual fundamentalist (yes, there are such people), pastor of a small Baptist church in the Midwest, and committed to a system of doctrine called dispensationalism. This theology taught, among other things, that the spiritual and moral conditions of the present world are destined to get worse and worse. The implications of this view had worked themselves deeply into my consciousness and ministry. As I read Rushdoony's *Institutes*, I recall thinking to myself, "I don't understand much of what this man is saying; but whatever it is, it surely is important." In time, Rushdoony's writings rekindled in me a vision of earthly victory (theologically called postmillennialism); and it reoriented my entire life.

Rushdoony gave me back my hope. And he gave the Christian world much more.

Central to Rushdoony's thought was the authority of Biblical law. He did not mean by this just the law of the Old Testament, essential though it is, but the entire Bible, which he saw as God's binding word for man, His creature. In fact, Rushdoony often used the expression, "the law-word of God" to refer to the whole Bible. He believed that man's main problem was sin, human autonomy, the attempt to play God by rebelliously establishing his own, depraved moral standards. The Bible (all of it), Rushdoony believed, was given to man by God to govern his entire life.

Despite, or rather, because, of his commitment to the binding authority of God's Word, Rushdoony was an unflagging advocate of liberty: political, religious, and ecclesiastical. Two of his books from the 60s, *The Nature of the American System* and *This Independent Republic* showed that the United States' heritage of freedom is anchored squarely in the Bible and the Christian Faith. He considered himself a "Christian libertarian," and he believed that sustained political liberty was impossible apart from orthodox Christianity. He hated with a passion every form of statism (including "Christian" statism), and he was almost as hard on secular libertarians as he was on statists, since both, he was convinced, manifested a sinful autonomy toward God that guaranteed the tyranny of man by his fellow man.

Perhaps no man was more responsible for the 70s revival of Christian political action than Rushdoony. He held that the Christian Faith cannot be limited to Sunday church meetings, but must work its way out into the marketplace and society on Monday. Amid the ravages of the Cold War (Rushdoony was not a pro-militarist conservative) and the moral breakdown of the 60s, Rushdoony boldly proclaimed that Christians must apply the Faith in all areas of life, including politics, and that meant dismantling the mammoth state. He wanted political government replaced with church government, family government, and especially self-government. If these governments did their job, there would be little use for the state.

Most importantly, R. J. Rushdoony was a man of faith. Like all other great Christians, his faith was simple, and therefore, profound. He simply took God at His word. If the Bible taught it, he believed it, no matter how odd or silly it seemed in the eyes of the modern world. He was a man who absolutely abhorred the theologically liberal dictum that Christians must conform the Bible and the Faith to the modern culture. He believed just the opposite: Christians must conform the modern culture to the Bible and the Faith. He loved God, he loved the Bible, and (therefore), he loved liberty.

One of the great privileges of my life was his request that I join him at Chalcedon in his work. His life and thought have made an indelible impression on me and on countless others, many who have known him only through his writings.

He will not be forgotten, and his work will stand the test of time.

February 12, 2000

The Unforgettable R. J. Rushdoony

By Rev. Otto Scott

There was a time in the late Sixties and early Seventies when the literary press was heavy with warnings about the "menace" of over-population. This ancient Malthusian Theory that too many births would lead to an exhaustion of food and worldwide famine alarmed many, including Dr. Kissisnger, who in turn alarmed President Nixon. That led the two of them to launch a global American campaign to promote abortions, especially in the Third World, with State Department-funded programs. That launched, in other words, the present horror responsible, so far, for 40 million abortions in the U. S., and uncounted millions in the rest of the world.

At that point *The Wall Street Journal* ran a brief plug about a book by Dr. R. J. Rushdoony titled *The Myth of Over-Population*. Since the *Journal* rarely runs so brief but hearty an endorsement, I ordered the book. It began by describing a cholera epidemic underway in some remote part of China, which was increasing deaths among the population with the exception of infants and the elderly. Dr. Rushdoony said that theologians ascribed these deaths to the punishment of God for lack of faith. But he also said that science had, fairly recently, discovered that the human body creates a certain chemical that renders people immune to the cholera spirochete. But, he added, when people become afraid, their fear prevents that chemical from being created. Hence those in the middle of life, aware of the danger of cholera, render themselves vulnerable to cholera when they feel fear, while the very young, being unaware, remain immune, and the very elderly, familiar with the idea of death, also remain untouched, while the healthy succumb in larger numbers. In other words, the theologians are correct.

I was so impressed by this scientific evidence of how attitudes toward God affect our fates that I sent for everything else that Rushdoony wrote. In due course I received his books and sat down to read. The first of these was his *Institutes of Biblical Law*, published in 1973. It was, at first, fascinating. But as I continued to read, it became increasingly significant. The footnotes alone indicated a learning whose scope far exceeded any I had previously encountered, and tolerance that slowly began to change my mind about subjects, I had not before encountered.

It was a book that, as I read, I became aware was changing my mind. Prior to this I had a habit of calling people who impressed me, but I preferred in this instance to wait, for I knew instinctively that we would, if God willed, eventually meet.

In the meantime I joined the Orthodox Presbyterian Church denomination, for one of the book jackets said Rushdoony was a pastor for the OPC. But he was not there, and I remained almost indifferent to the realization that I was already changing my life. Eventually I gave the pastor whom I met copies of a couple of my recent books and waited. And in due course Rush's two reviews appeared in *Christianity Today*. They were unique, penetrating to the heart of both volumes more incisively and accurately than any other reviewer had ever managed. That made a call imperative, and we met.

From that moment, our lives joined. There was no question that we shared viewpoints to an extent unprecedented in my life. Within a few months my wife, daughter, and I moved to Chalcedon's neighborhood in Vallecito in Northern California and Rush and I worked together for the next ten years. In the course of that relationship, I contributed to the *Chalcedon Report* every month, shared lecture tours to virtually every part of the United States, and made trips abroad together to the UK, Scotland, France, and Mexico, created and spoke on monthly tapes on what we called The Easy Chair, and wrote individual books and even one with several other associates titled *The Great Christian Revolution* defining the various roots of Christianity through the centuries.

In all that time Rushdoony published what I wrote without changing the text by a single word. Our conversations were never marred by any efforts to edit, alter, or change in any overt way, but it was obvious that our conversations, which ranged through every sort of topic, times, and subject, was always fresh, informative, original, and insightful. No other man had as much to impart, or matched his ability to do so in a manner that enlarged the mind — and the spirit.

It was, of course, inevitable that we parted, as Dr. Rushdoony's focus for the Chalcedon Foundation shifted from the scholarly to the evangelical; but I never found a reason for regret over the time I spent in his marvelous presence, and in the lessons I learned from him, that led me to the faith I enjoy today.

Reflections on Rev. Rush

(appeared originally on LewRockwell.com)

By Burton S. Blumert

I have no claim to scholarship. I was never his disciple, nor could I afford being a patron. For heaven's sake, I was not even a Christian. Yet, I was proud to share forty years of friendship with the great Christian scholar and charismatic spiritual leader, Rousas J. Rushdoony.

In 1973, Rushdoony's monumental tome, *The Institutes of Biblical Law*, was published and immediately recognized as an extraordinary contribution to Christian thought. As the years passed, the *Institutes* became the foundational influence for the Christian Reconstruction movement.

In the preface to this historic work, Rush wrote: "Many of the ideas developed in this study were discussed at times with Burton S. Blumert, who in more ways than one has been a source of encouragement."

Although the reference was hardly deserved, it meant more to me than a Nobel Prize for Coin Dealing. What had prompted this giant of a man to be so generous? The answer is clear: I was a friend.

But spiritual leaders, you might say, don't have friends. It's unlikely that the Archbishop of Canterbury has any pals, but Rush and his wife, dear Dorothy, were my true, enduring friends.

I was introduced to the great man in 1962 by financial newsletter writer, H. D. Bryan. As is often the case when, searching for beginnings, specifics are difficult to recall, but before long Rush and I were on the phone at least once a week. Our chats covered every subject ranging from medieval history (of which I knew nothing), the evils of the modern church (of which I knew little), to plain old gossip about folks in the freedom movement (of which I was a minor authority).

As the seasons passed, we drifted a bit. Rush was traveling all the time, testifying before varied official bodies on behalf of home schooling. I would see him but a few times a year, and his demeanor changed from that of the vibrant Christian scholar to that of an Old Testament patriarch. There were occasions when I expected to see small lightning bolts around his head and magnificent gray beard.

Others have covered the life, career, and enormous impact R. J. Rushdoony has had on Christianity, conservatism, and individual liberty.

I can only share with you some personal reflections of small moments during our decades-long friendship.

The Gold Coins That Didn't Exist

The memories are jumbled, but it was probably during the late 1960s that I had consigned an array of world gold coins to a weekend charity bazaar Rush had organized. He phoned on Monday morning to report that the event was a smashing success, and the gold coins sold like "hotcakes."

The next day's mail included payment and a group of returned coins. Surprised, I'd thought every item was sold. I examined the rejects, and red-faced, realized they were all Turkish. (Rushdoony's Armenian heritage could never forget the holocaust the Turks perpetrated upon his people.) We never exchanged a word about it, but it was as though I had never sent the satanic coins and he had never returned them.

The Carton of Paper Money

August 16, 1968 was the final day U.S. $1, $5, and $10 silver certificate notes were to be redeemed by the U.S. Treasury Department for actual silver. As the day approached, activity in the coin and precious metal industry turned frantic. Rush was visiting my office in San Mateo, and I jokingly handed him a carton containing ten thousand silver certificates that we were shipping for redemption.

I proceeded to say something as unbelievably stupid as, "What do you think of this as a Christmas gift?"

Rush accepted the "gift" with a graciousness that comes only to men of the cloth, long accustomed to the charity that sustains their flock. It took several agonizing moments to recover the valuable package. Years later I realized that, as the saying goes, he was "putting me on" all along.

The Last Conference

Although it was heart-wrenching to see him so frail, his 80th birthday celebration was a grand event in San Jose, California.

Rush's face brightened when I told him of a forthcoming conference "The Rothbard-Rockwell Report" was sponsoring. Wouldn't it be terrific if he could attend?

Andrew Sandlin and the other folks at Chalcedon, Rush's foundation, made all the ar-

rangements and Rush was comfortable during the seven hour round-trip between his home in Vallecito and the Villa Hotel in San Mateo.

It was a magical moment for the 200 conference attendees when Rush entered the banquet room.

"Burt, ask Rush if he would like to address the group," Lew Rockwell said.

"But, Lew, he may not be up to it."

"I think you should ask him," Lew persisted.

The next fifteen minutes were amazing. I was so apprehensive that I can't even recall his subject but his presentation was impeccable. Not a mumbled word, not a hesitation, not a break in the flow. It was pure Rushdoony.

I needn't have worried. The crowd was enthralled.

Power of Concentration

Rush and Dorothy had come to my office, and we were to have dinner in San Francisco with Christian school educator Reverend Bob Thoburn who was visiting from Virginia. I advised Rush and Dorothy I needed fifteen minutes to prepare for departure. He smiled, removed a small volume from his leather briefcase, and started to read.

I don't recall the nature of the calamity. It might have been a fire, a flood, or an armed robbery, but my office was in total chaos that afternoon. I do know that Rushdoony's eyes never left the page of the book. Speaking as someone whose attention span is about thirty-five seconds, I marveled at his power of concentration. No surprise he could read a book a day.

The Christian Reconstructionists have lost their inspirational leader. The home schooling movement mourns the passing of the great man who provided its life's blood. His students and parishioners will never replace this magnificent educator.

And I will miss my good pal, Rush.

February 14, 2000

Rushdoony's Work and Legacy

By Rev. Brian Abshire

On Thursday, February 8th, 2001, R. J. Rushdoony, potent Christian scholar and prolific author, president and founder of the Chalcedon Foundation, passed from this life to the next. Unknown by most evangelical Christians outside of the academic elite, "Rush's" influence on shaping the nature of theological discussion regarding social issues may well be seen in later generations as a pivotal point in laying the foundation for a future reformation.

"Rush" was from an ancient Armenian family who fled from the Turkish genocide in the early decades of this century (though born in America, Rushdoony's mother was actually pregnant with him during their escape). As a result of growing up in the Armenian sub-culture, rich in Christian history and tradition, and living in the last days of American Christian culture, Rush had a remarkable perspective from which to see our social problems. One the one hand, Rush never got over his family's love affair with the United States. America, in the early part of this century was less consistently humanistic than today, and evidenced more vestiges of our own Christian past. Christian America had given the persecuted Armenians freedom, and security and prosperity.

Yet at the same time, by end of the 1920's the theological rot of American Christianity and the sociological implications that decay had on the nation could be clearly seen. Liberalism had conquered the mainline churches, Princeton had fallen, Machen was excommunicated, Tennessee was humiliated before the world by enforcing the Genesis account of creation — all while broad evangelicalism was sliding into revivalistic irrelevancy by retreating from American life into a pietistic infatuation with the "rapture."

Rushdoony knew that America had been great, because she had been godly, and it was perhaps his most enduring contribution that his life was spent understanding where we went wrong as a culture, and what we had to do to get back on track. Rushdoony believed deeply that the Bible was God's infallible Word, and that it had answers for every area of life. A strict Van Tillian, Rush approached every issue from the perspective of "What does God say about this issue?"

After serving as a missionary to Native Americans, and working in suburban churches, he began his

serious scholarly work in the 1950's as he analyzed American culture from a Reformed and presuppositional perspective. Rush authored a number of books that revolutionized the Christian concepts of education and public policy. *The Messianic Character of American Education* was a devastating critique of the bankruptcy of the philosophical foundations of the public school system. He accurately saw back in the days when the biggest social problem facing teachers was chewing gum and talking in class where those presuppositions would ultimately lead, forty years later. Rush thus is known in some circles as the "father" of the Christian school movement, and much of his time in the seventies and eighties was spend as an expert witness securing the right of Christians to educate their own children, in their own way.

In books such as *The Nature of the American System* and *This Independent Republic* Rush demonstrated the Christian principles behind the formation of our country, and again, he predicted accurately the growing tyranny of the civil magistrate as it escaped the bonds of Christian presuppositions. In all these books, Rush was able to succinctly and powerfully delineate the essence of the problems facing us, from a thoroughly Christian world and life-view. As a result, he provided the intellectual foundation for a Christian resurgence in the public areas of life.

But Rushdoony was not just an expert in critiquing the problem. He was an avid postmillennialist, firmly believing that God had called his people to victory, and in 1973, provided the means, through his *magnum opus*, *The Institutes of Biblical Law* (self-consciously named after Calvin's *Institutes of Christian Religion*). In the *Institutes*, Rushdoony provided the first major work of Reformed casuistry in more than three hundred years. The book was so important, that at one point, even Dallas Theological Seminary carried it in their bookstore. Basically, and essentially, the *Institutes* was a Van Tilian demonstration of the antithesis between the Bible and modern humanistic assumptions; assumptions which far too many Christian scholars had unwittingly accepted. It also demanded that Christians work to rebuild every area of life according to God's Word. But Rushdoony was never a revolutionary nor did he depend upon politics, as his critics so often erroneously charged. Rush explicitly taught that culture would be changed from the ground up, as Christian men first learned to be self-governed in their own lives, their families, their callings and in their churches. This kind of revitalized Christianity would then spread to affect every area of life, art, science, culture and politics.

Rushdoony's analysis was not of course without controversy. He dealt seriously with the penal sanctions of the Law, and it is probably that aspect that earned him the undying enmity of so many. Yet he never backed down from Van Til's assessment that there were only two options, "autonomy or theonomy" and if God had said it, he took it seriously. It is perhaps the saddest commentary on modern Evangelical Christianity that those who knew of but rejected his scholarly work were not able (or willing) to face the logical implications of their own presuppositions.

Sadly, in this author's opinion, Rushdoony's intellectual and theological legacy will likely not be appreciated in this generation, partially due to theological inertia, partially due to the personal quirks of some of his disciples. Rush was a tremendously gracious man, kind and charitable. But some, who attached themselves to his theology have not been able to model this aspect of his character. Rushdoony used to be a popular speaker at Reformed Seminaries in the 70's, until certain followers poisoned the well with their acerbic attacks, and caustic comments, thus giving the entire movement he founded a bad name.

I knew Rush personally only for the last decade of his life. He served as one of the readers for my Ph.D. in sociology of religion, a job he did not have to do, but graciously did anyway, reading and critiquing my dissertation. I had the privilege of working with him and for him for several years at his think-tank in California, and I treasure every memory of the time I spent with him. I would not call him a "friend" for that would imply an unwarranted personal intimacy. He was not my "friend," but rather my "father" in the faith. Rush's books, bought in bulk in 1983 on my way back to England to begin my doctoral studies, changed my entire concept of Christianity. The days spent with him in his living room, surrounded by immense stacks of other books (Rush read and digested, one book a day throughout his life) was a more profound education than any course I had taken in college or seminary (and I quickly got into the habit of bringing a notebook and pen when visiting Rush, because everything he said was worth remembering). And though I did not always agree with his conclusions, I deeply appreciated his brilliance, profoundly respected him as a Christian man, and yes, I loved him as Timothy might have loved Paul.

It is a great injustice that the millions of covenant children who are being blessed by a Christian education

may never know that he was the man God used to secure that right for them. It is a great injustice that though Rush provided the theological and intellectual foundation for the resurgence of the Christian Right in the 1980's, he is seldom given credit for initiating Christian activism. It is a great injustice that millions of Americans read Francis Schaeffer and never know that his most profound ideas were directly taken from Rushdoony. But Rush doesn't care, his work is done, he fought the good fight, he kept the faith and now he is at rest with his fathers. His work will live on, and perhaps a new generation, not yet born, will one day give him the honor that is his due. We will not see his like for a long time to come; God never seems to give us many Calvins, or Knoxs or Gillespies. Rush was a mighty man of valor, and the world is a poorer place without him. But there are men he taught who will continue his work, and like leaven, they will slowly and inevitably spread his ideas until that great day when every knee will bow, and every tongue confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

Thank you, Rush, for your legacy. May we who are left behind remain faithful to it, and extend it, and so honor you, by honoring and obeying the gracious God you served. Rest now, in peace, until we see you again on that great day.

A Lighthouse at the Edge of a Stormy Sea

By Samuel L. Blumenfeld

A world without Rush is going to be a very barren and sad place for those of us who knew him and loved him. Rush, by the way, is the name his friends and colleagues used with his okay. I had met Rousas John Rushdoony in 1984, after I had written *Is Public Education Necessary?,* the writing of which turned me into a Calvinist. Therefore, it was quite a marvelous thing for me to become acquainted with the world's leading Calvinist theologian. It was Rush who made me a member of the Chalcedon family, the original think tank of the so-called Christian Right. I will always consider that the best thing that ever happened to me.

There were so many happy times during those years: my summer visits to Rush's home in Vallecito, California; the delightful lunches prepared by his wife Dorothy; the fellowship with other Chalcedon members; our convivial conferences in England; the many visits to bookstores; the conferences in the U.S. I cannot explain what it was like to be in his presence. For me it was a kind of quiet awe. I was in awe of the fact that such a human being actually existed and that he exerted such a powerful spiritual influence on my life. I was in awe of the fact that I was so privileged to know him.

As long as he lived, Rush was an unequivocal, undaunted upholder of Biblical truth. That was his lifelong profession, his lifelong passion. Those of us who spent years in the wilderness before we finally came to the foot of the cross envied the fact that he had never been a liberal, or a secularist, or an agnostic, or an unbeliever who had to be dragged kicking and screaming to Christ. I once asked him how it was that he never succumbed to modernism. He said it would have been tantamount to committing suicide.

He had never doubted God's call or God's Word. That was his strength. Everything he read, everything he studied at Berkeley and elsewhere never undermined his faith, and no man ever read more books both for and against Biblical religion. He came through the twentieth century unscathed by its false philosophies and secular temptations. He was like a lighthouse at the edge of a stormy sea; or an oak tree weathering a violent hurricane. He defended an ancient faith in a manner that liberals could not understand.

We thank God that Rush left us his books and his recordings. So we shall be able to read his words and listen to his voice and pass on these treasures to future generations. His life will always be for us an example of holy fulfillment on earth. Being close to him was as close as we shall ever be to the sustaining faith that gives meaning and purpose to life. He embodied that sustaining faith with such grace and simplicity. It was in his Armenian blood and bones.

Losing Rush is almost worse than losing a parent. He was that source of good that nourishes our will to live righteously. He taught us the great lesson of life: that it is to be lived for the glory of God and nothing else.

But Rush was not merely a theologian living in a cloister. His attachment to the world of human action was ever evident in his critical writings about education, politics, culture, government, economics, philosophy, the church, home schooling, and everything else. He was one of the few Christian theologians to recognize the damage that humanist education was doing to Christian children, and he urged Christian parents to educate their children in the manner prescribed by the Bible in Deuteronomy 6.

He understood the essential nature of the war between humanism and Christianity, and he inspired thousands to enter the battle on the side of the angels. The growth of Christian schools and of home schooling were to a great degree the result of his strong arguments in favor of both. He also knew that religious freedom depended on educational freedom and vice versa.

Rush was easily the most knowledgeable human being one was ever likely to encounter. If you asked

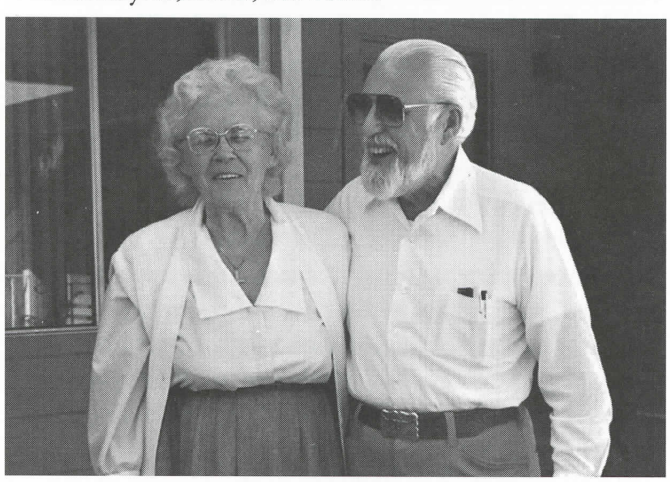
him a question about Kosovo, you got a dissertation on Serbia, Croatia, the Balkans, encyclopedic in scope. He had read so much and knew so much. There was hardly a question he could not answer, and he loved answering questions. Even in his Sunday service he provided time for the congregation to ask questions after his sermon. I always saved questions to ask him during my visits. Even now I have questions I was saving for my next visit. But they will never be answered.

Whenever I visited Vallecito, Rush would spend a day taking me and Mark or Andrew Sandlin to bookstores within a fifty-mile radius of his home. The conversations during those visits were forever stimulating. In the bookstores he would browse at leisure, accumulating a stack of books for his incredibly voluminous library. He was an insatiable seeker of knowledge. The more he knew, the more he wanted to know.

To all of us in the Chalcedon family, Rush was the immoveable center, radiating faith in God's benevolent power in the way that the sun radiates light. As a Calvinist, he had tremendous intellectual and spiritual power, yet was remarkably modest in demeanor but unequivocal in expressing his opinions to any audience that would have him. He was appreciated for his candor and his intelligence. You listened to him because he minced no words and gave you the straight story. He was the embodiment of Longfellow's assertion that "Life is real. Life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal. Dust thou art to dust returnest was not spoken of the soul."

To lose such a man is to lose more than many of us can bear. Yet we must bear it, because that is what life is about and that is what is expected of us. I will miss him very, very much, knowing full well that for the rest of my days I will never know another human being who was so good to me. And at the moment his soul left his body and found itself in the presence of the Lord, the Lord must have said, "Well done, my son. Well done."

Thank you, Lord, for Rush.



Dorothy and Rush in 1988.

Maturity and Obedience

By Andrea Schwartz

Many have expressed their heartfelt appreciation for R. J. Rushdoony and his expounding the relevance and necessity of the law for the Christian in his sanctification. I will remember Rush as the person God used to "turn the lights on" — to help me see that God's Word — all of it — was not just to be consulted, but to be digested and utilized in every area of life and thought.

Once this concept was understood and grasped, I was like a toddler, who having just discovered the ability to walk, wanted to *run* everywhere and do everything trying out my new skill to make an impact for Christ. However, my circumstances as a wife and the mother of two children made it so "learning to walk better" was the most I could do. *Institutes of Biblical Law, Law and Liberty, The Atheism of the Early Church, Revolt Against Maturity, Thy Kingdom Come, The Philosophy of the Christian Curriculum, Chalcedon Reports & Position Papers*, and tapes, all authored by R. J. Rushdoony, along with other authors he pointed me towards, took the "toddler in the faith" and helped her mature into a Christian woman.

Then, I was ready to see my calling in the kingdom within the context of being a wife and mother. God opened up doors for me to utilize my specific gifts to fulfill the Great Commission mandate and teach my children and those of other home schooling families. It was then that Rush and Dorothy asked me to help with the work of getting his books in print. What an honor! What a privilege! What an amazing thing! They wanted my help! My help was good enough for them? First typing, then typesetting, then acting in the capacity of publishing coordinator working with others around the country to bring his unpublished work into print, so that others like me could have the Scripture opened up to them in a powerful way.

Since then, my husband, Ford, and I have worked to replicate the process that we went through and to help "turn the lights on" for others we meet. We help them learn to "walk better" by giving them good material to read and apply. And then, we ask them to help. Amazing what happens when you let people help! Their God-given talents emerge — things that are monumental or unobtainable by others are just what "they've always been good at" and a community develops and the kingdom progresses.

When you look at it from one perspective, none of us are really ever good enough to help further the kingdom. None of us really has anything of merit to offer until regenerated by the Spirit, we respond with, "Lord, what would you have me do?" Then and only then are we qualified to obey the Living God and be fruitful and multiply.

Thanks to a godly man and his wife, my husband and I became more equipped to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. We were able to utilize the gifts and talents God designed into us, and responed to His calling on our lives. May all who have benefited from the ministry and friendship of R. J. Rushdoony continue to serve the Lord until we meet our dear friend again in heaven.

My Recollections of a Great Man

By Paul Ferroni

The first time I saw R. J. Rushdoony was at an Amway convention in Columbus, Ohio, in 1979. I was never a participant at any level in Amway, but had read some of Rushdoony's works, so a few of us early Ohio Recons crashed the convention to hear him. He spoke eloquently and boldly to a nominal (at best) Christian audience on the authority of God's law, and our American Christian roots.

Years later, our small NE Ohio church brought him to the area to speak several times.

As I reflect on my fondest memories of this great man, two instances stand out.

After my dear friend Andrew Sandlin was called to Chalcedon from his pastorate at the church I attended, I suggested that Chalcedon needed a web page. Andrew agreed, and began the process of "greasing the skids" of the venerable old technophobe. In June, 1995 the Ohio Reconstruction Society invited Rushdoony to speak in the Cleveland area. The time was finally right to approach him about a web site. I decided to give him a tour of the Internet. I managed to reserve a morning of his time to take him with me to my office at Rockwell Automation in order to demonstrate to him the power and possibilities of the Internet. I had a workstation set up in an unused office, and excitedly explained to him the wonders of the Internet and what the worldwide web offered. We sat in front of the workstation and I began a tour of various web sites that I thought would interest him. All the time, I was explaining how easy it would be for Chalcedon to put information "out there" for access, including the *Chalcedon Report*.

After about 15 minutes of browsing, I looked over to ask him a question — and he was sound asleep! As it was, he was suffering at the time with his recurring illness, and was quite tired by all the traveling and speaking. Shortly after this trip, he greatly reduced his travel time.

In spite of the seeming failure of the demonstration, he did give the okay to proceed with the web page, and www.chalcedon.edu went live shortly thereafter.

The second incident was the last time I saw Rushdoony. It was a couple of days after his 80th birthday celebration, which I attended. I was staying with Andrew, and we were returning a car that we had borrowed for the trip from Vallecito to San Jose. The Rushdoony home is an "L" shaped ranch at the top of a hill, with the parking area near the inside of the "L." The front door is also on the inside of the "L," and the main living area — where Rush did most of his reading — faced this parking area. It was dark, but not too late, and we had just parked the car after dropping it off. As we walked towards the door to let him know we had returned the vehicle, we both stopped and quietly observed the touching scene. Rush was seated in a comfortable armchair under the glow of a floor lamp just inside the picture window that faced us. He was reading *A Comprehensive Faith* — the *festschrift* that was presented as a surprise to him at the birthday gathering earlier. That was a precious moment that many of us shared, as he beamed with joy with the entire crowd applauding him.

Tonight, however, his face was the picture of concentration, leaning forward so the light would catch the pages, softly illuminated, looking more like a statue of the consummate reader than an old man cherishing a good read. He was obviously enjoying the book greatly. The serenity of the whole scene was surreal, and we tarried a couple of minutes, soaking it in before knocking on the door.

Although I would have loved to have spent more time with him, I am very thankful to have known him at all. My last memory of him "in his glory," having received the due respect of his students and disciples, continuing in his constant quest for wisdom, is very fitting.

Truly, may he rest in peace in the bosom of our God and Father.

R. J. Rushdoony's Influence on our Church

By Rev. Tom Clark

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! (Isaiah 52:7)

R. J. Rushdoony's influence was substantial. He was a key figure in reopening the six-day creation discussion; the renewal of Christian education was inspired by his writing and support; and his *Institutes of Biblical Law* was a key tool in bringing the church back to the grace of God's law-word. Influence in any one of these areas would have been noteworthy. To have been keenly involved in all three is remarkable.

The influence Rushdoony had on Tri-City Covenant Church and Tri-City Christian Academy in Somersworth, New Hampshire is minor when compared with his many great accomplishments, but it is substantial to all of us who have been blessed by his instruction.

Rushdoony's critics often missed an important aspect of his message — the liberation and release it offered to individuals and churches. Before *Institutes of Biblical Law*, our church members individually and corporately were in bondage to sin and blind to our condition. Enslaved, but thinking we were free. Then came good tidings.

Through the encouragement of Dr. Ellsworth McIntyre and the preaching of *Institutes* by Rev. Ronald C. Welch, we first heard the good tidings of peace, liberty, and "thy God reigneth." The antinomian community, which was exposed by Rushdoony's work, claimed his theology harsh and oppressive, but those who embraced its message experienced a different result. A complete Bible, vocational relevance, and appreciation for family were just a few of the liberating rewards we've enjoyed.

In Isaiah 52 the messenger of God brought good tidings to a people in bondage. So it was when God's messenger Dr. Rushdoony brought to us the full gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We know that our testimony is only one of many, but we are forever grateful that R. J. Rushdoony influenced our lives. We hope to show our gratitude by building upon the foundation he has given us. May his diligent labors bear much fruit in the years ahead.

R. J. Rushdoony, R.I.P.

(appeared originally on LewRockwell.com)

By Gary North

The death of Rousas John Rushdoony on February 8 at the age of 84 will not be perceived as newsworthy by the American media, any more than Ludwig von Mises's death in 1973 and Murray Rothbard's death in 1995 were regarded as newsworthy. But being a newsworthy event is rarely the same as being a significant event.

Rushdoony's writings are the source of many of the core ideas of the New Christian Right, a voting bloc whose unforeseen arrival in American politics in 1980 caught the media by surprise. This bloc voted overwhelmingly for Ronald Reagan. Two weeks after Reagan was inaugurated, *Newsweek* (Feb. 2, 1981) accurately but very briefly identified Rushdoony's Chalcedon Foundation as the think tank of the Religious Right. But the mainstream media did not take the hint. They never did figure out where these ideas were coming from. Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson were on television, and the media's intellectuals, such as they are, believe that television is the source of world transformation. Rushdoony in 1981 was almost unknown outside of the leadership of New Right/New Christian Right circles. So he remained at his death.

He was born in 1916 in New York City. His parents were newly arrived refugees. They had fled from the northern Armenian city of Van during the century's first genocide, the Turks' slaughter of an estimated million and a half Armenians, an event still ignored by most modern history textbooks and officially ignored by the British government in its United Kingdom Holocaust Memorial Day, held last month. Rushdoony's older brother, a toddler, had died during the family's escape across the border into Russia.

His father had been educated at the University of Edinburgh. As a farewell gift from Scottish friends, he had been given English pounds sterling, which he had kept in cash. With this universally recognized currency, along with money he had saved from his job as a teacher after his return to Armenia, he was able to buy train tickets across Russia for himself, his pregnant wife, and her sister's family. They reached Archangel and then booked passage to the United States.

Rushdoony senior became a Presbyterian minister in America. His forebears had been priests for at least six generations, son by son. He ministered to Armenians

for the remainder of his life. (With a photographic memory, he contributed two detailed eyewitness accounts for Viscount Bryce's official government volume, edited by a young Arnold Toynbee, *The Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire, 1915-1916*. His name is spelled Rushdouni in the book.)

R. J. Rushdoony learned to speak English in public school. He wound up majoring in English at the University of California, Berkeley, in the late 1930s. He attended graduate school there, receiving a master's degree in education, and then attended the liberal Pacific School of Religion, graduating in 1944. He entered the Presbyterian ministry in the mid-1940s, where he had a mission to the Chinese in San Francisco and later to the Western Shoshone tribe in Idaho.

Writing Career

It was on the reservation that he began to write. He wrote for the *Sunday School Times*. He also wrote an essay for the Foundation for Economic Education on the erosion of the Indians' voluntary charity traditions under the collectivism of the U.S. government's reservation system. This essay was included in one of FEE's *Ideas on Liberty* volumes, back before FEE changed the name of *The Freeman* to *Ideas on Liberty*.

In 1959, his first book appeared, *By What Standard?* It was an introduction to the philosophy of Cornelius Van Til of Westminster Seminary. A shortened paperback version was published in 1960, *Van Til*. Then he began writing applied theology. *Intellectual Schizophrenia* (1961) was a short but trenchant critique of tax-funded, "neutral" public education. FEE's senior staff member, Rev. Ed Opitz, wrote the Introduction. Two years later, his masterpiece on public education appeared, *The Messianic Character of American Education*, a highly condensed, thoroughly documented, and theologically astute critique of the educational philosophies of over two dozen of the major founders and philosophers of American progressive education, from Horace Mann to John Dewey. Nothing like it had ever been published before, and nothing equal to it has been published since.

This book became the academic touchstone for leaders of the independent (non-parochial) Christian school movement, which was just beginning to accelerate in 1963. It provided them with both the theological foundation and the historical ammunition for making their case against compulsory, tax-funded education.

Then, in rapid succession, came *This Independent Republic: Studies in the Nature and Meaning of American History* (1964), essays on the conservative Christian roots of colonial America, and *The Nature of the American System* (1965), on the Unitarian takeover of the culture in the nineteenth century, culminating with the United Nations. Also in 1965, his remarkable and still little known essay/book appeared, *Freud*, which I contend is the most devastating short piece ever written on that charlatan's system.

He moved to the Los Angeles area in 1965 and founded the Chalcedon Foundation in that year. He began writing the monthly *Chalcedon Report* newsletter in October, 1965, which was mimeographed in the early years. (These newsletters are collected in one large volume, *The Roots of Reconstruction*.) In quick succession came a string of books: *The Mythology of Science* (1967), *Foundations of Social Order: A Study in the Creeds and Councils of the Early Church* (1968), *The Biblical Philosophy of History* (1969), *Myth of Over-Population* (1969), *Politics of Guilt and Pity* (1970), *Thy Kingdom Come: Studies in Daniel and Revelation* (1970), *Law and Liberty* (1971) and *The One and the Many: Studies in the Philosophy of Order and Ultimacy* (1971).

These books were the products of his disciplined reading habits: a book a day – underlined, with a personal index in the back cover – six days a week for 25 years. He then followed suit with another 25 years of the same schedule. It added up. So did the books he wrote. In the December issue of the older *Chalcedon Report*, Rushdoony would publish his reading and speaking totals for the year. The volume of work was beyond most scholars' capacities.

Rushdoony's great gift was his ability to pack many ideas and a mass of footnotes into a short, tightly written essay. He was primarily an essayist. His books were often subtitled, "Studies." They were collections of related essays.

The Institutes of Biblical Law

The seemingly great exception to this related-essays approach was in fact not an exception: *The Institutes of Biblical Law* (1973). This was his *magnum opus*, a book of over 800 pages. It was the footnoted version of five years of sermons, 1968-72. This collection of sermons is like no other in modern publishing history. He will be remembered most of all because of this book. Harold O. J. Brown named it the most important Christian book of 1973 in his 1974 *Christianity Today* column — an opinion that I suspect was not shared by the editors.

The *Institutes* revived a long-dead discipline among Protestants, casuistry: the application of Biblical legal principles to real-world situations. The book appeared on the 300th anniversary of the publication of Richard Baxter's even longer book, *A Christian Directory*. Only the late-seventeenth-century Anglican moral philosopher, Jeremy Taylor, produced anything of consequence in the field after Baxter. After 1700, the Protestant tradition of casuistry disappeared, succumbing first to Unitarian social philosophy under the banner of Isaac Newton, and later to social evolutionism after Darwin.

In the *Institutes* — self-consciously named after John Calvin's *Institutes of the Christian Religion* (1536) — Rushdoony took the Ten Commandments as the ordering principle for the whole of Biblical law, Old Testament and New. He analyzed each of the case laws in terms of the Decalogue. He considered which principles carried over into the New Testament era and how they should be applied to modern life. He concluded that civil government must be shrunk drastically to meet Biblical standards, so that the free market and voluntary social action will flourish. He was an Austrian School proponent in most of his economic views, as his footnotes to Mises revealed throughout his career.

The *Institutes* launched the Christian Reconstruction movement. It represented a major transition in his writing career from detailed negative critical analyses to a detailed positive alternative. It filled a crucial gap in his previous strategy: "You can't beat something with nothing."

Transmission Belts

Lenin believed that revolutionary social transformation comes through disciplined organizational transmission belts of power and subversion. He thought that permanent social change must be secretly planned at the top and implemented hierarchically by means of a cause-and-effect system of institutional commands and responses. His ideal was a statist command structure with absolute obedience and predictable, measurable results.

This is not the way the world works. The world is far too complex for any mastermind's transmission belt to deliver predictable results on command. The public failure of the Soviet Union in 1991 interred Lenin's theory of social causation in his Red Square casket, although, like Dracula, the monster occasionally climbs out of its casket and wanders through American college campuses, seeking whom it may devour.

Historically, almost every founder of the major religions began to preach his message on the periphery of society. But the best refutation of Lenin's transmission belt theory in modern history is Karl Marx. Marx was an obscure, unemployed, German-speaking academic in exile during his adult lifetime, but his ideas spread quietly through the revolutionary underground. Lenin put flesh on the ideological skeleton and successfully captured the Russian State in an improbable *coup*.

Marxism seemed to be the wave of the future over the next seven decades. Marxism was hot stuff. But then, in 1991 and early 1992, the fat, unreadable tomes on "what Marx really meant" were consigned unceremoniously to the dustbin of history, or its academic equivalent, the "books for a buck" tables in college-town bookstores.

The careers of men who pioneer fringe ideas are testimonies to hope that flies in the face of politically correct reality. Consider Rushdoony, Mises, and Rothbard. In terms of the number of books per title sold, the size of the mailing lists compiled, the votes in Congress recorded, and similar documentable artifacts suitable for inclusion in a Ph.D. dissertation on social history, all three were on the sidelines of history. But, in the long run, when bad ideas are implemented by civil governments in terms of the statist casuistry of the Powers That Be, societies begin to shift off-center in reaction, and move in new directions toward the periphery. Men who spent their careers marshaling logic and footnotes on the sidelines of respectable culture are seen in retrospect as the pioneers.

We can only guess in advance about who these retroactively successful pioneers will turn out to be, but we do know this: their intellectual opponents are strategically short-sighted in ignoring them during their lifetimes, and their followers are not content to roll over and play dead at the suggestion of a self-tenured establishment. The center does not hold. Those who stake their reputations and their careers on the preservation of the center eventually get left behind.

February 10, 2001

Theory, Practice, and the Incarnation

By John B. King

In the modern era, many churchmen lack a practical bent. Because they do not understand the world, their theology is little more than pious gush devoid of practical application. Moreover, because such theology is necessarily irrelevant to human vocation, the practical deficiencies of the clergy engender theoretical deficiencies in the laity. As a result, many faithful Christians are left to stumble through major areas of life apart from a guiding theology. Thus, an impractical clergy begets a theologically ignorant laity and hence a culturally irrelevant church.

In light of the incarnation, however, the division between theory and practice is false. After all, since the Word has become flesh, the very depths of the divine Wisdom or Logos have become manifest in the practical affairs of daily life. Thus, the very nature of the incarnation demands a high level of theoretical precision and practical application as Christ's church seeks to "incarnate" a heady theology into daily practice. In other words, the incarnation demands the type of theology in which "the rubber meets the road."

It is in the fulfillment of these twin demands that the theology of R. J. Rushdoony is of singular excellence, for he was both a theoretical and a practical man. For instance, in *The Foundations of Social Order*, Rushdoony set forth a rigorous theology together with its practical implications for political liberty. Moreover, in *The One and the Many*, he examined the doctrine of the Trinity in light of its practical implications for social order, philosophy, and even knowledge itself. In his refusal to separate theory and practice, Rushdoony sought to empower all Christians by challenging the theological provincialism of the clergy. In so doing, he provided a synthetic perspective of amazing scope and breadth which integrates every area of life and thought into an optimistic theological framework. Thus, Rushdoony's thought is both incarnational and seminal in bridging the modern gap between theology and life.

Of course, in all his work, this fidelity to the incarnation was self conscious and deliberate. Indeed, Rushdoony named his foundation after the very Council of Chalcedon at which the doctrine of the incarnation was defined. As Rushdoony saw it, the incarnation has significant implications for political liberty and human culture. In particular, since Christ's divine and human natures are said to be in union without confusion, there is both a distinction and a relation between God and His creation. Due to this Creator-creature distinction, there is an infinite qualitative difference between God and man which limits the divine pretensions of the state. Thus, Rushdoony logically saw the Chalcedonian theology as the foundation of Western liberty. Yet, because the creation is also related to God, it is permeated by divine wisdom and is thus a legitimate sphere for the application of sound theology. Accordingly, by placing an equal emphasis on the Creator-creature relation, Rushdoony set forth a culturally relevant, incarnational theology in which "the rubber meets the road."

Finally, this incarnational theology was also manifest in his concern for people. About ten years ago, I began coming up to visit Dr. Rushdoony.[1] I would have lunch with him and his wife Dorothy and, in more recent years, with his son Mark as well. Initially, I thought of him as a "theological guru," but over time he became my friend, even helping me to attend seminary. I always enjoyed our lunches together but wondered why such a great man would spend time with such an ordinary person like me. In retrospect, I see this especially as a mark of his greatness in that he had a heart for the little people. Indeed, because of his fidelity to the incarnation and the personalism which this doctrine implies, he knew that his theology was useless apart from its ability to minister to concrete, flesh and blood people. And so, he was gracious to me in giving of himself. Thus, to all his critics who have denounced him as a legalist, I can only say that in his friendship to me, he embodied the Gospel. He dealt with me in light of the fact that the Word has become flesh.

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[1]On a humorous note, my grandfather once asked me whom I had gone to see. When I told him that I had gone to see Dr. Rushdoony, He said, "Rushdoony? What's he doing up in the hills? Isn't that the guy the Ayatollah's after?" I answered, "No Pop. That's Salmon Rushdie." Rushdoony got a kick out of this story.

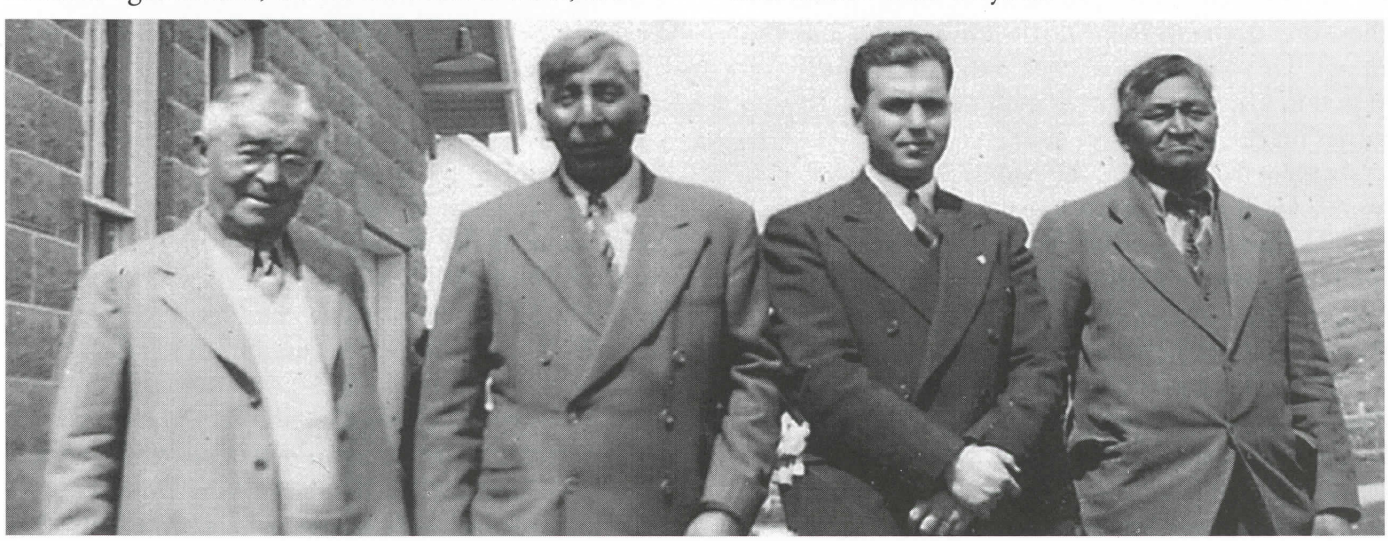
In Mid-40s Owyhee

By Sherman Fung

The expelled "ughs" that accompanied my pushes didn't make the wheelbarrow hoe-er work better. I saw its claw-like teeth dig into the dried soil, but the Nevada sun had insured its near rock-hard solidity. The sight of those long, unturned furrows was enough in itself to discourage me, not to say anything about the soon-to-disappear cooler, early morning sun. To me, a city-bred dweller and a recent college graduate, doing rural chores such as maintaining a vegetable garden or raising chickens was a complete change of pace. The Board of National Missions people didn't tell me that the internship I was undertaking might include such activities. It did not take me long after starting the assignment to realize that such food raising efforts were necessary. A rural pastor like Rousas Rushdoony, in whose house I was lodging, had to devise ways to supplement the low salary that a rural pastor received.

The demanding physical labor that put thick calluses on my hands wasn't the only thing I had to adjust to. The main industry in the area surrounding Owyhee was cattle ranching. Naturally destination points were far apart. One time Rousas, because he had to do something else, asked me to contact the elders of the church for a special gathering. In San Francisco or any urban center, I would have gotten on the telephone to make arrangements, but in Owyhee I had to borrow a horse. I had never ridden a horse; donkeys and mules, yes, but not a cowboy horse. The lender assured me that the horse was very tame and that I would not get lost. The worst would be that the horse heads for his own home rather than go the way I wanted. I got on and, true to the owner's word, the horse responded to my leading as instructed by the lender. It went at a very leisurely pace down one road and up another. I was just following the directions given to me by the contact at each point I arrived at. At the pace we traveled I lost all track of time. Ordinarily a car would have done the job in no time. I didn't have one, nor was I accomplished in driving. I only recently got a Nevada driver's permit. When I was growing up in San Francisco, I, as well as most other residents, found public transportation adequate. So I did not start learning to drive until I took on this internship. At the home of the last elder I had to contact — Guy Manning's place — his son Arthur saw my predicament. It was getting to be late afternoon. Would I get home before it got dark? He urged me to take one of his cars and even showed me how to operate it. I tried, but I just couldn't get the hang of coordinating the clutch and gas pedal. So it was back on the horse again.

Getting used to the way things were done in the little Owyhee church wasn't hard. Rousas was in charge, and I was learning by observing and doing. The church people, trained by Anglo missionaries, knew how to do things the Presbyterian way. Still, the influence of local customs and native American thinking could be felt. Rousas, thoroughly American, was nevertheless sensitive to alternate cultural ways, he himself having come out of an Armenian home. He had no difficulty with the patriarchal pattern of family life and communal relationships. Neither did I, having come out of Chinese culture. The people in that church accepted Rousas' leadership. However, because I didn't look like an "American," the people of Owyhee considered me a curiosity as well as an outsider. This was something I had to get used to. In time, my curiosity status subsided and I became more comfortable with Owyhee.



RJR with elders of church at Owhee, Nevada, probably in the late 1940s.

The Man From Owyhee (o-wa-he)

By Stewart C. Potter

The Duck Valley Indian Reservation is located on the Northern border of Nevada. The community where the Agency and other businesses such as the Post Office, school, hospital, and two stores are located is named Owyhee.

During the summer of 1948, I traveled with a Presbyterian minister from California to Owyhee to deliver some equipment to the Mission Church at Owyhee. It was at that time that I first met Rush who was employed by the Presbyterian Board of National Missions to pastor the congregation at Owyhee.

Rush asked me if I was interested in staying and working there until school started in the fall. The work consisted mainly of refurnishing the buildings and grounds. There were already two college students employed for the summer. Both were planning on entering the ministry. I have often thought what greater teacher could they have been around than Rush.

During the first summer, the type of labor was mainly repair, such as the fencing. The area was open range and, if you weren't fenced properly, you could wake up in the morning and have horses and cattle within your confines.

Elko, Nevada was 100 miles south and Mountain Home, Idaho was 100 north. Rush and I made several trips to these towns during the two summers I was there. We would haul building supplies, etc., on the truck that belonged to the mission. It was on these one-day trips that I learned much about many things. He was a great teacher. I was somewhat versed in Calvinism, but he took the Five Points to a loftier height.

As most people know, he had a great love for books. I will assure you it was not a love that came late. He had a library on the second floor of the house that was mind-boggling for me at the time. Folks on the reservation who saw it wondered how the second floor held up, me included.

The mail was delivered by stage from Elko five days a week. I don't remember what day, but at approximately 11:00 a.m., Rush would be looking down the road for the dust the stage was kicking up. That meant his new book was almost here. After he received it from the driver, he would return to the house by crossing the road then across the footbridge and then into the yard with out looking up. This weekly event took on a life of its own as several folks wouldn't miss it if their lives depended on it. It was during the first summer there that he introduced me to Tolstoy and other Russian authors.

The mail was delivered by stage from Elko five days a week. I don't remember what day, but at approximately 11:00 a.m., Rush would be looking down the road for the dust the stage was kicking up. That meant his new book was almost here.

Rush was sometimes timid in asking people to do things for him. What comes to mind in this regard is his manner in asking me to play the piano at the various services. He knew I played, but was hesitant to ask until the first Saturday night I was there. After that first Sunday, I played at worship, weddings, funerals, and prayer meetings for two summers.

The winters at Owyhee were harsh to say the least. I am sure that living and ministering to the population in that environment had a profound impact on Rush. Alcoholism was epidemic with the young people, and many problems were brought to Rush's attention for his handling. He relied on the strong and well-grounded elders of the congregation for advice and support. It was with this group that I often went hunting. Rush wasn't much for hunting (he did eat the sage hen, duck, and venison), but he did like to fish. He would spend a part of each weekday fishing in the canal that was directly in front of his house. Other times he would go up to the main part of the Owyhee River. He preferred to fish by himself.

I have fond memories of events and lessons well learned during the two summers I spent living with Rush and his family. I was blessed. As a footnote. I telephoned Rush about eight years ago and asked him if he had any recommendations of a faithful Presbyterian Church in the Sacramento area. He said he didn't know of any first hand. He did however recommend a congregation in Sacramento. It took me two years to darken the door of the Covenant Reformed Church of Sacramento ... another way the Lord's providence used Rousas J. Rushdoony.

A Down-to-Earth Scholar

By Ian Hodge

It is with sadness, yet a spirit of hope, that this tribute is written to acknowledge a great man, Rousas John Rushdoony. His greatness, however, will probably remain one of the best-kept secrets of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, except for a devoted and loyal following that Dr. Rushdoony accumulated in his lifetime.

I did not have the opportunity to meet "Rush" (as he was called by his friends) more than half-a-dozen times during the past twenty years. We corresponded intermittently over this period. Eventually meeting him and knowing him more intimately was a privilege, a very great honor, and a thoroughly pleasurable experience. To be in Rush's company was always a most enjoyable experience.

In 1991, I made the first of several visits to Chalcedon and the home of Rev. and Mrs. Rushdoony. What was significant was that in all his work he always had time for guests. He and his wife enjoyed company. And the many visitors that passed by were always made welcome. For those not brave enough to drive the Californian freeways, Rush's hospitality always extended to driving to the airport to pick up his guests.

In his home, the hospitality was always friendly, warm, and intensely theological. Rush liked nothing better than to discuss life from a theological perspective. He was interested in the Australian economy and how it matched (or didn't match, as the case was more often) Biblical ideals. When the opportunity came for me to bring Rush to Australia for a conference in 1992, it was with humor that I would welcome him to the land where "socialism worked" and suggested he need only ask Australians on the street for verification of this.

It was on that visit that I also learned a very practical lesson about book reading. After more than twenty-four hours of travelling, Rush landed in Australia in the early hours of the morning. His dilemma was to sleep during the day and be awake at night, or somehow find a way to stay awake for another 15 hours so the body can fall into the local seep patterns. Rush's solution was simple: "Take me to the second-hand book stores." We managed to take in five bookstores before he was ready to call it quits for the day.

It was also on that occasion that I learned something else about Rush and his commitment to scholarship. As he was accumulating books to be shipped back to America, I tried a little humor on him. "Rush," I said, "you shouldn't buy more books until you've read all the ones you have already." I had been in his home and seen the 35,000 some books. Reading these would have been a monumental task.

In reply, Rush responded without a smile and in that slow Californian accent that Australians find so fascinating, "I may not have read all the books from cover to cover," he said, "but I know what is in every one of the books I have." To view his library and see his indexed notes in the books was evidence that this was no idle boast.

Rush's books tell the story of a man who was determined to provide an understanding of Christianity in a unique but important manner. He was not the usual abstract theologian. In making the Faith practical, Rush also made it exciting. By showing what an idea meant in practice in the past, he showed how we might work out our faith in the future. This is one of the main attractions of his work.

Despite his great learning, his ability to think in a structured and logical way, he always had time for ordinary people. He had, moreover, the ability to communicate with them in down-to-earth language. I think this is one reason his work is not popular in academic circles. He wrote with clarity. It was not possible to misunderstand the point he was making. His style of communication is indicated by his followers. The academics of this world, with few exceptions, were not his readership. Ordinary men and women, those seeking real answers that made sense, were the people who bought and read his books. These are the people who have been the backbone of support for Rush and over the years.

Rush was a man who knew the sadness of being maligned and misunderstood by those he sought to win to a better understanding of the Scriptures. Yet in this he never sought vindication for himself, for he knew that he was no more than the messenger of the great King and that it was not God's role to vindicate his messengers but to vindicate Himself.

And I think that if we had asked Rush what his desire for each one of us would have been, his reply would have been: "Be faithful to the end in all things."

Rush will be missed by all those who had the privilege of knowing him. He was like a father to us, offering words of wisdom and counsel, always encouraging. We loved him and now we miss him. And we look forward eagerly to that day in the future when we will all be united under King Jesus and pain and death and suffering are no more.

Rush knew his share of difficulties in this life, but they did not stop him from exercising his calling. He had a sense of destiny that is rare, and his family's historical contribution to the faith played an important part in developing his own contribution to the ongoing reform of the world. His contribution to a new Reformation will remain indelibly in the history of Christianity.

A Tribute to the Father of Christian Reconstruction

By Rev. Kenneth L. Gentry, Jr.

As a Christian Reconstructionist pastor, teacher, and author, I am deeply grateful for the life and ministry of R. J. Rushdoony. His impact on me has been enormous, both directly (through his writings, personal correspondence with me, and friendship) and indirectly (through the writings and ministries of others who have been influenced by him). Anyone entering my office will quickly notice a collage of photographs on my wall. In that collection of pictures, I have photos of me standing with three of my favorite Christian scholars: Dr. Cornelius Van Til, Dr. Greg L. Bahnsen, and Dr. R. J. Rushdoony.

Rushdoony is rightly deemed the "Father of Christian Reconstruction." His enormous body of writings have cogently and faithfully framed in a distinctly Biblical worldview, endorsing and promoting a theonomic ethic, presuppositional apologetic, Calvinistic soteriology, covenantal commitment, and postmillennial outlook. These cornerstones of the neo-Puritan Reconstructionist theology are well-established by Rushdoony's keen insights. His influence in our circles is so enormous that when someone mentions "The Institutes" we have to ask: "Whose? Calvin's or Rushdoony's?"

I was introduced to Rushdoony by my seminary professor, friend, and co-laborer, the late Dr. Greg L. Bahnsen. I must declare without hesitation, that the four most important contemporary theological influences on me and my ministry have been: Dr. Cornelius Van Til, Dr. Bahnsen, Dr. John Murray, and Dr. R. J. Rushdoony. They have enormously and indelibly impacted my life and ministry.

In addition to my growth in understanding the full implications of the Christian worldview through Rushdoony's tapes, articles, and books, I had the joy of speaking on the same platform with him on several occasions in the 1990s, a couple of times in Sacramento and once in Atlanta. He was always challenging his hearers faithfully to interpret the world and life from the perspective of the sovereign God who reveals Himself in His inerrant and infallible word of truth, the holy Bible.

Rush and Dorothy book-buying in U.K. in early 1990s.

As one who was uniquely gifted as a Christian interpreter of human culture and thought, Rushdoony will be greatly missed. However, we can take heart in the Lord's blessing his servant with many faithful disciples, and that Rushdoony has left a goldmine of writings as his long-standing legacy to Reformed Christianity. In addition, we can take comfort in the well-established ministry of the Chalcedon Foundation which is destined to take Rushdoony's influence into the future, to the glory of the Triune God Who saves us from all our sins and establishes us in righteousness.

Rushdoony will be missed, but not forgotten.

A Prophet's Reward

By Dr. Ellsworth McIntyre

About ten years ago, a banquet was held honoring R. J. Rushdoony and his wife, Dorothy. It was an affair fit for a king, held in a luxury hotel in Naples, Florida. In attendance were representatives from Tri-City Covenant Church and Tri-City Christian Academy of Somersworth, New Hampshire, and Nicene Covenant Church and Grace Community Schools of Naples. Many of the guests gave eloquent testimonies praising the Lord for the prosperous ministries that had been given to them through Rush's doctrine. The testimonies ended, and I stood to go to the podium to give my testimony and to introduce Rush. I noted that Dorothy had tears on her cheeks. My introduction included my own debt to Rush, because I am certain that without his teaching, we would not have ministries at all.

I pointed out that we were greatly blessed to give tribute to Rush before his death, because after a great man dies, those who persecuted him while he was alive will suddenly rush to his tomb bearing buckets of whitewash. The phony whitewashers will have their *temporary* reward — money robbed from widows' houses to build buildings. Perhaps some of them would even name the buildings after R. J. Rushdoony. On the other hand, we could count ourselves among those who went outside the camp bearing the shame, standing by God's man. Our reward will be permanent.

Godly Capitalists

I observed that those who apply the theology of faithful prophets frequently make more money than the prophets themselves. This is also true in the business world. The inventor usually makes far less than the manufacturer and the salesman. This probably is how the Lord designed His economic rewards. Otherwise, we would all sit around trying to be abstract instead of doing concrete things, such as building schools and churches. Likewise in the business world, systems have to be designed to manufacture and bring to reality the creative advance of the inventor. In other words, the Lord calls tens of thousands of workers for everyone blessed with the unique gift of an R. J. Rushdoony. Most of us are called to be godly capitalists.

I ended the introduction asking the audience to welcome Rush to the podium with a round of applause. They stood to their feet and warmly applauded, but Rush remained in his seat. At first, I thought he might have fallen asleep. So did Dorothy. She gave him an elbow into the side, but from my vantage point, I could see that he was not sleeping, but deep in thought. Later I found out why. Rush quipped to me, "That was a very interesting introduction. Perhaps we should pray a curse on the first enemy who names a building after me."

We both laughed wholeheartedly, but Dorothy scolded us by saying, "Rousas! What a thing to say!" This struck both of us as even more hilarious, but behind the humor lies a great truth.

Reward Or Loss?

To be a friend of R. J. Rushdoony is to have an opportunity to sow a blessing or reap a curse. We read in *Systematic Theology,* Vol. II, "Those who receive a prophet or preacher, *i.e.*, one who truly and faithfully proclaims the word of God, shall receive a prophet's reward" (812-3). (See *Mt. 10:40-42.*)

We of the Reformed tradition were first to call our pastors "Father," because as Rush wrote in his *Institutes of Biblical Law*, "He who teaches you the law is your father." I, and thousands like me, have been rescued from lawless religion by the Biblical theology of Rushdoony. Some of Rush's spiritual children will publicly acknowledge their debt to him. The great majority will not. Only one in ten of the lepers healed by Christ turned back to praise the Lord (*Lk. 17:11-19*). The thankful one, a Samaritan stranger, was made whole. The Jewish nine went their way counting their outward healing of leprosy as their due. After all, they may have thought within themselves, "We are children of Abraham."

The same pattern exists today. The blind pseudo-Christian bleats, "I am not under law, I am under grace.... After all, I prayed the Sinner's Prayer, did I not?" These will consider Rushdoony's theology and accept their outward healing as their due. These ungrateful ones will suffer loss of reward, but to those who have the grace to confess their need by saying "thank you," they shall receive a prophet's reward.

Rush has left behind his books. It would be a very good idea for every reader of this memorial to order a pile of Rush's books and get all of your family, friends, and associates to do the same. A prophet's reward is very good compensation.

The Renewal of Christendom Is R. J. Rushdoony's Legacy

By Howard Phillips

R. J. Rushdoony was my spiritual father and my most important teacher.

On a flight from Virginia to California in 1975 on behalf of The Conservative Caucus, an old friend, Frank Walton, seated across the airplane aisle, handed me a *Chalcedon Position Paper* concerning socialized medicine.

My late father-in-law, Dr. Walter O. Blanchard, had been a determined foe of those who sought to intrude the government between doctor and patient.

In 1962, while still a Harvard undergraduate, I had testified before the U.S. House of Representatives Committee on Ways and Means in opposition to legislative proposals which presaged the comprehensive governmentalization of health care which has been affected during the past four decades.

I was excited by Rushdoony's insights and arguments in opposition to socialized medicine — but what gripped me was his reliance, not on human reason, but rather on Biblical stricture.

That was brand new to me. The idea that the Bible spoke to my public policy concerns — and, as I soon realized, to all of my other concerns as well, was the first step on the road to a comprehensive Christian faith.

My appetite was whetted. I devoured Volume I of Rush's *Institutes of Biblical Law*, and, subsequently, read most of his other books as well.

For the first time in my life, I began studying the Bible, at last appreciating that every word contained therein has a unique, enduring meaning and purpose.

On long driving trips, accompanied by members of my family, we began listening intently to Rush's sermons, each of which was characterized by teaching, even more than preaching.

I learned that all I possess is a blessing from God and that permanent ownership is His. As His vice-regent, I am obliged to be a good steward of that which He entrusts to me, duty bound to use my resources to help build His kingdom on earth as it is in Heaven.

My children are His, so I removed them from the control and influence of what is a competing sovereignty, the schools of the anti-Christian state.

In his commentaries concerning the Sabbath, Rush taught me to take hands off my life and to be at peace in the knowledge that Jesus Christ is in control and at work, even when I am at rest, perhaps especially when I am at rest.

On a personal level, Rush was patient and encouraging as I grappled with the meaning of Christian faith, at last realizing and acting on the fact that, without Christ's substitutionary blood sacrifice, there is no atonement for our sins.

As one called to battle in the public policy arena, the lessons Rush taught me afforded coherence and a "vision of victory" in my study, my analysis, and my advocacy.

The sovereignty of the Triune God is the fundamental premise of sound thinking. God is sovereign in all jurisdictions: family, vocation, education, military affairs, and civil government.

Law is always the will of the sovereign. Christ the King is our lawgiver. The society that rejects His law cannot be rightly characterized as Christian.

All thinking is presuppositional. God's truth, as revealed in Holy Scripture, is the only correct starting point.

Neutrality is a myth. Jesus Christ is truth itself. Thought and action either conforms to truth, or is in rebellion against it.

All ideas are inherently, inescapably "religious." All institutions and all activities, therefore, are "faith based." Planned Parenthood, Gay Men's Health Crisis, the Legal Services Corporation, the Department of Education, and the National Endowment for the Arts: each operates from presuppositions about the nature of God and man.

Jurisdictionally, the state ought not govern the family or the church. That which is subsidizes, it regulates. Each of us is accountable in some degree to those from whom we receive benefits.

Funding of "faith-based institutions" is not a new notion, but invariably it corrupts and compromises the donee as well as the donor.

Faith has no boundaries. It is relevant to every area of life and thought.

It is my conviction that, decades from now, in the perspective of history, Rousas Rushdoony will be recognized as the man whose scholarship and persevering exposition sparked the renaissance of Christendom — first in America, and then, throughout the world.

Even now, Rush has a living legacy in the home education movement of which he was the intellectual progenitor.

He never favored theocracy, as was alleged by ignorant, undiscerning, sometimes malevolent, critics; but he never shrank from the fact that we live in a theonomic world, whether we admit it or not.

The restoration of theonomic logic to the American political discourse is not the least of R. J. Rushdoony's legacies, and I for one have been grateful to bear the standard of Biblical reality in the electoral arena.

The Reformed Patriarch

By Rev. Joseph McAuliffe

When I reflect on Rousas Rushdoony, I am reminded of how the apostle Paul identified himself to the church at Corinth: "*Although you have countless tutors in Christ, you do not have many fathers*" (*2 Cor. 4: 15-16*). Rush was my spiritual father. It wasn't that he led me to the Lord, but it was the developmental work he began to provide for me as a young charismatic pastor continuing my studies at Bowling Green University in the mid-seventies. The church I was leading had recently become a part of the now defunct "Discipleship Movement" and one of its better leaders, Bob Mumford, suggested I read *The Institutes of Biblical Law* by this oddly named man Rousas Rushdoony. Rush's book subverted my antinomian, premillennial, dispensational belief system and introduced me to Biblical law, postmillennial eschatology, and the cultural implications of the Great Commission. The Lord also used that book to connect me with the author whom five years later I would meet in California and engage in intimate mentoring relationship that lasted until the day the Lord took him home.

I have been blessed with both a great natural father, Jack McAuliffe, and a spiritual father in Rousas. They both were born in the same year and they died five weeks apart. My dad was a hard working commercial real estate salesman from Syracuse, New York who loved his family, the Democratic Party, J&B Scotch, and the Catholic Church. He truly excelled in what he loved. Rush's family was from Armenia — steeped in the Armenian Orthodox Church and he came to know the Lord at an early age. The affections of his life were his family and the call of God upon his life, especially the knowledge of the Word of the Lord.

The first time I met Rush was in the fall of 1979 when I was a part of a leadership staff in San Jose, California. I had ordered some books from Chalcedon and to my amazement, Rush would actually answer the phone. He invited me to come to his home in Vallecito for a visit. So my wife Kay and I made that winding, carsickness ride high up in the Sierras to his lovely rural ranch home. We were both amazed to find the home completely decorated with books galore. Kay, knowing that this was how I wished our home was so adorned was understandably aghast. "That which I feared has come upon me," she uttered. I, meanwhile, was envious.

An hour later, Rush once again amazed us by suggesting we visit his library. Library, we mused, where have been for the past hour? He escorted us down a path to another ranch style building that consisted of one great room that housed over 33,000 books. It was in the context of the "how many of these have you read?" question that Rush disclosed a revelation from his childhood. He said that when he was around 10 years old, "The Lord impressed upon me that I was called to be a scholar for God." He subsequently began the cherished habit of reading voraciously, averaging nearly three books a day up to his seventies.

What a lexicon of knowledge he deposited and stewarded in that fertile mind! I once commented my admiration for his uncanny ability to accurately extemporize on a vast array on historical personages, obscure philosophical disputations, theological profundities, or miscellaneous bits of peculiar information to his wife Dorothy. An astute woman in her own right, she commented, "It's a gift Joseph and a marvel I never tire of. He still in his late sixties can recite footnotes of books he read over thirty years ago."

Rush was a multifaceted man with a wide diversity of interests who distinguished himself in numerous ways throughout his life. He served in the mission to field to Native Americans, he pastored churches, he worked in think tanks, he taught in universities, he was an expert court witness in church state issues, he lectured in conferences, and he is recognized as an architect of the Christian political right and the spearhead of the Christian home school movement. He did so much because he really believed that Christ is Lord over every area of life and that the Bible has the blueprint for every cultural activity.

He also liked to write. He wrote history, theology, philosophy, apologetics, Bible commentaries, educational curriculums, and social critiques. His writing style was clear, concise, and erudite — and without a word processor. His audience was not the ivy-towered professorial recluse, but the everyday Christian who desired to take his faith seriously.

Many pastors, including myself, used his books in small group church studies.

Perhaps the distinguishing features that a father imparts to his children are security, identity, and authority. These qualities are the fruits of spiritual fatherhood as well and best describe the influence of Rousas in my life in terms of my relationship to Christ. The security of the believer is significant not only in terms of our eternal inheritance but also our standing and experiences this side of the veil. Rush's faith was unswerving in terms of the absolute love and favor of God on our behalf in spite of temporal afflictions, diseases, and trials. Amidst the intense physical ailments that he and his wife have encountered during the past five years, rarely would he finish a conversation with me without asserting the goodness of the Lord. Rush was the consummate Calvinist to the end in his refusal to accept any condition of life as being detached from the always-meaningful purpose of God "*Who ordains all things after the counsel of His will.*"

The post World War II abdication of fatherhood has contributed to the "identity crisis" pop pathology rampant with baby boomers. What the lead singer of the classic rock group The Who, Roger Daltrey, addresses in their hit song, "*Who Are You?*" strikes a contemporary chord in a generation reared without fathers telling them who they are. Central to Rush's ministry was his accentuation of the New Covenant believer having been recreated in the image of Christ with a calling to subdue the earth, take dominion in his calling, and to reign with Christ. Prior to Rushdoony, I, too, was a typical escapist evangelical whose only hope was in a raptured afterlife. Most of my sermons echoed Hal Lindsay's eschatology which can be summarized by the sixties band, Eric Burden and the Animals refrain: "We've gotta get out of this place, if it's the last thing we ever do." Even a cursory reading of Rushdoony's works confronts one with the earthly implications of the believer's responsibility to take dominion over the earth in terms of one's calling under God. Christians have a profound calling in this life because of the magnificent fruits the exalted Christ has bestowed upon them as new creations filled with His Spirit and laden with overcoming grace.

Lastly, fathers impart authority to their children. Our heavenly father has equipped us with extraordinary gifts and graces to carry out the work He has called us to. Christians have authority over the spiritual forces of darkness through the Word of God as well as authority over our carnal nature through the revelation of the crucified Christ of Calvary. Rush saw the law-word of God combined with the empowering Holy Spirit as the authoritative tools of dominion for the believer. The impact of his ministry has been to transform men and women from being world-escapers to world-changers.

Rush is gone but his ministry carries on through Chalcedon, his books, tapes, and his spiritual descendents. I will also treasure the memories of my many times with him: the conferences, seminars, church meetings, phone conversations, letters, and the visits to Vallecito.

I'll always cherish when he and Dorothy came to our home in San Jose shortly after my first son died from a chromosomal disorder in 1980. They simply showed up to be a support to a young couple who were hurting. We realized then that Rush was much more than one of countless teachers; he truly was a patriarch. I have a picture of Rush and my father when we dedicated our new sanctuary in Bowling Green, Ohio that was taken after a dinner we shared in our home in 1985. Few men were ever more politically diverse, but I remember the sweet fellowship we enjoyed together that evening. I remember looking at them at dinner while they exchanged their life experiences with such relish and under my breath giving thanks to God for gracing me through them. It has been very difficult for me to lose both of them — my two closest friends — within such a short period, but I know from Rush that God is to be praised and it does somehow accord with the Sovereign's perfect will.

An Open Letter to Rousas John Rushdoony

By Rev. Joe Morecraft, III

(This letter first appeared in *The Counsel of Chalcedon*, May, 1980, when I was 35 years old.)

Dear Brother,

My heart is overwhelmed with gratitude to the living God for what He has done in my life through you. There is not a week that goes by that I do not praise God for you and your ministry. *I thank my God every time I remember you,* Philippians 1:3.

I was introduced to your writings in 1971. Since that time I have studied no non-inspired books as intensely, thoroughly, and continually as your books. As a result, no one man has influenced my thinking, living, and preaching as you have, and I do praise God for that. This is not to say that I have not also been greatly

influenced by many of the Puritans and many Banner of Truth publications for which I also praise God.

Most particularly have I devoured and digested your *Institutes of Biblical Law*, which I have read many times. In my opinion it is one of the most important books of this century. However, I still heartily recommend the Larger Catechism on sabbath keeping and still enjoy pork and shrimp, Mark 7:19!

The first time I came into contact with you personally was when you wrote me a letter after the publication of my article, "Why I Don't Give Invitations: The failure of the invitation system to uphold the free offer of the gospel of free grace" in *The Sword and Trowel* several years ago. I was more excited by that letter than my grandfather was when he shook hands with Calvin Cooledge! You gave me some advice in that letter which, at the time, I thought to be a little extreme, but, which, since then, I have come to appreciate. For the past three and a half years I have followed it with the Lord's blessing. You advised me then not to ask people to join our church, normally, but to allow them to be compelled by the Holy Spirit to come, since God blessed this method in your previous ministries. Four years ago we had fifty members, today we have over 200 members with close to 250 people in our worship service. Someone asked me recently what plan of church growth we have followed to experience such an increase. I answered — we pray, pastor, and preach, and do not ask anyone (generally) to join the church. [Now it is 2001, we have around 500 members and, in addition, from our church have sprung three other churches in the Atlanta area. We still do not ask people to join the church, ordinarily.]

Although you began ministering to me through your writings in 1971, I never met you until the spring of 1979 at the Atlanta Christian Training Seminar on "Christ, Politics, and Morality," with Greg Bahnsen, sponsored by our church. Seeing and talking with you in person was important to me, because I saw clearly manifested in your life the patriarchal (*Gen. 18:3-8*) and apostolic (*Ac. 16:15, 34*) qualities of graciousness, charm, warmth, hospitality, gentlemanliness, and personal piety which are essential to our task of world conquest. It was important for me to see these things in you because, as is often the case with lesser lights in any movement, some young disciples are void of warmth and graciousness, having intellectualized your perspective, robbing it of the heartbeat that you have. Contrary to your critics, this sad fact is not produced by your perspective or system, but by the indwelling sin that remains within us all. Those frigid and sterile Calvinists, whose compassion and personal piety have shriveled, are the exceptions in our movement. Among my friends and associates and in my church, a full-orbed, thoroughly Biblical, well-balanced, theonomic, postmillennial Calvinism has fanned the flames of zeal, evangelism, faithfulness, faith, hope, love, and personal piety in our lives, rather than quenching them.

Besides your influence on me personally, I am greatly aware of the Spirit's influence through you on our church. Our church was not accidentally named Chalcedon Presbyterian Church, because we, deliberately and consciously, stand in the tradition both of the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451) and in the Reformed perspective of Chalcedon of Vallecito, California, of which you are president. The majority of our people, to one degree of awareness and consistency to another, are committed to the vision and perspective reflected in your writings, not because they slavishly follow any man, but because in your perspective they hear a ring of truth, a vital scripturalness and a power that are absent from scholastic and emasculated Calvinism and non-Reformed evangelicalism. Our church is in the grip of a vision — the Christianization of the United States and the world; and we will not rest until Christ's banners are unfurled throughout the world and His sovereign rights recognized by all men everywhere, beginning in Atlanta, Georgia. As the introduction to our church directory says: "Chalcedon is committed to pray for and work toward the establishment of the crown rights of Jesus Christ over all the earth and the reconstruction of all aspects of human society by His inerrant and all sufficient Word. In fulfillment of the Great Commission, this goal amounts to nothing less that the Christianization of the world to the praise of the glory of His grace."

Lastly, your influence on American Christianity is so obvious to me as well. The awakening of the charismatic movement and the fundamental Baptist movement to political awareness and to their responsibility to stand for Christ and the application of His Word in the political, social, moral, and economic crisis of our day has largely been produced by God using your influence upon the leadership of these movements. More and more political conservatives, millions of charismatics and Baptists and a few Presbyterians are realizing that the choice today is clear: the reconstruction of America by Biblical law, along the guidelines your propose, or chaos. I praise God for this renewed vision and hope of victory through a faithfulness that God is working into the hearts of so many today. The sad thing is that, whereas the conservatives, charismatics, and Baptists appreciate your influence, many of the conservative Presbyterians view you as extreme and dangerous,

thereby making themselves hostile to relevance regarding the critical issues of our day. When Presbyterians ought to be joining with you, their fellow Presbyterian, in advancing your thoroughly Reformed stance, instead, they oppose you and betray the influence of humanism on their own thinking. — However, take comfort in this: *He will redeem [your] soul in peace from the battle which is against [you]* (*Ps. 55:18*). Let me assure you that many Presbyterians do join with you in working toward the Christian reconstruction of the United States and of our churches, to the glory of the highest authority of our land, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Be assured of our continued prayers for your health, welfare, and usefulness in the advance of God's triumphant kingdom. We also pray that God will raise up more and more people to support, carry on, and expand what you have pioneered in our day. You have not dug new wells, you simply cleaned out the old wells dug by our fathers, but stopped up through the years with a synthetic Calvinism (*Gen. 26:18*).

Pray for us that God in Christ would keep on reforming us by His powerful Word and Spirit until the day *when the earth will be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea* (*Isa. 11:9*). SOLI DEO GLORIA!

R. J. Rushdoony Memorial Funds

By Mark R. Rushdoony

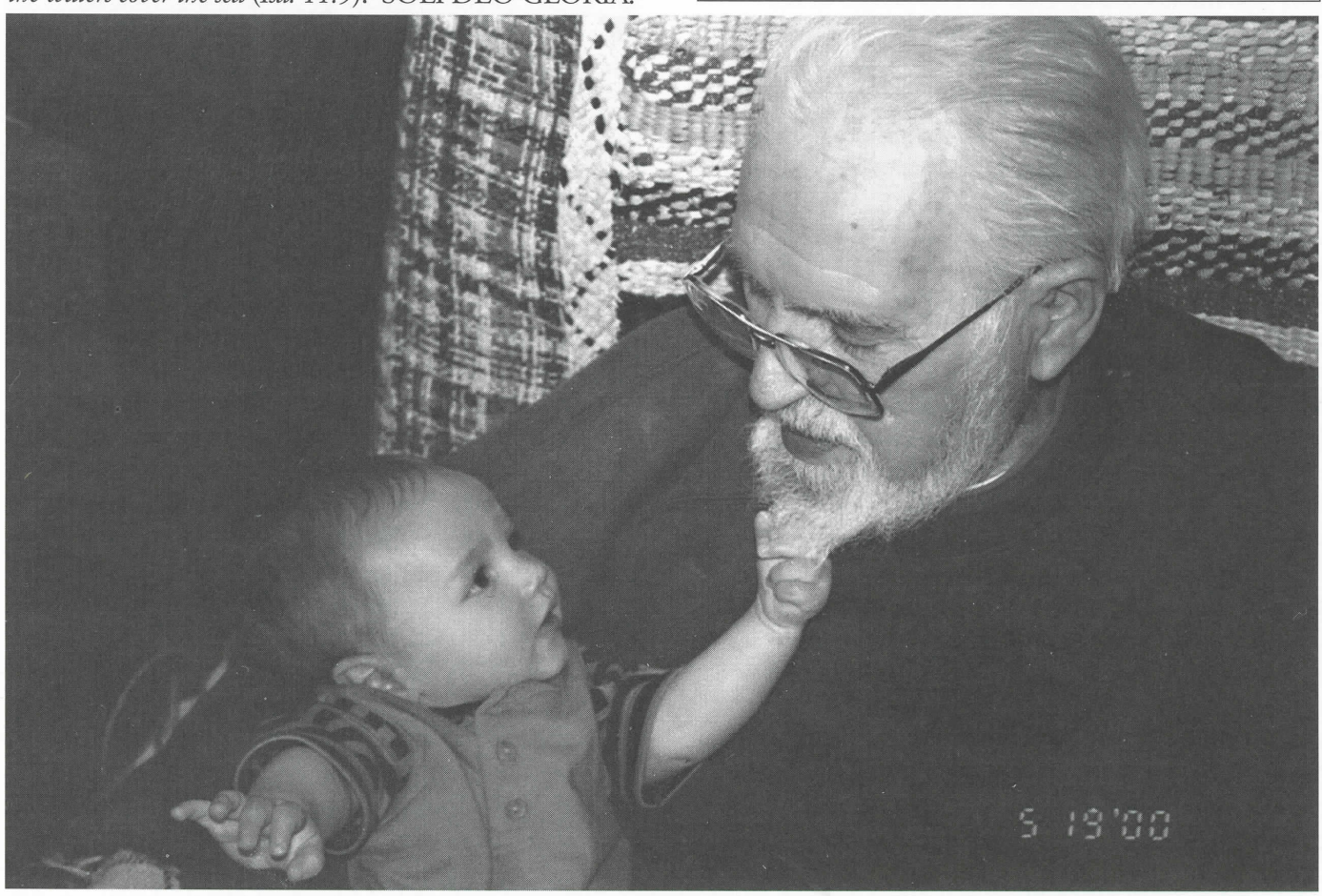
Because the life and labors of my father were about educating Christians as citizens of the kingdom of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, the work goes on. It will go on at Chalcedon and Ross House Books, the two organizations he founded, as it must go on in you. We serve a King whose throne and kingdom knows no end. Our labors go on as long as God gives us breath. My father's labor is now done, but his work in the kingdom of God is now ours.

The family wishes to stress that the greatest act of respect for and validation of my father's work shall be those who labor for the kingdom in their homes, their callings, their churches, their communities, and in their culture as he urged. For those of you who wish to help the ministries my father began, memorial funds have been established. Tax-deductible gifts should be made out to either of the following organizations and designated to the R. J. Rushdoony Memorial Fund.

Thank you.

Ross House Books
P. O. Box 67
Vallecito, CA 95251

Chalcedon
P.O. Box 158
Vallecito, CA 95251



Rush with his youngest great grandchild, Chase Aardema, in April of 2000.

R. J. Rushdoony's Final Sermon

By Rev. Mark R. Rushdoony

I gave a partial account of the following in an e-mail announcement of my father's passing the morning following his death. Many people have asked me to write a more complete account.

My father wrote on just about everything. As I sat beside him on the morning of his death, I was recalling an article he had written in 1982 entitled "What Ever Happened to Deathbed Scenes?" In it he discussed how our view of death had changed from a religious scene of goodbye and blessing to a cold, sterile, impersonal end in the hospital. I thought that it was unfortunate he would be denied his own deathbed scene. His pain was intense and he was drifting in and out of a troubled sleep. Several times over the previous few days I had prayed with him, asking God to be merciful with him in his final days and hours as He would be throughout all eternity.

He awoke several times to see Mother, my sisters, me, and some of the grandchildren. He asked when the meeting was to begin and who was speaking. I told him there was no meeting, that it was only family. "Oh!" he said, and shook his head in acknowledgement that he was having trouble separating dream from reality. My sisters asked me to read from Scripture. In previous days it had helped him focus, assenting to particular passages. This time I read 1 Corinthians 15 in its entirely. I wasn't sure at first if he was awake enough to hear, but I began to choke up near the end as he acknowledged key passages with "Yes, yes" several times. At 11:45 a.m. I finished and Dad opened his eyes, leaned forward, and with a suddenly strong voice began to minister to his family once again.

"This is a magnificent passage. What it means is this victory that He began in me will continue in each of you and in your children and in your children's children and in their children.

"The victory is ours and so we must fight. May He give you all strength to fight the battle. We have a battle to fight and an obligation to win.

"We have a certain victory. We are ordained to victory.

"I can't talk much more.

"We have an ordination to victory in this battle.

"Oh my God have mercy upon us. Oh my Lord!

"Oh my God we thank thee for this great calling to victory. Oh my God bless us in this battle!

"I can't continue. We are all unwell. I can't continue. We'll talk about this when we are better able to think."

We had heard his final sermon.

And then, true to form, my father did what he had done for many, many years. He asked, "Are there any questions?"

My sisters and I couldn't help but smile at each other. None of us wanted him to strain anymore, so my sisters, Joanna and Rebecca, expressed their gratefulness to Dad for the blessing he had been, and then encouraged me to pray.

It was all I could do to speak. "Our most gracious God and Heavenly Father, thank you for your goodness to this family. And thank you for Dad and what he has meant to us. We pray that You would show him your mercy at this time. In Christ our Savior's name, Amen."

Dad responded, "Amen and Amen."

My sisters suggested a benediction.

"Dad, the girls would like me to say a benediction," I said, holding his hand.

"Yes," he responded.

"And now go in peace, may God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, bless you and keep you, guide and protect you, this day and always, Amen."

A short while later Dad said to Mother, "Dorothy."

"Yes, dear?" she replied.

"Dorothy, pray for me."

"I am, dear. God hears you and He loves you."

"Dorothy."

"Yes, dear?"

"I love you. Help me."

"Honey, God is helping you. He's taking you home. He's taking you home."

That was the last thing he appeared to hear.

He lost consciousness for the last time a short time later. His breathing became irregular about 9:25 p.m. I sat beside him and held his hand. My sister Sharon stood behind him and stroked his head. My sister Martha sat at his feet.

Dad had his deathbed scene, and Dad had preached his last sermon.

But that for which I am most thankful, is that God was merciful, as Rousas John Rushdoony went to eternity peacefully at 9:48 p.m. on February 8, 2001.