

WFU Chaplain Defends Student, Faculty Faith

2/19/79
By VIRTUE STROUP
Sentinel Religion Reporter

Church Notes

Wake Forest University chaplain Richard McBride has written an open letter to the Rev. M. O. Owens of Gastonia in answer to his statements about faithlessness at the school.

McBride's letter is in answer to Owens' suggestion that Wake Forest be released from the Baptist State Convention because it is no longer representative of the denomination. Owens' views are published in the current issue of Baptists United News.

McBride has sent copies of his letter to convention leaders, members of the Wake Forest faculty and local ministers.

McBride said Owens' accusations were a "severe affront to the Christian ministry" on the university campus, "to the integrity of the faculty" and were a deliberate attack on the faith of the students.

McBride said, "You do not help me to represent the integrity of our faith by such accusations."

McBride begins his letter by saying, "I share with you certain disappointments about Wake Forest. We have not sufficiently conveyed to Baptists an appreciation for their tenacious support of religious liberty which is foundational in our country to what we too narrowly call academic freedom.

"Nor have we sufficiently opened the campus to North Carolina Baptists as a concrete sign that we belong to the same family. And we have fallen short, in my estimation, in the explicit recruiting of candidates for the ministry."

McBride says counting the number of "self-designated 'pre-ministerial' students is



RICHARD McBRIE
... open letter ...

not a fair gauge of whether this campus (or any other) is producing ministers."

Surely, he said, "Baptists must not shortchange the exercise of ministry performed by doctors, lawyers, teachers, and so on."

McBride said Owens' most severe affront to Christian ministry on the campus and to the integrity of the faculty "is your charge of deliberate attacks upon the faith of our students."

Owens had said in his article that "many fine Baptist students have gone to Wake Forest with a sincere dedication to the work of the kingdom of God, and have come away completely disillusioned with faith demolished."

McBride says, in reply: "I must categorically reject your assertion" about the faculty

members destroying a student's faith. He said he had been at the university for a decade and "I cannot name a single faculty member (can you?) who fits this characterization." It is possible, McBride added, that all do not sense they as teachers have a duty to strengthen faith, "but none delights in destroying faith."

McBride conceded that many students do "experience enormous upheavals" in college while they are living in a "turbulent transition from relative dependence to greater independence . . . And their ways of being Christian and of thinking as Christians face this stress . . . We give permission for radical probing in every subject area. Why not in religion and in matters of belief?"

The disillusionment some students experience "is not the end of faith, McBride said. "It is the midpoint between a borrowed faith and the faith one owns. We need to grant to our students permission for this faith journey. We need churches which make room for this retooling and for all the 'doubters' . . . We must admit that biblical faith is not so much a matter of certain language as it is our fundamental allegiance. To whom and to what are we committed?"

McBride said the time may have come for a separation of Wake Forest from the Baptists, "but that represents a failure of imagination as much as anything . . . It is sad that those who have worked steadily toward reconciliation have had their territory shrunk both by the precipitous, goodwill-dissolving action of the trustees and by separatist voices in the convention. Perhaps somewhere down the road, if there is any repentance in us, we will be graced by fresh imagination."

"Whatever may be the shape of Wake Forest in the future, I do join you in hoping for an institution of integrity and faithfulness. My prayer is that Wake Forest will be not only hospitable to the Christian faith but its representative. The companion prayer is that Baptists will come to see that we need all the intelligence we can muster if we are to be witnesses to the gospel in our time — not that by intelligence we are saved but that by ignorance we can be misled. Let faith seek understanding, and let knowledge be rooted in the worship of God and the love of neighbor."

Gardner-Webb Names McBride As Minister

BOILING SPRINGS — The Rev. Richard W. McBride, assistant chaplain and director of the Baptist Student Union at Wake Forest University, will become campus minister at Gardner-Webb College here on Aug. 13.

McBride, who has been at Wake Forest for 10 years, has strongly defended the school's spiritual atmosphere during its recent disputes with the Baptist State Convention.

He said the move is "not on account of dissatisfaction with Wake Forest as a place to be."

McBride, a native of Roanoke, Va., graduated magna cum laude from Duke University's Divinity School. He also holds degrees from the University of Virginia and Union Theological Seminary.





WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY

BAPTIST STUDENT UNION

February 14, 1979

An Open Letter to the Reverend M. O. Owens, Jr. *

The better part of wisdom may be to let your article pass unanswered. But I cannot. Your claims -- if they are true -- announce the absolute bankruptcy of Christian ministry on this campus. I must reply. When someone has placed a millstone about your neck, you do what you can to cut the rope.

I share with you certain disappointments about Wake Forest. We have not sufficiently conveyed to Baptists an appreciation for their tenacious support of religious liberty which is foundational in our country to what we too narrowly call academic freedom. Nor have we sufficiently opened the campus to North Carolina Baptists as a concrete sign that we belong to the same family. And we have fallen short, in my estimation, in the explicit recruiting of candidates for the ministry.

But perhaps I know better than you that counting the number of self-designated "pre-ministerial" students is not a fair gauge of whether this campus (or any other) is producing ministers. The call to ministry is often heeded by students who spend much of their time at Wake Forest with another vocation in mind. And surely Baptists must not shortchange the exercise of ministry performed by doctors, lawyers, teachers, and so on. (And if you must count heads and figure percentages, please acknowledge that the "74 students" moving toward church-related vocations in 1977-78 were from a pool of 3600 undergraduates, not the 5400 in the entire university. Isn't it unfair to include in your computation of 1½% those graduate students who have already chosen the professions of law, medicine, and management?).

But the most severe affront to Christian ministry on this campus and to the integrity of the faculty is your charge of deliberate attacks upon the faith of our students. You claim:

Many fine Baptist students have gone to Wake Forest with a sincere dedication to the work of the Kingdom of God, and have come away completely disillusioned with faith demolished. This is not only sad, it is damnable. And the fact that it happens at other Baptist schools does not lessen the culpability of Wake Forest. It is fully recognized that teachers must have the freedom to challenge, to plow up the minds of students, but any professor who deliberately and delightedly destroys the faith of a young person ought to be forever banned from the classroom. It is worse than murder. And all the argument that the faith of these young people is poorly grounded and unexamined is not only no excuse, but all the more reason that the professor, employed by a Christian institution, ought to be committed to the task of building, encouraging, enlightening and

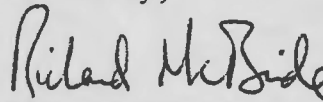
* In response to Rev. Owens' article, "Let's Release Wake Forest," appearing in Baptists United News, Vol. VI, December 30, 1978.

You have understated the strength of a person's basic commitment of life to the worship of God and love of neighbor. When this basic alignment of faith toward God and neighbor is secure, we can be patient about language. The Scriptures have proved themselves time and again as legitimate in visioning and revisioning the faith. The Word comes again to meaningfulness in its own time. Surely, we need to trust God's care enough to await God's time.

The time may have come -- even in God's time -- for a separation of Wake Forest from the Baptists, but that represents a failure of imagination as much as anything. For the moment we are blind to any possibility of Christian higher education as the shape of the total enterprise. We have reduced our sights to "services rendered." I am prepared to call this blindness the judgment of God. It is sad that those who have worked steadily toward reconciliation have had their territory shrunk both by the precipitous, goodwill-dissolving action of the Trustees and by separatist voices in the Convention. Perhaps somewhere down the road, if there is any repentance in us, we will be graced by fresh imagination.

Whatever may be the shape of Wake Forest in the future, I do join you in hoping for an institution of integrity and faithfulness. My prayer is that Wake Forest will be not only hospitable to the Christian faith but its representative. The companion prayer is that Baptists will come to see that we need all the intelligence we can muster if we are to be witnesses to the Gospel in our time -- not that by intelligence we are saved but that by ignorance we can be misled. Let faith seek understanding, and let knowledge be rooted in the worship of God and the love of neighbor.

Sincerely,



Richard McBride
Baptist Chaplain



WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA 27109

DAPIST STUDENT UNION

Addendum to the Open Letter
to Rev. M. O. Owens, Jr.
February 14, 1979

In the third paragraph I have indicated Mr. Owens' prejudicial use of statistics. But I failed to provide the correct figures. The undergraduate school has about 3000 students (for 1978-'79, 3012), and the total university has about 4,400 students. To the college enrollment add 274 liberal arts graduate students, 468 in law, 189 in the Babcock School, and 417 in medicine: a grand total of 4360 in the entire university. Apparently Mr. Owens also added the summer school enrollment to arrive at his total enrollment figure, which amounts to counting lots of people twice. Appromixately 75 students identify themselves as moving toward church-related vocations. (We have some difficulty in getting accurate figures for the freshmen). That comes to 2-1/2% -- still not a satisfying figure for Mr. Owens, nor for me. But not everything is told by such head-counting, even this more accurate counting.

Richard McBride

campus By-Line



Photo by McNabb Studio

Richard McBride has been Baptist chaplain at the University for seven years. He is preparing a media presentation, "Creation and Creativity," for Southeastern Seminary's March missions conference in Wake Forest, North Carolina.



"The Deacon" Bill Shepherd

Finale – In Darkness

By Roy Thompson

It is said that beneath the painted-on smile of every successful clown is concealed a frustrated tragedian.

Bill Shepherd will be remembered as a clown.

He had a genius for it, and he gave it all he had.

Bill gave all he had at all times.

At Reynolds High School he was a football player, and he played with a consuming frenzy that inevitably brought on seizures. A lesser man would have quit after his first one.

Bill played on.

At Wake Forest he was "the Deacon."

Wake Forest Deacons come and go. Each of them wears an ill-fitting black suit, out-sized shoes, and a disreputable high, black hat.

Each Deacon tries in his own way to make his role a memorable one, but most of them are eventually reduced to dancing with the cheerleaders, prancing in grotesque imitations of the drum major, and playfully threatening members of the opposition team from a safe distance.

Bill Shepherd . . .

Deacon in Bad Times

He was the Deacon at a time when Wake Forest's football teams were everybody's cousin . . . the welcome mat of the ACC.

He had a gift . . . a genius . . . for making people laugh.

Once, in a game in which Wake Forest was being converted into mincemeat, he stood on the sidelines thoughtfully and then dropped to the ground.

He took his plumber's friend, held the rubber end to his shoulder and . . .

A gun!

For the next ten minutes, Bill crept along the ground, concealing himself behind benches, football players, water buckets . . . anything at all.

He was stalking one of the game officials, as if poor officiating were to be blamed for the Wake Forest team's destruction.

Before Bill had finally maneuvered himself into position for a clear "shot" at the official, every eye on that side of the field was on him.

The game had been mercifully forgotten, and the crowd had seen a really brilliant bit of theater.

He had left here once to try to get away from the success he had made as a clown.

Back for the Last Time

He returned to Winston-Salem last year to open the Hub Pub Club.

He hoped to make money, but the club meant a great deal more to him than that.

He believed such a club was needed in the city, and Bill Shepherd was the sort of man to whom the needs of his hometown were important.

He saw in his club a chance to give young performers a place to start.

That, too, was important.

The club was an artistic success, but a box office failure.

Bill worked harder and harder. He tried everything. Nothing worked.

In the end, he was too exhausted to deal with failure.

If he had taken a rest and given himself a chance, he might very well have tried again and found a winning combination.

He was too tired, and the hopelessness of it all overwhelmed him, and he went into his last act with the club as his stage . . . no lights, no music, no audience.

Bill Shepherd, who had always left them laughing, has left a great many of us crying. ■

"Whatever Became of Chapel?"

By Richard McBride

"Whatever became of Chapel?" As remembered by most Wake Forest alumni, it ended in the spring of 1968. Students claimed the victory.

When Ed Christman became University chaplain and I joined as his assistant, we inherited the Tuesday and Thursday chapel hours, along with a large measure of indifference as to what might be done with the time. Students were exercising their newly acquired freedom not to appear anywhere near Wait Chapel. The faculty and the administration were breathing a sigh of relief that one struggle was ended. But we were newly energetic, so for about a year we programmed for both hours — Tuesdays for worship services in Davis Chapel, Thursdays for a

Faculty Lecture Series in DeTamble Auditorium (e.g., Professor Buck Yearns, "Students and Professors in Indian Universities"), and a few College Union offerings in Wait Chapel (e.g., Professor Reid Buckley, "Conservatives Can Be Progressive"). In those days, the College Union also believed it could present a mid-day program and draw a crowd.

We have adjusted our perspectives in these transition years. College Union programs are held almost exclusively in the evening hours, and the chaplain's office now claims only Thursdays (11:00 a.m., because of curricular changes) for its worship services. The Tuesday hour is amply filled with faculty committee meetings, make-up classes, coffee breaks, and student cramming.

Some things were lost, others gained during this transition. The twice-weekly proof that a full-bodied college community exists here is gone. The chapel prankster is gone. Both the festivity of the pep rally and the rare boredom of required chapel are gone. Thursday Chapel is clearly now a service of worship, not an assembly, and the 90-100 students and faculty who come do so by choice.

During the past six years the religious mood of the students has shifted several times, affecting the character of our worship. During the declining days of the Vietnam War, worship became a time to focus our concerns for peace; the worshipping community became intercessors before God. In the early 70s, chapel was a gathering place of Christians of all stripes, including the socially-concerned who were bringing forward the ethical baton of the 60s and the charismatics bearing the Jesus-banner of the early 70s. In those years, it would only be fair to say, Thursday Chapel exhibited a split personality, in which social concern and the in-dwelling of the Spirit never really found a common home. But students from each side attempted to hear each other, especially during those services in which open sharing was encouraged.

Our conflicts were often relieved by the enjoyment of some break in the routine, as when we were visited by Edmund Steimle, the Lutheran minister widely known for his sermons on "The Protestant Hour," and G. Henton Davies, British Old Testament scholar. We have had monthly Agape Meals in which we shared bread, cheese, and apples along with whatever was on our minds. I remember a freshman who said at one of those meals, when the topic of conversation was what it means to call Wake Forest a "Christian college": "We really don't have to worry about Wake Forest; when it was established, it was dedicated to God." In the bluntness and freshmanly innocence of that remark, we were put in touch with our history. Our Davis Chapel worship has been enriched by the addition of a set of banners designed by Ann Mercer Shields to mark the liturgical seasons in the Christian year: Advent, Epiphany, Lent, Easter, and Pentecost.

During these more studious middle 70s, the intellect and the Spirit seem to be having a more successful encounter. The faith-learning enterprise is accepted as one hyphenated event. The enduring question for every Christian college — "What do the Christian faith and the academic experience have to do with one another?" — is not asked hostilely these days. So this has been a good season for working on a fresh answer. Our design for chapel during the last semester was one form of the contemporary answer at Wake Forest.

continued on page 26

*here
and there*



campus By Line

(continued from page 5)

September: "In the Beginning . . . Gosh!"

A worship leader certainly cares about the message being offered, but also about its timeliness to those for whom it is intended. Can they hear it? Are they prevented from sharing it by some other preoccupation? The first agenda, then, is to prepare for hearing.

Every school year begins with Orientation because disorientation is rampant. "Gosh, what do I do in this grand central station with conductors motioning me onto many trains? Some of these options look good, but I'm not quite sure what effect they're going to have on me. I know what I have said 'Goodbye' to, but what have I said 'Hello' to? And these strangers, how can I be neighborly with all these strangers? Somebody, be a friend!"

The September services admitted the appropriateness of these confusions and longings: "No, you're not the only one." They also affirmed the continuity available in a Christian community in which it is possible to turn strangers into neighbors and treat them as guests. We admitted that in a university community, conflicting values and priorities will arise. In the midst of this, there is a chance to make covenant with Wake Forest as an institution and with the other people who currently live and work here. If you had been present with us in September, you would have been invited to put your feeling-house in order; to orient yourself within Wake Forest and to claim your own direction among the great variety of possibilities.

The 4th — Beyond 'Goodbye' and 'Hello': The Wake Forest Sojourn

There is unavoidable anxiety at both ends of the journey (and in the middle); losing and gaining are bound together. But within Christian community there is extraordinary celebration: "Nothing can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus."

The 11th — Hostility Into Hospitality: Neighbors and Strangers

The stranger is one who has not yet been given the chance to share his gift. So the Christian vocation, says Henri Nouwen, is "to convert *hostis* into *hospes*, the enemy into a guest."

The 18th — Beer and Bawdy Songs: A Christian Attitude in the Value Scheme of Things

A. Not at all, never, stay away from the folks who do; B. Occasionally, in the right company, nothing in excess; C. Sure, why not enjoy the creation, live it; D. If you love one another, you may do what you please. Choose A, B, C, D, Some, None, or All of the Above.

The 25th — Covenant-Making and Covenant-Keeping: An Agape Meal (Bread, Cheese, Apples)

Is Wake Forest a Christian college after all?

Can I be a Christian in this place? The Covenants already made are being made again when we move toward the people and place we were called to be. Redeem the person, redeem the institution.

One of the controlling images for September was provided in A.R. Ammons' poem "Identity." "An individual spider web/identifies a species." Freedom and possibility are within the bounds of identity and have no particular shape or form without it: "the row-strung garden web/ keeps order at the center/where space is freest." Keeping order at the center, accepting the risk of disorder around the edges of our lives where we meet the unexpected and the new: this is the business of the Christian and the intent of worship.

October: "Orientation for Castaways"

October began with the interlude of a preaching service. G. Henton Davies gave us the treat of a spell-binding preaching style accompanied by great learning (such words do, in fact, apply). After this engaging interlude, we introduced a second orientation, this time to the Christian life.

A new faculty member in the politics department came to chapel after having a student tell him that we had sung "This World is Not My Home, I'm Just a' Passing Through." He wondered what use we were making of that old fundamentalist hymn. He was curious since in his class that song had been used to illustrate the way people of such a religious persuasion would separate themselves from politics, which, it seemed, would be a curious attitude for university chaplains and for a university chapel program. Isn't this a liberal arts college as well as a Christian college? He was not at all hostile, only inquisitive, since he is himself a churchman. Here is the story of how we came to sing "This World is Not My Home" as well as "A Mighty Fortress is Our God" in the month of October:

Walker Percy has written three novels (*The Last Gentleman*, *The Moviegoer*, and *Love in the Ruins*) which have become staple fare for Theology and Literature courses, including those taught at Wake Forest by Ralph Wood. Percy is unashamedly a Christian novelist, though he admits that the posture of the Christian writer is like that of a man who in a wild and lonely place discovers the truth about himself; he meets there an apostle who speaks with authority the good news he needs to hear. He believes the news and runs home to share it "only to discover that the news has already been broadcast, that this news is in fact the weariest canned spot announcement on radio-TV, more commonplace than the Exxon commercial, that in fact he might just as well be shouting Exxon! Exxon! for all anyone pays any attention to him."

In the title essay from his recent collection of essays, *The Message in the Bottle*, Percy suggests that the true posture of the Christian is that of a castaway on Island Earth, shipwrecked, who does not remember where he came from. He finds his island home generally hospitable, with friendly natives and a highly developed civilization, language, and culture, with much to attend to and to learn from. But none of the "messages" of this island home fully satisfy. There is always some yearning to know about one's true home across the seas. So the castaway searches the island's shores for messages that come in bot-

program. She is Dora Levis, who acted as Dr. Barefield's Girl Friday and general liaison officer with Venetian society. None of us could have done without Dora. She got long distance calls through to the States — an art as troublesome as any in Italy — and she got the Venetian workmen to replace the house's rotted-out boat-docking poles. She helped us find sales in town, a doctor when we were sick, and a hairdresser or barber when the spirit moved us in that direction. She was a successful mediator between Dr. Barefield and The Maids. Without her the house would have been far less ordered, hospitable, or livable (she knew where the plumbers and electricians were too).

The great items for relaxation in the fall turned out to be a deck of cards, a basketball, and a frisbee. Pam Craven and I took up many a challenge from the boys in the group to a male-female contest of Spades. During the soft Italian afternoons of September, October, and November, students Allan Poole, Stuart Taylor, and Doug Abrams were joined by Dr. Barefield in the courtyard of the house for frisbee-tossing. They even came up with a new game for the long hall inside. It consisted of knocking paperback books off a table with the frisbee, and it made walking through the hall during the game risky indeed, because the competition was ruthless and without regard for innocent bystanders. The guys in the group soon found an old basketball net which was easily set up on a wall in the courtyard. There they practiced for games against the local Italian boys at the public courts around Venice. The Venetians loved to watch them, and these Deacons loved to play because they almost always won.

Two Venetian university students were helpful in arranging these games. Max and Andre became friends first of Don Woodsmall, perhaps the most outgoing of our group. Max and Andre entertained us all by singing popular American songs to their own guitars, in English that somehow came out better sung than spoken. Then there was a night of professional basketball between the Venetian team and a visiting squad from Naples, a sellout for which Max arranged tickets. The native crowd was mostly male and mostly loud, standing tightly packed into narrow bleachers at each end of the court. The gym is in a building several hundred years old, hot even in early winter. A bright spot on the court was former UNC player Ed Stahl, with whom Steve Allan Poole became good friends (even Wake Forest and Carolina can be friends in Italy!). As for me, I'll take the Winston-Salem Coliseum for basketball any time of year. At least there you can sit down.

Since classes were concentrated into a four-day week, most of us took advantage of long weekends to travel outside Vencie into nearby France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. A second-class student rail pass gets you anywhere in Western Europe and made it possible for me to visit Nice, Vienna, Salzburg, Innsbruck, Grindelwald, Zermatt, Munich, Rome, Naples, and Florence. We all took a ten-day break mid-way in the term for longer trips. Pam Craven, Bob Vaughan, and I journeyed to Munich for the Oktoberfest, then Pam and I continued up to Amsterdam and Copenhagen, returning to Venice by way of Heidelberg.

My favorite weekend jaunt was to Naples (or Napoli, as they say), with Pat Anderson, Jean Roberts, Scott Franey, and Richard Carlson. Our train took fourteen hours of night-travel, so we were glad to find a cheap, three-

dollar-a-day *pensione* from which to take our boat-ride to the island of Capri. Though it rained all day, we found a willing Italian driver who showed us around Capri itself when we arrived, stopping at Mussolini's daughter's villa and pointing out the famous Faraglioni — the rocks from which the Sirens sang to Mediterranean sailors long ago. The next day we got on yet another train bound for Pompeii, the first century remains of which are incredibly well preserved. The volcanic ash from Vesuvius left hollows made by the bodies of its victims, and I got an eerie feeling looking at these casts of unprepared people sleeping, crouching in fear, or crying out in agony. Vesuvius itself is a wasteland of gray-black ash, but it offers a great view of Naples and Capri below. One only wonders how people could ignore, then or now, the steaming menace above them.

Another great weekend took David Blackburn, Scott Franey, and me to the French Riviera. Rental bikes got us as far as the Casino of Monte Carlo and the medieval village of Eze. Then there was the glamorous tract called Cap Ferrat, a range of villas and country estates. That day cost only \$7.50 each, including the cost of gas.

A not so enjoyable but equally educational day was spent by Lucy Wall, Pam Craven, John Blancett, and Mark Collier in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Our only visitors behind the Iron Curtain, they felt the repression of a police state from the moment their train left Austria. Armed police and barbed wire fences first greeted them. In Prague itself they felt themselves projected back in time. Cars, the few there were, dated from the 1940s; women of fashion wore the mini-skirts and white boots of the 60s; food was 1950s cheap, an excellent meal costing only \$1.50. Every church they say (and there are many beautiful ones), was locked up. One night they found themselves in a beer hall where the talking and laughter were suddenly interrupted by a police contingent rushing in, demanding identification papers, and rushing back out with a lone young woman whom they had apparently arrested.

Back in Venice, the big difference between Italian and American habits grew greater through the months of our stay. For better or worse, Americans are used to a fast-paced efficiency that the slower, more casual Italians don't feel compelled to share. They tolerate a half-dozen strikes a month, services that don't always serve, systems that often refuse to work, and trains that are forever late. And there's the change shortage. Local merchants play a game of bluffsmanship with tourists and locals over razor blades, candy, and gum offered in place of hard-to-find change. You don't have to look far to find someone who will give you a five hundred lire bill for four hundred lire in *moneta*, or change.

But we learned other, more important lessons from four months abroad. Living with twenty-odd others in a house that seemed to shrink as the months passed is one. Breaking the language barrier with smiles, card tricks, and simple courtesies is another. Learning about oneself against a backdrop of ancient splendor and some contemporary confusion is a third. The joy of coming home, to North Carolina and a spacious campus on dry land, may be the greatest. It's certainly one that many a Wake Forester has felt before, and will experience again, after a semester in Venice. ■

ties, and hopes someday to hear the news that will satisfy his most intimate longing. That news will be gospel to him.

The 9th — The Christian as a Castaway on Island Earth.

In his heart of hearts there is not a moment of his life when the castaway does not know that being "at home" on the island is something of a charade.

The 16th — News From Across the Sea, Not Island News

A castaway would do well to pay attention to knowledge of a nature of the world and to news relevant to his survival. Still, something is missing.

The 23rd — Bearers of Good News, With Authority

The apostolic character of Christianity is unique; there must be someone who delivers the news in perfect sobriety, with good faith and perseverance.

The 30th — Faith as Hope That the News Will Come

Does one throw over science and art, forget to eat, sleep, and live? No, but the castaway searches the shore for news of where he came from and who he is and what he must do.

During much of October, if you had been with us, you might have been asking, "Is this worship? Looks like, feels like a teaching mode — not a lecture certainly, but a teaching. Where's the preaching?" In fact, during one of the early October sessions I confessed that we were not meeting the classical definition of "worship." But it seemed important to do what we were doing, especially if the faith-venture and learning-venture really belong together and yet are not to be confused as precisely one thing. That is, learning itself is not salvation; faith itself does not bake pies.

Or, to put it in the terms of Percy's image: it is very easy for middle-class Americans to feel secure in their Island homes, surrounded by all the benefits that flow from Island knowledge, and never pay attention to, or look for, the News from Across the Sea which satisfies the most intimate longings and confusions. Which is why it is easier for a poor man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven — not that he is any purer or that his need is any greater, just that he is less encumbered. So, "This World is Not My Home" is a radical sort of reminder that culture, good manners, the arts and sciences do not serve us very well across the infinite gap of our loneliness. They do not cancel our status as castaways. I, too, attend the Artist Series as comfort for my normative restlessness. But the only enduring "mighty fortress is our God."

In October we did not denigrate the liberal arts, only reminded ourselves (as in the last service which had a strong "testimonial" character) that in faith, Christians are free to enjoy culture without requiring it to save them.

November: Advent in November

The nice thing about liturgical churches is that they pay attention to the Christian year, which always begins with Advent, providing a full four weeks of preparation for Christmas. This year Advent arrived at a good time for us.

We had spent much of our first two months with *praeparatio evangelicum*; we had decided to use chapel time to teach, to prepare for hearing the Christian story. With Advent we proposed simply to enjoy the season, its story and its rich heritage of Scripture and carols. Since exams are now given before Christmas, it was necessary to begin early in November in order to experience the complete season.

Advent has long been celebrated in Moravian Winston-Salem with candle teas and Lovefeasts. (We have had exceptional response to our yearly observance of the Lovefeast in Wait Chapel, with more than 700 in attendance this Christmas.) During the Thursday services in Davis Chapel we enjoyed that wealth of symbol and faith. We used the four candles of the Advent wreath to mark our weekly movement toward the Christmas event, and we used the Jesse Tree to identify the movement of the faith toward us. At each service a new candle was lit and symbols were placed upon the tree, representing the rich heritage of faith through which we come to identify the Bethlehem child as the Christ. Each service was built around one of the symbols placed upon the tree. Each afforded stark contrast to our contemporary notions of power and authority. How improbable that the power of God for the saving of the world is presented to us in these pastoral forms:

The 6th — Advent I — The Lamb

Abraham, Isaac, the ram,
the lamb of God, Agnus Dei.
O come, O come, Emmanuel.

The 13th — Advent II — The Shepherd

David, Isaiah, the sheep,
the psalm, the shepherd's staff.
Savior, like a shepherd lead us.

The 20th — Advent III — The Dove

The ark, the dove, the healing Spirit,
hand of blessing, Elisha, health.
O Word of God, incarnate, shine.

The 4th — Advent IV — The Carpenter

A child is born, a son; Joseph
making of it what sense he could.
Unto us a son is given.

Few people would wonder whether this was worship: carols, scripture, preaching, prayer — these external signs within a form that focused them toward Christmas; and within the worshipper: remembrance, celebration, anticipation — these things were, are, and will be.

"Whatever happened to Chapel?" Transition is its character these days. It has not arrived, and likely will not, at any final form. It changes according to our perception of contemporary needs and the abiding resources of the faith. What is constant about our effort, we think, is the conversation between faith and learning, so that students and faculty may experience their life here as one life.

And for 1976: in January and February we have invited six North Carolina Baptist ministers to preach in chapel. A sizeable number of our students need their stereotypes adjusted. In March and April, we will celebrate the season of Lent, preparing for another high mark in the Christian year — Easter. ■

(continued from page 23)

Those who deny the reality of freedom also have an inadequate conception of our environment. Our environment is not a rigid mold into which we must fit. On the contrary, it presents us every moment with the necessity of making choices and with opportunities to change it. It may present persons who seek to curb our initiative, but it also includes persons who encourage us to be self-reliant, creative, and morally responsible. Moreover, our environment does not end with family, community, or nation. It includes the whole of the universe which brought life into being, and which by its orderliness makes freedom possible. Were it otherwise we might intend to act in one way yet act differently. That would produce moral chaos, not moral responsibility or freedom.

Because of the complexity of our nature, freedom for us involves more than it does for an imaginary leaf, endowed with consciousness and the power to direct its movements, or that of a butterfly flitting here and there with no thought of tomorrow or recollection of the past. Freedom for us is more like that of a skilled oarsman, who knows where he wishes to go and who uses his skill, his boat and oars, and the currents of the stream to get there. In its fullest sense, freedom involves using all our available resources, those within and those without, in harmony with the whole of our nature.

This includes characteristics which are born of social relations. We are parents, sons and daughters, friends and citizens. Each of these relations is an important part of us. When our values, ideals, and desires are in harmony with those of the persons among whom we live, we and they pull in the same direction. When our values and ideals conflict there is social inhibition, and we are confronted with a destructive dilemma. If we adhere to our values and ideals we suffer social alienation and lose social support. If we act contrary to our ideals and values we do violence to our personal integrity and suffer self-alienation.

We are also cosmic beings. We did not make ourselves. Nor did society make us. We and society are the creations of an inscrutable power that brought life into being and that initiated the upward bent of the universe. We can work with it or against it. But only when we attain an harmonious relation with it do we enjoy the fullest measure of human freedom.

Thus complete freedom involves the harmonious integration of our various needs, desires, values, and ideals, and an harmonious relation both with the society in which we live and with the creative power that brought us into existence. When these have been attained, we can act with the whole of our being, joyfully and freely — almost as effortlessly as a bird soaring on the air currents it has mastered.

It should be evident that government cannot confer freedom upon us. Indeed, by ignoring the customs and traditions of communities, the wishes, ideals, and values of individuals, it can render its complete enjoyment impossible. In no way did the Founding Fathers show greater wisdom than in their efforts to safeguard the right of states and communities to manage their own affairs. For

one reason or another we have departed from the course they chartered. Fortunately, adverse social conditions cannot prevent us from attaining a high degree of inner integration and an harmonious relation with our creator. But however satisfying these may be, unless communities are permitted to solve their problems without outside interference freedom is seriously curtailed.

Our nation is composed of many ethnic groups, with a great, wide diversity of ideals, values, and customs. Tolerance and appreciation of cultural differences could broaden and enrich our lives. As it is, the efforts of militant groups to impose on everyone the same ideals and habits causes resentment and social alienation, and diminishes the freedom of everyone. The preservation of freedom requires tolerance. The enrichment of life requires a readiness to learn from others.

For two hundred years we have enjoyed a high degree of freedom, perhaps more than the citizens of any other great nation in human history. Present conditions threaten its preservation. Our Bicentennial Celebration of independence is a fitting time to "Stop, Look, and Listen." We should do so not only because of the heroic sacrifices of our ancestors to gain freedom, not only because freedom is a cosmic achievement involving millions of years, and may appropriately be regarded as God's gift to man, but because it is essential to the enjoyment of selfhood and the actualization of our highest potential.

Freedom is of the essence of selfhood and of life. Without it, equality and fraternity are more for the dead than for the living. ■

then & now

(continued from page 19)

on his 44-inch vertical jump, we'd have told him he was insane. People just didn't jump like that then. You know, dunking the ball was a big feat in those days."

The most obvious statistical change in college basketball since the early '60s is the steady rise of shooting percentage and the decline in high rebounding averages. In 1962, for example, only six players in the ACC shot over fifty per cent from the floor. Last season the conference had sixteen players over fifty per cent and two of them were over sixty per cent.

"Players today have offensive moves we never dreamed of in '62," said Packer. "All the spin moves increase your ability to get the shot off."

"We were taught to shoot basic layups. We'd walk the ball up the floor and then go into our pattern. We'd always be working against a defense that was already set up. Today the game moves so much more rapidly and many open jump shots are taken off the transition. In these situations, you really don't have anybody guarding you. That's why you take the shot. And that's why the percentages have gone up."

A comparison of Wake Forest's lineup today with that of fourteen years ago shows what's happened. At the point guard Brown is a 50.8 per cent shooter, while Packer was 48.4; at big guard Schellenberg averages 49.3 from the floor compared to Dave Wiedeman's 42.6; at small forward it's Floyd's 45.8 against Frank Christie's 41.0; at big for-