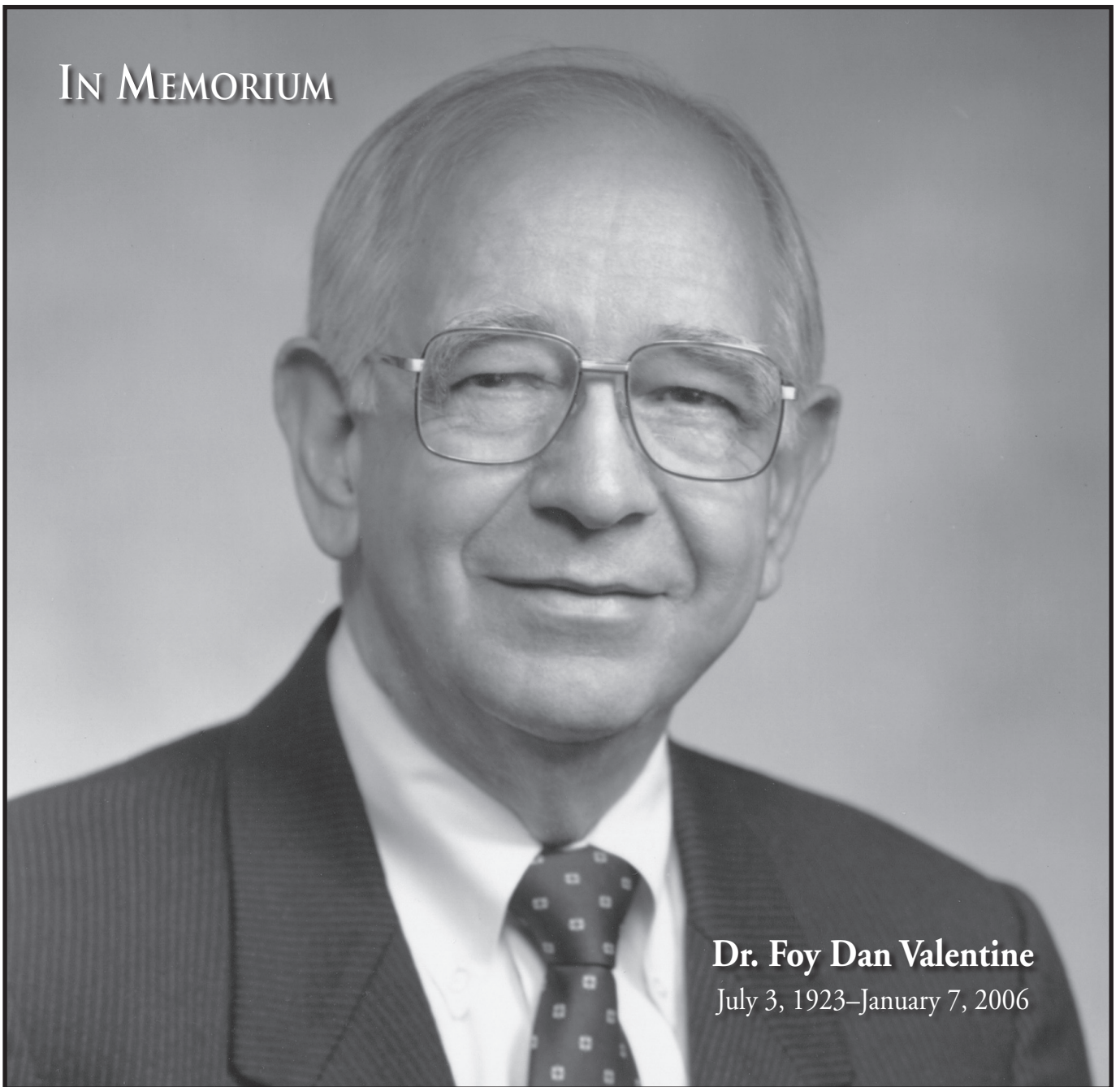


CHRISTIAN ETHICS TODAY

A JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN ETHICS VOLUME 12, NUMBER 1 AGGREGATE ISSUE 58 WINTER 2006

IN MEMORIAM



Dr. Foy Dan Valentine

July 3, 1923–January 7, 2006

"The voice of one crying out in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way of the Lord'" Isaiah 40:3; John 1:23

Foy Valentine Fought For Racial Equality *Dallas Morning News*

MEMORIAL SERVICE CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF FOY DAN VALENTINE

Remembrances of a Friend *David Sapp*

Eulogy *Jimmy Allen*

I Thank My God . . . *Darold H. Morgan*

A Hammer, A Bell, and A Song *Joe E. Trull*

"Hal, This Is Foy Valentine" *Hal Haralson*

"He Being Dead Yet Speaketh" *Ross Coggins*

Thank You Patrick, For Your Applause *John Scott*

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation *Dwight A. Moody*

Intelligent Design: Science or Religion? *Carolyn Dipboye*

Waging Peace At Home *John Singletary*

A Dysfunctional View of Christian Ethics? *Renate Hood*

Looking Over the Over-Looked *Britt Towery*

Why I Don't Like Being Called a 'Moderate' *Al Staggs*

Late To Work *Sermon by Keith Herron*

The Comfort of the Mythological Nazi *Spencer Dew*

EthixBytes

BOOK REVIEWS

The Heart of Whiteness (Jensen) *Reviewed by Darold H. Morgan*

After God's Own Heart (Hyde) *Reviewed by Daniel Chisholm*

A Touch of Jesus (Burton) *Reviewed by Barbara J. Kent*

POETRY

What Must You Do? *Floyd Emmerling*

Yelling For Justice *Al Staggs*

Over There *Chris Gerolina*

Financial Report For 2005



KUDZU *by Doug Marlette*

Note: On our website homepage at www.ChristianEthicsToday the reader may access pictures, expressions from readers, and various articles written about Foy Valentine.

Mary Louise and the family may be written at 12527 Matisse Lane, Dallas, TX 75230.

Editor: Joe E. Trull

Publisher: Christian Ethics Today Foundation, 9608 Parkview Court, Denton, TX 76207 (940) 262-0450; Cell: (940) 230-6931

CHRISTIAN ETHICS TODAY is produced in the U.S.A. and is published five times annually and mailed from Dallas, Texas, where third-class postage is paid. Articles published in CET reflect the views of the authors and not necessarily the viewpoint of CET or the Editor. Send corrections and change of addresses to P.O. Box 1165, Argyle, Texas 76226.

He Fought For Racial Equality

By Sam Hodges, *Dallas Morning News*

Foy Valentine was a white Texan who, during the 1960s and '70s, forced fellow Southern Baptists to confront their denomination's racist past and move toward integration.

Dr. Valentine, who died this weekend at 82, led the Southern Baptist Convention's Christian Life Commission—the denomination's public policy arm—for nearly 30 years.

He was a moderate often at odds with Southern Baptist conservatives. He stirred the pot not just on race, but on church-state separation, abortion and other controversial issues.

A pioneering Baptist ethicist, Dr. Valentine kept on his desk an engraved copy of his motto for half a century—"Helping changed people to change the world."

Dr. Valentine died at an area hospital after suffering a heart attack in his North Dallas home.

"Foy Valentine was one of the most influential Baptists of the 20th century," said Phil Strickland, director of the Baptist General Convention of Texas' Christian Life Commission. "He was always long on insight and long on courage."

Richard Land is a Baptist conservative who succeeded Dr. Valentine. (The agency has been renamed the Ethics & Religious Liberty Commission.) Dr. Land has led the denomination to a stronger anti-abortion position and what moderate critics say is a less-strict position on the separation of church and state.

But Dr. Land, too, paid tribute to Dr. Valentine in a written statement released Monday.

"While Dr. Valentine and I had significant differences of opinion on many issues, all Southern Baptists will be forever in his debt for his courageous and prophetic stance on racial reconciliation and racial equality in the turbulent middle third of the century," Dr. Land said.

Dr. Valentine grew up in the East Texas town of Edgewood, in Van Zandt County. In the 1940s, he earned an undergraduate degree at Baylor University and a master's and doctorate at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. There he studied with the renowned Baptist ethicist T.B. Maston, whom he acknowledged as a key influence.

Also in the '40s, Dr. Valentine spent a summer at Koinonia, a pioneering interracial farming community

in south Georgia run by Clarence Jordan, a white Baptist theologian.

"We worked in the peanut patches," Dr. Valentine recalled in an essay: "We cut some wood, We gathered wild grapes. We visited with the neighbors. We made ice cream. We studied the Greek New Testament. We took an occasional sashay into town. We worked at improving race relations. We had some kind of a wonderful, rip-roaring, rousing, delightful time."

After seminary, Dr. Valentine served as a Baptist pastor in Texas. Then in 1953, he was named executive director of the Christian Life Commission of the Baptist General Convention of Texas, the largest state group within the Southern Baptist Convention. Seven years later, he moved to Nashville to lead the SBC's Christian Life Commission.

Through much of that time, he endured criticism within the denomination and the threat of budget cuts for his agency for his writing, speaking and organizing on behalf of improved race relations.

Toby Druin, editor emeritus of the Texas *Baptist Standard* newspaper, recalled as a young Baptist journalist attending a 1968 conference on race organized by Dr. Valentine. There, Mr Druin heard from black civil rights leaders, including Bayard Rustin.

"It made me a better person and a better Baptist," Mr. Druin said.

Dr. Valentine was just as forceful on church-state separation issues and served as president of Americans United for Separation of Church and State. He also took what Baptist historian Barry Hankins called a moderate position on abortion rights in the 1970s.

"He's a hero to the moderates and progressive types because of his taking stands against segregation, long before it was in vogue to do so," said Dr. Hankins, a Baylor professor and author of *Uneasy in Babylon: Southern Baptist Conservatives and American Culture*. "He was one of the villains of the conservatives because of the abortion issue."

Dr. Valentine returned to Texas after retiring from the SBC in 1987 and continued to write prolifically on applied ethics. The author of several books, he also founded a Christian ethics center, now housed at Baylor and

(continued on page 9)

A Memorial Service

Celebrating the Life of Dr. Foy Dan Valentine

Park Cities Baptist Church, Dallas Texas
January 11, 2006

Remembrances of a Friend

By David Sapp

I happen to like classical music, and one of my favorite classical musicians is a singer named George Jones. When Jimmy Allen called me last Saturday morning with the news of Foy Valentine's death, I couldn't help thinking of one of my favorite George Jones pieces, a number entitled "Who's Gonna Fill Their Shoes?" The lyrics pose just the question we all have when we face the loss of the likes of Foy: "Who's gonna fill their shoes? Who's gonna stand that tall? Who's gonna play the Opry or the Wabash Cannon Ball?" Indeed, we are gathered here in such awesome numbers because we know in our bones that a giant has fallen.

The first time I ever heard of Foy Valentine, I was a college student. He came to the campus of Mercer University to speak, and it was obvious before he arrived that he was a giant. The faculty heralded his arrival with perceptible excitement. Among the Baptist leaders they had known, this one above all had taken a stand for racial justice and equality. They were excited about his coming, and their excitement caused me to pay attention.

Foy Valentine walked onto center stage in those years and gave young people like me a reason to be Baptist. He provided a model of courage, a force for constructive change, a vision for a moral righteousness, and even a glimpse of the Kingdom of God.

I had little idea back then how much influence Foy Valentine would have on my life. In the ensuing years he was to become, as I have often said, both my mentor and my tormentor, as well as my teacher, my model, my boss, my friend, and finally a powerful father-figure.

Thirty years ago this month, Foy called to ask if I might be interested in a job on the staff of the Southern Baptist Christian Life Commission. I could not imagine a more significant opportunity to serve the Kingdom. He asked one question on the phone that I have not forgotten: "Are you a workaholic?" Well, I wanted the job, so I answered quickly: "Do you want me to be? I'll be whatever you want."

During the next five years I discovered that was exactly what he wanted. Some of you think Foy Valentine had a

strong work ethic. In reality, he did not have a work ethic at all. What he had was more like a work virus. He was a tough and demanding taskmaster, the toughest I have ever known.

Some special words come to mind when I think of Foy. One of them is *color*. He was a colorful character. The color, of course, was turquoise. Some of you know that he always wrote with turquoise ink. What you may not know that those of us who worked for him worked in turquoise offices, complete with turquoise telephones, turquoise walls, turquoise carpet, and turquoise mastheads on our letterhead.

He was a colorful character in other ways, as well. Take speech, for instance. Foy expressed himself with so much color that every administrative assistant I have ever had has thoroughly enjoyed answering the phone when he would call and ask for "his Sappship." As a matter of fact, his colorful expressions "pleasured me a great deal," and I am sure that in the days ahead I am going to "crave" to hear them again.

The word *character* comes to mind, as well. Of course, we know that Foy had character; what I am speaking of here is that he *was* a character.

Just after I went to work for him at the CLC, we went to lunch together one day. Walking back to the office, Foy asked if I minded stopping at the bank, I believe to renew a note. The lady who waited on him said, "Of course, you will need to pay the interest that is due."

Foy replied, "I know. I have calculated it, and I owe you \$6.38."

The lady at the bank said, "Yes sir, but it is our policy not to charge less than \$10.00."

"It is *my* policy," Foy said, "not to pay more than I owe. I will give you six dollars and thirty-eight cents." He won.

Or, again, just three years ago, Linda and I came to visit Foy and Mary Louise here in Dallas, and Foy took me with him to get some barbeque to bring home for lunch. We arrived at the restaurant before the lunch crowd. Foy

walked up to the counter and said to the man, "I'd like a pound of chopped barbecue."

The man behind the counter said, "Yes, sir. May I have your name please?"

"There is no one else here," Foy said, "you do not need my name."

I remember as well those summer visits he made to his cabin at Red River. All of us on the Commission staff became well acquainted with the routine. He would return at the end of an extended stay, and brag about all the fish he had caught. Then he would hold out his hand, and ask you to feel the calluses on his finger which had formed from endless fish-cleaning. After a couple of years, we began to anticipate this annual ritual. "Just three more days," we would say to each other, "and we'll have to feel his finger." Maybe just now, on the other side of Jordan, he is building up calluses again. Foy Valentine was a character.

Another word that comes to mind is *judgment*. Judgment is a rare and valued quality, the ability to take the measure of the person before you, to take the measure of the situation around you, and then to take the measure of your own reactions. Foy once told me to take stock of a people's judgment when hiring them. "However much judgment they have the day you hire them is the same amount they will have the day they quit," he said. "You can't teach it." And over the years, experience has convinced me that he was right.

Foy himself possessed judgment in extraordinary measure. His judgments were quick, not slow, and they were generally unerring. On the rare occasions when his judgment was not unerring, it was never uncertain. For thirty years now, I have asked his judgment on nearly every critical situation I have faced. I hope I have learned enough to make it without him.

Or, try another word: *courage*. You cannot talk about Foy Valentine without the word courage. What he did on the race issue in the face of withering opposition was astounding. Some chose to stand in the schoolhouse door and shout, "Closed." Foy stood in the church door and shouted, "Open." Some stood in fear and shouted hatred. Foy stood in courage and shouted love.

The secret of his courage, I believe, is that Foy fought for more than institutions and traditions, for more than prejudice and partisanship. He fought for justice. He fought for righteousness. He fought for God. And if at times he could rap your knuckles so hard you could feel it in your toes, it was that same aggressive abandon that enabled him to stand firm in the face of Satan's hosts.

Another word that fits him is the word *intelligence*. Several years ago Foy came and taught the book of James at Second-Ponce de Leon. Our twin sons, of course, have known him all of their lives; but having heard him teach for the first time in his own adulthood, one of our sons informed me, "Dad, Dr. Valentine is brilliant!" He told me as if I had never realized it for myself. Few minds could stand on level ground with Foy Valentine.

Or try the word *love*. Now, Foy was not your basic senti-

mentalist. In the years of my relationship with him, I never heard him throw the word love around flippantly. He was never one to stand on a platform and say in phony tones, "I love you, brother." But he was one who did the deeds of love. During the greatest crisis of my life, Foy called—sometimes every day—to say, "How are you? Keep the faith. Never give up. Hold the fort."

There was an interesting change in Foy over the years. In the beginning, our telephone conversations would be all business. Then the business became a way of legitimizing a personal visit we would have at the end of the conversation. In the last few years, the business nearly disappeared. He would call and say, "I don't have anything to talk about. I just craved a visit."

Before my congregation in Atlanta, he once called me "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." I will cherish those words until I breathe my last.

Foy loved Mary Louise, his wife. He loved Jean and Carol and Susan, his daughters. He loved his in-laws, and oh, he loved his grandchildren. And he loved our Lord Jesus Christ. He loved Him with all his heart (which was big), all his soul (which was deep), and all his mind (which was keen), and all his strength (which was prodigious).

But most of all, God loved Foy Valentine. He loved him enough to give him to us; and He loves him enough that he holds Foy even now close to His heart.

Which brings me to the final word I associate with Foy. It is the word *faith*. Many times I heard him say that he would like for his epitaph to be, "He stumbled toward righteousness." Like all of us, Foy may have stumbled, but through his faith he always stumbled in the right direction, toward righteousness, toward justice, toward peace, toward love, toward God, and toward that final blessed hope that we have been given.

Just about a year ago, in December of 2004, Foy wrote a column in *Christian Ethics Today* that expressed his faith better than I could express it for him. The column was entitled, "The Last Rose of Summer," and in it he reflected on the last rose of the season, clinging to the stem of a rose bush just outside his study window. After reflecting for a few paragraphs on that rose, this is what he said:

"But now let's face it. I am 81. Going on 82. Morbidity is not my stock-in trade. I am not dwelling on my own imminent demise. I am basically prepared to meet God. Not quite ready for the face-to-face encounter, you understand, but not facing the experience with grave misgivings, either. Like this rose on which I am presently focused, whose petals will soon shatter, my days are also numbered. Come to think of it, they always have been. That sooner or later I too shall be the last rose of summer is a sobering reminder that I do not have the leisure of eternity to get done the things I need to do. Time has been God's gift to me, as has been life itself. So, I am constrained to make the most of it, make things right wherever I can, get my house in order, burnish my relationships with God and others, fresh every morning—and smell the roses.

“And this last rose of summer calls to mind the prospects and hopes that attend nature’s cycles ordained by God, ordered by the Almighty in his grand scheme of things. This rose will shatter in a week or so, the first killing frost will nip the tender stem, and the leaves will yellow and fall. The sturdy rose bush itself will stand, however, and the elaborate root system will stay firmly in the ground, alive and well under whatever ice and snow may come. Then on February 14 next year I will prune the bush rather severely.

“A couple of weeks later new buds will swell, new growth will emerge, a tender stem will start pushing upward, then a tiny rose bud will develop at the end of the stem, in a few more days the bud will grow enough for the red color to be seen about to break through, and then one bright, sunny spring morning I will once again look out this window to see the first rose of a new season. Bright red, exquisitely formed, inordinately fragrant, proudly alone in my small rose garden, and a little bigger than I might reasonably be expected to be, as if to demonstrate to the world that, after all, as Robert Browning put it, ‘God’s in his heaven, all’s right with the world.’”

And so it is by that faith that we come here today. We have lost a friend, a husband, a father, a grandfather, a Christian leader, a champion, a giant. But as hard as it is to give him up, we give him into the hands of the Father who made him, and in the matchless grace of that God, all is right. All is right. ■

Dr. David Sapp is pastor of the Second-Ponce de Leon Baptist Church, Atlanta, Georgia.

Eulogy

By Dr. Jimmy Allen

Foy Valentine was a master wordsmith. Eulogy actually means, “Good Words.” I will not match his eloquence in trying to say “Good Words,” but no one I know deserved them more. He was a modern-day prophet. He had keen insight, deep faith, uncommon courage, genuine compassion, and unwavering commitment to the application of the principles of Christ to every area of life.

My first memory of Foy was an encounter at an encampment ground in East Texas, just after he had completed his doctorate studies and was doing work with students at Rice University and Baylor College of Medicine. I was there to work on details for a boys camp I was to direct later in the summer. He was there to arrange for a student retreat. I had not yet had my fire lit on the issue of Christian ethics. I was in my first year of seminary studies. Though we were both preaching in youth revivals, we had done none of that together.

As time passed and my practical experience in the pas-

torate pressed me to reevaluate my ministry in light of the practical demands of Christian living, I connected with T. B. Maston, Foy’s major professor and masterful ethicist of that day.

Foy had come from his Gonzales church to succeed A. C. Miller in the work of the Christian Life Commission. I was pastor in Wills Point, nearby Foy’s hometown of Edgewood. He asked me to become a member of the Christian Life Commission Board. As we worked in editorial processes for “THE BIBLE SPEAKS” and “CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES APPLIED” pamphlets, I was discovering the principle my Dad had told me: “Son, you don’t make friends, you discover them.”

I discovered a friend. He was a friend of TRUTH. He was a friend of COMMITMENT. He was a friend of COURAGE. He was a friend with COMPASSION. He cared for the damaged and disinherited of this world, not just as a part of society’s problems, but also as persons for whom Christ had died. Most of all he matched the Bible’s description of ancient Abraham, who was “called the friend of God” (James 2:23).

• FOY WAS A RARE PERSON. IN THESE DAYS OF CONFUSED IDENTITIES, HE KNEW WHO HE WAS.

He was a man with his own personal Geo Stationery Satellite system. He set it on the high calling of Christ Jesus for his life. Perhaps this is one of the reasons he always maintained the same style, attitudes, and directions in his life. In fact, his class at Baylor at their twentieth anniversary in 1964, voted him the “Person Who Had Changed the Least” since their days in college.

He was proud of his Van Zandt County, Texas beginnings. Mr. Hardy and Miz Josie Valentine helped their two sons know the value of hard work and honorable living. They left deep footprints at the Pleasant Union Baptist Church of Christ in the small community near Edgewood, Texas. She taught Sunday School for decades while he led the singing at the church. It was there that Foy discovered the special calling of God to his life. He was ordained to the gospel ministry at the age of seventeen.

He listened with deep attention to his family’s root systems in the French Huguenot commitment to freedom of conscience or what we Baptists call the “priesthood of the believer.” His name Foy came from that source. He was so pleased when I told him of reading in the book *Band of Brothers* that one of the major battles of WWII in France was in the village of Foy. He looked it up.

The Huguenots were people who fought the powers of the state when the government tried to throttle their own interpretation of faith. These believers fled to this land in order to achieve freedom of conscience. Little wonder Foy insisted that, having no sons to receive the name, he would just give it to his youngest daughter. Susie is really Susan Foy Valentine Brown!

• FOY WAS A RARE PERSON. IN THESE DAYS OF SEARCHINGS AND SHIFTING OF SPIRITUAL

PATHS, HE KNEW HIS BIBLICAL CENTERED BELIEFS AND HIS SPECIAL SENSE OF CALLING.

Foy and Mary Louise walked the path of struggle and sorrow when Cindy was born with so much damage that her five years of life called for constant care. They faced that challenge like they faced other challenges of life with faith and faithfulness, love and caring, followed by grief and inner healing. The absence of self-pity in dealing with the struggles of life vindicated the authenticity of their walk with God.

Foy was a churchman. By that I mean that he went to church faithfully through the years. He went not just when he was preaching, but when the time for worship came, Foy was there. He took seriously the command in Hebrews 10:24-25: "And let us consider one another in order to stir up love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as is the manner of some, but exhorting one another." Foy went to church.

The word that surfaces in most conversations about Foy is the word "courage." That word is a reflection of a French word for "heart." Here is a man who demonstrated it. In days of attack by White Citizen Councils, racists, fundamentalists, and various adversaries, he stood firm. He stuck to principle rather than pettiness. He gave an answer for his faith with clarifications rather than vindictiveness. His sense of humor often came to his rescue. He often told the story with glee of the SBC session in which a woman made a motion that the Christian Life Commission and its staff be "dissolved."

He was a voice of conscience among us. In 1975 *The Christian Century* magazine named him as one of the twenty innovative leaders in the religious world. I have a vivid memory of standing in the Rose Garden at the White House in 1964 with a group of Baptist leaders, as President Lyndon Johnson pled for us to help our nation step toward racial justice by passing the Civil Rights Bill. The one name he used in that speech was that of Foy Valentine.

I like the way Foy phrased it in his essay in his final book, *Whatever Things Are Lovely*. He says: "An unwavering, unambiguous, unshakeable sense of God's special calling has kept my frail raft afloat. My feet have been often, if not nearly always wet; but the raft has not yet sunk" (149).

- FOY WAS A RARE PERSON. IN THESE DAYS OF AVOIDANCE OF THE DIFFICULT AND DEMANDING, HE KNEW HOW TO WORK.

When he looked back at the age of 80, he wrote: "My hard work routine is a life pattern I learned from my parents. One of my father's often repeated admonitions was 'Hard work never killed anybody.' While I had many occasions to think him mistaken about that hard saying, I am now confident that the strong medicine of hard work has significantly contributed to the quality as well as to the length of my life" (150).

Foy worked and expected others to do so also. He had hoed enough rows, baled enough hay, and picked enough

cotton to know that nothing gets done unless it is done. Books don't write themselves. Visits and conferences to enlist support for change and justice don't happen automatically. No task is too small to be important. I remember one of the challenges he gave me when I followed him in the task of the CLC in 1960. He told me to remember that this exciting task in the days of Civil Rights movements involved being willing to haul the boxes of materials to Associational Meetings and local churches and make sure every body got a copy to read. Executives who are too busy for that are too busy. "Despise not the day of small things."

- FOY WAS A RARE PERSON. IN THESE DAYS OF SUPERFICIAL RELATIONSHIPS AND SHIFTING POLITICAL LOYALTIES, HE TREASURED HIS FRIENDS AND WAS LOYAL TO THE INSTITUTIONS THAT HAD HELPED FASHION HIS LIFE.

Foy felt deeply about his church, his college, and his extended family of faith in his denomination of Christians. While willing to do all within his power to maintain their directions in what he believed to be their reason for being, he was brokenhearted if they betrayed his trust. He worked persistently and perseveringly to be the salt that would preserve and enrich them.

He maintained a large network of friends across the world. He spent time and energy in staying in touch with them. He prayed in intercession for them. He counseled, encouraged, and cared.

He also enjoyed as much as anyone I have ever seen, the warmth and humor of life with his friends. He would call across the nation to share a laugh or a funny story. Like every good story-teller, he could deprecate himself as he described his foibles.

- FOY WAS A RARE PERSON. IN THESE DAYS OF HASSLED AND HURRIED LIVING, HE KNEW HOW TO SMELL THE FLOWERS AND ENJOY THE MOMENT.

He read with discernment widely and well. He joyed in the gourmet meal he discovered. He knew more about menus in more places than anyone. In any city you named, he knew a chef or kitchen you ought not to miss. In his descriptions of the beauty of the world about him, you find a masterful insight into the beauty of God's creation.

In his description of "Ten Good Things" in 2000 AD, he wrote, "Like Virgil's Aeneas who kept bending his personal will to that of his divine mandate to found and build the city of Rome, I have not been disobedient to my own heavenly vision. I have stayed hitched, continuing to heed what I have perceived to be the high calling of God in Christ Jesus to help "changed people change the world." God has set before me a bountiful table of marvelous fulfillment" (89).

"Behold I tell you a mystery; we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed-in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound and the dead will be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mor-

tal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible has put on incorruption and this mortal has put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written:

‘Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is your sting? O Hades, where is your victory.’ The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.” 1 Corinthians 15:51-58. ■

Dr. Jimmy Allen is the former Executive Director of the Radio and Television Commission of the SBC, former President of the SBC, and former pastor of the FBC of San Antonio, Texas.

“I Thank My God Upon Every Remembrance Of You”

(Philippians 1:3)

By Darold H. Morgan

By now it is obvious to all of us here today that in reflecting on the life and ministry of Foy Valentine that we have so much to be grateful for.

Foy’s sudden departure to heaven reminds us how grateful we are he was never an invalid. He would have handled a wheelchair or a sick bed more ineptly than anyone in history. And we are grateful for that.

We are grateful, every one of us in this church today, that each of us has fresh, enduring, dynamic memories of this man. Each of us has our own supply of these encounters, which remind us of his genius of friendship and understanding. Particularly, each member of his family will have this treasury of memories as part of his heritage for the balance of their days.

We are grateful for Foy’s skill with words . . . how he could write. Of all the many books he wrote, this last one *Whatever Things Are Lovely* seems to bring so much of his personal values to a focal point. Most of his years of active ministry came through tumultuous times when conflicts and controversies raged. But this last book portrays a man in his retirement years emerging as confident and serene, without any bitterness despite how he was treated.

In his personal Bible, the one he prized the most, now an old dog-eared Scofield Reference version, given to him at his ordination at the FBC of Edgewood, Texas, in 1940 when Foy was about 17 years old (the Bible he always took with him during his many years of preaching all over the world), I found this quote he had written in it from Martin

Luther: “My soul is too big to harbor hatred against any man.”

We are grateful for this concept alive and well in Foy.

We are grateful in that final book of his that we see graphically his devotion to his wife and children and grandchildren. I love his dedication “to Laura, John, Trey, Will and Catherine—grandchildren who impress their grandparents as being well above average.”

We are grateful that his final full week of life was a time of family fellowship and togetherness that both Foy and Mary Louise indicated as the best time together—ever! We are grateful that this remarkable family has a heritage of love and Christian excellence that will bear rich fruit in God’s timing.

We are grateful that Foy did not have nor did he want a halo for his 82 years of living to the brim. He might have one now, but we are hesitant to bestow it today. He, his words, and our multiple personal encounters remind us of a delightfully quirky character almost unlike anyone else we have ever known. For example, he collected rocks and then used many, many of them in that fireplace in that mountain cabin in Red River, New Mexico. Not many could combine this hobby with his love of mountains. But he did.

Take him to a movie and he went to sleep automatically. He refused to get cable TV believing strongly that nothing on the screen was ever worth seeing. He actually got a cell phone, but he never learned how to operate it. Computers to him deserved the biblical epithet of an anathema.

He loved to play Scrabble, and he was good at it. For nearly 20 years my wife and Foy took on Mary Louise and me in a weekly game. He loved nothing more than playing all of his tiles at once, usually winning the game because of the extra points accrued to his score. But this led to a marked slowness of playing which often prompted his opponents to utter testy remarks to “speed it up!” Nearly always there would be his countering: “You’ll miss me one of these days when I am gone.” Truer words were never spoken.

We are grateful for Foy’s strong, unquenchable faith in God that gave him the deepest convictions imaginable about eternal life. In the final analysis he was an old-time Baptist who believed to the hilt the truths uttered by Jesus and Paul, about everlasting life and fellowship with God. The older he grew, the more he meditated on these concepts. His choice today of the hymns we have and will sing is a lovely reminder of his faith. His role in the Texas Baptist Youth Revival movement back in the 1940s and 1950s speak to his devotion. Bruce McIver’s powerful book, *Riding the Winds of God* documents Foy’s part in one of the finest evangelistic movements in the last century anywhere in the world.

All of this grew out of a faith that began as a little boy on an East Texas farm, guided by a deacon father and dedicated school teacher mother. It was a faith that continued to grow all through his long life. His omnivorous reading nourished it. A curious student until his final hours, his was a faith in God through Jesus Christ that embraced eternal

verities. And we are profoundly grateful that his choices, his commitment, yet, indeed, his life, leads us to an unshakable awareness that when he so suddenly left us the other morning, he moved into the presence of Almighty God, a resident now of the Father's House where Fellowship and Reunion and Joy and Security and Ultimate Satisfaction are the norm. And he is waiting for us to join him there because of our own faith in this divine truth.

On about the last page of that old Bible of his, written in that trademark turquoise ink of his (literally to the end refusing to use a ball-point pen), he had copied a prayer penned by the famed churchman, John Henry Newman: "May God support us all the day long till the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and the work is done. Then in His Mercy, may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at last."

Indeed, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you." ■

Dr. Darold H. Morgan is President Emeritus of the Annuity Board of the SBC.

He Fought For Racial Equality

(continued from page 3)

Christian Ethics Today, a bimonthly magazine that has grown to more than 4,000 subscribers.

With folksy lyricism, he wrote often for that journal, quoting Shakespeare and Willie Nelson, and opining on everything from ethics to the joys of grandparenthood to the age-prolonging power of banana pudding topped by nutmeg and Blue Bell ice cream. He wrote nostalgically about his rural East Texas upbringing and about the solace he felt in his cabin retreat in New Mexico.

Dr. Valentine paid to have a collection of his columns published, with copies going to subscribers and other supporters of *Christian Ethics Today*. But the book—*Whatever Things Are Lovely*—proved to be a surprise hit, with readers gladly paying for extras, said Joe Trull, editor of the magazine.

"I just had an e-mail from someone wanting 25 copies," he said.

Dr. Valentine is survived by Mary Louise Valentine, his wife of 58 years; his daughters Jean Valentine, Carol Valentine and Susan Brown; and five grandchildren.

A memorial service will be at 2 p.m. Wednesday at Park Cities Baptist Church, near Northwest Highway and Preston Road. Burial will be in Edgefield. ■

Note: This article is printed by permission of the Dallas Morning News where it appeared on January 10, 2006.

A Hammer, A Bell, and a Song

By Joe E. Trull, Editor Christian Ethics Today

I was in Phoenix on Friday, January 6, attending the Annual Society of Christian Ethics meeting, when Foy Valentine called. When he learned I would be in Dallas on Tuesday, he said, "Let's get together." We planned to.

Often we met at a pancake house near his home—he introduced me to their famous German Apple pancake that takes 30 minutes to prepare. He loved to take guests to his favorite eateries—the best hamburgers in north Dallas, a vintage Italian restaurant near SMU, and the best seafood in the metroplex just off Royal Lane.

On Saturday morning after my final meeting, I was packing to leave when my cell phone began ringing with the news of Foy's sudden death—I was stunned! Audra and I stared into each other's eyes at first, with that silent communication between life-long partners that allows you to know what the other is thinking long before it is spoken. "It doesn't seem right," she uttered, "that good people have to die." It never does.

One who called was David Smith of Houston, a friend and strong supporter of our Journal for many years. Last summer at the BWA meeting in England, he was able to spend some time visiting with Foy, which only increased his admiration. David has a hobby—a foundry in which he loves to make beautiful gold-plated bells. Not little bells, but large resounding ones—I proudly display mine in my study and ring it when celebrating some grand event.

In England David promised Foy he would make a bell for him. The bell was ready for delivery when David learned of Foy's death and called to inform me.

Standing there on the 18th floor of the Phoenix Hyatt, I stared in silence out the window at the Arizona landscape, realizing that luncheon date in Dallas would not be. A song from the sixties popped into my head as I thought of Foy—one Peter, Paul, and Mary made famous, singing at civil rights rallies across America:

"I have a hammer . . . I have a bell . . . and I have a song. It's the hammer of Justice, It's the bell of Freedom, It's the song about love between my brother and my sister, all over this land."

Foy Valentine also had a hammer, a bell, and a song.

• **The Hammer of Justice** never left his hands. Beginning with that first summer with Clarence Jordan at the Koinonia Farm in Americus, Georgia, he began pounding relentlessly for justice, and never stopped. Justice for the weak, for the poor, for the disenfranchised, and especially for the racially oppressed. (Even Richard Land commended Foy for

that, in his quoted response.)

- **The Bell of Freedom** he received from his French Huguenot heritage, and he rang it proudly. Around 1659, these French Calvinists were severely persecuted by the Roman Church and over a quarter of a million Huguenots fled France, some from the tiny village of Foy! Foy Valentine rang the bell of freedom—religious and soul freedom. One of his friends shared a story new to me: that when the 1963 Baptist Faith and Message was being previewed during an SBC executive meeting in Nashville, the lone vote and voice in opposition was that of Foy Valentine, who said, “You will all rue the day you voted for this confession—it is the first step toward creedalism!” Was he not a prophet?
- **The Bell of Love** between brothers and sisters was part and parcel of his preaching, his writing, and his work between all kinds of people. At the memorial service, David Sapp noted, “He was not one to glibly say, ‘I love you, brother.’ But he lived it, he practiced it, and he expressed love in a multitude of ways.”

Just before he died, Foy spent a wonderful week of vacation with his entire family—Mary Louise, the three daughters and their families, and especially the grandchildren—at a vacation spot in Costa Rica. When we talked two days before his death, I asked Foy, “How was your trip?” Not prone to exaggeration, he nevertheless said to me, “Oh, it was the best week I have ever spent with my family.”

On that next Saturday, as Mary Louise drove him toward Baylor Hospital, the two visited and talked all the way until just before arriving, when he collapsed in the car.

I’m crying now as I close this word on the morning after the Memorial Service, not from sadness, but in gladness for the life of a friend and the joy of homecoming for one of God’s great prophets!

Do you hear the bells? The hymnist wrote, “Ring the bells of heaven, There is joy today, For a soul returning from the wild! See, the Father meets him, out upon the way, Welcoming his weary wandering child.”

In my study, I’m ringing my bell too, for I join the celebration of this grand event—welcome home Foy! ■

“Hal, This is Foy Valentine”

By Hal Haralson, Austin, TX

I knew who he was, but had no idea how he knew who I was. I was to learn later that my cousin, Weston Ware, had given him my name. He was to become my friend, mentor, and teacher.

The voice on the telephone was a surprise to say the least. “I want you to submit an article for *Christian Ethics Today*.

“Foy that is a sophisticated theological journal. Seminary and college professors are its writers. I don’t write that kind of stuff. Mine is country. Rural. West Texas!”

I had read *Christian Ethics Today* often. Foy Valentine was the editor. “I’m familiar with your writing,” said Foy. “Send me an article.”

That was over ten years ago. My first article was after one written by Bill Moyers. When I saw that, I knew I was in over my head. Since that first one, however, I have been privileged to have an article in over forty consecutive issues of the Journal.

Foy Valentine died last week and among the professors and theologians at the funeral was a seventy year old country boy from West Texas whose book, *Gentle Mercies: Stories of Faith in Faded Blue Jeans*, would not have happened without the encouragement of Foy Valentine.

Thanks, my friend. See you on the other side.

Hal. ■



“He Being Dead Yet Speaketh”

The Foy Valentine Memorial Fund

By Ross Coggins, Sherwood Forest, MD

Note: A former missionary to Indonesia, Ross Coggins worked with Foy Valentine in Texas BSU work and your revivals, and from 1960-1967 served as his Director of Communications at the CLC in Nashville, then spent the rest of his career in the U.S. foreign service, mostly with USAID.

I am composing this message while flying home from the funeral of Foy Valentine, my cherished friend since 1945. Actually it was more of a celebration than a funeral, as every eulogy and every conversation chronicled the achievements of this gentle man who navigated the world with a finely-tuned moral compass. He combined a loving spirit with a fierce commitment to justice, and the battles he fought usually ended with everyone winning.

Upon his retirement Foy undertook to establish a journal of Christian ethics. Somehow he mobilized the energy and the resources to establish *Christian Ethics Today*, and from the first issue he worked tirelessly to give it a voice of prophetic excellence. He did it on a shoestring, depleting his own resources and attracting the financial support of a few faithful friends. Those of you who are reading these words will attest to the splendid quality of the articles in every issue.

As Foy’s strength ebbed, he persuaded Dr. Joe E. Trull (recently early-retired from teaching Christian ethics at New Orleans Baptist Seminary) to become the editor. I can recall Foy relating to me how grateful he was that Joe had those rare qualities required to carry forward this prophetic publication—Christian character, intellect, and the competence to “make it happen.”

I related that to Joe after the funeral and expressed the hope that *Christian Ethics Today* would continue to grow in influence. I expressed the hope that all those whose lives have been touched by Foy’s unique ministry would join in contributing to a trust fund to endow the journal—to enlarge its circulation, stabilize its finances, and keep Foy’s faithful witness alive. (Of course this gift would be over and above our regular support of the Journal).

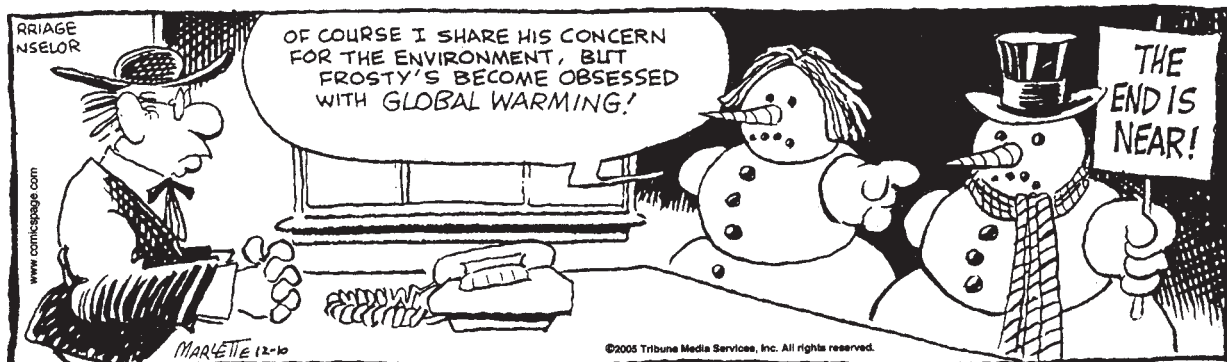
I also mentioned this to Foy’s dear family and to as many friends as possible. Virtually all responded that there could be no finer memorial to our friend.

Fellow readers, if you share these sentiments:

- Would you please consider making a contribution to this Foy Valentine Memorial Fund?
- Could you also urge your church to consider making a memorial contribution?
- Could you also reach out to your circle of friends to enlist their support?

And let us all remember in the future to continue this support. LET'S MAKE IT HAPPEN!

P.S. Simply note on your contribution, “Foy Valentine Memorial Fund.” All gifts are tax deductible. ■



Thank you, Patrick, For Your Applause

By John Scott, Dallas, Texas

I winced when the preacher talked about charity work as a “spiritual gift,” as if it had to be a God-given talent like an aptitude for art or music.

When I think of being gifted, I think of a boy named Patrick I met at Camp John Marc—Special Camp for Special Kids. That’s a beautiful summer camp with its own lake about two hours from Dallas. As the crow flies it’s not far from Crawford, Texas. It’s for kids with chronic illnesses and serious physical disabilities. Each one-week session is for up to 140 campers. One week is for kids with cancer, another for kids on dialysis due to kidney disease, one for kids who have survived severe burns, and so on for kids with muscular dystrophy, sickle cell anemia, hemophilia, asthma, and various other conditions. Each week-long camp is given a special name. My favorite camp name is the one for kids with childhood arthritis: “The Joint Adventure.”

Five years ago my wife Joanie volunteered to help with arts and crafts during “Camp TLC.” It’s for kids with spina bifida. And she “volunteered” me to work there too. We enjoyed it so much we’ve been back every year since. One year, at 66, I was their oldest cabin counselor.

When the kids arrive at camp they are welcomed as the heroes they are, with loud cheers and applause from the staff and volunteers. And they enjoy a life-changing respite from being different. No one stares at them, but no one turns their eyes away from them either. My own eyes moistened a bit when I heard an older camper tell a newcomer, “This is the only place I go where no one ever makes fun of me.”

Everything is accessible by wheelchair, even the tree houses. The campers do things most of them never dreamed of doing. They ride horses, swim, go canoeing, fish, camp out overnight, play a variety of sports and games, win prizes

at an outdoor fair, soak their counselors at a water fight using real fire hoses, and go to the big dance (yes, kids in wheelchairs can dance).

The campers learn to do things for themselves they’ve never done before, making them more independent and proud.

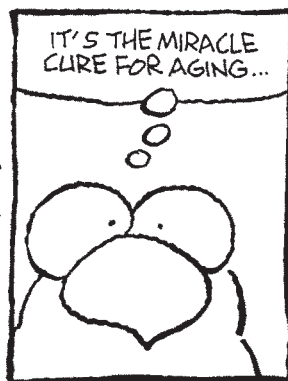
At the end of the week, each camper goes home with a well-deserved sense of accomplishment, memories of good food and great times, and some gifts for the family they made in arts and crafts. And a burning desire to come back next summer.

Now, back to that young man named Patrick. He goes to Camp TLC because he has spina bifida. He also has cerebral palsy.

I first met Patrick at a cook out. He was 10 years old. I had been assigned the task of making ice cream. There was no electricity at the campsite, so we used an old-fashioned ice cream maker that had to be cranked by hand. I cranked until both of my arms became fatigued. Then, on an impulse, I asked Patrick, “Can you help me with this?” I suppose I shouldn’t have asked him that; it’s difficult for Patrick to control the movements of his arms and hands. But he was quick to say, “Sure,” and he guided his battery-powered wheelchair to the ice cream maker. Once Patrick got his hand on the handle, he amazed us all. He cranked much longer than I had been able to do, until the ice cream was ready to eat. Delicious!

Each morning all the campers gather for an outdoor meeting called “Word of the Day.” It begins with loud music, followed by some staff members making fools of themselves for laughs.

Then comes the best part—announcements recognizing campers for outstanding achievements: “Mary, for conquering her fears by going to the top of the tower and coming



down the zip line,” “Mike (one of the few at Camp TLC who can walk), for helping his fellow campers get their wheelchairs up some hills,” and...

“Patrick, for cranking ice cream at the cookout.”

Each announcement is met with applause.

That’s where Patrick’s “gift” comes in. As a gift of encouragement to his fellow campers, Patrick always applauds them with great enthusiasm. That’s not easy for Patrick. It requires a lot of concentration on his part. But he does it extremely well. His enthusiasm is further evident from the way his head gyrates when he applauds.

Applause from anybody is appreciated, but applause from Patrick is deeply gratifying. Every time I’ve watched him applaud the last five years I’ve been inspired to do more to encourage others.

What a gift! By “gift” I don’t mean Patrick is gifted with a special *ability* to applaud. Far from it. But he does it anyway.

That’s why I winced when the preacher talked about charity work as if it were a spiritual gift for a chosen few. I was under the impression from what Jesus said that charity work is a non-negotiable requirement—period. Nevertheless, surveys show that most people who are active in church are not active in charity, at least not the kinds of charity Jesus talked about. Of course Jesus didn’t talk about charity in the modern legal sense, which could include donations to a tax-exempt organization of atheists. Jesus specifically spoke of helping people with their most basic physical needs—for food, water, clothes, and shelter, and those who are sick, in prison, crippled, or blind. And he said those who practice that kind of *worldly* charity are going to receive a *heavenly* reward (Mt 25:31-46; Lk 14: 13-14). Of course, being charitable has its rewards in this life too. As Jesus said, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” Concerns about eternity may provoke some into committing their first acts of charity, but the here-and-now joy of doing it soon takes over. In the long run, joy is a more powerful motive than fear.

In any event, Jesus never said charity is only an obligation for those who have a gift for it. Thank God for people like Joanie who uses her extraordinary talent to help special kids. But a lot of charity work requires no unique skills. What I do at camp certainly doesn’t (they taught me everything I needed to know in a brief orientation). They just need people who are willing, just as Patrick is willing to applaud his fellow campers.

So, Patrick, thank you for demonstrating that helping others does not always require a special gift. Thank you for making your friends happy campers. Thank you for inspiring at least one old man to be more encouraging to others than he was before he met you. Thank you, Patrick, for your example. Thanks for your applause.

Note: John Scott is also a member of the Sunday School Class at Park Cities Baptist Church, which Foy Valentine taught for many years. ■

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation

By Dwight A. Moody, Dean of the Chapel

Georgetown College, KY

The founding vision of a corporation is not easy to sustain, especially unto the third and fourth generation.

Take, for example, the Norstan Corporation. Thirty-two years ago, Paul Baszucki and Sid Cohen gathered resources and ambitions in a garage and launched a business that now employs 1,400 people and serves 18,000 customers. A key to success, Baszucki now says, has been their commitment to managing by values.

The business can be run in an ethical way, he asserts, and still make money.

Baszucki refers for inspiration to the book by Kenneth Blanchard, “The Power of Ethical Management.” The foreword written by the famous minister Norman Vincent Peale.

Baszucki makes a compelling case for leading by conviction: sharing wealth, protecting environment, respecting employees, and the like.

But he also confesses to a problem: how to transfer his commitment to moral discernment in the marketplace to a successor. It is the problem of social legacy.

At the Ethical Leadership Institute in Lexington (sponsored by the Peer Exchange Network and Georgetown College), journalist Marjorie Kelly presented the facts: only seven percent of companies sustain their legacy of social and moral responsibility beyond the third generation.

She quoted the book by Jack Quarter of the University of Toronto: “Beyond the Bottom Line: Socially Innovative Business Owners.”

Quarter studied eleven companies in six countries that had been founded by people committed to integrating social responsibility and ethical management into their corporate culture. In every single case, the companies eventually resorted to traditional profit-driven management.

She presented the case of Kay Whitmore, CEO for Eastman Kodak. This company had a policy, dating to Kodak himself, of managing costs through early retirement rather than employee layoffs.

A decade ago the company suffered the ill effects of transformation in their industry. Investors demanded Whitmore improve the bottom line by laying off ten thousand employees. She refused, citing company tradition of social responsibility. She was fired; two weeks later the layoffs were announced.

The problem, Kelly asserted, is not the lack of business leaders with moral convictions; it is the entire business system driven by investor interests.

In her book *The Divine Right of Capital* Kelly challenges the notion that a fifteen percent return for investors (stockholders) is more important than paying employees a living wage or protecting the environment.

Congress also has gotten involved.

They were prompted by congressional hearings into the collapse of the Enron Corporation. The riveting testimony of accountant Sharron Watkins detailed the shenanigans that enriched executives at the expense of company health.

At a recent speech at Samford University, Watkins quoted the words of the famous minister Martin Luther King, Jr. printed on an Enron company notepad: "Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter."

In 2002 Watkins was named Person of the Year by "Time" magazine. Senator Paul Sarbanes of Maryland and Representative Michael Oxley of Ohio co-authored the federal legislation that introduces new regulations for corporate decision-making.

Chief among its provisions are the level of autonomy granted to auditors and the requirement that corporate boards of directors establish their independence from those who manage the company.

Less visible but working toward the same end of social responsibility and ethical management is Ron James. He is president of the Center for Ethical Business Cultures.

James proposes replacing the exclusive orientation toward shareholders-those owning shares of company stock-with the more inclusive orientation toward stakeholders-those affected by company actions: employees, communities, customers, vendors, and even competitors, as well as investors.

Out of his experience teaching "Business Ethics" to college students, Professor Roger Ward drew attention to the ideals and aspirations of the young. It has to do with vocation or calling, he said, which he defined as that "which appears to us and demands our commitment." Too many people, he said, find that they must leave the business culture in order to pursue this type of calling.

This much is true: creating a more ethical culture both within the corporation and throughout the country will not only inspire the young with the very highest of ideals but also allow financially-successful and socially-committed entrepreneurs to hand down their legacy well past the third and fourth generation. ■

© Dwight A. Moody

Homely Joys: Prayers, Poems and Barbs

By Henelee Barnette and Jim Barnette

Christian Ethics Today Foundation is pleased to announce the publication of a new book of collected prayers, poems, and barbs by a father and son well-known to our readers. In the last few weeks over 400 of these books have been mailed.

As indicated in our Thanksgiving Letter, a book will be sent (postage paid) to everyone who contributes \$50 to the ministry of the Journal (3 books for \$100, 6 for \$200, etc.). Be sure to indicate how many of the books you wish to receive.

Below are the two thematic poems which introduce the book and its authors.

Son that tree
We planted
When you were three
This fall came out on stage
In glorious golden garments
Then in the strong north wind
Did a strip tease dance.

November 1982
As seen from my bedroom window
H.B.

Dad, that tree
Standing tall
When you were ninety-three
Reached down with golden sleeve
To your window
To the Perch
Where even prophets
Strip their mantles and Dance.

October 20, 2004
The day he passed
J.B.

While They Last!

Foy Valentine's Final Book

"Whatever Things Are Lovely"

A free copy is given to each new subscriber of CET.

Over 8000 copies have been distributed to date.

Extra copies are available to our readers: 5 copies for a \$50 contribution; 12 copies for a \$100 gift, 30 copies for a contribution of \$250. Call us for other quantities at (940) 230-6931 (Cell) or after March 1 at (940) 262-0450.

Intelligent Design: Science or Religion?

By Carolyn Dipboye, PhD

Oak Ridge, TN

When I teach ethics, a pitfall against which I warn my students is that of easy resort to conspiracy theories. Once a conspiracy theory comes into play, rhetoric becomes inflammatory, careful analysis is almost impossible, positions harden, and efforts toward mutual understanding become futile.

Current discussion of the issue of Intelligent Design (ID) moves along the lines of competing conspiracy theories. On the one side, proponents of ID charge that an elitist coalition of scientists, educators and politicians blocks open and critical assessment of evolutionary theory, rejecting outright the legitimacy of what proponents judge to be *scientific* indicators in support of ID. “Gaps” in science’s understanding of how the natural order came to be, ID proponents argue, are not just gaps attributable to transitory ignorance but are evidence of “irreducible complexity”—a complexity that is so intricate, so far beyond explanation by natural mechanisms that it fairly demands resort to an extra-natural or supernatural explanation, i.e., an intelligent designer. A spectrum of arguments emerge, ranging from those which would discredit the evolutionary process altogether to those which seek to augment evolution with ID.

On the other side of the debate, suspicions run high that theories of ID are nothing more than a Trojan horse, designed to slip creationism and religion under the banner of science. Science, it is argued, critiques and refines Darwinism on a continuing basis. Rather than turning a deaf ear to arising contradictions, evolutionary theory is constantly being reformulated to take contradictions and new evidence into account. Your father’s evolutionary theory, in other words, is not the evolutionary theory of the twenty-first century. Rather than a monolith with its feet planted firmly in the nineteenth century, evolutionary theory is continually evolving. The so-called “gaps” are daily being filled-in without resort to the supernatural or extra-natural. Richard Dawkins, Oxford University Professor of Public Understanding of Science and author of *The Blind Watchmaker: Why the Evidence of Evolution Reveals a Universe Without Design*, cautions in *River out of Eden*, “Never say, and never take seriously anyone who says, ‘I cannot believe that so-and-so could have evolved by gradual selection.’ I have dubbed this kind of fallacy ‘the Argument from Personal Incredulity.’ Time and again, it has proven the prelude to an intellectual banana-skin experience.”

What should we say then? Should we resort to Rodney King’s plea of a decade ago and gently chide, “Can’t we just all get along?” Simply resolving to be nice is probably not enough. Critical issues are at stake and beg to be addressed. The issues are more likely to be addressed, however, in an arena of thoughtful dialogue. Just as we are hearing the call for alternative religious voices in the political discourse of our country, we need to make certain that moderate/progressive voices are heard in the debate of science and religion. Rather than drawing the debate in terms of its extremes—the anti-science biblical literalist over against the godless scientist—responsible discourse can best take place in an atmosphere that makes no attempt on the one side to equate religious faith with magic and empty-headedness or on the other side to equate science with arrogant godlessness. Although religious faith may degenerate into magic and empty headedness and science may degenerate into arrogance, an atmosphere of mutual respect affirms science when it questions “how” the natural order has evolved and religion when it raises questions of purpose and meaning. Science is doing exactly what it should when it pursues natural explanations to fill in the gaps in its explanation of the natural order. Religion and philosophy are doing what they should in affirming that questions of purpose and meaning are legitimate and are enhanced, not threatened, by an ever-expanding understanding of the natural universe in which the questions are raised.

Some who affirm intelligent design could serve as voices of moderation, conditional, however, on their acknowledgment that they are engaging in philosophical or religious analysis when they infer a Designer. Knowledge of the universe can serve as pointers, evidence for eyes of faith, but not as proof. Christian scriptures, for example, readily acknowledge that while the miracles of Jesus were for some signs of the presence of God, for others they were signs of the demonic. Wonder and awe at the complexity of the universe may inspire, bolster or enrich faith. It does not demand or prove it.

On the side of religion, theologians and proponents of religion bear the responsibility of being clear that they [or we] are not seeking dominance. Rather than exhibiting a fearful, protectionist mentality that seeks to put a lid on the questions that may be pursued and the answers that may be gained, we should model a faith so secure that it does not merely allow but actually encourages science’s pursuit of the mysteries of the universe.

Science and faith overlap in matters of ethics. Often that word is heard with some degree of trepidation, anticipating that once again the issue of dominance will raise its ugly head or matters more appropriate to private decision-making will be wrest again into the public square. Science and faith meet, however, and may choose to become partners rather than opponents in matters affecting the well-being and future of humanity and the earth. Global warming, for example, falls within rightful areas of concern for both. A faith community's theology of ecology may and should provide a strong impetus and a ready clientele for shouldering the weight of global responsibility, while science provides critical diagnosis and prescribes appropriate avenues of treatment.

We should be clear, then, that the issue of ID is not whether a scientist may have religious faith or whether religious faith does or does not have its own legitimacy. The issue of ID resides exactly at the point of the claim that it is scientific theory. The Seattle-based Discovery Institute's Center of Science and Culture identifies its mission, for example, in terms of supporting research dedicated to "challenging various aspects of neo-Darwinian theory" and "developing the scientific theory known as intelligent design." Michael Behe, whose book, *Darwin's Black Box*, is at the center of our discussion today, is one of the center's Senior Fellows. Founded in 1996 and funded by prominent Christian and political conservatives, the center sponsored a briefing on Capitol Hill in 2000 as Congress debated overhaul of federal K-12 education programs. Co-sponsors included Rep. Thomas Petri (R-WI), a member of the Discovery Institute's Board of Advisors and current Vice-Chair of the House Education and Workforce Committee. The institute has since become a critical player in confrontations in school districts and state capitals across the country. It opened an office in Washington, D.C., in the fall of 2004, moving in January to employ the same Beltway public relations firm that promoted the 1994 Contract With America. The institute's strong funding has issued in significant success as it has pushed a "teach the controversy" approach to evolution. It has, in the words of the *New York Times* ("Politicized Scholars Put Evolution on the Defensive" August 21, 2005, 1), "transformed the debate into an issue of academic freedom" rather than a confrontation between science and religion.

ID is poised as a significant political issue in emerging local, state and national battles. By June of this year, ten bills had been introduced into the state legislatures of nine states (*Science & Theology News*, June 2005, 3.). After prolonged and heated debate, on August 9 the Kansas State Board of Education approved by a 6-4 vote its latest draft of state science standards, formulated with the aid of a local ID network and designed throughout to systematically question the scientific status of evolution. On September 26, hearings will begin in a First Amendment lawsuit brought by the American Civil Liberties Union against the Dover, Pennsylvania, school district over its decision to introduce ID into its biology curriculum—an event observers predict

will be likened to the Scopes Trial in Dayton 80 years ago (see Chris Mooney, "Inferior Design," *The American Prospect*, September 2005). On August 1, President Bush waded into the fray when he responded to a reporter's question about ID by suggesting that alternative theories and criticism should be included in biology curriculums "so people can understand what the debate is about." Presidential hopeful Senator Bill Frist voiced similar views a couple of weeks later. White House science adviser, John Marburger, moved to prevent the President's remarks from being "over-interpreted" as recommending equal treatment of ID in public classrooms. Reiterating his own previous assertion that "evolution is the cornerstone of modern biology" and "intelligent design is not a scientific concept," Marburger assured *The New York Times* the President's remarks merely had reference to the "social context" in which science proceeds.

Many who have had a long running battle with the teaching of evolution are breathing a sigh of relief that finally a scientific theory that at least puts God back into the process will find its way into the classroom. Others, not particularly religious, but weary of the long and vitriolic battle, are lured by the idea of a happy compromise. After all, they reason, what harm could it do? It might even give children a harmless dose of morality.

Teaching ID as science, however, should give the person of faith as much difficulty as it does the scientist. For the scientist it poses problems in that it moves beyond science's pursuit of the question of "how" into the religious questions of "why" and "who" and utilizes supernatural or extra-natural explanations for natural phenomena. For the person of faith it poses serious issues in its reliance on a "god of the gaps." As Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Bishop John A.T. Robinson pointed out a half-century ago, using God to explain gaps in our knowledge has the certain disadvantage of relying on a god who is always in retreat. As science continually moves forward, finding natural explanations of points in the process that once were a mystery, the "god of the gaps" is pushed back further and further. Rather than a harmless view of faith that might even do some good, I would propose as a person of faith that its stopgap process is a poor substitute for a robust faith that confidently engages the world.

All indicators are pointing toward ID becoming an increasingly hot political issue. That is unfortunate. It will not be good for science, faith, or the political well being of our country. It will divert us from progress in areas in which science and faith can form vital partnerships and substitute for open and honest discussion of issues in our nation too long delayed. Once again the enmity will focus on our children—our public schools. And that is not good for our children or our social fabric as a nation.

ID may attest to one's religious faith, although even there it has its limitations; but it is not science and should not be taught as science. And we should not allow it to be used as yet one more political wedge to divide us. ■

Waging Peace at Home

By John Singletary, Director

Center for Family and Community Ministries, Baylor University

“Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God” (Mt 5:9).

I’ve wanted to engage in a conversation about parenting and peacemaking with “my people” for years. I first learned about parenting and peacemaking from my own parents. While they never talked about it this way, nonviolence was central to how my father taught me to be a man. I first learned how to describe a Christian view of parenting based on the values of peacemaking in an explicit way while spending three years as a Mennonite pastor. Another lesson I learned from the Mennonites was to value my own heritage. So, I write this with the people of my heritage in mind: Southern Baptists.

I have always lived in the South and always considered myself a Baptist. I made a profession of faith and was baptized in the First Baptist Church of Maplewood, in Sulphur, LA, I made public a commitment to full-time ministry in the First Baptist Church of Lake Charles, LA; I was first involved in ministry leadership at First Baptist Church, Huntsville, TX; and I was ordained as a deacon at Calvary Baptist Church in Waco, TX. During these years, I heard my father repeatedly use Proverbs 22 as a guide; he was raising me up in the way that I should go, hoping that when I became older I would not depart from it. And, more than anything in my life, I am thankful for this and for the fact that my father did not raise me to be a violent person.

The way that he taught me to go was in the way of Jesus of Nazareth; the way of grace, service, and care. It was the way of that cloud of witnesses who came before Jesus; their ways of peace, justice and righteousness. It was the way of those running the race after Jesus; the ways of faith, hope, and love. From ancient Jewish foreparents to early Christian disciples, and from my parents and my family of faith, I was always blessed with a community of support and encouragement shaping me to be the person God was calling me to be.

Now, in my own family, I join my wife as we seek to raise our children in the way that each of them should go. I hope the lessons I share at school, at church, and more importantly in my family, are lessons similar to those I was taught. And, I hope that, in the ways my parents built upon their childhood experiences as they parented, I am able to do take what my parents, extended family, family of faith, and other friends offer us so that we can point our children

in the ways that they are to go.

Russell Moore, dean at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, recently described his attempt to raise his sons in the way he feels they should go. He was *Moore to the point* than he usually is, as he tried to make a point about the struggles of life and the lessons of Scripture. In fact, he seems to be *Moore off the mark* than usual if the central tenet of his “overall philosophy of childrearing” is “aiming to raise up violent sons.”¹

While he captures the fervor of that version of popular Christianity that thrives on eschatological fear of spiritual and material warfare, I hope to parent based on a different perspective: a theology of hope grounded in the grace of God, empowered by the Holy Spirit, and guided by the life and teachings of Jesus. For me, this theology of parenting includes a central notion that is also biblical, yet in sharp contrast to that of Moore; it is the concept of *shalom*. *Shalom* is the Hebrew word for health and wellbeing, it is a warm greeting used among family and friends, and it is the basis of the notion of peace, holistic peace. For Jews and Christians alike, the concept often incorporates the work of seeking peace, pursuing justice, healing the earth, and building community. One expression of *shalom* that is relevant to Christians today, and perhaps to the rest of the world, is found in the writings of Walter Wink.² Wink takes his discussion of spiritual power in a radically different direction than that of Moore, and as a result, the implications of his writings for discipleship as well as parenting provide a helpful and healthy alternative.

Wink describes Christian practices of nonviolence that stand as a third way opposed to either passivity or violent opposition. He teaches that nonviolent direct action as taught by Jesus differs from the popular Christian and many mainstream American powers that sustain death-dealing domination across the globe. From Jesus’ teaching to love our enemies to his life that results in the way of the cross, this perspective provides an invaluable alternative to the point Moore and more and more Christians are trying to make today.

While some Baptists may be content with a view of parenting that seeks to raise up violent sons and a view of

(continued on page 26)

A Dysfunctional View of Christian Ethics?

By Renate Hood, Associate Professor of New Testament

LeTourneau University, Longview, TX

Who or what determines the parameters of Christian ethics in contemporary society? Is it a so-called Christian worldview? Who then determines the boundaries of that worldview? Is it our Christian peers? For example, “biblical worldview” is an often-heard catch phrase. But whose biblical worldview is it? Is it the biblical worldview of the pre-Christian Mesopotamians or of the first-century Romans? Or perhaps the biblical worldview of the nineteenth-century colonized Africans? Or is it solely the worldview of the twenty-first century, conservative evangelical Christian Americans?

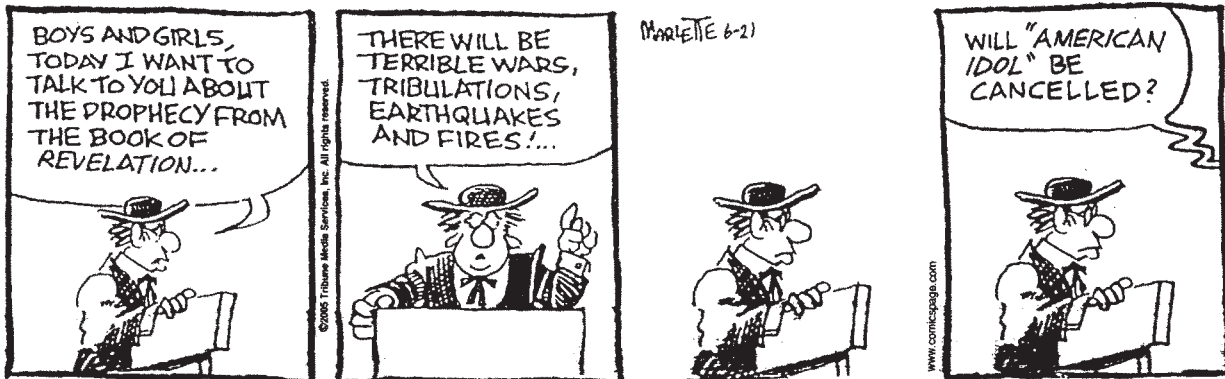
Several months ago, a renowned magazine carried a list of the most influential conservative evangelicals. That week Larry King interviewed some of these main influential persons on his night time talk show. I was about to do some channel surfing when King moved his questions in the area of ethical hot potatoes, including stem cell research. When a question concerning gay marriage was posed I held my proverbial breath. Not just because of a particular view, but also because of how the answer would be prefaced and how Christian love would be communicated regardless of, or in light of, biblical truth. And then my heart sunk. The answer given was one that cultural anthropologists would classify as a functional approach.

However, this one was rather dysfunctional.

Two main routes of explaining social behavior are used by anthropologists and sociologists—a functional approach and a symbolic approach. The former approach is characterized by focusing on the rules, the mores, or the behaviors in light of its perceived intended purposes, i.e. functionality. The latter approach centers on an ontological reality of a symbolic understanding of society. In this case social communities and scenarios are not understood solely by their individual components.

Back to Larry King. From all the routes the interviewee seated across from King could have taken to answer this question, she resorted to a functional approach and talked about presumed physical behaviors of gay couples and their likewise associated risks. This then was linked to gay marriage without mentioning other aspects of marital commitments, Christianity, and homosexuality.

Next the conversation was stirred to HIV infections by the same guest. She cited statistics on the transmission of HIV as being the highest among homosexual gay men and correlated that to being compounded if gay marriage were to be legalized. Besides not being sure how this relates directly to a Christian view on gay marriage, these statistics are horribly outdated as the highest populations



of newly infected individuals with HIV are heterosexual males. So Christians were once again made out to be uninformed dupes.

From discussing gay marriage, the interview moved on to discussing premarital sex. King was intrigued with the concept of forgiveness. The idea of people being able “to live as they please” and yet be able to be forgiven completely was astounding to him. What a marvelous component of Christian ethics and of the Gospel, indeed. Rather, the conversation steered toward the “why.” Once again, a functional approach was utilized by the same couple being interviewed. God does not allow for premarital sex because it causes diseases.

That is it? God is afraid that His creation gets hurt? So God gave us rules. Voila! Don't have premarital sex because you might just get Herpes. Okay. What makes these rules part of a Christian worldview? Perhaps they are just as well a medical worldview? After all, even condoms can tear. As a former middle and high school teacher, youth worker, and now a college professor and person in the pastorate with my husband, I can say that a functional approach tells little about God's character and overtly relies on the strong will-power of individuals. As a result I have over the years seen the sad results of those young people who have swallowed the functionalist approach and have tried to see how far they could engage themselves sexually and still say they abstain from sex.

The functional approach is dysfunctional when it comes to protecting the emotions and the spiritual walk of some of our most cherished youngsters. We close our eyes and think our wonderful young Christian men and women walk down the isle crisp and clean, while in reality they engage in alarming number in all forms of aberrant sexual touching, (i.e., oral and anal sex), all in the name of abstinence, while sinning blatantly. Their silent screams go unheard because we do not like the statistics. We don't want to hear these taboo words; it rocks our Christian world. If we give our young people a functional message they will work around it. “So we can get diseases? Well then we will find ways we can work around those dangers,” or so they (sadly mistakenly) think.

Who tells them a better way? The symbolic approach derives from our ontological place and dignity as created beings in the image of God? God's holiness and our worth as humans are what draw boundaries around our physical, emotional, and spiritual well-being. Our Christian ethics ought to draw from God's character. That in turn will draw people unto God. That was what drew people unto Christ.

How dysfunctional is this poorly informed and “functional” kind of Christian apologetics as seen on Larry King that night? It's another sad occasion for Christian ethics and an invitation to channel zapping. And so I ended up surfing the channels after all with a worse taste in my mouth than before, a taste of missed opportunity. ■

Looking Over The Over-Looked

By Britt Towery, SBC Missionary (ret.)

San Angelo, TX

Women are sacred in their own right. I don't know where it started, but I have a suspicion it began in the Garden of Eden long before any of us were remotely conceived. What started, you say? The twisted notion that men are better than women.

The injustice heaped upon women by men has been a hallmark and the most degrading part of history.

We know this for several reasons, but one is that men usually wrote the history books. In man's battle for power he revealed his own lack as he stormed the portals of history. He gave all the glory to his own kind while looking down on his female counterparts. That is why history has more infamous women than famous women.

One of the most misunderstood and misinterpreted characters of history, Jesus the Christ, brought a great deal of light to the subject of man and woman and their place in society. Woman being short-shifted was not new in his day. It began in that first garden where Adam blamed Eve for giving him the forbidden fruit. (He didn't have to take it!)

Long before Jesus' time on earth all cultures had formed their societies and practices with the idea that women were second class humans.

In Africa, the Middle East, Asia and the islands of the seas, a man could have several wives and lord it over them as he desired. It took centuries for some lands to let women own land or become an heir. Divorce was not a way of escape either. Divorce in Jesus' day was altogether in the hands of their husbands. He could write her a bill of divorcement and send her out of the house, usually to die of starvation. Woman was the possession of the man.

Still in many places when a woman is raped, she is blamed and can be gang-raped and killed with impunity for her “sin.” The husband was (and is) the judge, jury and executioner of the woman.

The rabbinical system that prevailed in Jesus' time took the man's side of every issue. One rabbi said it was better that the words of the law be burned than delivered to a woman. Harry Emerson Fosdick (often called the minister to all America) called this one of the weakest and sorest spots in religion. Jesus was the only one to come into history and “put his finger upon the weak spots and sore places of the established religion.” No injustice has ever been worse than that of women since time began.

(continued on page 26)

Why I Don't Like Being Called A 'Moderate'

By Al Staggs, Chaplain and Performing Artist

Albuquerque, NM

Note: Al Staggs is widely known for his dramatic monologue portrayal of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German pastor and theologian, who was executed in a Nazi prison for his role in a plot to assassinate Hitler.

When discussing Baptists these days, one is either described as being a fundamentalist or a moderate. As a non-Southern Baptist Baptist, I'm growing increasingly uncomfortable with the moderate label. I recall something that James Dunn said years ago when he stated about moderates that their theme song should be "almost all the way my savior leads me."

Moderate connotes halfway-ness, not this way or that, something in the middle or trying to get along with all sides and maybe even not getting too controversial. Reflecting on our Baptist heritage, I remember some of our leading Baptists were often quite controversial. More than that, it is the Cross that is central to our faith, a symbol that bespeaks of controversy, both with the religious establishment and the prevailing government.

When I walked the church aisle in 1956 to profess my faith in Jesus, my pastor, Bunyon Wallace, made very clear to me that from here on being a Christian should be the most important part of my life, more important than being liked or popular or powerful. He also informed me that standing for Jesus would most certainly entail some persecution. Nothing about "moderate" in these instructions.

When I ponder the concept of giving our lives to Jesus as this applies to the children and young people of our moderate churches, I wonder just how we couch our invitations to follow Jesus. Are we asking our young to merely accept Jesus as Savior and become moderate or are we asking them, as my pastor did, to give their futures and their dreams to bringing the kingdom of God on earth. I'm sorry, a moderate call just doesn't have the ring of appeal that I see in scripture and also in the old days of our Baptist history.

Sometimes I wonder if Paul's instructions in Romans 12 about not being conformed to this world might not apply to the Christian world as well. Could it be that a vast majority of those of us who call ourselves Christians are not willing to consider that we are to easily conformed to what Bonhoeffer would call a "cheap grace," one that requires little risk, a moderated faith.

When I wrote my one-person presentation on Clarence

Jordan, I imagined him saying a good bit about the subject of moderate Baptists. I could hear Jordan say that "moderate Baptist" was an oxymoron. He could very well have said that if you sit on a fence long enough you get hurt in some sensitive areas, adding that Jesus said, "I would that you were hot or cold, but because you are lukewarm, I'm going to vomit you up." Jordan adds, "I'm mighty proud when someone calls me a liberal, for I'm convinced our Lord and Savior was a raging liberal, cause you don't get put on no cross for being a conservative, for being an upholder of the status quo."

And what does it mean to witness for Jesus? Is it possible that witnessing for our faith may entail standing for those principles that we hold dear, standing for peace and justice when so many Baptists on the right appear to omit the importance of those issues? Do we allow Baptists on the right to speak for all Baptists? If not, where then are the voices?

Much of the success of the fundamentalist take-over of the Southern Baptist Convention can be attributed to the fact that so many good Baptists were unwilling or afraid to speak up. I recall during my pastorate days, when two or three church members attempted to control the church, there were those many "good and nice people" who would privately express support for me, yet their voices would never be heard when it counted. Thus, the two or three curmudgeons could go on with their game of control. I found myself more upset with the quiet church members than with the troublemakers.

During my time in the Army, an African-American corporal once remarked that he had more respect for Governor George Wallace than he did for the large number of white people who acted nice to his face. He said you just don't quite know where they stand. At least George Wallace knew where he stood. Might it be that non-Baptists would want to know what non-fundamentalist Baptists stand for and in what ways we are different from those on the right who have had the microphone for the past quarter of a century?

In this respect, I have to hand it to the likes of Jerry Falwell and his ilk. One thing you can say for them is

that they never leave us in doubt about where they stand on the issues. Falwell heartily endorsed the Iraq War and George Bush for presidency. A generation ago that would be unheard of in Baptist circles. Jerry, though, speaks with passion and that's something that is needed from Baptist leaders who do not agree with Falwell. For no Baptist leader to counter Falwell is to give assent to his views.

When I think of the people of faith I admire the most, I can't see them ever being mistaken as anything close to being moderate. Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Clarence Jordan, Oscar Romero, Walter Rauschenbusch, Dorothy Day, Lottie Moon, and Martin Luther King were totally committed to their vision of God's work in this world. The same could be said for early Christians living in Rome. They were persecuted and executed because they could not bring themselves to blend in.

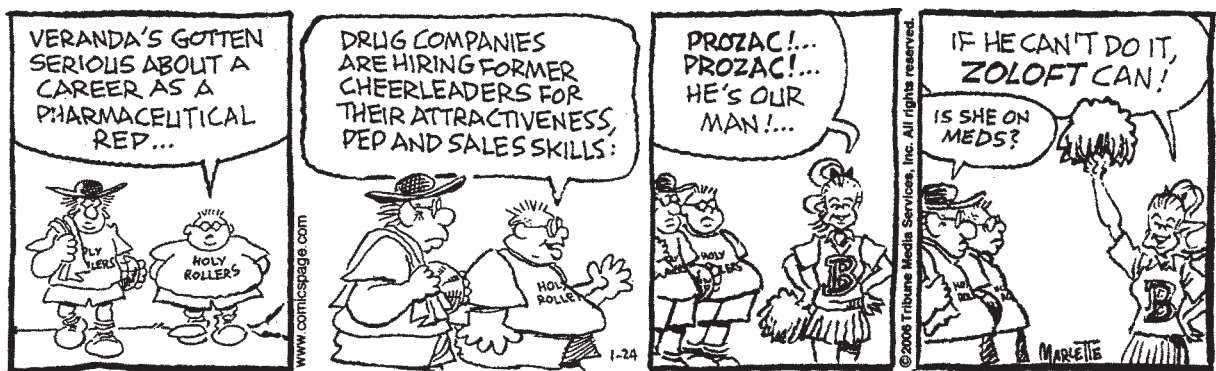
Recently I had a retired Methodist pastor ask me why this generation of college students seem to be so apathetical about current issues. After some thought, I responded by saying that it is because they are not hearing this from the pulpit. One could go further to state that the critical issues of our time are not being reported by Baptist publications. For instance, there have been numerous articles in state Baptist papers dealing with military chaplains and how they are attempting to carry out their mission work in the context of war. I have yet to see in these papers mention of the evils of this war and the number of lives that have been

lost on both sides as a result of this conflict. Moreover, when one logs on to the Christian Life Commission sites of various state Baptist conventions, issues such as war and peace do not appear to be matters of concern.

Last week I participated in a poetry reading as part of an Anti-War event in Albuquerque. There were people of all ages and economic and religious backgrounds present at that gathering. What impressed me about this convention is the passion these people displayed for their beliefs and convictions. Maybe it's the passion I miss feeling in so much of what presents itself as moderate.

In the old days, Baptists possessed that revivalist passion. Young people walked the aisle to "give their lives to Jesus" and people cried openly. I'm not at all advocating going back to that expression of faith. And I can't believe that this passion is found in praise music. Jordan used to say that "We'll praise the pants off Jesus and won't do a thing he says."

As a hospital chaplain and performing artist, I'm often asked by non-Baptists if I'm Southern Baptist and I'm quick to answer in the negative. And when I try to explain my kind of Baptists it's as if they have never heard and don't understand the non-Southern Baptist Baptist. Perhaps, if people in general don't know about us, maybe we're not talking loud enough and taking enough risks about those issues and truths that we hold dear. ■



Late to Work

By Keith D. Herron, Senior Pastor

Holmeswood Baptist Church, Kansas City, MO

Sermon Text: Matthew 21:23-32

There's a lot of talk these days about the coming clergy shortage in this country. Our CBF leaders generally recognize there are more good churches than there are good ministers to lead them. It has a lot to do with the pervasive undermining of trust in religious institutions, the emergence of post-modernism in our culture, and the general malaise that's saddled traditional denominationalism of the past.

Most seminaries are down in enrollments and seminary students themselves are often skeptical of a career in parish life. The wine of God's love is still good, but the wineskins of the past are being cast off by the younger generations. We live in a time where the tectonic plates of the church are shifting.

What if Jesus was a seminarian today? What if he had felt the calling of God to become a minister? How might he be received? The typical Minister Candidacy Committee might have made this report on his application to the seminary:

The candidate, Jesus of Nazareth, seems to have trouble with authority figures conflicted by his own sense of self-granted authority. We recommend he be sent to a therapist to work on these issues before he goes any further in the process of admission. There are repeated instances of this problem in his autobiographical materials. Notable is the experience the candidate described of his self-reported impudence to his elders at the age of 12 when he confronted the theological faculty in the Temple.

The candidate claims in delusional language to have personally encountered and battled with the devil. Characteristic to that kind of thinking, the candidate recognizes he was adversely affected by wandering in the desert for 40 days and 40 nights without food resulting in a severe break from reality. The candidate's first attempt at preaching resulted in declaratory statements about his mission from God. Delusions of grandeur evident. Further reality testing is advised.

Jesus never answers questions directly but his answers contain questions of his own. He also tells short, analogous stories with hidden meanings. Jesus uses inappropriate humor with authority figures demonstrating his derisive feelings toward the leadership of the church.

In conclusion, Jesus of Nazareth should be admitted cautiously with a program of direct supervision from the leaders of the church to monitor his progress. Success in ministry is cautiously optimistic and ultimate failure is predicted.

I

The question stuck in Jesus' face was, "By whose authority

do you do these things?" Skim the stories just before this and you realize it's the Tuesday after entering Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. It's two days before all hell breaks loose between him and the Pharisees and they orchestrate his crucifixion. He's in the eye of the hurricane and it's tense and testy.

Jesus and the Pharisees are arm-wrestling for the truth and checking each other about the authority by which they claim their power. The Pharisees have all the Establishment credentials and yet they feel threatened by this One who stands before them bearing his credentials in his own skin. He stands confidently before them because his power is borne within rather than what others might think of him. Credentials or not, Jesus stands before the Pharisees in his own power and calling and they're clearly afraid of him.

Jesus answers their question with a question of his own and proves how adept he was at their rabbinical gamesmanship. He offers no arguments in response to their questions because he's not trying to get them to recognize he's right and they're wrong, he's simply trying to get them to believe.

Even Jesus must have known his actions upon arrival in Jerusalem would prompt a reaction from the religious leaders in Jerusalem that would be harsh and punitive. Who knows? Maybe that was his goal. Maybe there was something so clearly defined within him that he was counting on his actions provoking a reaction against him. Maybe Jesus felt that he had to give his final week a verifiable nudge in order to see that they couldn't ignore him any longer.

Jesus was not content to make belief mindless and empty. His motivation was to call us all to a deeper understanding of what it means to be a follower in our day. And so Jesus told them this story. "A man had two sons . . ." Whenever Jesus needed to paint a contrast between faith and unfaith he told his listeners a story.

Earlier in his ministry, he told a story of two sons who each approached life differently. One wanted his father's inheritance and when he got it, he struck out on his own. He lived extravagantly and wantonly until it was all gone. His rich resources depleted, he resorted to doing work that signified he had lost contact with his identity. He had so lost his dignity that he came to the point of recognizing he could go home to his father who treated his servants better than the treatment he was receiving. The surprise of that simple story was the profound response of the waiting father who forgave him and restored him as his son.

But the story was also about the obedient second son who never left home. When Jesus told them the story and began it with, "A man had two sons," we are invited to conclude that the two sons are examples of faith and unfaith. Both sons are needed to complete the picture.

So Jesus told this story of a man with two sons as a way of saying that faith and belief are not merely a matter of credentials and authority. At a deeper level, Jesus made a fine distinction between belief and practice.

II

Kyle Childress, our good friend from last winter's Festival of Faith, sits surrounded in his study by three portraits of Christian belief and courage.² On one wall is the image of John Bunyan, a dissenting, non-conforming Baptist from 17th century England. In 1660, Bunyan was arrested and sent to jail in Bedford because he refused to be licensed to preach by the state. Even after 12 years in prison, when asked if he was ready to compromise with the state, he replied,

"I have determined, the Almighty God being my help and shield, yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even till the moss shall grow on mine eyebrows, rather than thus to violate my faith and principles."

On another wall, another non-conforming Baptist, Martin Luther King, Jr., looks down upon him. Kyle has a picture of King as he stares soulfully through the bars of the Birmingham jail. That photo reminds him of the words of Thoreau who said, "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison."

Behind Kyle's desk is a third picture of Clarence Jordan, founder of the Koinonia Farm in Americus, Georgia, keeping watch over his shoulder. The power and presence of such a trinity of Christian courage is staggering.

James McClendon tells about the time in the early 1950s when Clarence approached his lawyer brother Robert Jordan, who later served in Georgia as a State Senator and eventually as Justice for the Georgia Supreme Court.

Clarence asked brother Robert if he would represent his Koinonia Farm in a suit designed to discriminate against them based on their interracial farm. Robert replied, "Clarence, I can't do that. You know my political aspirations. Why, if I represented you, I might lose my job, my house, everything I've got."

"We might lose everything too, Bob," Clarence replied.

"It's different for you," his brother answered.

"Why is it different? I remember, it seems to me, that you and I joined the church the same Sunday, as boys. I expect when we came forward the preacher asked me about the same question he did you. He asked me, 'Do you accept Jesus as your Lord and Savior?' and I said, 'Yes.' What did you say?"

"Clarence, I follow Jesus. . . . up to a point."

"Could that point by any chance be . . . the cross?"

"That's right. I follow him to the cross, but not on the cross. I'm not getting myself crucified."

"Then I don't believe you're a disciple. You're an admirer of Jesus, but not a disciple of his. I think you ought to go back to the church you belong to, and tell them you're an admirer not a disciple."

Not to be outmaneuvered, Attorney Jordan replied, "Well now, if everyone who felt like I do did that, we wouldn't have a church, would we?"

"The question," Reverend Jordan said, "is, 'Do you have a church?'"

You see, surrounding himself with ornery Baptists is Kyle's reminder to himself that living the Christian faith is a brave proposition requiring courage and commitment. All of us need a cloud of witnesses who call us to a deeper way of living.

III

Jesus the provocateur twisted the knife in deep into the consciousness of the Pharisees who stood before him questioning him about the faith. Faithful talk gets us nowhere if it isn't backed up by action. It isn't what we say about the faith that matters. It's what we do with it. The father's preferred son wasn't the compliant son who gave the father what he wanted to hear but didn't go to work. It was the one who struggled to get the answer right but later woke up to realize he had been called to do something. He was late to work, but he got there.

Being late to work is always better than not showing up at all. Barbara Brown Taylor claims there's a strange vacuum between what we believe and what we actually do.³

She then goes on to recall a story found in Isak Dinesen's book, *Out of Africa*. Kitau, a young Kikuyu boy, showed up at her home in Nairobi seeking work. She was impressed with him and hired him as a servant in her home.

A short three months later, he appeared and asked her to write a letter of recommendation to Sheik Ali bin Salim, a Muslim in Mombasa. Dinesen was so upset at losing him, she offered him more money if he'd stay but he refused her generosity. He explained to her that his purpose of living with her had been to see the ways and habits of Christians up close. He told her he planned to live with the Muslim cleric to see how Muslims behaved and would then make up his mind to become either a Christian or a Muslim, depending on what he observed.

Dinesen wrote about this in her journal: "I believe that even an Archbishop, when he had these facts laid before him, would have said, or at least thought, 'Good God, Kitau, you might have told me that when you came here!'"

Brothers and sisters of the faith, God wants our words of belief to match in some mysterious way the actions of our belief. Søren Kierkegaard reminds us that Jesus wants followers, not admirers, in this band of believers he's gathering in our time. Jesus is not so worried about our being late. Grace is a forgiving time clock. The question is whether we'll show up at all. ■

© Copyright Keith D. Herron, 2005¹

1 Adapted from an article by Gracia Grendal, "Says Who?" *The Christian Century*, September, 2005

2 Adapted from Kyle Childress, "The Shepherd's Staff," Austin Heights Baptist Church newsletter, Vol. 7, No. 11, November, 1989

3 Barbara Brown Taylor, "The Yes and No Brothers," *Home By Another Way*, Boston: Cowley Publications, 1999, 187-191

The Comfort of the Mythological Nazi

By Spencer Dew, PhD Student

University of Chicago Divinity School

With the death of Simon Wiesenthal on September 20, the Holocaust has slipped further into the past. As survivors pass on, memories of the event recede, and the event itself risks, as Wiesenthal warned, the threat of “trivialization.”

Wiesenthal’s prophetic role was to remind the world of the human faces behind the incomprehensible tragedy and horror of the death camps, testifying to his own time as a prisoner, and devoting his life to hunting down fugitive Nazis.

The guards and administrators, police and politicians, inventors and implementers: They were all real people, humans like those they slaughtered, people with families and values who nonetheless perpetrated atrocities, who complied with a deranged, utterly antihuman system.

But antihuman is not inhuman. This is a lasting lesson of Wiesenthal’s example, and it provides an essential antidote to the fact that the idea of the Nazi has been subsumed into, and transformed by, our collective cultural image bank.

Hollywood has long been intent on turning the Nazi into a cipher, taking the inconceivable evil wrought by humans against humans and explaining it away by a process of melodramatic villainization. History gives way to mythology.

The “mythological” Nazi makes a good film villain for three reasons. First, there is the seductive aesthetics of fascism—the Third Reich as melodramatic spectacle, with polished boots and silver skulls on collars, a mix of fetish accessories and mythic grandeur.

Second, there is the iconic scale of World War II, and the dual association of blitzkrieg and global war with the mechanized, hyper-bureaucratic annihilation of a country’s own citizens.

Third, Nazis are readily depicted as bestial others thinly concealed behind facades of chandeliers and champagne. When angered, they abandon even the rudiments of warped English, and curse and scream in a guttural, violent tongue.

This braiding of traits makes for an instantly dynamic character, a mythological stereotype that appears not to be stereotyped; the “Nazi” is cold, remote, sophisticated, mad, almost cultish in its death-obsession. Indeed, replete

with occult associations, the Nazi has replaced Satan as the villain par excellence, moving from the historical to the fictional, from human reality to inhuman monstrosity. There is great comfort in the distance produced by this move, in the message that the Nazi is not at all like us.

“Nazi” thus becomes a rhetorical trope, something inhuman and therefore placating, a sign not of our confrontation with history, but our avoidance of it, our denial. And the denial of history makes way for history’s repetition.

It is in political polemic that the term “Nazi” has suffered the grossest trivialization, having become an epithet for Right and Left alike—a means for slandering one’s enemy with unspeakable associations, and reframing political debates in terms of non-negotiable distance. “Nazi” provides venomously effective caricature encapsulated in a single word. Misleading, misguided, overused, and therefore ultimately meaningless: This shorthand “Nazi” offers all the pre-packaged ease of the film version.

The mythology of the Nazi-as-demon is thus evoked, and with it a satisfyingly clear framework of ultimate evil, the necessity of its eradication, and the certainty of (eventual) victory. “Nazi” as a device for rousing the audience of a given polemic thus echoes rhetorical tactics practiced by historical Nazis. Such techniques elicit immediate emotional response and resist examination.

But examination is precisely the task to be preserved, and the call of “never forget” is also, always, a call never to sublimate, never to distort, never to take the tremendous and reduce it to a political slogan, an idol, an action figure, or an advertisement.

Never forgetting means a refusal to allow ourselves to be numbed to the unending agony of history, and to keep the wound open, inexplicable, excruciating. It is resistance to the descent into trivialization, and the determination to face the horrors of the past as horrors, rather than fashioning them into more comfortable stories, images, or tropes. ■

Note: This article originally appeared in *Sightings* (10/6/05), a publication of the Martin Marty Center at the University of Chicago Divinity School.

EthixBytes

A Collection of Quotes Comments, Statistics, and News Items

“I am re-assessing my views on gun control.”

Foy Valentine in response to staff member Ross Coggin’s question, “Are you O.K.?” just after the Executive Board of the S.B.C. had hotly debated the recommendation to abolish the Christian Life Commission.

◆◆◆
“The only tired I was, was givin’ in.”

Rosa Lee Parks, responding to the charge that ‘she was tired’ when she refused to give up her bus seat to a white man in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1955, which sparked the modern civil rights movement.

◆◆◆
“There is no scriptural basis for segregation.”

Billy Graham, in 1952 in Jackson, Mississippi, as he walked to the ropes that separated blacks and whites and tore them down, in response to the governor’s suggestion to conduct separate meetings for blacks. **Christianity Today**, August, 2005.

◆◆◆
“It was truly a minor misunderstanding.”

Victoria Osteen, wife of millionaire megapastor Joel Osteen, when the couple was removed from a plane bound for Vail, CO, after she argued with a flight attendant over not cleaning a spill to her satisfaction, delaying the flight one hour.

◆◆◆
“Christine DeLay, wife of former U.S. House Majority Leader Tom DeLay, was paid \$115,000 by a lobbying firm to ‘determine the favorite charities of members of Congress.’”

Eric Gay, *Associated Press*.

◆◆◆
“This was the purest case of whistle-blowing . . . these people were tormented by the fact that something was wrong in the government.”

James Risen, author of *State of War* who wrote the *NY Times* column about government spying on U.S. citizens without warrants.

◆◆◆
“If the federal minimum wage were raised from \$5.15 to \$7.25 as proposed, it would be the first increase since 1997 and an estimated 10 million low-income workers would get pay increases. Polls consistently show that four out of five Americans want Congress to act.”

Austin-American Statesman (December, 2005).

◆◆◆
“I found those 2000 verses on the poor. How did I miss

that? I went to Bible college, two seminaries, and I got a doctorate. How did I miss God’s compassion for the poor?”

Rick Warren, noting how his trip to Africa forced him to re-examine Scripture with “new eyes.” **Christianity Today**, October, 2005.

◆◆◆
“When 1 billion people in our world are living on less than \$1 a day, and child poverty rates are going up in the richest country in the world, [poverty] is the defining moral issue of our times.” **Jim Wallis** in *Sojourners*.

◆◆◆
“He’s President George Bush, not King George Bush. The President does not get to pick and choose which laws he wants to follow.”

Sen. Russell Feingold (D-Wis.), in response to the President’s contention that he had the authority to approve domestic wiretaps without judicial warrants.

◆◆◆
“John McCain spoke passionately about the ‘obscene, despicable behavior’ in Washington, the corrupt lobby and a Congress so out of control it had more than 6000 pet projects in a single highway spending bill.”

Austin American Statesman report on John McCain’s taped speech during a book-signing visit (12/13/05).

◆◆◆
“The United Kingdom’s Atomic Energy Authority has concluded that a half-million people could die in Kuwait and Iraq from the effects of 320 tons of depleted uranium used by the U.S. in the 1991 Gulf War. DU has a radioactive half-life of 4.5 billion years and is particularly deadly once it enters the food chain.”

America, October 17, 2005.

◆◆◆
“By 2007, the world’s population will be divided equally between rural and urban areas and 1 in 3 urban folks will live in poverty. Today 80% of South Americans live in cities, 35.5 % of them live in slums.”

Habitat World, (September, 2005).

◆◆◆
“War is the means by which Americans learn geography.”

Ambrose Bierce.

◆◆◆
“In the end we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends.”

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Waging Peace at Home

(continued from page 17)

marriage that promotes “manly dominion,”³ we can take a different approach to our families. The violence Moore exalts and the passivity President Mohler of Southern Seminary decries are not the only options. Jim and Kathy McGinnis at the Parenting for Peace and Justice Network provide invaluable resources for faith and peace-based parenting, while Anne Meyer Byler’s work in conjunction with the Peace and Justice Support Network for Mennonite Church USA. And, for my people, The Baptist Peace Fellowship of North America provides a host of resources including an annual “peace camp” for families and a family covenant of nonviolence.

A Christian view of nonviolence taught by Jesus, modeled by my dad, and hopefully at work in my family takes parenting seriously, consciously addresses personal and social ills, and remains faithful to the biblical mandate to “seek peace and pursue it.” Thanks to my father, I am confident the way of peace is the way I am to go; and I hope my sons will learn it as the way for them as well. ■

- 1 Moore, R. D.. “Why I’m raising violent 4 year-olds” The Henry Institute. Retrieved 1 July 2005, at: <http://www.henryinstitute.org/commentary/print.php?article=20050601b>.
- 2 Wink, W. *The Powers that Be: Theology for a New Millennium*. (New York: Doubleday, 1998).
- 3 Chanski, M.. *Manly Dominion... in a Passive Purple Four-ball World*. (New York: Calvary Press, 2005), reviewed by Albert Mohler, 22 July 2005, at www.AlbertMohler.com/blog.php.

Looking Over The Over-Looked

(continued from page 19)

This attitude of berating women was not formed through evolution or the survival of the fittest. It was and continues to grow from the selfish, insecure nature of the man. In simple terms it is man’s drive to control and be the master of his domain.

“Let him who is without sin among you be the first to throw a stone at her,” Jesus said, and in that moment he announced there is a single standard for men and women. He is saying man will not lord it over women, instantly denying man’s claims of superiority.

Is it any wonder that down through the centuries women have been the most faithful and effective members of the Christian faith?

Fosdick, former pastor of New York City’s Riverside Church, in his book *The Man From Nazareth*, reminds us that Jesus never condescended to women, but habitually showed them deference, and to the surprise of his followers, came to their spiritual defense.

Now, two centuries after the world heard of a better way, we struggle with it and are surprised by the true power and greatness of the so-called “weaker sex.” ■

Yelling For Justice

By Al Staggs, Chaplain and Performing Artist
Albuquerque, NM

Those who claim to speak for Christ these days
Espouse views that are offensive,
Immoral, unjust
Just plain insane.

Those of us who disagree with these voices of distortion
Are forced to the sidelines,
Forced to pretend that we must agree
Since we also call ourselves, “Christian.”

Not so. Our very souls are defiled by these
Greedy mouthpieces of conservative causes,
These nationalists,
These fascists disguised as fighters for freedom.

Christ is not a part of this.
Cannot be.

And so we, those of us who disagree with this
Dominate “Christian” culture
Are forced to yell louder and to speak in ways that shock
Even our sensibilities.

It is the only possible way to counter this propaganda
That passes for truth.
We must yell and we must offend
In order to be heard at all. ■

Over There

The day is comin’, The drums are drummin’,
If you know one, say a prayer,
There’s mothers cryin’, and fathers sighing,
War is in the air.

The trains are filling up with boys
Who left behind their favorite toys,
Their goin’ Over There, Over There.
But ours is not to reason why,
Someone has to die—Over There. ■

Title theme for the FX television series by Chris Gerolina.

Book Reviews

*"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed."
Francis Bacon (d. 1626).*

The Heart of Whiteness

Robert Jensen, City Lights, San Francisco, 2005.
Paper \$12.95

Reviewed by Darold H. Morgan,
Richardson, TX

Jensen's brief book, just 98 pages in length, can be interpreted as an angry diatribe against white people, or it may well be a timely, brutally frank appeal to white people to realize the depths of the problems of racism in America today. Much of one's reaction will relate to one's own personal convictions about these unsolved, festering issues. There is one sure thing that emerges from reading this small, volatile volume—it will get your blood pressure into high gear!

The author, a Professor of Journalism at Austin's University of Texas, comes across as a deeply passionate individual who holds exceptionally strong convictions about the contemporary and questionable concepts of white supremacy in many segments of American life. Much of his approach is so direct, even brutal, as he attempts to shock the average white American to the depths. Of this age-old problem that many had thought was well on its way to a brokered solution. He goes so far in this direction that one can readily conclude with another reviewer who stated "that fundamentalism on his part is beyond the bounds of legitimacy."

A major weakness of the book seems to be the deliberate decision of the author to minimize the welcomed and obvious changes huge segments of America's whites have experienced in this murky and lamentable area of race relations. Beyond debate is the conclusion that there has been real and genuine progress here. That there needed to be massive improvements can be overwhelmingly confirmed by a quick perusal of old and recent history. That the battle for justice and equality for all American citizens is far from over is perhaps the major lesson one could draw from these pungent pages.

An example of the author's approach to racial imbalance is stated in his introduction: "Whatever has been done, it's not enough. It is not enough because the white supremacist society still exists. The fact that it exists should cause us discomfort everyday" (xvii).

One rather reluctantly concludes that his solution to this racial enigma is the complete dismantling of the American white society without spelling out what should take its place or how it could come about. "In the arena of racial justice in the contemporary United States, this means articulating the painful truth that whiteness is depraved and degraded" (xix-xx).

The serious Christian may want to read this little book, but it ought to be read with a goal in mind—perhaps not to dismantle the fabric of a society that has many within it who have tried sincerely and successfully to help solve this dilemma, but to keep on striving with a sensitive Christian conscience toward the beautiful and ultimately achievable goal—Justice For All! ■



After God's Own Heart: The Life and Faith of David

Randy Hyde, Baltimore: Publish America, 2005.

*Reviewed by Daniel L. Chisholm,
Pastor, Signal Mountain BC*

Signal Mountain, Tennessee

Much has been written about the life and experiences of David. His humble beginnings as a shepherd, installation as King of Israel, successes on the battlefield, and his adulterous affair with Bathsheba are well known to students of the Bible. Even those who are unfamiliar with the details of David's life are somewhat aware of what happened in his climactic battle with a giant named Goliath.

Randy Hyde is aware that presenting another work on David has its challenges, but believes that an understanding of David "is key to comprehending all of scripture and the plan of God for the ages" (7).

After God's Own Heart is not an academic presentation on the subject of David. It is more of a personal reflection on David's decisions and experiences and how they are relevant to servants of God today. Hyde explains that "the pilgrimage through David's life is a tough journey. But it is well worth it. Why? Because it is our life journey. It is our story. We are David" (16).

Several life stories are interwoven throughout this work. First, Hyde sketches the biblical story of David from his earliest days as a shepherd to his rise as King of Israel. David's victories and struggles are included in this process. Second, Hyde interjects experiences from his own life story and how they parallel those of David. Finally, he encourages readers to draw upon their own spiritual story and how it intersects with David's. The trials, tribulations,

and joys that were part of David's spiritual development are familiar to many Christians. The author allows the narrative to stand on its own while allowing readers to find themselves in the situations that David faced so long ago.

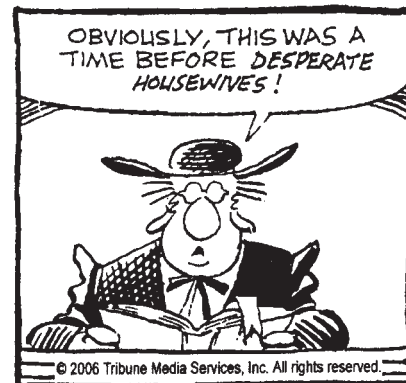
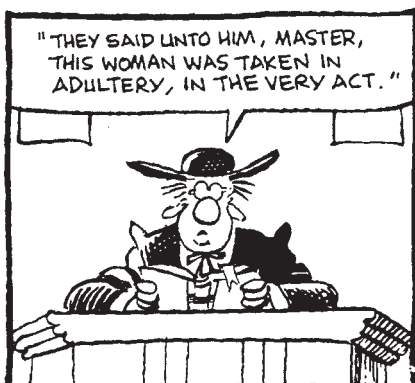
The eleven divisions in this 90-page book are brief and devotional in nature. A familiar pattern of contemporary illustration, personal reflection, and retelling of the biblical text appears in each section.

Hyde does well to present what happened in the past and how David's experiences are relevant to persons today. David was "a man after God's own heart" despite his imperfections and failures. Hyde utilizes this depiction of David throughout the book and encourages readers to be men and women after God's own heart as well. This does not mean that persons will not sin or make poor choices occasionally, but that the goal of life should be to please the Lord through words and actions. Life has its good and bad, but through it all God has an ongoing purpose that will be accomplished. Hyde states, "There come those times in life when we know we cannot do it by ourselves anymore. We must give our trust, wholly and completely, to God" (25).

The section entitled "God in a Box" proved to be the most meaningful to this reviewer. Hyde talked about the feelings that are associated with beginning a new pastorate with its hopes and ambitions. He mentioned the special relationship that exists between a pastor and congregation, almost like a sacred trust. The pastor is accountable to offer responsible, loving leadership to the people. Hyde linked this sort of sensation to what David must have felt as he began working with "his flock."

David believed the Ark of the Covenant belonged in Jerusalem. In the process of getting the Ark moved, a man named Uzzah touched the Ark to keep it from toppling over. When he did, the Lord "struck him there" and he died. Although David feared the Lord, David felt he was doing the right thing and got angry when this terrible event happened. David assumed that he knew God's purpose, but evidently he had forgotten who was in charge and who he was trying to please.

Hyde draws this conclusion: "We yield to the tempta-



tion that we are God’s custodians, and in the process, without our even knowing it, the freedom and joy, the spirit of awe and reverence we once had toward God has shriveled into a lifeless form because we have reduced God to our limited specifications. We’ve got God in a box” (61). This is a good lesson for pastors and other “professional ministers” to recall the mystery and wonder of serving a Holy God.

Readers familiar with the biblical text probably won’t find anything new in Hyde’s recounting of David’s life and experiences, but they will be challenged to weave the biblical story into their own. Hyde presents a modest portrait of the “life and faith” of one who served the Lord thousands of years ago. He writes, “There is to be a certain earthiness to our faith, and to have that is not only to follow in the spiritual steps of David, it is to understand Jesus more fully too” (89). It is through struggles and decisions that persons come to be more Christlike.

Hyde helps his readers recognize the potential to be men and women “after God’s own heart” no matter what the opinion or perception of others might be. God looks at the heart and knows who is truly fit to serve Him. ■

A Touch of Jesus

Janet F. Burton, Winepress: Enumclaw, WA, 2005.

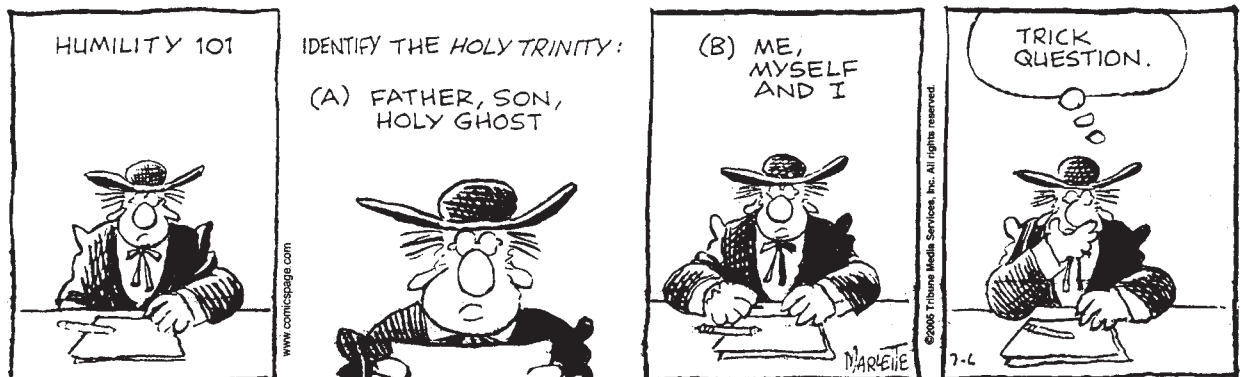
www.burtonministries.org

Reviewed By Barbara J. Kent, Ft. Worth, TX

Combine a serious Bible study with excellent devotional readings in the form of fiction and add a study guide that gives detailed guidelines for teaching the study. Author Janet Burton has done just that in her new book, *A Touch of Jesus*.

The author’s desire in presenting these seventeen studies is “to discover each individual woman and hear what her life story says to women—to me—today” (Introduction).

The women presented range from Mary, the mother of Jesus, to Mary Magdalene, with a number of nameless



women as well as well-known women of the Bible included. Each woman is presented first in a fictional vignette from her life. The carefully researched Bible study follows with “Touch Points”—places to stop and reflect on the truths and to let Jesus touch the reader also.

Within the seventeen studies, the stories of more than twenty women whose lives Jesus touched provide thoughtful insight into how Jesus treated each woman with respect, valued her gifts, and met her needs. The author states this truth and reminds us that, in so doing, Jesus set for us an example that we should follow with the people we encounter.

While the book may be read devotionally and the stories studied by individuals, it also lends itself to group study. A companion, *A Touch of Jesus Study Guide*, is available. The 140-page study guide provides interactive Bible study plans for leaders and fill-in worksheets, which may be duplicated for attendees. It is available in two formats: in compact disc or in 3-ring binder print out. The instructions for leading the study are clear and comprehensive. An inexperienced layperson will be able to lead the study as easily as an experienced Bible student.

The author’s extensive background in writing Bible study materials and in teaching shines in the book and in the study guide, benefiting anyone who serves as leader. She is an experienced pastor’s wife, writer, religious educator, and conference leader. Janet Burton has authored six books, as well as numerous Bible studies and freelance articles. Those who know her and her work recognize that excellence and integrity are hallmarks of her life and work. Those qualities are evident in this latest book, *A Touch of Jesus*. ■

What Must You Do?

By Floyd Emmerling, Bee Branch, AK

The Justin family were sore distressed.
An elder son besmirched their honored name.
They knew the truth, though he had not confessed
the shady deals that brought him wealth and fame.

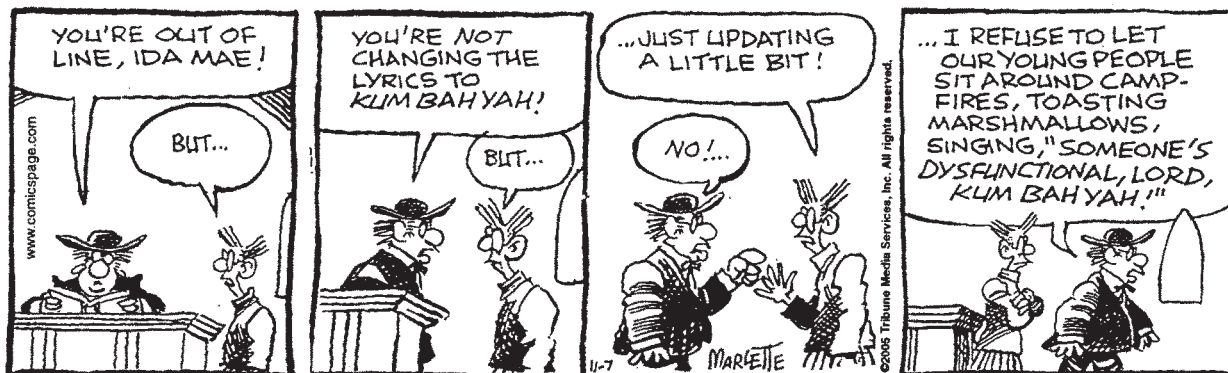
With clever writ he’d neatly skewed the deal
and trusting souls knew everything was fine,
but having now received the notary’s seal,
a sinister message shows between the lines.

If you’re a little brother in that clan
and family name is all the world to you
where does true loyalty now make you stand?
What must you do, my friend? What must you do?

And likewise when our nation goes to war
because intelligence says it’s a must,
but then you learn intelligence was skewed.
The war is just the consequence of lust

for world dominion. We must be on top.
King of the mountain, that’s what we must be;
We’re strong, so we deserve to call the shots.
We’re told that that’s the thing that makes us free.

If you’re a patriot and love our land;
America means everything to you.
Where does true loyalty now make you stand?
What must you do, my friend? What must you do? ■



Financial Report For 2005

From the beginning of *Christian Ethics Today* in 1995, the Journal has been sent *free of charge* to anyone requesting it. The cost of publishing five issues last year (Winter/Spring/Summer/Fall/Christmas) was about \$84,917, or about \$20 for each of over 4200 subscribers (an increase of 600 over last year). Due to the labor and love of dedicated assistants from Beeville to Wimberley and Dallas to Des Moines, the annual budget remains very frugal, even with 10% increases in circulation each year.

During 2005, **562** contributors (an increase of 21 over 2004) gave **\$86,009** (an increase of \$12,869). Most gifts ranged from \$10 to \$1000—\$1000 or more gifts came from individuals (including one gift of \$10,000), foundations, and churches. The majority of supporters sent \$25 to \$50, which paid for their subscription.

Our heartfelt gratitude to every person or church who supported the ministry of *Christian Ethics Today* in 2005. Without each of you the Journal could not continue. Because of your support we are able to provide the Journal to hundreds of students, colleges, seminaries, and churches, free of charge.

Special Thanks to the “Valentine Supporters”

Our special gratitude to these supporters who have honored the dream of our founding editor Foy Valentine by providing major support of \$1000 or more in 2005:

First Baptist Church, Plainview, TX
Barbara Baugh, San Antonio, TX
Sarah F. Cole, Houston, TX
Van and Lou Morton Ellis Foundation
Jeff Holloway, Marshall, TX
Noble Hurley Endowment, Dallas, TX
J. S. Pate, Jr., Dallas, TX
Burton Patterson, Southlake, TX

Northminster Baptist Church, Jackson, MS
Emogene Proctor, Winfield, TX
Ralph Ramsey III, Lubbock, TX
Herb Reynolds, Waco, TX
Paul Robertson, Sugar Land, TX
Gary and Sheila Rose, Midwest City, OK
David M. Smith, Houston, TX
John and Gloria Weber, St. Louis, MO

David and Susie Lockard in memory of Susie’s parents, Lockwood and Rubie Masters
CIOS/Piper Fund Grant

The Foy Valentine Memorial Fund

Please read Ross Coggins’ article, *He Being Dead Yet Speaketh* (in this issue), in which Ross “expressed the hope that all those whose lives have been touched by Foy’s unique ministry would join in contributing to a trust fund to endow the journal.” Already some gifts in Foy’s memory have arrived—we will establish this fund to undergird the ministry of *Christian Ethics Today* and report regularly on its progress.

Visits to Colleges and Communities

In 2005, we spoke to students at Judson College, Beeson Divinity School, and the Houston Graduate School of Theology, and while in Oklahoma City, Birmingham, and Houston, met with supporters and promoted CET. In 2006 we will be on the campus of Truett Seminary and other schools to introduce students and faculty to CET.

SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT 2005

Balance on Hand 12/31/04:	\$26,146	**Expenditures 2005:	\$84,917
*Gifts/Income 2005:	\$86,009	<u>BALANCE</u> 12/31/2005:	\$27,238
<u>TOTAL:</u>	\$112,155		

*Gifts/Income for 2005 does not include the CIOS/Piper Fund Grant of \$25,000.

**Expenditures 2005 does not include \$12,124 expended from the Fund Grant, the remaining \$12,876 will be expended in early 2006 for the Conference at Truett Seminary.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS TODAY

A Journal of Christian Ethics

"We need now to recover the prophethood of all believers, matching our zeal for the priesthood of all believers with a passion for the prophethood of all believers."
—Foy Valentine, Founding Editor

MISSION

The Christian Ethics Today Foundation publishes *Christian Ethics Today* in order to provide laypersons, educators, and ministers with a resource for understanding and responding in a faithful Christian manner to moral and ethical issues that are of concern to contemporary Christians, to the church, and to society.

PURPOSES

- Maintain an independent prophetic voice for Christian social ethics
- Interpret and apply Christian experience, biblical truth, theological insights, historical understanding, and current research to contemporary moral issues
- Support Christian ecumenism by seeking contributors and readers from various denominations and churches
- Work from the deep, broad center of the Christian church
- Address readers at the personal and emotional as well as the intellectual level by including in the Journal narratives, poetry, and cartoons as well as essays
- Strengthen and support the cause of Christian ethics

Christian Ethics Today was born in the mind and heart of Foy Valentine in 1995, as an integral part of his dream for a Center for Christian Ethics. In his words, the purpose of the Journal was "to inform, inspire, and unify a lively company of individuals and organizations interested in working for personal morality and public righteousness."

When the Center was transferred to Baylor University in June 2000, the disbanding Board voted to continue the publication of *Christian Ethics Today*, appointing a new editor and a new Board. The Journal will continue to be published five times annually.

From the beginning *Christian Ethics Today* has been sent without charge to anyone requesting it, "as money and energy permit." More than ever before, your financial support is "greatly needed, urgently solicited, and genuinely appreciated."

The Christian Ethics Today Foundation is a non-profit organization and has received a 501 (c) (3) status from the Internal Revenue Service. Gifts are tax deductible.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Fisher Humphreys, Chair

Pat Anderson

Tony Campolo

Carolyn Weatherford Crumpler

Carolyn Dipboye

Aubrey H. Ducker, Jr.

Darold Morgan

David Sapp

Phillip Wise

Contributions should be made out to the Christian Ethics Today Foundation and mailed to the address below. Your comments and inquiries are always welcome. Articles in the Journal (except those copyrighted) may be reproduced if you indicate the source and date of publication. Manuscripts that fulfill the purposes of *Christian Ethics Today* may be submitted to the editor for publication consideration and addressed to:

•• OUR ADDRESSES AND PHONE NUMBERS HAVE CHANGED ••

Joe E. Trull, Editor
9608 Parkview Court
Denton, TX 76207-6658

Phone: (940) 262-0450
Cell (940) 230-6931
email jtrull@wimberley-tx.com

VISIT US ON OUR WEB SITE: www.ChristianEthicsToday.com

CHRISTIAN ETHICS TODAY

Post Office Box 1165
Argyle, Texas 76226

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

NON PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
DALLAS, TX
PERMIT NO. 3648