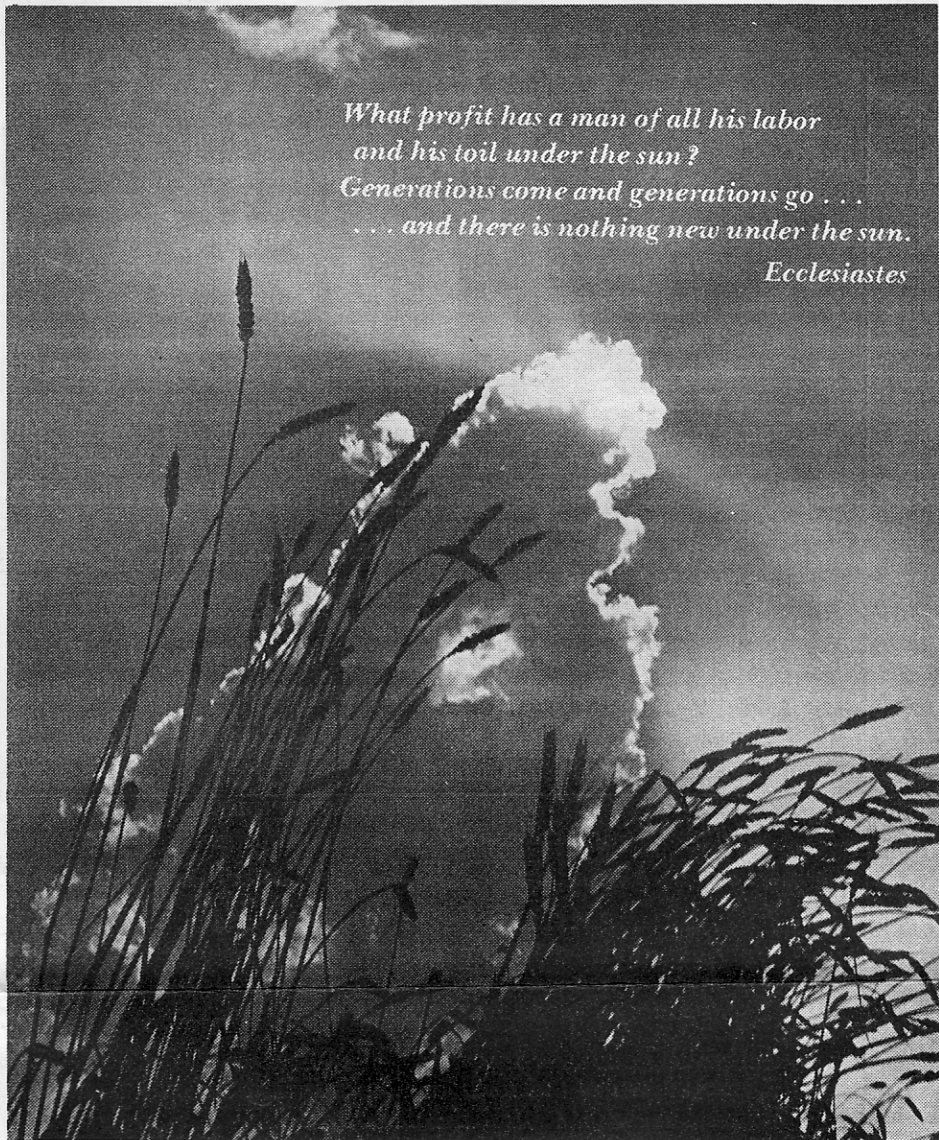


THE YALE STANDARD

Vol. V No. 2

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. Isaiah 59:19

Fall 1974



What profit has a man of all his labor
and his toil under the sun?
Generations come and generations go . . .
. . . and there is nothing new under the sun.
Ecclesiastes

My son, if you will receive my
words, and hide my command-
ments with you;

So that you incline your ear unto
wisdom, and apply your heart to
understanding;

Yea, if you cry after knowledge and
lift up your voice for
understanding;

If you seek her as silver, and search
for her as for hid treasures;

Then you shall understand the fear of
the Lord, and find the knowledge
of God.

For the Lord gives wisdom: out of
His mouth comes knowledge and
understanding.

Proverbs 2: 1-6

Odyssey at Yale

At 6:30 in the morning of April 16, 1970, I received a telephone call from one of Yale's alumni representatives, a sanguine, early rising doctor, in Spokane, Washington, my hometown. Looking at the world through drowsy, half-opened eyelids I heard him say: "You've been accepted."

Four months later I boarded the first airplane of my life and headed East to begin my college career. I was completely mystified as to what Yale would be like. Everyone I talked to who could speak with any authority on the subject painted a different picture for me, and by the time of my departure the easel of my imagination was as befuddled as a quadruple exposure. I honestly did not know what to expect.

So it was with a whole mixture of emotions, excitement, apprehension, wonder, and hope, to name a few, that I arrived at Yale. In the coming weeks, realities replaced conjectures.

One thing I discovered was that everyone who had described Yale to me had been right — from his own point of view.

In those first days before classes began Yale seemed like an oriental bazaar to me, exotic, fascinating, a little bit of everything. I met people from places I had only read about before. The possibilities for exploring new interests seemed at least as numerous to me as the multi-million books in Sterling library. Yale was a good deal more than I had expected.

Continued on page 2

A New Life At Yale

Eluding the Mold

Each generation expects something special to occur within the small portion of history it is allowed to shape. Therefore, each has its own peculiar set of expectations. These seize people's imaginations, and nearly the entire generation looks forward together to the day when its expectations will be realities.

This present generation has steered quite an erratic course. It was born during the all-American, bobby-socks 50's. Then most people were searching for the pot of gold and happiness at the end of an economic rainbow. But the closer

we got to it, the more elusive it grew.

True, more people were better off in this country than ever before, in a materialistic sense; but we discovered that happiness, peace and love aren't made in the USA, or in Japan either, for that matter. We weren't fooled for long.

We started waiting for things that really count. Enter the flower children, and enter "luv". Each day, each minute should burst forth full of wonder. Flowers, people and clouds became things to be experienced. We were waiting for a visita-

Continued on page 5

Freshmen who Changed Yale

Over the years, thousands of freshmen have come to Yale. They have studied four years, graduated, and passed into obscurity. But others, described in these short articles, have left an indelible mark on the university. One of the first of these was David Brainerd, a sophomore who stirred Yale during the 1740 Great Awakening, confronting each student with the Gospel. In 1802, freshmen prayed and initiated a revival that converted half the campus, setting the stage for a series of revivals equalled by no other university in the world.

Other students left their impact on Yale in the revivals of 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, and 1824. A single freshman shook the campus by starting the 1825 revival, followed by another awakening in 1827 and the great revival of 1831, "the most far-reaching and permanent in its effect of any that Yale has witnessed." During this century, Tracy Pitkin inspired Yale men by his death as a martyr in China. Before he left Yale, Pitkin had "raised up a dozen of the strongest men in Yale, many of whom followed him to China." Yale's missionary movement swelled and became the largest among all the Eastern colleges.

Yale today needs a revival. In spite of all its intellectual prestige, there is something lacking underneath.

Such revivals come when students ask for them. Often in the past, a few freshmen have agreed to meet together regularly and pray for Yale. Over and over again in Yale's history, God has answered by bringing large numbers of Yale

men to their knees. He has brought unsaved students to conversion and lukewarm Christians back to life.

Any student who enters Yale has a choice: he can "just get by," joining an activity here and there, or he can join God's purpose to totally transform Yale. If you take God's way, you will get involved in His business of changing men's lives. You can continue the work of students who molded Yale with the force of their lives and are known all over the world for it. You can be among those remembered by men and remembered by God. "He who does the will of God abides forever."

(Meet these freshmen inside)

Middle East in Prophecy

Can the reality behind the current Middle East crisis be traced in the prophecies of Ezekiel, Daniel, and Isaiah?

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Come meet with us Thursday evening of Freshman Week (7 P.M. at Phelps Gate) for a discussion of the Biblical analysis of history in the making.

A Yale Odyssey: From Start to Finish

Continued from page 1

Then came the settling-in process. First there was the business of moving into a dormitory suite with complete strangers. Early on I experienced a light case of culture shock. I was assigned to share a room with two other freshmen, one a gregarious, aggressive Brooklynite, and the other an often-morose musician from Chicago. I had expected it to be a very novel experience, which it was, but it turned out to be jarring as well.

Then there were studies. Earlier I had had visions of being pleasantly and scholarly immersed in my college work. But what I encountered was not the bracing academic challenge I had envisioned but a deluge of work that descended on me without warning. I was staggered by the amount of work involved in just keeping up.

I also found that all the personal problems that I had contracted in my ante-Yale years refused to disappear. Not only had they followed me all the way to New Haven, but they seemed to thrive in my new environment. I was constantly surrounded with people, but the loneliness that I had known earlier was still there.

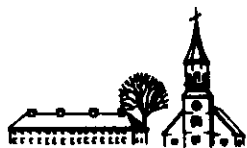
Nameless fears that I had had in high school were augmented, the draft seemed to loom over me like a menacing cloud, and I now had another worry: grades; something I never had to be concerned about in high school.

Where was the romance? Where the glory of "going to Yale"?

I had so much studying to do in addition to my busary job — emptying dirty trays in the dining hall — that soon the only free time I could allow myself was Friday evening. On my second Friday at Yale I went to a widely advertised party which was held in some freshman's dormitory suite. I wandered in around 8:00. The room was dimly lit, about as crowded as Grand Central Station at rush hour, and as stuffy as a sauna bath.

One girl in a long white dress was wafting around the room smearing everyone's forehead, nose, and cheeks with iridescent paint. Someone shoved a drink into my hand. As I took a sip and peered down into the cup I noticed that at the bottom there was a smudge of glowing red paint. It must have dripped off someone's nose into my drink.

I gagged, set my cup down and returned to my room. Looking at myself in the mirror as I scrubbed off the shining red war paint I told myself that things had to change. Suddenly I was tired, discouraged, and lonely all over again, but even more so.



Sitting down to sort things out I remembered back eight months. Back then, surprised by animation and unfeigned joy in a newly arrived teacher in my high school, I had become curious and began to ask him some questions.

"Why it's the Lord that makes me so happy," he told me.

Up to then the Lord had never made

me happy, sad, or otherwise. God seemed distant and unimportant to me, and how calculable an effect can a Being like this have on anyone's life?

Comparing the personal contact he had with God to the void in me, I realized how spiritually impoverished I was. One evening, convinced that I wanted what he had, I simply and honestly asked Jesus Christ to come into my life. I asked him to wash my sins away with the blood that he shed on the cross, and to let me know him on a one-to-one basis. Since then things had definitely changed. I knew that my prayers got through to God, that he loved me,

Through his word God showed me how to live a simple day-to-day life, trusting him and avoiding those things that would destroy my close relationship with him.

Through four years at Yale I was amazed to see how God provided for all my needs. When I needed clothes, and didn't have any money the Lord provided plenty to wear. Even though tuition went up and up and up I graduated without a terrific debt.

The Lord freed me from fears and solved problems that I had become so accustomed to that I was sure they were an integral part of me, and that I would

POWER—to become a son of God

When God is central in a human life, there is a steadiness and "a peace that passes understanding." Unlike ideologies and philosophies, which change with circumstances like the weather, God never changes. A person who knows Jesus does not have to fear anything, not even death, because knowing Jesus is eternal life. He does not have to feel guilty about past actions because God has forgiven him, "and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanses us from all sin." Instead of guilt, fear, or uncertainty, there is peace—a peace unlike anything in the world.

God's peace is not a result of trying harder or being religious; it comes from being "born again," an entirely new life which God gives. People often think to themselves, "If only I could start my life over..." and God does exactly that. This new life cannot be earned or worked for; it is a free gift. The gift is Jesus: "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men." If you receive Jesus, you will receive power—"power to become a son of God."

A person who is born again experiences a marvelous freedom, because "whosoever is born of God overcomes the world." He does not have to be conformed to the world in his thinking—to be fearful and worry along with everyone else. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," Jesus said.

and that Jesus had died for me.

Yet when I arrived at Yale so much happened so fast that the importance of this experience began to dim. I had been rushing around so fast that I was in danger of running right past the only person who could be of any real help.

That certain Friday night made me acutely aware of the fact that, if I was going to graduate from Yale intact, I would need God's help and strength in my daily life. In my short weeks at Yale I had already seen how some turned to marijuana, drinking binges, immoral living, movie jags, and record — playing marathons when they needed help, or something to lift them out of discouragement and depression.

Soon I began to meet in earnest for morning prayer with several other students who had had the same experience I had, who knew their sins were forgiven and that Jesus had come into their lives in a real way. This equipped me for days full of classes, studies, and work. As I turned to God for help, I found that he was fully able to see me through mid-terms, finals, papers, and all sorts of rough spots. I went to Bible studies twice a week and learned much that no college course can offer.

have to live with them for the rest of my life. He also helped me much in my studies and as a result I graduated with honors.

As I look back on the past four years I see how important it was that I decided to believe and trust in God, and in his Son Jesus Christ. This faith became the foundation stone, the point of reference, for all I did at Yale. It strengthened me, gave me directions and opened to me a college career blessed by God — and now that I've graduated — the promise of a bright future.

I could spend the better part of a week recounting the way in which Christ used particular circumstances, people, and scriptures to help me and teach me. But I have a better idea. Discover what I discovered for yourself. Let my teacher be your teacher. Let my Savior be yours.

He was speaking to you, too, when he said: "Come unto me . . . take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light" (Matt. 11:28-30).

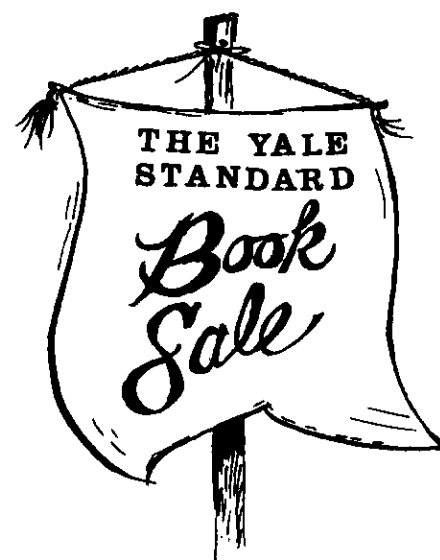
Lawrence M. Senger, '74



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THE YALE STANDARD

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THE JOY OF THE LORD IS FOR YOU

Dreams Recycled: Where Have All the Answers Gone?

Continued from page 1

tion by that ethereal freedom that would release us from routine and change our lives into a series of unfolding delights.

Things were going to change and a whole new age would soon be ushered in. Some thought drugs would get them where they wanted to go. Others were more pragmatic and joined the SDS or Weathermen. Hundreds of student movements waxed and waned. Students marched and protested, and sometimes got shot at.

But somehow the whole thing soured. And the heralded golden age of the Aquarius generation never dawned, and the "disestablishmentized" society never materialized. Now, what has happened to the revolutionaries, and where have all the flower children gone?

They've turned another bend in the road, every one. They're settling down, retreating from the responsibility they took upon themselves to change the world. Now they want to be left alone. You live your life and I'll live mine. You're OK and I'm OK.

Expectations are no longer as lofty as they were three years ago. Today students have become deadly serious about their studies. It's important to get ahead, to go on to become a lawyer, or a doctor, or to get a good job, and find security and settle down.

But even this trend, like former ones will run its course, and then there will be a new generation that longs for something else, and feels that it has been endued with a singular wisdom because it realizes that what the previous generation waited for and expected wasn't worth the wait. Is anything? Yes.

Fruitful Expectations

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him" (Psalm 62:5).

The world, of course, has never yet seen an entire generation that has singleheartedly and determinedly placed all its expectations in God. But there have been glimpses of what this would mean.

J.R. Green said that John Wesley's outdoor preaching occasioned the conversion of such a large part of his generation in England that in a few years the whole temper of English society was changed.

Public executions served as popular entertainment, and robbery was so common that Horace Walpole wrote that: "People are almost afraid of stirring after dark."

The 19th century historian Lecky credits this vibrant evangelical outburst with saving England from her own version of the bloody French Revolution. Harry Emerson Fosdick said that: "Without the evangelical revival there is no explaining John Howard's prison reforms or William Wilberforce's anti-slavery campaign."

Such reforms were real, not just visionary, and they left a mark on their time and projected benefits into the future.

Previous generations, like our own, have never lacked problems, nor schemes to solve these problems, nor expectations of a better society. What they have often lacked however, is the moral strength and divine assistance which are necessary to effect permanent and just solutions to these problems. These come only from the living God, and cannot be substituted by anything else, no matter how noble in concept, that finds its origins in man alone. That is why the hopes of most generations never become anything more than ephemeral expectations.

Expectations which spring from faith in God are fruitful, not frustrating.



The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem:

What profit has a man of all his labor and his toil under the sun? Generations come and generations go, while the earth continues forever. The sun also rises and the sun goes down, and hastens to his place where he rose. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: to the place where the rivers began, they return again. The thing that has been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun.

The living know that they shall die, and have no more portion forever in anything that is done under the sun.

Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth, before the time of trouble comes and the years draw near when you shall say, I see no purpose in them.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Ecclesiastes

The generation that saw the dawn of this century believed that the happiness of mankind would flourish in an era of continuing peace—but its hopes were dashed by the outbreak of the First World War. The generation of the 20's trusted in the continuance of booming prosperity, but its dreams were crushed by the Great Depression.

Then came the Second World War, then the Korean War, then the long war in Vietnam, and now we hear delusive talk of "a generation of peace" again.

Who sets the style for a generation anyway, who determines its dominant mood and hope?

When it is not God, then it is ultimately Satan, the counterfeit "angel of light" who deceives the whole world.

Who lifts a generation up in false expectation, and then suddenly betrays it with an unexpected turn of events?

It is the one the Bible calls "the father of lies." He never delivers what he promises. When he says "peace," he means war. When he offers the pleasures of sin, he intends anguish, guilt, emptiness and sorrow.

The flood tides of expectation which

sweep across each generation place overwhelming emphasis on some supposed good, while ignoring truths that have the power to lead to great good in this life, and to everlasting life when it is over.

The claims of the Gospel—"I am the way, the truth and the life"—the claims of the Savior, and the love of God for men—those issues that should have first place in a generation's heart are labeled with some pejorative epithet and then consigned to a forgotten and unlit corner.

But when they are rediscovered and brought forward again, as they have been from time to time in American history, especially from the founding of the Colonies until early in this century, they bring love, joy, peace of mind and soul, and high purpose to many men and women.

Otherwise, there are few individuals who face things as they really are, refusing to be caught up in the euphoria or despair, the over-excitation or the indifference, that rules their time.

When the liberating truths of the Scriptures are mocked or ignored the be-all and end-all of earthly existence becomes not much more than survival with a style, and the particular style is decided for you

by your generation.

There is something much better for you than to be shaped by the moods, and the mode, and the drift of the day. There is a great work yet to be done in this generation. Our country is languishing because it has forgotten God. It has cast the Bible aside. The soul of our society is slowly being corrupted and few take notice. There is an important work to be done, and those who will do it must come from this generation.

Why not pause for a minute, and think of eternity, and ponder this simple, mighty truth: "God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

It is when God's invitation is acted upon, and a definite decision to believe is made, that the futile expectations and prejudices of a man's hour no longer comprise his particular set of limitations.

Jesus said: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will hear my voice, and will open the door and let me in, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." He is one man Who is always true to his promise.

Larry M. Senger, 74

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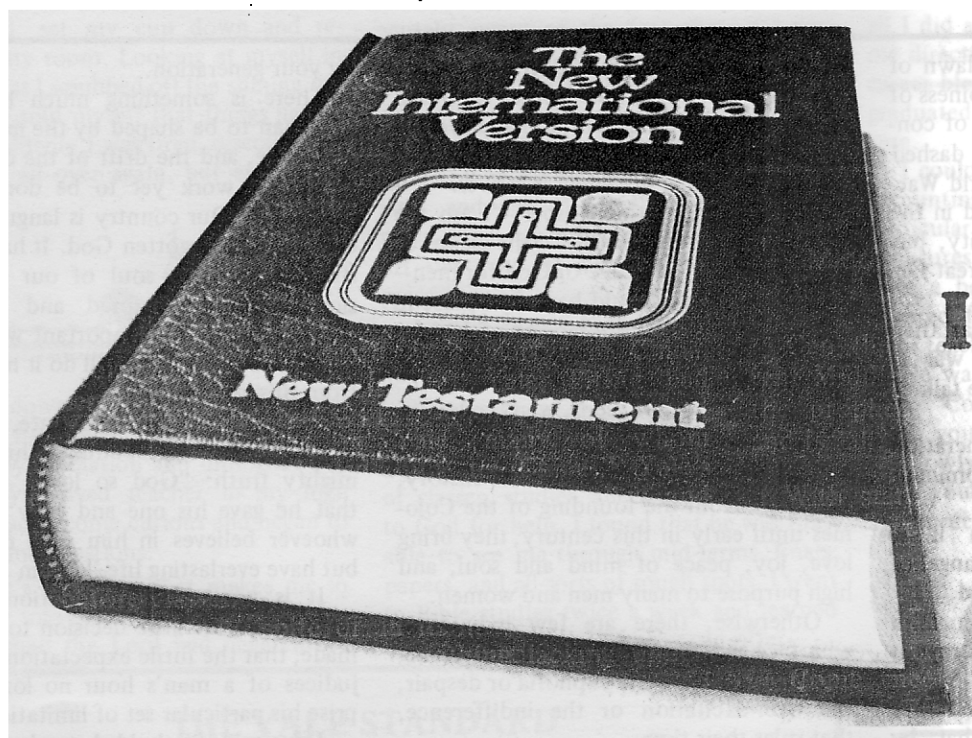
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