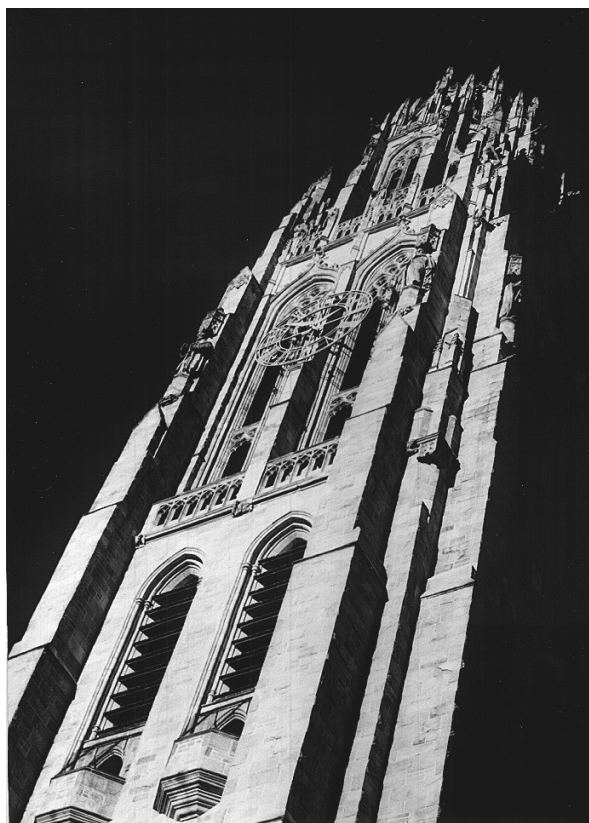


THE YALE STANDARD

Volume XIV, 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

September 1997



Welcome to Yale! We prepared this to help you as you start your years here. From our time here, we recommend these choice words from Timothy Dwight himself: "Christ is the only, the true, the living way of access to God. Give yourselves therefore to Him with a cordial confidence, and the great work of life is done."

— Timothy Dwight, President of Yale
Baccalaureate Address, 1814

"There was real iron in him."

FRESHMAN BILL BORDEN

Millionaire Bill Borden arrived at Yale in the year 1905 like any other freshman. But soon his classmates noticed something unusual about him: "He came to college far ahead, spiritually, of any of us. He had already given his heart in full surrender to Christ and had really done it. We who were his classmates learned to lean on him and find in him a strength that was solid as a rock, just because of this settled purpose and consecration."

Bill's first disappointment was hearing the president of Yale speak on "having a fixed purpose." Bill wrote late, "He neglected to say what our pur-

pose should be, and where we should get the ability to persevere and the strength to resist temptations." He saw the result of this empty philosophy all around him at Yale—moral weakness and sin-ruined lives.

During his first semester at Yale, Bill started the movement that transformed the campus. His friend wrote: "It was well on in the first term when Bill and I began to pray together in the morning before breakfast. I cannot say positively whose suggestion it was, but I feel sure it must have originated with Bill. We had been meeting only a short time when a third student joined us and soon after a fourth. The time was spent in prayer after a brief reading of Scripture. Bill's handling of Scripture was helpful... he would read to us from the Bible, show

(Continued on page 5)

Israel's God Won My Gentile Heart

I was shocked when my Jewish teaching assistant said to me, "Aren't Christians God's chosen people now instead of the Jews?" He was equally surprised when I responded, "No, the Jews are always God's special, chosen people. Jews will always hold a special place in His heart."

I am a Gentile, Taiwanese to be exact, and my parents, my grandparents, and great-grandparents, etc., have always believed that God was lower than Buddha. Personally I lived to please myself, and thought that religion and basic morals, such as honesty and generosity, were for the weak and soft hearted.

How was I to know any better?

After all, I didn't have the millennia of history, God's gifts, and His calling—"the adoption as sons, the divine glory, the covenants, the receiving of the Law, the temple worship, and the prom-

ises." (Romans 9)

I was sitting alone, hunched over my dorm desk in Branford. My sophomore year: I had to decide what to do with the rest of my life. Well, at the time, choosing my major seemed that weighty.

Sigh. What was the point of it all? I was sick of talking to friends and peers, sick of thinking about things, sick of changing my mind continually. Sprawled on my bed, I looked blankly at the textured ceiling. It stared its own blankness back at me in my tiny single room.

My thoughts raced. Then, I thought, there *must* be a God, the One I had prayed to while growing up, when my parents fought, and when things were simply beyond mine and anyone else's control.

I prayed now because I had come to the end of my resources. I didn't say

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The Yale Standard Bible Study 1997

Introductory Meetings:

Saturdays,
August 30th and
September 6th
at 7 PM in
William L. Harkness
Hall (WLH), Room 001

Bible Studies:
Wednesdays and
Saturdays at 7 PM
(Location to be
announced;
watch for posters.)

Come join us
as we gather to
worship the
Lord!

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Editorial:

From 1967 to 1969, upon the encouragement of a few older believers, three Yale students meeting for prayer and Bible study sifted through an obscure book on Yale's history titled *Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale*. They found a treasure chest. They read of missionaries to American Indians, Hawaii, Syria, China; Yale men involved in the Great Awakening of 1740; campus revivals in 1802, the 1820's, 1858, and so on, among others. By the 1960's, this treasure had been largely buried on campus under the thick silt of new thought and new attitudes—gone from professors' lectures, gone from campus literature, and gone from the hearts and minds of Yale students. Inspired by God, the students took on themselves the burden of recounting this lost history, that widespread fiery faith in God might arise again. The spring of 1969, the first issue of *The Yale Standard* was passed out on campus.

Through the years, believers on campus have kept digging, uncovering more jewels and polishing ones already found, and have held on to the burden for a fresh and sweeping revival at Yale. Through Scriptures the believers have understood that God is not bound by ages, and that the mighty, heavenly flow of grace of yesterday is good for today. Today, "everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved." Might you respond to the call, today?

This issue tells the stories of five men and women, spanning across Yale's 296-year history, who settled in their hearts that Jesus Christ is God's sacrifice for the world, and the only issue in life was working out how to live for Him. We pray they will speak to your hearts.

—Joon Ahn, Jonathan Edwards '96

Israel's God

(Continued from previous page)

anything. I just thought, God, I don't know, I hate this. It's so miserable. I'm miserable... (complain, complain, complain.)

I had become very existentialistic by then. Kierkegaard, Sartre, Buber, Descartes, Plato.... I was left with no satisfaction, only questions. These were only men writing down their imperfect thoughts.

But some people believe the Bible to be divinely inspired. And what if it were true? The Paradise Garden, Adam and Eve's choice to disobey God, and their subsequent banishment from Eden, Noah's flood, the Laws and covenants, the pleas of God for Israel to return to Him—"Israel, a people close to His heart." (Psalm 148)

The Bible had always seemed an endless string of unrelated details. But what if it were true? Finally, in a moment, I chose to believe it, and suddenly the details came together. And to my surprise, I met a God more perfect, and more like the way God should be, than I had ever imagined. I didn't put it together, I didn't reason it out, I just discovered Him. And I praised God.

For the first time, I could say, "Yes, praise the Lord," and in full agreement. No more questioning, discussion, and debating. And I praised the only true God, the God of Israel.

And since that vivid day, I have met Israelis and other Jews here and there. Of those that I met, only some had read the Holy Scriptures. And of those that read, only a few considered it true. And among those that believed, it was hard to find one who really knew the Scriptures and lived out every word.

And it wasn't fair—that God had given me a life-changing belief in Messiah Jesus and Scriptures, when many of my Jewish contemporaries were indifferent to Him. And what's more, it wasn't fair that someone had told my Jewish TA that the Jews had somehow lost their calling to be God's chosen people.

But this is what God, the Lord Almighty, says: "In those days ten men from all languages and nations will take firm hold of one Jew by the hem of his robe and say, 'Let us go with you, because we have heard that God is with you.'" (Zechariah 8)

"God's gifts and His calling are irrevocable." (Romans 11)

—Denise Chen, Branford '95

“...with all my might while I do live.”
FRESHMAN JONATHAN EDWARDS

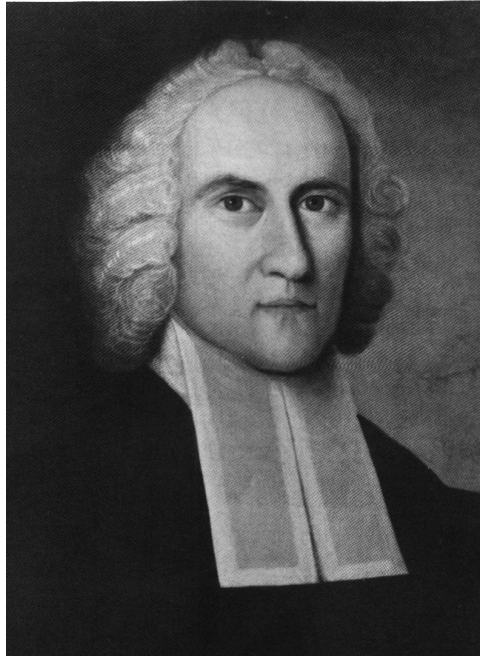
When Jonathan Edwards, for whom JE College is named, entered Yale at the age of thirteen, he began a career that turned traditional-minded churches upside-down throughout the country. The decisions he made at Yale were the basis for a life that influenced thousands in Europe and America. Upon entering Yale, Edwards decided not to drift along with the general trends on campus, nor to become over-occupied with studying. Instead, he decided to give himself to Jesus and live entirely for Him.

He graduated with highest honors at the age of seventeen, when he was filled with “an inward, secret delight in God.” He then made a list of resolutions that were to shape the rest of his life. He resolved “never to do anything but what tends to the glory of God, never to lose one moment of time, and to live with all my might while I do live.” Edwards soon found that making resolutions is “to no purpose at all...except we depend on the grace of God, for if it were not for his mere grace, one might be a very good man one day, and a very wicked one the next.” Depending on the grace of God, Edwards kept these resolutions and changed the face of America.

Several years later, when he became pastor of a church in Massachusetts, a revival started which transformed the town. “The town seemed to be full of the presence of God: it never was so full of love, nor so full of joy.”

A larger revival, the Great Awakening, spread across the country in 1740. This movement brought thousands together on New Haven Green to hear the Gospel and changed lives throughout America. Because of Edwards’ influence, the revival was not only a time of emotional stirring, but it also made positive changes in the structure of American society. People who had been bored with religious patterns received Jesus instead, and were filled with joy in worshipping God.

Jonathan Edwards, the student who gave his life to God at Yale, became “the most significant Protestant voice between the Reformation and the twentieth century.” He spent the last years of his life at a small mission serving the Indians in



*Jonathan Edwards, at about age 50.
Class of 1718*

“They who are truly converted are new men, new creatures; new, not only within, but without; they are sanctified throughout, in spirit, soul and body; old things are passed away, all things are become new; they have new hearts, new eyes, new ears, new tongues, new hands, new feet; i.e., a new conversation and practice; they walk in newness of life....”

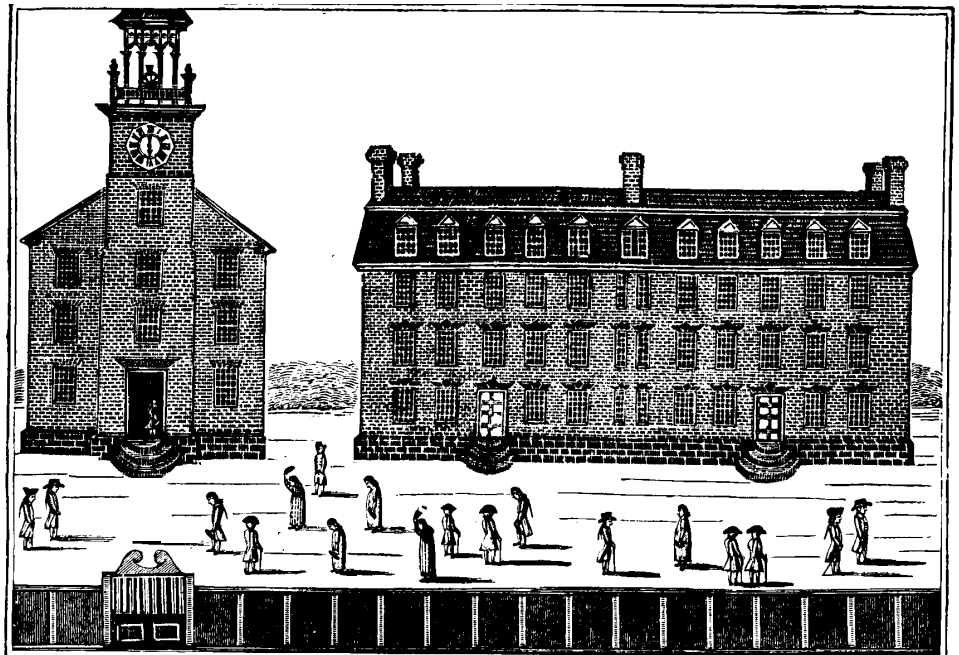
—Jonathan Edwards

Massachusetts. He was chosen to be president of Princeton but died three months later.

Jonathan Edwards has always puzzled biographers. His life had no phases or changes of philosophy. As a student at Yale, he found the truth in Jesus Christ and

spent the rest of his life demonstrating that truth. The resolution that he made at Yale was to “live with all my might while I do live,” and he kept it.

(Reprinted from *The Yale Standard*, Fall 1970 edition)



YALE COLLEGE IN JUNE, 1786.

Dawning Faith: His Beauty For My Ashes

When I first came to Yale as a freshman, I thought God was going to make me the greatest doctor in the whole world. I must say I was very ambitious and enthusiastic. I was quickly absorbed into the intensive academic life at Yale, and soon I became entirely occupied with my studies. My life had no room for anything but the pursuit of my own success. At the end of the day I couldn't even remember what the day's weather was like. God was, if anything, one of the least concerns of my life.

Although I considered myself a Christian, I did not like to talk about God. At such an intellectual place like Yale, it seemed almost silly to believe in God. But, I continued to be involved in church activities as I always had. I considered myself very religious.

In my freshman year a few of my friends were involved in a Christian fellowship. Many times they tried to get me to go to their meetings. Each time I politely refused their invitation. They would ask me why. Then I would just smile and say, "You don't understand...." I never finished my sentence in front of them. But in my mind I would always say this: "I grew up in church. I go to church twice a week, and I never skip Sunday worship. Even if I had time to go to the fellowship, I'd rather take a nap."

After the first year I finally ended up going to my friends' fellowship. As we were singing I looked around. Some people had their heads bowed, and others had their hands raised. "How weird!" I thought to myself. But, there was life in their faces. There was something new to me in the air, and I knew that God was with them. I was simply shocked. Jesus in my life had been as dead. I had never known Him as risen Lord. I was as much bothered as I was shocked by it.

Then I got to know someone from the fellowship. There was something special about her. She had a joy and peace

*"There was something new to me
in the air, and I knew
that God was with them."*

that I had never seen in anyone's life. I did not know much about Jesus, but I knew that He was alive in her life. I decided to get to know Jesus myself. The summer after that year I earnestly sought the Lord in prayer and in reading the Scripture. The Bible had always been very boring to me. But this time when I read through the New Testament, I was struck by how beautifully simple the Gospel message was.

"So he got up and went to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him." (Luke 15) Just like the prodigal son re-



*"The path of the righteous is like the first gleam of dawn,
shining ever brighter till the full light of day."*

(Proverbs 4:18)

turning to his father, I simply chose to get up and come to Jesus. Though I walked in my own ways, putting my own desires far above Him, He still had compassion on me and loved me first. When I confessed Him as my Lord He forgave all my sins. Because of His precious blood shed on the hill of Calvary, I was set free.

I remember one particular day that summer. After seeking the Lord in prayer I opened my eyes. I saw the sunset through the window. I had never been the kind of person who would look at the sky for more than a second or two. But this time I could not keep my eyes off it. The light was so beautifully shining through the sky.

When Jesus enters a life it is just like that. The darkest part of life brightly shines because Jesus sheds His light on us. Oftentimes people think Christianity is about going to church on Sunday. Although this is important for Christians to do, Christianity is not religiosity. It is about the complete transformation of one's life in Jesus. When I met Jesus my night turned to day. For the first time in my life I lifted up my eyes from the tip of my shoes when I walked down the street, and enjoyed beautiful trees and birds. The overflowing love of Jesus also enabled me to lift my eyes from my own self, and to love the people around me.

I am not an optimist. I don't believe in luck or the "somehow" attitude. But I can testify that I have tasted the joy that lasts through all time. Jesus does not lead me "somehow" but He leads me triumphantly. Jesus is alive. He is the only truth that sets us free.

— Yang Soon Cho, Branford '97

BILL BORDEN

(Continued from page 1)

us something that God had promised and then proceed to claim the promise with assurance.”

Borden’s group was the beginning of the daily groups for prayer that spread to every one of the college classes. By the

Bill Borden did not confine his work to Yale. He rescued drunks on the streets of New Haven and founded the Yale Hope Mission to rehabilitate them. “He might often be found in the lower parts of the city at night—on the street, in a cheap lodging house or some restaurant to which he had taken a poor hungry fellow to feed him—seeking to lead men to Christ.”

Borden had already formed his purpose to become a missionary to the Mos-

After graduation from Yale, Bill began several years of missionary training. But in Egypt, where he was studying Arabic, he died of spinal meningitis at the age of 25. “When the death of William Whiting Borden was cabled from Egypt, it seemed as though a wave of sorrow went round the world.... Borden not only gave his wealth, but himself, in a way so joyous and natural that it was manifestly a privilege rather than a sacrifice.” [Quotations

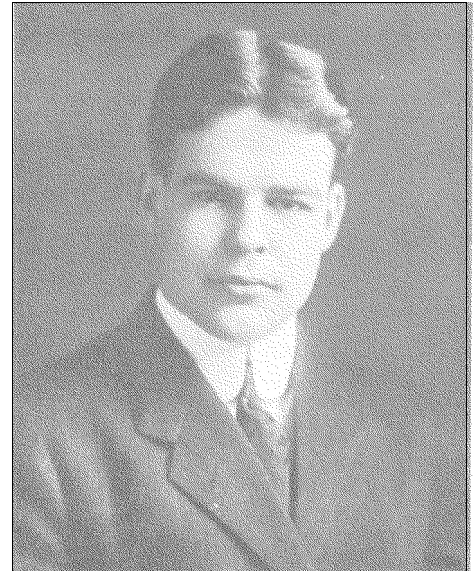
He rescued drunks on the streets of New Haven and founded the Yale Hope Mission to rehabilitate them.

end of Bill’s first year, 150 freshmen had become interested in meeting for weekly Bible studies. By the time he was a senior, 1,000 out of the 1,300 students at Yale were meeting in groups like these.

Bill made it his habit to choose the most “incorrigible” students and bring them to salvation. “In his sophomore year we organized Bible-study groups and divided up the class of three hundred or more, each man interested taking a certain number, so that all might, if possible, be reached. The names were gone over one by one, and the question asked, ‘Who will take this person or that?’ When it came to one who was a hard proposition there would be an ominous pause. Nobody wanted the responsibility. Then Bill’s voice would be heard: ‘Put him down to me.’”

lems in China, and that purpose never wavered. He inspired his classmates to do likewise: “He certainly was one of the strongest characters I have ever known, and he put backbone into the rest of us at college. There was real iron in him, and I always felt he was of the stuff martyrs were made of, and heroic missionaries of more modern times.

“Although he was a millionaire, Bill seemed to realize always that he must be about his Father’s business, and not wasting time in the pursuit of amusement.” Although he refused to join a fraternity, “he had more influence with his classmates in his senior year than ever before.” He presided over the huge Student Missionary Conference held at Yale and was elected president of Phi Beta Kappa.



William Whiting Borden, Class of 1909

taken from *Borden of Yale*, by Mrs. Howard Taylor, Moody Press, Chicago.]

(Reprinted from *The Yale Standard*, Fall 1970 edition)

A Senior’s Epilogue

(Continued from page 6)

who did not have Christ’s power in their lives soon became victims of pressures at Yale.

My freshman entryway in McClellan Hall was a particularly blighted one. Three of my neighbors soon became discouraged and dropped out. Another boy, a heavy drug-user who lived upstairs, was killed in a freak car accident.

George, who was on the Dean’s list as a freshman, also began to fall apart. The summer before his senior year he began smoking marijuana, which really finished him. Within a few months he was unable to carry a normal load of schoolwork.

At commencement, I went to see George graduate from Yale. I searched through the procession line, but no one knew where he was. During President

Brewster’s Commencement speech, I finally found George was standing by Phelps Gate, wearing jeans and wrinkled shirt instead of a cap and gown. I asked him, “Why aren’t you in the ceremony?” He replied, “I didn’t get up in time for it,” which was not the truth. I found out later that he had failed to graduate. Whatever personality problems he had before were now aggravated by the marijuana, and his parents had to commit him to a mental institution.

When I came to Yale, I found that the “props” that I had depended on were being knocked out from under me. The hymn became real to me, “On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand.” I realized that only Jesus and His words stay the same; everything else is always changing, like the “sinking sand.” My own philosophy of life, which I had built out of my ideas and traditions,

fell apart at Yale. But I was content to let all these half-truths and near-truths go. I held fast to Jesus, who said, “I am the Truth.”

Instead of going into a panic during examinations, I could trust God to help me organize my thoughts. Instead of getting depressed over the “daily grind” of schoolwork, I could rejoice in knowing that God loves and cares for me. My health improved so markedly that I was almost never sick; I didn’t need the big bottle of aspirin that I had brought with me to Yale. The Christian friends that I made at Yale were ones whom I could really trust. I have no fear of dying, because the life that I began when I received Christ is eternal. Jesus’ words became true in my own experience: “I have come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly.”

—Mark Lindberg, Timothy Dwight ‘70

A Senior's Epilogue:

I Found the Way

Yale became important to me for the first time when my friend George was accepted here in April, 1964. George, voted “most likely to succeed” by his high school class, was to end his college education with a nervous breakdown from the pressures that he encountered at Yale. But before I became a freshman here in 1966, a revolutionary change took place in my life that gave me a purpose and confidence throughout my years at Yale.

Since I lived in Olympia, Washington, the state capital, I was actively involved in politics during the 1964 election. I became convinced that my political ideas were right and others were wrong—until one night when I was participating in a sleep-in demonstration at the Governor’s Office. A college student whom I met there poked holes in all my arguments. I began to see that *my* candidates were as bad as *their* candidates, and I saw most of my candidates roundly defeated in the election. Then I started debating and learned to argue *both* sides of a political question—the final blow against my idealistic way of thinking. Although debate taught me to be objective, it made me cynical about everything.

About this time I was a member of our high school senate while George was its president. A group of students met in a classroom to sing hymns every day before school until George found out about it. He suspended parliamentary procedure and moved that this group be prohibited. The motion passed, and I went along with it. “After all, what were these people doing singing songs about Jesus in a school? They should save that sort of thing for church,” I thought.

I went to church about once a week. After several years of going through the motions of singing and bowing my head for prayer, I got the distinct impression that I was faking it. I used to wonder if

arranging my debate cards, I fell into a conversation with him, a senior at Seattle Pacific College. I did all that I could to keep an open mind, especially when he started talking about the Bible. I left my arguments against the Bible aside for a moment and just listened to what he had to say.

He said that a person can reach God only through Jesus Christ. He pointed to the verse: “Jesus said,...‘I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man comes to the Father, but by me.’” I realized that I could invite Jesus into my own life by praying to Him. The other fellow prayed with me to help me, since I had about zero faith. I felt nothing and went away feeling that nothing had happened. But after that, my life really started changing.

When I read the Bible, for the first time I could grasp what it meant in my own life. To help me understand the Scriptures, the college student would come on his motorcycle sixty miles through a rainstorm. I learned that the Bible is superior to any human philosophy because it is the word of God. “The foolishness of God is wiser than men.”

When I came to Yale, I met several freshmen who met together at seven o’clock in the mornings and again in the evenings to pray and study the Bible. I did not go to all the

meetings for the first six months because I had not yet decided to yield my life entirely to the Lord. During spring vacation in Florida, I finally decided to give my whole life to Jesus. Two weeks later He baptized me in the Holy Spirit. Other freshmen who knew me immediately noticed the change in my life.

After the first few months at Yale, I realized what could have happened to me if God had not changed my life. Students

(Continued on previous page)



From Watercolor by Jimmy Lee, Silliman '95.

“Students who did not have Christ’s power in their lives soon became victims of pressures at Yale.”

the people in the pew with me—this boy or that girl—really did know God. I began sitting in the front pew, straining to hear the preacher in case he could give the answer to my question in his sermon, but I got nothing. I started to read books on psychoanalysis and philosophy and to search other religions—Hinduism, Islam, etc.—but found nothing that satisfied me.

At a debate during my senior year at high school, I met a college student who did have the answer. Sitting on a couch