My Pledge

All that I am—
All that I possess—
All of which I am capable—
Every act—
Every word—
Every thought—
Every emotion—
Every plan—
Every hope and desire—

All are Christ's and shall be His forever.

Come what will, honor or reproach,
joy or sorrow, life or death;
I am the Lord's,
and with all my powers
of MIND and SOUL and BODY,
with my whole being,
will I serve Him wholly, earnestly and joyfully,
world without end.

Glen Sell led the students in the above prayer during the annual campus revivals January 13-16. This pledge was originally used by George Brunk II during his tent revivals. During the revivals on campus, Glen spoke on “Coping with Life’s Struggles.” Glen lives in Manheim, Pennsylvania, and teaches at RBI during third term.
Students present *Dear and Glorious Physician*

Students will be presenting the drama, *Dear and Glorious Physician*, April 15, 16, 22, and 24, in the RBI chapel. The play is based on the book written by Taylor Caldwell and is dramatized by Roland Fernand. Brenda Burkey is directing the drama.

The two-act play is the story of Luke, played by Keith Miller of Irwin, Ohio. In this play Luke, who Paul referred to in Colossians as “our most dear physician, Luke,” wanted above all things to be a healer and learns that healing is not only a function of the body and of the mind, but also of the spirit.

The April 22 performance, given during Homecoming weekend, is reserved for alumni only. Advance reservations are encouraged for all performances.

**RBI hosts Missions Festival**

Rosedale Bible Institute, Rosedale Mennonite Missions, and Conservative Mennonite Conference will be sponsoring the second Missions Festival the weekend of March 4-6. The festival will be held on the RBI campus.

Mark and Gloria Zook from New Tribes Missions and John I. Smucker from New York City will serve as major resource persons. Workshop leaders include Max Zook, Gary Troyer, Paul Kurtz, Richard Showalter, Steve Swartz, Peter Weaver, Jewel Showalter, and Homer Kandel.

The festival is open to interested persons and is designed for local congregational mission committees and other missions leaders from around the church.

For information or to register, contact Phyllis Miller at Rosedale Bible Institute. Those interested in RBI credit should contact Lloyd Kaufman, academic dean.

**REACH considers Columbus**

REACH leaders are looking for a house in Columbus to either lease or buy for a training headquarters for REACH participants. They have been using the Peace House in Cincinnati, but now need a place closer to Rosedale but in an urban setting.

Director Paul Kurtz is excited about this possibility. He says, “The acquisition of a house in Columbus has unlimited potential to contextualize the training of REACH participants as well as students and personnel from RBI and RMM. The location could also serve as a guest house and perhaps the beginnings of a cell church.”

**Rosedale holds second women’s seminar**

Eighty-five women attended the second annual women’s seminar at RBI on January 29. Beth Coppedge from Asbury Seminary spoke on “Walking in the Light—Studies from 1 John.” Grace Kurtz led the worship. The day began with registration and fresh coffee, muffins, and breads served in the lobby, and concluded at 4:00.

**Students initiate offering**

During the Leadership Seminar November 15-19, students initiated an offering designated for students in Kenya. Students had learned of the financial needs of Kenyans who desired schooling at the School of Ministry of Regions Beyond Ministries. An offering of $1,500 was sent with Willard Mayer and Elmer Jantzi to Kenya, who taught this year in the School of Ministry.

**Seen in cashier’s window:**

**My Apology**

So you are here to bend my ear About time cards, checks and money. But, I'm away the entire day I know it isn't funny. They'll drive me batty in Cincinnati with tax rules for our preachers. It isn't fun, but must be done So I'll listen to my teachers. I Apologize, you must realize I'd rather be here with you. But, I'll be back to fill your lack tomorrow when this is through.

If you can't wait 'til tomorrow at eight, this is what you should do: See Brenda Kay this very day and she'll take care of you.

Many thanks, BKB!

—Lynford Schrock
Christmas in Prison

By Larry Kaufman

Four of us arrived in Atmore, Alabama, on Wednesday night before Christmas—Eric Wanga, Sam Gunti, Dale Keller, and myself. We would be spending the following week over Christmas at a camp for prisoners called J.O. Davis. Each day we would spend approximately eight hours a day ministering to 255 men in the camp.

Soon after we arrived we met Jeff Berger, the chaplain, and his assistant, Cecil Montgomery, both of whom work with We Care Ministries. We Care, located in Atmore, Alabama, is an outreach to prison inmates. The ministry has chaplaincy programs in various prisons.

J.O. Davis is an honor camp, where the security level is minimum. There are no bars or cells, no fences. The inmates could leave any time, although few usually try to escape. Most of the men in this camp are close to being released, or will soon be transferred to another camp with even lighter security. The inmates are not quick to jeopardize their chances of freedom. No one wants more time.

The first night we were there we took part in a Bible study for the inmates held in the chapel building right next to the prison. We were introduced as Bible scholars from Rosedale. By the end of the week we felt like anything but scholars.

The Christian men, about ten of them, were so glad to see us. Almost immediately relationships started to form and we began to share and encourage the Christians to stand firm in their faith. We were encouraged as well; the Lord really ministered to us through these men. We were amazed at how educated they were concerning the Bible. They didn’t just read the Bible, they studied it, memorized it, and lived it. We also spent much time sharing with the non-believers, planting seeds, sharing with them the gospel message of Jesus Christ. Many of these men were very cold. As I walked by their beds and looked into their eyes, I could see the hurt and hate that they felt, and the bondage of sin that kept them in continuous depression. As each day went by I was moved in my spirit for these men; I realized the work that still needs to be done. I wanted so much for them to believe that Jesus can set them free in their hearts, that Jesus is the answer to their hurt and problems.

There were Muslims in the camp that also held meetings. They influenced the inmates according to their beliefs. It seems most of the inmates knew a little about both the Muslim way and Christianity, but were living for neither. Many were open and even believed in Jesus Christ but weren’t committed to him or living for Him.

As I look back on our experiences I came away with a new zeal and hunger to be about the Father’s business. I felt a fulfillment in seeing and being a part of the transformation of lives because of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

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Faculty Itinerary

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>February 25-27</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Transport for Christ, Camp Hebron, Halifax, Pennsylvania</td>
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<td>February 26</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Middle Creek Church of the Brethren, Lititz, Pennsylvania</td>
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<td>February 27-March 4</td>
<td>Willard Mayer in Greenwood, Delaware, for Winter Bible School</td>
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<td>March 6-13</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Johnsville Mennonite Church, Shauk, Ohio</td>
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<td>March 7-18</td>
<td>Willard Mayer at Berlin, Ohio, for RBI extension classes</td>
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<td>March 13</td>
<td>Richard Showalter at Mennonite Christian Assembly, Fredericksburg, Virginia</td>
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<td>March 18-20</td>
<td>Richard and Jewel Showalter at Lancaster Mennonite Conference</td>
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<tr>
<td>March 23-27</td>
<td>Willard Mayer at Pleasant Grove, Goshen, Indiana, for Winter Bible School</td>
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<tr>
<td>March 26-27</td>
<td>Richard and Jewel Showalter at Franklin Mennonite Conference Missions Meeting</td>
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<td>March 30-April 3</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Mennonite Christian Assembly, Fredericksburg, Ohio</td>
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<td>April 3-8</td>
<td>Alvin Yoder at Laws Mennonite Church, Delaware</td>
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<td>April 3-10</td>
<td>Willard Mayer at Cuba Mennonite Church, Grabil, Indiana, for revivals</td>
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<td>April 10-17</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Meadow Mountain Mennonite Church, Swanton, Pennsylvania</td>
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<td>April 15-17</td>
<td>Alvin Yoder at Cedar Hill, Pennsylvania</td>
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<td>April 24-May 1</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Hess Mennonite Church, Lititz, Pennsylvania</td>
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<td>May 6-8</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Fair Play Christian Fellowship, Fair Play, South Carolina</td>
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<td>May 12</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Groffdale Mennonite Church, New Holland, Pennsylvania</td>
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<td>May 27</td>
<td>Richard Showalter at Clinton Christian School graduation</td>
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<td>May 20-22</td>
<td>Willard Mayer at Palm Grove, Sarasota, Florida, for ordination services</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 22-29</td>
<td>Glen Sell at Ephrata Mennonite Church, Ephrata, Pennsylvania</td>
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A Sampling from Principles of Composition

During third term, students in Principles of Composition, taught by Jon Showalter, focused on improving their writing skills. The first assignment required students to write about an event from their past which had particular autobiographical significance. The following essays were among the results.

Last Days

By Matthew Showalter

The bell rang. A happy-go-lucky blonde-headed boy of about nine years old dashed out of the school building. The year was 1986 and I was headed for home. My life at that age was not quite the ordinary life of a nine-year-old child. I was an American kid in a Turkish school. I stuck out like a sore thumb among the darker-skinned black-haired Turkish children among whom I lived and played. Turkey is a land of hospitality, so I was accepted readily by my fellow students at first, and even admired, but now that admiration seemed to be wearing off.

From day one I was a leader among my peers. I had a soccer ball, so my friends and I would regularly jump over the wall that separated my apartment from a beautiful park that had lush green grass, irrigated by the precious city water, to play soccer, only to get chased off after a short time by the caretaker for stepping on his neatly trimmed grass. Our family also owned two bikes. One for me to ride and one for the friend of my choice. It was usually Ersoy. We spent many a pleasant afternoon riding through the tree-lined streets of the suburb that we lived in.

This particular morning, though, things were not going too well. Over the last couple of weeks different friends of mine had started calling me names. It seemed that even Ersoy was turning against me. Could it be because of the fact that I was a Christian and they were Muslim? This is what set the stage for what happened next.

As I dashed out of the schoolyard, the sun was shining. It was a beautiful day. I was feeling good because I had just been told by my hand-ball coach that I would be captain of the team the coming season. Suddenly I was grabbed and shoved up against the wall. It was one of the older bigger bullies, and he was not happy with me. I was scared. I felt all alone, surrounded by people who were not my people, but yet with whom I felt a kinship. The bully leaned in closer with his face near to mine, and proceeded to warn me about what he would do to me if I continued coming to school. What he told me I did not understand, but I understood enough to know that I did not want it to happen to me. He finally released me and I proceeded to hurry home. I no longer cared about the sunny weather or the beautiful day. All I wanted to do was go home and fall sobbing into my mother’s caring arms.

As I approached our five-story apartment I did not even notice the beautiful park. I could only envision my mom cuddling me, telling me that it was all right. In the back of my mind, though, I knew that I would have to face those kids the next day, even though I never wanted to go back.

As I pushed open the door to our apartment flat, what I saw shocked me. Suitcases and trunks were everywhere. Mom was busy and did not even seem to notice my downcast face. All she said is, “We are leaving.”

Have you ever been in a situation where you wished that the Lord would return at that moment? I felt like I was on the receiving end of that. Did mom really mean that we were leaving? Did this mean that I would never have to go back to school? She then explained that our family had been given three days to leave the country because of propagating Christianity in a Muslim nation.

At first I was overjoyed with a sudden feeling of relief. I would never have to go back and face the kids at school. Then I realized that this was final, and instead of thinking that I would not have to face the bully, I began to think about all the good times of playing soccer on the grass, of riding bike with Ersoy, and of my final season of hand-ball.

As I sat in a corner of the house later on, alone, the bully did not seem to matter anymore, only the good times mattered. Only everything that I was going to miss seemed to bother me. I then began to realize how much of myself was Turkish. I left part of myself there that day. A part that I plan to retrieve.

Blood on the Moon

By Ron Embleton

The night was clear and cold. The harvest moon was at its fullest. Every house, tree, and clump of grass seemed to glow with a natural luminescence like the glowing-in-the-dark hands of an alarm clock. It was so bright I could drive without headlights.

I was on a roll and on the run. Driven by impulse, passion and a good deal of rebellion, I found myself reaching out to embrace life and everything in it that caught my eye. Little did I realize that I was just a few minutes away from a series of events that would affect my life for years to come.

I was proud of my 1956 classic pickup truck. Its chrome wheels and deep metallic paint job were catching moon beams all their own as I sped down the highway. My truck was my ticket to freedom to go where
I pleased and do what I wanted, so I thought. It was a statement of how I wanted others to perceive me just as a billboard promotes the best points of a product.

Like the motor of my truck, my mind was also racing. I was holding down a job by day and moonlighting by night. My girl was far away in Kentucky and my car was in pieces in the shop at home. Not wanting to be left out of anything, I was returning from a dismal practice with the youth choir at church.

My mind was on the transmission that I was attempting to install in the car at home. Mechanics is not my strong suite, so frustration also was stirring into the mixture of my mind’s assorted plans and responsibilities.

I was running out of time, I pulled the switch to the headlights out, illuminating the road I was driving down by the light of the moon and mashed the pedal to the floor. The six cylinder engine under the hood began to pound out the horsepower, throbbing like a heavy metal drum solo. The roar of the engine, the whine of the tires, and the rattling of the windows in the wind was the type of concert I knew best, and my adrenaline level surged with the speedometer.

I was a quarter mile away from home when it happened. There in midair, directly in front of my headlights, was the biggest buck I had ever seen, bounding across the road. Instinctively, my foot came down hard on the brake as my eyes caught the needle hovering on eighty miles an hour. Darkness exploded before my eyes as the hood of the truck came up on impact and wrapped like cellophane over the cab. I shook my head to see if I was conscious. Blackness filled the cab and I couldn’t see a thing.

With my vision impaired, my next assessment told me I was still moving, rapidly. My memory and driving skills took over. I knew the road so I felt my way over to the sand of the roadside shoulder and gently braked the truck. Miraculously I stopped without hitting anything else.

In shock, I climbed out of the truck and surveyed the damage. In the light of the remaining headlight, the limp and broken body of the buck lay straddling the white bumper now covered with blood and hair. I reached under the truck and retrieved the mutilated head and antlers. The buck was dead.

A few days later, my uncle heard about the incident. “Ron,” he said, “God is trying to get your attention.” I hated him for saying that. But deep inside I knew he was right. Slowly, I began to take stock of my life. It reminded me of a pot of boiling water left alone on the stove: hot air, steam and dryness, leaving only a white residue.

A lot has changed since then. Occasionally, I find myself back in the driver’s seat, speeding along again with my foot to the floor. Today it is no longer the full moon but the Son who helps me to see my way.

Nervous Anticipation

By Lynette Schrock

The night had finally arrived. I had been waiting and planning months and now my chance was just around the corner. As I sat in the stuffy auditorium waiting for my turn to play, my mind wandered through the past few months. Vivid images of hours spent at the piano doing painstaking fingerwork came to my mind. Above the rustling of the audience as they glanced through the program, I could hear my family’s stifled moans. Yes, those hours of practice had been long, tiresome and boring. Would they be worth it all for me tonight?

The lights in the auditorium were dimmed and we sat in darkness, broken only by the spotlight shining on the piano. As I realized the implications of the darkness, I began to feel the first real jitters of nervousness.

I felt stupid for being nervous. I was big stuff now—a junior in high school and the most advanced piano player in the bunch. I thought I should look and act my part. To ease the nervousness that I didn’t want anyone to know I was feeling, I turned and whispered down the line, “I wish they would hurry up and get these little guys out of the way. It seems like if you’ve heard one, you’ve heard them all.”

The girl to my left was named Rorie. She smiled and nodded in response to my comment. She was a pretty blond girl of fourteen and well on her way to bettering me.

With years of practice, I had acquired the ability to tune people out, a skill I used mostly at recitals. I applied it with zeal during the first two-thirds of the program. The sound of the air conditioner kicking on brought me back to the recital. To my dismay, I noticed that Janice Weber, only four years away from me, was on the stage performing.

“Uh-oh. Time to get moving here,” I prompted myself. I cringed as I heard her inadvertently tap the wrong keys. I leaned to Rorie, “No big deal,” I assured her. “Everybody makes at least a little mistake.” That comment was a lie. As each person made a progressively more noticeable mistake than the previous performer, my palms began to sweat and my stomach began to churn. The smell of rarely worn perfume and cologne only nauseated me. My heart began to pound as I realized the effect this could
have on me.

I stole a glance at Mrs. Bilbo, my teacher. She was as regal and confident as ever, but I saw a few fine lines of worry around her mouth. Panic crept over me as I realized her fears. I wanted to please her so much.

I glanced up as I heard Rorie finish her piece. My turn had come.

I struggled to look composed and professional as I walked toward the platform. As I walked, I began to mentally play parts of Hallelujah, the piece I was going to play. Somewhere, all my mental playing couldn’t shake the gnawing fear that I too could do poorly.

As I sat down and arranged my skirt, I felt as if I hand myself were there watching and standing. As I played, the first resounding chord, the audience rose to its feet. “Oh, no!” my mind seemed to say. “I knew you were going to do this! I don’t want you to please sit back down.”

I had known that audiences always stand for Hallelujah, but somehow I still wasn’t prepared. I tried to ignore them, but it felt as if they were peering over my shoulder.

I was doing just fine as I rounded the corner of the second page, when suddenly I had no idea what was to come next. My mind was as empty as a rain barrel in the Sahara Desert.

I was totally humiliated, but I had to stop. I felt the audience give a collective gasp, and I knew my worst fear had materialized. I turned around and stole an agonized glance at my teacher. She nodded and mouthed the words, “Start over.”

It was the hardest thing I had ever done in my life, but somehow I accomplished it. I even managed to put a tiny smile on my face as I rose to curtesy. It was at that moment that I realized I could rise above failure and humiliation. It was a lesson well taken and never forgotten.
ANNOUNCING

RBI Alumni Homecoming

April 22-24, 1994

Theme: “An Unchanging God in a Changing World”

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

FRIDAY EVENING:
• RBI students will present Dear and Glorious Physician; this performance limited to alumni, friends, and family.

SATURDAY MORNING:
• Early morning recreation in gym
• Morning service in chapel includes Praise & Worship, Special Music, and Testimonies
• Chorus rehearsal

SATURDAY AFTERNOON:
• Recreation and Mini Classes by Alvin Yoder, Jon Showalter, Elmer Lehman, Willard Mayer, Dale Keffer, Leon Weber, and Walter Beachy

SATURDAY EVENING:
• Evening service in chapel includes Praise & Worship, Special Music, President and President-elect dialogue, and an address by Elmer Jantzi
• Recreation in gym, video in chapel, snacks and fellowship in cafeteria

SUNDAY MORNING:
• Morning service in chapel includes Praise & Worship, Mass Chorus, Sharing and Testimonies, and an address by James Miller.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:
• Public performance of Dear and Glorious Physician

TO OBTAIN TICKETS FOR DRAMA:
All seats are reserved by bench on a first come first serve basis. To reserve your ticket, call BEFORE Friday, April 15. You can pick up your tickets when you register. Special ticket for Sunday afternoon are $5.00 and $4.00 and may be reserved by the general public at any time.

REGISTER NOW TO ATTEND!

NAME: ___________________________ PHONE: ___________________________

ADDRESS: ___________________________

# of adults _______ # of children attending _______ Age(s) of children: ___________________________

☑ YES! I plan to attend

I (we) need lodging: _______ dorm _______ area home Rates: Adults (11 yrs. and up): $4/night; Children (3-10): $2; (under 2): N/C

Meals needed ($2.50 per meal):
☑ Friday supper ☐ Saturday brunch ☐ Saturday supper ☐ Sunday breakfast ☐ Sunday lunch ☐ Sunday supper

☑ YES! I (we) plan to attend Dear and Glorious Physician (indicate quantity):

__________________ Friday 7:00 p.m. ____________________ Sunday 2:30 p.m.
Intimacy with God: A Place of Sending

Tom sat in my office and asked with a pleading tone, “Paul, what is God’s will for my life. There are three areas of service I could be involved in. I’m not sure what I should do. What do you think?” Instantly, I felt God give me a word that this young man needed to hear. “Tom, I know exactly what God’s plan is for you. He wants you to be totally lost in Him.” It was not a very explicit answer, but I personally believe that the secret of the Christian is a life of devotion and intimacy with Jesus Christ. We spend so much time toiling over what God’s will is for our lives, and other questions of this nature. Often these questions are motivated by the desire to be noticed, to count, or to be a success in life and not out of the womb of a relationship with Jesus. Out of relationship comes the desire simply to be assimilated into Him, to be a nobody.

One part of human nature that plays into this is that we often substitute intellectual belief for personal belief. This is why so many get devoted to causes and so few to Jesus Christ. As Oswald Chambers said so well in My Utmost for His Highest, “People do not want to be devoted to Jesus, but only to the cause. Our Lord’s first obedience was to the will of His Father, not to the needs of men; the saving of men was a natural outcome of His obedience to the Father. If I am devoted to the cause of humanity only, I will soon be exhausted and come to the place where my love will falter; but if I love Jesus Christ personally and passionately, I can serve humanity though men treat me as a doormat.”

Let us press into a life of intimacy with our Father. A relationship with Him is a prerequisite for ministry! May our ministries be those wells that spring up within us out of devotion and intimate encounters with God.