CREEKSTONES
STORIES FROM THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE
Welcome

“Everyone has a story.” I’ve been in the writing and publishing business long enough to have seen this truth repeated over and over—from manuscripts filled with amazing stories never published to published best-sellers. So it follows that everyone who claimed Houghton College as home for a few years has a story about Houghton and its impact on their lives.

These stories need to be told. The common ground shared by over 20,000 alumni is a brief span of time in the hills of western New York. Houghton inspired us, changed us, watched us grow, and then sent us off into our various vocations scattered around the globe. As I began the process of gathering and enjoying these stories, it became clear that Houghton College has never wavered from year by year influencing students to ask questions, to find answers, and to seek the Savior—whether by way of chapel or Spiritual Emphasis Week, an overseas trip, the example of a beloved professor or coach, a difficult struggle or tragedy, or just in a quiet conversation in the dorm with a friend.

These stories represent alumni from 1942 though 2012. I found it fascinating that the world changes but the young woman who arrived by train with one suitcase in the early 1940s had many of the same feelings as the student who drove up to campus in the early 2000s with laptop and cell phone in hand. We’ve arranged the book to take you back to the summer before the school year begins, arrival on campus, and then following through the seasons. I hope it brings back wonderful memories of a very special time in your life.

Houghton College has touched us all. These are our stories.

—Linda Chaffee Taylor, Class of 1980
Special thanks to
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The stories contained in the following pages do not necessarily represent the views and opinions of Houghton College.
I pray that out of his glorious riches he may strengthen you with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith.

(Ephesians 3:16-17 NIV)

During the hot summer of 1950, I spent several months involved in the construction of what is now the center section of Gillette (formerly East) Hall. With other student laborers, I dug ditches, gathered stones from the river, pushed wheelbarrows full of fresh cement up ramps to pour into the foundation forms, and tried to keep up with some summer school studies.

Today when I read the Scripture section of Paul's prayer in Ephesians 3, I relive in memory those halcyon days of work and study—one building a foundation for a dorm, the other building a foundation for a college degree. Here Paul is saying that not only ought we to be rooted in Christ, and thus be partakers of His life (like branches on the Vine), but that He must be the foundation upon which the whole structure of our life is to be erected. “For no one can lay any foundation other than the one already laid, which is Jesus Christ” (1 Corinthians 3:11 NIV).

At Houghton, I learned that there were other foundations upon which to build: friendships, social interests, ambitions, church relationships, Purple and Gold rivalries, Lanthorn publication, science clubs, etc., but these were just ancillary to that of the basic foundation of being fully grounded in Christ. And that foundation needed something built upon it—at Houghton, a dorm; in living, grace and love.

We all worked hard that summer! Laying the foundation and then building that girls’ dorm was tough, demanding labor. There was no let-up and the efforts kept pace. I often wonder how much sweat I am willing to expend in building a life on the foundation of the prophets and apostles with my Lord as the chief cornerstone.
O God, forgive my times of shabby building, of feeble upkeep and lack of repairs to my soul home. Help me more and more to know the love that surpasses knowledge through Christ, my Lord.

Tom McInnes (Class of 1953)
Active in community/religious activities at Willow Manor retirement community in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Fun Fact
On April 7, 1923, the New York State Board of Regents granted Houghton its provisional charter. Houghton College was born!

Building Houghton College: Part One

May the favor of the Lord our God rest upon us; establish the work of our hands for us—yes, establish the work of our hands.  
(Psalms 90:17 NIV)

God builds the future—and is building Houghton College—by intertwining the actions of people with His actions.

In the beginning, Houghton itself began with the prayer of one man: Edmund Palmer. One day over a century ago, this one man was vexed by the wickedness he saw in Houghton. A canal ran through Houghton at that time. The men who worked on the canal hauling barges with their mules were constant sources of drunkenness and debauchery. Because of its location, Houghton was a favorite place for these men to stop and “party.” Their carousing disrupted the Sabbath. And so Houghton became known as the most wicked stop on the canal.

When Edmund Palmer could stand it no longer, he knelt down in a field where he could see and hear the evil that was engulfing Houghton. He prayed, “Lord, let this place some day be as noted for its righteousness as it is now for its wickedness.” The founding of Houghton College years later near that field where he prayed is seen as God’s answer to his prayer—the establishment of the work of His hands by turning Houghton into a Promised Land that is good, that is very good. Thus, Houghton College traces it origins back to a mixture of a human acting by praying and of God acting to answer that prayer through additional countless human actions.

Was this mere luck? Mere coincidence? Or was it the hand of God working with the hands of humans?

Many years passed. Houghton College was growing. It needed a larger chapel than the small auditorium on the top floor of Fancher. It needed to build Wesley Chapel. From one perspective, of course, humans built Wesley Chapel. But from a deeper, truer perspective, it
was God who built the chapel. This can be seen from two stories about its construction. The first story involves how the college obtained the stone for the exterior of the chapel.

The college hoped to use the same kind of field stone that had graced the exterior of Luckey. But there was a problem. The fieldstone was on the land of someone who would only sell it to the college at an exorbitant price—far more than the college could afford. What to do? The leaders of the college prayed for God’s help and guidance. A short time later, a massive rainstorm caused a surge of water that pushed much of the fieldstone onto another person’s land. This person was more than happy to sell the fieldstone to the college at a reasonable price.

Was this mere luck? Mere coincidence? Or was it the hand of God working with the hands of humans? (For the next part of the story, see the next reading.)

 Thank You, Lord, for Your hand on Houghton College.

Tim Harner (Class of 1977)

Based on passage from Lighting the World, pp. 159-164, ©2004 by Timothy R. Harner. Used by permission.

Building Houghton College: Part Two

May the favor of the Lord our God rest upon us; establish the work of our hands for us—yes, establish the work of our hands.
(Psalms 90:17 NIV)

The second story involves the completion of the roof for the chapel. Winter was closing in. The roof was still not on. The builders needed one more day to finish the roof, but snow was forecast. The builders prayed. Snow came anyway. Snow blanketed the Southern Tier . . . except at the construction site of the chapel! No snow fell there that day! And so the builders got the extra day they needed to complete their work.

Was this mere luck? Mere coincidence? Or was it the hand of God working with the hands of humans?

A classic hymn answers these questions: “To God Be the Glory.” Furthermore, this hymn is linked to another moment in the lore of Houghton when God and humans worked together to establish the worship of the Lord in spirit and in truth.

During my years at Houghton, South Vietnam fell to the Communists. These events touched Houghton directly when the daughter of the retired, legendary president, Dr. Stephen W. Paine, and her family were captured by the Communists and held captive. (They had been translating the Bible into the language of a Laotian tribe.) The college community prayed without ceasing for their safety and freedom. At last, our prayers were answered. They were coming home—home to Houghton!

They arrived after dark. We welcomed them with a torchlight parade. Torches lined the road that wound from Main Street up the hill to President Paine’s house. The bells of the church rang. People cheered. Together we sang “To God Be the Glory.”

As we finished the chorus, I remember a brief, awkward silence.
Because of Houghton

And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake. And be at peace among yourselves.

(1 Thessalonians 5:12-13 KJV)

Because of Houghton . . .

. . . I was raised by a Christian mom who had become a Christian while a Houghton student.

. . . I found my husband of 51 years.

. . . I spoke with a classmate on the phone yesterday to whom I had not spoken since graduation almost 52 years ago.

. . . my husband and I prayed for John's back surgery this morning.

He's married to my Houghton roommate of four years!

. . . my husband and I have sweet rolls on Sunday morning, thanks to memories of Grace Terry.

. . . I have been privileged to experience two genuine revivals, spontaneous outpourings of the Holy Spirit that caused students to repent, classes to be set aside, students to go out and share their glowing testimonies with shining faces, and people to drive to Houghton from near and far to experience what they had heard about.

. . . my sister, called as a child to be a missionary nurse, met her missionary doctor husband and together they served as pioneer medical missionaries in the remote interior highlands of New Guinea.

. . . through Foreign Missions Fellowship my early interest in missions continued to grow and I'm happy to have served with my husband in Irian Jaya with Stone Age people and for 13 years in Haiti.

. . . I also had a career as a teacher, working in both public and Christian schools.

. . . my son learned French and had experience abroad in France.

Fun Fact

On March 28, 1957, ground was broken for Wesley Chapel and the cornerstone laid on June 1 of the same year.
Today he serves the Lord faithfully as a Christian counselor.

... during a “crisis” of faith in my late 30s, the Lord used the freeing of Dr. Paine’s daughter and son-in-law from captivity in Vietnam to demonstrate to me that He really could be trusted.

... I heard Rev. Angel’s memorable series of sermons that each denomination is a facet shining forth one major doctrine and when all are placed together the gem illuminates the complete Biblical message.

... I realized that there really are Christians in other denominations besides mine, and this has been so helpful and enlarging all through my life.

Thank You, Father, for all those Houghtonians who had so much to do with how my life has been and continues to be.

Donnabelle (Ruth Pagett) Doan (Class of 1957)

She and her husband retired from the mission field in 2001 where they served as volunteer missionaries in the country then known as Irian Jaya on the island of New Guinea. There they lived for a year and a half in a valley of people who were still Stone Age. After that, they became full time Wesleyan missionaries for thirteen and a half years on the island of LaGonave in Haiti. Currently, they are living in Warren, Pennsylvania, where she plays keyboard for the local Warren Wesleyan Church.

Since my birthplace is Houghton, all my early influence was pointing me toward God who loved me with an everlasting love. All my teachers from grade school through college were Christian, but I still had to make my own decision to follow Christ. There was always a desire to do God’s will, yet I also always seemed to wonder whether I was saved.

One August before entering college while attending the young people’s camp meeting service in the college chapel (now named Fancher Hall), I went forward during the altar call. Dr. S. I. and Alice McMillan, returned missionaries from Africa, were the camp youth workers. While praying with me, Dr. McMillan took off his wristwatch and said, “If I told you, you could have this watch, you would have to reach out and take it. That is the same with salvation.” I didn’t feel anything then, but the next day the sky seemed bluer, the grass greener, and the birds’ songs more melodious.

During my college years, I attended the Friday noon prayer and fasting where fellow students were brought before the Lord in prayer. In my own life, I wondered what was going to be the next move. After college, I had applied for nursing school at Buffalo Deaconess Hospital. So in the summer of 1949 during my morning devotions while reading the Bible, I asked God, “Is attending nursing school Your will or my desire?” A verse came to mind, Isaiah 30:21, “And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left” (KJV).

So I turned to Isaiah 30 and read the entire chapter. The words

For the people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem: thou shalt weep no more: he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee.

(Isaiah 30:19 KJV)
of verse 19 seemed to pop out at me, “For the people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem: thou shalt weep no more: he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee” (KJV). When Dad came home at noon with the mail, a letter from Buffalo Hospital School of Nursing informed me that I was accepted for training.

That Isaiah verse has been my strength throughout the following years.

*Thank You, Lord, for the promise of answering us.*

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**Laura V. Fancher (Class of 1949)**
Served as missionary with Child Evangelism Fellowship in Portugal; is a retired nurse from Highland Hospital, living in Rochester, New York.

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**Fun Fact**
In 1988, through a stunning, but tenuous, engineering feat that saw axles break and walls crack, the iconic Fancher building—one time Jennings Hall and the first building on the current campus—was moved across the street to its present location.

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My first memories of Houghton were as a child. My dad grew up there and went to the Academy and College and eventually taught there, so when we visited my grandparents we would often visit the campus. I followed my brother to school there and also met my husband. I felt very much at home and loved being involved with many campus activities like cheerleading, waitressing, and gymnastics in the “tab”—the gymnastics building, also used as a “tabernacle” for special meetings.

With all the lessons learned in and out of the classroom, the most lasting were the times I was challenged spiritually. My “textbook” knowledge of the Bible and Christian life was challenged while working with Campus Crusade on secular campuses. I had to go beyond what I could quote in order to develop a “real life” testimony to share when I was exposed to those with little or no knowledge of the Bible.

Teaching in Craig Colony (for the mentally challenged) may have been a first step in my work with special needs children for 20 years. Little did I know that a phrase I wrote in the back of my Bible would become my life’s calling: “Take the Gospel to those despised by the world, deceived by the devil and disappointed by the church.” As God led me later into prison ministry, I found it became my passion to help these hurting women who had made wrong choices, often due to emotional trauma in their lives. I saw my own daughters go through that trauma when their dad left and I learned that emotional pain can trump all the head knowledge and lead to wrong choices. But God can redeem any situation. Though a Psychology major, I learned most of what it takes to recover and help others by going through the process of taking God
More Than Just a College

He who was seated on the throne said, “I am making everything new!” Then he said, “Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true.”

(Revelation 21:5 NIV)

God used Houghton College as a hinge-pin to change the trajectory of my life in significant ways. I dropped out of high school in the beginning of my junior year. I lacked ambition and a sense of purpose for my life. One year later I entered into a relationship with Jesus Christ that began to change me from the inside out. I got my high school diploma through a GED program and began pursuing a degree in business at a community college. However, through a variety of circumstances, I sensed God was calling me into pastoral ministry. My Wesleyan pastor recommended I apply for admission to Houghton College.

When I applied I wasn’t sure my application would be accepted and, if it was, where would I find the money to afford such a quality education? Well, I was graciously received by administrators and educators at Houghton who saw more potential in me than I perceived in myself. What is more, because of the faithfulness of donors, I received enough financial aid to attend and graduate from Houghton College in 1996 with a BA in Religion.

Although I was once a purposeless high school dropout, today I am serving as the lead pastor of a community-impacting church and equipping other aspiring pastors for ministry. Additionally, Houghton fostered in me a love for learning that inspired me to complete a doctoral degree. The years I spent as a student at Houghton College were pivotal in changing the “before” picture of my life to how it looked after my time at Houghton. The power of Christ working through Houghton College increased my passion for learning and for serving the needs of the world in the name of Jesus. The mentors and friends I found at Houghton College

Lord, thank You for teaching me all the time, watching over me, and allowing me to use the lessons You’ve taught me in order to help others.

Nancy (Smith) Vicalvi (Class of 1971)
Now living in Texas near all of her seven grandkids, serving as a prayer counselor and leading a “Living Single Again” class.

Fun Fact
Volume I of the college yearbook, The Boulder, was published in 1924 by the junior class of Houghton College and Seminary. The class of 1925 would be the first graduating class.
have been pivotal in my formation not only as a pastor, but as a person. Houghton brought me the woman who is now my wife, and the fruits of our relationship are three beautiful children ages six, five, and three.

Houghton College has always been so much more than an educational institution to me; it is a community of thoughtful Christ-followers that is shaping tomorrow’s leaders. I know this because God used Houghton College to shape me.

Almighty God, I thank You for Your ability to make all things new. I thank You for redeeming and restoring the world, making it new, through Jesus Christ the God-Man. Thank You for using the community called Houghton College as part of Your plan to restore the paradise the human race lost. Use our lives, gracious God, and Houghton College as Your partners in the restoration of this world You created and love. Amen.

Lenny Luchetti (Class of 1996)
Pastor for fifteen years, most recently at the Stroudsburg Wesleyan Church, which is a multi-ethnic, inter-generational, and socio-economically diverse community seeking to embody the values of Christ’s kingdom. He will be transitioning to a full-time faculty position at Indiana Wesleyan University’s Wesley Seminary in Marion, Indiana in the summer 2010.

The Highlander Lesson

Do not let any unwholesome talk come out of your mouths, but only what is helpful for building others up according to their needs, that it may benefit those who listen.

(Ephesians 4:29 niv)

The Highlander is a wilderness program for incoming freshmen that, at the time I was in school, was run by Doris Neilsen. I signed up for it in the spring and trained diligently through the summer months—running a mile or more a day, swimming laps, doing sit-ups and push-ups, and breaking in my hiking boots. I read all the books that we were supposed to read prior to the big Highlander trip in August.

All of that was beneficial in surviving the course, but nothing was as powerful as encouragement. When I found myself on top of a thirty-foot pole (known then as the “Pamper Pole”) on a one-foot by one-foot platform needing to jump to a bigger platform at that height, my being in shape physically meant very little. As the minutes ticked off, it was the encouragement from fellow classmates below that helped me to make that frightening, literal “leap of faith.”

Over and over again throughout that course, it was the positive words of fellow Highlanders that helped me to keep moving upward on a vertical rock face, to release my grip on a secure fixture to walk on only a rope in the air, or to hike another mile along the Appalachian Trail when my blistered feet screamed for me to stop. Their words were always positive—providing gentle reassurance to work a little harder, overcome my fears, and trust others and God with my life.

If positive words are so powerful, why don’t we speak them more often? If someone had mocked me or laughed at me while my legs were trembling in fear, I would have crumbled. If someone had impatiently barked for me to “hurry up,” I may have done it out of shame rather than courage. If I had been ignored, I would probably still be stuck in my insecurity and lack of faith.
Every Time I Remember

Every time I think of you, I give thanks to my God. Whenever I pray, I make my requests for all of you with joy, for you have been my partners in spreading the Good News about Christ from the time you first heard it until now.

(Philippians 1:3-5 NLT)

I heard about Houghton from my pastor’s wife when I was in high school. It sounded like a wonderful place. I set my heart on Houghton. I had no idea that I would be there for twenty-three years—four as a student, nineteen as a member of the staff.

Many memories represent the best of Houghton for me:
- Women’s choir
- East Hall (Gillette)
- Being an RA
- Dinners at Professor Dick Wing’s house
- Small group with Mrs. Ruth Hutton
- Saturday morning trips downtown to the country store
- Reading my essay in Professor Jack Leax’s class
- Intramural volleyball
- Great classes with Professors Daryl Stevenson and Paul Young
- Serving on staff cabinet
- Editing the alumni magazine

Always when I think of Houghton I see people: Dick and Lois Wing, Dean and Carmen Liddick, Ruth Boon, Gus and Louise Prinsell, Herschel Ries, Mike and Val Smith, and so many others. They have all had a part in making me who I am. It seems like I lived my whole past in that little town. As I live out the next twenty-three years, it is a blessing to reflect on those years, some of the best of my life.

When I was a student it seemed like those four years would never
end. Then, before I knew it, they were over and I was into a career, into a marriage, into family life. Those years as a Houghton student were blessed years. Houghton is a special place. I cherish those years. I cherish the friends I made during those years. I cherish the knowledge I gained and how my faith grew and continues to grow.

Lord, thank You for the people You have brought into my life through Houghton, then and now.

Cynthia (Machamer) Leavell (Class of 1985)
Associate director of development communications at the University at Buffalo, Buffalo, New York.

Fun Fact
A member of the class of 1939 recalls a year when a group of theology students put a cow in the chapel. They got it in the chapel, but they couldn’t get it out. The cow wouldn’t move.
teammates I grew in persistence, self-acceptance, inter-dependence and trust.

Since that adventure, I have experienced times that reminded me of Houghton and those first days in the wild. They reminded me to depend on God for my strength and to accept His provision of other people in my life to help lighten my load and keep me company on the journey. So too, God has used me as a vessel of His support and encouragement to others as they go through their own Highlander moments.

The LORD is my strength and my shield; my heart trusts in him, and I am helped. My heart leaps for joy and I will give thanks to him in song. (Psalm 28:7 NIV)

Dawn (Murphy) Del Guercio (Class of 1995)
Executive assistant to the general counsel of a national real estate company, currently living in Dover, New Jersey, with husband, Ted, and two cats.

Fun Fact

President Profile:
James Seymour Luckey was the first president of Houghton College. He served from 1907–1936.

The guidance for our lives by God’s “eye” seems to operate so differently in the lives of many of us. George Johnson, my classmate, knew when he came to Houghton College that he was headed into gospel ministry and that he would marry Jan, which he did. Folks like me don’t seem to sense God’s leading so clearly and for the long run. We have to move along by a series of nudges from God, His people, and numerous open and closed doors. Isn’t God gracious to meet our needs even when we are dull of perception a lot of the time?

As a Pre-med major I had academic problems and God’s servant, Dr. George Moreland, redirected my life plan by advising me to find a new major. During the same semester, an attractive female classmate declined my offer of future matrimony. With a rejection and a 1.5 GPA, I was depressed and wondering if I was really college material. Recovery came from the counsel of good friends and Dr. Marvin Nelson, the new psychology professor who opened up to me the fascinating field of interpersonal relationships and human behavior. This helped shape my future career. My emotional recovery was completed when Jan Meade came on campus as a freshman and our relationship blossomed into a forty-seven year marriage. We married after I did some graduate work, but a growing family kept me from my next career goal of teaching psychology in a Christian college.

After ten years in corporate personnel administration jobs, I moved into the new field of executive search and opened my own firm. A Christian contact offered me the opportunity to do a search to find the
president of World Vision International. I have never worked with the business-oriented methodologies within a Christian organization, and was only able to complete my job after many nights of diligent prayer. That successful search led to over fifty subsequent successful searches for evangelical groups and encouraging a number of other search firms to also devote part of their practice to serving Christian organizations.

It seems likely that I needed extra years of preparation before I was ready for God to use my gifts in any significant way. Or, maybe I was just very slow to hear His guiding voice. Looking back now over eighty years, I can see how faithful God is in His leading us and guiding our steps, even when we may not be listening for His voice or discerning His guiding "eye."

Thank You for providing me with the vision I so badly needed.

Bob Dingman (Class of 1950)
Retired for ten years from executive recruiting, which included finding presidents for Christian organizations like Young Life, InterVarsity, World Vision International, Belhaven College, Denver Seminary, George Fox University, Mission Aviation Fellowship, etc. Served on boards of Whitworth University, Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability, the Salvation Army, and Mission Aviation Fellowship. Currently resides with wife Irene in Thousand Oaks, California.

In His Hands

Teach me your way, O LORD, and I will walk in your truth; give me an undivided heart, that I may fear your name. I will praise you, O Lord my God, with all my heart; I will glorify your name forever.
(Psalm 86:11-12 NIV)

God is full of surprises! Imagine Him calling me—of all people—into ministry! I will never fully understand why, but I am humbled and grateful for the opportunity to serve Him.

When I think back to my college days at Houghton, having only just given my heart to Jesus the year before I arrived as a freshman, I see how His hand guided me through all the times of questioning my newfound faith. Many of my friends had undivided hearts, with the ambition to serve God above all else. They set a standard for me. The professors I was privileged to learn from were strong examples of godly men and women. My impressionable heart slowly grew to know and understand God's deep love for me.

As a Communications and Outdoor Recreation major, I never even dreamed of a future in pastoral ministry, nor did I take a Bible or Religion course that wasn't required for graduation. My long-term goals were centered on graduate school and my future career. My short-term goals were to have fun with my friends, be involved in as many activities as I could, and to get good grades.

When God surprised me with my most favorite Houghton blessing—my husband Bob—my goals began to change. Suddenly I didn’t have a strong desire to center my life on my career. Instead, I wanted more than anything to be a godly wife. As Bob and I became parents, my goals once again changed as I added being a godly mother to my list! All of this time, I was growing spiritually, my faith being nurtured as we raised our children here in Houghton.

As I approached my fortieth birthday and the completion of my
DMin degree, I felt the unmistakable nudge of the Holy Spirit leading me toward becoming ordained in the Wesleyan Church. I was so amazed that God was calling me! I prayed, sought advice, dragged my feet, questioned, and tried to ignore this feeling, wondering if the Holy Spirit had the wrong address! There was no getting around it. I gave up fighting, prayed for courage, and started through the doors God was opening up for me. So, here I am—Outreach Pastor at the Houghton Wesleyan Church. Nothing God wants me to do from here on will surprise me! My future is in His hands. My goal is to learn His ways, walk in His truth, have an undivided heart, and praise and glorify His name forever.

Are you wondering what God’s will is for your life? Don’t be surprised where He will lead you!

Lord, please help me to allow You to lead me in all I do. Help me to know Your will and then to have the courage to choose to do Your will above all else.

Laurie (Middleton) Smalley (Class of 1984)
Outreach Pastor at the Houghton Wesleyan Church; chaplain at the Houghton nursing home, instructor of Bible at Houghton Academy.

Repentance and Rest

This is what the Sovereign Lord, the Holy One of Israel, says: “In repentance and rest is your salvation, in quietness and trust is your strength, but you would have none of it. You said, ‘No, we will flee on horses.’ Therefore you will flee!”

(Isaiah 30:15-16 NIV)

I came to Houghton because of the snow, the eagle statue, and Highlander. I came unsettled and insecure. I came restless and unprepared for God’s plans and purposes. From the minute I arrived at the gym for Highlander, I spent the next four years of my life running: hiking, biking, swimming, dating, learning, trying, failing, building, and bonding. I rarely stopped to listen.

Many times I was pushed to new limits that challenged my sense of self, my understanding of God, and my willingness to yield. I discovered I was stubborn, scared, and proud. The Lord challenged me to get beyond myself and to allow Him to do His perfect work in me.

In fact, during a mission trip to NYSUM (New York School of Urban Ministries) as a freshman, a Spanish pastor spoke to me saying if I yielded everything to the Lord—my art, my plans, my relationships, and my heart—He could use me for great works. This was the third time a pastor I had never met gave me this same admonition.

What was God trying to say? Did I really want to know? Was I going to stop long enough to listen? If I kept running what would happen?

Well I did keep running, and God kept pursuing. At all turns, in all circumstances, He faithfully, gently, and lovingly pursued me. Finally, on a mountaintop in Kenya in 1998 I repented and returned in order to begin seeking His plans for my life and not my own. Ten years later, I am beginning to see His work through me and find myself constantly returning and resting in Him.
“Go out and stand before me on the mountain,” the LORD told him.
And as Elijah stood there, the LORD passed by and . . . there was the
sound of a gentle whisper.

(1 Kings 19:11-12 NLT)

Glacier National Park, Montana, May 19, 2009: I awoke to our
camper swaying gently. As I sat up and swung my feet off the
couch where I had slept, I was careful to avoid stepping on two of my
daughters sleeping soundly on the floor. Outside the wind was howling,
carrying the snow in a horizontal path. I smiled as I surveyed the nine
prone sleeping bags, some of which snored in the gray morning light.
Tugging at the corner of a memory was the vision of a dozen weary,
make that exhausted, hikers in my group of Highlanders.

Houghton College, August, 1987: I don’t recall why, but we
called ourselves the “Dark Force Bug-o-Buckets.” On the Highlander
Adventure, our merry little group began our first tentative steps toward
friendship on the Ropes Course. Bonds were strengthened as we belayed
each other on the rocky cliffs of Rattlesnake Point in Ontario. Any
remaining barriers were broken down as we hiked mile after blistering
mile through the Susquehannock State Forest in Pennsylvania. On the
solo, twenty-four hours alone in the woods, my faith was tested.

The solo provided a respite for my aching, weary body. But once
in complete solitude, I was left with only my thoughts. Alone in the
forest without the clamor of everyday life, I was able to sit quietly and
really listen for the first time. To pray aloud seemed awkward; I set my
thoughts on things above as I cast my eyes upon creation and waited for
God’s voice.

He met me there in the stillness. He convicted, forgave, encouraged,
and uplifted me. I found myself quietly singing the hymns I had known
since childhood, the power of their lyrics—for the first time—not lost
on my grateful soul.
The Highlander Adventure provided me with lifetime memories, gave me a love of the natural world that exists to this day, and showed me I could rely on others as well as allow others to rely on me. But the ultimate experience was gaining a heart-knowledge of the loving God whom I had always known, but never before really experienced.

On that solo, my adventure had only just begun. How delighted I am that it continues to this day!

Dear Father, help me to wait quietly in Your presence with reverence for all You have done. Speak to my heart with Your gentle whisper.

Carol (Chaffee) Fielding (Class of 1991)
Freelance writer, wife, and home-schooling mom of three future Houghton grads.

Fun Fact
Telephone service reached the village of Houghton in 1910 and the seminary rented a party-line crank telephone.
been a good experience for me. I look back now and see that God chose to show me His grace and strength at the time when I was lost, broken, and alone. That realization gave me the confidence, strength, and perspective that I needed to thrive and grow during my four years at Houghton College. God did not leave me there in the woods but continues to be here when I call. Even now, when I face disappointments about the future or become discouraged during “storms” in my life, God is there.

Lord, You have promised that You will answer when we call. May we cry out to You and rely only on You to meet our needs and to show us the way.

Monica (McCray) Jones (Class of 2005)
Teacher of second and third grades at Corry Alliance Academy in Corry, Pennsylvania.

Fun Fact
The campus radio station, WJSL, is named in honor of James S. Luckey and grew out of a physics class project to build a radio transmitter from surplus materials. It began broadcasting in March 1949.

When God called me to preach the gospel at a Youth Camp, I had no idea how He would accomplish the call He placed upon my heart. I learned later, “He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion” (Philippians 1:6 NIV).

Looking back I see how God placed people in my life to lift and help carry the burdens I would face in college.

The college president encouraged me to make attending and graduating the goal of my life. He said, “Let everything bend to that goal God has given to you.” Giving me personal attention, he was preparing me for the burdens I would face.

One of my greatest burdens in college has become one of the greatest blessings some forty years later, because the student body included those willing to help bear the burden of a fellow student. Throughout campus you could both see and experience the care the student body had each for the other. It was more like family than a massive group of students finding their way through college.

Greek was my burden. Each time the professor took the roll, you answered by the number of hours you spent on Greek since the last class. God sent a classmate to help lift my burden by his tutoring and concern. Many may not know his name but to me the upperclassman, Carlton Clendaniel, was a burden bearer to help me not only learn and pass Greek, but also to keep Greek fresh in my sermon preparation and study over forty-two years later.

As I look back, I see how others lifted my load, gave words of encouragement, and invested in me. Reflecting on the forty-two years of ministry God has given to me, I see how what was passed to me I have by God’s grace passed along to others. It is a wonderful experience to
have someone come alongside you and help you in the time of need. It is also a wonderful experience to come alongside someone in need and help them carry their “burden.” Praise the Lord for a staff and student body who were and are burden bearers.

Heavenly Father, thank You for those who have gone before us and used their abilities and talents to help those who come after them. I pray You will help me to help others as they travel behind me in the valley of Bacca. Thank You for those who help carry others’ burdens.

Marvin H. Dennis (Class of 1966)
Pastor in Carson City, Nevada.

Fun Fact

At some point during his tenure as president, James Luckey went into the seminary’s heating plant after a bucket brigade had doused a fire that broke out there. He took a lantern into the building to investigate, whereupon someone outside saw the lantern and thought the fire had reignited. Luckey was doused with water and—with temperatures at ten degrees below zero—his clothing quickly froze.

Now an angel of the Lord said to Philip, “Go south to the road—the desert road—that goes down from Jerusalem to Gaza.” So he started out, and on his way he met an Ethiopian eunuch, an important official in charge of all the treasury of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians. This man had gone to Jerusalem to worship.

(Acts 8:26-27 NIV)

I recall walking in the dark up a hill behind Houghton College feeling sad and frustrated. I was uncomfortable, not only wondering who I was but not knowing who I even wanted to be. There had to be more to life than just school, work, and a few holidays, but I was afraid there wasn’t. A full and exciting life seemed to be for people who were different from me, people who were outgoing and adventurous, people who had it all together and knew how to go out and get exactly what they wanted.

I took a lot of those walks around campus and the surrounding areas. Sometimes I would lay back on the damp grass next to the road staring at the stars for hours, waiting for a clear answer that never came. I have so many great memories at Houghton—the friends who would always be my family even if I never saw them again, great teachers who opened up my mind to new possibilities, but it was the hard times that had the most impact. I would mull over the Bible verses that said “rejoice in your suffering” that I always despised to remember at those times, but I couldn’t deny the fact that God had brought me to Houghton for a reason.

Not long ago I was reading in Acts about Philip. An angel of the Lord had prompted Philip “Go south to the road—the desert road—that goes down from Jerusalem to Gaza” (Acts 8:26 NIV). I had read the story a million times, but it suddenly dawned on me that God was not asking Philip to go to any particular destination, but to simply walk down a road, and a “desert road” at that.
As I reflect on my time at Houghton, I remember a road that was sometimes barren and difficult to walk, whether because of a difficult class, a broken relationship, or struggles with what my faith really meant to me. I would not be the person I am today without walking down that road. I am forever grateful for the struggles I had in my years at Houghton as well as the opportunities. The most important thing was not the journey itself, but that I obeyed God’s instruction. I found that the greatest miracle was a loving God, who did not ask me to walk to the end of the road but provided my own “Ethiopian eunuch” in the form of people for me to walk beside and encourage, as well as opportunities to discover and develop my gifts and talents. And after having walked that path, I began to grasp that God had more in store for my life than just the “ordinary.”

God says in Jeremiah 29:11, “For I know the plans I have for you,’ declares the LORD, ‘plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future’” (NIV).

Even though you may find yourself at times walking down a “desert road,” don’t forget that God has placed hopes and dreams within you and He wants to see those things satisfied. Always keep your eyes open for the “Ethiopian Eunuchs” that God places on your road so that you don’t miss an opportunity to develop. God has to bring you through the desert so that you can fully appreciate the rain.

Dear Lord, thank You for the difficult times that cause us to grow, even though we may be uncomfortable at the time, we know that You are using them for Your glory and that You are beside us through it all.

Shawna (Lee) Coleing (Class of 2001)
Currently living in Australia with husband Matt and son Seth, with another baby due in August 2010. They are both involved in leadership positions in their church, where she is the missions director. She has recently taken a group to Thailand on the church’s first missions trip. Details of the continuing journey can be found on www.mywaterjar.blogspot.com.
at the end of the course I was still headed toward ministry in Christian Education in the States. After graduation, I worked as a CE director for a church, got married, had two children, and continued using my training in the church and community.

Seven years later, my husband Jim (class of 1977) and I found ourselves applying to teach for one year at a Bible College in Kenya. We still hadn’t felt any leading to career missions, but wanted to help where there was a need for music and Bible/Christian education teachers. We arrived in Kenya in January 1984 and, after a few months, felt a deep joy in training others for ministry. We felt led to extend our time, and that one year has turned into twenty-six! I actually taught missions at the Bible College for a few years, using some of the same material that Prof. Woolsey had me read in 1975.

In 1994, I received a masters degree in Missions/Intercultural Studies at Wheaton Graduate School, enabling me to set up a minor concentration in missions at the Bible College. Twenty of my students have become missionaries with our national church. We are now serving as the field directors for our mission, helping our missionaries to understand the culture and to do their ministries well.

I often encourage visitors and volunteers who come to Kenya that God does not make mistakes. He uses the unplanned events and unexpected turns in the road to prepare and guide us for His good purposes.

O Lord, thank You that You receive the offering of myself to You, and then prepare and direct me to accomplish Your purposes.

Alice (Grunge) Vanderhoof (Class of 1975)
Alice and her husband Jim are country directors for World Gospel Mission in Kenya, East Africa.
be measured, and we need to be filled with Him every day. I have a ring from Israel that has this verse in the shortened version written in Hebrew, “God’s love is without boundaries.”

All that I have learned and experienced in life dims in comparison with my personal relationship with Jesus. Nothing is more important than being ready for the great commencement of the Rapture when we who are in Christ will experience the return of our Lord and Savior Yeshua, the Messiah.

*Thank You Lord, for providing me with a safe place where I could learn the importance of growing closer and closer to You. May others find the same blessing in their lives.*

Karen (Piper) Marnell (Class of 1973 –1974)
Semi-retired from Excellus Blue Cross Blue Shield and married to Tony Marnell, a shoe repairman, currently living in East Syracuse, New York.

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Fun Fact

Houghton Seminary opened its doors on September 15, 1884, even though the school building was not fully completed. The school had a principal, three teachers, and “from seventy to eighty scholars.”
It was different that previous summer. Two weeks before my return to college, with the tears came the sinking realization that this might be the last time I would look upon the endless stretching of the gray Atlantic from the African coast, that I might never return to this place that had served as a haven for me many times in my childhood. This time, the immensity of the ocean only made me long for the past and realize the distance that separates continent from continent. The tossing waves echoed my feeling of being cast from place to place. The unpredictability that I had loved about my young adult life dwindled in sentiment from excitement to dismay. I couldn’t make all the feelings of uncertainty and loneliness stop any more than I could halt the ebb and flow of the tide. With each frothy wave that came and went, I wept, drowned out by the continuous roar of the falls.

Thinking back on that morning now, it comforts me to think that with each of my tears that plink into God’s bottle, He adds yet another word to my story in His book. Every step I take off a plane, every place I rest my head at night, every good-bye I say, they are all in the story, because He wrote them into His book long before I existed. And He is still writing. As erratic as my life has been thus far, there is no promise that the rest of it will be any steadier, because God is a God of stories. And good stories do not have predictable endings. I trust the completion of my story to the Keeper of my tears.

Precious Jesus, Sovereign Author of my life story, You remind me in times of immense loneliness that You wrote Your book long before the stars were in the heavens. Give me eyes to look to You only, that I may have the assurance that any place in this world will be a temporary home until You bring me to You. Amen.

Hannah (Bae) Guillory (Class of 2005)
Wife, teen ministry volunteer, substitute teacher, and peer counselor at local pregnancy resource center; living in Saratoga Springs, New York.

“Baby Steps at Houghton

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the LORD, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.” (Jeremiah 29:11 NIV)

To the best of my knowledge, I am the only Sri Lankan student ever to attend Houghton. How I came to Houghton is a miracle with God’s signature on it. I had gone to church all my life, but had no clue what I believed in. During the first few months at Houghton, I came to the knowledge of what it really meant to be born again! When this realization hit me, I cried and cried for hours. I had experienced new life in Christ and became a new creation, but had no vocabulary to explain or understand it.

Houghton was the place I took baby steps as a Christian. What a place to start a new life! I grew in leaps and bounds. I met people who lived the Christian life all seven days of the week. Before that I had not met such people. For the first time I understood that Christianity was not just a Sunday thing.

Everything about Houghton, the people, the chapels, celebration times on Sunday evenings with Rob and Wendy Jacobson, Steece House, the cafeteria, Big Al’s, and most importantly the community of saints who lived in and around Houghton just mesmerized me. I took in everything because my new life depended on these. Within the first year, I began to have a relationship with God that I had never had in my life.

In the context of that relationship, I actually heard Him speak to me audibly one day during a presentation by two missionaries. They were talking about short-term missions. A light bulb lit in my enthusiastic head. Hey, wouldn’t it be great if some students could go to my country? That’s when I heard that voice, which startled me by saying, “What about you?” I looked around to see who that was and began to get scared when I realized there was no one.
The result was at the end of my sophomore year I led a group of six students from Houghton to Sri Lanka. We went in the summer of 1987, in the midst of a civil war. The six of us students met and ministered with a small band of evangelical youth. The leader of that group became the seventh member of our team. During the two months we stayed there and went around together, I disobeyed all the great advice given to us by Dr. Dave Pollock, and fell in love with the seventh member, who is now my husband, Rev. Cedric Rodrigo.

Unknown to me at the time, he was preparing to go to Australia to study at Kingsley Bible College, a Wesleyan Bible college. Here, I had come to Houghton, another Wesleyan College, in the most amazing way! Ours was a match orchestrated by God in the most unmistakable manner.

In 1989, I graduated from Houghton and returned to Sri Lanka to marry Cedric and then we left for Australia for his Bible training. In spite of experiencing the comforts and relative safety of two of the greatest countries in the world, neither of us had any desire to stay there. Numerous friends offered to sponsor us to either the U.S. or Australia, but our hearts were set on returning to our motherland with the good news of Jesus Christ.

In 1993, we returned with two boys and one on the way. We pioneered the Wesleyan church in Sri Lanka in the living room of a mother and her sons. Today our mother church has 150 believers with two other rural churches and two preaching points. In the midst of death threats to our lives, ever present hostility to Christianity and overt persecution, we are reaching people with the gospel of Christ.

The God we worship most definitely has a great plan for each of our lives.

O Lord, I want to fall in line with Your plans for my life. Your plans are good, will never harm me, and guarantee a future and a hope.

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Sharlini (De Mel) Rodrigo (Class of 1988)
Founder and C.E.O. of Community Hope, the compassionate arm of The Evangelical Wesleyan Church of Sri Lanka; country liaison for World Hope International; teacher at the Colombo Theological Seminary; director of Christian education in her church, and mother of four boys, ages 19, 18, 16 and 15.

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**Picking Apart the Pledge**

*In the same way, let your light shine before men, that they may see your good deeds and praise your Father in heaven.*

(Matthew 5:16 niv)

When I went to Houghton, hours were spent questioning aspects of “The Pledge” we had taken as part of our application to a Christian college. Was drinking really a sin? Didn’t Jesus turn water into wine? Was dancing really a sin? Didn’t David dance before the Lord? OK, so sex before marriage was off limits, but what was permitted? Some of us seemed to have decided that anything that might get you pregnant was off limits; anything else was permitted, if not necessarily recommended. We didn’t always stop to think about limits.

Before and after graduation, I went over my own limit of alcoholic drinks into drunkenness more times than I could count. But my real wake-up call was when I found out that someone had nicknamed me “PV” for “promiscuous virgin.” My non-Christian friends were able to see that I had the wrong ideas regarding the standards for a Christ-follower.

The Bible continually calls us to a higher standard. It isn’t a book of minimalist ethics. There are always areas to work on. There is always the reminder that we can’t meet this standard on our own. If we think we have everything covered, we are surely in danger of being prideful, the sin Jesus spoke most sternly about. For me and many others reacting to perceived legalism, we erred on the opposite side. When we do whatever we want and still call ourselves followers of Christ, we make a mockery of our so-called faith. We may fool ourselves, but no one else.

Jesus, help us to be as holy as we can instead of looking to see what we can get away with. We pray this, not so people will think we are
My four years at Houghton were an exceptional experience. The academic training I received from the dedicated professors qualified me for a career in teaching. The spiritual grounding I obtained in my faith and Christian experience was priceless and prepared me for the mission field in Panama. Professor Alice Pool conducted her classes as if she assumed all her Spanish students would serve on the mission field. Her students took turns conducting a devotional in Spanish before class began.

Coming from a small village, I really appreciated the friendly atmosphere and the amicable interaction of students and professors. The Second World War took away so many of the boys that the class of 1946 graduated with only 65 members, but we were a close-knit family. Friendships formed then have endured to this day. I am reminded of the verse above, which says, “My companion and my familiar friend. We had sweet fellowship together and used to walk to the house of God in company.”

The professor-student relationships were very cordial, though always professional. Once Dr. Payne contacted me early in the day. He was scheduled to speak in Frewsburg that evening. He knew that my grandmother lived there, so he invited me to go along. He, his wife, and I went there in the college Model A Ford. I got to see my grandmother and my parents. What a very special privilege!

Many years later, I was quite surprised when I went to my class reunion (it was either the 35th or 40th, I can’t recall). At the banquet, Dr. Stockin came across the room and greeted me with “Jean Christenson!! How good to see you!” Imagine his recognizing me after all those years!
I thank my God every time I remember you.

(Philippians 1:3 NIV)

I have used a quick, simple, and delicious recipe countless times in my thirty-two years of marriage. Every time I use it I think of the wonderful “behind-the-scenes” servants at Houghton College.

The recipe came from Dr. Carrier, the legendary and formidable librarian of the college when I was a student. I was an impecunious student and a work study grant was an essential part of my financial aid package. My job was in the library—and it was boring. The job, as I remember it, consisted of re-shelving books and dusting shelves and books, checking as I worked my way along the rows to be sure nothing had been improperly shelved. I didn’t even have the consolation of chattering to a fellow worker to pass the time because, as I am sure anyone remembers who studied in Dr. Carrier’s library, talking was not allowed! Indeed, I am sure there is more than one student who never ran into Dr. Carrier’s more human side. I, however, was one of the lucky ones. Dr. Carrier hosted a party in her home for the library staff. I can’t say it was a rowdy gathering, but I’ve never forgotten her kindness. She served my oft-used recipe at the party and afterwards gladly shared it with me.

There were many other non-faculty staff of the college who acted with sincere servant hearts throughout my years as a student. Later in my college life, I worked under the guidance of Mrs. Fancher in the business office with the glorious job of adding up student time cards (yes, done by hand on an adding machine). Mrs. Fancher was a godly and kind woman and she, along with the rest of the staff in the business office, was a great support to me in the summer of 1977 when my brother was badly injured in a car accident. Ray and Dorothy Coddington were also members of the college staff and befriended my husband and me, picking us up on
their way to church in Castile each Sunday and having us in their home for meals. And, of course, there were many others who touched my life in some way as I worked my way through four years at Houghton.

I am sure that many Houghton students throughout Houghton’s history can attest to the fact that the Houghton College staff were and continue to be a vital part of their Houghton experience, modeling servant hearts. I am equally sure that these men and women will hear our Lord’s words one day: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.” I am thankful for their wonderful example to me at a formative time in my life.

Lord, thank You for those who choose to show Your love even through their daily tasks. May You show each of us how to have a servant’s heart.

Sharon (Sard) Brautigam (Class of 1978)
Graduated from Cornell Law School in 1982; currently an attorney in private practice with husband Daryl P. Brautigam (class of 1977) in Fredonia, New York.
throughout my working life, the service, my work with the mentally handicapped (as they were then called), my work in a boys’ reform school, and everything else I’ve done over the course of my lifetime.

Upon retirement, I made vague relaxing plans, but I discovered yet another lesson from that long ago time. Just like Bessie Fancher who had herself been called out of retirement, I realized that there were still many things left to do. I now work in a foreign country (Australia) with elderly European immigrants who came here after World War II as a skilled work force, made their homes, raised their families, and now have time to think, remember, and feel homesick. So my work now is in helping them to find healing, emotionally and, often, spiritually.

I believe that I met an example of the Holy Spirit in that long ago classroom and what can be done by following the guidelines that are set.

_Thank You, Lord, for Your guiding and loving hand. Thank You for leading me to doing Your will._

David J. Redmond (Class of 1957)
Retired special education and history teacher as well as a careers and work experience teacher for several years. Now doing some pastoral work for the Lutheran Church in his area, and some emergency welfare relief for the local Salvation Army office. Currently living in the snowy mountains near Cooma in New South Wales, Australia.
Awesomely Orchestrated

Let them thank the Lord for his steadfast love, for his wondrous works to the children of men!

(Psalm 107:8 esv)

Autumn 1943. I was eighteen and accepted at Houghton College. I’d never been there but knew God wanted me at Houghton. It was wartime, and those who would have taken me on the two-hundred-mile trip to Houghton had to work, so I went by train to Wellsville then by bus to Houghton.

Arriving in Wellsville, I learned that the bus through Houghton would stop at the station at 7:30 a.m. It was already past midnight, so I decided to wait there. But soon the stationmaster came to say, “You’ll have to leave; this station closes at one o’clock.” I panicked. “Where can I go?” I asked. “I’ve never been to Wellsville!”

“There’s a hotel up the street,” he waved casually.

I gathered my two bulging suitcases, my overstuffed handbag, a bed pillow, and my sizeable lunchbox, and started for the hotel. As I staggered under my load, a car pulled up offering me a ride. I refused, but since there was no one else around, I asked the driver for directions to the hotel. “Get in. I’ll take you,” he invited, pointing back up the street.

“No thanks, I’ll walk,” I said, turning and starting in the opposite direction. He made a U-turn and drove slowly beside me all the way to the hotel. I was praying all the way. Whatever the man’s intentions might have been, I think the Lord used him to protect me on that dark and lonely street in the wee hours of the night.

I’d never been in a hotel, but near the door was a sofa, so I asked, “May I sit here to wait for the bus to Houghton?”

“Sure,” the man at the desk answered. “It’ll stop here at 7 a.m.”

But I was soon surrounded by men from the bar making loud, silly remarks. Grabbing my things, I woke the man at the desk and ordered a
room. I didn’t know I could ask for a wake-up call and, fearful of missing my bus, I sat up the rest of the night.

Next morning at the train station, three young women got on the bus. One looked so nice I thought, I’d surely like to know her. To my astonishment, she got off at Houghton too. She was Jane Canfield (Clark) who’s been a special friend for sixty-four years now!

Whenever I think of the unpleasant experiences of that first lonely trip to Houghton and the awesome way God was with me and brought it to such a happy conclusion, I give thanks for His steadfast love and His wondrous works to us mere humans.

Father, let the grace of Your Son, Jesus Christ, and Your unfathomable, eternal love, and the fellowship of Your Holy Spirit continue and increase in me all my days.

Leatha Humes (Class of 1947)
Missionary to Indonesia from 1957 to 2005. Currently living in Guys Mills, Pennsylvania, working to finish an English text for non-English speakers for publication in Indonesia and helping with Christian literature projects with Bina Kasih Press.

Lord, I’m Afraid

For I am the Lord your God, who upholds your right hand, who says to you, “Do not fear, I will help you.”
(Isaiah 41:13 NASB)

A
fter a thirty-six-hour bus ride, I was looking forward to a bright, warm station to await a man I had never met but who would take me the rest of the way to Houghton.

When my bus arrived at Mount Morris, the concerned driver was hesitant to leave me standing on a dark street alone at four o’clock in the morning. I soon learned why. The station had closed many hours before and now both the station and the streets were dark and deserted, or so I thought.

As the roar of the bus faded into the night, I suddenly became wide awake. I was totally alone on a very dark street in a strange town where I knew no one and no one knew me. Nervously I backed into the shadows of a nearby building, hoping to become invisible in the darkness while waiting for a man I knew only by name.

Suddenly the deafening silence was shattered by the starting of a huge truck nearby. After silence had again returned, a car with two young men stopped at the curb. God must have placed His angel between us for soon the car moved slowly on into the night, only to return, stop, and leave again. Yes, hair can stand on end!

But where was my contact from the college? More anxious minutes passed before another car arrived. This time a well-dressed stranger stepped out of the car onto the quiet street and began looking intently around. I was terrified. If this were Dr. Failing and I didn’t let him know I was there, I could be on the street all night—at least. If it were not he... well, I didn’t want to think about it.

When he started to return to his car, I realized he had not seen me. It was now or never. With a desperate prayer and a trembling voice, I
spoke his name. He stopped immediately. Hesitantly, I stepped out of
the shadows and found a gracious Dr. Failing searching for a frightened
girl. He apologized profusely for being late; he had overslept! Just one
more hour and an exhausted teenager arrived on Houghton campus,
fifty hours after leaving her Virginia home.

Years have passed but I still treasure the experience on the quiet
night in Mount Morris that both terrified me and strengthened my
faith. The memory of God’s unfailing care became an anchor in times of
crisis in my life, and especially years later when confronted by angry and
unfriendly crowds on the mission field.

_Father, help us to remember that You are our shield when we are
most vulnerable and our strength when we are weakest._

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Nancy (Phillippe) Swauger (Class of 1954)
Retired missionary to Colombia, teacher in public education and overseas seminars,
professor at Indiana Wesleyan University, freelance writer, and homemaker now
residing in Wesleyan Retirement Village, Brooksville, Florida.
waiting is an active position; a posture of using the mind of Christ in every situation, prayerfully evaluating each and every experience and relationship.

The beginning of the school year can be a great opportunity for spiritual housecleaning. Are there relationships, involvements, and even material things that require deep cleaning or discarding? Resolve to seek the Lord’s will first and choose wisely in each of these areas.

*Heavenly Father, my house belongs to You. I choose to use the mind of Christ today and every day so You can construct me for Your glory and my good.*

After eight years of French language study (grades 5–12), I headed off from Connecticut to New York to attend Houghton College as a French major to prepare to be a missionary in France. Imagine my disappointment when in the first week I didn’t even pass the French entrance exam! I had been so convinced that studying French was the direction I should take, so I asked the Lord, “What do I declare as my major now?”

Then God gently reminded me that my second love was music, and Houghton had an excellent Music Education program. It proved to be a tough transition, but during my four years studying Music Education/Piano, doors opened up to participate in traveling in ministry with a women’s trio, and singing in Madrigals and College Choir, to accompany many soloists and groups, and to develop teaching skills that I continue to use in many ways today. French wouldn’t have been much help when we went off to Japan as missionaries for ten years, but the music background has been invaluable for over the last thirty-five years in ministry with my husband, David Brown (class of 1971). God reminded me that Isaiah 55:8 says that His thoughts are not our thoughts, His ways are not our ways, but they are “higher” and have a greater purpose for our lives.

In His infinite wisdom, He sees our futures and the bigger picture much more than our finite minds can ever see.

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*Tami (Marzolla) Gale (Class of 1993)*
Freelance writer, independent marketing consultant in the U.S. and Bahrain, currently a stay-at-home mom with a ten month old and four year old, living in Stuttgart, Germany.

**Fun Fact**

**President Profile:**

Stephen William Paine was the second president of Houghton College. He served from 1937–1972.
The Favor of God

The Lord was with Joseph and he prospered.
(Genesis 39:2 NIV)

There is nothing like the experience of God’s favor in and on our life. But how do we get it? How do we obtain it from God?

The writer of Genesis invites us to come into the story of Joseph. The life of Joseph up until this point had been one crisis after another. From betrayal, slavery, jealousy, family rejection, and bondage, it could be said that Joseph would have been a candidate for any psychiatrist’s couch in Egypt. But our text says that Joseph found the favor of God in his life. In fact, if you read on in the text, you discover that not only did Joseph find favor with God, but that he found favor with Potiphar as well. The secret to that favor shouts out at us in verse 3: The Lord was with him. It doesn’t get any plainer than that.

Our responsibility as children of God is to cultivate our relationship with God. When we have God with us, we can’t help but be blessed. The favor (blessings) of God flow from God being with us. Even Potiphar, the non-believer, recognized this and his house was blessed because Joseph was there. This is clearly how God works. He blesses us to be a blessing.

This day, if you are looking for the favor of God in your life, stop the search and instead work on your relationship with God.

I pray as you read this book that the favor of God’s love, prosperity, and grace fall upon you to remove every burden or obstacle that is trying to hinder you.

Thank You, Lord, that You see the big picture and that I can trust You with today, tomorrow, and the rest of my life.

Donna (Skaanning) Brown (Class of 1971)
Former TEAM missionary to Japan, current substitute teacher and pastor’s wife in full-time ministry at The Chapel in Sandusky, Ohio.

Fun Fact
Houghton used to provide official training in etiquette. Part of the job of the dean of women was to conduct regular training sessions for the women related to lady-like conduct. A chapel focused on etiquette was held once a year.
God my Father, I desire to know You more deeply and love You more fully so that my relationship will be pleasing to You. Amen.

Rev. Dr. J. Anthony Lloyd (Class of 1979)
Pastor of the Greater Framingham Community Church, Framingham Massachusetts; member of the Board of Trustees of Houghton College.

When I arrived as a freshman at Houghton in the fall of 1975, I did not know a single person on campus. As I met my roommate and suitemates on third main in East Hall, I felt very apprehensive about all the changes that were coming. One Tuesday night in October, I went to our class prayer meeting. The speaker asked us to go outside and sit alone for thirty minutes and write down what we experienced. Sitting on a bench by the quad, I noticed a large tree in brilliant fall colors. I was feeling alone, bare, and vulnerable. After sitting in silence for a few minutes, I began writing a letter to God.

Oh Lord, thank you so much for your wonderful works of beauty. The many colors of the trees show your artistic design and appreciation of beautiful things.

God, thank you for making me the way you did. For giving me emotions and feelings. Thank you that I can see the trees and the various hues of each leaf and the way they combine to make a gorgeous tree. Thank you too that I can grow in my knowledge of You from seeing Your handiwork.

Lord, to me these leaves signify change. The changes from green to various colors, to brown, and then to fall off and die. There have been many changes in my life recently, and some I have rebelled at. Lord, teach me that these changes in my life can be beautiful and are necessary for me to grow. Just as the leaves must fall and the trees must have bare branches for a while, so I must lose some of the things I’ve held on to all my life and be bare and empty for a time. But also, just like the leaves return fresh and green in the

Fun Fact
The first issue of The Houghton Star was published in February 1909, as “a magazine devoted to educational interests.” Published first as a literary magazine with some college news and personal items, it developed into a four-page newspaper format and style in the October 12, 1923 issue.

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the LORD, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.”

(Jeremiah 29:11 NIV)
spring, so I will have room for new growth in these areas where I am losing leaves now.

Thank you Father, for showing me this comparison of my life and leaves. Help me to endure the bare branches and to eagerly anticipate the new growth.

God, as the seasons of beauty and bleakness have come through my life, You have continued to show me You have a plan for my life and I can continue to trust You with that plan in the future.

Anita (Hill) Placido (Class of 1978)
Currently working toward a degree as a veterinary technician and looking for a job in that field. Living in Wilmore, Kentucky.

Fun Fact
Three evergreens were planted on the hillside in front of Gaoyadeo (which would be the side of Fancher now) in memory of three Houghton alumni who died in World War I—William Russel, Harry Meeker, and Curtis Rogers.

Reminiscences

However, as it is written: “No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has conceived what God has prepared for those who love him.”

(1 Corinthians 2:9 niv)

When hitchhiking from Philadelphia to Houghton at the start of my freshman year in the fall of 1945, I had waited a very long time with no rides at a desolate point on Route 15 in northern Pennsylvania. Dr. Claude Ries (professor of Greek and Hebrew Literature) was returning to Houghton after picking up his son Herschel, who had just gotten out of the military service. His daughter Priscilla knew me from Houghton Prep the previous semester and recognized me standing along the road. I didn’t see them, but they turned their car around and came back to where I was standing.

God is so good! He provided a ride the rest of the long trip to Houghton! They took me to the home of Prof. Frank Wright, who was then dean of men. He was working in his front yard. I hadn’t eaten since breakfast, but he took me in and fed me, then showed me to my room.

Miss Rachel Davidson’s Algebra class was held first thing in the morning. When any student appeared to be drowsy, Miss Davidson would promptly step to a window and open it, even on a bitter cold morning. As a freshman, I wasn’t in the habit of spending much time studying—it was much more fun to hitchhike to and explore Letchworth State Park, so my work in her class was very poor. When my grade card showed D, I asked her why it was D since I had failed every test. She told me she knew I could do better—a very gracious attitude! In response to her kindness, I worked hard from that point on and saw my grades gradually climb to the other end of the scale by the conclusion of my senior year.

Dr. Stephen Paine, president of the college at the time, called almost
A Lesson in Laughter

God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me.

(Genesis 21:6 KJV)

It was the first week of my freshman year. I was just beginning to understand my class schedule, and looking down once more at the agenda for Wednesday, I hurried to my 8 a.m. theory class in the new Center for the Arts.

I was nervous. Having been homeschooled throughout high school, I was not accustomed to running from class to class, especially early in the morning. As I tromped up the steps to the third floor, I looked once more at my watch and wished I had been ten minutes earlier.

As I left the stairwell, I quickly walked passed the window that looked into my Theory class, with my eyes fastened directly onto the carpet in front of me. Somehow I felt that if I did not look into the classroom, it would prevent Dr. Congdon’s eyes from perceiving that I was wandering across the hallway rather than occupying my seat. I reached the door and put my hand on the knob, thankful that I could at least enter near the back of the room. I still had a faint hope that I could sneak in unnoticed.

But my hope died as soon as I opened the door. I immediately felt the heat rising into my face, for when I stepped into the classroom, I simultaneously noticed two things: (1) The professor who had stopped mid-sentence when he saw me enter was not Dr. Congdon, and (2) the students—who had all turned to discover who dared to enter ten minutes late—were not freshmen.

I froze where I stood for a few seconds, staring at the numerous pairs of eyes turned toward me. Then I slowly closed the door and sulked my way back down the hall with my eyes on the floor. What could have gone wrong? Wednesday’s schedule was exactly the same as Monday’s, and I
The Power of God’s Word

Do not fret...Trust in the LORD...Delight yourself in the LORD...
Commit your way to the LORD...Be still before the LORD.
(Psalm 37:1, 3-5, 7 NIV)

Spiritual Emphasis Week (now called Christian Life Emphasis Week) seemed to be both a bane and a blessing to us as students. We liked the reduced homework load, but sometimes we didn’t particularly care to spend so much time in the evening services. However, this week of sermons and messages can have life-altering effects.

My first year at Houghton, we had Dr. Stephen Olford as our SEW speaker. I don’t recall all of his sermons, but one is forever etched in my memory. He used Psalm 37 as his text; his outline was easily followed since he drew each point directly from the text. The theme was to “fret not” by relating to the Lord in four specific ways: by trusting Him, delighting in Him, committing ourselves to Him, and being still before Him.

I observed immediate fruit from his sermon. One of my classmates made a first-time commitment to the Lord as her personal Savior. Though I’ve lost track of her since we graduated, I know she continued to grow in her Christian faith throughout our four years at Houghton. Dr. Olford’s choice of “Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart” for the invitational hymn impacted many of us. We chose it as our class hymn. Throughout my tenure at Houghton, I found the points of this sermon displayed on 3 x 5 cards, written in notebooks, and used as the theme for a bulletin board. I think of it as the signal sermon of my college experience.

That sermon has continued to impact my life. Psalm 37 has become a key guiding passage. It has helped me find and keep perspective on my life. I have meditated on those words of Scripture during every significant period of change or struggle.

Dear Lord, please help me to laugh through the minor trials of life—and to trust You through the major ones.

Teresa A. Nagel (Class of 2004)
Vice President of the Christian Youth Corps, currently living in Machias, New York.
CR E E K S T O N E S

I am thankful for the power of God’s Word to change lives, guide us, and challenge us to grow.

Oh Lord, help me remember I do not need to worry as I trust in You. May I always delight in You and commit my ways to You. Help me be still before You and know You more. In Jesus’ name, Amen.

Darlene Teague (Class of 1980)
Ordained minister in the Wesleyan Church, currently residing in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Fun Fact
The Shakespeare Players was the brainchild of Jule Ann (Davis) Wakeman. Their first production was in the fall of 1998. There have been nearly two dozen productions, one production a semester with few exceptions. An estimated six hundred students have been involved in these productions.

Jesus, I Come

He has sent me . . . to proclaim liberty to captives.
(Isaiah 61:1 NASB)

Travel back in time with me to early spring 1965. Zoom in on a modest suburban home near Buffalo, New York. Hunched over the kitchen table is a young woman, frowning in concentration as she fills out a college application.

“Are you a Christian?” Her pen presses down hard as she checks the “Yes” box with a flourish and a smile on her lips. She sighs with relief. That one was easy.

But if the application had gone a step further and asked her for her definition of a Christian, this is what she would have written: “A Christian is someone who doesn’t smoke, drink, dance, use foul language, or play cards.”

Fall, 1965. The applicant has been accepted by Houghton College, and she’s now a predictably homesick freshman. It’s cell group night, and her new friends are pouring their hearts out, talking to God as if He’s actually listening . . . as if they even expect Him to answer!

Pastor Angell speaks of God as a loving, forgiving Father. Isn’t God a white-haired, white-robed elderly man, peering down from heaven with a stern frown and a clipboard, writing down every infraction of His law?

Winter 1967, Special Meetings. Halfway through her sophomore year, she’s standing in Wesley Chapel singing the closing invitational hymn, mouth dry, face flushed, the hymn book trembling in her hands:

Out of unrest and arrogant pride, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come; Into Thy blessed will to abide, Jesus I come to Thee.
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures above . . .


She moves out into the aisle and walks to the front of Wesley Chapel.

“Jesus, I come to Thee.”

Lord, take away my selfish pride, unrest, and despair, and replace it with Your blessed will for my life.

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Gini (Olney) Griffin (Class of 1969)
Elementary school teacher for eighteen years, now an administrative assistant in a credit insurance company in Jacksonville, Florida.

Fun Fact

In 1851, the taverns of Houghton Creek became the favorite off-season winter quarters of rough and tumble boatmen seeking respite and recreation. Then and throughout the year, Sundays became the days dedicated to card playing, fighting, and especially drinking. The long straight-away of present-day Route 19 extending south out of town toward Caneadea became a favorite horse racing track for stage coach drivers and canalers alike, earning it and the whole town the nickname Jockey Street.

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Beginning the fall semester at Houghton always brought newness—new people to meet and old friends I hadn’t seen all summer, ministries or jobs to fill up my open schedule, a different place of residence, as well as the freshness (or fright) of a new syllabus. Before too long I was consumed and unaware of the seasonal change to autumn in which God’s earth was taking part. When I did take my eyes away from my computer screen long enough to acknowledge the beauty of this season at Houghton, three memories among many stand out: (1) running or hiking the cross country trails and stopping at the point that looks over the Genesee’s surrounding hills, (2) allowing the stillness of the creek beyond the “Field of Dreams” to rest my over-stimulated intellect, and (3) driving to Letchworth to find the spot with the least amount of people and the best view of the canyon and the multi-colored trees.

Taking time to do this is countercultural in our society. It didn’t and still doesn’t help me to spend all of my time trying to become the most knowledgeable, productive, efficient, or busy student at Houghton, which seem to be the standards of success in our culture. In those autumn days at Houghton, the One who made the seasons and created us as image bearers used these times and places to quiet my mind, heart, and soul. He weaved my being into the contours of His creation: hills and leaves and water—the handiwork that brings exaltation to Him. Through this I faintly heard whispers that reminded me that we are primarily created to be, not to do.

In the novel *Jayber Crow* by Wendell Berry, the narrator writes, “The surface of the river is like a living soul, which is easy to disturb, is
often disturbed, but, growing calm, shows what it was, is, and will be.” This thought, combined with the above words from Yahweh in Psalm 46:10, reminds us that being in relationship with God requires stillness. Stillness is the only way to hear from God the truth of who we are and who we are becoming.

Go somewhere outside. Silence the noise. Experience autumn and listen to its quietness. Look out across the valley at the palette of color. Return with this still posture as you continue in relationship with God and His people.

Creator, still me in the midst of constant movement. Jesus, heal me of the pressure to do since through You it’s already done. Spirit, instill in me the breath that brings my dry bones to life.

Daniel Fuller (Class of 2006)
Pastor of Mission/Latino Advocate for a church called The Porch in Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Secret of Pressing On

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, and I have remained faithful.

(2 Timothy 4:7 NLT)

Rounding the bend on the cross country course at Cedarville College, I wanted to sit down and give up. After all, I usually finished as Houghton’s fifth runner at meets, and this time all of my teammates had passed me—even the sprinter who came out for cross country just to stay in shape for track in the spring. Never in my life had I dreamed that I would participate in a national competition, but in celebration of our performance at Districts in 1986, the administration decided to send our team to the NCCAA National Cross Country Race in Ohio. Now I felt like a failure; I was floundering badly in the chance of a lifetime for me as a runner.

My mind raced back to pep talks given at practices and competitions by our coach, Mike Raybuck. He always stressed discipline, perseverance, and endurance in the face of discouragement. As much as my body wanted to yield to the temptation to give up, I realized that I could not drop out of the race without sacrificing my commitment to my teammates and my coach. I decided to continue and trudged on until I crossed the line in a less than spectacular finish.

Looking back on this race over twenty years later, I can smile and thank the Lord for the lesson of endurance He taught me during my time on the cross country team at Houghton College. This lesson has stayed with me throughout many difficult circumstances since then. The apostle Paul certainly had a valid human reason to give up during the trials he faced in his life, but he endured. Sitting in a dreary dungeon at the end of his life, he reflected on thirty years of faithfulness in his service to the Lord and wrote, “I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, and I have remained faithful.”
Paul’s words inspire me to press on, to keep running the race. Today I work at Pacific Islands Bible College in Guam, and many physical miles and years separate me from that fall day in 1986. Yet the memory remains close in my heart because I discovered the secret of pressing on with God’s help when circumstances scream at me to give up. I may not have won a medal, but I received something better: a lesson for life.

Lord, thank You for the lesson of endurance You taught me at Houghton College. It comforts me to know that You are running beside me on this race of life and cheering me on to a faithful finish. Please help me to encourage the people You place in my path; I want to be a blessing to them.

Ned Farnsworth (Class of 1987)
Serving with Liebenzell Mission, currently living in Ecuador with wife Marisol and children Joel and Amelia.

Fun Fact
The men’s soccer team, along with several NAIA national tournament final appearances, won NCCAA championships in 1979, 1980, and 1986 under NAIA Hall of Famer Doug Burke, whence came the moniker Burke Field.

Yes, and if I am being poured out as a drink offering on the sacrifice and service of your faith, I am glad and rejoice with you all.
(Philippians 2:17 NKJV)

During the Second World War, my family was interned by the Japanese in the Philippines for over two and a half years. When I entered Houghton College in the fall of 1951, you can imagine my surprise to find three Japanese young men in our freshman class. It wasn’t long until we became fast friends and I discovered that they loved the Lord Jesus and were preparing to return to Japan as His ambassadors.

One of the men, whose name was Koji Arai, became a very close friend. He told me to call him Sam. We used to study together, and I even became his barber. One day while I was cutting his hair, I asked him to tell me how he came to know Jesus as his Savior. To my surprise he told me he would rather not. When pressed to explain, he said he did not want to offend me because I had been a prisoner of his people during the war.

It turned out that he had been a member of the suicide branch of the Japanese Navy—an elite corps of some two thousand young men, all university graduates, who were ready to blow themselves up on U.S. ships when Japan was invaded.

When Japan surrendered so suddenly after the dropping of the atomic bomb, Sam’s group was left in consternation and shame. They had not been able to fulfill their mission, so many of them committed suicide.

Sam contemplated suicide too and was walking through the heart of Tokyo trying to decide how best to end his life when he heard music emanating from a little hall. He stepped inside and, for the first time in his life, heard the message of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. His life was changed from that very hour and he vowed to spend the rest of
his life telling others about Him.

After sharing his testimony, Sam asked me if I could understand what would make a young person, with his entire life ahead of him, choose to sacrifice everything for the cause of the emperor. “We thought we were right and our cause was worth dying for. But you know,” he said, “I am more committed to Jesus Christ today than I was to my emperor and I am willing to lay down my life for Him.”

I thought, Can I say the same thing? My parents were missionaries and I have heard the truth since childhood, but would I be willing to sacrifice all for Him if He required it of me?

Dear Jesus, thank You for willingly sacrificing Yourself for me. I give myself freely to You in return. It is the least I can do. Please use me in Your service as You see fit.

Hudson Hess (Class of 1955) Along with his wife, Lucy Mae (Mears), has served as a missionary to Haiti since January 1964.
By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.

(John 13:35 NIV)

My mainline Methodist parents were puzzled at my decision to quit work and leave home to go upstate to an unknown rural college. When I arrived at Houghton in 1953, I was a new Christian with an idealized concept of what Christianity was and what a Christian community would be like. I expected to find a heaven-on-earth atmosphere, a Christian utopia where all was sweetness and light.

Houghton met some of my expectations, but in a number of ways it was time for me to wake up and grow up. I was naïvely surprised to learn that not all Christians agreed with each other. The parallel worlds of Wesleyan and Calvinist explanations startled me. I noted the emotional tendencies of some who claimed Christians should be speaking in tongues. I wondered about the certainty some claimed for knowing God’s will. I rebelled against the legalism that governed Houghton student life in the 1950s.

In 1 Corinthians 1:10, Paul appeals to the Corinthian Christians to “agree with one another so that there may be no divisions among you and that you may be perfectly united in mind and thought” (NIV). Did the quarrels among Houghton Christians representing the various theological views echo the differences of Apollo, Cephas, and Paul? With Paul I wondered, “Is Christ divided?”

No, my four years at Houghton did not resolve the variety of opinions and questions and disagreements. Rather, now fifty years later, I can reflect on those Houghton years as a preparation for participating in the church today, where Christians are still working through the
issues, agreeing and disagreeing. I can think back to Houghton as an early exposure to the need for real Christians in a real place to work out their salvation, displaying and demonstrating Christian love.

I go to John 17, Jesus’ prayer for us, His people, that we may be one, and then to His command in John 13:35, that we love one another. If we all agreed, love would be easy—nothing remarkable, hardly noticeable. But because we have areas of disagreement and we love anyway, we can be the demonstration of love by which other people can know we follow Jesus.

_Lord have mercy, and help us so to love._

Marilyn (Johnson) Driscoll (Class of 1957)
Retired in 2000 after working for Ernst & Young for 38 years in New York; author of _Devotionals for Caregivers._

Fun Fact
When World War II ended, veterans flooded Houghton campus, increasing the enrollment from 333 in 1914 to 800 in just four years. In particular response to the need for married couples’ housing, thirty-eight three-room apartment units were built on the current site of Houghton Academy, and “Vetville” was born.

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Chapel was a time of retreat from the “noise,” a place of renewal where the wells of one’s heart could be refilled with God’s Word, where the “eyes of one’s heart” could be refocused. It was a time of retrofitting for the fray in the classroom, the lab, and the music rooms.

Perhaps I needed then, as I do now, to “be still” and let the God of peace and sanctuary speak to my heart, soothe my spirit, and renew me.

Sanctuary

“Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.” The LORD Almighty is with us; the God of Jacob is our fortress.

_(Psalm 46:10-11 NIV)_

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The Attraction of Distraction

Man does not live by bread alone, but man lives by everything that proceeds out of the mouth of the LORD.

(Deuteronomy 8:3b NASB)

Each day since I was twelve years old I have read my Bible, missing probably less than ten days cumulatively in the some thirty-four years that followed my first day of reading. Throughout the years, I read out of duty, out of love, out of need, out of concern, out of grief, out of a need to know, and simply, out of myriad other reasons. At Houghton College, my Bible reading helped to anchor my faith. And although academic reading was heavy and significant, I daily found time for my Bible.

It seemed to me that several faculty and staff found their pursuit of the Bible strengthened by reading works by C. S. Lewis. I was never a fan, but one of his books rattled my world. In The Screwtape Letters, Lewis presented a most unsavory yet revealing characterization of Satan in the person of Uncle Screwtape. At one point in his devilish rantings, Screwtape reminds his junior devil, nephew Wormwood, of the importance of distraction. Essentially, if the demon-in-training simply put various distractions in the path of a Christian, the junior devil succeeded.

So, even though I faithfully read my Bible throughout my Houghton tenure, I found many distractions—much to the delight of Screwtape and much to the sorrow of my Savior.

Distraction is easy. I think that’s why the enemy pursues us vigorously with it. The Official Preppy Handbook was my other “Bible” at Houghton—did I own enough repeating motif turtlenecks? Was I to wear the pin on my kilt skirt pointing up or pointing down? Those were some of my 1980s distractions.
CREEKSTONES

Today students can be tempted by contemporary distractions. The fads of the day should not turn our eyes from the Author and Finisher of our faith. When the attraction of distraction looms, be not dissuaded.

How? First, recognize that distraction is a key tool of the deceiver—he values it so much that Screwtape said distraction essentially equates with murder! Second, call upon the One who can keep us free from distraction and ask Him for guidance and direction. Third, keep on reading God’s message of faith, hope, and love—the Bible. If only we would realize the treasure that the Lord has given to us in the written Word to fill us with all that we really need to resist the attraction of distraction.

Lord, I ask You to help me focus upon You even when myriad distractions surround me. You are more important to me than anything this world has to offer.

Melinda Trine (Class of 1983)
Worked at Houghton College from 1984–1994 and then transferred to the American Bible Society in New York City to work in fund development for the global Scripture-sharing ministry.

AUTUMN

Signs of Health

I say to you that listen, Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you... Do to others as you would have them do to you... Do not judge, and you will not be judged; do not condemn, and you will not be condemned. Forgive, and you will be forgiven; give, and it will be given to you.


A healthy person:

- admires others who have gone before; and learns from the heroes of the past,
- affirms in ways that deliver insight and truth,
- asks questions that help open new dimensions or explorations,
- can apologize in a manner that affirms the recipient,
- delegates without dictating method,
- has admirers who have benefited in the relationship,
- is a good listener, who makes people feel heard and understood,
- is free to weep and mourn over real losses,
- knows how to laugh, but not at another person’s expense,
- lives within limits or boundaries without being belligerent,
- says “Thank you” in a manner that really affirms others,
- takes initiative in ways that others appreciate.
Rejoice in the Lord always... In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God.

(Philippians 4:4, 6 NKJV)

Heads bowed, elbows on the seats of wooden chairs, twenty or so pairs of knees on the bare floor—this was Friday noon at Houghton in the 1940s. Fasting from lunch, some students and faculty met to pray.

The prayers were for many causes and people—for the college, of course, for leaders of the country, for missionaries, many of whom had gone out from Houghton. If an individual had a special need, we prayed for that too.

Many decades have passed since I was a part of that group, but I see the scene in my mind still. Most valuable is the lesson I learned of steadfastness in prayer, intercession, and sacrifice. I don't fast often, but I sometimes have to sacrifice time I would otherwise spend in other pursuits. Those Houghton College Friday prayer sessions had a lasting effect on me.

Heavenly Father, thank You for memories that continue to draw me to You. Help me to be faithful in interceding for all those in special need.

Eleanor (Phillips) Anderson (Class of 1946)
Retired kindergarten teacher living in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
From Weird to Wonderful

Thus, by their fruit you will recognize them.
(Matthew 7:20 NIV)

When I was growing up, the students at Houghton College were considered weird. Hailing from nearby Friendship, all I ever heard was how “holier than thou” and aloof anyone from Houghton was said to be. However, as a high school senior when I first visited, I was immediately taken aback by how friendly and helpful the Houghton students actually were. In fact, I was so impressed by what I experienced that I decided to entrust my formative college years to a previously ridiculed clan.

The faith I saw being lived out in the lives of Houghton students captured me and God began to work in my life in wonderful ways. I had gone to church faithfully but soon learned that a personal walk with God was necessary. During a spring revival service during my freshman year, I went forward and received Jesus Christ as my Savior and Lord.

When I began at Houghton, I planned on a career as a high school science teacher. The more I studied God’s creative handiwork in the human body, the more I felt called to care for His creation through medicine. After more than twenty-nine years of practicing general surgery with a group of like-minded Christian surgeons both at home and abroad, I know God’s call was right for me.

Houghton’s reputation as a place to find a mate was richly rewarded in my life. One evening at dinner in Gao basement (yes, there used to be a dormitory called Gayodeo, and yes, we used to eat our meals in the basement of our dorms), I asked, “Who is that pretty girl over there?” “Bud Bence’s sister, Alice” was the reply.

I have remained smitten ever since. Three more Houghton grads have followed our footsteps and walk with God today.

From weird to wonderful has been my Houghton College experience.
It is a place where students, staff, and faculty “walk the talk” and by example lead others to be Christ followers. I found the three most important things in life at Houghton: my salvation through Jesus Christ, my career in surgery, and my loving wife. What more could anyone ask?

Righteous Father, cause me to bear faithful witness to those I meet today. Through the ministry of the Holy Spirit, may my words and deeds yield eternal fruit to Your glory.

Robert Davidson, M.D. (Class of 1965)
Retired general surgeon, currently a Trustee of Houghton College, living in Otego, New York. His three children are all graduates of Houghton College.

Fun Fact
The class of 1925 established several “firsts” in Houghton’s history, including the first Skip Day, the first junior-senior banquet, and the tradition of “passing the mantle” to the junior class.

Yearning for God

As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, O God. My soul thirsts for God, for the living God.
(Psalm 42:1-2 NIV)

The music of Houghton sometimes had a profound effect on my life and spirit. This scripture-turned-into-chorus was first introduced to me in 1981 during my freshman year at Houghton. I remember hearing that song—and singing it—for the first time when a group of us were gathered in the basement of Doris Neilsen’s home, my beloved Outdoor Living Skills professor. It touched my soul deeply then and has continued to pierce it as if it were a familiar wound that oddly comforts me in knowing it is still there.

The “wound” is my longing for God that I don’t often touch because it hurts. Yet sometimes I allow myself to “touch” it because it’s what I really feel—underneath shallower hurts and calluses. When I push deeper, I realize that underneath the surface pain there is a yearning for God that I sometimes try to anesthetize with busyness, activity, routine, and “noise.”

A heart lesson begun years ago in my late teens has followed me into my forties, and occasionally I still hear that song and know in a deeper way what it means. When, and if, I make it into twilight years and hear that song, I will still clearly remember Houghton, and Doris Neilsen, and how she deeply desired for her students to know God with all their hearts. She wanted us to crave Him so much that we would draw close to Him and spend time with Him.

More recently I have learned a song here in Alaska that echoes this passage:

How lovely is your dwelling place, O LORD Almighty! My soul yearns, even faints, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God . . . Better is one day in your courts
than a thousand elsewhere; I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of the wicked.
(Psalm 84:1-2, 10 NIV)

This song speaks of that same longing for God. I yearn for Him, whether I'm acknowledging it or not. My heart and flesh cry out for relationship with the living God.

Lord, please fill my spiritual hunger with the bread of life. Quench my thirst for You with living water. Let me camp near Your streams so that I may always be filled.

Kim (Hendricks) Ford (Class of 1985)
Working at Charter College in employer relations for the career services department.

Fun Fact
In 1931, through the tireless promotion of piano professor Alton Cronk, the Artist Series was born, which since that time has brought the world’s best music to Houghton’s doorstep.

Who’s Fighting Your Battles?

And Moses said to the people, “Fear not, stand firm, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will work for you today. For the Egyptians whom you see today, you shall never see again. The LORD will fight for you, and you have only to be silent.”
(Exodus 14:13-14 ESV)

I can imagine the looks on the faces of the Israelites after Moses’ stunning declaration that, as the chosen people fled for their lives against a massive army, an invisible God would fight a flesh-and-blood battle for them. They had witnessed the wonders God had just done throughout Egypt that obviously showed God’s desire to intervene, and I would like to believe that they all stood up and declared their trust in God. However, when I later read of Israel’s journey through the wilderness and their constant inability to trust God, I am not surprised by their fearful reaction. They just weren’t quite ready to trust the lordship of God to the extent needed in such a harrowing situation.

We must be careful not to dishearten ourselves with their lack of trust, though, because we too fall prey to indecision, to incredulity, and to simple lack of trust. It was very easy for me in my freshman year at Houghton to think I had everything I needed to fight my own battles. Surely I could find a way to make things work financially. Surely I could tackle the challenge of difficult classes on my own. Surely I could find someone who would share the rest of her life with me.

As a couple years progressed, I might as well have been one of the Israelites wandering in the desert and complaining about the great food I once ate in Egypt. It wasn’t until my junior year that I woke up and remembered these verses. God patiently waited for me to remember that He was Lord, that He wanted to be a part of these struggles, and that indeed He wanted to provide what I really needed. My grades went
up, I was awarded a crucial scholarship, and God led me to the love of my life. Don't misinterpret me—this isn't a “pray-to-God-and-all-your-dreams-will-come-true” story; this is a story about the raging battle in every heart for lordship.

Our instincts tell us to trust our guts, to be self-reliant, to spurn guidance; God is telling us differently. God is telling us to embrace silence and difficulty and to allow Him to fight the battle, to allow Him to envelop us with His broad cloak as we accept His authority and desire to work in our lives. Will we do this before the battle begins, or will we wander for forty years before understanding the necessity of His lordship over every aspect of our lives?

God, may I submit to Your lordship in every area of my life, sooner rather than later.

Charles Meeks (Class of 2005)
Doctoral candidate at Wycliffe College, Toronto.

Fun Fact
In 1937, Dr. Stephen W. Paine presided over a campus of five major buildings. In 1972, he was presiding over a campus of 16 major buildings.

My Plans . . . or His?

For I know the plans I have for you . . .
(Jeremiah 29:11 NIV)

It's September, 1974. Here I sit in Dr. Lois Wilt's Sightsinging 101 class. By that time, I had worked with music, both as an amateur and a professional, for nearly twenty years. I could sightread up a storm. Do I really need to be here? What more do I need to learn? And, what on earth is this thing called solfege?

The next couple of months showed me a whole new way to look at music notation: forsaking the staves, clefs, and notes I had grown up with, and turning to dots, colons, semicolons, letters, even Kodaly hand signals! What on earth would I ever do with all this?

More accurately, where on earth would I ever use this arcane stuff?

Flash forward ten years. Now, I am the professor, struggling to teach East African men and women to be more effective Christian musicians at Kenya Highlands Bible College. Some were students fresh from secondary school; others had served as pastors for many years. Virtually none could read the staff notation they found in the Western hymnals provided to them.

Enter David Niyonzima, a young musician from Burundi. A man versed not only in Scripture but one who had studied solfege all through high school back in Burundi! As it turned out, I found that many of my students had studied the same, allowing me to use the solfege notational system as a bridge in teaching staff notation.

And what about those Kodaly hand signals? Africans never stand still when they sing—hand signs proved to be more than handy (pun intended!) in learning new songs and in my own Sightsinging 101 classes!
Once again, God reminds me that every person, every resource, every teaching He allows to cross my path has a purpose. It may not be evident to me at the time, but in His time, He will use it to bring about His good pleasure.

In Jeremiah 29:11, You tell me that You have plans for my life, for good and not for disaster, to give me a future and a hope. Thank You, Lord, for this wonderful promise. And help me to remember to give You the glory when I see You at work in charting my course.

Jim Vanderhoof (Class of 1977)
Jim and his wife Alice are country directors for World Gospel Mission in Kenya, East Africa.

Fun Fact
In 1932, the Music building was erected on the site of the current Fine Arts building, mostly by student labor at twenty-five cents an hour for a total cost of $14,000. For over sixty years, Cacophony Hall, as it was nicknamed, was known for the cramped practice rooms and the incessant din coming from its open windows.

A Stammering Preacher

Moses said to the Lord, “Oh, my Lord, I am not eloquent...I am slow of speech and of tongue.” Then the Lord said to him, “Who has made man’s mouth?...Is it not I, the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with your mouth and teach you what you shall speak.”

(Exodus 4:10-12 esv)

I was born again at the age of seven. When I was just ten years old, a missionary to Africa visited my father’s small country church. As he spoke, the Lord awakened my young heart to a “call” to missionary service.

In the years following, I suppressed that call. I was a severe stammerer; speaking was painful and embarrassing. “How could I ever be a missionary?” I reasoned. “Missionaries must preach and teach, and I can barely speak.” So when, in 1956 at the age of seventeen, I entered Houghton College, I registered as a Botany major, having pushed ministry and missionary service completely aside—or so I thought.

But God gave me a godly roommate. David learned of the boyhood stirring of my heart to missionary service. He prayed for me, counseled me, and one day directed me to Exodus 4:10-12. I understood then that the Lord was not at all concerned about my ability to speak, but about my willingness to let Him use me in any way He wished. At the fall revival during my freshman year, I knelt at the altar in the Houghton Wesleyan Church and gave my stammering tongue to God. I was willing even to be a stammering preacher-missionary if God so wished.

I changed my major to the Ministerial course, and began to accept invitations to preach. Yes, I was a stammering preacher! Not until about age twenty-five, in my final year of seminary, did I preach a complete sermon without stammering.

Since then, I have made my living by speaking. As a missionary for over two decades, I taught and preached in Bible colleges, seminaries,
churches, and Bible conferences across Asia and the Pacific. Still, in these later years of life, I am a nine-month-a-year university teacher and a missionary-teacher during the three “summer” months in Asia and Africa. God took my inability to speak, my weakness, and turned it into His strength. What I believed I could never become, God enabled.

Is some human weakness or impediment preventing you from following God’s call? Hesitate no more! Yield it to God! He will take what you are now and reshape you into the useful instrument He can use. Do not fear. God knows best.

Dear Father, I await Your direction. My heart is open to whatever You have for me to do or be and wherever You may take me.

Rev. Barry L. Ross (Class of 1961)
Former theological educator/missionary to Asia with Global Partners (formerly Wesleyan World Missions). Presently Professor of Old Testament, Anderson University School of Theology in Anderson, Indiana.

that I had given in to that inner nudge to talk to a stranger.

A few years ago, God reminded me of that lesson and I endeavor to speak to strangers in Japan. I seldom see those I speak to again, but I pray and I trust God by His Holy Spirit to encourage their hearts.

_Lord, give me opportunities daily to encourage people I meet and give me the courage to take those opportunities._

**John Edwards (Class of 1987)**
Missionary in Japan for sixteen years. Presently, with SEND International. He has done youth ministry with Hi-BA in Japan and worked in a Japanese church on the pastoral staff. Married to Susan (Emerson, class of 1987) and has three children.

Fun Fact
Lambein Hall (formerly known as Brookside and nicknamed the Houghton Hilton) was added to the campus in 1972.

_God Lights My Path_

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the LORD, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.”

(Jeremiah 29:11 NIV)

When I came to Houghton, I was unsure of my future. I only knew three things: (1) God wanted me at Houghton, (2) I was not going to be a nurse, and (3) I was not going to be a teacher.

My freshman year I lived in Seaman House up the hill behind Luckey building. One pitch dark night as I climbed the steps in the woods, I couldn’t see my destination. The Houghton dark was so deep I could see only one step ahead of me at a time. As I continued to slowly make my way up the hill, God spoke to me: “I lead you one step at a time. I brought you to Houghton. I am leading. Trust Me.”

As a sophomore contemplating a major, I was praying about my future and explaining to God that I was not going to be a nurse or a teacher. That was when He asked me a shocking question, “What if I want you to be a teacher?”

My answer, “If that is what You want, I will, but You must make it clear to me.”

And He did.

While basking in the experience of God speaking to me and directing my future, I thought I should explore what kind of a teacher He wanted me to be. I had an interest in math, but I had just squeaked out a grade of C in my previous math course. I decided to ask God for a sign. If He wanted me to be a math teacher, He should give me a B in my present math course. About this time, I went to hear one of Dr. Kinlaw’s revival services where he made a statement that caught my attention: “Don’t ask God for another sign until you have done something about the sign He has already given you.” I went forward as a sign to the Lord that I
would be a math teacher regardless of my grade because that was where He was leading.

“God always gives His best to those who leave the choice with Him,” was another quote I heard at Houghton. God has proven that to me many times. He gave me an A in my sophomore math course; He gave me an occupation I love—that of teaching math for over forty years now. He even gave me a husband who is also a math teacher!

God, thank You for giving me Your best and by even surprising me with it! May I continue to follow Your leading every day of my life.

Kay (Hamilton) Brown (Class of 1967)

Fun Fact
Students enrolling in September 1939 had a bill of $400 for the year—including room, board, and books.

Jinx and High Jinks

But let all who take refuge in you be glad; let them ever sing for joy. Spread your protection over them, that those who love your name may rejoice in you.

(Psalm 5:11 niv)

First impressions can often be insightful; the sight of my roommate’s bright orange set of luggage on the other bed when I arrived in my dorm room freshman year concerned me a little. Despite my initial lack of faith, however, the Lord blessed me with a friendship that I hadn’t foreseen.

We had both heard the rumor that if something happened to one’s roommate, the other would receive a 4.0 GPA automatically. We had begun to joke good-naturedly with each other about such ideas as one of us “accidentally” falling out our third-story East Hall window or leaving tampered brownies out for the other one to eat...as morose as this line of banter became, we obviously never meant any harm and spent many otherwise eventless evenings immersed in laughter.

One night late in October that year, my roommate had attended an outing with her church that involved a hayride. When she eventually returned much later than I anticipated, her arm was bandaged and she had a cut over one eye. The first thing she said was, “You’re never going to believe this...” She went on to tell me that there had been an accident; the hay wagon had overturned, and a few people had minor injuries. She looked at me as if waiting for the comment she knew must have been on the tip of my tongue. Throwing my hands in the air, I exclaimed, “I had nothing to do with it!”

Less than a month later, it was my turn. I had been taking a horsemanship class up at the farm, and though I wasn’t the most accomplished rider, I enjoyed my weekly escape from the academic
realm. That evening, I rode a different horse than usual—a rather spirited mare. When she began to canter for the first time, I somehow managed to fly heels over head off her hind end, landing on my back and breaking two vertebrae. I pray I never experience having the wind knocked so forcefully from my body ever again. I wound up in a Buffalo trauma center for a week. When the girls from my floor came to visit me, my roommate was genuinely concerned. After hugging me gently, her face resumed the familiar jocular expression, and with a twinkle in her eye, she announced, “I had nothing to do with this!”

These ordeals seem trivial now as I reflect on where the Lord has taken me since that time, but I believe that He has brought me through every experience in my life to ultimately bring glory to Himself, even if I cannot see or understand the purpose at the time.

Lord, thank You for Your continuous watch and care over the lives of those who have put their trust in You. Thank You that even in the midst of tumult and destruction, You reign omnipotent, an ever-present help in trouble and the calming force despite the storm.

Betsy Ham (Class of 1994)
High school English teacher at Lyndon Institute in Lyndonville, Vermont.

“Match” Factory

And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.

(1 John 5:20 KJV)

Coming to the campus as a freshman can be a stressful experience. There is so much to learn: rules to follow, class locations to discover, roommate and/or dorm neighbors to become acquainted with, adjustment to new daily routines. Houghton campus was relatively uncomplicated when I arrived for the first time in 1938, with fewer buildings and fewer students than today. It was an exciting adventure for me, so I was not troubled with homesickness.

Since I had not dated in high school, the occasional dates I had were rewarding experiences. Eating in the dining hall was also a new and welcome get-acquainted opportunity. Among the extra-curricular activities was our class prayer meeting.

After attending for several weeks, I was asked to lead the devotional. I chose texts from the epistle of 1 John, pointing out the repeated phrases, “And we know” as reassurance for our faith. Several days later a young pre-theological student who was at the meeting asked me to join him for the ministerial banquet. We spent an enjoyable evening, and shortly thereafter I went with him to an evening program featuring a Shakespearean monologue. After the program, we walked down the hill to have an ice cream soda at the Houghton Inn (the old one that used to sit right on Route 19 and really did have the best ice cream!). We walked back up the hill on what was then called “lovers’ lane” to the dorm under one umbrella because of the rain.

This was the beginning of a meaningful friendship that led to our marriage six years later. The Lord blessed us with almost fifty-four
years together, three wonderful children, thirteen years of missionary service in Brazil, and many years of pastoral service in Florida and New Mexico. Looking back, I see how remarkable was God’s guidance and enabling through all those years. The close friendships I formed back at Houghton have been among the most precious and enduring I have enjoyed in all my eighty-five years. I thank God for the opportunity to study and mature in the favorable atmosphere of Houghton College.

Gracious heavenly Father, thank You for all the days of my life and for Your guiding, enabling presence with me. I pray for continued strength and blessing, and I shall give You the praise and glory.

Marie Sovereign (Class of 1942)
Former high school teacher, missionary wife, and professor of Portuguese at University of New Mexico and University of Toronto. Now retired in Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Fun Fact
President Stephen Paine pioneered, and was president and vice-president of, the National Association of Evangelicals. In his retirement, he served as chair of the translation committee of the New International Version of the Bible.

When I think back to that day twenty-six years ago, I still get teary-eyed and my nose tingles as I remember the shock of the news.

Homecoming 1981 was to be remembered like no other Homecoming at Houghton. The day was October 2, the senior Homecoming court consisting of Allan (Al) Bushart, Cynthia (Cyndi) Rudes, Joy Ellis, Albert (Bert) Rapp, Beth Andes, and Mark Anderson was headed to Buffalo to pick out costumes for the festive, anticipated weekend when their car collided with a tractor-trailer. All six precious students died as a result.

What impressed me most was that when the students learned the news, they migrated to the chapel. We wanted to be where we could cry together, pray together, hug and comfort each other, and talk about the accident. We needed each other, and we needed our God at such a time as this. We experienced what the apostle Paul described: “Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God” (2 Corinthians 1:3-4 NIV).

One of the main life lessons I learned through this tragedy was just how unpredictable this life is. I had just seen Al, captain of the men’s soccer team, in the cafeteria, chatting cheerfully with friends that morning; now he was gone. Again today, I am reminded of this truth as the heartbreaking details of the Virginia Tech shooting emerge. Each day is a gift of God and we need to live it wisely, trusting in Him and His grace.

As some of you know, between the Campus Center and the quad are
six benches with the seniors’ names engraved on them and a sculpture with eagles soaring upward to commemorate them. How devastating the day was for Houghton and yet, what a comfort that Al, Cyndi, Joy, Bert, Beth, and Mark had the ultimate homecoming! “No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has conceived what God has prepared for those who love him” (1 Corinthians 2:9 NIV).

Dear Lord, thank You for each day that You give us. Forgive us for being so selfish and controlling with our time. Please help us to say this is Your day and help us live it for You by Your grace. In Jesus’ name, Amen.

Judy (Tennant) Mahony (Class of 1983)
C.O.O. of the Mahony household.

Fun Fact
Several buildings were added to the campus in 1972, including the Campus Center, the Willard J. Houghton Library, the Paine Science building, and a Fine Arts building.

Oneness in Christ

There is one body and one Spirit—just as you were called to one hope when you were called—one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all. (Ephesians 4:4-6 NIV)

One of the important things that I learned at Houghton was the oneness we have in knowing Christ. Houghton is a place where believers in Christ from all denominations come together to grow and learn. It is a place where I found that the common faith we all have in knowing Christ as our personal Savior binds us together. We are united by the fact that many of us believe that our first responsibility in life is to win souls for Christ.

I was brought up to believe that only certain Christians were going to make it to heaven. In college, I found many classmates who belonged to other denominations with whom I connected spiritually. I began to see that if I make heaven, they will too.

Oh yes, there were always those philosophical debates about eternal security and free will, pre-trib or post trib, and the Holy Spirit—speaking in tongues or not. Yet our belief was in the same Christ who died on the cross for us. We went on mission trips together and worked in the Allegany County Outreach program side by side for the same purpose.

In Ephesians 4:4-6, Paul talks to the Ephesians about the oneness all believers have in Christ. It is a bond unlike any other on earth. When we meet other Christians for the first time, it’s like talking with an old friend with whom we have so much in common.

At Houghton and since, I am thankful that the Lord has given me many opportunities to work with Christians of various denominations. We truly can have that oneness in Christ.
Lord, help me to encourage unity amongst believers rather than disunity. Help me to remember that our common goal is to help others to find You as their personal Savior and Friend.

Maria (Franco) Miller (Class of 1970)
Senior administrative assistant for Dean Don Taylor at Saddleback Community College, living in Ladera Ranch, California.

Fun Fact
One lighter evidence of the decline of men on campus after World War II was the revision of a Sadie Hawkins Day rule which allowed “up to three women to date one man” for the campus free-for-all social.

Unforgettable Homecoming

Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not rely on your own insight.

(Proverbs 3:5 NRSV)

During my freshman year, I was randomly placed in a corner suite of Gaoyadeo dorm. My roommate ended up being Alan Bushart. Al and I were quite different. He was an athlete; I was bookish. He was outgoing and friendly; I was quiet and subdued. He was a man of God; I was struggling in my faith.

We were mismatched and it was not smooth. We each sought out other roommates. However, when senior year came around, I wanted to move off campus and I ended up moving in with Al again. We lived above the pizza place downtown. I had grown and matured, and Al had also grown. This time, it was working well!

Then, just before Homecoming, Al was chosen as one of the attendants. He and five other wonderful people took a trip to Buffalo in order to be ready for Homecoming. On the way up, tragically, a semi-tractor ran into their car. They all died at the scene. It sent the whole campus into emotional turmoil!

These were six of the most popular, beautiful Christians from our class—and we had lost them in the twitch of an eye! For all of us, that Homecoming was somber and sad.

I needed to remember that God’s ways are not our ways. What was a terrible tragedy on earth was a joyous “Homecoming” in heaven. I know that God was there to greet them, that He loved them, and that He suffered with all of us at the loss of their lives. The community of Houghton was hurt but rallied to bring support to the family and friends. We comforted each other at the loss. Our great loss was heaven’s great gain.
Lord God, help me to lean on Your wisdom. When I see tragedy, help me know You are sovereign. Help me entrust myself to You in all things. Your love and mercy and grace are sufficient for me!

Rev. Michael Childs (Class of 1982)
Pastor of Hornell First Baptist Church, Hornell, New York. Married to LeAnn for twenty-four years and has two wonderful adult children, Nate and Adie.

Fun Fact
Field hockey captured four consecutive NCCAA championships in the early 1990s.

We wait in hope for the Lord; he is our help and our shield. In him our hearts rejoice, for we trust in his holy name.

(Psalm 33:20-21 NIV)

I used to ask “Why, Lord?” when I’d walk by the statues of the six eagles—memorials to my six college-mates who were killed in a tragic car accident in October 1981. I’d remember their faces, the Oreo cookie fight I’d had with Mark the night before the accident, the empty desk next to mine in Lit class where Beth had sat. We were paired up to do a class presentation the next week. We were friends and now they were gone. I would never see them again in this life.

I’m sure everyone who was on campus during that time experienced some deep emotions and perhaps questioned God’s purposes. I was a young Christian, just having fully turned my life over to Jesus two years before the accident, so my faith was really tested as I asked myself the tough questions: “If God is in control, why did this happen? Is He really good?”

As the days went by, I was amazed to see the strength that God poured out upon us. News reporters from Buffalo and Rochester came on campus to interview various students and faculty about the accident. Remarkably, the Houghton community took advantage of the opportunity to share their faith with thousands who were watching the nightly news. We will never know how many lives were touched.

Chapel services were dedicated to helping us grow through this tragedy, and those with a mature faith gave us guidance, encouragement, and even “permission” to bring up our hard questions before God. I don’t remember any specific advice that I was given except this: Trust Him. He will show Himself faithful.

I’m not sure why God uses the hard times in our lives to teach us the
greatest lessons, but I know that He taught me more about faith through the death of my six Houghton friends than I’d ever learned before.

We often think our lives should be free from pain and problems, so we feel angry when things go wrong. We ask “Why, me?” One thing I’ve learned is to look for God to show up in amazing ways during our crises. Never give up hope. He has proven Himself in control of all situations, at all times, in all ways. His agenda is perfect and nothing happens to us that doesn’t have His approval. We can trust in God’s unfailing love during the storms of life. He will be our help and our shield, our comfort and our strength.

Father, please allow me to see You at work in my life and in the world. Help me to trust You above all else. Reveal Yourself to me in ways that surprise and delight me. Allow me to share with others how You continually show Yourself faithful.

Laurie (Middleton) Smalley (Class of 1984)
Outreach Pastor at the Houghton Wesleyan Church; chaplain at the Houghton nursing home; instructor of Bible at Houghton Academy.

Participation in the Suffering

Dear friends, do not be surprised at the painful trial you are suffering, as though something strange were happening to you. But rejoice that you participate in the sufferings of Christ, so that you may be overjoyed when his glory is revealed. (1 Peter 4:12-13 NIV)

After spending my first two years at Houghton, I was a transfer student at the University of Iowa. I vividly remember a phone call from my parents on a brisk October afternoon. They sounded hesitant; Dad cleared his throat repeatedly. Finally he mentioned that there had been an accident near Houghton. Six of my Houghton classmates had died and Dad named each one. Had I known them? I worked hard for each breath as he listed the names. All six? All six dead? The isolation—far from Houghton friends, far from family—added to the agony. I had exchanged Secret Santa gifts with one. Shared a Mayterm room with another. Their faces still smile from my photo albums. Yes, I had known them.

Every day, it seems, we dedicate children to God’s protection. October 2, 1981 taught me that this protection does not guarantee physical safety. Young people die. Friends and parents grieve. But even as the evidence seems to mock our trust in Him, we see that God continues to prove Himself: scheduling another dawn, surprising us with love, and accompanying us through grief.

On a different autumn day, I hugged my daughter in her room in Gillette Hall as she readied to begin her own Houghton story. I held her, knowing that God might not keep her safe the way I want to keep her safe. The possibility of tragedy is as real as the monument of six soaring eagles she will pass each day on the way to the Campus Center—the monument that memorializes my six friends. She will drive with friends
to Olean for pizza, to Roberts Wesleyan for concerts, and maybe to Wellsville to work Christmas kettles for the Salvation Army. With each car ride and stroll across the street, she takes a risk.

But if God is as all-knowing and all-powerful as we believe, should we be surprised that His priorities lie beyond what we understand? They indeed do—because they include bloody thorns and piercing nails. Yet because He is all-loving, we can be sure that those priorities are good and that on that October day in 1981 it was in His strong arms that He carried those Houghton seniors away. I must entrust my daughter into these same arms.

Father God, it may be true that we are most like Your Son when we suffer. Please give me the grace I need to trust You, and even to rejoice, when what I see is dark and hard to understand.

Martha Manikas-Foster (Class of 1982)
Writer and radio feature reporter in Corning, New York.

Then they cried out to the LORD in their trouble, and he brought them out of their distress. He stilled the storm to a whisper; the waves of the sea were hushed. They were glad when it grew calm, and he guided them to their desired haven. (Psalm 107:28-30 NIV)

Life in public high school was a dark and difficult time for me. There was definitely a clear delineation between the “haves” and “have-nots” among the students, and I was not one of the “haves.” I craved being known in school, but I lacked the confidence and qualities needed to be so. Ironically, it drove me to pursue God’s truth and I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord in the fall of my senior year.

After high school, I attended a private “religious” university that was equally as dark, and though it did not present the social pressures of high school, it was centered on alcohol and drugs. Through six years of darkness, I longed for an environment that would nurture my spirit, and at that point, God led me to Houghton College.

From the very beginning of my time at Houghton, God blessed me with a gracious resident assistant who was a mentor and example to me. He challenged me through Tony Campolo, who was on campus early in the semester, to live a deeper, more committed life in Christ. It humbled me to hear students singing their parts to the old hymns in chapel—hymns that I had never heard before but learned to love. He filled me with good memories of the fall retreats, Homecoming, and Sunday night worship.

Through the darkness, the Lord did lead me to a calm place and a haven of my desire, Houghton College. But in spite of this place of rest, I look back now and see how my flesh took advantage of it as well, in subtle ways. My spirit was being fed, but I was also feeding my flesh.
through the pursuit of “being known.” I was trying to fill both my flesh and spirit. Jesus said in Luke 11:17, “Any kingdom divided against itself will be ruined, and a house divided against itself will fall” (NIV). After graduation, I was ill-equipped for what I would face in the years to come. Reflecting back now, I see how God blessed me in spite of my flesh and weakness and He demonstrated His grace and mercy to me at that time, though how undeserving I was and am.

Lord, You are so patient with Your people and You love us in spite of our sin. Give us the strength to earnestly pursue You in times of blessings and difficulties. Reveal to us our fleshly ways that are deep rooted in our past needs or in our fears of what might come. Help us to rest in Your grace and mercy which equips us to face whatever the day may bring.

Jack McGovern (Class of 1985)
Healthcare information technology consultant for the Centers of Medicare and Medicaid Services, and attends Cornerstone Chapel. Currently living in Leesburg, Virginia, with his wife and four children.

Fun Fact
Rothenbuhler Hall, formerly South Hall, was added in 1986.

Here for a Reason

\And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose. For whom He foreknew, He also predestined to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover whom He predestined, these He also called; whom He called, these He also justified; and whom He justified, these He also glorified.

(Romans 8:28-30 NKJV)

From the very first time I visited Houghton College, there was a palpable feeling of welcome on the campus. This is difficult to describe, but it was a feeling of acceptance and comfort. It wasn’t too long after my first visit that I realized Houghton was a place I could call “home” for the next four years. Other colleges that I had visited were not like Houghton; there was no atmosphere of warmth and peace. Houghton College really is a place of community; people care about others and form lasting bonds, in part because of the atmosphere on this campus.

In 2009, Homecoming weekend was an enormous celebration of the 125th anniversary of Houghton College. Not only was the whole student body excited for the celebrations, but large numbers of alumni and parents visited for the festivities. So many things were scheduled, including seminars for the visitors, the banquet for the students, a special chapel ceremony, and a festival on the quad. For such a small college, it seemed like a giant party the whole weekend.

Seeing that many people on campus and having the opportunity to speak with a few alumni who were visiting allowed me to realize some things about Houghton. Houghton College has affected the lives of an incredible number of people over the decades. It’s overwhelming to think of how many people have lived in the same dorms, gone to the
same classes, and sat in the same chapel as we do now. Not only those who have graduated from Houghton but even the people who only came here for a year, their lives were changed by the things they experienced while they were here. God put each person on this campus to change their lives in some way, including myself. It’s amazing to know that I am a part of something so big that has helped so many people.

*Almighty Father God, I am honored by the care You take for me. I am grateful that everything about my life is in Your hands. You have promised that all things work together for my good and I want to thank You for that. Thank You for putting me in a place where I can grow, learn, and make new friends while glorifying You. Thank You for all the memories and history that make up Houghton College and for the amazing people You put all around me.*

Noel Palmer (Class of 2012)
Current Houghton College student, Writing major.

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For it is by grace you have been saved, through faith—and this not from yourselves, it is the gift of God—not by works, so that no one can boast. For we are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do.

(Ephesians 2:8-10 NIV)

As a junior transfer, I was assigned to the Gold side of the intramural contests. My first exposure to this was the annual Purple-Gold football contest. While standing as a spectator, I noticed one guy who galloped up and down the sidelines, stood in place pumping his knees up to his chin, and once in a while would run and fling himself onto the turf.

Clad in his gear, he was an impressive sight. I asked a friend about him and the reply was that he didn’t play much as he couldn’t remember the signals, couldn’t catch the football, and often missed blocking assignments. His grass drills were impressive; his performance left much to be desired.

All too often, I am reminded that I can be very good at the warm-ups and perhaps look as if I am a first stringer. Then someone on the sidelines—my wife, my child, my pastor, my friend, and the Spirit—reminds me that I need to be as capable in the game as I seem to be in the grass drills.

This is all the more poignant when I rejoice in the wonderful truths encased in Ephesians 2:8-9. It is so stupendous that grace covers those who think they are so great that they need no salvation, as well as those who are so bad that they think God can’t or won’t save them.

However, then I seem to forget that verse 10 hangs on the two that precede it. I am God’s workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works. I am not saved from hell and given the hope of salvation so that on the way I can have a good time. Verse 10 tells me that God is more
interested in how I walk, or play the game, or build a life, than how I feel and prance about on the sidelines. Grace should make me grateful and gracious, and that should be more obvious than my sideline posturing.

Father, help me translate my posturing into practice, my outward appearance into inner strength, and my grass drills into action.

Tom McInnes (Class of 1953)
Active in community/religious activities at Willow Manor retirement community in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Fun Fact
Purple and Gold competition divisions began on May 20, 1921. Students were assigned a permanent team upon admittance.

Go Global

“Go into all the world and preach the good news to all creation.” . . . Then the disciples went out and preached everywhere, and the Lord worked with them.

(Mark 16:15, 20 NIV)

I think we should pick someplace where they speak English,” suggested my friend Melissa Pancoe (now Bleasdale). We were skimming study abroad brochures in the Chamberlain Center (known at the time simply as the New Academic Building).

Before long, Melissa and I were preparing for our semester in London with guidance from David Pollack, who taught us transition strategies. Melissa was a History major, so I had the advantage of a friend on the journey who doubled as my personal tour guide. I was a Psychology major, and she claimed that I doubled as her therapist.

I wish Melissa and I had spent more time preaching and ministering to the downtrodden; the conversations that we had with homeless people were some of the most memorable of the trip. But the reality is that we lived our ordinary Christian lives in a different—extraordinary—environment. We found and created opportunities to discuss our faith with our non-Christian housemates and, hopefully, our actions spoke louder than our words.

What an incredible experience! I had always liked the idea of missions work but never really thought of myself as a missionary. Spending a unique semester studying in London appealed more to me. The truth is, we’re all missionaries—whether we serve across the ocean in London, England, or down the road in Olean, New York. We don’t have to plan special trips to fulfill the Great Commission, but those special trips can broaden our vision in ways we hadn’t imagined before.

Dr. Charles Stanley wrote that Christians often consider evangelism impossible. Perhaps it’s because, like me, many Christians lack the
imagination to see the ways our creative God can use us. “The problem
is not that we have exhausted our frontiers,” writes Clarence Hall, “The
problem is that we fail to recognize them!”

Houghton promotes academic excellence for the higher purpose
of impacting souls for eternity. Those souls are everywhere. They need
to see our Savior in the form of you and me as we venture into new
frontiers, wherever their location.

Father, I want to follow You wherever You lead. If You desire for me
to study abroad, guide me through the necessary steps and use the
experience to enlarge my vision of You.

Tami (Marzolla) Gale (Class of 1993)
Freelance writer, independent marketing consultant in the U.S. and Bahrain, and
currently a stay-at-home mom with a ten month old and four year old, living in
Stuttgart, Germany.

Fun Fact
The granite tablet next to the flagpole bears tribute to the
ten Houghton servicemen who joined the three veterans of World War I
in giving their lives for America. Ten oak trees now gracing the quad
area are living memorials to those who died.

For Such a Time as This

Who knows but that you have come to royal position for such a
time as this?

(Esther 4:14 NIV)

During my freshman year at Houghton, I applied to join the
Houghton Down Under Program. For as long as I could
remember, I had always wanted to travel to Australia. Finally, in my
spring semester, I received word that I was accepted into the program.
The next several months I spent preparing myself to leave home
and go to live in Melbourne, Australia, for almost four months. I was so
excited to actually have the chance to travel where none of my family
had ever been before.

On August 15, 2007, I found myself in the Buffalo airport saying
good-bye to my mom and my grandparents. I walked away to check
my bags, leaving them behind, and not being able to see them for
another three and a half months. Nineteen hours of flight later, I was in
Melbourne airport and in a whole new area that was out of my general
comfort zone. Shortly after arriving at Kingsley College, we were given
the chance to call our parents to let them know that we had arrived
safely. It was during that first phone call that my world came crashing
down.

With just a simple “hello” from my mom, tears flooded my eyes and
I realized how much I missed my family. I had never been away from
home for more than a week, and even then I was comforted with the
knowledge that I could see my family at the end of that one short week.
Nothing that I had done to prepare myself to come to Australia could
have prepared me for the wave of homesickness that crashed down
over me. It was my first night at Kingsley College, and I wanted to go
home. All of my childhood dreams of coming to Australia didn’t matter
anymore. I had set foot in Australia and as far as I was concerned, that was good enough. **Now when’s the next flight out of this place?**

I called home every day for the next two weeks, and every phone call I cried—not just little tears, but crying to the point of not being able to talk. My days were spent going through the motions of class, but I was constantly trying to figure out a way back to Pennsylvania. I was miserable, and I think that I would have stayed that way had it not been for the help of my family.

It was something said in one conversation that helped me more than anything. My attention was called to Esther 4:14 which told me that maybe I was in Australia “for such a time as this.” Soon, every day was not consumed with plans for how to get home, but rather how to make my time in Australia special and how I could fulfill God’s will for my life there. Suddenly, I didn’t want to go home anymore. I was living in the moment for Christ.

If you find yourself in a situation or place that is lonely or unfamiliar, remember that even though you may not agree, God has put you there for a reason. You may never know why you were there at that specific time, but just trust in God’s promise in Romans 8:28, “And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose” (NKJV). After all, God may have called you “for such a time as this.” Just trust Him and live for Him.

**Father, please help me to live the plan that You have for me in this moment. Enable me to serve You in everything I do and every situation You place me in. I know that You will not give me anything more than I can handle and that every moment of my life is a blessing of Your hand. Amen.**

Melissa Stanley (Class of 2010)

Living in western Pennsylvania, graduated from Houghton College in 2010, currently waiting to hear from graduate schools and eventually plans to teach history at the high school level, but is open to wherever God leads. Since coming home from Australia, God has given her a passion for the Australian people and she would like to live and work there someday and be a witness for Him.

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**A Mighty Revival**

Therefore God exalted [Jesus] to the highest place and gave him the name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

*(Philippians 2:9-11 NIV)*

Late Sunday night on October 21, 1951, our gospel team rolled into Houghton, worn out after a weekend of ministering in the Binghamton area. Several of us asked, “What’s going on in the church? Why are the lights still on?” The final Sunday night service of the fall Spiritual Emphasis Week should have ended long before. In spite of our fatigue, we stopped to investigate.

The scene inside the church was one of the mightiest movings of God’s Spirit we had ever seen. No one was in charge; instead, the Spirit of God was directing the assembly. The church was full of students and others who were praying, confessing, testifying, asking forgiveness, quietly singing. As some people prayed in small groups in their pews, others made their way to the altar to seek God there. From time to time, someone stood to address everyone with words of exhortation, or confession, or testimony. There was no confusion or noise, just the Spirit of God moving upon all who were there.

Our tiredness and the late hour were quickly forgotten as we realized we were in the presence of God working in a wonderful way. Students who got right with God went to get friends and roommates who also needed His touch. Although I didn’t stay all night, the meeting didn’t end until almost daybreak.

God continued to work the next day. Instead of translating Latin
in my 8:00 class, the spirit of revival continued with the openness of
the night before, as it did in almost all classes for several days. Chapel
services were not bound by time but by the Spirit’s leading alone.
To this day I am moved to have been part of such a demonstration
of divine power. I am still challenged to live empowered and controlled
by God’s Holy Spirit daily, in spite of the ceaseless pressures of today’s
busyness.
Jesus was truly lifted up and the words to that great hymn, “All Hail
the Power of Jesus’ Name,” became more meaningful than ever: “All hail
the power of Jesus’ name! Let angels prostrate fall; bring forth the royal
diadem, and crown Him Lord of all.”
O Mighty Father, I seek You and the filling of Your Holy Spirit above
all else and am completely open to Your working in my life.

Bob Merz (Class of 1952)
Mr. Merz passed away in June of 2009. He is fondly remembered.

Fun Fact

President Profile:
Wilber Thomas Dayton was the third president of Houghton College.

Sitting in class with Professor Smalley in Outdoor Living Skills, we
were given an assignment to search Scripture and to share what
was on our hearts. I will never forget the deep urgency I felt when I read
these words from Amos. I could envision a vast sea of young men and
women who were searching the land, but they would fall, never to rise
again.
Did you catch that? Never! That is final, beyond redemption, without
hope, beyond salvation . . . you get the idea. The impact returned as I
entered into the current work I do with teen moms and with young
men and women who are searching. They do not know what they are
searching for; they are lost and without hope. If I do not share the word
of the Lord with them and their children, they may fall never to rise
again.
The urgency I felt in class that day has haunted and pursued me. As
I write, I pray that you too will understand the impact of this truth and
your call to share the word of the Lord with those around you. Read all
of Amos 8 and see what the Lord has for the lovely young women and
strong young men that you know.

El Roi, the God who sees, hear the cry of my heart for the lost.
Thank You for calling me in my youth and strengthen me to be
faithful to Your call.

Callie (Snyder) Neff (Class of 1996)
Program director at House of His Creation, a Christ-centered non-profit home for
Fun Fact

While at an annual fall school picnic at Letchworth State Park, Dr. Paine quickly gained a reputation for boldness. While students walked precariously across the railroad trestle, Dr. Paine vaulted to the railing and coolly walked across to the other side of the gorge, two hundred feet above the brink of Upper Falls.

The Lost B-Flat

Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for men.

(Colossians 3:23 NIV)

While at Houghton, I roomed with a Music major. It did not take me long to discover that she was committed to her major 24/7! She practically embodied the verse in Colossians, for she worked at her music with all her heart—sometimes even in her sleep!

One night after we had both fallen asleep, she sat up in bed and asked me, “Did you take my B-flat chord?” I was so exhausted that I responded by telling her to play the song without it. As soon as I answered, she leaned back, closed her eyes, and got right back to her midnight recital!

Being the supportive roommate that I was . . . the next day I posted an enormous five-foot banner in the cafeteria that announced, “Lost: Missing B-flat chord . . . if found please return to Susan!” To my knowledge this chord is still missing.

So, for those students still laboring at Houghton, if you should happen to come across a lost B-flat chord, please contact my old roommate Susan at 1-800-zzzzz!

Dear Precious Heavenly Father, I commit this day and all my work to You and pray that I might work, learn, and study with all my heart as if I am working for You and not people.

Carolyn Reed (Class of 1985)
Kindergarten teacher at the Cranford Child Care Center in New Jersey.
WINTER
Soccer + Snow = Life Lessons

*Soccer + Snow = Life Lessons*

*John 16:33 (NIV)*

Being an Athletic Training major at Houghton College, most of my memories are centered around the gym and athletic fields. Many good memories came out of the training room, whether it was practicing taping techniques on each other or patching up a blistered soccer player during pre-season. The memories of Houghton have shaped me into the person that I am today.

The snow at Houghton seemed to fly way before I was ever ready for it, and it never seemed to be a normal snowfall that the rest of the country gets. It was either a snow squall or lake effect snow that you could not see through. One snow storm in particular sticks in my memory. I was sitting on the bench during a men’s soccer game when the snow started to fly. It seems that to soccer players, the messier the weather, the more fun to play. So it didn’t surprise me that the game would still take place. I remember being bundled up and huddled under gray wool blankets with a couple other trainers. As the game progressed, the lines on the field started to disappear under a thick layer of snow. Someone had a broom and walked up the sideline, sweeping, only to turn around and have to do it all over again. There was a point when we could not see the opposite corners of the field. Someone on the bench made a comment that they hoped no one was hurt in the corners that we could not see.

Life feels that way at times. The snow flying and obscuring the view reminds me that even though I don’t always see the entire playing field, God knows; He sees how the play is progressing and He is in control. No matter how I try to clean things up, to keep the sidelines clean, I cannot do it on my own. When God sees fit, the storm will end. The
The Shadow of Thy Wings

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast. (Psalm 57:1 KJV)

On December 7, 1941, while I was a freshman at Houghton College, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The entire campus was in a state of shock. One by one students left school to join the war effort—some never to return again, including many of my close friends. At daily chapel services and on Sunday mornings at the Houghton Church, a shaken college body listened to powerful messages of reassurance. Houghton was no longer only a liberal arts college but instantly a spiritual oasis.

I sought out President Paine who counseled and prayed with me in his office. I was drawn into a time of Bible reading, prayer, and soul searching. Decisions, decisions, decisions! I discovered Psalm 57:1 which changed the course of my life: “Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast” (KJV).

It was then and there at Houghton that I made a decision to prepare for full-time Christian service in the footsteps of my father and grandfather. I didn’t hear a voice or see a vision, but I knew that God was leading me in a life-changing manner.

Subsequently, I attended Nyack College which was then the Missionary Training Institute. Further studies included Union Theological Seminary (MDiv), Columbia University, Princeton Theological Seminary, and from New York University, I earned a PhD. I was ordained in the Presbyterian Church USA and the Lord in His mercy allowed me to found five Presbyterian churches in the New York-New Jersey area.

The Lord blessed me with ten years as a director of Trans World...
Radio, twenty-three years as Executive Director of National Religious Broadcasters, and now as the director of the doctoral program at Faith Theological Seminary in Baltimore where I teach courses in leadership and media. I was highly gratified and humbled to receive an honorary degree, DD, from Houghton College in 1990, the place where my ministry began.

I believe it was my experience at Houghton that prepared me to face new challenges.

*Thank You, Lord, for meeting me that day so long ago and guiding me into full-time service for You. I pray for all those who are facing big decisions about the direction of their lives. Give them the guidance they need.*

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**Rev. Ben Armstrong (Class of 1945)**
Member of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, residing in Sellersville, Pennsylvania.

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**Fun Fact**

In 1906, the drinking water supply came from a spring below the hillside, pumped to the level of the college by a one-cylinder gasoline engine. H. Clark Bedford, in addition to his teaching duties, spent many hours keeping the gasoline engine running to power the pump.

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**Care Packages**

_This is how much God loved the world: He gave his Son, his one and only Son. And this is why: so that no one need be destroyed; by believing in him, anyone can have a whole and lasting life._

*(John 3:16 MSG)*

Year after year, coming to Houghton was a renewal for me. With each return to campus, the cool autumn nighttime air would easily remind me of the special respite I could find in this very special place. Even now, as each summer’s sunny weather gives way to cool fall air and starry skies, and then when that gives way to deep snow, I find myself fondly remembering those same changes during my days at Houghton.

While we students had many social experiences on campus and a strong community with our peers, Houghton also offered solitude with the beauty of the outdoors. I will never forget long, serene, and scenic walks to and from buildings on those quiet nights. I imagine students now taking in the crisp fall and then the cold, cold winter air.

Even as I enjoyed Houghton’s unique beauty, at times the most beautiful sight I could imagine came in my mailbox—that little slip of paper that simply read, “You have an item too large for your box. Please bring this slip to the counter.” That little piece of paper could evoke a thrill in me similar to that first feeling of stepping away from home and onto campus.

That little slip of paper indicated the arrival of a care package—a box or overstuffed envelope that had come in the mail from someone “out there” who loved me. That person recognized that my busy life would benefit from a touch from home, from the familiar, even as my time away had become the new familiar.

As we seek after God, even in a beautiful place, we still have needs.
It is timely, then, to receive care from our home, our church, and our friends. We require care from outside of our world. This parallels the care we continually are offered from our Father, through His Son, Jesus, our ultimate Care Package. He has promised to be readily found and to provide our needs as we ask.

Lord, thank You for caring for me!

John Ginnan (Class of 1998)
Full-time Next Gen Pastor (youth and young adult) at Church of the Resurrection. Living in Syracuse, New York, with wife Caity.

Fun Fact
Arbor Day, an annual day through the 1920s and 1930s, revived for a few years in the 1950s and then was abandoned. In 1921, on Arbor Day, students repaired the campus roads. When the job was not completed the first day, classes were again suspended and a second Arbor Day declared. Women students and staff prepared a big dinner for the working men.

He Meant To Serve

Now faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see. This is what the ancients were commended for.

(Hebrews 11:1-2 NIV)

My recollections of Houghton College are primarily associated with people. Ed DeYoung is a prime case in point. He was a conscientious student and active in The Torch Bearers, a student organization dedicated to enhancing spiritual maturity through devotional practice and Christian outreach. Yet, he was uncertain as to his calling in life.

Consequently, I was surprised upon matriculating to seminary to find him in the entering class. While he did not feel called to the ministry, he thought a year of theological studies would be beneficial. He did not extend his studies.

I next encountered him when he was on furlough from teaching in West Africa. He was assured that he had found his place of service and was genuinely excited at the prospect. Then, around 1950, I received word that he had succumbed to a tropical disease. Thus, while his life was cut short, he is appreciatively remembered for having made the most of it.

Some years later, I was serving a short-term assignment in Nigeria. Looking toward the village in the distance, I could make out a singular white cross. While it turned out not to mark Ed’s grave site, it brought to mind his unswerving devotion. Then, too, it also brought to mind my time at Houghton, along with faithful mentors and fellow students.

Dear Lord, we thank You for Your word, “We know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose” (Romans 8:28 NIV).
Morris Inch (Class of 1949)
Retired for the third time, having invested most of his adult life in Christian higher education. He and his wife Joan reside in Russellville, Arizona. Visit his publication website: www.ourchurch.com/member/p/publications.

Fun Fact
The bricks used to face the first building on campus came from the native clay mined right here on campus between Lambein Hall and the Paine Science building.

For Jesus’ Sake

Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.
(Matthew 25:40 KJV)

My days at Houghton coincided with the arrival of numerous young men who had served in our country’s armed forces during World War II and were taking advantage of the G.I. Bill to get an education. My older brother was one of them. Their presence, I’m sure, raised considerably the general maturity level of our student body, although that probably didn’t impress me until later.

One of them was responsible for starting a campus organization called Foreign Missions Fellowship. The group met and learned about the spiritual needs in other countries and prayed earnestly for those people to be reached with the gospel message, perhaps even by us. We were a large and enthusiastic group of students.

Some of us from F.M.F. formed what we called “The Inasmuch Club,” the name taken from the verse in Matthew. We had learned also about pastors and Christian people in post-war Europe who were suffering through cold winters with very little. Knowing about snow and cold weather at Houghton, we felt that we needed to do something about those less well protected brothers and sisters in Christ. We began collecting warm clothes—mostly what would today be called “pre-owned” sweaters, caps, mittens, scarves, and an occasional jacket. We would meet to pack all those warm items and ship them off, scraping to cover the mailing costs but deriving great joy from doing it. We formed close friendships in the process.

Lord Jesus, may I always see You when I look into the face of another human being.
Dorothy (Ellenberger) Emary (Class of 1949)
Former missionary to Guinea, West Africa, leader of home Bible studies in Simi Valley, California.

Fun Fact
Before the present Campus Center was constructed in 1972, student meals were served in the basement of Gaoyadeo Hall and in the basement of East Hall.

Answer

Call to me and I will answer you and tell you great and unsearchable things you do not know.  
(Jeremiah 33:3 NIV)

During my sophomore year at Houghton, I felt overwhelmed. I was serving as a resident assistant to thirty-some women in East Hall and falling in love with a man from Shenawana Hall. My campus involvements had grown and my circle of friends expanded beyond my ability to keep connected with everyone. The time had come for me to choose my major—and, it seemed, the course of the rest of my life. My busy days were awash with complexity and uncertainty.

Nearly every Sunday night my father would call. I eagerly looked forward to these phone conversations, when I could share with him the week’s academic insights and social adventures. He heard about the fun of my floor Bible study and intramural volleyball team; he heard about difficult papers, daunting responsibilities, and stressful situations. After listening patiently, my father would often offer some advice, and one night our conversation concluded this way:

“Dad, what should I do?”
“You know what to do, Naomi.”

At first my father’s answer struck me as . . . well, as not very helpful. Why would I ask him a question if I already knew the answer? What was he trying to tell me?

In the book of Jeremiah, God gives this promise to his children: “Call to me and I will answer you and tell you great and unsearchable things you do not know.” I find this declaration both comforting and intriguing; I like God’s ready willingness to answer me, but what kind of answer is He promising, exactly?

Like a good father, God desires to give me what I need—not the
simple solutions I think I need, but an imponderable truth to build my
life upon. I am convinced that God’s “great and unsearchable” answer is
the same “revealed mystery” that the apostle Paul writes about, namely,
Jesus. Jesus is God’s answer to the cries of His people.

Jesus is also the answer embedded in my father’s advice to me. In
telling me, “You know what to do,” my father was saying, “The Spirit of
Jesus will guide and direct you, Naomi. You know the words of Jesus—
love your neighbor; forgive those who sin against you; trust in Me. Now
go and live them out.”

Heavenly Father, thank You for inviting me to call upon You. Thank
You for answering me by Your Word and Your Spirit and Your
people. Most of all, thank You for Jesus. Give me wisdom to know
Your goodness and courage to do the good I know.

Naomi (Spurrier) Smith (Class of 2005)
Currently living in State College, Pennsylvania with her husband Jason (the
aforementioned Shen man) and daughter Gloria.

God Will Provide a Way

I tell you the truth, if you have faith as small as a mustard seed,
you can say to this mountain, “Move from here to there” and it
will move. Nothing will be impossible for you.
(Matthew 17:20 niv)

Feeling a bit overwhelmed by all the syllabuses, the scheduled
tests, the papers coming due all at once? Take a deep breath
. . . I want you to know that God will provide a way! Although the
academic demands of the semester might seem as unrealistic as moving
a mountain, Scripture says it will move if you have faith as small as a
mustard seed. I want you to know that His Word is true, and He will
perform a mighty work within you. He will provide a way! It might be at
the very last moment when you’re cramming and burning the midnight
oil. It might be in a most unexpected way, but know that God will
provide a way for you.

So, as the girls from the former East Hall used to sing:
You better watch out, and you better still try;
You better not pout I’m telling you why
Finals will be coming up soon!

We know you prefer sleeping
We know you’d rather play
But right around vacation time teachers give tests each day,
So cram, cram, cram, cram!
You know . . .

All this studying might make you a bit nutty.
You might even feel as if you have cracked!
Just remember your power is shelled out through Jesus Christ
and it’s not of your own acorn!
He walnut ever forsake you.
Never forget what your Savior did for you.
Just think it all pecan when God became flesh and dwelt among us.

Give your worries and problems to the Lord—your fears about the tests, the papers, the speeches, the oral exams. First Peter 5:7 challenges us to cast our cares upon Him. Turn your face to the Lord and let Him lift your burdens away. He will help you through.

I’m so thankful that God provided a way for me. I couldn’t have made it through Houghton without Him, and it is my prayer that He will do the same for you!

Dear Precious Heavenly Father, I give You the semester’s workload as an offering and I thank You in advance for the way You are going to use these challenges to not only develop my character but to teach me to lean on You and not on my own understanding.

Carolyn Reed (Class of 1985)
Kindergarten teacher at the Cranford Child Care Center in New Jersey.

Behold, the LORD has proclaimed to the end of the earth, Say to the daughter of Zion, "Lo, your salvation comes; behold His reward is with Him, and His recompense before Him."

(Isaiah 62:11 NASB)

My freshman and sophomore years at Houghton, I lived in Gaoyadeo dorm. It was the oldest dorm on campus, and the smallest. It was quaint, even though the basement could be downright creepy when you were doing laundry. But there was a special bond between all of the girls who lived in that dorm.

Christmas has always been my favorite time of year and living in Gao made it even more special. You see, Gao had a tradition for our Christmas party. If you happened to be outside the dorm looking in on the night of the party, you could see a winding line of candles through the staircase windows on the ends of the dorm, descending down into the basement. From the outside, it was beautiful, but from the inside, it was even better!

The RAs of the dorm would start on the third floor with their candles lit and they would stop at each doorway to “pick up” the girls. We would sing Christmas carols as we wound our way down the hallways, descending into the basement where we would gather in the old dining hall for our gift exchange. It was the one night when almost the entire dorm actually sat down together and enjoyed the warmth of the season and a break from studying for finals.

I had grown up singing Christmas carols and was sure that I knew most, if not all, of the “good” carols. But on that first party night, I was introduced to a carol that has remained one of my favorites ever since. That carol was “O Come, O Come Emmanuel.” Through the years, I have taught that carol to students from elementary through high school, have directed choirs singing it, directed bands playing it, and have played it as a piano solo myself.
Each year, since that Christmas in 1974, the memories of all those girls’ voices, echoing down the halls of that old dorm come flooding back to me, returning me to those special Christmas celebrations on the Houghton campus.

Lord, I thank You for the precious gift You sent to us so many years ago, and for the great sacrifice He made so I can look forward to living with You one day.

Pam (Campbell) Todd (Class of 1978)
Homemaker; ovarian cancer survivor; teaching private music lessons and playing French horn in a community orchestra in Tucson, Arizona.

Fun Fact

Houghton Sings!
I Want to Go Back
I want to go back to the halls, to dear old Houghton halls,
Back to hours in study spent, back to the pranks and merriment;
I want to go back to Houghton halls, to dear old Houghton halls,
I want to go back, I want to go back to Houghton halls.

And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.
(Romans 8:28 NIV)

Wow, can I attest to that verse! The summer before my junior year at Houghton, I was diagnosed with cancer. God used adversity to not only grow me closer to Him, but during that time the Lord bridged the communication gap between me and my Dad, and I discovered just how much he loved me. The Lord also closed a door on my engagement.

“I sought the LORD, and he answered me, and delivered me from all my fears” (Psalm 34:4 NRSV). After returning to Houghton in September, another tumor was discovered over Thanksgiving break and I was scheduled to have a second surgery over Christmas break. As I was preparing for the second surgery, the Lord sent someone to my dorm room to confront me. While I don’t remember anything about this person, I will never forget the two questions she asked. First, she asked me if I had given my life to the Lord; next, she asked me if God wanted a part of me, wasn’t it His to take? Those questions have stuck with me to this day.

I’ll never forget the events that occurred two days after my operation, and I had just prayed, asking the Lord to make it possible for me to go to church that day. Several hours before church started, my family received a phone call from my doctor. He informed us that my diagnosis had been changed. God healed me! Not only did He heal me, but He made a way for me to be in church that Sunday to praise Him!

I don’t know what types of adversity you might be up against, but I can tell you without a doubt that we serve an awesome God. “Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths”
(Proverbs 3:5-6 NKJV, italics mine).

Dear Precious Heavenly Father, life is going to be challenging at times, and I pray that I will see each experience as a tool that You are using to mold me into a vessel that You can use to build Your kingdom.

Carolyn Reed (Class of 1985)
Kindergarten teacher at the Cranford Child Care Center in New Jersey.

Fun Fact

The crowning symbol of Wesley Chapel is the 61-rank, 3,153-pipe organ built by Walter Holtkamp. It has been alleged that during the building of the organ, one Music major, in order to save room and board, truly “got close to the music” by living for a semester among the pipes stored in the basement room of Wesley Chapel, until he was finally discovered and politely evicted.

We love Him because He first loved us.
(1 John 4:19 NKJV)

A handful of things drew me to Houghton: Dave Pollock, his ministry with third culture kids, his visits to my little school in Cameroon in West Africa, and I had never lived in snow before.

A handful of things kept me there: a breath-taking campus, incredible professors, being challenged to grow intellectually and spiritually, and friends. Most of all, friends.

You see, freshman year was hard. I had thought that I was easily adaptable because I had grown up traveling to various places all over the world. What hadn’t occurred to me was that I had never stayed in any of those places longer than a month or two. The world around me was unfamiliar, and I desperately wanted some sort of normalcy to return to my life. My world shifted again that spring as I returned to campus from Christmas vacation. A handful of the friends I had made in the fall did not return because they were in London for the semester. I had spent Christmas with a friend from Cameroon whose family lived in the U.S., so coming back was reminiscent of leaving home all over again.

God used this time—and the following three years—to show me His glory over and over again through His people. At a time when I was extremely homesick and anxious that I would not be able to return home that summer, I received an anonymous gift in my campus mailbox with a note to put it towards my plane ticket home that summer. Friends got together and presented me with a monetary gift for my birthday for the same purpose. All the invitations to friends’ homes during school breaks, the countless notes in my mailbox and on my dorm room door, the conversations, the hours of shared laughter, the vulnerability of shared tears. Without such generous outpourings of God’s incredible
love from my friends, I don’t know if I would have made it through those four years.

You know, this is it—this is the kingdom of God. Loving one another dearly and deeply, giving of ourselves even when we feel spent and when it isn’t convenient, serving people with the gifts He has given us, and pouring out blessing upon blessing because He has first blessed us. I know my friends loved on me all those years in college because they knew God loved them first.

I am thankful that I was—and still am—loved well by these dear ones the Lord brought into my life. I pray that I love His people just as well.

Dearest Jesus, Precious Friend, thank You for the countless lessons You patiently teach us about friendship. Thank You that in the moments when we feel alone in this world, You reach out to us through other people and touch our hearts. May we be vessels of Your love to our friends.

Hannah (Bae) Guillory (Class of 2005)
Wife, teen ministry volunteer, substitute ELA and French teacher, and peer counselor at local pregnancy resource center; currently living in Saratoga Springs, New York

Houghton is a place I equate with music. It is there that I learned, through the encouraging influence of my professors, to take God-given gifts to a higher level. When I first came to Houghton, I planned to major in and teach French. I also loved various styles of music, including classic piano literature, which I’d studied for years. I began taking piano lessons from Eldon Basney, who taught me to play Bach “with flair.” But if you walked by the old Music building at dinnertime, you’d hear me banging out Beatles tunes by ear.

Two years later, I left Houghton to join my husband Kelvin, a Naval officer with orders to Morocco. I began playing for chapel services and developing my own style, partly influenced by my lessons at Houghton. Kelvin substituted for the chaplain and decided to study theology. So after three years of living in an Arab culture, we both came back to Houghton.

This time I chose to pursue a BA in Music, focusing on courses that most interested me. A favorite class was composition with Dr. Allen, with his gentle humor and delightful writing style. Mrs. Allen, one of my piano professors, taught me to play with depth of feeling. Both the Allens reflected in their playing and teaching that music is a gift from God and a vehicle to praise Him. I was fortunate to study organ with Dr. Finney, whose grand improvisations on the last verse of a hymn caused us to stare with awe up at the organ loft. Chapel Choir with Dr. Brown was enjoyable—he insisted on quality, but always made us laugh. My husband played trombone in Wind Ensemble, and Dr. McNeil let me go along on tour as a part-time pianist and “PR Person.” He chose interesting music and provided background comments. He was also a mentor and friend to students.
I remember many discussions among the Music faculty and students about contrasts between traditional church music and contemporary trends. I still wrestle, as a choir director and praise team pianist, with keeping current while preserving the best of the past. The choices have become overwhelming. Through the years I have been guided by what my professors taught about good musicianship: they encouraged us to appreciate the past, to grow in our understanding of music, to perfect our craft, and above all, to glorify God in our music.

On Sunday mornings when I improvise at the piano during prayer, I hear music in my head and pray with my fingers. I owe much of who I’ve become musically to my Houghton heritage.

Father in heaven, thank You for the gift of music. Please accept our gratitude as we lift our various musical offerings up to You.

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JoAnne (DeSerio) Jones (Class of 1976)
Piano teacher, composer/arranger, choir director, praise team pianist, pastor’s wife, English as a second language teacher to Karen Burmese in Utica, and one of eleven extended-family Houghton grads. Resides in Kirkville, New York.

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Fun Fact

President Profile:
Daniel Robert Chamberlain was the fourth president of Houghton College. He served from 1976—2006.

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Bitter Cold

Just as lotions and fragrance give sensual delight, a sweet friendship refreshes the soul.

(Proverbs 27:9 MSG)

What?” I grumble in response to the light knocking on my door.

“The phone’s for you.” Ugh. I trudge to the phone and wonder if I am the only one with studying to do.

“Hey,” I say, trying to sound polite.

“Hey, it’s running time. You up?”

The wind is howling, I’m pretty certain it’s snowing, and I have a Lit paper due. “Umm . . .” I hesitate.

Amy reads my mind, sighs, and lets me off the hook. “Never mind, you’re probably busy.”

“Yeah, this paper’s gonna kill me. Can we go another time?” The long pause is tense.

“Sure, good luck.”

I settle back in at my desk. I stare at note cards and piles of library books but can’t work. That long silence on the other end of the line lingers in my head. I can’t shake it.

Fifteen minutes later, I have donned sweats and a hoodie, and I lace up my shoes before running down the stairs. Stepping out onto the front steps, I see Amy waiting, a big grin on her face as she watches her breath puff out in several directions. It is bitter cold; I can hear the crackle beneath my feet. We must be crazy!

Walking briskly without a word, we emerge from the parking lot between East Hall and the Campus Center and start our run on the roads around campus. As we pass Brookside, Amy breaks the silence.

“Wow, it really is too cold to run!”

“Really? I hadn’t noticed,” I choke out.
For twenty minutes, we run, we talk, we gasp, we laugh. It’s a good run, but cold. I know my paper is waiting, but that’s okay. This is better. This couldn’t wait. This is friendship.

God, help me value the friendships You have given me. Bless the time I make to spend with my friends.

Kathie (Christensen) Hilsher (Class of 1994)
Adjunct English faculty at Houghton College, residing in Houghton, New York.

Fun Fact

In 1917, a new gymnasium was completed using reclaimed bricks from the original Seminary building and relying on volunteer student labor. It was named after long-time professor H. C. Bedford, who presided over the groundbreaking by serving as plowman with a team of eighty men. The building stood on the quad side of the Campus Center until the 1980s.

Driving to Houghton

Jesus answered, “I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.”

(John 14:6 NIV)

We often talk about our journey of faith. Driving the long, winding road to Houghton always reminds me how to discern core, fundamental truths that are necessary to follow Jesus from tangential issues that lead us astray.

Jesus Christ said He is the way and the truth and the life. Therefore, a rule of thumb to help you to identify fundamental beliefs that all Christians must believe is to identify those beliefs that are necessary to understanding the transcendent truth about who Jesus Christ is, who the Father is, and how we can come to the Father.

Knowing what the community of believers has generally believed over the centuries is useful in discerning such truths. Make no mistake about it, many people are going to try to confuse and mislead you about what the Bible teaches. They raise questions and concerns about tangential issues, point out that the Bible does not directly contradict what they have to say on those issues, and then lead you astray from sound teaching.

Their fallacy is illustrated by driving the seventy miles down Route 19 from Brockport to Houghton—the path I journeyed many times as a student and since graduation. The road winds over creeks and hills. Naturally, many roads cross Route 19. Where a major road intersects Route 19, there is a sign to show the way. Similarly, the Bible deals with the key issues that you must know to follow God: The main route Christians have followed. However, the Bible does not—and as a practical matter cannot—deal with every little detail of doctrine and curiosity.

During your journey of faith, be certain that you stay in the mainstream of traditional thought on doctrines such as the Trinity. Do
not be dismayed, confused, or led astray by those who do not handle the Bible and traditional Christian doctrines with respect.

You can also tell that you are leaving the true road if you see that the path that someone wants you to take goes the wrong way. At first, one of the tiny crossroads that diverge from Route 19 can provide an amusing diversion, especially in the fall when red leaves and quaint farmhouses greet us. But in life we need to get somewhere—not just enjoy the view.

You know you are on the true road if it is leading you to the ultimate goal of following Jesus Christ—serving the Lord and blessing others by using the gifts that the Lord gave you to produce the fruit of the Holy Spirit: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control (Galatians 5:22-23).

Every time I drive the long, winding road to Houghton, may I reflect whether I am discerning wisely how best to use my gifts to produce the fruit of the Holy Spirit.

Tim Harner (Class of 1977)

Lord, help me to learn to appreciate daily Your great gift of salvation. Help me to not take it for granted. Bring someone into my life today that I can touch with Your love.

Jill (Wallace) Davis (Class of 1971)
Served on several Wesleyan church and district boards; went to Dominican Republic twice on mission trips; currently works part-time at a Community Centre.

Snow and Cold!

You who live in the shelter of the Most High, who abide in the shadow of the Almighty, will say to the LORD, “My refuge and my fortress; my God in whom I trust.”

(Psalm 91:1-2 NRSV)

I fondly remember winters in Houghton! I love the snow and I was able to take skiing on the college hill for my gym credit during my sophomore year. (You have to admit that not many schools have skiing for credit!) Coach Kettlecamp did his best to guide me from the “snowplow” into a more elegant “christy.” I remember going through many pairs of gloves on that tow rope. In fact, way before it was fashionable, I was putting duct tape on my clothing. As one layer was worn off by that rope, I would add another layer.

During my junior year, we planned a trip to Swain, a small ski resort about half an hour east of Houghton. We asked for permission to use two of the smaller vans. One of my friends volunteered to drive. I should have known better—he was from Florida! Before we even got out of Houghton, he accidentally slid off the road as he was bringing the van to load up. The van ended up in the ditch! What a mess! The van was really stuck. Now half the group didn’t have any transportation! Fortunately, we quickly found people who could drive separately and carry everyone who needed a ride. My friend volunteered to remain behind to get the van out, which he did, with the help of the Houghton maintenance staff.

We carpooled to Swain and had a great trip. Sometimes, what starts as a disaster or a crisis can become a blessing. For everyone who went along on that trip, it was a chance to be off campus, share great fellowship, and make some great memories. So long as you dwell in the shelter of the Most High God and abide in His shadow, He will watch
over you through good times and bad. Momentary crisis will give way to fond memories that sustain you all your life.

_Almighty God, overshadow me and sustain me through difficult days. When I need You most, You are present to help me._

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WINTER

A Stolen Car

_You shall not steal._

(Exodus 20:15 NIV)

_Please tell me that you borrowed my car._”

So began one of the more memorable days of my sophomore year at Houghton, when Tammy (who later became my wife) chased me down at Houghton Wesleyan Church where I was teaching Children’s Church. Her car was not where she had parked it the night before. In fact, it was not in any of the parking lots on campus—it had vanished.

Over the next few hours it became clear that the car was gone, even though it was virtually inconceivable that a car would be stolen at Houghton. After making all the necessary phone calls, however, reality was starting to settle in. Several hours later in the same afternoon, Tammy’s phone rang; Tammy’s car reappeared as quickly as it had vanished. Campus security had spotted it parked in the fire lane of Tammy’s dormitory, with no witnesses and no trace of whoever had stolen it. Strangely, on the passenger’s seat was an opened map of the area. It had been driven about a hundred miles, but the gas tank was full (that was hard to miss because, as college students, our gas tanks were rarely filled above half). While Tammy made the necessary phone calls, I moved the car to a regular parking spot.

Just when everything seemed to be resolved, Campus security called Tammy again. They had received another frantic phone call from a young woman who had borrowed her friend’s car that morning to drive it to church some forty or fifty miles away and was now saying, “I just got back from my trip, and I parked the car outside of the dorm while I ran my bags inside, but when I ran back out to park the car, the car was gone!” As it turns out, her friend’s car was also a maroon 1990 Plymouth Acclaim, and amazingly, her car and Tammy’s car both used the same key. When the key worked in Tammy’s car, she innocently drove off to church.
Thankfully, this story had a funny ending, but usually stories like this do not. At the heart of God’s commands against stealing or coveting what belongs to other people is a call to be content with what we have, and to live in this world without becoming too attached to it. Setting your desire on your neighbor’s possessions may lead you to steal, but it can also do something that is much worse: rob you of the ability to enjoy what God has given you. Some marriages have been robbed of the ability to enjoy one another when one or both spouses set their heart on someone or something outside the marriage (if in a romance novel, a soap opera, or pornography). Setting your heart on something else may not lead you to steal, but it often robs you of the ability to enjoy what you do have.

Some longings will only be satisfied in eternity because we were not made to live here forever. In the meantime, nothing in this world is worth the time and energy of stealing it or setting our hearts on it. We were made for more. We were made for better.

Dear Lord, help us to be content with what You choose to give us. Thank You for promising to supply all of our needs. Teach us how to bless those who have more as well as those who have less than we do.

Steven L. Dunmire (Class of 2001)
Senior Pastor of North Collins Wesleyan Church, New York.

Sweet Friendship

Just as lotions and fragrance give sensual delight, a sweet friendship refreshes the soul.

(Proverbs 27:9 MSG)

Meeting new people had never been a difficult task for me, and I usually made friends fairly quickly. East Hall, now Gillette, was homely and full of potential friends. And indeed I met and became friends with many of those girls. And while I was friends with many, only a very few knew of my internal struggle.

I had struggled for years with depression, and as sometimes occurs during big life changes, I arrived at college and soon began feeling pulled down into the familiar darkness. But God was watching over me. One girl in particular was God’s way of sending me a lifeline. She was studying Biology, just as I was, so we shared classes, lunch, and thankfully, a hallway in East. Regularly, she would pop into my room to ask a question, see how I was doing, or ask me to join her in Big Al’s for a study break. And, on one occasion, it turned my life around.

Having had a particularly hard day, I went back to my dorm room and wrote out an elaborate, well-thought-out suicide note that took the entirety of one sheet of paper, front and back. When she popped her head in, I had just finished writing. She asked if I wanted to go for a walk. I stuffed the piece of paper in my pocket and we walked. After forty-five minutes of meandering aimlessly around campus, I was feeling guilty at having written the note at all. When we ended up at Big Al’s, I pulled it out and tore it into pieces.

In what may have been curiosity (but I attribute to a “God nudge”) she asked, “What was that?” referring to the just-destroyed piece of paper. “Oh nothing,” I replied. Having known me perhaps a little better than I thought, she swiped the torn pieces and began to painstakingly put them back together. There I sat in a booth at Big Al’s fearfully wondering...
what she would say when she realized what I had written.

When she was done reading, she looked at me with a tear in her eye and told me that she hoped I had ripped it up because I was no longer intent on going through with it. In that moment, I knew that God had sent her right when I needed a friend to help refresh my soul.

Lord, please help me to remember that how I interact with people may translate into how they interact with You. Let me be a refreshing spirit to others as well as be open to the possibility that You have sent them to me so that I may be refreshed.

Jeanette (Nolan) Wrestler (Class of 2001)
Administrative secretary in quality management at Sentara Norfolk General Hospital in Chesapeake, Virginia.

Fun Fact
Interscholastic sports arrived at Houghton in 1967.

Do You Want the View?

You will go out in joy and be led forth in peace; the mountains and hills will burst into song before you, and all the trees of the field will clap their hands.

(Isaiah 55:12 NV)

I trudged up Centerville Road. Tears mingled with the falling snow. I needed to talk to some caring adult. Not my parents who would tell me what I didn't want to hear. I assumed instead that Mrs. Gallup would empathize with my dilemma. Surely she had talked to dozens of girls and helped them with this same momentous decision.

“I need to leave Houghton,” I began. Tales of lonely evenings and difficult classes and eating alone in the cafeteria came out in bursts. I was lonely and fearful of the future.

Mrs. Gallup listened patiently and turned to look out her front window. “One thing I love about living at the top of this hill is the view. When the trees are bare like this in the winter, we can look out across the valley. But you don’t get the view from the valley.”

I wasn’t quite tracking with her point.

“You see, you don’t get the view until you get to the top of the mountain. You don’t get to the top of the mountain without a lot of hard work. Climbing isn’t easy; it’s downright tough, but it’s worth it when you turn around and look at the view.”

The conversation wasn’t going as I had anticipated.

“Do you want the view?” Mrs. Gallup sat forward. “Do you really want to give up? What will you have when you get home? You’ll still be in the valley. You won’t have the joy of having climbed the mountain.”

I looked at her through my tears. Her kind eyes were outlined by wrinkles; her curly dark hair had hints of grey. She looked like wisdom personified. “I guess I want the view,” I answered her.
“Stay here. Keep climbing. See what God wants for you not in some way-off future, but today. Be where He wants you today. A whole bunch of todays will add up to your future. Suddenly you’ll find that you are there. Then you’ll turn around, look at the long mountain trail behind you—and you’ll see a breathtaking view.”

Mrs. Gallup gave me a view. And I will be forever grateful.

Lord, may I always be willing to follow You even when it’s difficult. I know that when I have followed and obeyed, I will be given a spectacular view.

Linda (Chaffee) Taylor (Class of 1980)
Author, speaker, and editorial director of the Livingstone Corporation, an idea house and outsource for Christian publishers. Linda lives in central Indiana.
family, and friends? Probably. There was no easy way through it, but God had certainly been just as faithful as He claimed He would be.

The reason Christ’s burden is light is because it’s in the hands of the Father. It’s not going to feel light all the time, and we shouldn’t ask for that. But when you really think about it, it doesn’t take a whole lot to let that truth pervade your mind, soften your heart, and help you refocus. God has made us soft-hearted, malleable creatures, and we too easily let the things of this world harden us. The yoke of Christ is not subjugation to a cruel taskmaster; it is the freedom from being burdened by the stresses this world heaps upon our bent backs.

Jesus, help me to accept Your yoke, to refuse to be stressed by busi-
ness, and to find my delight and rest in You and You alone.

Charles Meeks (Class of 2005)
Doctoral candidate at Wycliffe College, Toronto.

Fun Fact

The New Academic Building was renamed Chamberlain Center in honor of President Chamberlain and his wife after they announced their well-deserved retirement in 2005.

Sometimes when we walk a familiar road or follow along with a crowd that surrounds us, we keep our eyes only on the ground. Perhaps we’re worried about tripping, or afraid we’ll step on someone else’s foot, or more likely we’re just lost in thought and don’t even notice where we’re headed. Suddenly, we reach our destination without a clue as to how we got there. We were looking at the ground the entire time.

I think many people’s lives are like that—either they are so comfortable with what they’ve been doing that they don’t notice their surroundings anymore, or they have been following someone else’s lead and not paying attention where they’re headed. They go along in life noticing only the gum and the cracks in the sidewalk, not seeing the beauty of the journey. They should, instead, be looking up.

I learned this lesson in the First Year Honors Program in London. After the initial awe of a new city had been replaced by the business of a schedule, it would have been so easy to allow myself to be swept into a routine like that of the Londoners, who are familiar with their city and look around them without seeing or simply watch the ground go by. Those of us from Houghton College would have missed so much amazing architecture if we had kept our eyes on the ground. I am challenged every day to look up and notice my surroundings, to see where I’m headed, and to be responsible along my journey.

As we learn about the world of the past, we pick up our heads, look at the world of the present, and recognize our place in it and the possibilities for what we can do in it. Some of us are seeing new things for the first time and others are seeing old familiar things in a new way. We are also learning to look to God to be our guide and strength. Although the journey is not always smooth and we struggle with many
aspects, we are changing in amazing ways. We are learning how to look up, to stand up, and to grow up.

Yes, looking up at the sky makes you dizzy at first, but in the end, it is so much more awesome than the sidewalk.

Dear Father, help us not to miss the beauty of the world around us. Especially help us to look up to You so that we may see what You have to show us.

Elise Speiser (Class of 2010)
Recent graduate of Houghton College looking for a career in publishing.

Who are you?

For you died, and your life is now hidden with Christ in God.
(Colossians 3:3 NIV)

Who is Doris Neilson? If you answered that this beloved professor was a PE instructor and founder of the STEP program, you’d be dead wrong. Yes wrong. That’s not who she is. That’s what she did. The difference is significant. If that doesn’t make sense to you, I understand because it didn’t make sense to me either when I attended Houghton.

While I was a student, my identity revolved around what I did, who I hung with, my academic success, how spiritual I felt, etc. If the “things” in my life were good, then I felt okay. But usually that wasn’t the case. Sin and disappointments continually changed my perception of my goodness. My problem was that I believed that my value, my sense of person, depended on what I did rather than who I was.

Read Colossians 3:3, Galatians 2:20, and 2 Corinthians 5:17. They refer to you as a new person, having a new self, being a new creation. That’s significant. Knowing who you belong to, who loves you, who accepts you—defects and all—frees you to live life where your self-worth isn’t dependent on your abilities, successes, or failures. You’re loved! Realizing this frees you from the temptation of thinking that your holiness or lack thereof is the determining factor dictating how much God loves you. You don’t need to try to be a Christian. You are a Christian and the stuff that’s a part of your life doesn’t change that fact.

Do you see the difference? Knowing that performance doesn’t matter renders Satan powerless to manipulate you based on how good or bad of a day you are having. He wants you to believe that goodness equals value. Goodness isn’t the key. Belonging to God is, and you already belong! You have a divine nature. You have a bit of God within. What a profound thought! Yes, you still have that imperfect self, but you
also have a bit of God in you, too—a bit of perfection. He is in you and He’s promised to never leave or abandon you.

Like Doris Neilsen, you may do a lot of good things, but never forget that your value is because of your relationship as God’s child and not because of the things you do in life.

Lord, may I never forget that I am forever Your child. Though You hate my sins, I know You love me unconditionally. Help me to better understand just how deep Your love is for me. Help me to know who I am because of You.

Ken Heck (Class of 1979)
Assistant professor of Health and Human Performance, assistant athletic trainer at Messiah College, Grantham, Pennsylvania.

Fun Fact
Electricity arrived in Houghton in 1920.

The Winter of Discontent

See! The winter is past; the rains are over and gone.
(Song of Songs 2:11 NIV)

During the winter of 1977, we had snow and cold like hadn’t been experienced in years. It was also the winter of a countrywide energy crisis. The government ordered odd/even gasoline purchasing days based on the number on car license plates. Long lines at the pumps created mounting tensions. At Houghton College, all classroom thermostats were turned down to fifty-five degrees. I remember students huddling in lecture halls with gloves and hats remaining in place. It seemed like the wind came right through the walls of Fancher and Woolsey Halls. Even though those buildings had seen a lot of winter storms, I was not convinced they or I would survive this particular winter. I came to understand the meaning of “chilled to the bone.”

That winter at Houghton, besides the physical chill, I also remember that spiritually, my heart was cold. Ironically, I was a Christian Ed and Bible major, but I had lost my first love for the Lord. I didn’t measure up to the place I thought God wanted me to be. I had wanted to leave Houghton the year before, but now as I was struggling through my junior year, I remember being terribly depressed that winter, just tired of trying to be someone I wasn’t—someone who couldn’t measure up with so many other strong Christians on campus. I had taken my eyes off the Lord and began comparing myself to other people. The result was a pretty strong period of rebellion.

That March, my beloved grandmother passed away. At the wake, the pastor whom God had used to lead me to the Lord took me aside to talk. He had spent some time visiting my grandmother in the hospital. He told me that she had listened to him tell her about the gospel and that she had prayed, asked for forgiveness, and trusted Jesus as her Savior. Even at that last season of life, God had faithfully found my grandmother.
God brings times and seasons upon us. We have winters of discontent. Sometimes our hearts are cold and our bones feel frozen. For me, the winter of ‘77 was a time when I was as far from the Son as I could possibly be. That spring, I didn't come back, repent, and turn it all around right away, so this isn't a perfect little story. But it was a strong marker on the pathway back. It took me several more years to finally surrender my life to the Lord and accept His complete forgiveness. And it took even longer to understand His love for me.

Heavenly Father, thank You for walking with me, even when I am not walking with You; loving me, even when I am not very loveable; and offering grace even when I can’t seem to accept it.

Gary Fitzgerald (Class of 1978)
Social work services in Syracuse, New York; works with seniors at the Salvation Army Syracuse Area Services as director of case management services.

Fun Fact
Lambein Hall is the tallest building in Allegany County.

**God’s Surprises**

*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.*

(Proverbs 3:5-6 KJV)

Watch out, it’s icy!” but it was too late. I was already on my back sliding rapidly down Maplecrest Hill, my friends hurrying to help and my books keeping pace close behind. Maneuvering on the ever-present ice was not a skill I had learned in the deep South. Often I found myself greeting friends and faculty from a humiliating position on the sidewalks. Some even learned that if I looked up to greet them, they would need to give me a wide berth. Through trial and error I found that a ginger step and a watchful eye would help me avoid wrecking my pride too badly—most of the time. Although somewhat traumatic, it was but a minor introduction to the surprises God had planned.

I came from a godly ministerial home with a firm conviction that medical missions would be my goal. I had also decided I would remain unmarried so as to make missionary service my life. What I didn’t know was God had some refining to do with that plan.

Then I met a fellow ministerial student named Paul Swauger. I had never let relationships go very far, always using missions as the reason. But one day Paul surprised me by expressing his love and an openness to missionary service. That sent me to my knees. I thought, *Now I have to break our relationship.* While in desperate prayer for guidance, God gave supreme peace and assurance that the relationship was really His idea. Did we go abroad? Yes, many times, and Paul eventually spent many years in our Wesleyan Department of World Missions. Sometimes I think God has fun being full of wonderful surprises . . . but He had only begun.

I had no thought of a teaching career anywhere. Period. When my
advisor, Rachel Davison, strongly advised me to take Education courses, I resisted. It was not what I had planned. Only after Rachel's insistence did I agree to take just one course. That did it. I found teaching would not only open up an entirely new area of my life, but would become one of the greatest fulfillments both at home and overseas. I didn't get to do medical missions, but God did permit one of my daughters and a granddaughter to become RNs. Isn't He great!

God knew I would need Houghton with its professors and experiences before I could fit into His plan for me. My heart overflows with thanksgiving for His provision of a scholarship so I could attend Houghton. There I learned more about God's wonderful refining and guidance in shaping my life—and I eventually learned to walk on the ice!

Help me, Lord, to trust Your no as well as Your yes.

Nancy (Phillippe) Swauger (Class of 1954)
Retired missionary to Colombia, teacher in public education and overseas seminars, professor at Indiana Wesleyan University, freelance writer, and homemaker now residing in Wesleyan Retirement Village, Brooksville, Florida.

An Out-of-Breath Gospel

Now after John was arrested, Jesus came into Galilee, proclaiming the gospel of God, and saying, “The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent and believe in the gospel.”

(Mark 1:14-15 ESV)

During one of my last semesters at Houghton, I decided to continue my Greek studies (past the usual three-semester load for Ministry majors) by translating Mark's Gospel for credit under the supervision of Dr. Richard Gould. This was quite an experience for a Greek student with only three semesters under his belt, not only in learning the language better, but more importantly in connecting with the Gospel through a living faith.

Something very interesting about Mark and, subsequently, about many other New Testament texts, is verb usage—especially tenses. When you read Paul or Luke's Greek, you get the feeling that they might actually have thought about what they were going to say before they began relating the events. What should immediately strike the Greek reader of Mark, however, is that he blatantly disregards continuity of verb tense usage. Though speaking of events in the past, all of a sudden Mark will plunge you into a sentence strewn with present-tense verbs! It throws things off when you're trying to translate as literally as possible; you almost reach a point where you're ready to pawn it all off as the "historical present" and go with all past tense. His constant usage of the word "and" to begin paragraphs and sentences eventually wears on the traditional English reader as well.

It's funny to imagine, though, that in the cases where Mark uses the present tense, he's standing right there beside you breathlessly weaving a story that depends utterly on urgency. “And they went... and immediately he left the synagogue... and rising very early in the morning... and a leper came to him... and when he returned... and immediately Jesus said... and immediately... and immediately...” There's no ceasing
of action! The passion with which Mark relates the most pertinent events surrounding the life of Jesus is almost contagious—except that we Westerners tend to slow things down, dismissing the cultural nuances of Mark’s account. “Yes, the kingdom of God is ‘at hand,’ but not really ‘at hand.’” We have entered into a time when it is understood that relationships will draw more people to Jesus than preaching, that going out to dinner with people and dialoging with them is more valuable than handing them a tract, but at what cost? With movements gaining popularity to bring parts of church life back to basics, are we really remembering the urgency with which the Good News was proclaimed?

Lord, may I truly regain the spirit of the early church in the urgency of the Gospel; may I be so closely tied in spirit with the earthly ministry of Your Son Jesus that I can’t help but relate events in the present tense!

Charles Meeks (Class of 2005)
Doctoral candidate at Wycliffe College, Toronto.
He Has the Answers

You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart.
(Jeremiah 29:13 NIV)

It was one of those magical evenings when spring had finally burst from winter’s reluctant grasp, but I was not particularly focusing on its beauty as I walked the campus road that night. The guilty feeling within me increased as I came opposite the chapel where I knew a service was going on. Why wasn’t I there? I, a missionary daughter, ought surely to attend every meeting of the spring Spiritual Emphasis Week, and usually I did. However, an earlier message by this particular speaker had resulted in confusion for me, and I needed to work through some things.

So I walked, searching for answers, but none came. Still, I didn’t want the Lord to mistake my ducking out of the service that night as an offense against Him personally. At one point I stopped, looked up in the direction of a hazy moon, and blurted out something that was even deeper than my confusion: “Lord, what I really want most in life is to know You and for You to be real to me.”

Somehow I made it through that week. On Sunday, when I reached the room where the junior-senior women’s Sunday school class was held, I learned that others also had been struggling. Our beloved faculty leader, Miss Bess Fancher, laid aside the lesson scheduled for that morning, gave time for our questions, and led us in a search that brought solid, Biblical answers for many, including me. How grateful we were for her godly wisdom!

As I went on with my life, I found that the Lord took very seriously what I had said to Him that night and held me to it.
Lord, thank You for planting in my heart early on this deep hunger to know You, and thank You for all the ways You have worked in my life, and are still working, to satisfy that longing.

Dorothy (Ellenberger) Emary (Class of 1949)
Former missionary to Guinea, West Africa; leader of home Bible studies in Simi Valley, California.

Fun Fact

The grading system was modified in 1985 to include “+” and “−” designations.

Tell the World!

I will praise you, LORD, with all my heart; I will tell of all the marvelous things you have done . . . Tell the world about his unforgettable deeds.

(Psalm 9:1, 11 NLT)

Many times I have used the following as a sermon illustration: Revival had come to the Houghton College campus in the fall of 1951. The following spring the effects were still very much in evidence. The spring evangelistic (revival) meetings were underway in the Houghton Church. It was the Saturday night service and the congregation was very small in number. However, it turned out to be a service that has strongly influenced me over the years. Partway into the service, a student stood up to give a testimony. As had happened earlier in the fall revival, many others stood up to testify while he was still speaking. This continued for over an hour—while one was testifying others stood and waited their turn to tell what the Lord had done for them. Finally the first student to testify stood to give a second testimony. How God blessed. His Spirit moved in many hearts. When the last one finished, a man (the only one there that night whom I did not recognize) stood up. I can still hear his words today: “I don’t have what you have! But I want it!” And with that he went forward.

As David reminds us in Psalm 9:1, God has done, and is doing, wonderful things in our lives daily as we serve Him. Are we showing fellow believers and the world how great our God is? We have no idea what God can do with our testimony. It should make them want what we have! Many are like the words of this wonderful hymn. “All my life long I had panted for a draught from some cool spring, that I hoped would quench the burning of the thirst I felt within.”
Father, Thou who art all-glorious, help me to live and love today in such a way that I will reflect Your glory in a dark and needy world.

Dallas Decker (Class of 1954)
Pastored nine churches, one currently, served as principal of three Christian schools in North Carolina, and president of the North Carolina Association of Christian Schools for several years. Now living in Reidsville, North Carolina.

Fun Fact
In 1887, the salaries for teachers at Houghton ranged between $275 to $500 per year. However, teachers were not always assured of getting paid.

He has showed you, O man, what is good. And what does the Lord require of you? To act justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God.
(Micah 6:8 NIV)

My family of origin was a very humble family—my dad owned his own business as a tailor and dry cleaner, my mom was a true old-fashioned stay-at-home mom, and there were two daughters, me being the youngest. We attended a small Baptist church that regularly invited singing groups, missionaries, and yes . . . even a college president, into our lives. Often, our family hosted these guests for dinner following the morning worship service. My mom would fuss about the meal and fret that it wasn't good enough, but as always her love of the culinary would make any tummy quite happy.

I have precious memories of these special occasions and one stands out as being uniquely meaningful. At the time I was about thirteen or fourteen years old. Our guest was Dr. Stephen Paine, then president of Houghton College. I guess you could say that we were all somewhat in awe and a bit nervous, but he put us all at ease. We spent a memorable meal and afternoon with him.

About three years later, we, along with one other family who had two boys the same ages as my sister and me, decided to pay a visit to Houghton College on a Sunday morning. Our moms prepared a chicken picnic lunch, which we planned to enjoy after the morning service. As it turned out, it was one of those days at Houghton that rained “cats and dogs” and we had no idea where to settle in for a picnic meal free from the downpour. So after the service my dad went up to talk to Dr. Paine who amazingly enough remembered him by name. Our last name “Azzarelli” is generally not a name easily pronounced or spelled, let alone remembered. After learning our plight, Dr. Paine and his wife
invited our entire group of eight to come up to their home and pool our dinners and fellowship with them. As prospective students we were certainly surprised by this invitation. However, it was absolutely fun! The part that stayed with me the most was when the four of us “kids” joined Dr. Paine in the kitchen, drying the dishes that he, sleeves rolled up, had washed. He excused himself after dessert to say that he always did the dishes on Sundays for his wife.

Three out of four of us did, in fact, choose Houghton for our college experience. I loved being greeted by name when Dr. Paine would pass by me on the quad. I was impressed with his genuineness, his brilliance, his love for the God he served, but most of all with his humility and gentle spirit. I’m so grateful to have had this experience!

Precious Father, thank You for my humble father and mother, for their willingness to share their home with so many people. They have taught me to do the same and to model it before my daughters, who in turn also model Christian hospitality. Thank You also for the humble life of a college president, who not only served a college community and his family, but when given the opportunity to show care and concern for the individual, modeled that same Christian love to me.

Sharlene (Azzarelli) Cady (Class of 1969)
Private piano teacher to a great group of piano students, senior choir conductor at an adult community, and an active member of Edgewood Free Methodist Church in Brighton, New York. Currently living in Henrietta, New York, she has two daughters and five awesome grandchildren.

A Moment a Day Keeps the Crazies Away

As I sit here listening to my four-year-old son use his truck as a hammer on his train table, I find myself wishing for silence. I need a moment of peace and quiet, as I’m sure any parent of three desires from time to time.

My memories of Houghton seem to be filled with quiet moments—sitting on the quad basking in the sun on an unseasonably warm spring day . . . wandering into the empty Campus Center in the early afternoon just after a 1:15 class had started . . . or coming to chapel a few minutes early just to sit. These moments, so many that I took for granted during my four-year stay at Houghton, were touches of serenity in my crazy college days. “Crazy” has now been redefined for me as I am in the “real world” and have responsibilities outside of myself, bills to pay, people to care for, children to raise, meetings to attend, things to clean, the list goes on.

I’m reminded in the midst of this hammering episode that the same God who watched over me during my days at Houghton watches over me now. In our hectic, fast-paced lives, it’s important for us to take time to “be still before the LORD and wait patiently for him” (Psalm 37:7 NIV). Over and over in the Bible are examples and phrases about quieting our soul. Isaiah tells us that the Lord says “in quietness and trust is your strength” (Isaiah 30:15 NIV).

What seemed so easy in college—to find those times of quiet and peace—would now seem virtually impossible if it weren’t for two important factors: First, the fact that God can make the impossible possible; and second, the fact that we can and must be intentional about
setting that time aside to quiet ourselves before Him. This daily time is vital to our spirit. Just as we’d work out or eat well to fuel our physical bodies, quietness and peace are food for our souls. I often get frustrated at myself when I don’t nurture my soul because then I end up feeling stagnant. I know the reason: I have let the “craziness” of life overwhelm me. In those moments, I realize that my stagnation and frustration can only be cared for through spending time with God.

Just as I want to say to my son, “Put the truck down and look at me. I want you to calm down and quiet yourself,” so God tells us to “stop, calm down, and quiet yourself. Be still and know I am your God.”

Lord, thank You for the reminder to still myself before You. Help me to separate myself from the busyness that surrounds me for a quiet moment with You. Only in quietness will I be able to hear Your still, small voice—Your whisper.

Amy (Bretsch) Hirschoff (Class of 1997)
High school math teacher at Cairo-Durham High School; living in Castleton, New York, with husband and four beautiful children, ages 8, 6, 3, and newborn.

The world was not worthy of them. They wandered in deserts and mountains, and in caves and holes in the ground. These were all commended for their faith, yet none of them received what had been promised. God had planned something better for us so that only together with us would they be made perfect.

(Hebrews 11:38-40 NIV)

Days like these, when I’m overwhelmed with papers, reading assignments, and financial and relational stress, I just want to run away from this world, from all the noise that never seems to stop. I want to step on a plane, any plane, and fly away to some other place, any place. On a day like this, I am lost, and my breaking heart wanders because my body cannot.

Fumbling in a culture that promotes immediate gratification rewarding no—or minimal—effort, where divorce rates are astronomical, suicides prevalent, and teen pregnancies blinked at, we ought not be caught unawares when we realize that yet again, we find ourselves wanting to run away from places, from situations, from people. We all wander, searching for that perfect person, that perfect life, that perfect comfort, and our primal, human resilience does not allow us to relinquish our search.

A dear friend who is also a fellow wanderer at Houghton said to me, “I think one of the hugest spiritual things I’ve been living in is the fact that I really don’t have a home here on earth. I wander around continents and states and colleges, through circles of friends and majors . . . the wandering makes my heart lonely because it aches to belong, but that belonging is only found with others who see heaven as home.” There is a spiritual splendor to being a wanderer. To be a person who wanders allows one to have an unusual fixation on the supernatural, to be constantly calling out, “Oh, Papa King, be enough. Be more than enough.”
For global nomads like me, our lifestyle teaches us to be wanderers, to not put down roots because the next upheaval is never very far away. But sometimes I wonder if wandering isn’t a way of life for all believers. After all, are we not told to be in this world but not of it? Wandering is in our blood, our heritage. Our ancestors wandered for decades in the desert, but it was a time of intense spiritual intimacy with the Lord for some. Are we not called to always be looking for the glory of the kingdom to come?

So Papa King, All-Sufficient One, be enough for my heart. Be more than enough. No matter where on this earth I find myself, I pray that You would be my solace and my strength. May we rest in the perfect comfort of You for all our days.

Hannah (Bae) Guillory (Class of 2005)
Wife, teen ministry volunteer, substitute teacher, and peer counselor at local pregnancy resource center; currently living in Saratoga Springs, New York.

Fun Fact
Bedford Gymnasium was replaced in 1980 by the Neilsen Physical Education building, named after lifelong faculty members Ken and Doris Neilsen.

Our Plans in His Hands

The mind of man plans his way, but the Lord directs his steps.
(Proverbs 16:9 NASB)

During my final year at Houghton, I had my heart set on going to graduate school to begin work immediately on a Master’s Degree in History. Because one of my high school friends was enrolled at the University of Rochester, one of my Houghton friends was definitely going to do graduate work there, and Dr. Frieda Gillette was an alumna, that school seemed to me to be the best choice. Please note: I gave no prayerful consideration to this decision nor did I explore other choices. I applied and was accepted, but the financial aid I anticipated was not offered. So my attending the University of Rochester was no longer an option.

The possibility of enrolling at the University of Buffalo was some consolation. Dean Arthur Lynip made contact with that university’s library about a part-time job. Then, a family friend told me that her place of employment in Buffalo was hiring college students for the summer. I ended up at UB very unhappy at taking what seemed then “second best.” The size of the campus overwhelmed me. I believed that people less qualified than I had fared better at getting fellowships elsewhere. I did not really want to be there.

In ways I could not have imagined or planned, I received superb instruction from professors who were just getting started in their careers. I was in the first class that E. Bradford Burns ever taught on Brazil. He was later recognized as an authority on that nation and the author of a standard textbook on Latin American history. I took a course in Asian history from Theodore Friend who later became President of Swarthmore College and author of works on Indonesia and the Philippines. I was a graduate assistant for Herbert Gutman who went on to publish works on labor history and African-American studies.
This was a firm foundation for my PhD work at Tulane and college teaching career at the University of West Georgia. Reflecting on this experience in the early 1960s reminds me that only God knows all the possible choices (even if we do not) and only He understands all the potential outcomes for each choice. That is why daily prayer for guidance is wise. We make our plans but gladly let Him direct our steps.

Heavenly Father, help me to wait patiently until I discern Your will for me, and then, help me to gladly do it, not trusting my own limited field of vision.

Bob Claxton (Class of 1962)
Professor emeritus of history at the University of West Georgia, having retired in 2000. He taught Latin American history, United States surveys, and environmental studies.

Fun Fact
The return of veterans in the mid 1940s brought a new restriction: because of Houghton’s housing shortage, student marriages were prohibited.

Remember

Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us also lay aside every weight and the sin that clings so closely, and let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the sake of the joy that was set before him endured the cross, disregarding its shame, and has taken his seat at the right hand of the throne of God.

(Hebrews 12:1-2 NRSV)

The people of Scripture are sinners like us, but they lived with some very different realities in their practice of faith.

We need to remember that most of the people of the Bible:
- could not choose their leaders, governments or peer group.
- had little or no expectation of justice or safety under occupying enemy armies.
- had no social service agencies, health-care providers or hospitals.
- were not inundated with advertising, marketing, commercials, coupons, or rebates.
- had a life expectancy of less than half that of people in developed nations today.
- Hebrew or Christian, expected persecution, suffering and displacement socially and economically because of their faith.
- did not have employers, forty-hour jobs, labor laws or salaries.
- did not own homes, land or retirement plans.
- had no educational opportunities, scholarships or degrees.
- had no newspapers, journalists or TV news.
- lived without heating or air-conditioning in the Middle East. seldom traveled beyond their own community, village or extended family.
- did not hunt and then choose their spouse by dating.
• had not created a teen culture that was targeted by the entertainment industry.
• knew and interacted with all the relatives of their extended families.
• lived in cultures that worshiped many spirits and gods.
• lived in the midst of constant war, racial and economic conflict, bloodshed and violence.

But hungered to know and serve God!

*Lord, thank You for these exemplars, mentors, and friends for my faith journey. Teach me from the people in the Bible, so that I may give thanks for them, learn from them, and extend their witness of faith and obedience.*

Pete Hammond (Class of 1959)
Passed away in December of 2008. He is fondly remembered.

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**Social Sacrifice**

The Lord spoke to Moses, saying, “Say to the people of Israel, Any one of the people of Israel or of the strangers who sojourn in Israel who gives any of his children to Molech shall surely be put to death. The people of the land shall stone him with stones. I myself will set my face against that man and will cut him off from among his people, because he has given one of his children to Molech, to make my sanctuary unclean and to profane my holy name.”

(Leviticus 20:1-3 ESV)

We don’t hear much about child sacrifice nowadays, thankfully, but to the nations through which the children of God wandered, it was rather commonplace. It is not difficult to discern that God did not approve of such behavior by the intensity of the punishment tied to the practice. This seems obvious to us; of course you shouldn’t sacrifice children to the god Molech! But to ancient Israel, this question didn’t necessarily reside in the moral realm—it was weighted heavily with social implications.

One of the largest obstacles the wandering nation faced was in regard to just how “different” they were from other nations. They didn’t eat pork, they ritually bathed for nearly every reason, they didn’t work one day of the week, and they didn’t sacrifice children to the god Molech. The social gap between Israel and the other nations was huge, but that’s the way God wanted it. Israel was to be His chosen, called-out people, set apart for His purposes.

One of the issues that continually reared its head during my time at Houghton was frustration over Houghton’s no-alcohol policy (which I’m sure continues to rage). “If there’s nothing inherently sinful about alcohol,” some posited, “why can’t we drink it responsibly?” This is a good question, and the answer that consequently poured from administrators was that this act seemed to be “inconsistent with scriptural principles for Christian living.”
Whether you agreed with that or not, what you eventually had to face was the fact that what you did socially—whether it was drinking, eating, or speaking—reflected back on your community and the God whom you claimed held the highest authority in that community.

We probably won’t ever have to choose whether or not to sacrifice our children to Molech, but too many times throughout each and every day we will have to choose what we will offer to gods other than YHWH, the Almighty—including whatever sets us apart from the world. God calls us to act differently from the world as His children. Are we willing to have the integrity to follow His way even when everyone around us is following their own way?

Lord, may I embrace the holiness You’ve called me to live out, no matter how tempting it may be to sacrifice it for the sake of being like everyone else.

Charles Meeks (Class of 2005)
Doctoral candidate at Wycliffe College, Toronto.

Is God Trying to Get Your Attention?

Speak, for your servant is listening.
(1 Samuel 3:10 niv)

While at Houghton I received the nickname “Thumper” because I appeared to forever be hearing the sound of knocking on the dorm room door. My suitemate would respond by saying, “No one is thumping.” It wasn’t long after that I had acquired my nickname. Just recently, another event occurred that made me wonder . . . was God trying to get my attention?

One morning, just before 5 A.M., my phone started ringing. I answered and got the dial tone. Ten minutes later the phone rang again with nobody on the other end. I hung up the phone and went back to bed. Five minutes later there was loud pounding on my front door and a loud voice announcing: “POLICE! OPEN THIS DOOR IMMEDIATELY!” (By that point I was a bit rattled—and definitely awake!). I asked the officer, “Who is trying to reach me?”

God used this glitch in technology (a mishap between my phone line and the Emergency 911 phone line) to get my attention. When the police left, I responded by going to my prayer corner with my Bible and answering just like Samuel. “Speak, Lord, for your servant is listening!” My devotion time that morning was awesome!

Is God trying to get your attention? Remember when the Lord called Samuel. He was resting on his mat at night when he kept hearing someone calling him. Thankfully Eli imparted some wisdom to Samuel and told him that the next time it happened, he was to respond by saying “Speak, for your servant is listening.” Are you willing to be a servant? Is God calling you? Maybe it’s time to grab your Bible and in the quietness respond “Speak, Lord, for your servant is listening.”

Dear Lord, this morning we surrender to You and thank You for this brand new day. Lord we are Your servants, and we come to You...
and ask You to create our day’s agenda. Speak to me Lord, for Your servant is listening. In Jesus’ name, Amen.

Carolyn Reed (Class of 1985)
Kindergarten teacher at the Cranford Child Care Center in New Jersey.

Fun Fact
In 1887, the salaries for teachers at Houghton ranged between $275 to $500 per year. However, teachers were not always assured of getting paid.

He Knows My Name

But now, thus says the LORD, who created you, O Jacob, and He who formed you, O Israel: “Fear not, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by your name; you are Mine.”
(Isaiah 43:1 NKJV)

There are many thoughts that come to mind when I think of Houghton, but one is prominent. One morning in my sophomore year I was walking down the steps of Fancher Hall on my way to class just as Dr. Paine was passing by. He greeted me and called me by name, “Good morning, Carol. How are you doing today?” It was such a simple gesture, but I was staggered that the president of the college knew me by name. I know my shoulders went back and my head was held higher for a long time afterward.

Scripture says that our Lord knows us by name. Isaiah 43:1 says “Fear not, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by your name; you are Mine.” And John 10:3 tells us that “he calls his own sheep by name” (NKJV).

I draw great comfort in being known by the One whose Name is above all names. I was impressed and honored that Dr. Paine knew my name; I never cease to be amazed that the Lord of the universe knows my name as well. I am His. He not only calls me by name, but He waves a banner over me and His banner over me is love.

Lord God, Creator of the universe, today I feel like a nobody, insignificant in a world moving far too fast. Remind me again of Your tender loving concern for each of Your children. Thank You for writing my name in the Lamb’s Book of Life for all eternity.
Carol (Schmidt) Jordan (Class of 1964)
On assignment with Wycliffe Bible Translators with the Nafana people of Ghana, West Africa, where translation of the New Testament was completed in 1985; now helping the national translation team complete the Old Testament.

Do You Hear What I Hear?

Therefore, prepare your minds for action; be self-controlled; set your hope fully on the grace to be given you when Jesus Christ is revealed.

(1 Peter 1:13 niv)

Before coming to Houghton, I spent a lot of time in the woods while growing up. It was my habit to take long walks in solitude with extended stops along the way to sit in watchful expectation to whatever might cross my path. In this way I saw many squirrels, skunks, woodchucks, turkey, and deer; many that never knew I was there in my stillness.

During the spring of my freshman year at Houghton, a young lady and I went for a walk on the other side of the river up on the railroad tracks. As we walked along talking about everything and nothing, I squeezed her arm and motioned to her to be quiet. Just ahead of us, about twenty yards away, a doe hopped out of the woods, stopped on the tracks, and looked in the other direction. The doe flapped her ears lazily and swished her tail, unaware that we were right behind her. One of us must have made a sound because she looked around quickly and saw us standing there. There we stood, frozen in time, watching intently to see what would happen next. After a few awkward moments, the doe bounded off at a leisurely pace, apparently figuring we were no threat to her safety.

Then the girl I was with looked me straight in the eye and asked me, “How did you know that deer was coming?” My simple response was that I had heard her. She replied that she hadn’t heard anything. Then she shared that she had never seen anything so beautiful in her whole life. The only deer she had ever seen were the dead corpses along the sides of the road, the remains of being struck by a vehicle. She was simply amazed to be so close to something so wild, so alive, so awesome.
Perhaps you can now see the two life applications that come to mind. One is that if you want to hear God speaking to you as you walk along your life, you have to spend time alone seeking after Him. You need to invest time in your personal relationship with Him. It will often bring great pleasure to just sit and be still before Him. Second, if you have prepared yourself in this manner, then you will be in a position to share with other people what it is that God is doing in your life as you walk along beside them. Then they too can have a chance to see Him up close, vividly alive and awe inspiring.

Make us Your instruments, oh Lord, our God.

Art Gibbens (Class of 1981)
Technician in the computer department at Bailey Nurseries, Inc.

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Fun Fact

President Profile:
Shirley Annette Mullen is the fifth and current president of Houghton College. She began this position in 2006.

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Luckey Ivy

So continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, they ate their food with gladness and simplicity of heart.

(Acts 2:46 NKJV)

Tammy and I met as sophomores at Houghton College in the fall semester of 1998. On a June day in 2000, I planned a trip to campus for us, with the plan of proposing to her on the steps of Wesley Chapel. We had met on campus, so it made sense to propose on campus. When we arrived, I saw that a group was meeting in the chapel, so we moved someplace slightly quieter. I proposed to my college sweetheart on the steps of the ivy-covered Luckey building. To this day we have several pictures of the Luckey building in our home because it became hallowed ground for our family.

In the fall, we returned for our senior year and were heartbroken to see the ivy being stripped off of Luckey! I knew it was in order to protect the foundation of the building, but I also knew it meant no more changing colors in the fall or luscious greens in the summer.

I decided to try to salvage a few branches to give to my bride-to-be as a gift, but when I reached for a branch and tried to pull it off the building I realized that I could not just remove one branch without removing several branches. The vine branches had grown intermingled so that they were an interconnected web. It was difficult to tell where one branch started and another ended.

Almost immediately when I tried to pull single branches off the building, I heard Jesus’ words, “I am the vine; you are the branches” (John 15:5 NIV). In Acts, Luke writes of the church being of “one accord” (the Greek word was humothumadon, Acts 1:14; 2:1, 46). In the original language, it describes the essence of a group of people who have come together with a fire in their bellies—all gathered around one goal, one purpose.
I was struck then and still today by the question of how many “branches” around me had been separated from the “vine” without anyone else noticing or without anyone else feeling the tug of separation. If we are branches, and we are attached to Jesus, then our churches should be collections of people who have grown intermingled, looking like a web of interconnected branches where it is difficult to tell where one branch starts and another ends, and where it is impossible for one person to be plucked from the body without the rest of us feeling (and resisting) the tug.

Lord Jesus, my heart likes to wander, and so do the hearts of many of those I love. Keep me connected to You and to Your body, and make us of “one accord.”

Steven L. Dunmire (Class of 2001)
Senior Pastor of North Collins Wesleyan Church in New York

I am from Kingston, Jamaica, in the Caribbean. We have no change of seasons—no winter, no spring. We have no snow, and we certainly know nothing of spring fever! I came to Houghton as an international student, leaving home for the first time, by myself, to make it on my own. To say I was terrified was an understatement. Everything felt different to me, and that was unsettling. I remember the day when my father, who had come to help me settle in, was being taken to the airport. I did everything I could to not chase after the car and yell, “THIS IS A MISTAKE! TAKE ME HOME!” Then I broke down and cried.

At that moment I remembered Joshua 1:1-9, a scripture passage that my father had given to me the night before he left. When Joshua realized that Moses was dead, he felt the weight of the responsibility and leadership upon him. I am sure he felt inadequate to fill Moses’ shoes. This was a new chapter in his life; one he was not sure he was ready to handle. That was exactly how I felt.

But God didn’t leave Joshua in his fear and inadequacy. God had a message for him:

No one shall be able to stand against you all the days of your life. As I was with Moses, so I will be with you; I will not fail you or forsake you. Be strong and courageous; for you shall put this people in possession of the land that I swore to their ancestors to give them. Only be strong and very courageous, being careful to act in accordance with all the law that my servant Moses commanded you; do not turn from it to the right hand or to the left, so that you may be successful wherever you go. (Joshua 1:5-7 NRSV)
God told Joshua that he had nothing to fear. As God had been with Moses, so He would be with Joshua. God’s promise to me was that He would be with me also. That brought great peace to me.

The realization of God’s presence with me even in the cold winter of Houghton far away from my home led me to trust God with my life in other places. I have lived in at least three countries and speak three languages fluently—all because God has always led me, kept me, provided for and fed me, healed me, and kept me out of harm’s way. As He was there for me, He will walk with you every step of your journey. All He asks is that you allow Him to lead you and that you follow His ways. He loves you and His promises never fail!

Lord God, as You were with the men of old, with Joshua and Moses, You are with me and will never forsake me. Thank You for that promise! Help me to continue to put my faith in You, as You guide every aspect of my life.

Paul Williamson (Class of 1995)
Currently resides in Toronto, Ontario, where he is pursuing a career as an opera singer; released his first album, Sound an Alarm, in November 2009.

When I came to Houghton, I was excited to live in a “community of believers.” It was my dream to be part of this fun, supportive community of lifelong friends. I moved into a floor with a group of girls who had already lived together and were not expecting a new roommate. That was difficult enough. Then, on top of that, we went to a movie that portrayed a sexual assault that was exactly what I had experienced years earlier. Watching that scene on the screen was like experiencing the molestation all over again. Unable to move, I held my knees in the theater seat as tears streamed down my face. I wondered if my new roommates saw what a mess I was.

When we left the theater one of my roommates said to me, “I would rather die than be raped.”

My damaged mind thought, “You would rather die than be me?”

This experience hurt me and, to top it off, the girls I lived with didn’t match my picture of a “mature Christian community.” Depression came in like the familiar grey clouds of the fall at Houghton. The rape experience had made me feel alone and vulnerable. Oddly enough, my Christian roommates did the same thing.

In his book, Life Together, Dietrich Bonhoeffer writes, “[Innumerable] times . . . Christian community has broken down because it . . . sprung from a wish dream.” I was missing out on the community God provided at Houghton because it was not what I had wished for. Bonhoeffer asserts that the more quickly this wish dream shatters, the better for the community. We must get beyond the dream to realize the fruit of fellowship.

With my wish dream shattered, I gained community. I learned to serve all people (particularly my roommates) without looking for...
anything in return. Eventually my roommates and I figured it out. We had great times together; we also had times that tested our friendships. Yet we are still friends today—celebrating each others' marriages, children, and jobs, supporting each others' ministries, and praying for each other. We have shattered the wish dream and experienced the beauty of community in Jesus Christ.

Dearest Lord Jesus, truest Friend, may I have the humility to thank You daily for the Christian fellowship which You have given me, even where there is no great experience, even in difficulty, weakness, especially when my faith is weak. Lord, I desire to turn my eyes and heart away from what is petty that I may be a conduit of Your love.

Corenna (Bouchér) Hoyt (Class of 1997)
Young Life area director in Rhode Island. Married with two kids, and is a licensed minister with the Covenant Evangelical Church.

Fun Fact
The creekstone facade, which is one of Houghton’s most noticeable features, covers twenty-seven buildings on campus.

For this very reason, make every effort to add to your faith goodness; and to goodness, knowledge; and to knowledge, self-control; and to self-control, perseverance; and to perseverance, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, love. For if you possess these qualities in increasing measure, they will keep you from being ineffective and unproductive in your knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(2 Peter 1:5-8 NIV)

I had never led a Bible study before, but there I was, chaplain for East Hall’s Community Effort floor. We lived without an RA, so the only regular floor meetings were for Bible study. Naturally I felt some responsibility as the group gathered for our first meeting. We studied 2 Peter 1:5-8, where God asks believers to add to our faith goodness, knowledge, self-control, perseverance, godliness, brotherly kindness, and love.

As college sophomores and Biblical Literature veterans, we had no trouble defining these character qualities with Biblical cross-references, and I remember leaving the study with much to consider. Even then I knew that these were easy words to list but hard ones to live. Adding goodness and self-control to our faith? That’s a challenge. Acting kindly toward our brothers and sisters? Not easy either.

Still, the CE floor provided a good start, serving as an incubator for growing in godliness. We learned to cope with differing levels of disorder and timeliness. We developed strategies to get a turn in the shower. We stumbled into ways of expressing disappointment while maintaining friendships, and we figured out which times a friend wanted space or needed a hug.

The apostle’s point in his letter is not that we aim for gold stars in the character qualities. Goodness, knowledge, self-control, and the other qualities are valuable because they can make us productive and
effective in this relationship with Christ. So it is Christ that we seek, just as it is from Christ that we receive the promises that help us grow closer to Him. The closer we live to Christ, the more sure-footed we become in this faith.

Back on the CE floor, as much as we loved each other, just coping with mildew in the bathtub and pranks in the hallway presented opportunities to add to our faith. In the years since, our struggles in relationships, challenges on the mission field, and stresses in parenting have supplied many more. Thank God His challenge comes with a promise. In verse 11, the apostle says that by adding to our faith and growing closer to Christ, we will receive a “rich welcome” into an even greater community than we enjoyed on the CE floor: “the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.”

Father, thank You for all You give. Inspire me to respond to my circumstances in ways that add to my faith and draw me into intimacy with You.

Martha Manikas-Foster (Class of 1982)
Writer and radio feature reporter in Corning, New York.

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True Meekness

Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.
(Matthew 5:5 NIV)

True meekness is a rarity today. The desire of too many people—even Christians—seems to be putting themselves forward to receive all the credit they feel is due them rather than allowing the meekness of Jesus to rule their lives. However, this is not the way to true blessedness and eternal reward.

While attending Houghton College, my husband, Dave, and I were privileged to meet a man of great meekness. At the usual missions conference held during the fall of our senior year in 1962, the man who led AMG International was to be one of the speakers. His name was Spiros Zodhiates. He was flying into Rochester and needed to be picked up at the airport. We offered to perform that service.

We drove a very small Fiat 600 with the engine in the back. When we met Dr. Zodhiates, we saw that his over six-foot frame would make riding in our small car a very uncomfortable experience for him. I offered to sit in the back so that he could be as comfortable as possible, but he gently refused. With great good-naturedness, he folded himself into the tiny back seat! All our conversation had to be at high volume due to the proximity of the engine. I felt in such awe of this man of God, but his graciousness and gratitude made us feel that we had a family member with us. What an example of true meekness lived out before us!

Dr. Zodhiates, a speaker of the Greek language and the author of over two hundred writings, truly demonstrated to us the kind of meekness that Jesus spoke of in Matthew 5. God has honored that meekness and AMG has been used to spread the gospel and to care for the needy in over forty countries. We are extremely grateful that, through Houghton,
we met this wonderful servant of God and have been connected with
the ministry for over forty-five years!

Our meekness honors God and releases His power to accomplish
great things.

Dear Lord, may I be willing to set aside my desire for comfort and
recognition and become truly meek, desiring Your honor and glory,
first and foremost.

Alice Hull (Class of 1963)
Former Wycliffe Bible translator and high school English teacher. Currently living
in Maryville, Tennessee, she and her husband have four adult children and nine
grandchildren, and they assist their single son in caring for his foster children, one
to be adopted.

Fun Fact
President Shirley Mullen announced her engagement to Paul Mills during
chapel in February of 2010.
The students went wild with excitement.

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You Don’t Have to Say Anything

May the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be
pleasing in your sight, O LORD, my Rock and my Redeemer.
(Psalm 19:14 NIV)

Houghton is the farthest north that I’ve ever lived. When I
arrived on campus from North Carolina, I heard so many
different accents. My roommate was from Pennsylvania. Of course, her
accent sounded different from those friends I met from New Jersey or
New York City. Then there was the unique western New York accent
that I heard. One thing that didn’t occur to me was how others heard
my accent.

One evening my roommate and I were in the dining hall waiting in
line. As we waited, we chatted. After several minutes, I noticed that a
circle had formed around us. Since I was shy, when I saw all those eyes
looking at me, I clammed up. One of the young men in the circle said,
“Keep talking! You don’t have to say anything, just keep talking!”

I’m not sure I said anything else, but I am sure that my face was
crimson.

Contrary to the student who simply wanted to hear my accent and
how I spoke, it is far more important to pay attention to what we say.
James 3 discusses how the tongue speaks out blessings and curses. We
speak of the things that are in our hearts.

James says that on our own, we can’t control the tongue. If we could,
we would be perfect. Realizing our inadequacy, we find help from God.
The Holy Spirit can help us focus our minds and hearts on the things
that please God. As we focus on the good and holy, we say words that
are good and bless others. The psalmist made the same point when he
prayed that God would make the words of his mouth and the meditations
of his heart pleasing to God.

I’ve prayed that prayer when I’ve preached, but I have also prayed it
when I’ve anticipated a stressful conversation with someone. I need to pray it even when I’m complimenting a person, for I want to do more than keep talking. I want to say something that will honor the Lord and bless the hearers.

Oh Lord, please touch my heart and purify it so that whatever I say will show Your love and grace. May my words and my heart’s focus be pleasing to You.

Darlene Teague (Class of 1980)
Ordained minister in the Wesleyan Church, currently residing in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Fun Fact
A pool was added in the basement of Bedford Gym in 1926 and served as a swimming station and “shower” for later skinny-dipping athletes too lazy to take a real one, earning it the nickname “The Bathtub.” For some time, a requirement for graduation from Houghton College was the ability to swim its length.

Just in Time

Therefore, as God’s chosen people, holy and dearly loved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness and patience.

(Colossians 3:12 NIV)

My parents had completed their divorce a year before I started at Houghton, causing me to strike out as an “independent student” for my financial aid planning. Throughout my college career, my parents couldn’t help with my schooling expenses. I often didn’t know how I was going to get over the next financial hurdle. And in the spring of my first year at Houghton, I learned how to trust God for even the little things in life.

I’m certain that there is still the custom of securing your roommate and a room to live in the next fall in one of the dorms by putting down a modest deposit. In my time at Houghton, it was fifty dollars. It was due by a certain Friday that spring. The financial director called me into her office and made a point to let me know that she really needed my deposit to hold my room. I shared with her that I didn’t have the money and wouldn’t until I started working that next summer. I told her that I would send it to her as soon as I got my first paycheck. She was not enthused by the idea.

That was on a Tuesday or Wednesday before the Friday due date. Unbeknownst to me, the Sunday school superintendent at my local church had taken up an offering the previous Sunday and added a few more dollars to it to bring it up to fifty dollars. She put it in the mail, thinking I could use it. On that Friday before lunch, I went to my mailbox, noticed that I had mail, opened it, and couldn’t contain myself. I ran upstairs to the cafeteria and shared the great news with the guys I was hoping to room with. I then ran across the quad to Luckey building
and bolted up the stairs to the finance office. I plopped the check down in front of the director, telling her that I now had the money for my room deposit!

I went home the next weekend and shared with the whole church how they had been an answer to my prayers and my friends’ prayers at Houghton. I relayed the whole story and received many hugs and well wishes.

I learned a very valuable lesson in all of this. God moves other people to answer prayers. In one sense, it was a simple miracle—money out of thin air. But the real miracle was the change in my attitude toward the people in my home church. They cared enough to help out a young collegian who really needed a boost. These saints believed in me enough to listen to God’s urging and then to send along just the right amount at the right time to secure my room for the next fall. I saw God in a new light. He truly does have us all in the palm of His hand. When we listen to Him and act upon His guidance, amazing things happen to ordinary people.

Loving Father, I come to You with open hands and a grateful heart. Help me to see the many ways that You provide for my needs through other people who are obedient to You.

Art Gibbens (Class of 1981)
Technician in the computer department at Bailey Nurseries, Inc.

“Difficult but Doable”

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.”

(Jeremiah 29:11 NIV)

It was the spring of my sophomore year. Dwight, Al, and Dave called me in to talk. “Ken, do you want to run across the country with us?”

“Do what?”

“Do you want to run across the country?” they asked again.

Fifteen months later, during the summer of 1978, six of us left the Pacific Ocean in Washington and headed east. Traveling across the northern United States, we ran sixteen miles daily for fifty-six days and finished our three-thousand-mile run at a beach in Asbury Park, New Jersey. That run was one of my most rewarding yet difficult Houghton experiences. But the difficulty was not in running; that was doable. The difficulty was in the speaking. Prior to our trip, an admissions planning team had arranged for us to speak at churches along our route as a way to get Houghton’s name out to Christian teenagers.

But speaking in public was hard. I was shy and afraid to talk to groups. I had never done that kind of thing. I had difficulty finding a topic I would feel comfortable speaking on because I felt like I had nothing profound to say. When it was my turn to share about our trip on Sunday morning or give a Wednesday evening devotional to a youth group, my stress levels skyrocketed.

Why am I telling you this? Because a year later, I student taught high school science as a fifth-year senior in Angelica—just down the road from Houghton. At the time of my run, teaching had never crossed my mind and at the end of the trip it still hadn’t. But God used that experience to help me become more comfortable speaking in public.
And do you know what? I love teaching. It’s what I do now. Who would have thought?

Jeremiah 29:11 speaks of God’s plan for the Israelites. They were stuck in Babylon and living in a culture much different than their own. God brought them there to teach them and though they felt abandoned, God spoke these words of comfort, “For I know the plans I have for you…”

Remember those words the next time you encounter a life-stretching experience. God has plans for you, too. Sometimes those plans, like my run, seem difficult but doable, while at other times He may stretch you uncomfortably so. Remember that while you are being stretched, God is using your experience to mold you into the person He wants you to be.

Lord, help me to remember those words You spoke so long ago about trusting You. Help me to not be afraid to step out in faith even if that step takes me out of my comfort zone.

Ken Heck (Class of 1979)
Assistant professor of Health and Human Performance, assistant athletic trainer at Messiah College, Grantham, Pennsylvania.

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A Charming Gift

The LORD had said to Abram, “Leave your country, your people and your father’s household and go to the land I will show you.” (Genesis 12:1 NIV)

I didn’t discover the prayer chapel in the basement of Wesley Chapel until my senior year at Houghton, yet it has become a place dear to my heart. I have gone there several times to pour my heart out to God. Once, shortly after graduation, when none of the schools nearby wanted to hire me, I took a call from a principal in North Carolina. He wanted me to come teach eighth grade math and science—and he needed me there in five days!

I needed time to think. How could I go so far from home? So far from all my family and everything I knew? Where would I live? I didn’t know anyone in North Carolina. I didn’t know how to teach science! I considered myself independent and capable, but this was almost too much. I needed a sign, some handwriting in the sky, a fleece. I was scared.

Since I was traveling near Houghton as I was trying to make this decision, I stopped in at the prayer chapel. As I knelt to pray, I saw a charm necklace on the altar with a handwritten note explaining how God had prompted someone to leave it there for a special person. Many things were still unclear, but I believed the necklace was a gift from God assuring me that He was giving me this opportunity and that He would be with me dare I accept the job. It was assurance that I could handle anything that came my way; assurance that I could teach middle school students a subject I had not majored in; assurance that I would find a home, a church, friends. How did I know? The charm on that necklace was the letter “A,” my first initial.

He knows my name! He knows what I need! He cares for me! I think
I know how Abraham felt. He didn’t know where he was going or what he would find when he got there. He just knew that God said go, and he went. And so I went. I lived in North Carolina for two years and it was one of the best experiences of my life.

Lord, help me hear You clearly in my time of need. May I always remember that You know my name, You care for me, You are with me wherever I go.

Anne (Ingraham) Birt (Class of 1996)
Former middle school math teacher, now a full-time mom and homemaker living near Buffalo, New York.

My two nieces happily ran up the sand dune that loomed before them. Seagulls called to each other in the distance as they soared high above the beach. The sun shone brightly that late March afternoon and spring’s warmth was welcomed by several beach walkers.

“Daddy, Daddy! Watch us run down the hill!” Two blonde girls ran as fast as they could, leaving parallel trails of sand.

Suddenly, the peaceful reverie was pierced by the shrieks of six-year-old Erin. Miserable and crying, she stopped as Laurie continued to sprint at a fast clip.

“Daddy, Laurie is running faster than me.”

My brother cheered her on to finish the course. Instead, Erin stood there crying while her sister, now at the bottom of the hill, started picking up rocks and seashells by the water’s edge, oblivious to her sister’s pain.

Shorter-legged, stockier Erin could never run as fast as her lanky, lean sister, but that didn’t stop Erin from feeling slighted. Likewise, Laurie could never have Erin’s strength and power. God designed them differently for different purposes.

I looked on with frustration because I see where Erin limits herself by defining herself through the lenses of what her sister does or doesn’t do. And I wonder how many times I do the same.

As a student at Houghton, I remember the frustration of not
knowing what type of job I wanted after graduation. I wished I had the mathematical skills of an accountant so I would have a more lucrative career. I longed to have the medical expertise of a doctor to help sick people. Moved by a symphony, I was envious of the musical giftedness of another. Others seemed to have better gifts or talents than me.

It is easy to look at others and see their positives and strengths while overlooking and belittling our own. We must appear as ungrateful children when we don’t appreciate the good things God has granted us!

Over the years, I’ve found deep contentment in using what I have for God’s glory, and using them by His design. So often I forget they aren’t given for us, but for Him: “For from him and through him and to him are all things” (Romans 11:36 NIV).

Dear Lord, help us to remember that we were created by You and for You. Help us to always desire to serve You and not to compare ourselves with others. You have a perfect plan and, like a puzzle, You know how the pieces will fit!

Cheryl M. Freeman (Class of 1986)
Works for Pearson Education in the permissions department, tutors English as a second language to writing students, and does some freelance writing.

Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day’s own trouble be sufficient for the day.
(Matthew 6:34 RSV)

Ever just have “one of those days”? You know . . . the day that nothing goes the way you wanted it to and the world seems to crash down around your feet? There was a point in my life that every day seemed like this to me. I couldn’t understand what had happened; I used to be on top of everything and always found the silver lining in everything. Now, things would go wrong and that would depress and worry me. No longer could I see the optimistic side of things. One day I realized what had happened. I had lost my joy in Christ and in living the Christian life. I had forgotten to trust God with everything and it was slowly eating at me.

God wants us to turn everything over to Him. He wants us to lay our burdens at His feet. Sounds simple right? Unfortunately, it is one of the hardest things to do in your walk with God. Human nature wants us to hold on to those things, thinking that if we give them up, they’ll never be resolved. When we give them over to Him, however, He will take care of them and comfort us when we are troubled. There are a couple of hymns that always remind me to hand things over to Jesus: “At Calvary” and “Because He Lives.”

At Calvary
Now I’ve given to Jesus everything;
Now I gladly own Him as my King;
Now my raptured soul can only sing of Calvary.
Mercy there was great,
and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty, at Calvary.
Because He Lives
Because He lives, I can face tomorrow
Because He lives, all fear is gone
Because I know He holds the future
And life is worth the living just because He lives.

I try to go back and remember these hymns and sing them anytime I feel down or overwhelmed with worries. It helps immensely. With the Word of God and a prayer, one can overcome anything. God often sends encouragement in many forms. I know that He used one of my professors here at Houghton. It was a blessing to have a professor here who would pray with the class and lead us in a devotional before starting the day.

Lord, please restore my joy in You. Give me the strength for each moment and day and help me to lean on You. Thank You for the Houghton professors who have been an encouragement to me.
Amen.

Melissa Stanley (Class of 2010)
Living in western Pennsylvania, and graduated from Houghton College in 2010, currently waiting to hear from graduate schools and eventually plans to teach history at the high school level, but is open to wherever God leads. Since coming home from Australia, God has given her a passion for the Australian people and she would like to live and work there someday and be a witness for Him.

Final Exams

For we will all stand before God’s judgment seat. It is written: “As surely as I live,’ says the Lord, ‘every knee will bow before me; every tongue will confess to God.” So then, each of us will give an account of himself to God.

(Romans 14:10-12 niv)

I remember well the anxiety of finals week, don’t you? Remember the days when you had a test at 8 a.m., another test at 10, and then a long research paper due right after lunch? Remember staying up late into the night all that last week of the semester studying and working on papers and projects? Remember the study groups you attended and the note cards you made and the “Cliff Notes” you read because you didn't have time to finish Moby Dick?

I’m still amazed that I made it through some of those weeks. I can’t imagine what my parents must have thought when I came home at the end of the semester and spent the first twenty hours or so in bed!

In the intervening years, I’ve learned to cope with deadlines better—I think. I try to plan things out in advance and anticipate problems. There are still nights when I am up late working on projects, however. Once again, deadlines loom and the work has been put off until the end. Old habits die hard.

Recently I heard a speaker who asked if we had passed our final exam question yet. He explained that we are all taking final exams every day. The most important question on our final exam is this one: “Do you know whom you’re going to serve?”

It’s an important question, but it’s not a very popular one. In our culture, we adore the ruggedly independent leaders, not those who serve. We tell our children that they are going to be the leaders of the next generation—and some of them may well be—but they’re still going to have to serve somebody. Everyone has two options. God wants to
love us and enter into a wonderful relationship with us for all eternity. Satan wants to devour our souls and destroy us. Those are our two alternatives. We’re going to serve one of them.

The verse above tells us that at the Lord’s final exam we will all bow and acknowledge that He is the One worthy of being served.

It’s really nice when the Teacher tells you what’s going to be on the test and provides the Answer, too, isn’t it?

Lord, thank You for giving Your Son to be the Answer for my most important final exam.

Doug Roorbach (Class of 1981)
Reporter for the Olean Times Herald in Olean, New York.

Fun Fact

Luckey building contains several stones in its facade that came from the birthplace of Dr. James S. Luckey.

Two of my favorite attributes of God are His omniscience and His omnipresence. These make me feel safe, realizing that God knows everything that’s going on in my life and He’s always with me.

My four years at Houghton were coming to an end. Tomorrow I would graduate and leave this place I’d grown to love. I’d miss the friends I’d made, the professors who helped me to grow both intellectually and spiritually, and the beautiful campus nestled in the woods on the hill.

Woods and hills were an integral part of my childhood. My siblings and I had the woods for a playground, and as I grew older, I often went into the woods around my home to think and try to figure out what my life was all about.

Throughout my college years, my friends and I enjoyed peaceful strolls along the paths in the woods around campus. Today would be my last chance to enjoy one last walk. Since my friends were all busy packing, I decided to slip away alone to “say good-bye” to this special place.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon in May. As I walked, I thought back on my Houghton years and ahead to the teaching job that awaited me in Maryland. The wooded path led to a clearing which I crossed, taking in the beauty around me one last time. As I retraced my steps to the woods, the path on which I’d come was no longer visible to me. It had to be there, but no, the woods all looked the same to me now. I started to panic. I envisioned my parents sitting at graduation tomorrow, hearing my name being called, and then everyone wondering why I wasn’t there on the stage with my classmates to get my diploma!

Never Truly Lost

Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you, yes, I will help you, I will uphold you with My righteous right hand.

(Isaiah 41:10 NKJV)
As I wandered in search of something familiar to lead me back to campus, I realized that even though I didn't know where I was, God knew exactly where I was! And He was right there with me! I began to sing as I walked, “He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!” I sang it over and over as I walked, climbed a ridge to get a better idea of where I might be, and followed the stream that I found, knowing it would lead me out somehow. And it did. It led right to the highway about a mile or two past Houghton, near Fillmore.

Walking along the highway back to campus and my dorm, I was tired, but more confident than ever that I can never truly be lost since I have a heavenly Father who always knows where I am.

Heavenly Father, thank You for Your promise to never leave me. Thank You that I can trust You with my future, since You alone know what is ahead and what is best for me.

Kathy (Garrison) Henderson (Class of 1976)
Teacher in Christian schools since the fall of 1976; currently teaching second graders at Holly Grove Christian School in Westover, Maryland.

When I was eighteen, going to college was my dream. I had taken the Houghton College tour and pored over the catalog and imagined what my major might be. I attended a choir clinic for high school students and was thrilled to sing with the College Choir. I thought about becoming a Vocal major. In spite of the dream of going to college, my reality in 1975 was to find a job and get on with real life.

In the course of the year after high school graduation, I became engaged and was married in May, 1976. Life settled into the routine of work and then family—two daughters. By that time I was a legal assistant in a local law firm. I took courses to become certified as a legal assistant and thought I'd found my career. In 1992, I knew the Lord was directing me to leave the law firm and I was once again drawn to Houghton. My sister-in-law, who worked in the Houghton English department, encouraged me to submit an application just in case “something” came up. I did, and in a matter of a few months, a position in accounting was available with perfect hours for a busy mom. I was finally at Houghton!

The following year, I found myself working with Ken Neilson and Dan Chamberlain as an administrative assistant. After Ken's retirement, Jeff Spear became the vice president for finance. Working with Jeff was never dull, and he challenged me to begin dreaming once again about completing a degree. I soon found myself in the classroom surrounded by students who were a bit wary of someone who was old enough to be their mother, but they quickly accepted me. My toe was in the water, testing it, and then with my husband's and Jeff's encouragement, I plunged into the P.A.C.E. program in 1999. The next eighteen months were a blur of life in overdrive. I was blessed to receive a promotion in 2000 as Manager of Administrative Services and life got busier again.
In May of 2001, my dream finally came true! I received my degree in Wesley Chapel from Dr. Chamberlain.

God enables us to do what seems impossible. He delights in giving us our heart’s desire.

*Father, every good and perfect gift is from You. Enable me to walk obediently as I entrust my life and dreams to You.*

**Laurinda Wallace (P.A.C.E. Class of 2001)**
Former director of administrative services at Houghton College, currently office manager for First Baptist Church of Sierra Vista, and a freelance writer. Resides with husband, David, in Hereford, Arizona.

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**Fun Fact**

The adult degree completion program, Program for Accelerating College Education (P.A.C.E.), began in 1992.

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**May in Paris**

You are the light of the world.  
(Matthew 5:14)  

During my years at Houghton, the college changed from having Winterim (in January) to having Mayterm. Therefore, I was able to experience our college trip to Paris in sunny May instead of in bleak January. I had never before flown in an airplane, much less experienced the grandeur of Europe. Among the sights that most inspired me were majestic Notre Dame Cathedral and Sainte-Chapelle—both lie in the heart of Paris. Such spectacular church buildings are fitting monuments to the generations of unknown Christians whose righteousness, joy, and peace lighted the centuries from the fall of Rome until the rise of America.

Sainte-Chapelle is “merely” a chapel built to house relics of the Crusades. Nevertheless, it is a stunning monument to the yearning of people to touch the beauty of eternity. I do not believe that there is any sight on earth more beautiful than the stained glass windows of Sainte-Chapelle in the sunlight. The infinite value of such fragile beauty speaks of the infinite value of each person’s fragile life and of each person’s fragile quest for eternal life. Truly, when I stood amidst the color and light of Sainte-Chapelle’s windows, I felt the truth that we mere mortals can experience the infinite beauty of God through the windows in our souls.

While Sainte-Chapelle is awesome in its *fragile* beauty, Notre Dame is awesome in its *majestic* beauty. The strength of stone walls, pillars, and arches speaks of the infinite strength of the majestic Church that God is building. When I stood amidst the soaring buttresses of Notre Dame’s gothic arches and contemplated the beauty of its ancient Rose Window, I felt the truth that we mere mortals can experience eternal life through the strength of God that empowers us to gaze forever on the majestic beauty of His holiness.
I’ll never know whether Sainte-Chapelle and Notre Dame would have stirred such thoughts if I’d seen them in bleak January instead of in sunny May. But I’m glad that Houghton’s switch from a Winterim to a Mayterm gave me the chance to be inspired by Paris in the springtime of my life.

*May I always light the world with righteousness, joy, and peace that enables people to experience the fragile beauty of their lives and the majestic strength of the Church.*

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**Tim Harner (Class of 1977)**


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**Fun Fact**

Men’s residence Shenawana Hall was added to the campus in 1972. Its name means “House of Brave Men.”

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*May the God who gives endurance and encouragement give you a spirit of unity among yourselves as you follow Christ Jesus, so that with one heart and mouth you may glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

*(Romans 15:5-6 NIV)*

It was our last day in Croatia. After two and a half weeks in the Balkans on the East Meets West honors program, we would leave that evening for Venice where our Mayterm class would end. We had been staying in the Osijek Evangelical Theological Seminary and were about to have chapel. My fellow Houghton students and I joined the Seminary students in Croatian worship songs and prayer. The message was about unity.

Prior to the trip, I hadn’t participated in Communion in several years. Communion is serious. It’s not something to be taken lightly, so I hadn’t taken it at all.

There in the midst of Croatian, Serbian, and Bosnian theological students listening to a sermon about unity, I was struck with a new understanding. Communion is indeed about communing with God, but it’s also about communing with our fellow believers. Christians around the world take Communion. Communion is part of being in the global church. Sitting in that room among people whose histories tell them to hate each other, I began to comprehend the meaning of the term “global church.” It was no longer an abstract concept—it was right in front of me. *This is* the global church. It’s this room full of international students; it’s our home church and the church across town; it’s Houghton and Roberts; it’s Calvinist and Armenian, Catholic and Protestant. It’s people who meet underground and under steeples, people who picture a Caucasian Jesus and a Black one, people who celebrate the elements separately or by intinction, people who sing out of hymnals or off of walls. *We are the church.*
I don’t have to be perfect to partake in the Lord’s Supper. Taking that wafer and sip of wine does not have to represent a new me. It needs to represent a continued commitment—a renewed commitment—to God and to my brothers and sisters in Christ around the world.

Thank You that I don’t have to be perfect to come to You. May You strengthen and unify Your church as we worship You together.

Constance Foster (Class of 2010)
Spending the year after graduation with the Wesley Service Corps in Buffalo, New York, before going on to law school.

Fun Fact
Saturday classes were part of the weekly schedule until the academic year 1967–1968.

I Will Be Serving You Today

Greater love has no one than this, that one lay down his life for his friends.

(John 15:13 NASB)

Clearly Jesus was referring to His atoning work on my (our) behalf in this passage, but I am struck by its assorted applications. As a young and carefree Houghton student, I was largely unaware of the sacrifices of others around me. A few gray hairs and crow’s feet now bring wisdom to understanding the simple obedience in following God’s call. My belated reflections on this passage bring a lament as I consider my lack of appreciation for the many at Houghton College who made sacrifices in order to help students—such as me—to grow spiritually, mature emotionally, and prepare for the future God had for me.

Consider the many at Houghton who served all of us young and carefree students. We were so busy, so filled with angst, so concerned about our own little lives that we rarely saw, much less appreciated, them. Recall the faces of the maintenance personnel, kitchen staff, clerical and support staff, faculty, and the administration of Houghton College during your matriculation. Do you remember their names? I am certain each person could have gone somewhere else for a warmer climate, more recognition, better pay, or a myriad of other perks. Instead, they chose to “lay down their lives” for those they did not know and perhaps would never meet on a personal level. Missionally, they have sacrificed—then and now.

Throughout the ages God has called and still calls each of us by name, awaiting our weakest reply: “Speak, Lord, for Your servant hears.” Be challenged anew to serve in a world that is largely self-absorbed and benignly indifferent. See people with God’s eyes, hear them with His ears, show compassion with His heart, minister with His hands, go forth with His feet, and speak His words of eternal life.
I like the way *The Message* expresses Romans 12:1-2,

*So here’s what I want you to do, God helping you: Take your everyday, ordinary life—your sleeping, eating, going-to-work, and walking-around life—and place it before God as an offering. Embracing what God does for you is the best thing you can do for him. Don’t become so well-adjusted to your culture that you fit into it without even thinking. Instead, fix your attention on God. You’ll be changed from the inside out. Readily recognize what he wants from you, and quickly respond to it. Unlike the culture around you, always dragging you down to its level of immaturity, God brings the best out of you, develops well-formed maturity in you.*

*Lord God, thank You for placing Your servants in my path and for their ministry. In gratitude, enable me to be prepared to serve others so that they will see Jesus Christ only, remembering that He gave His life to assure eternal life for those who accept Him.*

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**Craig E. Erickson (Class of 1976)**
Employee benefits insurance professional, living in Paoli, Pennsylvania.

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*Christ in Me*

*He who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water.*

*(John 7:38 NKJV)*

*H*oughton College has been a part of my life since before I was born. My father (Raymond Lewis) attended Houghton before it was truly an accredited college. My aunt, Viola Lewis (my father’s sister), also attended Houghton. She was a roommate of Alice Hampe McMillan (of the family for whom McMillan house was named, the building that is now the computer service center). Mrs. McMillan made a lasting impression upon my aunt, so much so that my Aunt Viola named her daughter Alice after her. I knew of several other people who attended Houghton before I did. My beloved sister, Joanne Rae Lewis, graduated from Houghton in 1955. All of the above-mentioned Houghton alumni are now in heaven with Jesus.

I am proud to be a graduate of Houghton College because of the spiritual legacy so many men and women of God left there. Many of these rose victorious over personal tragedies to serve our Lord at Houghton. These professors and administrators showed their dedication and loyalty to Jesus Christ even through great difficulties. Dr. Paine, former president of Houghton, had a daughter who died of polio. Dr. Luckey, son of a former president and my math teacher, had a son who died of cancer at a young age. Dr. Neilsen, former financial officer at Houghton, had a son who was killed in a tragic accident at a very young age. I learned from them and my own life experiences that many times our hearts have to be broken for God to be able to use us. And from these broken lives comes the sweet aroma of God’s presence. I remember Dr. Claude Reis, former Religion professor, saying that when a Christian even walks down the street, there should be the sweet aroma as of a
rose. We should be so practicing the presence of God that from our hearts (our innermost beings), flow rivers of living water.

As these godly people led their lives by example, we too can follow into the richness of God’s abundance. Through the power of the Holy Spirit in us we are enabled to live our lives as Jesus would if He were here on this earth now. And, in fact, He is, for we are Him. We are Jesus walking this earth.

I am proud that Houghton College has risen to the distinguished heights that it has spiritually, academically, financially, technically, and socially. God’s faithfulness has spanned the years that I speak of from the 1920s till now. How great is our God.

Dear Father God, empower me to be Jesus walking this earth, doing what He would do if His literal footprints walked the sands of earth today as in days of old.

Jane Lewis Peterson (Class of 1960)
Former school teacher, presently a property manager.

Wherever I Go

If I rise on the wings of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast.

(Psalm 139:9-10 NIV)

God has taught me many different lessons throughout the course of my travels, and I think that is one of the reasons I enjoy traveling so much. It is when I am traveling that I am stretched beyond my comfort zone and I am pushed to seek something beyond myself in order to deal with the trials of living in a different culture, speaking a different language, and being sometimes without family and friends.

On one of my first trips, I learned one of the biggest of these lessons, which really reshaped my thoughts on travel. I was in Costa Rica for a Mayterm, and I had a great time. Near the end of our trip, I was out kayaking with another student and we were just sitting silently enjoying the view as the sun was setting. It was a gorgeous scene. While I was sitting there taking in the view and just enjoying where I was, a thought came upon me: “I am the same no matter where you go.” Immediately I knew that God was telling me that no matter where I go in the world, He is the same. He is always there, never changing; regardless of where I go and what I decide to do, He is the same God.

However, I also realized that this means that parts of me are the same no matter where I go. Not that I can’t change, because we all can and we all should. We should constantly be reaching further to be more like the person Christ created us to be. But I cannot expect travel alone to relieve me of my problems, of my sins, of my faults. Really what God was telling me so clearly was that I couldn’t use travel as an escape. My sins and my faults must be solved through Him, through bringing my sins to Jesus Christ with a repentant heart. It is only when I lay down my heart and my desires in front of Him that I will change and grow closer to Christ.
Praises to You, gracious God, who goes before us and after us and it is in You we have our being.

Amber Schrenkel (Class of 2007)
English language teacher in Seoul, South Korea.

Fun Fact
In 1971, the college added a Fine Arts building. Although later replaced by the current Center for the Arts, it housed the Art Studio, the radio station WJSL, and a couple classrooms.

Worshiping Together in Spirit and in Truth

Yet a time is coming and has now come when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth, for they are the kind of worshipers the Father seeks.

(John 4:23 NIV)

During our twentieth reunion in the summer of 1997, I realized that the class of 1977 had become far more than classmates; we had become friends. And that meant that we constantly treated each other the way that Jesus treats us: welcoming, weeping with those who weep, washing each other’s feet, blessing each other’s children.

This was most apparent when about fifty of us attended a sharing time in the rec room in the lower level of the Campus Center. Someone had a guitar. We sang worship songs of our era. The intervening years fell away. We shared what had been happening in our lives during the twenty years that flew by while our hair fell out and our waists expanded.

We were all a little past forty now. It was hard to find someone who hadn’t had tragedy and disappointment somewhere in life. Yet in the midst of tragedies, a glow of triumph shone through. As one person said, “When we said we’d trust God ‘no matter what’ when we were twenty years old, what did we know? But now that we’ve faced so many of the problems life can send our way, it means so much more when we say we’re still trusting God and that He’s always faithful.”

By age forty, who hasn’t known times when the Word of God was snatched from our hearts, the times when we failed and denied Jesus? By age forty, who hasn’t known times when the roots of our faith were so shallow that our hearts withered and died, times when we feared, doubted, and despaired? By age forty, all of my classmates—all of my best friends—knew about the power of sin that so easily entangles.
Fortunately, by age forty, all of my classmates also knew how faith, hope, and love bless us. We praised the Lord as we remembered how Jesus carried us across oceans of fears, doubts, and despair despite the whirlwinds that struck us.

The next morning came the culminating moment of every reunion of the class of 1977, the moment when we sing our class hymn: “All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name.” Our voices swelled together:

O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
We’ll join the everlasting song.  
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

May all whose lives are touched by Houghton College become best friends who worship the Lord in spirit and in truth.

Tim Harner (Class of 1977)