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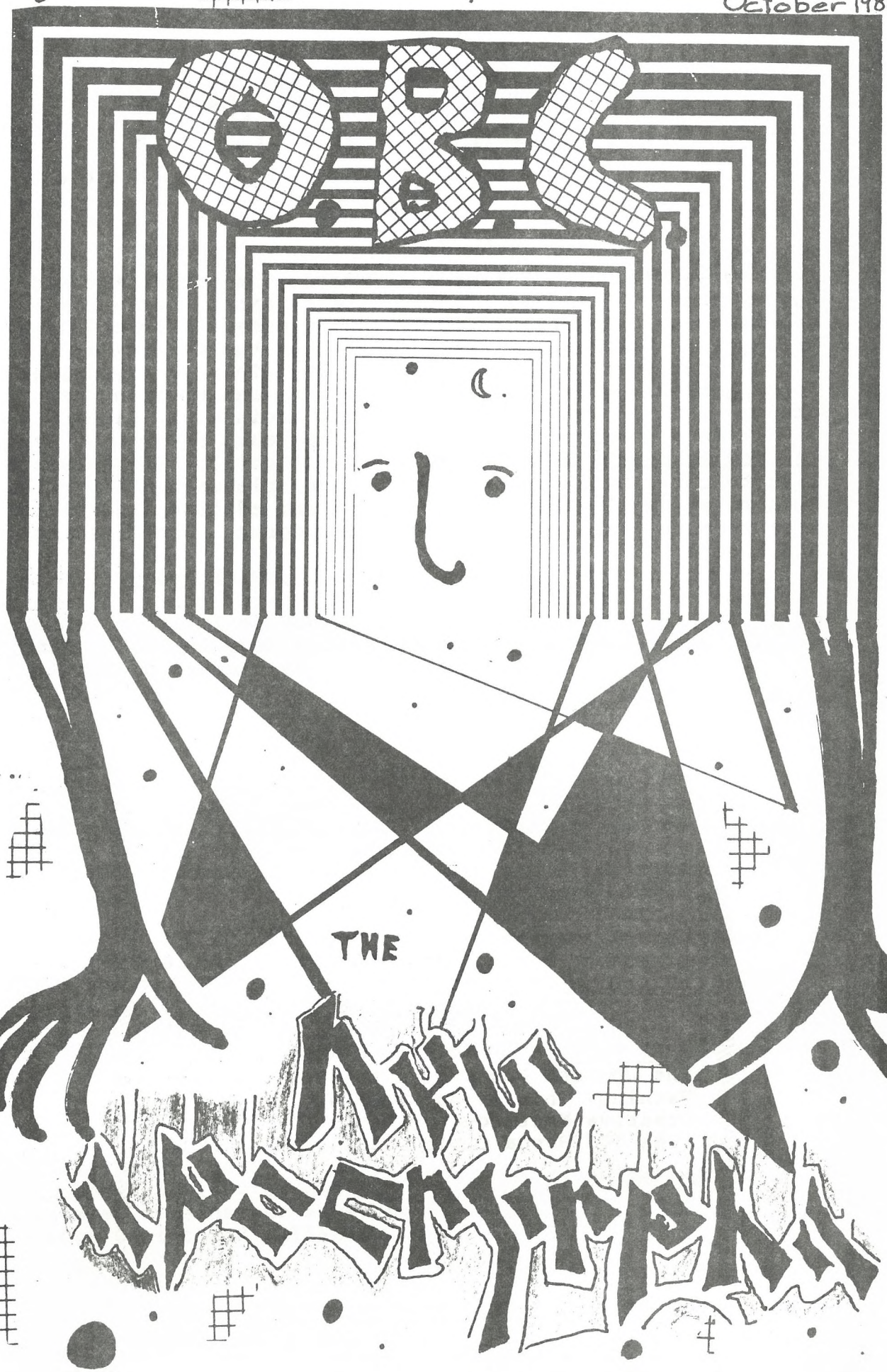
The New Apocrypha (Ontario Bible College) (October 1988)

October 1988



The New Apocrypha

September, 1988

Richard Bowler and Paul Broad
editors

As we sit here listening to Macedonian music, Richard Bowler and I (Paul Broad) would like to extend our warmest greetings to everyone who is attending Ontario Bible College this year. This is the first edition of the College's student publication--The New Apocrypha. This year promises to be a really great year for the paper, and exciting new changes can be looked forward to. To begin with, Richard and I will be graduating at the end of the year, so by that time, The New Apocrypha should have a new editor(s). If you would like to contribute to this publication, please contact either Richard or Paul. Well, enjoy this first edition, and please feel free to respond, contribute or suggest. Good reading and "Dobro Den"!

-Paul Broad

CO-EDITORIAL RESPONSE: Paul, since when do I listen to Macedonian music?! And what the salted legs is "Dobro Den"!!

-Richard Bowler

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About the Paper...

It Was 20 Years Ago Today...

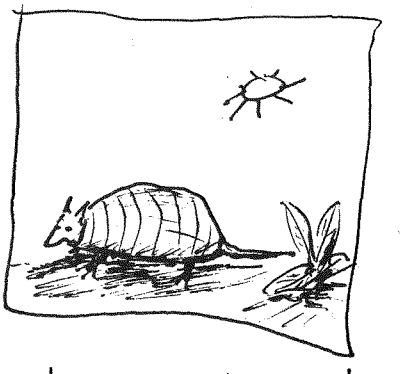
Recent archeological diggings have unearthed one of the biggest finds of this last half of the century. Amongst the clutter, dust and bevy of yearbooks in a subterranean room in this very college, researchers have found what is believed to be original copies of OBC's student publication dating back to its founding in September of 1968. On the 30th day of that momentous month a remarkable part of student life was born. The first few issues saw it without a name, then it was simply titled The Ontario Bible College until in January of '69 the name The Marketplace came into being. Since that historic occasion the successes, and the failures, of this little paper can be testified to by literally thousands of students. But who were they, those by-gone pioneers? Where did they come from? Why have they left us this heritage? And who will continue it?

The name has changed this year. The look is a step away from the 60's and 70's, drawing us into the last days of the '80's and entering the fast approaching 1990's, but the premise remains the same; to serve Christ and college. To this end, your prayers, suggestions and participation are most welcome.

Let us put your name into the archives; be part of two decades of OBC tradition. Find out how you can get involved today!

Goodbye Marketplace, Hello New Apocrypha

Just to clue the freshmen in, the college paper used to be called The Marketplace. Hard to believe, isn't it? Well, don't worry, you need no longer wonder if OBC is trying to compete with The Financial Post or supplement Loblaws Insider Reports. Let it be known that after much deliberation a name has been found that will carry us past stocks and bonds, turnips and marrows to unforgettable places where the only associations shall be that of off-beat greatness!



"Fill those embarrassing blank spots in your college paper with one of the handsome pictures from the Armadilloes of Autumn Collection. They're new!"

STUDENT LEADER ASTRAL CHART

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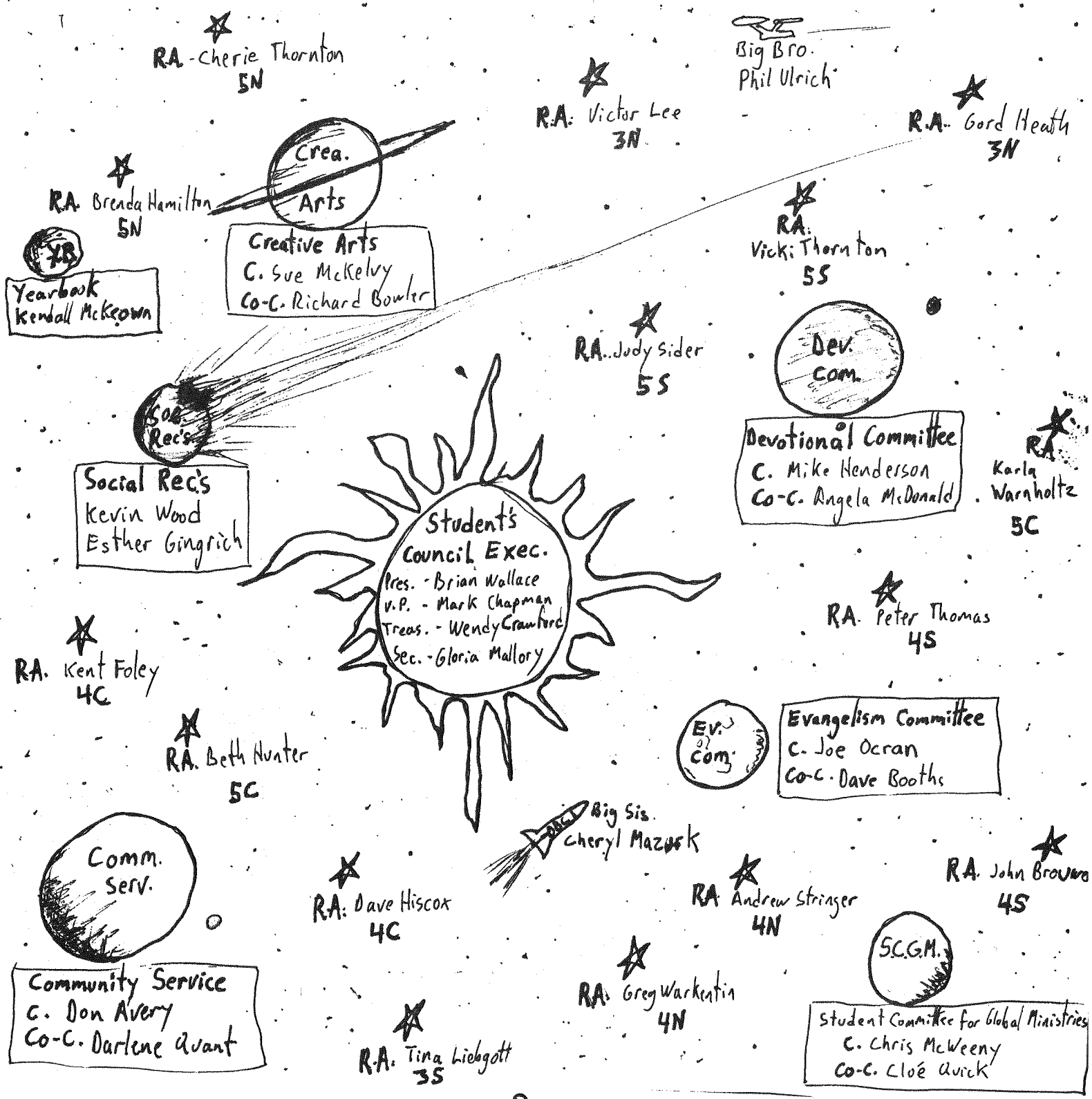
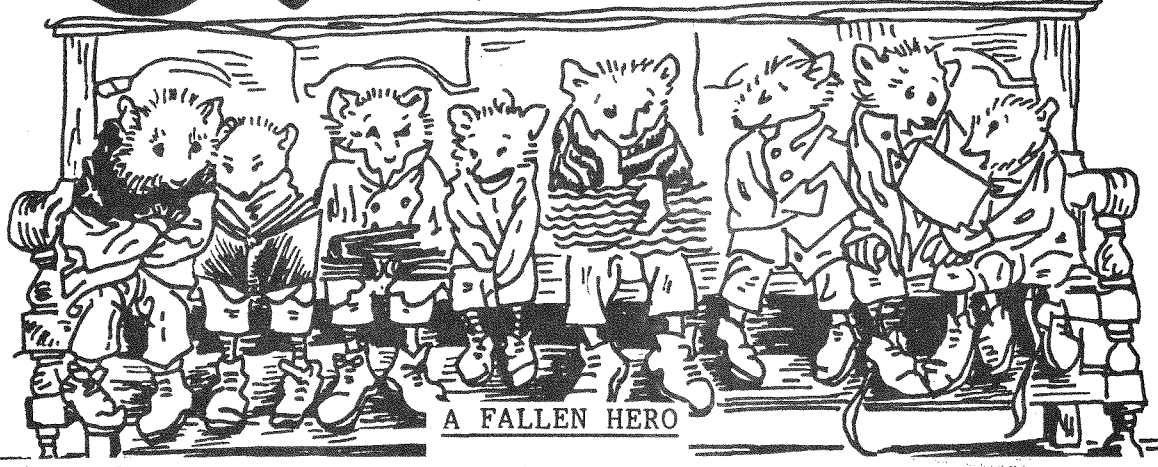


Editorial



A FALLEN HERO

The recent scandal involving Ben Johnson has undoubtedly left most Canadians in a state of shock. His dramatic fall from grace has astounded, dumbfounded, and outraged his fans the world over. I am not writing to attack Ben, but neither will I defend him. I simply must point out that, guilty or not, Ben is a product of corporate greed and the idol-worship of millions of "searching" fans.

I must deal briefly with my first assertion. In the final analysis, it cannot be denied that Ben's sponsors manipulated him for their own gain. They stood to make millions from him, but when he became a bad "investment", they dropped him like a hot potato. Ben was rewarded handsomely by his sponsors, but only on the condition that he produce victory after victory. Ben's race for gold in Seoul was also a race for millions of dollars.

But big business was not the only one to shape Ben. He was also shaped by his adoring fans and by the media. In this age of instability and hopelessness, Ben was a rock. He was one of the last bastions of purity and fair play. His private life was not filled with scandal, but was dominated by his loving mother and close-knit family. But because of his incredible athletic ability, Ben had an even greater responsibility thrust upon him. He was a unifying figure in Canada. He was living proof that the poor can excel in this semi-great land of ours. He was also our last hope to upstage the AMERICANS, those people to the south of us whom we are now told are our enemies, and not our friends.

I don't know if Ben knowingly took steroids. If he did, I believe that I can understand why. If he did not, then somebody has perpetrated a great and heinous crime. However, I am disgusted at the trampling upon of our fallen hero. We are as guilty as he, perhaps more, because we are judging him by standards which we would never hold up to ourselves. Ben's life has been destroyed by the machinations of our society. His fall illustrates our own cruel hypocrisy. Let us not gloat over our fallen hero. He tried his best in the face of our impossible demands.

Paul Broad

Mission To Moscow

Standing at the bow of the O.S. Georg crossing the Baltic sea, many questions raced through my mind as the distant shoreline drew ever nearer. What is the Soviet Union really like? Will we have any problem with customs? Will they take the Russian Bibles away that we are praying will make it into the hands of souls hungry for God's word?! Lord; What am I doing here?!?

There were 39 of us travelling together as missionaries into the Soviet Union. We were registered with the Government as a 'tourist' group but we came prepared as Christ's ambassadors, trained as a choir and ready to serve the Lord in whatever way possible.

As the ferry docked at the port in Tallinn, Estonia, you could almost feel the anxiety in the air. I'm sure I wasn't the only one praying my heart out as we approached the customs booth. And sure enough, the Lord was faithful to us as he opened the doors and allowed us to walk freely into a communist country with over a 100 Russian and Estonian Bibles.

At that point, Joshua 1:9 became a very intense reality to me as it reads: "Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go."

As we travelled from Church to Church sharing in word and song with the Christians of the USSR, the Lord showed us what true love and sacrificial giving was all about. The people we came in contact with were so filled with love for the Lord that it naturally overflowed onto us. Here we were, total strangers and these beautiful people treated us as their own children. Everywhere we went, the people gave to us even when it seemed physically evident that they had little themselves. It was amazing to meet so many people who had found true happiness and meaning for their life in serving the Lord and loving his children.

Although change is taking place at an incredible pace in the USSR, there are still many obstacles which the Christians in the Soviet Union fare in their daily lives. The only thing they ever asked of us is our prayer support. Please take the time to remember this country in your own quiet time with our loving Father; they desperately need our prayers.

-Cherie Thornton

BLACK WEDNESDAY- A Bible College in Shock!

The day will be remembered as Black Wednesday! It was yet another dark day in a disastrous week for Canada. It was Monday which marked the unfortunate downfall of Canadian hero Ben Johnson. But this event seems trivial in comparison to the news unleashed two days later. To the dismay of all Canadians, it is not only the sports field which has been touched by performance-enhancing drugs. On Black Wednesday, the country was left in absolute shock when the news of drugs within the field of theology hit the press. Noted and respected theologian Dr. Bob Duez of Ontario Bible College has tested positive, and it has been confirmed that an excessive amount of the drug theoguarol was found in his system.

This drug is known to enhance theological knowledge in a drastic fashion. Inside sources claim that Duez would never had a chance at receiving his doctorate from the University of Toronto without using the drug. Along with increased theological knowledge theoguarol has disastrous side effects including disastrous leanings to Calvinist points of view. Also, the drug has been known to cause hair loss and does lead to a somewhat irregular sense of humour.

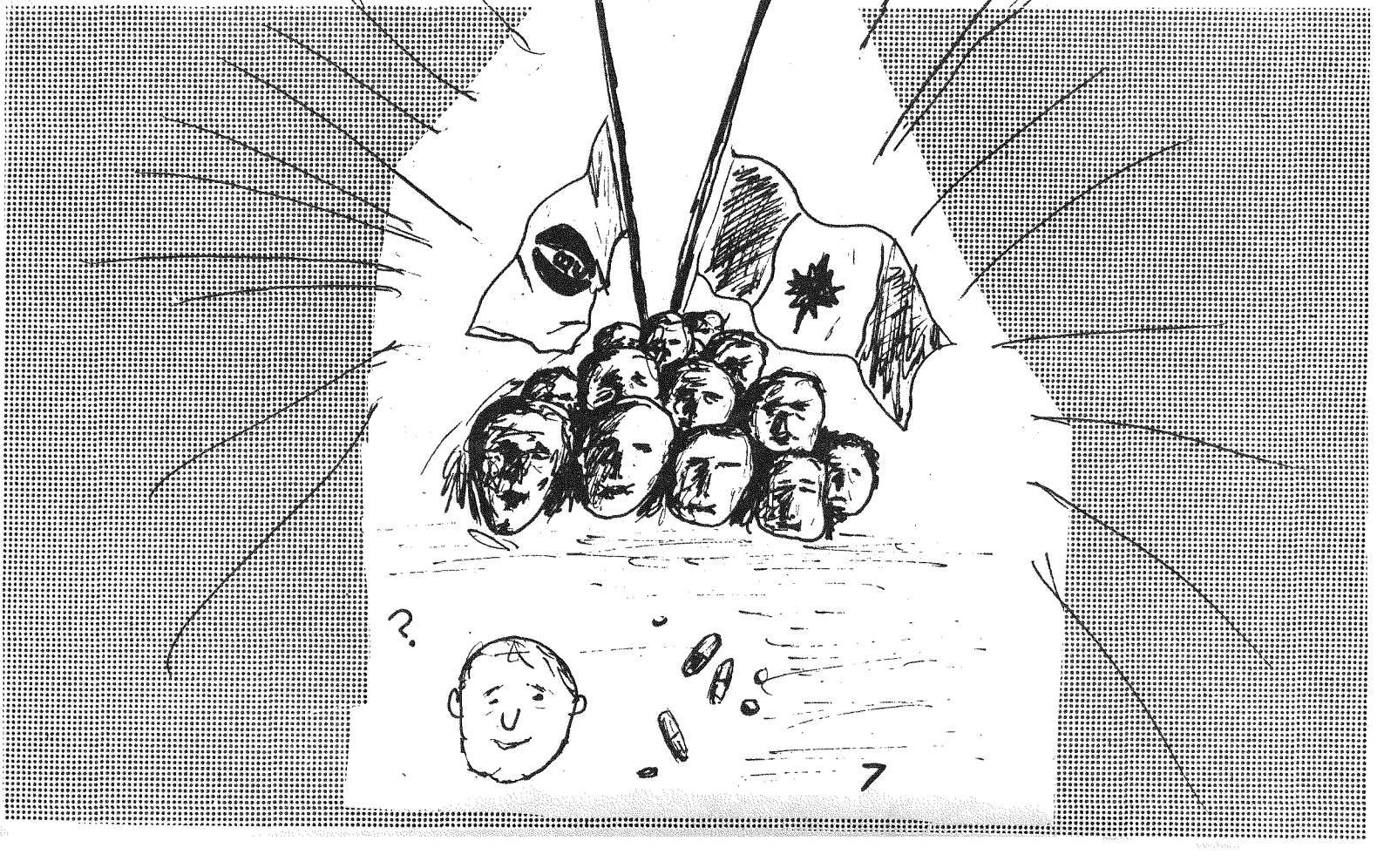
Research was done in regards to the past history of Bob Duez. Interestingly enough, it was found that Duez was a severe troublemaker in Sunday School. When confronted with this piece of his past, Duez defensively responded, "What do you mean a troublemaker, I didn't even go to Sunday School!" Further research indicated that Duez was a middle school dropout and he never attended a post-educational institution. When you put all of this research together, it can be said that Duez has no theological training whatsoever! Bob Smith, dean of students at the University of Toronto was questioned about Duez's doctorate, his response; "Bob who!?!" Ebe Sikakhane, a colleague and friend of the accused said "WHAAAT! He could never teach so well while taking steroids! I've known Bob for years and he never took drugs, in fact, he hates drugs!" Despite this apparent support, Erwin Penner, Duez's theological rival was quoted as saying; "I knew he was on drugs all the time, there is no other way he could know the Bible so well!"

When the news reached Ontario Bible College, the President, Bill McRae was forced to suspend Duez from further instruction of Old Testament Survey and Theology 321. McRae was also forced to withdraw Bob

Duez's doctorate in theology. Rumor has it that probable replacements will be a budding Martin Luther named Justin Baird and theologue extrodinaire Howard Lawrence. Bill McRae said it would definitely take two replacement professors to fill Bob Duez's large theological shoes.

Experts say that Duez submitted to taking Theoguarol out of intense pressure. An entire nation looked to him for guidance theologically. To maintain his doctrines he upheld, experts say he would have to be on drugs. Regardless of motivation, the deed is done, the question is: how do we avoid another Black Wednesday? Renowned cynic Jeff Bersche says the only answer is random testing. He further said that after each exceptional instructional performance the steroid test should be done. Upon hearing of this advice, music professor John Bell was concerned that the apres-instructional tests would spread to the music department. He was later assured that only the theology department would be affected. Whatever the answer is, it needs to be found fast! It's a sad day when we resort to a drug-induced theological doctrine. Let Black Wednesday be a warning!!

PS: This report is purely fictitious. Its just not true!! Bob Duez is still teaching at Ontario Bible College, I think!
Take Care! T.D.E.



CREATIVE WRITING

The Window

by Kevin Wood

I sit in the living room, alone. There is no one present. No one to bother me, no one to comfort me. As I wonder if my solitude is a punishment or a privelege, I consider my surroundings. The room's decorations remind me of my mind's thoughts. A Bible lies on the coffee table, athletic trophies adorn shelves on the wall, past and current academic textbooks fill a bookshelf and pictures of my closest friends hang on the wall. I can never seem to get enough of the latter, although I have more than many. Having one or two intimate friends is one of the many worries, frustrations and seemingly endless problems that imprison a mind that strives to be free. The more time that is taken to think, the more I feel enclosed.

Restless, I rise and wander over to the room's only window. It is a large window with a comprehensive circumspective view. If it were not for two pieces of wooden trim that divided the window into four, my view would be unobstructed. In this way, the view I have looking out of this bay-window is symbolic of the mental image I hold; limited, overcrowded and obstructed.

Outside lies some personal concerns of mine. I see families, possessions and friendships. I want to greet each family that walks by, but the window doesn't allow me. I want to observe the fruitful friendships more closely, but the window prohibits me from doing so. I want to consider the externsal possessions, which I will need later on in life; a house, a car and others, but I only occupy a part of my view, just I use up a portion of my mind with worries.

Frustrated once again, I give up. I give up trying to reach out, foresee and observe. Habitually, I focus on myself. My eyes travel from looking outside, enviously to looking at the floor, reflectively. And yet, on the way, something has caught my eye.

It is the pine trim in the window. The two wooden members, one horizontal and the other vertical, form a cross. I stand astounded in revelation as I realize I have been shown the answer. I first need to focus on the cross, the one that Jesus bore, and the one that later bore Him. The cross that Christ died upon so that all sinners could live. The same one that held Jesus up so that He could be made a spectacle of by all those who passed by. The Son of God took risks, outside. In shame, I realize I am feeling sorry for myself, inside. I can only hang my head in unbearable shame. And yet, my shame slowly dissipates as my attitude begins to change. It is when I set my eyes on the cross that I can look at those areas in my life; the worries, fears, concerns and hopes, that occupy my mind so much of the time. It is at this point, that I will be able to look up and think outwardly without becoming frustrated and feeling depressed, alone. After all, it is too much to bear, alone.

National Rally for Life- September, 17, 1988, Ottawa
Two views:

We Must Not Remain Silent

by Mark Chapman

Picture 18 students of all ages and backgrounds, leaving OBC at 5:30 on a dark, cold, stormy morning. See them travel for 5 hours to a city they are unfamiliar with to stand in a field in front of a stone cold building. Watch as they stay in that field for 10 rainy hours to protest something that makes them sick. Finally, observe them participating in a mock funeral march through the driving rain and the cold streets. They return for a last time to the cold stone building it now seems a sepluchure and the bells that ring from the clock tower cast an eerie tone to the whole procession. Somehow the falling rain is strangely appropriate. The tears fall, the babies die, the nation rolls on in ignorance. Can the politicians and people of this nation ignore this issue anymore? How long will one million unborn babies be killed every year in this country? When will they stop and listen to the cries of pain?

Saturday, September 17, 18 students from OBC travelled to Ottawa to participate in the 1988 National Rally for Life to protest the abortion of millions of innocent babies. We spent the day in front of the Parliament Buildings listening to people sing and talk about the terror of abortion. We learned of what was going on, what needed to be done and what we could do. We listened to Melody Green, Connie Scott, Terry Talbot and Mother Teresa among others. The day was a success, 15 to 20 thousand people arrived to take part in the protest. But it must go beyond that, we must reach out to unwed mothers that don't want abortions or can't afford pregnancies. We must not remain silent on this issue. We must speak up, we must volunteer our time and give our money. The 18 of us that went to Ottawa on that cold, rainy Saturday will forever have the image of that day ingrained in our heads and we will forever feel God's pain at the death of those he loves. The issue demands answers to questions that do not seem to have answers. How can this have happened? How can we make a difference? Can we make a difference? We live in a world that is racked in pain under a torture it has imposed upon itself. We can set up all the homes for unwed mothers that we want but unless we can once again persuade society to value human life nothing will change. For in

> **"...we will forever feel God's pain at the death of those he loves..."**

the end we must realize that a law can never replace a moral. As Christians we can help by letting our concern known and by not allowing the world to change us. We can love the hurting enough to make a difference, enough to change their lives. In this way the world can know we are Christians by our love.

DEATH KNELL

by Graeme Burk

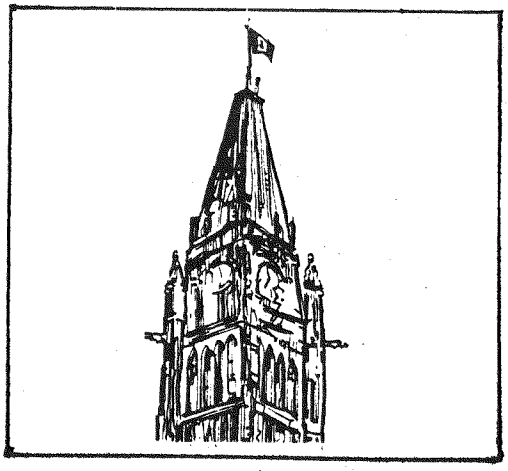
We began our trek going through the gates of Parliament Hill in a disorganized shuffle. It was a little past seven-thirty. The sky was grey black, the sun's light having now reached its climax, and the dark clouds hovered over intently. We were marching about something we abstractly disagreed against. We had sat and listened to speakers and music for an entire afternoon as a sign of our support. Now we were to demonstrate that support.

Five of us walked together, arms linked- for physical support against the cold, inhumane weather. At first we made quiet jokes and repartee. That soon ended as we turned off of Wellington street. A hush fell over all of us marching. Even the people in halted cars and on the street were silenced as they watched us pass by.

"...all I could articulate... was the single question, Why?"

The mood became very somber, very mournful. It was a mood felt by all of us marching. At first, we couldn't quite understand what was over us, but as the rain broke we realized what it was. We were all in a funeral procession, that was already known, but we had now come to the realization whose funeral we were marching for.

We passed over a bridge over the Ottawa River, and the Peace Tower chimed the quarter hour- to us it was a death knell being tolled. Someone in front of us broke the silence and started screaming to the onlookers, "200 babies a day are being murdered! Wake up! It's not a chicken in the womb..." and reinforced the mournful feeling within our hearts.



The line was eventually halted as we approached an

intersection. It was then I fully realized that abortion was more than an abstract concept to be argued over. People are being allowed to slaughter babies in the name of convenience, in the name of luxury, in the name of irresponsibility. And all I could articulate as all 5 of us stood there praying was the single question, Why? Why does it go on? Why do we let it go on?

We arrived back at Parliament Hill as the Peace Tower tolled it's death knell again. It was eight o' clock. The sky was black and the rain poured down vigorously. We had finished marching about a grave injustice that was being committed. The five of us walked together, arms linked- for emotional support against the cold, inhumane world. Those of us who could cry, did.

"...and life itself seems lunatic, who knows where madness lies? Perhaps to be too practical may be madness; to surrender dreams- this may be madness; to seek treasure where there is only trash- too much sanity may be madness!

And maddest of all- to see life as it is, and not as it should be!"

-Man of La Mancha

All of us are a family
Caught in our own design
Some of us have a hand to share
and some have need of a hand
And sometimes we need both

There comes in the spirit of truth & love
the soul that walks on through
and through the skies turns dark from blue
the feet walk onward still
the feet walk onward still

I look beyond to the skies of blue
wonder where they lead
I look beyond to the skies of dark
and my eyes keep onward still
I will walk onward still.

Linda

Prof Profile:
ELIZABETH DAVEY
Literature, Motherhood and Pickiness

by Graeme Burk

For many students new to OBC, A teacher like Elizabeth Davey might seem quite foreign. She teaches literature and communication- something that isn't readily associated with Bible college. It's a job that Elizabeth enjoys and it is not only out of this enjoyment that she is an extremely valuable asset to the OBC community. She is also a mother of two, a minister's daughter and a minister's wife, and on top of it all, a student herself.

The dedication to arts and literature at OBC is something that Elizabeth is quite proud of, "I think we're pushing arts here more at OBC than a lot of Bible colleges," she says. She feels that an interest in literature is important even to Christians because it enables them to attain a better global view of life, "I'm big on this idea of integrating my Christian faith with all of life and I think literature is a way to

"...we're pushing arts here more at OBC than a lot of Bible Colleges..."

do it." she says, "They (literary artists) have identified issues that are important to us and somehow they capture them in the experiences they portray. I find that I am constantly able to relate Biblical truths to the truths of life that they're identifying."

Elizabeth Davey is a woman with a diverse background. Born and raised in a small town in Oregon, her father was a minister. She studied at Seattle Pacific University, majoring in music at first, but switching to literature because she felt that music was too competitive. However she discovered that

"the literature world is equally competitive and graduate school is highly competitive, so I didn't escape it!" After attaining her B.A., she went on to receive her masters at the University of Washington in 1973. From there she went on to teach at a Bible College in Oregon. It was around this time that she met her husband while on a summer course at Regent College. They married the following summer and moved

to Toronto- her husband's home.

She started part time at OBC in 1976, and became a member of the full time staff the following year. Since then, she has been teaching here in a part or full time capacity, as the needs of her children warrant, and is currently at OBC full time. Her husband Alan ("One '1'." she notes) is a graduate of OTS and is a minister at Royal York Baptist Church in Etobicoke. They have two daughters, Natalie, who is 10 and Rebecca ("2'c's") who is 8.

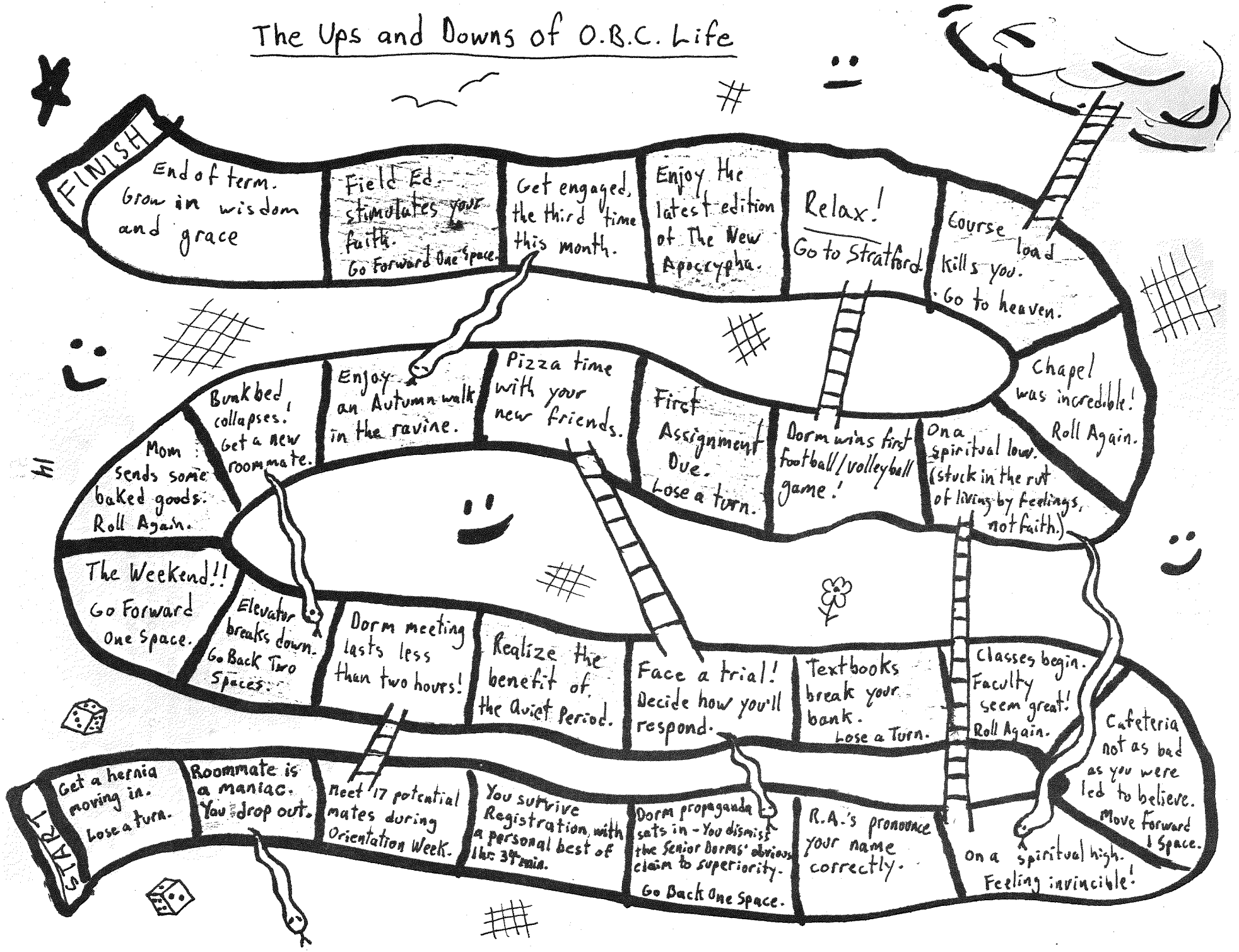
In the area of motherhood and career, she believes that being into both is essential, "I enjoy teaching, I also enjoy my children." she states, emphasizing the latter with a laugh, "I think if I can do a little of both I can be happy." She finds that there would be a struggle for motivation without one or the other.

The downside of this is that she has little spare time, since the time not spent in academic pursuits is spent with her family. The academic pursuits are not just in teaching, for she is also currently attending York University for graduate studies in literature. "One of the things about this is that it helps me remember what it's like to be a student." she jokes. When she does have free time, she loves music (both she and her husband are musicians) and is "A great fan of the Blue Jays! Although I have to discipline myself not to watch or listen of their exploits too much!"

During the course of the interview for this article, Elizabeth Davey also made known an element of her personality that will strike fear into the hearts of students come term paper time. At one point during the interview in her office she got up and walked over to one of the walls and pulled off a piece of masking tape that was left from painting her office. She looked up with a smile on her face. "You can also put down that I'm picky."

I'm big on this idea of integrating my Christian faith with all of life...literature is a way to do it."

The Ups and Downs of O.B.C. Life



WARNING! THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK!

Another gripping theological blockbuster published this year is Dr. Graeme G. Burk's The Antichrist is Here. This book has been topping the charts in Christian bookstores and is sure to eclipse 88 Reasons Why the Rapture will Occur in '88 in sales. The New Apocrypha is pleased to print an excerpt of this work...

For centuries people have wanted to ascertain the identity of the Beast in the book of Revelation. Many great biblical commentators have made attempts to determine the identity of this important figure, but have failed. Their failure lies largely in their method of biblical interpretation, coupled with an inadequate knowledge of the basic structure of global events. For many years I myself sought the identity of the Beast, or Antichrist using these incorrect means of interpreting the facts given in scripture and correlating it with world events. This wonderful discovery has led me to the solution of the Bible's most elusive questions: Who is the Antichrist?

The person who will deceive so many is considered to be an innocuous figure on this planet at present. This, I should add, affirms his role as a deceitful individual. He is already in prominence, even today, as the keystone in a global conglomerate that I believe will be used to set up the new economic system mentioned in the latter end of Revelation. We must be warned about him, for although he looks as though he comes as an angel of light, he is not. He has already deceived thousands of children, and we must see to it that he does not claim our own. For the Antichrist, dear brothers and sisters in the Lord, is none other than Ronald McDonald.

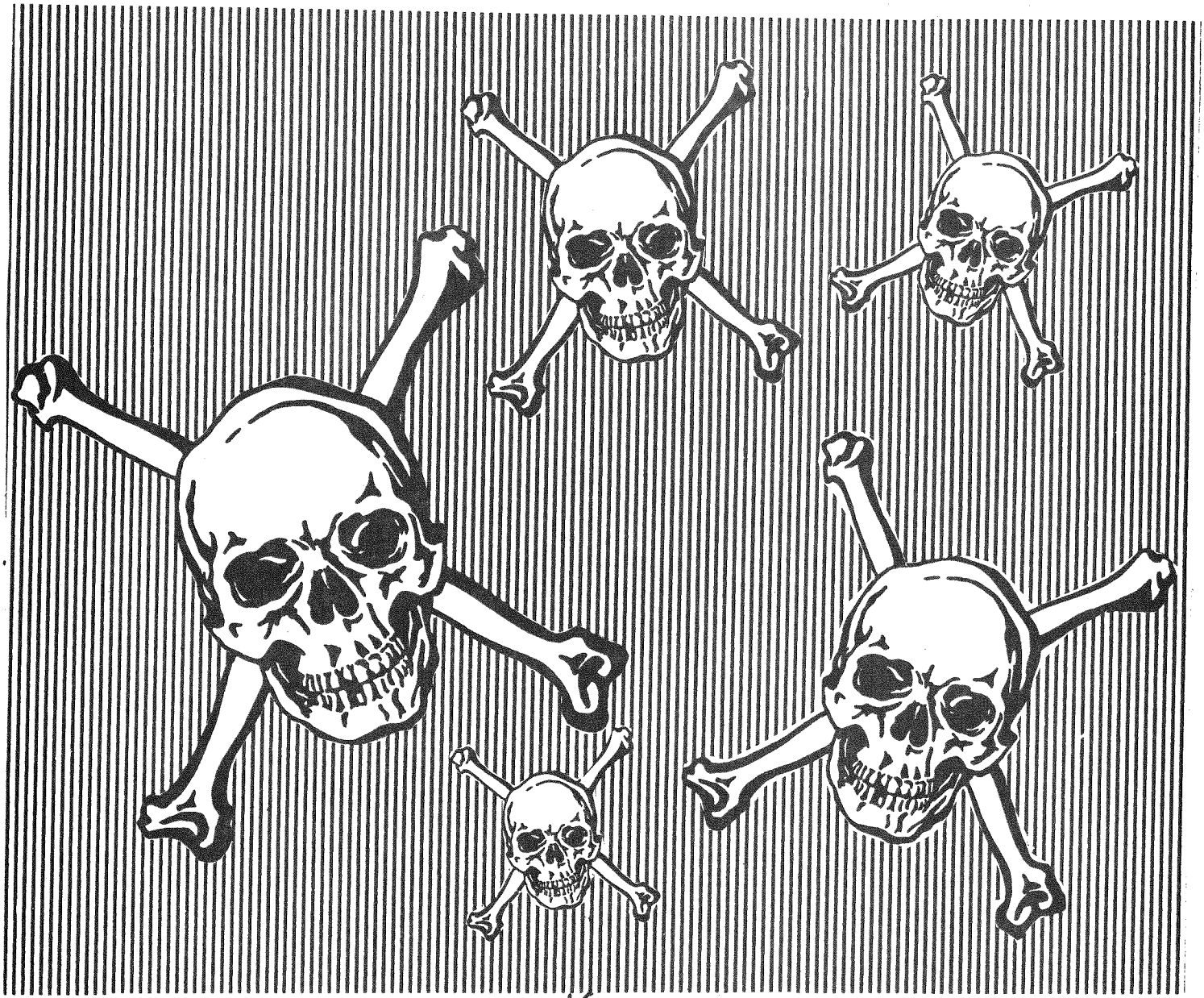
Be warned about him, for the Bible speaks of him. In Revelation 13:2 it says "for the beast I saw resembled a leopard, but had feet like those of a bear and a mouth like that of a lion." If you look closely at Ronald McDonald you will find that he does wear a golden coloured outfit- like a leopard's coat, has large feet- like a bear does and has his mouth painted so that it is wide like a lion's. Furthermore, it also says in Revelation 13:3 that "One of the heads of the beast seemed to have a fatal wound, but the fatal wound had been healed..." why do you think Ronald McDonald wears makeup? To cover up the wound until the time is right!

To give further proof, if you take the number that each letter represents (A is 1, B is 2, etc.) and add them up, the numbers in the

name 'Ronald McDonald' equal 134. This is not insignificant when one multiplies this by the average amount of McDonald's hamburgers that a family eats in a week, approximately 4.9701, and discovers that it equals 666- the number of the beast mentioned in Revelation 13:18

The Christian Church must be warned of the great apostasy they are being seduced into by partaking in eating at McDonalds. They should heed the warning of II Corinthians 6:17-18, "Touch no unclean thing and I will receive you.", for they are fellowshipping with darkness and eating hamburgers that are unclean and pagan food.

Christians everywhere should heed these words for the correct discerning of Biblical prophesy is rare and hard to find. As it says in Ephesians 4:14, we must not let ourselves be blown here and there by every wind of teaching and by the cunning and craftiness of men in their deceitful scheming.



CREATIVE WRITING

The '73 Honda Civic

A '73 Honda Civic rusts quietly at the back of my driveway. It was a fairly good little car to drive, although a little boring at times. I stopped driving when it started needing repair work.

The first thing that bothered me wasn't a breakdown. The car was a little sluggish in its acceleration. The lights would change and it would seem to take forever to get across the intersection. Sometimes it seemed like things just happened too fast for it.

Another concern was the steering. If you worked at it, the car would go in a straight line, but it was chronically wobbly.

The body was composed predominantly of various filler compounds, due to a number of small alterations.

When my friends teased me about my car, it upset me. It wouldn't have been so bad, except that they all had nice cars. It galled me to see my best friend in his 'vette.

So I parked it, I threw a sheet over it, and went out to put a down payment on something newer, brighter, faster and better.

I had a succession of fast cars over the next couple of years. I hardly though about the lump in the driveway, until last week.

Bill, from the Church, rolled into the driveway last Tuesday. He has a '73 Civic. The same colour as mine, too. If you look carefully, you can see where he fixed the dent from the motorcycle. Periodically I would see him in my rearview mirror, wobbling down the road eating my dust, but I hadn't talked to him in six months.

He smiled as his car sputtered to a stop. We talked for a while. He wanted me to come to Church with him. Said he missed me in the last few months. I said I would think about it, but I was disappointed with the Church. It seemed old and slow, falling apart. There was division in the Church.

I asked him how he'd kept his civic going so long, and why he hadn't sold it. He said it was a good car. Sure, it had its problems, but with a little love, committment, time and energy, it had served him well for 12 years- maybe it wasn't popular, but it got you where you were going.

I think I will go to the Church. It may be slow, old, beat up and a little wobbly, but maybe all it needs is a little support, and it might just be what I need to get me where I want to go!

-Peter Bergs