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*Marketplace* (Ontario Bible College), 5, no. 1 (October 13, 1972)

KC-18P-11011



Ontario Bible College  
VOL. 5 NO. 1

# Marketplace

OCTOBER 13, 1972



This'll show those freshmen!



Phew, I thought he put some on this morning!



YAKUSHEV SCORES!!



See, Dave, I told you I could do it.



Sunday best



Do you think they'd mind if we played Rook?



Sweethearts



Just married, and see what happens!



I wonder what's the matter with Deb  
... maybe Reid knows



S

E

P

T

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M

B

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R



rip . . .

'72



Boy! Will Pete and Tom ever be proud of me!



In Acts 15-13 we read . . .

# Editorial

I have something that has been hounding me, something I have not wanted to write about for a while because some people may get the wrong impression of what I am trying to say. But it seems that the time has come, and maybe my own experience and thoughts may aid one who is discouraged.

There is someone for whom I have been praying for over six years now, and as far as I know in my finite human knowledge, this person is no closer to accepting Christ than when I began. My point is not my faithfulness to my task, for often I have forgotten for days at a time, or maybe mumbled a few words as my mind was elsewhere. But recently God has been — I can only call it chastising — to show me a new aspect to my carrying of this burden. I will call it the humility found in praying.

Billy Graham has literally thousands of people praying for him each day: we never see these people, but we see the results. I wouldn't be surprised if the ratio is one person saved to each prayer offered up.

We ourselves, here at Bible College, are upheld at our work by those in our homes and at our churches who are presenting us before the Lord. It is doubtful if we often remember these people, and they do not want to be remembered. They just want to see the results of their prayers as we study and develop to be leaders.

Mother Theresa of Calcutta put it this way: "Prayer enlarges the heart until it is capable of containing God's gift of Himself." And the heart swollen by God is not seeking its own glory but His.

There is nothing magnificent about my act of rolling off the bed after my Bible reading and kneeling to pray. And when God grabs hold of me and makes me weep as I plead for this person, I know my tears make my face anything but pretty. Right then if someone ventures to open the door I shrink into the darkness, feeling ridiculous. I am not glorified, I am humiliated.

Why? Because I have thrown aside my human do-it-yourself schemes, knowing I cannot get through to a heart that is innured to "religion", and has already once rejected the Good News. Because, when I pray for God to work in this life, for the Holy Spirit to call this soul, I am admitting that I cannot do it.

This is the forgetting of myself, in letting a God-given burden capsize my devotions, and keep me on my knees long after I wish for sleep. It is not I doing it but Christ — for I would gladly forget the whole deal, and go on my easy way, secure in God. But late at night as I lie there in bed, visions of burning Gehenna writhe up before me and I scream at God not to let this soul pass from earth until God has claimed it. There are so many accidents that could happen in one day! And so on knees of repentance I crawl back to the throne of the Most High, and place my friend in His hands.

The humility of praying — when the Spirit with groanings that cannot be uttered prays through me.

## From One Year Away

Dear Friends:

You ask me what I'm doing. I answer, "I'm beginning my second year in Pharmacy at the University of Toronto." Then you ask how I like it! I answer that it's OK. And that's about all most of you know.

In my last editorial (can it be a whole year-and-a-half ago?!) I said that I would be around haunting the halls of OBC and I have been. Only this fall, there are so many new faces that I feel like a stranger. But let me start at the beginning and tell you what it feels like to be an alumnus (is the feminine 'alumna'?).

I graduated with a BRE Missions in the Class of '71. While my classmates went their separate ways to jobs, marriage, churches, mission fields, I along with a few others chose more years in the books. Four more years to be exact. The object — a Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy — and eventually the mission field.

But that seems a long way off when you're up to your ears in books to be read, lab reports to be written and reams of material to be comprehended. Yes, it was rough and, believe it or not, there were days when I seriously wondered whether I should quit because I didn't think I would ever get the 60 percent necessary to get into second year. There were few tests during the year and in some subjects even these tests were so hard that the class average was about 50 percent. That can get pretty discouraging when you begin to think that everything hinges on a final exam. And then there is the material that you don't understand — chemistry, physics, math. At first I thought that the problem was that it had been 3 years since I had studied those subjects. And that was part of the problem. But I soon discovered that others were also having difficulties understanding what was going on. Apparently it's to be expected. One of our more cynical profs said, "Some of you are getting worried about all this material. Don't get uptight, most of you who understand even half of it will undoubtedly pass."

Many of you asked me how the work compared to work at OBC. First of all, it is very hard to compare science subjects with their labs and problem sets to Bible subjects with their essays and reading assignments. The arts subjects that I had were equal or perhaps less taxing as far as work load compared to any subjects I had at OBC, but the science courses were heavy. (By the way, U of T does not yet give credit for any subjects taken at OBC.)

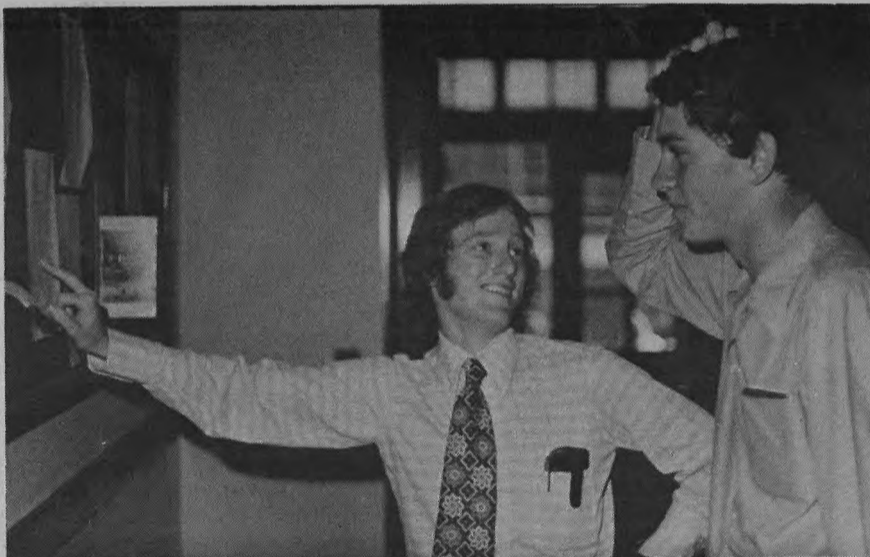
What about the other students? First year Pharmacy students are thrown into classes with other first year Arts and Science students because you take the same basic courses. Thus you do not get a real unity as Pharmacy students. (This year we have classes together and are now becoming more unified.) I did get to know some Pharmacy students even though I wasn't in residence as many of them were. Their response on hearing that I had graduated from Bible College varied. Some dismissed it with a noncommittal "Oh"; others asked what sort of courses I had taken; a few asked why I had gone there. It was a good opening to share my faith. And I did meet some Christian kids.

The assaults on your faith are more insidious than direct. The whole environment tends to draw you away. After the cozy cocoon of OBC, the streams of strange faces which pass on the sidewalk without a smile, the continual profanity (even from professors), the stories about weekend activities, all shock at first. And then there is the danger of becoming immune to it and having to guard that you don't find expressions slipping into your vocabulary by osmosis. Or letting your sensibilities be lulled by the acceptance all around of what you can't condone. Why should you care who had to move into somebody else's room in residence because their room-mate had a boyfriend in overnight? And then, some classes are attacks on your faith — their whole basis of thought is a mechanistic one.

So that's how it is — the good and the bad. I have missed the atmosphere and the fellowship of OBC. And yet I wouldn't go back if I could. For I have been in the place where God wanted me and I have learned the lessons He has prepared for me. Perhaps the most important one is that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, to show that the transcendent power belongs to God and not to us."

Now when I find time to haunt the halls or the library at OBC, you'll know a little more of what I'm doing. And while you're sweating over the books, bemoaning your classes, or getting perturbed over your room-mate's antics, remember to enjoy it. Those years that look so long go fast and soon you too will join the dignified circle of aged and experienced veterans — better known as alumni.

Sincerely,  
Muriel Barber



Brian Johnson and Gerald Wideman getting orientated

## Class Of The Year

Think back a month or so. Do you recall the confusion you felt as you returned to O.B.C.? You met so many new faces that you felt almost a stranger to the school you had attended for three or four years. Then contemplate the dilemma of the freshman in those first few days as he seeks to become accustomed to his classmates and his new surroundings.

Even though the excitement of those days has subsided with the start of classes and the routines of activities, let us not forget our very diversified freshmen class. Take a moment now, and consider with me, the class of the year — the freshmen of 1972-73.

There are, as of latest count, one hundred and ninety-six people enrolled as new students at O.B.C. this year. This number breaks down even further into two groups: ninety-four guys and one hundred and two girls. It looks like the girl-watchers have it for another year!

Also there are approximately twenty denominations represented among our freshmen. These range from the largest (Fellowship Baptist) to smaller representations from the Salvation Army, Church of the Nazarene and Mennonite Brethren.

The backgrounds of our freshmen vary. The majority of the new students were previous students but there are vocational fields represented here as well. We find there are six teachers, seventeen nurses, eight secretaries, one doctor, one farmer, one taxi driver, four salesmen, three bank employees and two with

missionary background experience. All this makes for very interesting activities and discussions!

There are several areas of interest expressed among the freshmen class. The outstanding field of interest and experience lies in the musical field. It appears that the piano is the most popular instrument and that singing with choirs is another favorite. However, the musical talent extends from solos to euphonium to drummer to guitar to violin to flute to recorder. And so we see that our freshmen class can praise the Lord with their musical talents and wide range of experiences.

There are a variety of sports talents and interests in the freshmen class too. The interests range from boxing to swimming to basketball to judo to curling to horseback riding. The largest interest expressed has been in ice hockey, and we see that the class can contribute much to even our nefarious hockey team.

The purpose of all this information is just to remind us that our classmates and new friends are a group of very talented and experienced individuals. We could benefit from becoming more personally acquainted with these people. Who knows, we may even be able to teach them some things while they are teaching us!

Ruth Vold

### MARKETPLACE STAFF

**MARKETPLACE** (mar'kit plas'), n. the commercial world considered as a place where ideas, thoughts, artistic creations, etc., compete for recognition. (Random House Dictionary).

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sports	John Adams Barry Dixon
assignment	Lois Barnes Kurt Weaver Ruth Vold

The opinions expressed in the Marketplace are those of the writers. They are not necessarily the official policy of the College Administration or the Student Association.



## SOMETHING OLD



Roman aqueduct near Caesarea, Israel

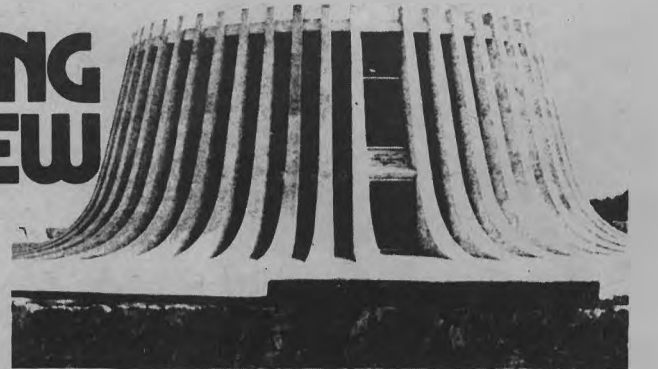
What would you do if a member of your family approached you and offered a trip to Israel — tax free, no obligation? My response was "Just let me pack my bags!" Thanks to the generosity of my sister, I was all set for an excursion to the Middle East.

In early May I boarded my flight for Tel Aviv, via Amsterdam. Twenty-four long hours later I was sitting on the tarmac of the main airport in this ancient nation of Israel.

My journeys for the next 22 days would take me south through Beer-Sheba to the Red Sea and north to Masada on the Dead Sea, including Qumran. After this, I continued northward to Mt. Hermon in the Golan Heights, then to the tumultuous Lebanese border. Nazareth was next, and the trip was climaxed by a week and a half in Jerusalem.

My mode of travel was simple. With a knapsack on my back, sleeping bag tied on, and a little luck with hitching rides, I saw most of

## SOMETHING NEW



Israel. Occasionally, I had to revert to buses, but that was a last resort!

My accommodation was even more simple. I made my bed under bridges, on park benches, or stretched out on the nearest beach.

I soon discovered that Israel is a land of extremes. I shivered in Nazareth and roasted at Red Sea. I basked in Mediterranean waters at Askelon and felt parched in the dry air of the Gaza Strip. I enjoyed the hospitality of the citizens of Jericho but encountered the cold shoulder from the Arabs in Jerusalem. The intense fervour of the Orthodox Jews contrasted sharply with the new-found permissiveness of the young people.

Road travel in Israel can best be compared to travelling on the Don Valley Parkway with a tricycle at rush hour. When was the last time you saw a passenger sitting on the floor of the bus pleading in tears for the driver to slow down? I guess I need not say more.

My trip also included several close brushes with death. My arrival at the airport was made more exciting because of an airline hijack. Then the Arab shellings in the Golan Heights gave me my first real encounter with war-torn Israel. An unfriendly Arab in Jerusalem gave me second thoughts about my safety when he threatened to rearrange my face. Then, as a grand finale, I managed to get out of Lod airport only a few hours before the massacre of 24 people by 3 Japanese guerrillas.

I arrived home 25 days later a few pounds lighter, and sporting a healthy beard. The trip broadened my insight into other cultures, and gave me a fresh outlook on the setting for the Scriptures. Although I felt the real sense of history was lost in 20th century commercialism, our Lord's native land still reflects the working out of God's promise to his chosen people.

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# EXPLO '72

I discovered that among Christians today there is a great oneness of purpose, a oneness in fellowship, and a oneness in our direction of worship. This is an article of the experience of EXPLO '72.

Dave Block (a brother) and Les Booker (me) headed southward picking and choosing interstate expressways as many other Canadians did this past June. I felt great anticipation all the way to Dallas. We were going to attend the first international student congress on evangelism and also this was my first convention of any kind. The sponsors of the event called it "God's Forever Family Reunion" and I looked forward to meeting turned-on and tuned-in brothers and sisters from everywhere.

Impressions? Ah yes. What were the impressions I received of this 'get-together'. The first thing I remember is my total exhaustion for the first two days. I more or less floated about my conference site for those two days in pleasant shock. Brothers and sisters of every culture type padded here and there.

Teaching seminars, which took place every day for three hours, impressed me greatly. They dealt with discipleship, spiritual growth and outreach. At a "family reunion" you don't sleep very much so I took good notes to be able to digest the material later.

The biggest and most beautiful sights and sounds of EXPLO '72 occurred at the four evening "Sessions-In-The-Son" at the Cotton Bowl. My conception of numbers was rudely shaken as I entered the Cotton Bowl and saw that mass of humanity praising the LORD. I don't know exactly how to express the picture of joy that overwhelmed us there. J - E - S - U - S — Jesus — the name resounded over and over. Also banners about the 'way' were lifted everywhere in the stadium as spontaneous songs of praise echoed around the stands. Unrehearsed, exhilarating and absolutely beautiful, the Cotton Bowl sessions allowed me a glimpse of something for which I will always thank Him.

Reports from the impact of Explo on Dallas poured in as men of God gave reports of the 'family's increase' in their countries. The key to spreading the good news seemed to be simply that Christians were willing to be available to be go-forths with the gospel in their own situations. Wow! Think of our potential here at O.B.C.

Another aspect of the Sessions-In-The-Son was the musical treats we received. The choral groups of Explo ministered with fresh life given in meaningful new arrangements of their songs. Even the country and western style reached the tolerance level when Christians wrote the words. But by far the most exhilarating music came in the form of 'Rock music' and 'soul music! You may or may not be tuned in to rock music but it is a cultural avenue in which some Christians express themselves in song to God. The fresh, new sound of 'Jesus-rock' was the high musical point of the conference for me. I once heard someone say half jokingly — 'why should the devil have all the good music'? Someone like you or me can understand what he means.

Perhaps I can sum up Explo '72 by giving you two thoughts. "It is better that we love in ignorance than live in truth lit up by the fires of hell." (John Wesley). The apostle Paul wrote to the church in first Thessalonians 2:5-12. In it he expressed something I believe I could hear from the servants of God who laboured in Explo.

Les Booker

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We welcome George Caines to our OBC staff

## REID'S RITEUPS

The California Golden Seals had 25 hockey players out to their training camp this year. The OBC Swordsmen had 28! Now hear this. . . if there are any rumors going around that the Swordsmen are not going to make the playoffs this year (a la California) forget them. We will make the playoffs, for you see 8 teams make it into playoffs this year instead of the traditional 4. For those of you who are not informed scholars of hockey, our own Swordsmen have missed the playoffs by one point each of the last several seasons.

The Swordsmen are pleased to announce that Rev. G.W. Dorey of our own OBC faculty has been named general manager of the team. Also, our own coach Mr. Jack Fox returns for another year as skipper.

FOXY FOOTNOTES: Even though Paul Henderson, Phil Esposito, and Bobby Orr couldn't make it to play for us this year we do have a host of established returnees to our roster. . . names like Little, Dickinson, Woods, Boom Boom Davies, Strike & Adams top the list. . . even the Newfoundland Flyer is playing again. . . some new faces include Graham, Whyte, Thompson, & Ellis. . . Yes, we used four goalies in our first game — newcomers Swartz & Froyley have joined our two incumbents to level the nets this year. . . So — onward to the league opener on Friday Oct. 13th.



CANADIAN IMPERIAL  
BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office, Toronto, Ontario



King of his water domain, "Toad" Wartman strides down the dock jutting out into Mary Lake, oblivious to admiring glances from the awed campers behind.

It's very hard to interview a Toad, especially one that has definitely decided **not** to be funny just at the time I'm looking for a few laughs to stick in here. There it sat, tough brown skin puckering around its tough tight mouth, mournful brown eyes glaring at me from across the table. I was trying hard to be nice, to ask leading questions, but I was undoubtedly a failure.

"Tell me, sir, why did you go up to Mini-Yo-We?"

"Boating."

That was not the answer I was looking for. I wanted something thoughtful and introspective. "I mean, what were your reasons, sir?"

"Work."

Give me patience. "There must have been more."

Suddenly he pounded on the table. As I gingerly emerged from the chair whereunder I had hastily dived, he chanted, "To serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing!"

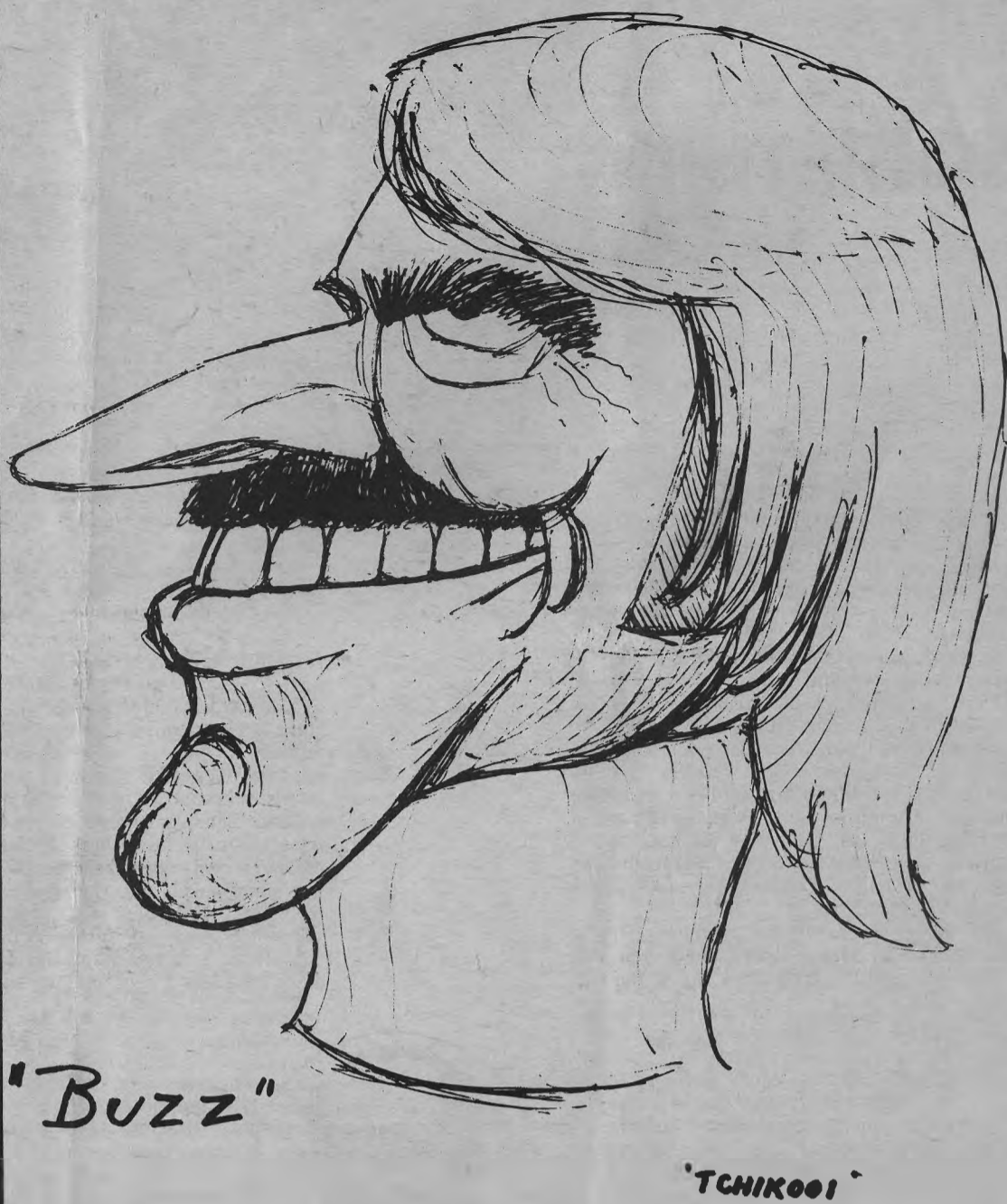
"No need to get carried away," I muttered, but he glared at me and interrupted, "By the way, your interview is over!" And in a flash of brown he was gone.

## Marriages:

- Darlene Greensides to Paul Hiron ('74)
- Lesley Brown to Bob Johnston ('73)
- Lane Richards to Jim Estep (both one-year)
- Pat Lewis ('73) to Roan Elford ('71)
- Linda Jones to George Myers (both '73)
- Bev Buchanan ('72) to Larry Klinck
- Sue Tucker ('72) to Ron Braid ('71)
- Donna Ruble to Dan Kendrick ('72)
- Donna Kaufman ('72) to Jim Tughan ('73)
- Sharyn Mobray ('72) to Alex Thompson ('73)
- Margaret Reynolds to Ravi Zacharias ('72)
- Sylvia Sterkenburg to George Melendy ('72)

## Engagements:

- Beth Barber to Ron Anger (both '72)
- Ruth Stein to Bill Gillespie (both '74)
- Ruth Felhaber ('71) to Gord Abraham ('75)
- Frances Hale to Bob Nagles ('74)
- June Esson ('73) to Brent Carter
- Sharon Ward to Gerritt van Essen (both '72)**



## Camp Mini-yo-we . . .

It's what? Ask John Saynor, it's his word, and it means anything from outa sight to spik'n'-span. And that's what his boys' camp is, to say the least. Talking to Buzz on the job is spiffy, too, and his enthusiasm can be nothing else but very catching. He was 10 years old when he first arrived at the sunny shores of Mary Lake, and has been a faithful pilgrim ever since. As he puts it (very well for a guy in his grubbies after a long day) "A summer vacation has turned into a lifetime vocation."

Buzz has always loved the outdoors and camping, so he just figures that the Lord put him where he likes to be. He looks around him sometimes at the expansive grounds of the camp, covered with trees and boys, and thinks, "Holy mackerel! God's given me this!" Because he realizes the tremendous responsibility, he lets nothing — yes ladies, **nothing** — deter him from the task God has put before him.

For the counsellors, who are usually sixteen to twenty, Buzz has set up a training program which is aimed at leadership development. The camp itself has the Voyageurs training program for the campers, aimed at producing young men who are all-round top notch in Bible study, canoeing, swimming, and camp craft, as well as Christ-like in their lives. The counsellor program is a continuation of that, on a higher level, and one doesn't have to have been a camper for five years to qualify, for the emphasis is more on the spiritual and less on the physical.

## BIRTHS:

Erin Nathaniel, a son, to Don and Glenna Russell, on Sat. Sept. 2, 1972

John Chrisostom, a son, to Granville and Gloria Raphael, on April 28th, 1972

. . . it's  
**spiffy!**

With this in mind, Buzz has bought a house on Huron St. — that story is one of God's miraculous workings — for fellows interested in youth work, and camping in particular. The main word in this program is discipline, something we as Christians today are sadly lacking. The boys have rooms for personal Bible study and counselling, and those that live there — such as Dick Marso (affectionately known as Gater because of his Florida origins)

— have the advantage of daily fellowship and growth. This house will be Buzz's headquarters, where he will hold corrective and instructive interviews for campers and counsellors during the winter months, and it will be the core for the follow-up program in which all the counsellors and staff are involved. This has become the Christian service for many of our fellows here, who will have divided loyalties during the hockey season. Buzz basically thinks that the house has real value because it "allows the guys to get away and just talk in their own language."

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