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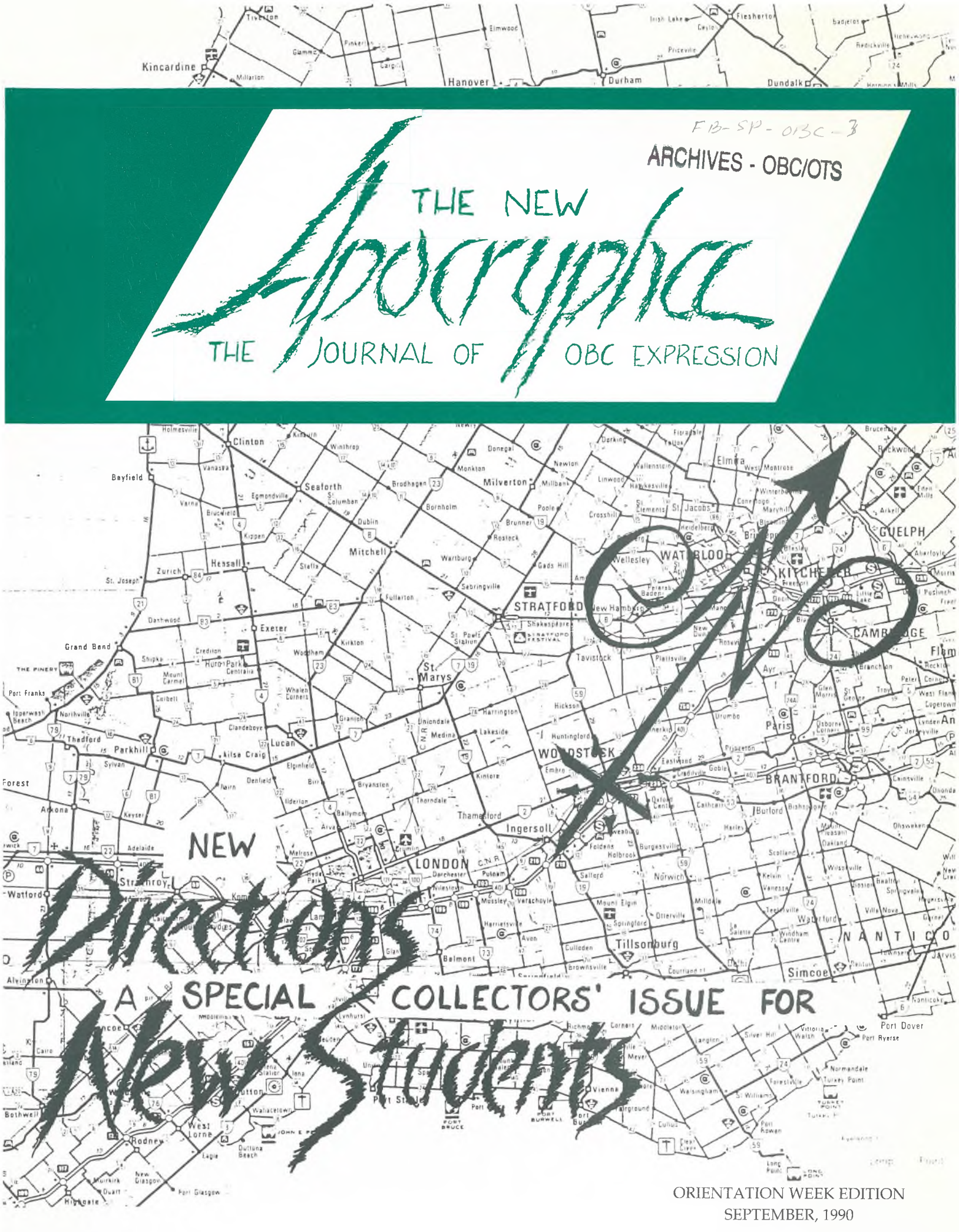
The New Apocrypha (Ontario Bible College) (September 1990)

THE NEW Apocrypha

THE JOURNAL OF OBC EXPRESSION



ONE

NEW Directions

A SPECIAL COLLECTORS' ISSUE FOR New Students

ORIENTATION WEEK EDITION
SEPTEMBER, 1990

The First Word

So you're here. and we're back. Who are we? The editors of the The New Apocrypha- the OBC journal with the mandate to answer the question "Who are you, anyway?

OBC has a different face, and different personality each year, so the answer can never be fully defined, but we get our clues from you. You see, we the editors don't actually write the paper (regardless of what you see in this introductory issue). We merely collect and co-ordinate the outpourings of your minds and hearts. Your offerings could take the form of reports, essays, poems, artwork, cartoons, plays, reviews or short stories. Choose whatever form you feel is best suited to expressing what you have to say- and say it!

We hope that you're as excited as we are about your entrance into the OBC community. As with any other part of your career, you'll find that the Bible College experience will do no more for you than you do for it. Your growth, education and rewards will result directly from your devotion, persistence and effort.

In this issue we present The New Apocrypha to you as an avenue in which to explore and expand your own abilities and encourage you to take from it, and five to it, all you can this year.

Welcome to the family. Our prayer for you this week is that you will be encouraged to take full advantage of the opportunities placed before you, all year

Now, over to you.

In love,
the editors-
Camille Pagee, Graeme Burk

A Brief History of OBC Student Publications

In the prehistoric days, somewhere just before 1968, Ontario Bible College was made up of two institutions - the Toronto Bible College and the London College of Bible and Missions. Both of these institutions had student publications, (TBC had one called The Broadcast for a while), however not much is known since our own publication's archives only go back to OBC's formation, when TBC and LCBM amalgamated into Ontario Bible College in 1968.

With the coming of OBC, a new student publication had to come into being, and so on September 30, 1968 one such paper did. Surprisingly, this journal of OBC news and views which was run off of a gestetner ditto machine did not have a name. The masthead was left blank, and any references to the name in the paper itself was left as a blank. The idea was that the student would vote on a name in the coming months.

This continued for the first half dozen or so issues of this bi-weekly paper, until on January 20, 1969 the new name of the paper was unveiled. The paper would be called the Marketplace. You may very well ask yourselves ask "What kind of name is Marketplace!?!" Suffice it to say that in the late '60's/early '70's this was something of trendy term used throughout Christian circles in the same way "New age" might be for us today. In addition to the new name, the paper was given a new format - typeset on newsprint, this was to be the way the paper would look well into the 1970's.

In 1976, around the time that OBC moved into their current location in Willowdale, cutbacks forced the paper to be photocopied and "done by hand". Undaunted, the paper continued as the student's voice for the next eight or so years.

In the mid 1980's Marketplace went into decline - getting real dedication from students was getting harder, and as a result the paper began to suffer, which in turn fed student apathy. In 1986 after only one issue in the first semester '86-'87 school year, Marketplace died.

The climb back up occured in the second semester of that year when a brave OBC student single-handedly put out three issues by himself. The following year, a small staff was put together and Marketplace began to reclaim a place in the hearts of the students.

In the fall of 1988, the name was changed to The New Apocrypha, as the once trendy Marketplace name began to take longer and longer to explain (and, as the editor put it, was beginning to face the threat of being confused with Loblaws Insider Report!) The current name derives itself from the term used for non-canonical, inspirational literature.

This is the third year with the new name, and this year as you can see we are also beginning a new look nas well. Whatever the name or whatever the look, this publication has always hand the intent to be a forum for YOU to express what you're thinking and feeling, and we hope that you will. This journal has a grand tradition behind it, and we need you to help us carry it into the future.

- Graeme Burk

The Longest Distance Between Two Points . . .

Day three of my orientation week began in a fairly typical manner and as a result I was a little grumpy. You see, the whole orientation week experience was somewhat uncomfortable for me since so much of it is like summer camp and I am not a summer camp person (I usually leave the room before the first "thumbs together" in a round of "petunias"). Still, in spite of that difficulty, there was a lot to be liked during orientation week - the people and some of the activities to name two. However, those two things couldn't keep me at OBC that fateful third day, as there was something that drove me into beautiful downtown Toronto for an afternoon and darn near kept me there, too.

That something, of course, was a girl.

I can't speak for this year's freshmen, (they are probably far more virtuous), but on the first day of my orientation week when all the freshpeople got together in the same room, there was a feeling not u nlike what the Isralites felt when they reached the promised land. 40 some-odd females, and (if one held to II Cor. 6:14), all of them "legal" to ask out. For most of us freshmales, our 19 year-old hormones were in a tailspin.

Fortunately (and I thank the Father above for this), this feeling dies down, namely because a) this sort of attitude isn't the most wonderful thing to have and b) the girls are wise to it and dislike it. Alas, I was not to know this at the time and so on day three of my orientation week, I decided to follow my masculine instincts and sit beside a pretty girl in the second floor lounge.

I had no intentions except to talk with her (Honest! Well . . . maybe a little more than that . . .) Unfortunately, for my conversation with her to have been any worse, it would have to have been conducted on the Titanic. As a result, since my precious male ego was now sorely bruised, I frustratedly decided to go into Toronto and get away from girls and the summer camp atmosphere.

Sooner or later , every OBC freshman has to come to grips with the fact that OBC is on the outskirst of Canada's largest and most bustling metropolis. They also have to come to grips with one minor problem - getting where they want to go. Toronto transit is not the easiest thing to understand, as I soon found out.

Getting to where I wanted to go downtown was no problem and, with the exception of a particularly surly sales clerk, I hand fun. I bought some posters for my room, and I was generally in much better mood after spending some time away from everything at OBC. Getting home, it turned out, was the hard part.

First of all, getting on at Osgoode station, I saw a sign pointing to the northbound and southbound trains. I reasoned through which was the correct train to take - assessing all of the available date and carefully weighing all the know variables. After doing all that, I chose the wrong train. I wound up going five stops before I realized what was going on. Struggling to get out amongst the throngs of rush hour commuters, I narrowly missed the doors and had to go one more stop before getting myself turned around.

At the point I though I could breathe a little easier, I was going to be a tiny bit late for the formal dinner at OBC that night, but that was OK. I couldn't see where I could go wrong from there.

Little did I know.

I don't know how long the subway was stuck in that tunnel, nor do I know how my claustrophobic self survived the sardine can car, but I felt relieve when I got off at Finch station and promptly followed the directions indicated on the signs there to get to the buses. In fact, I followed them so well that I went right out of the station altogether. (I should have realized something was up when I went through that turnstile marked "exit".)

Circling around and spending another 95 cents to get in, I tried again and somehow got to the bus terminal. Once in the bus terminal, I was faced with another decision - which bus did I take to get to OBC? Was it a Steeles East bus or a Steeles West? I reasoned it out - the bus doesn't change its name when it turns around at Finch, and it went west when I took it earlier in the day to go downtown; therefore, the bus must be a Steeles West.

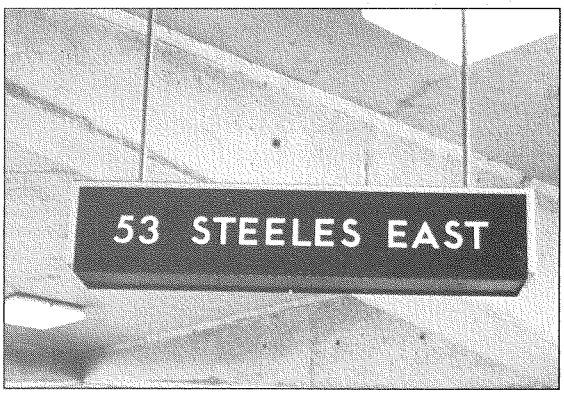
It was the same sort of impeccable logic that caused the Exxon Valdez disaster, as I soon discovered when the bus turned on Steeles and propelled itself towards such exotic places as York University and Downsview. I quickly got off and started to run towards the other side of Steeles, only to realize that I forgot to get a transfer! As a result, I had to pay another buck to get to OBC.

I wasn't out of the woods yet. Approaching the stop at Laurelleaf, I rang the beel and promptly got off . . . two stops away from Laurelleaf plaza! Now thoroughly annoyed, I trudged towards OBC, anxious to spend some time in my room to cool down before I came extremely late for the formal dinner.

That's when I realized I didn't have my key. Weighted down with my shopping bags, I broke into a dead run towards the college, hoping that my roommate hadn't locked the door. He had, unfortunately. Needless to say, with the eyes of 70 some-odd formally attired freshmen on me, I walked into the cafeteria, dressed in my t-shirt and jeans, and go the key from my roommate. After getting into my room, I laughed hysterically for ten minutes and went to dinner.

Such was my first harrowing experience with Toronto transit. In the end, I gradually learned how to use it effectively, believe it or not. Also, in the end, the girl I talked to got married - but that's another story.

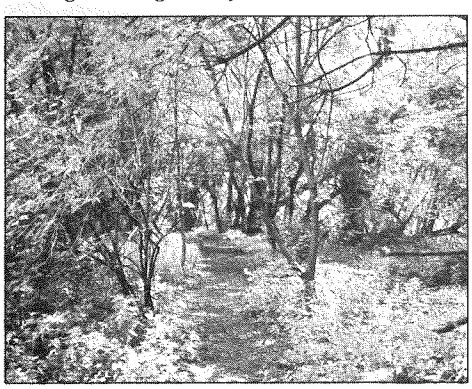
- Graeme Burk



The Roads To Come

All of us have seen the brochures and special invitations from Ontario Bible College that describe the school as "a place to grow". Obviously, everyone here has accepted that invitation, and now you are perched on the brink of a new year, and probably wondering what kind of growth processes God has in store for you. This may seem like a terrible wet blanket to get right now, but here's a fact you'll need to be ready for: Your growing will involve disappointment.

Maybe you already knew that. Chances are, if you're familiar with the many ways God has of bringing positive changes to your life, you've realized how strong is the temptation to duck after praying something like, "God, please teach me patience", or "Lord, teach me to love this person". Well, it's going to work the same way with praying, "Lord, may this school year be one of growth and strengthening of my devotion to You."



god doesn't sit you down and hand you a package labelled "All you ever wanted to know about (Patience/Tolerance/Discipline) but were afraid to ask." An expectation will show itself to have been unrealistic, and you will come to a point where you must be faced with despair, or hurt, or conflict. If you choose right, the next decision will be easier to make, but you must deal with disappointment along the way.

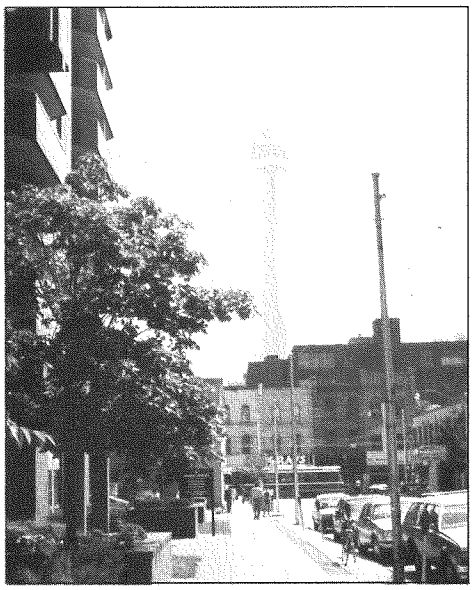
Now, here's the good/bad news about the facts: No one else hands you the package either. Why is the good new? It's good because you have the full benefits of the satisfaction and fulfillment of working with God on the job of making you into the image of Christ. That's bad news though, because it means you're the only one accountable and responsible for making the right decision.

The channels available to help you grow at OBC are plentiful. There are people who can help you to increase your knowledge, people who can help you put the past behind, people who can help you give more of your future to service. When disappointment comes, make use of those channels: go to an advisor or R.A. and explain what's frustrating you; admit to someone stronger than yourself that you don't have all the discipline you need. Make proper use of the channels; don't wait for someone to come to you, don't expect organized chapel times to fulfill your recommended daily intake of spiritual food; don't give up on hope when images are shattered.

Finally, here are the words of Paul on the subject of the struggles of growing: ". . . we rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. Not only so, but we also rejoice in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces perseverance; perseverance, character; and character, hope. And hope does not disappoint us, because God has poured out his love into our hearts by the Holy Spirit, who he has given us". (Romans 5:2-5). Also, the words of James: "Consider it pure joy my brothers, whenever you face trials of many kinds, because you know that the testing of your faith develops perseverance. Perseverance must finish its work so that you may be mature and complete, not lacking anything. If any of you lack wisdom, he should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to him (/her)." (James 1:2-5).

James gives a whole new meaning to the desire of everyone at OBC for you, that your experience be one of "pure joy". I believe that, with the preparation of realistic expectations of yourself and others, and the undergirding of daily prayer and fellowship conducted in a holy manner, joy really can be the distinguishing mark of your OBC experience. "Be on your guard; stand firm in the faith; be men (and women) of courage; be strong. Do everything in love." (I Cor.. 16:13-14). Amen.

- Camille Pagee



DRAMA COMES TO OBC

For the first time in it's 97 year history, OBC is offering two drama courses. The first is a course called Introduction to Theatre which will be offered this semester, the second is a new course titled Acting Out which will be given in the Spring semester. Both courses will be taught by Nick Hunter, who as well as teaching at OBC is involved in a full time drama ministry. In addition to the two courses Nick will be mounting a full scale production based on the gospel of John. There will be opportunity for on the road performances of this production. If you are at all interested in drama as a means of ministry sign up for one or both of these courses and seriously consider getting involved in the production. For further information about the courses or the production contact Nick Hunter or John Franklin in the Arts Department.