

TO: THE LION OF ZION

TOM BRIAN

The time has come, some walrus said,
For disillusionment —
About who really runs a school
And makes it permanent.

I

The eggheads think it's faculty
Who bring the school to glory.
The fact is, teachers come and go;
Small ripples are their story.

Others believe that presidents
And deans and registrars
And flunkies working under them
Make up a school's real stars.

A few would argue for the Board
As the eternal center.
Needed though it is, a Board's
As transient as a renter.

Nowadays the students think
That they're the integrators.
But every time a class departs,
The school gets fumigators.

II

In view of human frailties,
Like those already noted,
Some observers look to walls
Which, here, are ivy-coated.

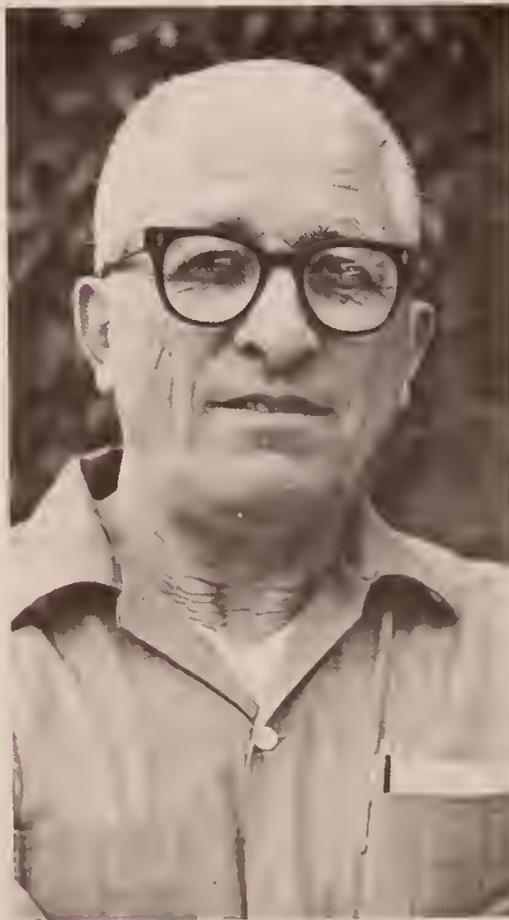
The library, with all its books,
Is held to be the focus.
But any claim to unity
Is strictly hocus pocus.

The chapel is a candidate
Suggested by the pious.
But, used as little as it is,
That claim seems full of bias.

III

Where, then, indeed, is permanence
That holds it all together,
That links the stones and trees and
grass
With folks in every weather?

That keeps its eye on every hedge,
Knows every leaky faucet,
That schedules out the painting dates
Of every roof and closet?



IV

The time has come, the Board decrees,
For laying off TOM BRIAN,
And his departure's sure to bring
A lot of tears and sighin'.

Now someone else may plant new
trees,
Or try to cope with parking,
Or fix a plug, or clean the joint
After some student larking.

But no one else will ever call
Each person by his whole name.
And thus the Princeton campus
Will never be the same.

V

Our Superintendent still has beans;
In Kingston they'll be fryin'.
We hope they'll be accompanied
By quantities of wyun.

If Princeton looks a little bit
Like pure and holy Zion,
We owe it to that much loved friend,
None other than TOM BRIAN!

— Seward Hiltner

June 3, 1974

MISSIONARY TO KOREA

The First Twenty Years

by William A. Grubb (50B, 51M)

Coastal California's characteristic high fog blanketed the Los Angeles basin as our detachment of aviation cadets assembled in the patio of our palatial hotel barracks, just across from the University of California campus, on a May date in 1944. Trained for the past 15 months in meteorology by the U.S. Army Air Force and two university faculties, we would soon be commissioned second lieutenants and assigned to weather stations, from nearby VanNuys to Europe and the South Pacific. But first, of all things, a baccalaureate service; and as preacher, of all people, a Presbyterian missionary from Korea — **HAROLD VOELKEL (29B)**.

His passionate urgency and vivid descriptions of God's marvelous works deeply moved one cadet. God had been calling him to a full-time ministry in the Presbyterian Church. That day implanted in my heart a yearning to hear more from this missionary-chaplain (through whom, ten years later, God would lead scores of North Korean prisoners to faith).

My decision to apply for appointment under the Board of Foreign Missions was not made until my senior year in Princeton Seminary. It must have come as somewhat of a shock, even a disappointment, to my godly mother. She had reared me, her only child, "carefully and prayerfully" after my father's death when I was just turning seven. She had rejoiced when I fell in with the on-fire evangelistic Navigators and become a committed disciple. She had envisioned my making some impact one day upon Church and society — at home — but Korea? That was something else. But, whatever my motives, God's calling was sure; and Mother's deep faith permitted no word of rebuke or criticism.

After a year of graduate study in Princeton Seminary, under Howard Tillman Kuist, and two semesters of the Korean language at Yale, I was ready to obey the heavenly vision and move out to the "land of morning calm," now the most shattered country on this earth.

With the 1954 truce Korea was at a shaky peace and my opportunity came

in midwinter. My ship, the freighter *Indian Bear*, sailed directly from San Francisco to Pusan, with only a passing view of Hokkaido as contact with Japan. The sole passenger, I spent the two weeks listening to my new trans-oceanic radio and seeking to regain my limited grasp of Korean. This had loosened considerably during a sixteen-month delay as pastor of a large church in Sacramento.

The crew must have thought me a strange fellow, but they did not ask me, as Robert Morrison was asked en route to China, "Young man, do you presume to convert those heathen single-handed?" (Morrison's reply: "No, but my God can!") They left me to my solitude, and to more than a few apprehensions.

But with the welcome by missionary **RAY PROVOST (53B)** and Korean colleague Dongsoo Kim, my first view of a people of dauntless hope living amid war's desolation, and my subsequent acquaintance with Taegu, I received the long awaited confirmation. This was God's plan for me and there was "joy unspeakable" in its fulfillment.

Joy, yes, but plenty of hard work, too. Refugee seminary graduate Pack Sun-bok and I dug into the language and, thanks to the marvelous, almost phonetic, alphabet devised centuries ago by King Seyjong, I was soon able to write and deliver my first feeble effort at a sermon in Korean. That message (on the "fields white unto harvest" — an appropriate metaphor in days when country folk dressed mainly in white) and another on Christ the Way designed especially for young people were practised over and over again before Christian student groups and other believers assembled on the polished wooden floors of thatched-roofed country churches. Many of these places could be reached only by fording the bridgeless streams in the mission Jeep. One soon learned not to attempt rural itineration during the rainy season.

During this first year the pattern of ministry was established, in the style of Him who "went around visiting all the towns and villages, teaching, preaching the Good News, and heal-

ing every disease and sickness." The unfolding of this pattern can be most conveniently remembered in three approximately equal stages.

The Pioneer Period, 1954-60, was marked by efforts in Keimyung College, founded the year of my arrival, as an instructor in English and Biblical Literature; in ministry to a score of backwoods churches, where no Korean pastor was anywhere to be found; and in outreach to eager young people which led to the organization of district and regional Presbyterian youth federations and publication of a "Christian Endeavor Handbook" and monthly program guide. Most significant was the pioneering of a family, as God in His Providence led two neophyte missionaries to blend their ministries in matrimony.

Louise Skarin and I had become friends at a get-together of California students in Princeton and New York Seminaries. Our common interest in Korea had led to her joining a team for the rehabilitation of Korean amputees. Her abilities in physical and occupational therapy would impart new hope, first to these hapless victims of the war and later to lepers and polio patients. With team captain **REUBEN A. TORREY, III (42b)** (son of Bible teacher **REUBEN A. TORREY, JR. (13B)**) and himself an amputee) Louise had entered Korea a year earlier, while the war was still raging. At the nurses' residence of Severance Hospital and on bike hikes and temple trips our acquaintance had flourished and friendship had deepened into love.

Never was there such a wedding! Louise's upright piano was carried up the steps and into the sanctuary of Seoul's Yundong Church; and our hospital superintendent, Dr. Ken Scott, presented a brilliant recital before the bride came down the aisle. The faulty electric current was restored just in time to record the event for posterity, and the happy couple took off for the bumpiest wedding trip ever, by Jeep over unimproved roads to Daechun Beach and "home" the rut-strewn dis-

tance to Taegu. After that ride our luggage would never be the same, but love has survived for our nineteen years of service together.

Our life in Korea from 1961 to 1967 might be catalogued as the College Chaplaincy Era; then came the Seminary-Lay Training Period, from 1968 to the present.

Radical changes took place in the Korean government as Syngman Rhee's regime toppled before the 1960 student uprising. Thirteen months later, on May 16, a military coup brought to power Park Chung-hee, who has been consolidating his position ever since. Within the tightening political situation, however, open doors for witness on both Christian and secular campuses continued to challenge us.

I worked with the Student Christian Movement's local and national leadership (weekly campus Bible studies, weekend and vacation-time conferences), with our Presbyterian church youth and their advisors (developing a national conference center at Maepo on the Keum River), and especially at Keimyung College (by this time as co-chaplain of the 1100-student center for training in Christian leadership). Mine was the privilege of counseling with key young people, assigning them to weekend service in deep-country churches in return for a portion of their tuition. I often followed them to their tiny preaching points where, on the frontiers of the Gospel, they "held forth the Word of Life."

Louise, too, helped with teaching and entertaining student groups in our home, while continuing to oversee the vocational therapy (pattern and dress-making and machine knitting) for leprosy patients. She also moved into the Cub Scout leadership, which continued to engage her interest long after our own three cubs had left the pack.

Some events of those years stand out in our memories: the family visit with Dr. Han Taedong to Hain Temple, for instance — the cherry blossoms, far more numerous and attractive than the 84,000 tablets of the Buddhist canon enshrined therein, and, not a high- but a low-light, the descent of our Land Rover into a deep crevasse beside the icy highway, within walking distance of our destination. We crawled out, packed our kerosene slide projector and hiked on to the temple, leaving our hapless vehicle to be rescued the following day.

After our year in residence at Keimyung we moved into renovated housing in the hospital compound, adjacent to the historic Bible Institute and its

heir, the night seminar. I had taught in both, off and on, for the preceding decade.

In the next year and a half there occurred a subtle shift in the focus of my ministry, from college and university to the church's centers for theological and lay training. Here my first love, teaching the Bible and biblical theology, could find expression and, as temporary principal or president, my contribution was more earnestly sought. Then too the postwar renewal of interest in the ministry of the laity began to have its impact on Korean thought. Bible institutes were becoming lay training centers. Drafted to teach something called "lay theology," I found myself kindled with a passion to renew the whole concept of ministry, which had become so professionalized and institutionalized: *Ministry* as the rightful calling of the whole Church, not just the clergy, with mine the task of "equipping the saints (the whole people of God) for His service."

I forsook my family, leaving Louise not at the pier but with most of the packing, to resume studies at Southern California School of Theology (Methodist), as our third furlough came due in June 1969. This, our most hectic year on home assignment, after much blood, sweat and typing, yielded a

Doctor of Religion degree which, rather deceptively, has enhanced my status as a lay theologian and led to all sorts of misapprehensions that I could speak authoritatively on the subject of church renewal.

At any rate, it has been more fun than frustration, these last four years, to serve on two seminary campuses — Pusan and Taegu, joined by Korea's new expressway, with Greyhound buses whisking me back and forth — seeking to stretch the minds of future pastors and busy laity, in city classrooms and huddled around the sawdust stoves of one-room country churches, to a more adequate understanding of what the Church really IS and should be DOING for God in His world today: not so much the building of lovelier and loftier cathedrals, but the carrying of Christ's cross in suffering service for lost humanity.

And what of the future? We should like to continue in much the same direction, perhaps oriented more toward the urban ministry, but not neglecting the needs of rural Korea, where Christianity still has its grassroots — doing much the same teaching, preaching, healing which is to be done for Christ and His Church as long as we are welcome here.

In the past year, partly as an outgrowth of a dominant emphasis in



The Grubb family: (L. to R.) Paul, Stephen, Bill, Timothy, Louise. All three sons were born in Taegu and educated first in the U.S. Army school, then at Korca Christian Academy, Taejon. Paul graduated with highest honors in 1974 and has entered Whitworth College; Stephen and Timothy are both members of KCA's winning tennis squad.

my doctoral thesis, I have had a part in the renewal of industrial mission in the Taegu area, where more than 90,000 workers in upwards of 2,200 factories in this city of 1,200,000 present an unparalleled challenge. This has involved training workers for the factory apostolate in evening classes, frequently joining them for worship as permitted within the factory. Even the tobacco workers meet for divine worship once a month, during their lunch

hour — quite an anomaly in a land whose church has a no-smoking taboo.

We depart again, late this summer, for another ten months of involvement in Mission USA, renewing ties with colleagues in a score of California congregations and, we hope, with the Grubbs in our rich Ohio soil as well. But we view this, our fourth furlough, as an interlude, even an interruption,

in the life drama to which God called me on that cloudy May day in 1944 and in which He has united us so happily as co-laborers with Christ. With a restive enemy north of the 38th parallel and a strong-arm regime bringing increasing pressures to bear on the Church here in the South, the curtain could fall at any time; but in His Providence we believe that we still have a part to play here, knowing that the final act in the drama is God's.



Alumni Breakfast in Baltimore.



A little recruiting? President McCord with Elizabeth, daughter of Francis J. Kinney, Jr. (68E, 70B) and Roberta Upson Kinney (70B).

Breakfast in Baltimore
OR
Luncheon in Washington

Area graduates responded in force to meet Donald G. Lewis, Jr. (71B), Director of Annual Giving; chat with Alumni Secretary Arthur M. Byers, Jr.; and hear President McCord talk on "Futurology and Eschatology."



Sixty-eight lunched in Washington.