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# Tim Brown: An Inspired and Inspiring Lecture

by Nick Bierma

Dr. Tim Brown *is* enthusiasm. His personality is compelling, persuasive and contagious. From the moment a person walked into the room for his December 6 lecture, she knew she was about to experience something different. Dr. Brown captured our undivided attention, and he used it well.

A group of about 35 CTS students gathered for an evening to hear Dr. Brown speak on the topic of Scripture memorization. We came for a lecture but we walked away having experienced something supernatural. For some of us, this lecture was a most vivid experience of the Word made flesh. Although Tim is merely one person, he had incorporated something everlasting into himself, Truth, the very Word of God.

Dr. Brown's commitment to Scripture memory began after seeing a theater performance on the entire Gospel of Mark; it was done by one man and the man performed it all from memory. Having been so deeply impressed by the this performance of the Word, Brown knew that if he could be so moved after paying a \$5.00 entrance fee, he owed at least as much to his parishioners. He committed to memorizing the Sermon on the Mount, and presents this to the church he attends every year. In fact, people in his church change their vacation plans in order to be sure they can attend his performance. Dr. Brown is now in the process of memorizing the entire Bible, something he predicts he will complete by the time he is 84!

After settling us in with his intriguing bio, Dr. Brown surprised us all when he had us stand up; he promptly led us to the chapel where he told us he would perform some of the Sermon on the Mount. Before he began he asked us to be aware of two things: First, where does the message offend you? And, second, when do you recognize the presence of Jesus in the room?

For one, I did recognize Jesus. It was fleeting. But for those few moments I was keenly aware that I was in the presence of God. The moment was significant and moving. The beauty of the Word arouses the Holy Spirit; God refuses to be inactive in the presentation of His Word to us. It was beautiful and convicting.

Once we all experienced the power and value of Scripture memorization, we learned how we could do it ourselves. We did this by learning Psalm 134 together as a class. It was a fun project that proved to each of us that we could, in fact, do this. This was not rocket science and did not require any special training, and although it takes hard work, it was enjoyable work.

The four techniques are simple and effective:

- 1) Repetition
- 2) Soundedness: say the passage out loud when memorizing it.
- 3) Create a Mnemonic: such as an acrostic or a pattern of letters from the beginning of each word.
- 4) Hieroglyphics: Draw an image to associate with the text.

We all employed this method and can testify to its worth. Dr. Brown called out to random members of the group and all were able to recite the Psalm.

The interest level of Scripture memory has been awakened at the Seminary. It is my hope we can continue this conversation and employ the gift God gave us to impact lives, including our own, in a most powerful and persuasive way. I leave you with this question: If God's words speak for us, who can be against us?

# The Elephant's Been Painted

## A Response to "The White Elephant in the Room"

by Craig Hoekema, CTS alum

Since I've never met Mr. Walton or Mr. Galindo, I do not question the sincerity of their intentions in their conversation on racism. However, I'm quite troubled by these kinds of discussions on racism, and I wish to debate some of the assumptions and conclusions they've made. Here is the heart of my response: We ought to oppose racism fundamentally and out of unchanging principles (*e.g.* all descend from Adam; all are made in God's image); we ought not oppose racism merely contextually.

Mike and Rodolfo have said some very true things, without question. I totally agree with the need to acknowledge and repent of prejudicial thoughts and feelings, not just prejudicial actions. They have also said things that suggest they *do* oppose racism fundamentally. But, at the same time, the conversation is tinted (pun not intended) by an understanding of racism that is contextual and thus inconsistent. Mike offers us definitions of prejudice and racism that highlight what I perceive to be the problem (see 4<sup>th</sup> paragraph of October 31 interview). With help from Merriam Webster, I offer the following definitions instead: *Prejudice* is a judgment or opinion formed before a careful examination of the facts. Racism is actually a subcategory of prejudice. *Racism* is an irrational belief in the superiority of a particular group that society at some point decided to lump together as being a certain "race." You might even say that racism is, to borrow a phrase from Mike, "prejudice with regards to race."

Why am I so interested in the particular definition of these words? Because the definitions Mike offers set things up in such a way that certain kinds of people are intrinsically incapable of being "racist." If racism must include the ability to actualize one's preferential agenda, then the less-powerful and less-privileged are either less likely or even incapable of being "racist." Doesn't it seem silly to say that a poor black child in a North American ghetto who hates white people from the depth of his being is less racist than a white person who "responds differently" to a group of black people on the streets of Chicago? Yet Mike's definition would leave room for someone to make this exact argument. His definition would also suggest that if a white person hates black people while living in North America, he's "racist"; if he hates black people while living in Ghana, his offense drops a notch to "prejudice." I'm not sure that makes sense. Again, let's oppose racism, especially as Christians, fundamentally out of unchanging principles, not merely contextually.

Arguing that much of what we call "white privilege" finds its genesis and sustenance in racist attitudes is one thing. Using the phenomenon of "white privilege" to then determine who is racist and to what degree is simply wrong. To imply, as Mike's definition clearly

does, that whites are more prone to racism in North America simply because we are the majority *is* racist. It is prejudging an entire group of people based on the color of their skin. When concepts like “power” and “privilege” get mixed into the definition of racism, this inconsistency is hard to avoid. So again, as Christians, let’s oppose racism fundamentally and out of unchanging principles and not merely contextually.

This interview condemns the hypothetical white person who gets uncomfortable when he encounters a group of a different race. At the same time, Rodolfo calls it “privilege” that whites don’t *have* to engage with minorities, and then asks us to consider that he has “no choice” but to interact with white people. At one point white people are told that it’s sinful to feel awkward when we’re in the minority, and at another point we’re told to empathize with how different it can feel to be the minority. Again, the confusion results from an inconsistent definition of racism. White people are culpable when they feel awkward around other races, *and* white people are culpable when the “less-privileged” feel the same way. If CTS is an example of “white privilege” simply because it’s predominantly white (as Rodolfo argues), then by the same logic, black neighborhoods are an example of “black privilege,” and El Gigante Supermall is an example of “Latino privilege,” and my Englewood apartment building last year was an example of “Korean privilege,” etc. Again, I’m not sure that makes sense. CTS would be an example of white privilege in action if it gave preferential enrollment or preferential scholarships or preferential grades to white people because they’re white, not simply because of its Dutch roots.

Mr. Walton and Mr. Galindo, I would simply ask you to consider the goal of your article. If you’re writing because you know of discrimination at CTS, Matthew 18 offers a better course of action than a *Kerux* article. If your goal is to spur CTS on to being a more racially diverse community, then, rather than simply pointing to its necessity, offer us your insights on how to become that. I acknowledge how different it must feel for Rodolfo to attend CTS as a (visibly) non-Dutch student. I would suggest that one way to help CTS diversify is for people with Rodolfo’s experience to speak positively about the school. I doubt you’ll find anyone on the staff or faculty of this institution who wouldn’t welcome increasing diversity. It seems instead that the interview is interested in promoting a cultural “*white-people-need-to-realize-how-racist-they-are*” agenda. I’m not sure what you expect to come of that, other than a move toward the very tokenism that you’ve condemned.

Yes, let’s be opposed to racism. Let’s be opposed to all prejudice, and let’s pray for the Holy Spirit to continue to help each one of us. But let’s not promote a cultural understanding of racism that inherently implies the biblical command to love your neighbor applies more to some than others.

# The Cry of the Heart

## A Sermon on Psalm 13

By Dave Van Berkel, senior Mdiv. student

When I was a kid Sundays were a special day because on Sundays we would go to church. Going to church was for the most part, a peaceful, ritualized habit---the same things would happen every Sunday---I'd wake up, put on special clothes, suffer through my mother's grooming, sit quietly in the pew, sing some songs, drop a quarter in the collection plate, take a short nap through the congregational prayer, listen to some guy talk for half an hour, and then go to Grandma's for cake and pop after. Sunday after Sunday after Sunday this was, for the most part, my experience. One particular Sunday however, the peacefulness of that constant ritual was blown apart-- right in the middle of the sermon...

A man named Andy, who came every Sunday, and knew the routine just like me--- suddenly stood up, right in the middle of the sermon, and shattered the peaceful stillness-- screaming, shouting obscenities and swearing at the pastor. He apparently had had an unsatisfactory visit with the pastor the previous week and took this time to express his anger and frustration. Gasps went up from congregational members, my mother clutched me close to her side, while my dad and several other burly policemen in the congregation promptly escorted Andy out of the sanctuary.

Now, while corporate worship is not the best place or time to publicly air frustrations--- (especially when there's a guest pastor)---the shock of that moment stays with me even today. The anger and intensity of Andy's emotion, the fear and the drama of the whole event burned itself into my memory. Andy's outburst was all the more shocking because that sort of thing just doesn't happen in church---church is a quiet, peaceful place, where you typically sit calmly for an hour and the same thing happens week after week after week; it is a place of shalom.

Israel's worship time however, looked much different than ours. Worship in the OT consisted of sacrifices, smoke and fire---their hymnbook was the psalms---and the constant, peaceful quietness that we sometimes associate with worship doesn't fit with the tone of many psalms. The author of Psalm 13, for instance---like Andy---was certainly not experiencing a shalom state of mind.

### PAGE 1 & 2

God was, or so it seems, uncharacteristically absent from the psalmist's life---and for a significant period of time. Four times he cries out, HOW LONG?!? Four times he calls out for God to answer and save him. Four times. And what I found somewhat surprising

is that there's no verse saying that God answered his prayer—there's no testimony to God riding in like the cavalry and saving the day.

*No, four times the psalmist receives the same answer—deafening silence.*

What was wrong? Did the psalmist do something to offend God? Was some secret foul sin keeping God away? Perhaps he did not have enough faith? Maybe if he just prayed *more*, or read his Bible *more*, that would solve his problem...

Huh...if only it were that easy... Unfortunately, blaming the psalmist's woes on an unconfessed sin doesn't fit here in this psalm. This is not a psalm of someone struggling *with sin* (there's just no mention of confession, and God certainly can't be fooled). Rather, the psalm is simply a desperate cry for help from an anguished soul. It is a **voice** given to groan-filled suffering.

We aren't told the circumstances surrounding the writing of this psalm, and I'm not sure how important that is here anyway. The psalmist wants us to know—or rather *wants God to know*—that the pain he is suffering is no small matter and that God's absence has been a reality for a long time. Each day brings new--or rather, the same old struggles--each day his spirit is assaulted with challenges. **HOW LONG?** The troubles and anguish continually build up upon him, weighing him down under a mountain of despair and depression. **HOW LONG, LORD?** His life is in distress—the source of his strength, joy and protection seems to have abandoned him—and he is lost. **HOW LONG, LORD?**

With God apparently absent, where can he turn? No matter where he looks, he finds no relief, no help. In fact, instead of allies, all he sees are his enemies—waiting like lions stalking a wounded gazelle...

After his searching he is alone, with only tortured thoughts, and no one to help him. He tries to make some sense out of the trouble he's facing. But that "sense" doesn't come...there is no understanding that illuminates the situation. Much like Job, the psalmist is never told *why* these calamities fell upon him.

*Our* lives, too, are not insulated from inexplicable sufferings. Cancer takes away a father at a young age. Car accidents steal the lives of teenagers. 5 defenseless Amish girls are shot dead at school. Sometimes there seems to be no reason to suffering; not even God provides an explanation.

*One thing we can learn from this is that in the midst of the tragedies of life, we too should be careful to not always try and come up with explanations, whether for our or someone else's situation. Now I'm not saying we should stop searching for ways to end suffering. I'm not saying we need to accept a fatalistic view of difficult circumstances we experience. I'm talking about walking with people who are going through suffering. It's easy to be Job's so-called friends, who find reasons for Job's suffering by blaming Job while ignoring his pain. But the reason suffering happens is not always simple or easy.*

Yet we try anyway. We try to come up with explanations so we have something to fall back on: A reason for the suffering. We don't like unknowns, we aren't comfortable with unanswered questions, and finding out WHY helps to keep things tidy. When people find out about someone dying of cancer, they ask, "Were they a smoker?" Several weeks ago—with the story of the man who killed the 5 Amish schoolgirls in Pennsylvania—the news reports talked of unresolved issues from the man's childhood, trying to make sense of WHY it happened. *It seems like humans' default position when faced with suffering is to seek out the why*, as if understanding "why" will somehow take away the senselessness of it all.

*This is not a recent development in the history of human behavior...*

Jesus' disciples were no different. John tells us in Chapter 9 of his gospel that, upon encountering a blind man, the disciples asked Jesus, "Who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Can you hear the why?" "Neither this man nor his parents sinned," said Jesus, cutting through the disciples shallow attempts, "but this happened so that the work of God might be displayed in his life."

Psalm 13 doesn't ask *why*—but how long? The psalmist knows that even though life is but a breath, life is hard. That's nothing new to us. Everyone has gone through challenging times in life, whether the death of a loved one, financial struggles, depression...and too often we've heard "comforts" like "He's in a better place"... "It'll be alright"...or "Everything happens for a reason"... essentially telling us to just grin and bear it--that's life!

Too often we try to ignore, hide or soften the painful realities of life. We're very adept at giving the outside impression that everything's fine, when inside we're screaming for help. Instead of being real and honest about our weaknesses we are encouraged to simply swallow our pain—the problem is that that pain then turns into bitterness or depression, eating away like a disease at our soul.

Or maybe we find other outlets to deal with our pain—we turn to alcohol, drugs, sex—or we project our anger and frustration on unsuspecting family or friends. Or maybe we just turn ourselves off to the world, isolating and withdrawing from life and trying to deal with the pain by ourselves.

At the church I attended one Sunday, one of the worship leaders shared how he deals with his anger and frustrations while driving alone in his truck. He said he just lets it out, shouting and hollering if need be, giving vocal expression to the troubles in his heart and getting real with himself and God. *When's the last time you've done that with God? When's the last time you've dared to pray a prayer like Psalm 13? Or perhaps, "When's the last time you needed to pray a prayer like Psalm 13? And when you needed it, did you pray it?*

I confess that too often worship services are guilty of ignoring pain in people's lives. We

want our worship services to be ordered and stable and full of nicely dressed people who know exactly what to do for the hour they are there. Too often, there's no room for people like Andy—there's no room for expressing Psalm 13—and we don't want to admit that questions without answers exist. We don't want to shatter the illusion that we know it all, and have it all figured out.

***But worship doesn't have to be that way. Church and worship can be a place of healing and renewal, of holy fist-shaking at God, and not a place to be ignorant of pain and suffering.***

In some ways, the complaints of Psalm 13 echo Psalm 22, quoted by Jesus himself upon the cross. "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me!" Jesus, was *a man of sorrows and familiar with suffering* as Isaiah tells us.

Matthew Henry says that "The saint's daily bread is sometimes the bread of *sorrow*." When we pray the Lord's prayer and say "Give us this day our daily bread," what do we do with that bread if it turns out to be the bread of sorrow or pain? Are we willing and/or able to eat it? What will we do if (when?) that bread turns sour in our stomach?

Praying Psalm 13 is a daring undertaking. The writer of Psalm 13 was not afraid to voice the struggles of his soul. He let God have it—all the anger, frustration, and doubts—are thrown down before God. The psalmist puts on the metaphorical gloves and calls God into the ring.

This psalm allows us to be real about the painful realities of our lives before God. This is not a psalm for Disneyland, the so-called happiest place on earth. This psalm does not encourage us to "grin and bear it" or simply "be silent." This psalm allows and encourages honest wrestling with God—like Jacob, Job, and even Jesus, on the cross. This psalm is a blues anthem.

#### **PAGE 3 & 4**

The psalmist is left to struggle with his doubts and questions before God, and yet, he is not left to ponder his situation without some comfort. His cries of "How long" would in fact be useless if no one heard them. *But despite the apparent aloneness of the psalmist someone does hear.* **The psalmist's prayer takes place within the context of his relationship with God.**

The complaints of this psalm are not the result of a 911 faith—a faith that only calls on God in sudden emergencies. NO, this psalm grows out of a deep abiding trust in who God is and what he has promised.

Even in the midst of his suffering and anguish, the psalmist recalls who God is and what he has done.

*I trust in your unfailing love...I rejoice in your salvation...and:*

*I will sing, for he has been good to me.*

But wait just a minute you say, how can *these* words come off the same lips that a few moments ago were crying out HOW LONG? Is the psalmist bi-polar? Where's the buffer zone, where's the part where he first works through all of those angry feelings, where's the therapy and medication to help him come out of his depression? Where do the clouds begin to break up and the sun come out? Where's the journey OUT of the valley of the shadow of death? Where is *God's response* that *leads to* the praise and rejoicing?

Well we just don't get it!

We don't get any of that stuff because the psalmist is teaching us a deep truth about God, that in the very midst of suffering, that even in darkness, when our eyes can see no light and the "sleep of death" closes in on us, *God is already there. More importantly than the why of suffering, is the under-girding reality of God in the midst of our suffering.*

We can cry out and pray to God because God is right there beside us. The psalmist isn't voicing his complaint to the air, he's talking to God standing right beside him, and as he lays out the troubles of his life he grabs God by the shirt and says to His face "*How long are you going to let this go?!?*"

We can fearlessly pray the words of Psalm 13 because God himself has given us the words. We can ask God for light for our eyes and for breath in our lungs because he hears us and he gives it. His very presence with us gives us the strength to cry out to him, so that even in the silence, the psalmist can sing, can rejoice, and can trust, despite the worst that life can bring to us.

*In the spring of 1994, life threw its worst at Josephine, a 13 year-old girl from Rwanda. Josephine was forced to watch as her entire family was murdered before her eyes. After hiding in a hole under a bed with a nearby family for three weeks, coming out only at night for a little food and to use the bathroom, Josephine was forced to flee to the forest. God eventually led her to a missionary compound for orphan girls where she told me her story. And after finishing her story, with tears streaming down her face, she sang a song about the love of Jesus. Jesus hadn't abandoned her; he had put his nail-scarred hand around her shoulder and walked one nail scarred foot after the other with her through her ordeal.*

One theologian put it this way: "*We are simultaneously people of the cross and the resurrection.*" We are simultaneously people who suffer and yet rejoice, sometimes defiantly in the face of suffering, that God is good. Martin Luther said that "Hope despairs and despair hopes at the same time." We are simultaneously people who grieve, mourn and wail, and yet sing, because God is with us and His salvation is as certain as the tears on our faces.

When suffering hits, and temptations to abandon faith come, God's resurrection hope cries out. Hope that has endured 2000+ years of persecution around the globe, hope that continues to survive cancer and AIDS, hope that has endured genocide and world wars-- hope that triumphs over death and hell.

This hope is grounded in the resurrection. God's proven promises cannot be destroyed, no matter what our circumstances. Our hope is based on what God has already done, and what he will bring to completion someday. He has not left us alone yet, and never will. *Hope empowers us to cry out Psalm 13* to God—to shout to God “How long until our suffering will end?”

Psalm 13 gives voice to our pain, and also reminds us that the God of resurrection hope is with us always... AMEN.

# The Sweetest Thing

## The Quest for Candy in the Corridors of CTS

by K.C. Vande Streek, Contributing Editor

I was talking with Amy Vander Slik the other day while helping myself to some Smarties from her candy jar. Many of us wander past her office in the hallway and partake of the various forms of sugar that she so generously offers. “Generously” isn’t an overstatement either, as she confessed to spending \$20 a month in order to stay stocked. This must be, in part, due to Amy’s office being in a “high-traffic” area. All of this got me to thinking: “How many other candy jars are there at CTS, and which ones are the best?” The following is what I’ve discovered and I am passing it on to you with the hope that it will help pacify your sweet tooth. Be sure to say “please” and “thanks” when you partake of other people’s gifts (sorry, but I had to channel my mom there for a second).

Before we get started there is one place that is sadly absent from this list—the financial aid office. In its glory days (last fall), this was *the* place to go for a sugar rush. Since then things have fallen a little by the wayside. Jennifer is off the hook here as she’s dieting, which explains her lack of leftover Halloween (or other leftover holiday) candies. But Mr. Janke has no such defense. Greg used to have a large jar filled with Jelly Belly jelly beans—really the only place at CTS where one could find *chewy*, sugary goodness. Unfortunately, since emptying the jar has not been refilled and a key junk food niche has remained unfulfilled at CTS. Here are the places around CTS that *do* have great candy jars...

### 5) Joan’s Jolly Ranchers

Jolly Rancher fans, this is your haven. Joan always has Jolly Ranchers on hand and in large supply. The only downside is that during the registration period Joan is busy with meetings. If you’re fortunate enough to pass her office and it’s void of a student needing registration advice, feel free to dive in and dive out. Most of the year though, it’s easy come, easy go—in numerous fruity flavors.

### 4) Rev. Kathy Smith’s “Bowl on the Ledge” (BOL)

Rev. Smith leaves her candy bowl on the inside ledge of her window sill, just inside her door. (Yes, you must brave entering her lair for your sustenance—this is usually painless though). If you’re partial to chocolate, this is a good place to look. Whether or not the BOL is stocked is a little hit-or-miss, but if you’re looking for a snack and the bowl is empty, feel free to ask for a refill. My experiences here have only been positive.

### 3) The D.R.’s Mints (For those of you who don’t know, “The D.R.” is a popular

nickname for Professor Rylaarsdam).

Looking to cleanse your pallet? The D.R. is always good for a Lifesavers peppermint. I'd recommend eating one immediately (while giving him a hard time) and pocketing one for later. I'm also a big fan of the "Across the hall special"—Hit up Rev. Smith for some chocolate, then immediately walk over to the D.R.'s office for a mint—it's fantastic, I tell you.

## 2) Amy's jar

Amy typically stocks her candy jar with Smarties, dum-dums or other hard candy because "Chocolate is expensive"—sometimes up to \$3--\$4 a bag. (Just a tip: don't point out that Amy's jar is chocolate-less, as you will sound whiny and ungrateful.) Amy doesn't expect everyone to stop and talk to her just because they're having a piece of candy—which is nice. You can waste 5 minutes chatting or grab a sugar boost on the way to class and either way not feel guilty. Other big pluses of Amy's jar? It's ALWAYS full, you can access it on the run (to or from class) without going out of your way to get there, and finally, because it is ALWAYS full you don't need to feel guilty about partaking of it more than once a day. "I do think her candy is a little defective" Nate Van Denend said. "I've been eating those Smarties for two years—I don't feel any smarter!" Maybe the dum-dums are working.

## 1) Betsy Halstead's "Bowl of Goodness"

Appropriately nicknamed "the Bog," Betsy's candy jar is actually a full-sized fruit bowl full of mini-Snickers, Butterfingers, Baby Ruth, 100 Grand, etc.—so full that you could get your arm stuck if you're not careful (just like a bog, get it?). That's right, this is the mother load. Betsy's Bog is the best combination of quality candy bars, quality chocolate and quantity. This is why Betsy's Bog ranks #1 on this list.

How do I know of the greatness of Betsy's Bog? I must confess, when she's not in her office I sneak in there and steal candy bars. I thought it might seem a little desperate of me to introduce myself to her and then ask, "So...got anything to eat around here?" So I only partake of the Bog when Betsy is out of her office, running in, pocketing two to three bars, and running out all in two to three seconds—this is my confession of sin. Forgive me Betsy, and thank you for your generosity.

Well, hopefully that gets you started on satisfying your sweet-tooth cravings. Think I've left an important candy jar off of this? Or that it's ordered incorrectly? Feel free to send your thoughts on the goodness of CTS candy jars to [letters@kerux.org](mailto:letters@kerux.org).

# The Twelve Days of Christmas

## A Song for Seminarians

by Laurie Zuverink, Guest Writer

I realize that the 12 days of Christmas technically begin on Christmas and end at Epiphany, but I thought it would be appropriate to share my struggles of the days leading up to Christmas in this manner. As both a student and a Mom, I must always seek to keep in balance the responsibilities of these roles. While this is not an easy task, most of the time it is doable, especially when I know that God has called me to do both and is leading the way.

It is, however, this busy time of year when the two roles clash most severely. I put this song together to serve two purposes: I needed to both vent and confess. Sing it to the tune of the twelve days of Christmas (although you may have to fudge a little bit!)

ENJOY, PONDER AND MOST OF ALL CELEBRATE A BLESSED CHRISTMAS!

On the first day of Christmas my professor said to me...

Parse and Learn Vocabulary!

On the second day of Christmas my professor said to me...

Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the third day of Christmas my professor said to me...

Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the fourth day of Christmas my son he said to me...

Help me with my project...  
Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the fifth day of Christmas the boss he said to me...

Come to the work party...

Help me with my project...  
Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the sixth day of Christmas my daughter said to me...

Watch me play my soccer...  
Come to the work party...  
Help me with my project...  
Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the seventh day of Christmas my kids they said to me...

We need a gift for school...  
Watch me play my soccer...  
Come to the work party...  
Help me with my project...  
Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the eighth day of Christmas my kids they said to me...

Watch our Christmas programs...  
We need a gift for school...  
Watch me play my soccer...  
Come to the work party...  
Help me with my project...  
Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the ninth day of Christmas my neighbor said to me...

Help my failing marriage...  
Watch our Christmas programs...  
We need a gift for school...  
Watch me play my soccer...  
Come to the work party...  
Help me with my project...  
Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...

And parse and learn vocabulary

On the tenth day of Christmas my church she said to me...

Will you do a drama?...  
Help my failing marriage...  
Watch our Christmas programs...  
We need a gift for school...  
Watch me play my soccer...  
Come to the work party...  
Help me with my project...  
Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the eleventh day of Christmas the in-laws said to me...

We missed you at the party!  
Will you do a drama?...  
Help my failing marriage...  
Watch our Christmas programs...  
We need a gift for school...  
Watch me play my soccer...  
Come to the work party...  
Help me with my project...  
Preach a little sermon...  
Write a worship paper...  
And parse and learn vocabulary

On the twelfth day of Christmas my God he said to me...

I'm coming to your world...  
As a little baby...  
To give the drama purpose...  
To help the failing marriage...  
To be the Christmas program...  
And the gift for school...  
Will you hear the message?  
"COME ALL WHO ARE WEARY!"

I will do the helping...  
I am the Sermon!  
I deserve the worship!

...Will you have the time for me?

## **Announcements:**

To all students seeking ordination in 2008:

Qualifying persons who wish to be candidates in 2008 for ordained CRC ministry should request application procedures by February 1, 2008. For further information, please email Karlene Werner at [kaw5@calvinseminary.edu](mailto:kaw5@calvinseminary.edu)