

FALL 2001

PCC UPDATE

Surviving Pearl Harbor p2

Five Seconds in Hell p6



New entrance to Campus

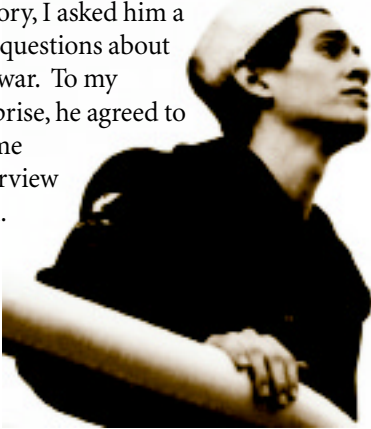


Surviving Pearl Harbor

The true story of Frank Edmond

from **Fountains**, Edition 12
PCC student publication

I met Frank Edmond in August 1998, when my husband and I began attending his church. He was music leader, until he offered to give us voice lessons on the condition that my husband take over the position. I knew from the first day that something about Frank was different. He was a quiet, lonely man, perhaps because his wife had died a year before. His reserve was hard to break through. One day, however, as I was pulling into the driveway for a lesson, I noticed a bumper sticker on his Suburban. It read, "Pearl Harbor Survivor." Interested in World War II history, I asked him a few questions about the war. To my surprise, he agreed to let me interview him.



Over a period of weeks as I talked with Frank, I delved into a part of his past that had remained inaccessible. Occasionally catching emotion burning in his eyes, I tried to phrase my questions to lure Frank into revealing exactly what he was feeling. As he began expressing more than the basic facts, I glimpsed the hero behind his hesitant façade. When he spoke, his voice seemed distant, as if it came from the battleship *Pennsylvania* almost sixty years ago. "Those were good times, yes, those were good times before that Sunday."

Frank reveled in waking early so that he could go above deck to watch the sunrise, and refresh his communion with the Lord. This morning, however,

he was slightly groggy—his band had competed at the Tin Roof, the military recreational hall, in a music contest the night before. Their chief rival, Band #22 from the *Arizona*, gave them an intense competition; but Frank's band triumphed. As he leaned over the cool rail and gazed at the horizon past the dry-docked battleship, he did not hesitate to thank God for another day of life. As far as he could see, the ocean was a flat slate in the misted morning. It was 5:50 a.m., and the sun had not yet risen.

In his quiet, simple way, Frank yawned and prayed. "Lord, thank You for giving me life. I don't know what Your plans are for me today, but right now, I dedicate my words and actions to You. Be with Mom and Dad, with Louis and Robert; keep them safe. Thank You for being patient with me, for teaching me. Help me to know what to say to Harry Remple today. Let him see You in my life. Let everyone I know see You, and not me. Well, Father, I guess I'll be talking to You more today, so I won't say 'Amen' just yet."

Frank's gaze descended from the sky back to the water. With one foot on the bottom rail, he leaned his slender five-foot, eleven-inch frame over the *Pennsylvania* into the crisp morning breeze, and chuckled as he remembered how he had first been denied a job in the Navy.

By the time he graduated from high school, Frank was one of the best French horn players in New England. He and his band played and won first place in contests, but his goal was to join the Navy and play in the Navy band. At this time, joining the military was no small venture. The Depression raged like a hungry beast, and men looked at the military not as patriotic opportunity, but as a paying job. Rejected for not meeting the standard

weight requirement, Frank withdrew to his family in Rhode Island and ate banana sundaes with raw eggs. Six months later and twenty-three pounds heavier, he was admitted into the Navy. Shortly thereafter, he auditioned and was accepted at the Navy School of Music. His dream of being a musician in the military had finally come true! That was three years ago, and he had enjoyed every minute in his Navy band.

Heavy footsteps broke his reminiscent trance. Frank's shoulders tensed. He could sense who it was before he ever saw the face. "Hello, Harry. You're up kinda early." Frank's voice rippled across the air, as smoothly as the water below. Harry Remple sauntered up to the rail and nodded a greeting, his ever-present toothpick protruding from his thin, hard lips.

"You praying to your God again?" Harry sneered with a mocking grin. "Is He going to reveal to you when this war will end?"

"Probably not, Harry. He just promises to be with me. Did you get a chance to look at the Bible I gave you last night?"

Harry suddenly became serious. "Listen. I thought about it, man, but I'm not ready for that now. I mean, I got my wife Cassie back home, and little Thomas to think about. I can't go changing on them with this crazy stuff now. I'm too young. Besides," his voice now joking, "if we get into the war, I'll just hide behind you. Your God's supposed to keep you safe, right?" Changing the subject abruptly, he asked, "Hey, you ready to go to breakfast? I wouldn't mind being the first in line today."

Frank gave a discouraged nod and followed his friend to the stairwell. "Oh, God, open his eyes," he pleaded.

After a leisurely breakfast of oatmeal and toast, Frank left Harry and hurried

to his band room/sleeping area to clean his equipment. This morning, his band was to play “The Star-Spangled Banner” for the hoisting of colors at 8:00; the brass instruments had to be sparkling. In his own silent reverie of prayers, Frank barely noticed the other band members filing in and clicking open their instrument cases. Along with the two dozen other members, his best friend, Eugene “Dutch” Albert, ambled in, looking as if he had just awakened. He sat on the bunk across from Frank, gave a mischievous grin, and reticently began oiling the valves on his trumpet. The relationship between Dutch and Frank was one of quiet understanding.

Tap-tap-tap-tap. Axol Jennson’s stiff march preceded his entrance to the band room. “Okay men, let’s tune. It’s 7:45, and we need to get out there.” Raising his baton, he began tuning the woodwinds. By 7:50, the band was tuned and positioned on the main deck of the *Pennsylvania*, eager to play the national anthem. Soaking the ship with its brilliant warmth, the sun added its approval to the day’s activities. The band waited at attention for the bugle signal that would sound at 7:55. The bugler raised his instrument to his lips, but a sound much different from a bugle carried through the air. Instead of the clarion signal, the persistent drone of planes heightened as they approached from the north. As the band gaped at the sky, the last plane in the V-formation peeled away from the rest. Deliberately, it dropped a dark, bulky object on a hangar at Hickam Field. There were several vivid flashes, a deep rumble, and smoke began to rise, foreshadowing what was to come. On the *Pennsylvania*, the crew shuffled in disbelief still watching the plane that had dropped the first bomb pull back and diagonally cut through the silken sky. Frank saw a red circle, the “rising sun,” on the fuselage—a Japanese plane!

The men roused to reality as the next Zero in line crossed the air and aimed at the *Pennsylvania*, stalking the channel of Dry-Dock One with its

machine guns. The men jumped to action, leaving the main deck for their battle stations like an army of ants racing to their hill. The sound of pealing church bells floated across the waves from nearby Ford Island, signaling the 8:00 mass. Despite the air-raid sirens’ screams of protest, a new wave of torpedo bombers skimmed the water toward the seven slumbering giants impotently moored like toy boats. As Frank raced to his post below deck—the aft damage control station—thoughts and prayers flew through his mind. Once he reached the control station, he leaned into a small space between a worktable and a tall cabinet. All he could do was wait, and pray that he would not have to perform his duty as stretcher-bearer. Explosions from the bay rocked the great ship and reverberated through her steel walls. The *Pennsylvania* and the *Colorado* were the only battleships not moored along Battleship Row with the others on Sunday, December 7, 1941.

No bomb had yet found its way to her towering mass of cold iron.

Outside the *Pennsylvania*, a black haze spiraling toward heaven shrouded the radiant Sunday morning. Torpedo bombers dove to attack American prey as deftly as a hawk stalking a field mouse, diving forward and pulling back. Men were leaping from their ships into the water by the hundreds, only to be strafed by a Japanese warrior whose glory was amplified for every American man he killed. Bullets from machine guns ricocheted from the metal and plunged into helpless sailors trying to escape Death.

The *Pennsylvania* remained the only unwounded battleship. The enemy aircraft continued to shriek over airfields and water. Debris rained through flames and smoke; an occasional American bullet pierced the air in feeble defense.

Waiting in the aft station, Frank’s blood pounded in his ears with the force of the whistling bombs and crackling

explosions around him. The passing minutes seemed like hours. Dutch sat across from him, gripping the hard swivel chair with white knuckles. He smiled feebly, but said nothing. Frank’s thoughts drifted to Harry, over in the bow with the maintenance crew. He wondered what the future held for his obstinate friend, and if he would ever get another chance to speak to him.



BOOM! The *Pennsylvania* jolted in protest as she was hit. Frank jumped; for some reason, he had expected God to spare his ship. He waited for the warrant officer to receive the captain’s command. Grabbing a stretcher from the cabinet on which Frank had been leaning, the officer ordered the two stretcher-bearers to the main deck to retrieve the wounded and dead. Passing through the *Pennsylvania*’s two upper decks, the bomb exploded upward, shattering the forward main. Dutch cursed as they dodged the contorted steel fingers of the six-inch thick deck groping for the sky. Bile rose in his throat when Frank saw the first mangled body, and he was forced to turn his head. Agonizing screams and the odor of burnt flesh permeated the air.

Cont. next page

“Here,” Frank gasped to Dutch. They set the stretcher down and turned to help a sailor. Past the bloodied face, Frank recognized Harry. Stunned, he stammered, “H-Harry, it’s Frank. W-We’re gonna get you out of here.” The two men hoisted Harry and gently laid him on the waiting stretcher. As Dutch led the retreat across the main, Frank prayed that Harry would have another chance.

Everything happened in slow motion on the retreat, and Frank noticed things he hadn’t before, such as the small fires being put out by the fire crew. Even the water surrounding the ship was on fire from the oil-

covered surface. Frank turned his head, and saw that the two destroyers, *Cassin* and *Downes*, had been hit. The ships were reduced to devastated masses of metal entwined in a perishing embrace. Through the haze, he saw the *Nevada* running aground at the channel mouth. In front of the *Nevada*, the propellers of the *Oklahoma* were sticking straight out of the water. The paradox of life and death onboard the *Pennsylvania* was obvious to Frank—she was trapping soldiers to their death and yet offering life aboard her hull amidst the polluted waters. Beyond the *Oklahoma*, the *Arizona* had sunk 20 feet. Seeing the *Arizona*, a surge of emotions flooded his soul; he begged God to save his friends in Band #22 from this holocaust.

Frank’s breath grew heavy in his lungs, smoke and ashes seared his nostrils, and his throat stung with an acrid taste. His eyes were burning from the smoke

and the sweat that trickled down his brow. The wailing sirens were silenced; the only sounds that reached Frank were the thundering detonations, the crackling flames, and a steady moan that rose from the wounded. Finally, Dutch and Frank reached the aft dressing station. A Marine medic finished bandaging a sailor’s arm and stepped across two wounded men. Kneeling down where Frank was holding Harry’s arm, the medic looked hopelessly at Frank as he tried to find Harry’s pulse.

“Take him to the brig. He’s already dead.”

God had not given Harry another chance. Frank shuddered and stifled a cry as he imagined his friend in a lake of fire much worse than the hell he had seen on the water. There was no time to mourn now. He and Dutch took Harry to the brig, then made their way to the sick bay. Mangled medical equipment was strewn across contorted bodies. Frank tried not to look at the death that pervaded the room, but he could not shut it out.

The two-hour attack left many dead. By ten o’clock, the offensive had slowed, and the crew worked feverishly to repair the ship. Dutch and Frank charged on to search for more injured sailors hanging on to life. Enemy planes returned at 10:45 a.m., but the second assault was shorter than the first, and soon the Japanese were gone. Following their instinct to save any remaining American sailors, small boats rescued oil-smeared sailors, while larger fireboats attempted to contain the incensed flames. The *Pennsylvania* hunched in her dock like a great wounded beast, no longer able to protect her dying crew.

As he traveled over the decks with Dutch, Frank

caught glimpses of the blue sky through the drifting smoke. It was frightening to think of all the death around him, and no comfort to realize he was still alive. “Why did you spare me, God?”

The day passed quickly as men scurried about preparing for the next expected invasion. At 11:00 p.m., the band was called together and issued rifles—the first they had seen since training camp almost four years before. After a brief refresher course on loading, Band #8 took patrol of the docks during the night. Frank’s shift was from midnight to 4:00 a.m. on the shore side of the ship; he was instructed to shoot at the sound of any noise or any movement he saw. Anxiously, he paced back and forth on the dock. Twice he thought he heard footsteps, and both times he awoke the anti-aircraft gunmen with a shot into the air. To Frank’s relief, the Japanese troops never came that night. All that remained of the enemy in Pearl Harbor was airplane wreckage, the shells from their weapons, and one prisoner of war from their midget submarine.

Monday morning around 8:00 found most of the men in the cafeteria eating breakfast. Only the clatter of the silverware against ceramic plates broke the mournful silence of the room. At Frank’s table, a communications officer whispered to Dutch that a warning had been sent before the attack. Frank listened closer, and was astonished to



hear that at 5:30 a.m. on Sunday, the War Department in Washington had been alerted to the possibility of the attack, code-named “Operation Z” by the Japanese. A weak attempt to prepare the Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor for an enemy attack was sent via Western Union. Western Union was closed Sundays in Pearl Harbor; the commanders did not receive the message until after the attack. Struggling with bitterness, Frank thought that surely the government knew that Western Union was closed on Sundays.

The military spent the next few days recuperating. By Monday evening, Frank and Dutch had finished taking bodies to the brig. Their next job was to take the bodies to shore for identification.

A week passed. The death toll was soon made public: one hundred men aboard the *Pennsylvania* were killed in the battle. That number seemed a small amount, however, compared to the total casualties that day in Pearl Harbor: 2,403 dead, and 1,178 wounded. In comparison, the Japanese fatalities only reached 185 soldiers. The totals did not become personal to Band #8 until they learned that their friends and fellow band competitors, Band #22, were counted in this figure. To commemorate their death, Band #8 dedicated the first place trophy they had won to Band #22.

Although her main deck was still disfigured, the *Pennsylvania* was redressed with her propellers and eager for a vengeful hunt. The mended battleship sailed off on her mission to destroy the Japanese fleet. As the first month at sea passed, the *Pennsylvania* could not find a single enemy ship. Though they were discouraged, each day the sailors would recall the tragedy that fueled their vengeful spirits. Soon, their rations were so depleted that the men were consigned to eating beans and rice three times a day. With

supplies so low and no enemy in sight, they reluctantly decided to return home. A month and a half after the attack, the *Pennsylvania* docked in San Francisco; the first Navy ship to reenter the United States after the attack at Pearl Harbor.

Granted two weeks leave, the haggard crew headed their different directions toward homes and families. Frank boarded a train for Rhode Island. During the long trip home, he wondered if anyone had told Cassie, Harry’s wife, of her husband’s death. He pictured his own family around the dinner table, happily together again, and imagined seeing his old friends from high school. Most of them were probably enlisted; had any been at Pearl Harbor?

Although ignorant that his family had not been able to find out whether he was dead or alive, Frank anticipated their surprised faces. He chose his simple back-door entrance to announce his homecoming. When he casually entered the kitchen, his mother screamed and dropped a porcelain dish she had been washing. Rushing to check on Mrs. Edmond, Frank’s father and brothers were overjoyed to see the cause of the uproar. Even his austere father hugged him with traces of tears in his eyes. For hours his family sat questioning and adoring their new hero.

While home, Frank learned how all of America, not just his family, had reacted to Pearl Harbor. Tears streamed down his face as he listened to a recording of President Roosevelt’s war proposal made to Congress the 8th of December. “Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy, the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the empire of Japan.”

I sat in respectful silence as Frank quoted President Roosevelt’s speech

from memory. I had nothing left to ask him—I had glimpsed Frank’s soul through his humble narration. After seeing all the destruction, I did not wonder why it was difficult for him to give anything but the facts. As he had recounted the story, I had visualized everything—the agony on Harry’s face and the fear gripping every soldier’s body.

“Thank you, Mr. Edmond. I am really looking forward to writing this piece on you.”

“This piece shouldn’t be about me, dear. Oh, no, your piece should be about the power of God. I still don’t know why He kept me alive that day when so many others died.”

I knew why God had spared him. Numerous stories are murmured in our church of the many lives that

Frank has touched in his gentle, quiet way—I am pleased to count mine among them. Thanking him again, I gathered my materials and left. Driving home, I was overwhelmed with the story, and wondered how I could ever put it into words.



Written by
Amiee (Riggs) Dunn,
English minor,
'99 PCC grad.



Five Seconds in Hell

Burn victim gets burden for souls

from **Fountains**, Edition 12
PCC student publication

My life was changed this past summer. I was at my cousin's house helping him with yard work, including chopping a lot of wood. My uncle and I loaded up the back of the tractor and carried about three trees-worth of branches, limbs, and scruff to use for a fire. As we were finishing about 8:30 or so, the sky grew dark. I took it upon myself to start the bonfire, so that we could see what we were doing (we wouldn't want anyone to get hurt chopping wood with an ax in the dark or anything). While my uncle went to do something else, I tried to find something with which to start the fire. I asked my cousin if he had any lighter fluid that I could use to start the fire, and he said, "No."

"Well, what about gasoline?" I said, and he showed me two five-gallon jugs of gas. Both being full, I grabbed one and went toward the brush pile.

I poured about four gallons out onto, around, and almost everywhere there was wood. Finishing, I made a little gas trail on the ground, so that I could just stand back and light it.

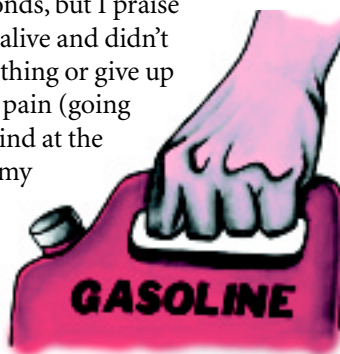
There was no earth, no sky, no weeds or grass around me anymore—just FIRE.

The ambulance personnel and the doctors told me that, because of the humidity, the four gallons of gas had spread about twenty gallons of fumes into the air all around me. Standing about ten feet away from the fifteen-foot pile, I leaned forward with the lighter. All of a sudden everything was on fire. The explosion went thirty feet into the sky

and all around me. I don't remember turning around—just running away from the fire with flames eating away at both my legs and arm. As I ran out of the two-thousand-degree bonfire, the flames engulfed the ground in front of me about fifteen feet faster than I could get out of the flames.

There was no earth, no sky, no weeds or grass around me anymore—just fire. All I could see around me was fire. As I screamed at the top of my lungs, I could feel the fire eating away at my flesh. I can't really explain how it felt or what I saw in those eternal five or ten seconds, but I praise God that I am alive and didn't trip over something or give up because of the pain (going through my mind at the time) or burn my face. I can't understand any other way except that God put His hand over my face and the rest of my body. Only the eyelashes on my right eye were singed together.

Finally, I broke out of the fire, after running about a hundred yards. I looked down at my legs and arm to see smoke coming off them. I heard my uncle and cousins screaming to jump into the pool; so I took off my T-shirt and hat. I couldn't unbutton my shorts because the button was red hot at the time; so I pulled them off and jumped in. When I fell head-first into the four-foot-deep pool, I felt relief for a split second by God's mercy. Then it hit me again—all of the agonizing pain (that my body could not handle any other way except to shake uncontrollably) tore through my body with intense force. As I came



to the surface, the only words out of my mouth were, "I can't believe I did that. I can't believe I did that. Oh, God, what's happening to me? Please, help me! Please, please, please God!"

I never really concentrated on any of the faces surrounding me, able only to listen to people screaming out commands and directions. "Take off your sneakers before your feet swell up," I heard as the pool water faded into and out of focus. Two large, sickening pieces of skin floated in front of me as I made my way out of the pool. All I could smell was gas, and all I could feel was fire.

My uncle brought me a blanket to put around myself as we made our way to the car. Since we were out in rural New York, and the volunteer ambulance would take more time to get to us than it would for us to get to it, we drove. The ride to the ambulance made me realize how small and worthless my life had become in a matter of seconds. Yes, this is the part where my life passed before my eyes. My uncle kept yelling, more likely out of fear than anger. Then everything went black . . . totally black. I shook uncontrollably still and couldn't see anything.

For the first time in my life, I honestly felt that I was going to die. "What about my family—who will tell them what really happened or that I love them—just one last time? School, friends—what about them? I miss them bad enough being away for the summer, and now I won't be able to look at them again. More important, my church and all the people that have prayed for me and been by my side through all of the problems over the years . . . too many things to do,

Lord—let me take just one last breath without pain, and then I will be ready to come home.”

All of the people that I had a chance to witness to that I left behind—how irresponsible and stupid of me. I had my chance to live sold-out and look what I have accomplished barely anything! “Please, God, give me one more chance, and I will make a difference. I will live the way I ought to live, the way that I promised to live for You so many years ago. God, please—I beg of You—show me Your mercy one more time.”

The next thing I saw was the pavement in the parking lot of the Bergen Volunteer Ambulance Department. The ambulance crew carted me into the ambulance and strapped me to the gurney. Being only volunteers, they had no medication and hardly any supplies to help with the burning that pulsed through my body. Only paper towels and purified water covered my body for the next twenty-five minutes. Being strapped to that bed felt like days, days of pain. But it was only five seconds of Hell; how could it have been so painful? What about



those that are burning in Hell right now—the lost family and friends that have been there for the past five minutes, five days, five years?

I was burned on July 2, 1999, a Friday night, with second- and third-degree burns on twenty-five percent of my body. I praise God that He took me in His hands to sleep that night, for the

next twenty-three days of pain were waiting for me with open arms. The nights were filled with all kinds of terror and pain as nightmares flooded my head. The doctor’s only comfort was that it was the medication that was making me see and hear things throughout the night.

On July 26, I underwent skin-grafting surgery. Two six-inch by twelve-inch rectangles of skin were shaved from my upper thighs and replaced onto my ankles and calves that morning. When I woke up later that day, I could not believe the new pain that found my body and that I had to endure for the next week or so. Slowly, over time, I could withstand the pain, but then something else waited to attack my body: itching!

To this day, I still can’t stand the itching, but I thank God that this is the only thing I have to live with now. In my morning showers I have to scrub and trim the loose skin from my legs, so that it does not get infected or grow back deformed. I must keep them out of any kind of sun or even heat for twelve to eighteen months.

The doctor assured me that there is no reason why I couldn’t live a perfectly normal life from now on, but he was wrong. My life will never be the same. I got a taste of what Hell is really like, and the two thousand degrees that melted away my flesh was nothing compared to the eternal torment that most of this world must regrettably face. The burden that God has given me is something for which I am grateful and willing to use throughout the rest of my life. I thank God it was just my legs and not my soul.

Written by
Jesse Loiacono,
‘01 PCC senior.



It’s Too Easy

“I can’t believe that a simple thing like believing can save my soul. I am sure there is a great deal to be done in my case before I can be saved.”

“Did you ever take a ride by rail over the mountains?”

“Yes, many a time.”

“Did you find it to be hard work?”

“Hard work! No, there was no work at all. I only sat down and waited and presently I was where I wanted to go.”

“But were there not mountains tunneled through, valleys bridged over, high embankments built, deep cuttings made, and rails laid; was not that very hard and expensive work?”

“Why, yes, that was hard, and must have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. Some engineer planned it all, and the company had the money to pay for it; I had nothing to do with that, but only had to sit down and enjoy the ride.”

“Friend, never say that salvation is too easy. It is blessedly easy for the poor lost sinner, for it is the free gift of God’s love; but it was no easy thing for God. Back in eternity God planned the wonderful work; but what did it cost God to carry it out? God loved a guilty world and gave His Son to bear the punishment due to sinners.

“Believe God. He tells you of His love; believe Him. He tells you of the finished work of Calvary; believe Him, and you shall be saved. *‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.’*”

—John 3:36



Arlin Horton
President/Founder

From the President

Why Demand the Method God Used to Preserve His Word?

Recently a pastor wrote me and included these statements:
"If there are some historical facts that shed light on the method that God used to preserve His Word, please let me know."
 and

"If there are some Scriptural passages that shed light on the method God used to preserve His Word, please let me know what they are."
 and

"I have difficulty respecting those who make a test of orthodoxy out of something that God has not chosen to reveal in the Scriptures—the method He used and is using to preserve His Word."

The following are parts of my response to this pastor:

Neither the advocates of the Received Text nor the Westcott/Hort text can produce historical facts as to the method God used to preserve His Word. Could that be an *"unlearned question"* we are warned about in II Tim. 2:23? For the believer, historical facts of preservation should not be necessary; we are to simply believe God's promises. (Neither does God reveal His methods to bless and guide our individual lives; we are to trust His promises.)

Certainly God would not reveal to us sinful humans, and to Satan, the methods He would use to preserve His Word. Military generals are smart enough not to reveal their defense secrets to their people and especially their enemies. Satan, the arch enemy of God, has always sought to destroy,

change, and twist God's Word. God is too wise to reveal His methods of providentially preserving His Word.

If the doctrine of preservation was mentioned one time in Scripture, that should settle it for believers. *"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away"*—Matt. 24:35. But preservation is mentioned multiple times; examples are:

John 10:35	Matt. 5:18	Ps. 138:2
Ps. 12:6-7	Rev. 22:18-19	Isa. 40:8
Prov. 30:6	I Pet. 1:23, 25	Luke 16:17.

The creationist believes that God spoke and creation came into being. *"Through **faith** we **understand** that the worlds were framed by the word of God"*—Heb. 11:3. Faith precedes doctrinal understanding.

To demand passages from Scripture as to the method God uses to preserve His Word, reveals a lack of faith.

You asked, "If there are some Scriptural passages that shed light on the method God used to preserve His Word." The answer is, "Yes, one example is given in Jer. 36: 23-28. *'Take thee again another roll, and write in it all the former words that were [destroyed] in the first roll'*". I'm sure God has used many different methods to preserve His Word through the ages, but He certainly has more wisdom than to reveal all His methods.

You enclosed with your letter the pamphlet, *Trusted Voices on Translations*.^{*} That pamphlet, I believe, will cause the congregations of your "denominational network" to gradually lose confidence in their Bibles; it will certainly not edify God's people. A surface-reading of the

pamphlet makes one think the Bible contains errors, cannot be trusted, and modern versions are superior, while the KJV is outmoded. The pamphlet's basic impact is obviously a "put down" of the Authorized Version, and it will definitely prepare congregations to switch to modern versions, which I understand is already under way in many of your "network" churches. A more profitable pamphlet would be to show God's people the errors in the NIV and the many deletions and changes in modern versions.

I'm sure most of those persons quoted in the pamphlet believed that God preserved His Word and never demanded Scriptural evidence of the method God used in preserving His Word, which is

—a new twist to cover an old lie of liberalism.

Nor were they aware of the serious deletions and changes in Westcott/Hort's eclectic text, and they never considered that one day future translations would come from such a flawed Greek text.

The pamphlet also fails to mention to the reader important facts:

1. The traditional Received Text was used for all Bible translations for over 17 centuries.
2. Only in 1881 did the Westcott/Hort eclectic text come into being.
3. Modern versions use the Greek Westcott/Hort text, which deletes words, phrases, verses, passages, and makes many changes.

Yet, Jesus demonstrated the importance of every word of Scripture, even the tense of a verb. Example: the Sadducees did not believe in "life after death," so they asked Jesus a trick question to disprove the doctrine of the resurrection. Jesus responded, *"Ye do err, not know-*

^{*}Published by Mount Calvary Baptist Church, Greenville, S.C.; endorsed by Fundamental Baptist Fellowship

ing the scriptures, nor the power of God. But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living”—Matt. 22:29, 31, 32 (Exod. 3:6).

Jesus showed that Scripture's use of the present verb tense “*am*,” proves that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are still living (life after death). If the past tense “*was*” had been used, it would prove there is no resurrection.

Like the Sadducees, those today who doubt God's preservation of His Word “*do err, not knowing the scriptures nor the power of God.*”

Jesus proved the doctrine of the resurrection with the verb tense “*am*.”

Regarding this, Hudson Taylor wrote: “Jesus . . . does not bring half-a-dozen Scripture proofs and say: ‘From the general tenor of these remarks, you will see that the resurrection was in God's mind.’ He quotes one single passage

and builds His argument on the use of **one single word.**”

In 1976, the New Evangelicals had a storm go through their circles with Harold Lindsell's book, *The Battle for the Bible*, which defended Scripture's “inerrancy.”

In the 1980s, the Southern Baptist denomination had its textual debate, and their Bible-believing pastors publicly declared their belief in “inerrancy” of the Word of God to counter liberal attacks by seminary professors and Convention leaders. Many of their pastors preached, taught, and wrote about an “inerrant” Bible to their congregations. Thus, they led their congregations in a strong confidence of the Word of God. Consequently, I believe God raised up some excellent preachers in their denomination because of their strong stand for an “inerrant” Bible.

R. G. Lee, a former, well-known SBC pastor, said regarding the Bible: “The dissecting knives of theological anatomists have cut at its milk veins. Inexorable censors have sat, like Jehoiakim before the fireplace in his summer

house, Bible on knee, penknife in hand, calmly mutilating the only reliable franchise of our Christian hopes. Snipers, some from behind pulpit stands, some behind college chairs, are accustomed to aim ill-grounded propositions against the Scriptures.”

In my opinion, those Southern Baptist pastors who defended the “inerrancy” of Scripture are more orthodox and far less theologically liberal in their view of Scripture than some Independent Baptist pastors in your “denominational network” who would fight to the death to prove that no Bible today is “inerrant,” which is the same position that liberals take.

You concluded your letter saying that PCC is “involved in spreading false teaching.” We will leave that for God to judge. You also implied that we are doing it for our “own personal gain” or “fear of what others would think or say,” which God also knows to be false.

I would ask, “What good to us today is the doctrine of divine inspiration if God has not providentially preserved His Word for us?”

Textual Debate Videos

Featuring Dell Johnson

- ① **The Bible Preserved . . . from Satan's Attack** 1hr., 3 min.
- ② **The Bible . . . the Text Is the Issue** 1hr., 46 min.
- ③ **The Leaven in Fundamentalism** 1hr., 17 min.

Dell Johnson/Greg Mutsch

- ④ **Response to Coalition Video Critics/Approaches to the Text Issue: Faith, Scientific, and Extremist** 2hrs., 11 min.

Greg Mutsch

- ⑤ **Fundamentalism, Liberalism, and New Evangelicalism** 47 min.



\$5 each (tax included) Add \$3.50 shipping/handling per order.

A recent book on the textual issue “From the Mind of God to the Mind of Man” (published by Ambassador-Emerald, Greenville, SC) is widely promoted in some fundamental churches.

Two seminary professors, Dr. Strouse in Connecticut and Dr. Khoo in Singapore, wrote critiques of the book, which are printed in the booklet:

**“Reviews of the book:
From the Mind of God
to the Mind of Man”.**

Booklet \$3 (tax included) Add \$3.50 shipping/handling per order.



Available from PCC Bookstore

Call 1-800-722-3570 to order

Trained to Serve

863 Graduate in May and July Commencements



Over 8,000 at May convocation



Dr. Horton with Honorees

Brittany Wilkes (GA) and Titus O'Bryant (OH) received the President's Citation of Merit, PCC's highest honor for consistent Christian leadership that portrays the ideals and purposes of the College.

Honorary Doctoral Degrees Awarded in May



Rollin D. Davis, Jr.
Doctor of Laws
Shell, Fleming, Davis,
and Menge Law Firm,
Pensacola, FL



Andy Bloom
Doctor of Divinity
Central Baptist Church,
Ocala Christian Academy,
Ocala, FL

Faculty Academic Scholarship Trophy awarded for the highest academic achievement.



Jonathan
Anderson, OH



Christopher
Hall, AL



Adam
Howe, FL



Juergen
Straub, GERMANY



Correction from last year's issue.
Kristen Vetter, VA
May 2000

Pre-Med Grads Enter Medical Schools

to serve man and God

Paul Schumacher (PCC '96 grad) graduated first in his class from Tulane University School of Medicine this past May. He received six awards at commencement, including outstanding performance in obstetrics and gynecology, pathology, surgery, and pharmacology. After his residency, Paul and wife Mariah (Hutchison, '96 nursing grad), plan to serve as medical missionaries. In addition to his medical school degree, he also has a master's degree in public health and tropical medicine. "My education at PCC reminds me that my greatest task as a future physician is to care for the eternal souls of my patients by introducing them to the Great Physician," says Paul.

Two PCC premed graduates, Daniel Phillips ('99) and David Hurst ('98), currently attend Tulane University.

His sister, Netanya Spencer ('96) is preparing to serve the Lord as a medical researcher, helping to cure diseases. She is in a combination M.D. and Ph.D. program at the Medical College of Wisconsin. She recently had four articles published in scientific journals.

Another brother, Philemon Spencer, graduated in 2001 with a double major in premed and mechanical engineering; he is now at medical school in Israel at Ben-Gurion University of the Negev.



The Spencers with their 13 children

Four PCC premed grads from Spencer family

Ariel Spencer ('97) completed his medical degree at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons this May. Ariel received special permission from the university to complete one of his fourth-year rotations at a mission hospital in a rural village of South Africa. He ministered among the Zulus, many of whom suffer from AIDS and tuberculosis. "Speakers in PCC's premed forums and missions conferences strengthened my interest in missions. Being in Africa short term made me realize the great need for long-term missionaries, who will commit their lives to showing the love of Christ to these needy people," says Ariel. He now is serving his residency at the University of Chicago.

His brother, Nehemiah Spencer ('00) is in his second year at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Two more of the 13 Spencer children are current PCC students also preparing to serve God through medicine.

PCC's premed students gain the scientific knowledge, laboratory experience, interpersonal skills, and personal maturity that medical schools demand. The Premed Seminar (junior level) prepares students for the medical school admissions test and application process. Science faculty, Dr. Carlos Alvarez, a biochemist who formerly did research in endocrinology, states: "Medical schools are first of all interested in a student's GPA and admission test scores. Next, they want hard-working, well-rounded, committed individuals who express them-

selves well. The overall curriculum of PCC's premed program, as well as the on-campus opportunities for involvement, work, and ministry, all provide the kind of experience medical schools are looking for."

Dr. Joel Porcher, dean of basic sciences and engineering, says, "An added strength of our program is that the faculty know the students personally and are able to write thorough letters of recommendation for them." Many PCC graduates have literally had to choose which medical school to attend because several schools accepted them.

In this age of great scientific advancements, Christian doctors are needed more than ever to make sure that God's creation is being used for the benefit, rather than the detriment, of mankind. PCC's premed students are taught to think God's thoughts after Him, discovering the variety, order, and design of life. This Christian philosophy, along with knowledgeable, caring faculty and excellent facilities enables students to find success as they serve God and man through medicine.

Perhaps God would want you to consider a vocation in the medical sciences. For more information on PCC's premed, chemistry, and biology majors, call **1-800-PCC-INFO** (1-800-722-4636) or visit our Web site at **www.pcci.edu**.

Sampling of medical schools attended by PCC graduates

Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons **NY**
 Tulane University School of Medicine **LA**
 University of Texas Medical School at Houston **TX**
 Medical College of Wisconsin **WI**
 University of South Florida College of Medicine **FL**
 Marshall University School of Medicine **WV**
 Temple University School of Dentistry **PA**
 University of Osteopathic Medicine and Health Sciences **IA**
 School of Medicine, United States Sports Academy **AL**
 Mercer School of Pharmacy **GA**
 University of Florida College of Dentistry **FL**

Enroll Now for Second Semester

For information, call

☎ 1-800-PCC-INFO (1-800-722-4636)

or write Director of Admissions,

Pensacola Christian College,

P.O. Box 18000, Pensacola,

FL 32523-9160, U.S.A.

Apply Online
www.pcc.edu

Faculty Honors

Dr. Jeff Adams passed the Florida State Bar Exam and is now a licensed state and federal attorney. He teaches prelaw and criminal justice classes in the College and serves as a student counselor. During the summers, he works at the Christian Law Association.



Brian Bucy earned a Doctor of Ministry Degree from Baptist Bible Seminary. He chairs PCC's department of missions.

Estate Planning

It is frequently difficult to make a large gift during one's lifetime, yet many of our alumni and friends would like to make a significant gift to PCC. Tax laws have been designed to encourage giving to colleges. After planning for those around you, you might want to think about a bequest to Pensacola Christian College. You would be helping the College meet the challenges of tomorrow.

An outright charitable bequest is fully deductible for federal tax purposes and is exempt from inheritance tax in most states. If you already have an up-to-date will, an amendment to your will can be used to make charitable bequests. We would be glad to help by providing information that you can receive by writing to the Office of Institutional Advancement, Pensacola Christian College, P.O. Box 18000, Pensacola, FL 32523-9160, U.S.A.

©2001 Pensacola Christian College. Published quarterly and distributed free. For correspondence or change of address, write PCC Update, Pensacola Christian College, P.O. Box 18000, Pensacola, FL 32523-9160, U.S.A.

Pensacola Christian College is a service mark of the college. A Beka Book and A Beka, "Dedicated to Excellence, Committed to Service," Rejoice Broadcast Network, RBN, Rejoice Radio, and Rejoice in the Lord are registered trademarks of Pensacola Christian College.

PCC does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, or national origin.

PCC is located at 250 Brent Lane, Pensacola, Fla.

Governor Bush appoints Joel Mullenix to Commission for Independent Education



"This commission is part of Florida's new seamless system governing K-20 education," said Governor Jeb Bush in July. "Together with our new Secretary of Education and new Board of Education, the commission will oversee state responsibilities for independent education in Florida." By law the commission will consist of six Florida residents, each representing a specific type of independent educational institution. Mullenix was appointed to represent institutions that do not accept state or federal financial aid.

Dr. Joel Mullenix, PCC vice president for public affairs

Dr. Joel Mullenix, was invited to attend a meeting of the Florida Cabinet chaired by Governor Jeb Bush to honor the Florida State Board of Independent Colleges and Universities' 30 years of service. Dr. Mullenix, who chaired the SBICU, received a citation; in his acceptance remarks, he noted the past chairpersons and board members who also served.

The plaque, at right, was presented to Dr. Mullenix by SBICU in recognition of his service as chairperson.



Students wait to give blood

500 donate at PCC drive

Ashley Branch

@PensacolaNewsJournal.com

Maria Diaz waited patiently Tuesday to donate blood. She didn't mind the long line of students at Pensacola Christian College because her time and gift can save lives.

"I feel like I need to help others," Diaz said. "If you are healthy, why not?"

At the end of the college's two-day drive, nearly 500 students donated. The blood will help replenish supplies at Northwest Florida Blood Center, where donations have

been critically low for six months.

Tricia Dixon, a community representative from the Northwest Florida Blood Center, said students filled the four mobile units at all times.

Though some students waited for two hours Monday, they didn't complain and even cheered when the last students donated, Dixon said.

Justin Fain, 18, said donating is an easy way to help.

"It's not too time-consuming and it's not a huge sacrifice on my part," Fain said while standing in a line that stretched the length of the bloodmobile.

Students at the college promoted the blood drive with

posters and by wearing T-shirts advertising the event. Dixon said the drive was so successful, the center ran out of shirts to give away.

But that didn't discourage anyone from giving.

Northwest Florida needs more than 44,000 units of blood each year to supply to hospitals throughout the Panhandle, Dixon said that although 60 percent of the population is eligible to give, only 5 percent actually take the time.

"If we could go everywhere and people would line up like this, we'd never need an emergency appeal," said Dorothy Dodd, a community representative for the blood center.



Ginger Smith does her part to help the critically low blood supply.

Come. Visit. Experience PCC.

COLLEGE DAYS

Nov. 21-23

God has a plan for your life,
and no two plans are alike.
At PCC, you can discover
your God-given abilities and
develop them for His glory.

1-800-PCC-INFO, ext. 4

(1-800-722-4636)

www.pcci.edu

fax: 1-800-722-3355

e-mail: PCCinfo@pcci.edu

If you can't come, be sure to request your free copy of
the *Catch the Spirit* Video Viewbook.



TEACHERS CLINIC

Sponsored by A Beka Book

October 8-9 and 22-23, 2001

Over 1,450
attended last Oct.

Teachers Clinic equips Christian N-12th grade teachers with practical helps for any classroom. Delegates will glean from Pensacola Christian Academy's 47 years of teaching experience through sessions and actual classroom observation. An office management track is also available.

Observe classes at
Pensacola Christian Academy.

For more information,
call: (850) 478-8496,
ext. 2828
e-mail: reservations@pcci.edu
fax: (850) 479-6576



"This is my first year attending your Teachers Clinic and it was well worth the 20-hour drive from Buffalo, New York."

"This being my first year, I really found everything very helpful. It was easy to understand, and I also felt very comfortable in the classrooms. Thank you, teachers for listening to all our questions!" —Sanford, Florida

Ladies Celebration

Oct. 18-20, 2001

Join us for a refreshing, spiritually invigorating conference. Scriptural insights and music will challenge you and warm your heart.

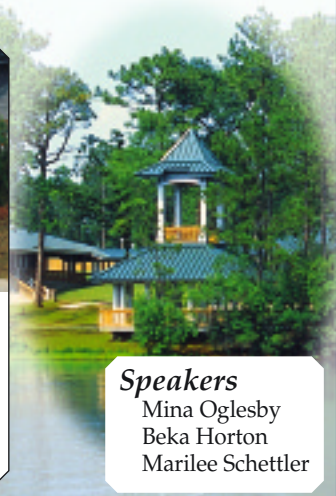


"I appreciated the practical sessions straight from the Word of God. Each one ministered to me and pointed out a need in my life."

—Alabama

Speakers

Mina Oglesby
Beka Horton
Marilee Schettler



(850) 478-8496 ext. 8787 • reservations@pcci.edu

Ladies Celebration • Pensacola Christian College • P.O. Box 18000 • Pensacola, FL 32523-9160

ENRICHMENT CONFERENCE

MARCH 5-8, 2002

for Pastors, Youth Pastors, Music Directors, and their wives

Make your plans to attend PCC's Enrichment Conference, March 5-8, 2002. Be challenged by powerful preaching and practical workshops from special speakers. Dynamic music and good fellowship will enrich your life and refresh you for the ministry. The fish fry at Camp o' the Pines is always a highlight of the conference.

**Plan now to attend
and bring your entire staff!**

For a brochure,
call: (850) 478-8496, ext. 2828
e-mail: reservations@pcci.edu
fax: (850) 479-6576

Three hours of graduate credit may be earned toward a D.Min., M.Min., or M.C.M. at Pensacola Theological Seminary by attending Enrichment Conference. For info., call toll free 1-877-PTS-GRAD.



Principals Clinic and Supervisors

Sponsored by A Beka Book

April 8-10, 2002

Practical Helps for the Christian School

Principals
Supervisors
Administrators
Office Managers
Secretaries



- *Pointers for success in administrative methods*
- *School construction, furnishings, and operations*
- *Classroom observation*
- *Effective Parent/Teacher Programs*

For more information,
call: (850) 478-8496,
ext. 2828
e-mail: reservations@pccci.edu
fax: (850) 479-6576



Pensacola Theological Seminary

NEW
Distance-Learning
Program

- Doctor of Ministry (D.Min.)
- Master of Ministry (M.Min.)
- Master of Divinity (M.Div.)
- Master of Church Music (M.C.M.)
- M.A. in Bible Exposition

Upcoming D.Min./M.Min. modules:

Jan. 14-18, 2002 Dr. Raymond Barber
*The Christian Home: Maintaining
the Haven in Turbulent Times*

May 20-24, 2002 Dr. Shelton Smith
*The Local Church: Building and
Growing in the 21st Century*

Aug 19-23, 2002 Dr. David Gibbs
*The Church and Government:
Biblical Relationships in
an Era of Hostility*

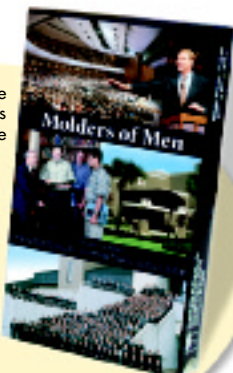
For more information,
Call: ☎ 1-877-PTS-GRAD
e-mail: pts-grad@pccci.edu
Fax: (850) 479-6548

Apply Online
pts.pccci.edu

10-minute
preview of PCC's
Division of Bible

Pastors and
ministerial students
Free Video

Call
1-800-PCC-INFO
(ask for video #77453)



GRADUATE SCHOOL

**2002 Summer session
begins June 16**



- Earn a master's or doctoral degree without rearranging your schedule.
- Complete in-residence course work during summer sessions.
- Complete course work for a master's degree in education in two summers.
- Doctoral course work can be finished in four summers.
- An extended payment plan is available for full-time Christian workers who qualify.
- **Now Available** Distance-learning education courses on video.

Summer Programs in Education

(Also offered year round)

Master of Science

- Ed. Administration
- Elementary Ed.
- Secondary Ed.
- English Ed.
- History Ed.
- Mathematics Ed.
- Science Ed.

Doctor of Education

- Ed. Administration
- Elementary Ed.
- Curriculum and Instruction with specializations in English, History, or Science



Year-Round Programs

(Two-year residency required)

Master's degrees

- Music/Music Ed.
- Commercial Art
- Interpretive Speech/Speech Ed.

Master of Fine Arts in Art (M.F.A. terminal)

For More information,

Call: 1-877-PTS-GRAD (toll free)
e-mail: pts-grad@pccci.edu
Fax: (850) 479-6548

Apply Online
www.pccci.edu

Write: Seminary-Graduate Studies Office
Pensacola Christian College
P.O. Box 18000
Pensacola, FL 32523-9160, U.S.A.





*Friendly
campus*



Outstanding academics



*Modern
facilities*



YOU&PCC

it all adds up

*Christ-centered
atmosphere*

Attend 4 years at PCC for the cost of 2 years elsewhere!

We compared PCC's yearly tuition, room and board cost (\$5,328) with that of several other Christian colleges. PCC's cost was considerably lower. With the price difference, invested at 7% interest, students can attend PCC for **four years** for the cost of **two years** of college elsewhere.*

By joining our student body, you'll have the "plus" of a friendly, vibrant spirit that money can't buy! Choose to *catch the spirit* of PCC!

* Comparison based on current college costs for tuition, room and board.

Come see PCC for yourself!



PENSACOLA CHRISTIAN COLLEGESM
P.O. BOX 18000, PENSACOLA, FL 32523-9160, U.S.A.

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

NONPROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
PENSACOLA, FL
PERMIT NO. 34

FREE

Preview Videos

Featuring these academic programs:

Art **Bible**
Music **Nursing**

Also request your

**Catch the Spirit
Video Viewbook**



Call **1-800-PCC-INFO**.
Have video number available.