

Keeping the faith at Carleton



**Stories by Christians about praying,
growing and living together in community**

**Compiled and edited by
Deb Hvass and Nikki Reich '10
SOul ZONE Ministries**

*Celebrating 10 years
2001 – 2011*



SOul ZOne Ministries

www.soulzoneministries.org

Who are we?

SOul ZOne Ministries is an independent campus ministry at Carleton College. It is a 501(c)3 nonprofit, supported by churches and individuals and accountable to its board of directors.

Why are we here?

MISSION: Equipping the leaders of the future church

VISION: Spirit ignites truth

We long to see the Living God come with power on campus. The foundation for this is cultivating spiritual eyes so that the body of Christ can become a living demonstration of what Carleton's seal still proclaims: "the opening of Your Word gives light." (Ps. 119:130)

VALUES:

Passion for Jesus: Building intimacy with God by being in His presence (Luke 10: 38-42)

Spirit-empowered lifestyle: Hearing God and experiencing His power (Zech. 4:6)

Primacy of Scripture: God's truth sets us free (2 Tim. 3:16-17)

Kingdom mindset: Networking with other local believers (John 17:20-23)

Relationships: People are the program (1 John 4:19)

Urgency of the hour: Living with the end in mind (Heb. 10:25)

Servant-leadership: Leading means serving and celebrating others (Mark 10:45)

Team ministry: Things go better when we work together (Acts 20:1-6)

Contents

4	Celebrating a decade in community at Carleton! <i>Gary Hvass</i>	28	"Born again" <i>David Derksen '05</i>
6	Faith uninterrupted <i>Jeong Hyun '01</i>	30	Random acts of kindness meet the love of God <i>Charles Yin '06</i>
8	Finding Jesus in the counter-culture <i>Peg Craig '67</i>	32	Bringing praise to God through life and drama <i>Banke Oyeyinka '06</i>
10	Revival, Carleton style <i>Cynthia (Hancock) Nicholson '75</i>	34	From the 'burbs to Burton <i>Chad Bayse '02</i>
12	Bursting at the seams <i>Carol Cover</i>	36	Finding fellowship <i>Priyanka Kripalani '06</i>
14	Knocking on Heaven's door <i>Rich Kao '83</i>	38	Journey from death to life <i>Andrea Parrott '07</i>
16	Authentic, bold, sacrificial <i>Will Craig '94</i>	40	Unexpected answers <i>Josh Yeoh '07</i>
18	"I believe, help my unbelief" <i>Deb Hvass</i>	42	Serving gladly <i>Megan Howard '10</i>
20	Attending to God <i>Ben Faroe '05</i>	44	From "plugged in" to leading <i>Nikki Reich '10</i>
22	Starting small, praising big <i>Christine (Collins) Papai '04</i>	46	Gallery
24	Praying the word, practicing the faith <i>Imran Babar '04</i>	47	Gist list
26	In community <i>Stephanie Mayer '09</i>	50	Historic walk

Celebrating a decade in community at Carleton!

Setting the stage for campus ministry

Gary Hvass

I saw the sticky note on my door with just three words, “God help Carleton,” as I walked out of my office in the local church where I’d served as pastor for nearly nine years. I’d been praying this simple prayer for weeks at the coaxing of some friends, but I saw it in a different light that day. “You’re going to be the answer to your own prayer,” I heard the Lord whisper.

A full-time ministry at Carleton wasn’t on my radar at that time. Deb and I had come on campus in the spring of 1998 to advise Carleton

Christian Fellowship (see article by **Peg Craig**), then a year later I’d connected with Carleton Bible Study Fellowship (see article by **Jeong Hyun**). But the prompting in my spirit that day in December of 2000 took me by surprise. I didn’t understand what it meant.

Even as I pondered all of this, Gary Gilbertson, another local pastor, was starting a Bible study at Carleton called Sola Scriptura (see article by **Imran Babar**).

In the months that followed, our lives took some major turns. We left our church and moved toward ministering at Carleton full time, attending Sola with Gary G. and a handful of students. Deb’s business-writing career was winding down and gradually the ministry on campus became a joint venture.

SOul ZOne Ministries (*sozo* is Greek for salvation) came into being that summer to help students at Carleton navigate the spiritual challenges on campus. It had three distinctives: *Experience*—more seasoned (read: *older*) ministers applying a lifetime

Deb and Gary Hvass (back row), Cully and Will Craig (front row), at a dinner hosted at Rice House by students in 2004.

of experience to college ministry; *Equipping*—student leaders doing the ministry rather than leading our own Christian club; and *Proximity*—serving just a block from campus in the old “Nurse Cottage.”

Since 2001 we have had the privilege of providing Carls with resources for Bible studies, meeting with them one-on-one, holding seminars on a variety of biblical topics and spiritual skills, helping facilitate retreats and prayer gatherings, and hosting countless meals and social gatherings. Our relationships continue beyond the college years through a variety of alumni touch-points.

What you’ll find in this book

In celebration of these last 10 years, we asked Christians from Carleton to submit articles that not only summarize the years we have been on campus, but also recap the history of the evangelical community on campus starting in the 1960s.

As the articles from the 1960s to the 1990s came in, we discovered that we had a full-blown “Roots” section (the five articles with the red “Roots” tabs). Following these stories, students from the years we have been

on campus share their spiritual highlights.

Celebrating with thanks

We have much to celebrate as we consider the past decade of ministry at Carleton:

- New students come to Carleton and are often surprised to find a community of Jesus-followers that for a decade has grown up and passed down leadership, class after class.

- Students who have engaged in the evangelical community are leaving better equipped to represent Jesus Christ as confident and influential leaders in every sphere of their lives.

- Alums continue to network with us, and with one another, as they realize the significance of the spiritual deposit the Lord made in them during their college years.

While we cannot take credit for this, we rejoice that the Lord has called us as fellow-laborers in the work He has accomplished.

As we look back, Deb and I have many people to thank. Will and Cully Craig: for their friendship and sacrificial partnership in this ministry. My district superintendent in the EFCA, the Rev. Tom Mouw: for his wisdom, encouragement and organizational support in getting SOul ZOne off the ground. Pastor Gary Gilbertson: for providing an “on-ramp” to the campus, as well as his counsel and friendship. Nikki Reich ’10 and Kristen



Above: The Cottage, after some renovations. At right: The Cottage in the midst of remodeling, after the '50s siding was removed.



(Miller) Faroe ’08: for their loving labors with us as staff associates. Chaplain Carolyn Fure-Slocum: for her collegiality and fairness as the gatekeeper for the practice of all faiths at the college. Our fellow SOul ZOne board of directors—Pastor Dan Van Loon, Tammy Metcalf-Filzen, Will Craig and Greg Soule: for their guidance, accountability and sacrificial service. And all of you—friends and supporters, students and alums—who have enriched our lives and helped us in countless ways over the last 10 years. ♦

Now as you open this ‘zine, we hope you’ll do as we have done: Enjoy the stories!

Gary Hvass is an ordained pastor in the Evangelical Free Church of America, and served three churches for 20 years before starting SOul ZOne Ministries in 2001. He enjoys swimming, golfing and spending time with his wife, Deb, two adult children and four grandchildren.



Faith uninterrupted

Finding perspective beyond the four-year window

Jeong Hyun '01

My exhaustive search for a college culminated in deciding Carleton was the choice for me because I received one of their brochures in the mail and loved their football uniforms. It may have been one of the dumbest reasons to choose a school in the history of our country's noble educational system. Despite my best efforts, however, I somehow ended up at the right place at the right time.

When I reached Carleton for my first term in 1997, there was only one Christian group on campus with a grand total of five members and it was dying quickly. One of my football teammates, Brandon Yerxa '99, had tried to start a Bible study among the football team, but the results were mixed and the last meeting of the year consisted of just the two of us and a bag of chips. We vowed over the salsa that we would pray during winter break and see what happened when we returned to campus.

Our answer came almost immediately. The first day of winter term my freshman year, we met Mike Binder '00

for the first time in what can only be described as a divine appointment. The three of us sat on the couches in upper Sayles to talk about starting a Bible study among the athletes at Carleton. I can still remember the excitement in our voices and the gleam in Mike's eye as we spoke about our vision for engaging the campus with the Bible in order to open authentic spiritual dialogue. Out of that meeting, Carleton Bible Study Fellowship was formed.

After graduation, Mike and I still met with a group of people around the Twin Cities for Bible study. One night as our conversation drifted toward Carleton we found ourselves wondering exactly what we accomplished through Carleton Bible Study Fellowship. We met as a group every week, but did anyone's life change? How many people actually grew to know Christ?

We realized that night that we lacked perspective. And then we returned to campus for a Carleton Christian reunion in 2005. The event was incredibly well organized. A surprising number of participants enjoyed a beautiful weekend listening to speak-

ers, panel discussions and music from Mustard Seed and eating an obnoxious amount of food.

The highlight, however, came unexpectedly during an impromptu gathering of alumni in a quiet room at the Hvasses' residence during the last night. About 20 of us crammed into every nook and corner and started sharing our experiences from our time at Carleton. It became clear almost immediately that something incredible was happening. We figured out that the alumni were spaced in time just right so that there was an unbroken chain of stories from the late 1970s until the present day. Starting with the oldest alum in the room, each personal testimony interwove with the next class until we heard the whole story for the first time of what God had done at Carleton throughout the years.

We tend to see things only from our own perspective. In my mind, Carleton started existing because of a brochure sometime during my senior year, and concretely so, only when I first stepped onto campus in the summer of 1997. Never mind that the school was

founded in 1866 or that generations of students had communed with the cows, Lyman Lakes and Malt-O-Meal before me. It was even more jarring when I came back for the first time after graduation and saw all the new students walking around. You would think they would just shut the whole place down after we left. However, every now and then, the veil lifts and you see that you are part of something much bigger than yourself. That night, gathered in the room at the Hvasses' house, was one of those moments.

It was a conversation that became a revelation. The time came for

"Starting from the oldest alum in the room, each personal testimony interwove with the next class until we heard the whole story for the first time of what God had done at Carleton throughout the years."

me to tell the story of my four years, from the formation of our group to the transition to all that came after. I had told the story before, but this time it was framed in a way I had never imagined. What had just been my little personal journey was so much more than I had ever dreamed it could be.

There was palpable emotion from the alumni who had come before us. For the first time since they left Carleton, they understood that their work had not been in vain. The prayers they had given to God each morning were the foundation of all that had come afterward. "They did not receive the things promised" (Hebrews 11:13) and graduated before all the things they had prayed for came to fruition. But, in faith, they persevered and kept

their trust in God through their present circumstances.

In retrospect, we were not exactly an inspiring answer to prayer when we first stepped on campus. I came to Carleton because of a stupid brochure. Mike came to Carleton to score 25 points a game playing basketball. We were both pretty immature. Trust me when I say that God used us in spite of ourselves. We recently reflected and came up with an extensive list of all the things we did wrong and would do differently if we had the chance again.

We screwed up relationships, we had only a surface understanding of the Bible we were teaching, and we had all these plans for a praise band, small groups and a Christian house that never materialized, at least during our years. We did way too much planning at the last minute, and most of the time we had no plan at all. Yet God moved at Carleton because it was never about us. It was all about God and all the saints who had come before us and after us. Ultimately, the torch was passed to new leadership to carry on a work that extends further than one person could possibly fathom.

If I could give one piece of advice to the current students on campus from my experience, it would be this: Don't get caught up in the results. Car-

ton tends to attract a certain type of achiever who is obsessed with getting results and obtaining a certain level of success. This attitude can very easily carry over to ministry. Out of a heart of good intentions there is such a desire to see God move and lives changed that it can be very easy to get discouraged if only a few people show up to an event or when there seems to be little change in the people around you despite your prayers.

Yes, do ministry and live your life of faith at Carleton with passion and intensity, but in the end, you have to leave the results to God. He was on campus

before you were here, He is on campus while you are here now, and He will be there long after you are gone. Trust that He has the campus and the people on it squarely in His heart. In addition, God was with you before you went to Carleton, He is with you right now and He has an amazing plan for you after you leave. ♦

This article is adapted with permission from original article, "Beyond the four-year window," published in *Unashamed*, Volume 1, Issue 5, June 4, 2008. Original article can be found at orgs.carleton.edu/unashamed.



Jeong Hyun '01 is in the middle of his general surgery residency at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital in Ann Arbor, MI. He is at Stanford University doing post-doctoral research on adult stem cells.



First-year photo of Peg Craig, 1963.

Finding Jesus in the counter-culture

InterVarsity Christian Fellowship
1963-1967

Peg Craig '67

“ The sixties were **tumultuous** on college campuses and some Carleton students joined the movement to topple authority. ”

“ We met weekly for **prayer and praise** and in small groups for Bible study. As I remember there were 30 or more students involved each year. ”

My college days were long ago and at this distance it's sometimes hard to sort out what I remember and what I think I remember. I have glimpses into the past—of songs and prayers, of hugs and shared laughter, but my memories could easily be disputed by those who were there with me.

That said, I know Bob McIntyre '67 arrived on campus when I did and prayed for a prayer partner. The Lord answered with two prayer partners: Lee Silverness '67 and Brian Backstrand '67. These students prayed together and by God's provision connected with the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship (IVCF) rep from the University of Minnesota. An IVCF chapter was formed my freshman year but I didn't become active until the following year.

The sixties were tumultuous on college campuses and some Carleton students joined the movement to topple authority. Rules were being challenged and long established practices overturned. When I arrived, everyone was

expected to attend a religious service—whether Christian, Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist or Jewish—once a week and sign in to prove it. At the same time, Christianity was being viewed by some as obsolete and irrelevant. The class that gave Carleton IVCF also started the Reformed Druids as an option for religious observance.

In the midst of this, our group nourished those who wanted to stay true to biblical teaching and practice and reached out to those who were curious about the validity of Christian belief. We met weekly for prayer and praise and in small groups for Bible study. As I remember there were 30 or more students involved each year. The IVCF rep from the U would occasionally

lend guidance and support and we had opportunities to share with groups at the U, Macalester and St. Olaf.

During my senior year I met with the other leaders first thing in the morning for prayer and planning. Bible study, daily prayer and trusting in God's goodness—things I practiced then—have remained part of my life and I have seen the fruit of Bob's prayers in my life and in life at Carleton through the years. ♦

Peg Craig '67 lives in St. Michael, MN. She is retired and continues to live for the purpose of helping others achieve their purposes. She was a literacy tutor for many years. She is married to Bill Craig '66.



Revival, Carleton style

Loving students to Jesus in the '70s



Weekly worship included members of the Northfield community.

Cynthia (Hancock) Nicholson '75

When I graduated from Carleton in 1975, there were close to 200 faithful, determined believing students in our little corner of the Christian community alone. Beyond us, there was a fairly robust Newman Club (the Catholic organization), a fledgling group run by African-American believers and others besides.

The year before I arrived, our group had numbered about a dozen. It had the feeling of survivors in a leaky lifeboat, mostly just bailing and trying to stay afloat. What happened between that inauspicious beginning, and graduation, was all about Jesus. We never could have made it up!

The first thing that happened in the fall of 1971 was that a wave of first-years came in, myself included, who had come to Jesus as part of a wider revival called the Jesus Movement, which was spreading through the country. There was an eagerness and a certain willingness to plug into fellow-

ship, put hands to the plow, jump into conversations about spiritual things, tell our stories and cultivate a passion for worship.

That same year, the New American Standard Bible was published, and somehow one of the guys in the fellowship got hold of a carton of them. Up until then, the only commonly used Bible was the King James Version with its beautiful but antique Shakespearean language. It is hard to overstate what a big deal that was. Scripture in our own language! Bible studies became a hot commodity, because it was so amazing to study Bible passages and actually understand the words and the concepts.

How did it feel to be on campus in that era? It felt as though we had front-row seats as God himself was building a passionate-about-Jesus, outward-focused community of believers. By His grace, we had shifted from inward to outward. We talked and thought together about loving our campus to

faith, about showing people “Jesus with skin on” in as many creative ways as there were people. There was such a sense of God being on us to do this thing; it was like being long-term cross-cultural workers. We felt called and commissioned. Being students at Carleton was our tent-making skill. We made friends and saw those friends come to Jesus from places of skepticism, pain, drug addiction and doubt. Others renewed their childhood commitments to follow Christ.

We explored the Bible together, we prayed together and we worshipped together—oh, how we worshipped! It was one of those decades when God pours out new songs, one after another. They were easy songs, often straight out of Scripture—easy to play if we knew six chords on the guitar, easy to remember, easy to close our eyes and sing as we gave ourselves to worship. We threw in some hymns and spirituals too, out of deference to our diversity. We could and did sing

“ Despite pushback, we managed to stay oriented outward toward the campus, and God blessed that by adding to our numbers regularly, if not daily, those who were being saved. ”

together for almost an hour once a week before finally getting on to the other bits. And we prayed for each other, asking God for more and learning to watch and see what the Holy Spirit would do next.

Did we disagree about the focus sometimes? This was Carleton: all leaders, no followers. Of course we disagreed. Those years were when most of us who lead now in churches learned the difference between fighting well and fighting badly! Yet somehow we all understood that if we slid back into “circle the wagons” mode, it was not going to go well for us. Despite pushback, we managed to stay oriented outward toward the campus, and God blessed that by adding to our numbers regularly, if not daily, those who were being saved. ♦

Cynthia (Hancock) Nicholson '75 lives in Chicago where she is assistant pastor of the Vineyard Christian Church of Evanston. She is also the co-chair of the Women in Leadership Task Force for Vineyard USA. She is married to Steve Nicholson '74, also a pastor. They have three grown children.



Bible study meeting, classes '74-'76.

At the Hill of Three Oaks, spring 1972.



Students in front of Myers dormitory.



Bursting at the seams

A 1970s retrospective

Carleton students: I hope you will treasure your precious times of fellowship at the Cottage and take some pictures. Forty years from now, you will still savor your memories. Like Jacob, who slept with his head on a rock at Bethel, you will say, “Surely, God was there.”

Carol Cover



203 Washington Street, 1971.

Another sacred place for the students who cried, rejoiced and worshipped in the early 1970s was 203 Washington Street. God was there. The home had a rich spiritual heritage; we like to say that when our real estate agent took us there, my husband Dick and I felt the palpable presence of God. It was as if angels sang.

On October 15, 1971, I cut a pan of brownies into 30 for students from Carleton and St. Olaf and a few young people from Northfield. During the previous summer, Mark Rydberg, a student at Wheaton whose roots were in Northfield; Steve Nicholson '74; an-

other Carleton student who stayed here that summer; and a high school student had come to our home to pray on Tuesday nights. They met elsewhere on the other nights of the week to pray that God would pour out His Spirit on their campuses when school began. That's exactly what happened.

In addition to gathering spontaneously on campus, students began coming to our home every Friday night. By the second week we were moving all the furniture against the walls, and by the third week we were sitting on the floor shoulder to shoulder. Dick would pray for the floor joists in the

basement while we sang “leaping and dancing and praising God.” Until January, there were 90 to 120 of us every week, peering into the large living/dining area from the kitchen, the stairway and the room behind the dining room that we called the prayer room.

That's when the two student leaders, Steve Nicholson, a Carl, and Harold Otterlie, an Ole, went to see Gordy Forbes, the pastor of the United Church of Christ. He surprised them by saying, “I'm guessing you're from the group that meets around the corner on Friday nights. You are here because you want to ask me for the use of my



church.” After they had chatted, he said, “I'll have to ask my board, but if they give me any guff I'll tell them, ‘Of course, we have to let them come. That's the price of being liberal.’”

Dick and I are blessed to have had the privilege of being part of what God chose to do in Northfield. We remember the prayer we prayed the day we first looked at 203 Washington. We were sitting in the parking lot at St. Olaf. The trees were bare, and we could see the city below. We prayed, “God, by faith we trust that you are leading us to move here. Whatever happens, we pray that it may be for the sake of your kingdom and for the unity of the body of Christ in Northfield.” In his mercy, God heard our prayer.

The students in our home loved to sing, “It only takes a spark to get a fire going” Perhaps the flame that the Spirit of God ignited then will touch the whole world. Let it be so. ♦

Carol Cover, along with her husband and elderly parents, moved into a newly built townhouse on the west side of Northfield



in 1979, leaving behind nine years of memories as a eastsider. She has been married to Dick for 55 years. They have two grown children and four grandchildren.



Students gathered in the Arb for a Cannon River baptism, 1973.

“ It only takes a **spark** to get a fire going, and soon all those around can warm up in its glowing; that's how it is with **God's love**, once you've experienced it. You spread His love to everyone, you want to **pass it on**. Kurt Kaiser

Knocking on Heaven's door

Shaping the '80s through all-night prayer

“ The love, yearning, hope and prayers that were prayed were powerful and touching— full of faith and infused with God's presence. ”

The Christians on campus were a fairly unified bunch in the late 1970s and early '80s, and were organized under the banner of “Carleton Christian Fellowship,” or CCF as it was affectionately known.

Stories of revival and God's move on campus and in Northfield in the early '70s, partly as a result of the Jesus People Movement that had swept the nation during the Vietnam era, fueled our imaginations that God could and would continue to touch our campus in a big way.

As a group, we were faithful to meet in Bible studies and prayer meetings and hold outreach events. We also took on professors who were “hostile” to Christ. We were standing up for Jesus, even if it meant getting lower grades!

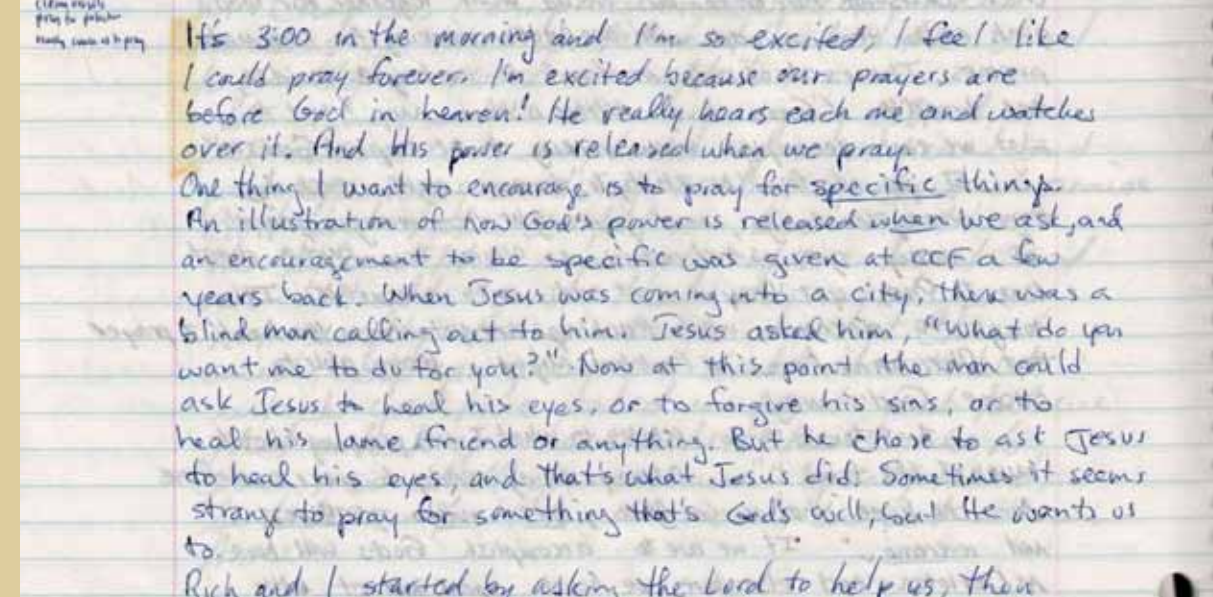
Then in the spring of 1982 several of us seniors, seeing that our time at Carleton was coming to a close, decided to float the idea of having

Rich Kao '83

all-night prayer meetings seven days a week for the entire term. We would start at 11 p.m. and end at 7 o'clock each morning. We would try to recruit seven teams of two to pray all night one night a week. To our surprise, the idea caught on quickly despite the sacrifice required and busy study schedules. Soon we had our seven teams ready to “knock on Heaven” for God's blessing.

The execution was simple and heartfelt. Each team met in the dorm room of one of the partners, and began seeking the Lord and praying for the campus. There was no set agenda except to be led by God. There was Bible reading and singing. “Mini-naps” were taken by one person while the other was awake to pray.

It was a true prayer vigil, a true prayer watch. The grace upon each team to stay up all night was truly amazing. Nearly every team gave witness to how they had received the su-



Above: Students who prayed all night during spring term 1982 kept a journal that they handed off each night.

pernatural ability to stay alert, vigilant and engaged in prayer.

One wonderful aspect of these “all-nighters” was that all seven teams kept a single unified journal. Each team would write down what they prayed, what God was speaking to them and how they met the Lord, and then would pass the journal on to the next team for the next night. This way each team could draw on what God was speaking to the prayer team from the previous evening, and carry on any themes that seemed to be overarching. I still have this journal in my possession. It actually should be part of some record or archive, as the thoughts and prayers recorded are so precious.

The love, yearning, hope and prayers that were prayed were powerful and touching—full of faith and infused with God's presence.

Did we see a revival as a result of our “knocking on Heaven”? For those of us who were seniors, graduation

took us away from Carleton, so we weren't there to witness or nurture any awakenings that might have followed.

Connections with the underclassmen the following year seemed to indicate things were healthy but still “quiet.” Nevertheless, the result was in God's hands. The important thing was that we were inspired by the Lord to seek Him and water the ground for a future work.

It was our joy and privilege to give ourselves to Him in prayer. We trust Carleton will answer when God decides to knock. ♦

Rich Kao '83 founded Five Stones Church in Vancouver, BC, in 2003 after pastoring in Minneapolis, MN, for 12 years. With a passion for missions, leadership and church planting, Rich is focused on raising up the next generation of Great Commission workers. He and wife Memie have four children.



“ Winter term of junior year (1993), some friends got the vision after we had been meeting and **praying for outreach** to bring a nationally known Christian band (The 77's) to put on a **concert** in Sayles Hill Great Space. ”

Authentic, bold, sacrificial

Going hard after God in the '90s



Students gathered at a Northfield home for a retreat, 1993.

*We commit to this covenant on this Thursday
4/8/93 at dawn.
Covenant: pray daily
read the Bible daily
witness to one new person each day
listen to and obey the Holy spirit
confess our sins & temptations
pray through the night every Wednesday.*

This is the covenant that was signed by seven students, 1993.

Will Craig '94

I arrived on campus in the fall of 1990 with a clearly defined set of ideas about the person I would become over the next four years: wise, worldly, popular and sophisticated. I did not see that there would be much of a conflict between my goals and my faith—except perhaps in the “worldly” activities category—but even there, God is forgiving and I’d only be a college student once. I figured it would all work out in the end.

As I settled into the academic, social and athletic routines of a Carleton student-athlete, I became aware of the need for disambiguation in my faith. I had been raised in the church, had assented to belief in Christ at an early age, and felt sufficiently “Christian” to accede to my mother’s request that I “check out” the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship on campus. There and at Fellowship of Christian Athletes, I met people who also considered

themselves Christians, but whose faith seemed very different from mine, a perception I shared with the rest of campus.

It was these Christians whose social barometer was measured on the “Humor Page” of the Carletonian, where specific Christians I knew were often mocked and ridiculed for living out their faith. Seeing this seemingly harsh persecution (obviously not so in the context of the worldwide persecuted church!) aimed not at me made me ask, “Why not me?” I began to understand that these Christians had a direct relationship with God (I did not) and that they put that relationship to work in their everyday relationships—often causing conflict with the “worldly” and “sophisticated” people I was trying to emulate.

It seemed that God was bringing me to a decision point. Which person would I become: a worldly and

successful person, or a broken and dependent person? After an InterVarsity meeting in Sayles 251, I told God that my faith life was no longer a matter of assenting to belief, but of surrendering everything I was and will be to Him.

My sophomore year, I was praying with a friend on Monument Hill one night and I had a vision of a cross on the hill facing the monument. My friend encouraged me to get the wood, and he’d round up the people to put it up. I didn’t have much of a plan when I got on my bike and rode off toward the lumberyard south of town the following Saturday, but God put one of the handful of Northfield residents who knew me at the hardware store at the same time (he said his wife sent him there, but I knew better). His car fit the wood and my bike perfectly, with less than a half-inch to spare.

Winter term of junior year (1993), some friends got the vision after we had

been meeting and praying for outreach to bring a nationally known Christian band (The 77's) to put on a concert in Sayles Hill Great Space. We had a clear notion that someone needed to get up on stage afterward and present the gospel, but even up to the evening of the concert (April 23, 1993) we didn’t hear God telling one of us to do it—and then we met a pastor, Andy Boyer, who was waiting for the band when we arrived from the airport. He did a remarkable spontaneous presentation, inviting students to look into the claims of the historical Jesus for themselves, and not just rely on what the culture tells them about Jesus.

Andy was in the process of planting a church among the Gen-Xers in Uptown Minneapolis and had toured with the band as their unofficial chaplain. After he presented that night to a room full of Carls, Oles and others, we kept in touch and it was at his

church-plant that I met my future wife, Cully, in 1995. When the costs for the concert were deducted from the funds raised from campus sources and other donations—thousands of dollars—we had exactly ten cents left over.

The first week of spring term 1993 we witnessed a miracle in Sayles 251, when a student who had chronic fatigue syndrome was healed through prayer. Seven of us prayed all that night in the Watson basement study lounge and made a covenant together for the rest of the term. We would pray together every day (in those days there were prayer groups that met daily); read the Bible every day (reading more than a few verses, and reading for detail rather than skimming); pray all night one night per week (Wednesdays from 10:30 p.m. to 6:30 a.m.); confess our sins and temptations to each other; and each witness to one new/different person each day for the entire term.

God was faithful throughout the entire term, letting us see our prayers answered, sometimes in dramatic ways.

Wise, worldly, popular, sophisticated. That’s not exactly what my time at Carleton delivered. But if I had been looking for bold adventures, friendships that would continue for a lifetime and many experiences of God’s love and faithfulness, I could not have asked for more. ♦

Will Craig '94 lives in Northfield, MN, where he serves as a volunteer with SOul ZONE and as adviser to Carleton's Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He works as a principal technology consultant with Elert & Associates, designing large and complex projects across the country, including Carleton's new Weitz Center for Creativity (a.k.a. the Arts Union). He is married to Cully Craig, and they have two sons, James proto-'22 and Liam proto-'23.



“I believe, help my unbelief”

Seeking the historical Jesus at Carleton

“Do you **believe** everything your professors tell you?” I asked him. “What about that **core** Carleton value, to ‘Question **Everything**’?”

James (not his real name) pulled a flask of vodka out of his back jeans pocket and offered me a swig. He was a Carleton senior I randomly ended up sitting next to at Ebony, the triannual dance revue. I’d gone that night to see a group of students dance to a Christian worship song, an irony at Ebony. As we settled into Arena Theater’s upholstered red seats, hints of yeasty beer breath mingled with the body odors of a spirited audience that was primed for the event’s traditional after-party on Saturday night. James and I introduced ourselves above the cacophony.

James was incredulous that my friend Marcia and I, two of a scattered handful of older adults in the audience, would even attend the bawdy event. In this unlikely setting we somehow started talking about faith. “I grew up Presbyterian,” he said. “But I don’t ever plan to go back to church.”

“Why is that?” I asked him.

“I had a professor who told me that Christianity was just one of the many religions that emerged from the Ro-

man Empire,” he said.

It was my turn to be incredulous. “Do you believe everything your professors tell you?” I asked him. “What about that core Carleton value, to ‘Question Everything’?”

He told me that he trusted his professor, who was very smart.

I recently heard echoes of his comment about the Roman Empire in one of Philip Yancey’s award-winning books, *The Bible Jesus Read*. “[W]hat seemed very ordinary, one more dreary feat of colonial ‘justice’ in a Roman outpost,” Yancey said, “made possible the salvation of the entire world.”

From a human perspective, Jesus’s crucifixion was just one of many—agonizing for the accused but unremarkable in the greater scheme of things. But Jesus’s so-called crime was different. It wasn’t for something He had done that Jesus was punished, but for who He claimed to be. When Jesus equated himself with “I AM,” the pre-existent one (Mark 14:62), the religious leaders condemned Him to death.

“Yes, there will be doubts. There will be struggles with disbelief (‘I do believe; **help my unbelief,**’ the seeker said to Jesus in Mark 9:24.) As a committed atheist student once told me, ‘Atheists have their intellectual problems too.’”

But putting Jesus to death just compounded the problem for these same leaders: Three days later news started to circulate that His followers had seen Him alive. And those who put Jesus to death couldn’t produce a body to refute the reports. In time, the message of the risen Christ spread to every part of the Roman Empire.

It is not politically correct to say that salvation comes through Jesus (John 14:6, Acts 4:12), and not through the prophets of other religions. It’s about as offensive as stating that the Scriptures, taken in the context of history and culture and genre, are the bedrock authority for our faith and practice.

There are several options for deciding what to do with the claims of historic Christianity. First, of course, would be the response of my friend James: Reject them outright; write Jesus off as a legend or a passing fad. Second, we may reinterpret the claims to mean something different, something culturally constructed to fit our more evolved ideas. In other words, we can redefine the terms to suit our

presuppositions. For example, we can intellectually inquire whether when you mention Jesus you are referring to the Jesus of history or the Christ of faith, supposedly two very different persons.

Or we can grapple with the claims of Jesus Himself—claims so compelling that they have dragged scholars like C. S. Lewis into the faith, “kicking, struggling, resentful, and darting his eyes in every direction for a chance to escape” (his own words).

We who believe that Jesus is God in the flesh also believe that the good news of His death and resurrection transcends time and culture. God is intimately concerned with how we respond to this good news, and our response determines our eternal destiny.

Yes, there will be doubts. There will be struggles with disbelief (“I do believe; help my unbelief,” the seeker said to Jesus in Mark 9:24.)

As a committed atheist student once told me, “Atheists have their intellectual problems too.” There will always be questions on the table.

That’s the table to which we invite students. We don’t have all the answers, but we’re pretty familiar with the questions, and we believe the truth will hold up under doubt and scrutiny.

Although we have lots of stories to tell from the last 10 years, we’ve tried to give a sense of the roots put down in the good soil for decades before us. We of course cannot know all of the stories that set the stage for what is happening today, but we stand in awe of all God has done on campus. *Keeping the Faith at Carleton* is but a glimpse. ♦

In addition to serving as a campus minister, Deb Hvass, like any manager of a nonprofit, wears a lot of other hats. Before serving



with SOul ZOne, she was a business writer. She enjoys ministering with her husband, Gary, and spending time with their two adult children and four grandchildren.

“ A prayer room is a **physical space** set aside for people to spend time **with God** in worship, **intercession** and contemplation. ”

Attending to God

The birth of a 24/7 prayer room

Ben staffed a prayer room in the basement of Skinner Chapel.



The summer after I graduated in 2005 I wanted to stay in Northfield to cultivate a 24/7 prayer room. God gave me deep confidence that this was a worthwhile pursuit. What I didn't know at the time was that there were Christians in Northfield who had been waiting and praying for this for more than a decade.

Ben Faroe '05

Early on, God encouraged me with some startling gifts. My roommate situation fell through before it started, leaving me committed to paying twice the rent I'd expected. One day as I was out fretting and praying about it, I ran into a former classmate who needed an apartment. Within thirty seconds we eagerly decided to room together. We were roommates for two years.

I began that fall, wanting to try a one-week test of the prayer room

concept at Carleton. (A prayer room is a physical space set aside for people to spend time with God in worship, intercession and contemplation. A 24/7 prayer room has as its goal to schedule people to pray in a continuous chain, 24 hours a day, seven days a week.) Optimist that I am, I hoped somehow to reserve a chapel room for the same three-hour block every day for a whole week. Imagine my delight when the chaplain's administrative assistant

found me a perfect mid-afternoon slot, three hours a day, seven days in a row. As I did my best to hold back my explosion of joy until I was outside, she calmly asked if I wanted the room for the whole term. I did.

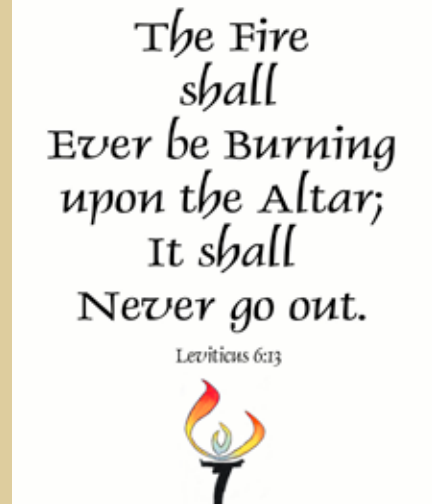
One term stretched into two and I extended the schedule to four hours a day. I'd go into my classroom in the chapel basement, set up an art station and a CD player, write a welcoming message on the blackboard, and then sit and pray and read my Bible and pace and mutter and doze off and start over. Sometimes people joined me, sometimes they didn't. I rarely knew what to do with myself—and some days I even abandoned the room out of boredom or dullness—but God slowly taught me what it means to enjoy Him as an end in Himself. His mark is still on me today, and I can't be truly content unless He is at the root of my desires and decisions.

By the summer of 2006, several other students caught the vision and we met some of the Christians in Northfield who actually had had the same dream long before I'd even heard of Carleton.

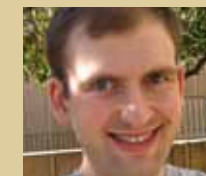
I partnered with several of them, including a fiery intercessor who knows everybody in Northfield, to form a vision team for what would become a prayer room for the city. She called me up one day to say she'd found an apartment for the prayer room. It was perfect, matching several specific characteristics I'd been asking God for during the previous year, including a downtown location within two blocks of Carleton.



From above clockwise: Entrance to the Northfield Prayer Room, located in downtown Northfield next to Goodbye Blue Monday coffeehouse; Northfield Prayer Room logo; meeting room at Northfield Prayer Room.



We established the Northfield Prayer Room (NPR) that summer. Several local pastors and intercessors worked together as the leadership team, and we continued to see God provide consistently. As of spring 2011, the NPR is approaching five years old, runs entirely on donations and is filled with prayer for hours every day. There is so much more to the story but what shines through in retrospect is that time with God is always worthwhile. It is impossible to pay too much attention to Him. ♦



Ben Faroe '05 holds a Master of Arts in Bible Exposition from Columbia International University. He is married to Kristen (Miller) Faroe '08. They live in Baltimore, MD.

Starting small, praising big

The beginnings of Mustard Seed

When I entered Carleton College as a freshman in the fall of 2000, I had been a Christian but 18 months. I had heard rumors that Carleton was a hard place to be a Christian. This didn't faze me because like all Carleton students, I was ready for the challenge. More importantly, I was confident that God was with me and that the next four years would be spiritually transformative.

One initial confirmation God gave me was finding out that my freshman roommate, Ingrid (Lindstrom) Henry '04, was a new Christian. If there were only two Christians at Carleton, we had already found each other!

During the first few months of freshman year, Ingrid and I began to connect with more students, many of them also freshmen, who professed a committed Christian faith. We began to dream about the potential for the future of this community of believers, which seemed to be "underground" at this time. Ingrid often talked about her desire to start a worship band on campus, having played saxophone for her church's worship band. Two other freshmen Christians, violin and guitar players, echoed this prayer.

Several of us coordinated a wor-

ship night in Carleton's Great Hall at the end of winter term. Selah, St. Olaf's recently formed worship band, led worship for busloads of Oles and, as we had hoped, a good handful of Carls. That night, we who from the east side of campus had been dreaming about a campus worship ministry, met another small group of like-minded Christian freshmen from the west side. We discovered two more guys and two girls who were eager to share their gifts of guitar, drums and voice in a student-led worship band. What a high we all experienced that night!

I went home over spring break to learn the electric bass, filled with anticipation of what was going to come.

When we all returned spring term for our first band meeting in the chapel, the eight of us who met at the worship service had already grown to ten—one lone senior brought his guitar, and another freshman filled the role of bass player (which I appreciated because I hadn't mastered the bass in the previous two weeks, and the piano was a better fit for me anyway).

We called ourselves "Mustard Seed," something that started small but would grow like a weed into something big. I cannot deny that some of our early

Christine (Collins) Papai '04

services were sparsely attended, that those on stage sometimes outnumbered those in the crowd. There was probably one night when we joyfully played for our sound guy.

But the simple fact that we had found each other, a small team of similarly minded Christians, most of us in our first year at Carleton, was testimony in itself.

When many of the original members of Mustard Seed graduated in 2004, the ministry was still going strong, and I smile every time someone reminds me that it still exists today. When I think about my time at Carleton, many of my fondest memories are connected with Mustard Seed. I still carry what I learned from my time with Mustard Seed: that God goes with us and does not forsake us, that small beginnings must never be despised and that it truly is good when God's people live together in community. ♦

Christine (Collins) Papai '04 currently lives in Minneapolis, MN. She works as quality manager for the international food relief nonprofit Feed My Starving Children. She is married to Sam Papai '06, a former bass player for Mustard Seed.



Photos from above, clockwise: The original Mustard Seed band included nine first-years and one senior; each year new sound techs are trained in; Josh Yeoh '07, center, led Mustard Seed during his years at Carleton and then stayed for a year to minister nearly full time to students in a variety of prayer and worship settings (see article by Josh Yeoh); each term Mustard Seed hosts a Sunday-evening service in Skinner Chapel in lieu of that week's Monday night worship service; some years, Mustard Seed band involves nearly two dozen students. The band played for eight years at the Cave.



Praying the word, practicing the faith

Scriptural foundations for spiritual growth

Below: A few Sola Scriptura members hosted a table at the Student Activities Fair, fall 2005.



Although I had a relatively young faith when I arrived at Carleton in August of 2000, I was very excited about connecting with other Christians and discovering how God desired to use me.

During that first week I met a few other first-years who were equally interested in connecting with an on-campus Christian community. That week we scheduled a meeting with Pastor Gary Gilbertson, who I knew to be an experienced and fun-loving pastor in the area.

As we talked and prayed during that and a few subsequent meetings, we felt led to start a new Bible study group on campus that would have a few defining characteristics. First, the Bible would be studied and examined “on its own terms.” Although we recognized there is a valid place for biblical textual criticism and for the evaluation of the Scripture’s internal claims to be the word of God, we desired to focus more on discovering what the Bible teaches on various topics and how that related to our lives.

Second, we all agreed that God

is active in the world today, and we desired to encourage His supernatural expressions and gifts within a biblical context. Thus, for example, we’d pray for people who had physical injuries or sicknesses. On a number of occasions we were blessed to witness healings. For example, one time a football player visited our group with his arm in a sling and we asked if we could pray for him. He agreed, and after we prayed for several minutes, he commented how he felt warmth and tingling in his arm and thanked us for “the energy.” A couple of days later I ran into him at the dining hall and he no longer needed the sling!

Lastly, we thought it would be important to have non-student, outside guidance for the group in order to maintain consistency. This spiritual oversight of the group we felt could be best provided by someone who had ministerial experience. In the first two years Pastor Gary Gilbertson provided this oversight and subsequently we were blessed to have Pastor Gary and Deb Hvass fill this role.

We decided to call this group Sola

Imran Babar '04

“Although we recognized there is a valid place for biblical textual criticism and evaluation of the Scripture’s internal claims to be the **word of God**, we desired to focus more on discovering what the Bible teaches on various topics and how that **related to our lives.**”



Sola Scriptura started with a few students in 2001 and grew steadily with the class of '04. Founding Pastor Gary Gilbertson and Pastor Gary Hvass are in the back row.

Scriptura and it gained increasing traction with students throughout my years at Carleton.

About halfway through my first year at Carleton, after praying regularly with several others for a move of God on campus, we hosted a worship event with St. Olaf in Great Hall (see article by **Christine [Collins] Papai**) and met a number of other committed first-year Christian Carls. Out of these meetings several groups came into being, including Mustard Seed (a praise and worship band), the Areopagus Forum (an apologetics group spearheaded by **Chad Bayse**—see his article) and several small prayer groups.

One of the biggest lessons I learned through this and other experiences at

Carleton is the effectiveness of intercessory prayer, which I am absolutely convinced was the main driving force that led to these huge breakthroughs in the spring of 2001. I still remember groups of believers gathering together at Carleton and St. Olaf to pray passionately for revival. The community grew substantially during my time at Carleton and we witnessed the development of a vibrant on-campus Christian community. As I reflect on this time I am truly amazed by all that God did to transform my life and the community of believers at Carleton.

For me personally, I grew a lot and found deliverance and healing in several areas of my life. I had many hurdles to overcome in my personal/

spiritual walk, but found God’s grace via many avenues, most notably through my Christian friends. Furthermore, I found it vital to be mentored by both Pastors Gary, who provided wisdom to all of us through teaching and discipleship, along with inspiration to gather for prayer and consistent guidance based on their decades of ministerial experience. ♦

Imran Babar '04 completed his Ph.D. in molecular biology at Yale University in May 2011.

He is still in touch with numerous Christian friends from Carleton and considers several of them his closest friends.



In community

Tales from FISH House

Stephanie Mayer '09

A Carleton senior and former FISH House resident recently came to visit me in Chicago. There was lots of laughter and teasing as we reminisced about our times together at FISH when I managed the house in 2008-2009.

Although the number of people I know at Carleton has already decreased since I graduated in 2009, most of “my” house members were still around last time I visited campus, whether still in school or working in the area. We were able to share dinner and reconnect, and we all chatted on speaker phone with the one person who wasn't there.

This year, I have been leading a small group at my church called '80s Babies Living the Kingdom Now. One of the key things my home church emphasizes is being in community with other believers. In fact, it is something God wants for us. He calls the church a body in 1 Corinthians 12:12, indicating that the church is not complete without each person functioning in the way he or she is uniquely gifted.

Funny thing, '80s Babies is modeled after FISH House and Mustard Seed (Mustard Seed is the weekly

student-led worship service at Carleton). As we did at FISH, our small group rotates all the responsibilities for cooking a meal, leading worship and studying the Bible together. All of this is to say that FISH House is a strong model of what community in Christ looks like and a place where believers can push and encourage each other to grow in Jesus. FISH also offers a warm and friendly environment for other believers and students on campus.

One of the things my Carleton friend said when she visited was that everyone worries about how they will make friends post-Carleton. Since graduating, the one thing I long for is intimate community like I had at Carleton. FISH House was a good example of a tight-knit spiritual family where people share their joys, sorrows and frustrations. Most importantly, it was a place where we could meet with the Holy Spirit in prayer. Our relation-



FISHies gathered for a house meeting in 2006.

ships spurred us to deeper walks with Jesus and molded us to reflect the qualities of our Lord and Savior.

I have many good memories of my life in FISH. In addition to my year as manager, I was also a FISHie my sophomore year. Sharing food was one way that we fellowshiped with each other and it was always fascinating to see what people concocted. My sophomore year it was a marvelous array of different Asian dishes and during my senior year we definitely had a Midwest majority (I was fully introduced to the slow cooker).



“ FISH House is a strong model of what community in Christ looks like. ”



The college years always make room for the zany. The only time we could schedule pumpkin carving as a house was at 3 a.m.! There was also a lot of love and support for one another and we decided that as a house we would be the cheerleaders for one of our housemate's Ultimate Frisbee games. We rounded up bicycles and

FISHies gathered as a house, fall 2010.



set off as a fully equipped fan club with posters, pompons and Lecrae rap blaring over boom-box speakers. Deep down, we know our Ultimate-playing housemate appreciated the loud cheering and hip-hop music from the sidelines.

My FISHies have stories about me (ranging from bizarre to just plain silly) that will follow me to the grave! For me and many others, FISH was and still is the prototype for living in community in Christ. FISH made my time at Carleton unique and memorable in the most positive sense. Living there was truly Fellowship In the Son's Hope (FISH). ♦



The FISHies, top photo, headed off on their bikes to encourage Richard Scheele '11 (a.k.a. Jiffy) as he played Ultimate, and (above) formed up with their cheerleading props, fall 2008.

“The college years always make room for the zany.”



Stephanie Mayer '09 is a visual merchandiser. (She creates artistic window displays.) Her permanent residence is in Chicago, IL.

“Born again”

The re-birth of Fellowship of Christian Athletes



FCA hosted a dodgeball outreach event at the Carleton Rec Center, January 2005.

Carleton College has a long, rich history of its athletes leading their teammates in striving to grow in their relationships with God and each other. A chapter of Fellowship of Christian Athletes at Carleton had bloomed in the early 1990s and then disappeared by the end of that decade. Yet FCA had not faded from the memories of alumni or coaches.

David Derksen '05

When I arrived at Carleton as a freshman football player in August of 2001, there was a Bible study (Sola Scriptura), the worship band Mustard Seed and the Hvasses who had a presence on campus. But there were no Christian ministries that specifically targeted the unique needs of the athletic community.

The absence of a specific ministry to athletes, especially to my brother athletes, weighed heavily upon my heart. So, in the spring of 2002, I started developing the idea of leading a men's Bible study in the fall. I asked Micah Johnson '05, a basketball player, to help me lead the group that next fall. He agreed, and I developed curriculum over the summer of 2002. We called the group “Centurions” after the centurion mentioned in the Gospels (especially in Mark 15:39).

With the support of the football coach and others in the athletic department, Centurions was a moderate success during 2002-2003. By the end of the year, though, we thought the ministry needed to reach out to more athletes, and we considered restarting a chapter of FCA at Carleton. (The athletic director told us in the spring of 2002 about Carleton's FCA chapter in the '90s.)

With the help of other athletes,

a leadership team launched FCA in the fall of 2003. This team of leaders included a basketball player, two track athletes, a softball player and me. So began FCA, once again, at Carleton.

Unfortunately, we lost all the guys (more or less) who had attended Centurions the previous year. To say this was a discouraging loss is an understatement. But we moved on and tried to reach the next class of incoming students before they were captured by myriad extra-curricular commitments.

The fall of 2003 found us serving a new group of athletes—new students and now female athletes as well. The group rarely exceeded 15 people in attendance (including leaders). And sometimes it was only the leaders who showed up to meetings, particularly during weeks with heavy academic workloads.

At the beginning, we would have long preparation sessions following Mustard Seed on Mondays. During these times, we would design the meeting for the week as well as consider general events for the term.

The FCA group did “Big Earl,” spring 2004.



The FCA group, spring 2006.

“The absence of a **specific** ministry to athletes, especially to my brother athletes, weighed heavily upon my heart.”

It would literally take us hours to complete the study preparation for the week and vision cast for the future. This all changed when Will Craig '94 started joining us.

Soon Will was helping the leaders streamline their preparation sessions and discern the next step for the group. His personal experience as a Carleton undergrad and member of

the predecessor of this FCA chapter helped immensely since he understood the pressures and demands on athletes at Carleton.

We continued to plug along and develop as a group, selecting and drafting new leaders from various athletic teams. By the time Micah and

I graduated (in June 2005), FCA at Carleton had solid leadership in place and the wise counsel of “elder” Will Craig. We also had resurrected and/or instituted such FCA favorites as “Spear Tag” (inspired by King Saul's multiple failed attempts on David's life with a spear), “Honey, if you love me, won't you please, please, smile?,” “Bun Shuffle,” and last, but certainly not least, “Big Earl.” FCA was well poised to continue as a venue for athletes to grow in Christ and reach out to their teammates. ♦

David Derksen '05 currently lives in New Haven, CT. He works part-time as a teaching fellow at Yale University, Divinity School and



is seeking full-time work in the pastorate. David is married to Laura (Wallace) Derksen '07, a former CBSF leader, who works as a marriage and family counselor.

Random acts of kindness meet the love of God

The origins of Let Love Grow

Charles Yin '06

When I started Let Love Grow (LLG) during the fall of 2003, I was on fire for God. It was because of the love and kindness I had experienced in the Carleton Christian Community* (CCC) during my freshman year that my faith was being fanned into flames. Until Carleton, I had never experienced the love and fellowship of growing in Christ together with like-minded believers my age. As I began to grow in my love for God, I discovered for the first time a desire to share with others—both Christians and non-Christians—the love I'd experienced. And that is how the idea for LLG, a Christian random-acts-of-kindness group, started.

The focus of LLG's outreach "operations" was always more about putting a stone in non-believers' shoes and getting them to stop and think about God's love than about steam-rolling them in their tracks and getting

*From about 2003 to 2009, the loose collection of Bible studies and other groups that ran cooperatively called itself the Carleton Christian Community. Starting with the 2009-2010 academic year, the network of groups became Fellowship in Christ: Committed to the Gospel, to delineate it from the Roman Catholic and mainline Protestant groups on campus.

them to profess Jesus as Lord and Savior on the spot. We would have been happy simply to plant seeds and move people closer to God. For example, for one operation we made hundreds of stress balls that had encouraging Bible verses attached, and we taped them to students' doors.

Would this make believers out of most Carls? No. Most people might've just picked up their stress balls and thrown them in the trash, but for some—maybe just a few who were on the fence between belief and unbelief—this act would cause them to think about God when they otherwise would not have. We strove to follow Paul's example: doing everything in our power in order to win some for Christ.

While the focus of LLG was outreach, surprisingly the group became just as much of a vehicle for bonding and unity within the CCC. When 20-30 Carls got together to help out

with the massive Operation Love Bomb effort (which involved balloons and Scripture verses), we worked in teams of three or four and I remember how much fun it was chatting into the wee hours of the night with amazing people, some of whom I had barely met beforehand. As it turned out, LLG's operations were a great way for Christians to bond and fellowship through kindness in action.

Overall, LLG was one of many ways that I saw God moving in exciting and tangible ways on campus during my time at Carleton. My co-leaders Jason Acosta and Ming-mei Hung (both '06) were invaluable in generating ideas and bringing them to fruition. I was blessed to be a part of LLG, and blessed to have fellowship through it with remarkable and godly Carls. ♦

Charles Yin '06 lives in San Diego, CA. Formerly a health coach, he is currently completing a Masters program in Clinical Psychology at Azusa Pacific University and an internship at the San Diego Hospice.

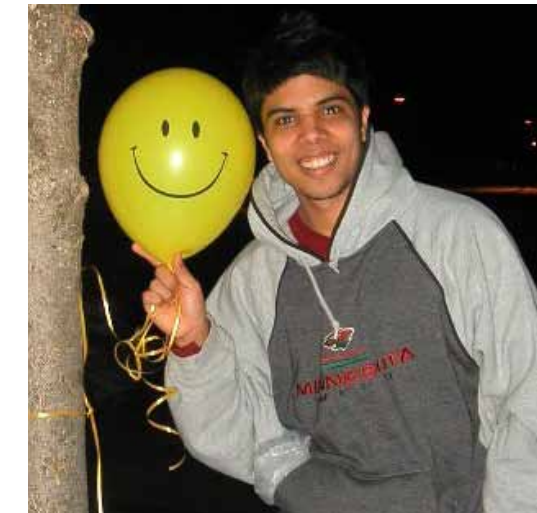


"Serving with LLG teaches you to express God's unconditional love—and no one on campus is exempt no matter how crazy the project."
Max Diddams '12



From top, clockwise: For the unnamed origami operation (winter 2010), LLG folded 2,000 paper cranes imprinted with Isaiah 40:31a; the group baked cookies in fall 2004 for every student on campus in Operation Sweet Love; Jason Acosta helped hand out balloons with Scripture verses in Operation Love Bomb in spring 2006; Operation Heart Warmer in winter 2011 featured free hot chocolate handed out on campus; three girls folded cranes at FISH House; Charles Yin '06 founded and headed LLG.

"LLG taught me that we can love in extravagant and big ways. Our acts of love don't need a reason other than the sole purpose of sharing with people that they are loved."
Stephanie Mayer '09



Bringing praise to God through life and drama

Praise Out! offers creative worship to the campus

Banke, at right in suit, organized an outdoor concert, Shekinah, spring term 2005.



Praise Out! performed a skit during the Mustard Seed chapel service, fall term 2004.



Banke Oyeyinka '06

One of my most unforgettable memories at Carleton was when a friend from Thailand asked me hard questions about my faith. That day I cried because I wasn't able to give strong answers to his questions and he caused me to doubt.

When the tears were over, however, I remember thinking along the lines of: It doesn't matter what people say, my faith in God will remain undeterred. It doesn't matter if I do not have all the answers, God has been too real to me for me to turn my back on Him.

At Carleton, I saw God everywhere. He was in the early morning walks I sometimes took from my dorm in Sevy, through Sayles Hill and over the Lyman Lakes bridge. I remember sensing God's presence with me while walking in the rain on the worm-strewn paths from the LDC as I headed toward Watson. I remember God being my comfort when I was behind in writing my comps and my classmates seemed to be much further along.

God was more than everywhere; He was showing me I could trust Him with my life. I remember God's good-

“ One amazing thing I saw was how God always came through. ”

ness as I lay in bed one Sunday afternoon, during spring break of my senior year. I didn't know what I was going to do next because I had not heard favorably from the graduate schools I had applied to. Earlier, in church, we had sung a song by Jason Upton, “I will wait for You Jesus/ You're the sun in my horizon/ all my hope's in You Jesus/ I can see You now arising.” I was calmed as I lay there on my bed. Later that day I received a positive answer for a masters program via e-mail. Yes, God was and continues to be my Friend, my Comforter and my Lord.

While I was at Carleton, there were different opportunities to be involved in the community of Christians. There were Mustard Seed, Sola Scriptura (both of which I attended), Navigators for women at a point and Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

Praise Out! was a group that I led on campus. The idea was to praise God through creative means such as dance and drama. The group itself was not very big, but each time we had a production, there were others we called on who rallied to help. We held three big productions, one each spring:

an Easter musical; a dramatization of “The Prodigal Son” (both included dance and drama and singing); and Shekinah, an outdoor concert. One amazing thing I saw was how God always came through. In the weeks leading up to the production, things could be so disjointed and unorganized, but that final week before the production, everything miraculously would come together. Praise Out! also went once or twice to minister at a prison and it was a blessed time.

My encouragement for all who will

read this is that God is faithful. I stand in awe at how we keep growing in Him and how He meets us as we are at each stage of our lives. Never turn your back on Him; He is the one Person who stays forever true. ♦

Banke Oyeyinka '06 lives in Bronx, NY. She is a Ph.D. student at the Department of Urban Planning at Columbia University. She has a blogsite where she posts encouragements (www.beeencouraged.blogspot.com).



Students put up signs on campus for the Shekinah concert, spring term 2005.



Praise Out! did a skit at Mustard Seed's Open Mic Night, fall 2005.

From the 'burbs to Burton

How God used my first year to refine me

Chad Bayse '02

“ Student groups come and go. But I learned that God wants us constantly to be reminded that we are sojourners on earth and that our true home is in Heaven. ”

After a tearful 22-mile journey from my suburban home in Apple Valley, Minnesota, to Carleton's new-student orientation, I stoically checked into my room. Barely had I oriented myself to my new surroundings when a bright-eyed, round-spectacled New Englander walked into the room as if he had lived there for a year or more. "Hi, my name is John," he said, "but my friends call me 'Skip.'" (These were not his real name and nickname.)

"Skip?" I pondered this statement, not understanding the nickname.

"I gave myself the nickname earlier this month," Skip proudly exclaimed.

Skip was already settled in. He had chosen a desk for himself and which bed he would sleep on. No matter, I preferred the bottom bunk anyway. Skip explained that he had arrived two weeks before for some orientation before orientation.

Skip was out to redefine himself. I attempted to have a spiritual conversation the first week, but Skip made it clear he had no desire to talk about Christianity or anything spiritual. He disclosed that his mother was a pastor at an Episcopal church in rural New England. Skip had no interest in theology. He did have an interest, however, in the girl next door. Several mornings after my arrival, I awoke to Skip and

the girl next door on the futon I had so dutifully sought out and purchased from a garage sale that summer. Sensing my befuddlement and moral disdain, Skip distanced himself from me.

I was an anomaly at Carleton. On my new student survey, I requested a "quiet" floor. I also requested the all men's floor (there was only one, and it is no longer designated as such). As a Christian, I had trepidations about Carleton, when compared with ostensibly conservative Bethel College in St. Paul, or even the Norwegian Lutheran St. Olaf. But after talking with a Carleton student from my hometown Methodist church who was then a sophomore, I was assured that Carleton students, while generally liberal in their outlook, were tolerant and accepting of all ideas, beliefs and opinions, including those that are conservative or Christian. What's more, the school was top tier in *U.S. News and World Report* rankings and had offered the best financial aid package. In fact, I felt honored to have been accepted in the first place. Good enough, I thought. Why not be challenged by a true liberal arts education?

I discovered my first weekend that I was not on the men's floor, nor was I on the "quiet" floor. In fact, I saw a keg for the first time in my life being hoisted on the broad shoulder of a

“ I am grateful for the experience and will always look in wonder at how God used it to prepare me for the challenges that lay ahead. ”

6-foot-2 football player. While I stayed in my room that Friday night, I later saw the spillage of that very keg on the floor of the co-ed bathroom across the hall. Yes, not only was the floor co-ed but two of the four bathrooms were, too. Of course, I had the option of walking roughly 50 yards through a co-ed dormitory with a towel strapped around my waist. But that did not strike me as more discreet than using the nearby bathroom. The spillage (vomit) on the floor lasted two days until it was cleaned the next Monday morning. Welcome to First Burton.

I became something of a novelty. I had found a bumper sticker that stated, "Abortion turns a womb into a tomb," which I adhered to the wall above my desk. Perhaps I was just in an activist mood. Or perhaps I was rebelling against what I saw. When word got out, others would come to my floor just to peek in and see if there was really a student who had the audacity to put that on his wall.

I checked out a Bible study on campus, hoping it would offer a place of refuge from the cultural clash. It turned out that the group was more interested in "exploring" Christianity than embracing it. I did eventually find a Bible study that embraced Christianity. The group, *Sola Scriptura*, started

with two students, facilitated by Pastor Gary Gilbertson, and then in my time by Gary Hvass, another local pastor. One thing each of us had in common was a disbelief at the lack of Christian community on campus at the time; another was that we held a high view of Scripture. We met weekly, mostly trying to rehabilitate ourselves from the onslaught against our faith and the general lack of concern for spirituality on campus.

There was no escaping it. I still felt displaced. So out of sync did I feel that I escaped the first moment I could. I left on the only first-year study-abroad program spring term, for Pau, France (the program has since been discontinued). France was no paradise. It rains in Southern France during the springtime—something about the ocean air colliding with the high altitude of the Pyrenees Mountains, and the natural ebbs and flows of spring lead to a torrent the likes of which I had never experienced. The rain did have one benefit. It caused me to think rather than escape. Did I really want to return to Carleton the next fall? What would I major in? Where would I go for my next study abroad? How would I change the spiritual apathy on campus? What was God calling me to do?

I did return to Carleton that next

fall, washed of any false expectations. At least I knew what I was up against and how I would be perceived. This gave me freedom to define myself and my endeavors. The remainder of my time at Carleton was on my terms. I would go on to lead a conservative political movement on campus through the Carleton Conservative Union. I used the knowledge of organizing and funding student organizations to help start Christian groups on campus, including the Areopagus Forum, a group dedicated to bringing Christian speakers to campus.

Student groups come and go. But I learned that God wants us constantly to be reminded that we are sojourners on earth and that our true home is in Heaven. My first year at Carleton was also a foreshadowing of the displacement I have felt at times since.

I have learned that God allows us to feel displaced so that we turn to Him for placement. I am grateful for the experience and will always look in wonder at how God used it to prepare me for the challenges that lay ahead. ♦



Chad Bayse '02 is a Navy J.A.G. currently stationed in Annapolis, MD, where he is a law instructor at the United States Naval Academy.

Finding fellowship

From Chit-Chat-Chai to Mumbai

“ We started praying for God to guide us in how to reach out to others. Not long after, we felt led to launch **Chit-Chat-Chai**, a women’s group that met every Friday afternoon over **chai tea and snacks**. ”

I decided to attend a college as far away from Mumbai as Northfield with the hope and confidence that God would provide a home away from home, a place where I could let go of all my doubts, fears and worries and become me.

This began to happen when my roommate Kilang Yanger '06 and I moved in next door to Gary and Deb Hvass. We would sometimes meet with Deb for a prayer session—and not just prayer, but a lot of venting and chatter and listening. At first it started as a way for Kilang and me to find some bearing on life for ourselves, but eventually it occurred to us that we were living in a sea of lost college students. We weren't the only ones (contrary to our initial belief)! We realized that there must have been many students who were dealing with simi-

lar issues but did not have an “Agony Aunt” in their lives! So we started praying for God to guide us in how to reach out to others. Not long after, we felt led to launch Chit-Chat-Chai, a women’s group that met every Friday afternoon over chai tea and snacks. We called it a biblical decision-making group. Deb facilitated, using a group-coaching technique to help us sort through the real-time issues we were facing.

While biblical principles were shared, we had girls from many backgrounds and upbringings: a Buddhist

from Japan, a Zoroastrian from India, a student from China with Catholic roots, a Jewish girl from New York City and a Catholic from St. Louis. Although most of us knew each other, it wasn't until we had this beautiful opportunity to share our lives with each other that we realized how alike we all were! We grew into an intimate group and these weekly chai sessions turned out to be something we waited for all week.

This group met only in the spring term of my senior year, and it was very sad to leave it behind. It was a forma-

Priyanka Kripalani '06



Priyanka's chai group met in Mumbai during the time Gary and Deb were visiting in November 2008.

“ I can see a thread being **woven in my life** through **God's plan** and purpose for me, and I praise God for the work He started in my life **during my time at Carleton**. ”

tive period of my life when I was making many life decisions and needed to hear from God, and this group turned out to be one of my best memories from college.

After I returned to India upon graduation, I missed our Chit-Chat-Chai group and was eager to start something similar. I prayed that God would open the right doors.

In 2009, after attending a three-week apologetics training program through the Ravi Zacharias Ministry, I was asked to start a Women of Substance group under Zacharias's

ministry in Mumbai. The group aims to inspire a passion for loving God among like-minded Christian women and empower them to have an impact in their workplace and in society at large.

Forty ladies from varying backgrounds and professions still come together quarterly, and after a time of hearing from God, we are able to fellowship together. We have had various speakers address us on different topics. I've had several ladies tell me that our time together is something they anticipate with excitement every three

months!

I can see a thread being woven in my life through God's plan and purpose for me, and I praise God for the work He started in my life during my time at Carleton. ♦

Priyanka Kripalani '06 lives in Mumbai, India. She is currently working as the business development manager for a seafood export firm, Pijikay Group of Companies. She is also working on an Executive Master's degree in Business Law at the National Law School of India in Bangalore, India.





“Who is that coming up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved?”

Song of Songs 8:5



(Left to right) Andrea joined other seniors at an end-of-year celebration at the Cottage, and posed with her sister Stacey at the graduation open house.

Journey from death to life

How I was drawn to Jesus during my Carleton years

Andrea Parrott '07

When I arrived at Carleton in 2003, there were a few things I knew for certain: I hated Christians, I didn't trust them and I definitely didn't want to become one. Yet I couldn't stay away from them.

During the fall Student Activities Fair, I somehow found myself in front of the Sola Scriptura table adding my name to the e-mail list. A few weeks later found me at one of the meetings still swearing that Christians were ridiculous.

Underneath all my anger abounded depression and suicidal thoughts. I desperately wanted a way out, and a small part of me clung to the hope that Jesus was really the answer.

While I dealt with these emotions and maintained my academics,

“ Underneath all my anger abounded depression and suicidal thoughts. I **desperately** wanted a way out and a small part of me clung to the **hope** that **Jesus was really the answer.** ”

I also communicated with a Christian woman in an online chat room. She answered my questions and patiently tolerated my rants against God, all the time telling me about God's character. I came to understand that He is not the sadistic tyrant I believed Him to be. Not even close. God is love, and perfect love drives out all fear.

Eventually I believed her. Why? As I became convinced that there existed an enemy of my soul who wanted me dead and that this enemy used fear as his weapon, I also became convinced that God loved me and was drawing me to Himself. Thoughts of God's love and His drawing me scared me, but I knew He had to be real.

One Sunday in the spring of 2005, I walked into what was then called New Covenant Church in Northfield and gave my life to Jesus. No fireworks went off. I didn't rush off to campus and tell everyone about Jesus and frankly, I still felt that God could keep His distance. But now I knew something else for certain: I was a child of God and in the family of Christ I would come to know Him more.

This began my journey of learning to love and trust both God and

other people. It turned out that I didn't just distrust Christians, I pretty much distrusted everyone! In addition I was still severely depressed, suicidal and prone to separating myself from present reality. School work and class participation grew more difficult; it took several hours longer than usual to finish a paper. These issues were particularly stressful during my senior year, 2007, as I tried to write my comps. Yet in the midst of it all my hunger for God grew.

And the Lord met me, setting me free from depression and despair. I graduated on time. Some of the memories that stand out during my senior year are the times I felt I was waking up and noticing my surroundings for the first time. Finally I felt alive.

I am very thankful for the prayers and support of my church, my family, the Geffers (a local family who took me in) and the Hvasses. Most of all I am thankful for a God who never gives up on us. Currently I am navigating my way through life, looking for my niche, but there's one thing I know is certain about my future: In the end I will be deeply in love and leaning on Jesus, my Beloved. ♦



Andrea (left) with Lydie Theodor '08 at the Student Activities Fair, fall 2005.

Andrea Parrott '07 currently lives in Chanhassen, MN, after returning from the six-month Fire in the Night internship at the International House of Prayer in Kansas City, MO. She has volunteered for Prepare Ministries and is currently a freelance writer and a brain trainer for kids while she seeks God for the next step that He has for her.



Unexpected answers

A season of intense prayer and worship



During the last day of Unity Week of Prayer, Josh Yeoh (in red) sang with the worship band on the Bald Spot.

Josh Yeoh '07

If I had been told, as a comps-ing, resume-writing, job-hunting senior, that I would be spending the first year out of college back at Carleton, not doing research or anything else “academics-worthy,” but pouring my life into ministry and prayer, I would not have believed you.

But that’s exactly where God put me the year after I graduated. Through a series of dramatic events—as a teenager I had prayed, “Lord, if you ever want me to go into full-time ministry, You have to interrupt my life and show me that it is your will!”—the Lord altered the course of my life and dunked me into the prayer movement, a diverse, worldwide 24/7 prayer-and-worship advance. Be careful what you pray: He just may answer!

After a powerful time at a OneThing regional conference in Minneapolis, a group of us felt led to fast and pray for the campus for 40 days. (OneThing is a youth conference sponsored each De-

Gary Hvass baptized Kristen (Miller) Faroe '08.



cember by the International House of Prayer in Kansas City, one of several major prayer movements around the globe. Similar regional conferences are held in various places throughout the year.)

We met every morning at 7 at the Cottage, rain or shine (or snow), which in itself was something of a miracle for a bunch of college students who avoided 1A classes at all costs. Those mornings were powerful. As we worshiped and prayed, God spoke to us and shared His heart with us for the campus and for the people around us.

The following term, He led us to meet for worship and prayer for three hours on Friday nights—typically when sin abounds—because that’s when grace needed to abound even

more. One powerful night I remember Lynn Yang '09 leading us in worship. We belted out “How Great is our God” through the windows over the campus!

My “fifth year” culminated in a 24/7 week of prayer where we saw the Lord move miraculously. We were loaned a 20-foot-square prayer tent almost free of charge, and God met all of our other financial needs (money appeared in mailboxes)!

We saw a few injuries healed, and there were backslidden Christians who spontaneously recommitted their lives to Jesus during the nightly worship times at the prayer tent. We went on “treasure hunts,” where we asked God to direct us to an individual (“the treasure”) on campus, and saw the goodness of God minister to that person.

On the final day of the week of prayer, there was a 12-hour consecration, including a concert, right on the Bald Spot: Jesus was lifted up at Carleton College!

That year was the foundation for what God has called me to do now. Many of the things He taught me then, have become foundational to what is happening in Penang now. If you ever feel called to the nations, ask Him about it. He may just have you come to Malaysia! ♦

After spending a year ministering at Carleton, Josh Yeoh '07 returned to Penang, Malaysia, where he serves as the founder/director of



the Penang House of Prayer (PenHOP), a 24/7 house of prayer in the spirit of the tabernacle of David that is a nexus of worship, intercession and missions.



A week of prayer was held in a 20 x 20 tent near Skinner Chapel, 24/7 for a week, spring term 2009.

Serving gladly

Inspiring the community toward social action

Megan Howard '10



His in Service, along with other students, participate in projects like raking leaves (right) and helping prepare "Lonnie Land" for retreats (above and below).



When I arrived at Carleton, I was thrilled to find a vibrant community of believers on such a liberal campus. It seemed like the CCC (Carleton Christian Community, as it was then called, now FC for Fellowship in Christ) had it all: Bible studies, fellowship, even its own worship band! As I got involved, however, I began to yearn for more outreach opportunities. Although I was raised as a Christian, Jesus became real to me on a high-school mission trip, and I was aware of the profound impact that service can have on one's faith.

My sophomore year, I was thrilled to help Pastor David Olson lead a

small group of Carls on an exciting and thought-provoking trip to Nicaragua. The spring term following our trip was one of excitement and some controversy as the CCC orchestrated Unity Week, a week of 24/7 prayer in a big tent on the chapel lawn (see article by **Josh Yeoh**). For the social action component of the event, I was one of a few students who hosted one hour of prayer daily for social justice. We also did a service project that week at Feed My Starving Children, packing meals to be sent to hungry people around the world.

The event attracted many students from a variety of Christian groups on campus. This was an excellent

opportunity to open up discussion. Sometimes these discussions were positive and sometimes they were tense, touching on personal and emotional differences between people and groups. One thing, however, that was never in dispute was the value of social action. It occurred to me then that service opportunities could nurture corporate as well as personal spiritual growth. There would never be a single worship service, prayer meeting or Bible study that all the Christians on campus could fully agree with, but service was something that everyone could get behind. I realized this trend could be extended to most of campus. Several friends who never made it to the prayer tent accepted my invitation to pack meals. Social action was a rare opportunity for the CCC to find common ground with all Carleton students.

The 2007-2008 school year ended on a high note of open discussion and change in the community. When we returned in the fall, the social action team from Unity week continued to meet, to consider how we could make social action a consistent part of the CCC. It began with three of us: Deb Hvass, Andy Shenk '10 and me, meeting in a classroom in upper Sayles to think about how on earth we could get busy Carleton students to take the time to do more service. (We were later joined by Rachel Kittaka '12, who led the group in 2010-2011.)

There were so many questions that first year. What would our service look like? The practical questions were always important, but the philosophical questions were the ones we discussed

the most. What does it mean to be a Christian service group? What does it mean to serve in Jesus's name? How do we set ourselves apart from any other service group? How do we set up a Christian service group that doesn't rival other service groups on campus but complements them?

There were so many more questions than answers, and as a result we spent most of that year in prayer. We did get involved in a few service projects: We served food at a gathering addressing Northfield's drug issues put on by Main Street Moravian Church, and we returned each term to Feed My Starving Children. The prayer time became the most important thing we did, and one of the few firm answers we did get was to keep praying.

The next fall, we landed on a name for ourselves, His In Service, and our vision was: "seeking to combine faith with deeds so that our actions are an outworking and expression of our faith." Our meeting times were a combination of time spent at the Northfield Prayer Room and at the Northfield Key, a hangout for Northfield's youth. We continued to organize a service trip each term to keep the whole FC involved in service. Since I graduated in 2010, the group has continued, small and dynamic and still devoted to praying over the community, the service projects and social justice issues around the world. ♦



Above: Starting in spring 2008, Christian groups cancel activities one night per term in order to pack food for nations in need at Feed My Starving Children in Eagan, MN.

Megan Howard '10, along with Nick Smith '09, moved to Houston, TX, after graduation. They will be married in June 2011. She is a research assistant in an immunology lab at MD Anderson Cancer Center.



From “plugged in” to leading

My journey in the Christian community



Students gathered for a retreat photo at Lon Little’s “playground,” affectionately known as “Lonnie Land,” spring 2010.

When I visited my brother, a freshman at Carleton, in fall 2005, I wanted to know about Christian life on campus. Was there a strong community of believers? Were there Bible studies that took a high view of the Scriptures? Did the Christians worship together? Would I leave Carleton closer to God than when I arrived?

Yes, yes, yes and yes, the student I was staying with replied. I only had to “get plugged in.”

Next thing I knew, I was a wide-eyed freshman, eager to find my place

and plug in. I found the FISH House table at the fall Student Activities Fair and signed up for the weekly e-mail list for what was then called the Carleton Christian Community (CCC). I quickly became a regular at Mustard Seed and started attending a small group.

My brother and I also hosted a radio show on KRLX, Carleton’s station, called Christian Radio for Atheists, during which the two of us would dialog about religious topics and play both Christian and secular music.

As I adjusted to Carleton, the upper-

class students in the CCC were especially welcoming. Every time I got a big hug from one of them I wondered how they could be so nice.

At the time, I didn’t think about how FISH House or Mustard Seed came to be, who had put together an e-mail list or how the students might have challenged each other to reach out to a freshman like me. I didn’t know they had been praying for me since the previous spring and had met as leaders encouraging one another to reach out to us newbies.

By the end of fall term, even though

Nikki Reich ’10

I valued the small group I was in, I was looking for a Bible study, particularly a women’s study. There was a Saturday morning women’s study, but I had cross country or track meets. An upper-class student suggested I connect with Deb Hvass if I was looking for help to set something up. Nine freshman girls joined the study Deb and I led, and we spent two terms going in-depth through the book of Ephesians. We called ourselves Fresh(wo)men.

After taking this step of leadership, I attended my first leaders’ meeting. Soon after, I began to understand that there was a leadership framework supporting the CCC. The leaders met twice a term for group updates, facilitated by three elected peer leaders, the Panel.

When I served on the Panel, I started hearing stories about past communities of believers. After hearing about the revival in the ’70s and a dwindling Bible study in the mid-’90s, I realized I had naïvely assumed that the community of believers had always been the same.

As a graduating senior, I was grateful for all the “lunch dates” I’d had, whether I had initiated or someone else had. These were times to meet with a friend or mentor over a meal to spur one another on in the faith. I left college with a stronger theological foundation, gained through the Bible studies I had helped lead and through Gary Hvass’s seminars. I had grown in leadership, not only having increased in confidence, but also in my desire to submit my plans to God and receive wise counsel each step of the way.

Now as a community “groupie”

servicing with SOul ZOne Ministries, I’m participating for a fifth year. Rarely do students get to experience more than four years on campus. I understand more fully the dynamics of Christian groups on campus: The key issues are the identity of Jesus and the nature of the Scriptures. Even within the FC there is not complete agreement on these.

But I continue to love this community for its deep relationships, godly lifestyles and growing faith in Jesus Christ. It’s amazing to see a new generation of students doing what we did—praying for the incoming freshmen, giving welcoming hugs to students trying out new groups, working together as leaders and so much more.

We’ve tried to communicate throughout *Keeping the Faith at Carleton* the sense of eternal heritage that belongs to students who “contend for the faith that was once for all given to the saints” (Jude 3). This heritage comes from years of prayer sown into the campus, from the sacrificial efforts of many students and others in Northfield and ultimately from God’s faithful provision. Such is the foundation on which a strong community is built, and I am glad to have the privilege of playing a part in it. ♦

Nikki Reich ’10 served as staff associate with SOul ZOne Ministries during 2010-2011. She will be married in August 2011 to Andy Shenk ’10, a former Panel member and founder of His In Service.



Hugs happened at the senior BBQ, June 2010.



Gist list

What does 'zine mean? And answers to your other burning questions

This list of terms is intended to answer some of the questions that may occur to you as you read *Keeping the Faith at Carleton*. Like any longstanding group or organization, the community at Carleton has developed a history and a language of its own. We can only offer our own interpretation, and we present it here to the best of our ability. Space does not allow us to cover every small group that has formed during the last decade. We are encouraged by the creativity represented by these efforts and the heart's desire of students to honor God through their relationships.



2011 Gallery
Upper left, clockwise: Mustard Seed alumni from the Twin Cities led worship in Skinner Chapel in May; Gary Hvass baptized Sam Fiscus '14 after a Chapel service in April; the men served dinner at the winter retreat; students gathered for a Welcome Back Coffeehouse at the Cottage in January to share their photos of study-abroad trips; Gary Gilbertson (at right with Gary Hvass) spoke at the winter retreat; a group posed for a cover shot after the pre-retreat cleanup at "Lonnie Land" near Northfield in May.



Areopagus Forum. Chad Bayse '02 invited notable speakers to campus, raised funding for their honoraria and expenses and mentored a few students to do the same. This continued from about 2002 to 2007 with each event drawing 50 to 200 students. Lectures were given by Michael Behe, author of *Darwin's Black Box*; C. Christopher Hook, M.D., Director of Ethics Education for the Mayo Graduate School of Medicine; apologist David Clark, Executive Vice President and Provost of Bethel Seminary; and many others. See article by **Chad Bayse**.

Biblical Economics. This is a six-week financial management dinner course offered by Will Craig '94 and Cully Craig, SOul ZOne's core team members who joined the ministry as lay advisers in 2003. (Will also serves on SOul ZOne's board.) During winter term they offer a six-week course complete with a delicious dinner and rides from campus to their home. Numerous students have received an excellent grounding in practical mat-

ters they won't learn in their classes, such as why they should avoid debt, how to stay on a budget and principles for giving—all from a biblical perspective.

Carleton Bible Study Fellowship. CBSF was a student-led study that met from 1997 until about 2008. It was founded by Jeong Hyun '01, Brandon Yerxa '99 and Mike Binder '00. The group later gave way to other Bible studies. See article by **Jeong Hyun**.

Carleton Christian Fellowship. CCF began as IVCF (InterVarsity Christian Fellowship; see ivcf.org) in about 1963. Students met weekly for prayer and praise and in small groups for Bible study. See article by **Peg Craig**. We are not sure when IVCF was renamed CCF, but we know that CCF was firmly in place by the early '80s. See article by **Rich Kao**. CCF was intermittently under the guidance of InterVarsity staff until about 1998, when students decided to become an autonomous group. On the advice of Pastor Gary Gilbertson, they approached Gary and Deb Hvass

about becoming spiritual advisers to the group. The Hvasses began meeting with them while Gary Hvass was still a local church pastor. After Sola Scriptura started (see article by Imran Babar), CCF continued on its own for another year or two, with members taking diverse views on the authority of the Scriptures.

Carleton Christian Community. From about 2003 to 2009, CCC was a loose network of the more evangelical groups on campus. Starting with the 2009-2010 academic year, CCC was renamed **Fellowship in Christ: Committed to the Gospel**, to delineate it from the Roman Catholic and mainline Protestant groups on campus.

Carleton Christian Reunion. Organized periodically by Will and Cully Craig, CCR is held for alums to gather in Northfield, swap stories, meet current students and catch up on one another's lives. CCRs were held in 2000, 2005 and 2007. The next reunion is October 7-9, 2011 (for more information, contact Will Craig at willcraig@email.com).

More of the Gist ...

The Cottage. An 1880 home that originally stood at the location of Nourse Hall, the Cottage has served as SOul ZOne's ministry base and the residence of Gary and Deb Hvass since December 2003 (see soulzone ministries.org). The Hvasses, with the generous help of many friends, updated the home to make it an inviting place for students to gather—resuming a tradition started by Mary E. Nourse and her husband, Allen N. Nourse, a deacon in the Congregational Church. The Nourses were the original owners of the house and bequeathed 70 acres of property along with the house to the college.

Fellowship in Christ: Committed to the Gospel. Known as the FC, this is a consortium of groups whose leaders believe in faith in Jesus for salvation. A main gathering point for the FC is **Mustard Seed**. A three-member Panel is elected each year by a leaders' group that meets twice each term. The Panel prays for the community, convenes the leaders' group and coordinates scheduling of activities. **FISH House** and the **Cottage** are hubs of the community, and the variety of small-group offerings changes with the needs of the community. FC was originally known as the **Carleton Christian Community** (from about 2003 to 2009), but gave up the name in the spring of 2009 in order to avoid

the implication that they were the only genuine Christians on campus.

Fellowship of Christian Athletes. FCA is the national organization that ministers to collegiate athletes (see fca.org). Football player David Derksen '05 and basketball player Karissa (Kramer) Binder '03 were the catalysts for re-starting FCA at Carleton, and laid the groundwork for FCA's kickoff in the fall of 2003. The group is an intentional outreach to Carleton athletes and meets weekly for Bible study, prayer and fellowship. See article by **David Derksen**.

FISH House. The brainchild of Blake Beal '04, FISH House is the Christian special-interest house, usually housing seven to 10 students, (FISH stands for Fellowship in the Son's Hope.) FISH has occupied Douglas House for the last seven years, but was originally in Seccombe House, and then in Jewett House and one year was located in the basement floor of Evans. FISH organizes events that are promoted to the entire campus and is a hub of the Christian community. See article by **Stephanie Mayer**.

Groups, groups ... and more groups. Each year groups morph with the gifts and creativity of student leaders and the needs of the community. A few examples of current groups: Consuming Fire (an evangelism training-and-doing group); Fresh-

man Fondue Fridays (held fall term to help first-years connect); Rest for the Weary (a Friday afternoon group for senior girls); and Korean Bible Study. SOul ZOne hosts Tuesday night Bible studies for men and women (all together fall term), teaming with student leaders to offer three different topics each year.

His in Service. This social action/justice group began in 2007 with Megan Howard and Andy Shenk (both '10), with Deb Hvass advising. The foundation of the group is to pray for justice. HIS is helping make the community aware of world issues, such as hunger and sex trafficking, and local issues, such as drug addiction. HIS organizes trips each term to Feed My Starving Children in Eagan, MN, to pack food for hungry people around the world, in addition to other service activities. HIS recently partnered with Mustard Seed to dedicate a Monday night service to social justice music and prayer. See article by **Megan Howard**.

Let Love Grow. The brainchild of Charles Yin '06, LLG has reached out to the campus each year since 2003 with random acts of kindness including fresh baked cookies, notes of encouragement, balloons and most recently, free hot chocolate. These "operations" are usually campus-wide and often involve clandestine missions

by night to deliver gifts to people's dorms and houses or to stuff each of the 2,000 mailboxes at Sayles Hill. See article by **Charles Yin**.

Mustard Seed. The worship band was founded spring term 2001 by nine first-year students and one senior, who were inspired after inviting musicians from St. Olaf's worship band (Selah) to host a service at Carleton. Mustard Seed continues to pass on its collective leadership, skills and equipment to succeeding classes. About 20 students rotate playing in the band, with two-to-three dozen attending the worship service each Monday night. During academic year 2009-2010, Mustard Seed's venue was moved from the Cave, a night club in the basement of Evans Hall, to the Chapel. See article by **Christine (Collins) Papai**.

Navigators. The Navigators (see navigators.org) have had a presence at Carleton for about two decades in the persons of Bob and Anne Wyly, lay leaders who hold full-time jobs and parent two young children. Anne, who for several years led a popular women's study on Saturday mornings, has partnered with the women's Bible study since academic year 2007-2008, and continues to mentor students each year.

Praise Out! This group was the brainchild of Banke Oyeyinka '06, who sought to praise God through dramatic productions, some of them of impressive scale. See article by **Banke Oyeyinka**. The first skit was during an ice cream social for first-years in September of 2003. The memorable drama had students sharing their faith

using a chocolate brownie to represent the gospel, with varying responses by those being offered the brownie. Praise Out! continued through 2006, offering as a production that year the story of the prodigal son, which involved a large group of students both inside and outside of the Christian community.

Re:Groups. Sam Papai '06 founded Re:Groups to encourage Christian students to "do life together" and reach out to their friends. Several groups formed around common interests such as rock-climbing, movie-viewing and chai-drinking (see article by **Priyanka Kripalani**). Gary and Deb Hvass and Will Craig helped provide training for the Re:Group leaders. Groups still continue to re-group each year, though not under the name Re:Groups.

Sola Scriptura. First coined by the Protestant Reformers, the phrase was borrowed by Pastor Gary Gilbertson who with two first-year students, Imran Babar and Christine (Collins) Papai (both '04), started a Bible study in the fall of 2000 that eventually grew to 30-plus students. Other Bible studies sprang up to replace Sola in about 2008. See article by **Imran Babar**.

Student Activities Fair. On the first Friday after classes begin in September, dozens of student organizations set up tables in the Bald Spot, the large open area framed by campus buildings. The students juggle, beat drums, dance, hand out candy—whatever it takes to motivate first-years and returning students to talk to them and sign up for their group's e-mail list.

Unashamed. This magazine-format publication started by Joe Gammello

'08 has been produced since fall 2007, giving students and alums of any faith (or no faith) a forum for expressing religious beliefs around a different theme in each issue. Topics have included balancing faith and reason, faith and social justice and labels of faith. A variety of Christian views is often represented (to view past issues, go to orgs.carleton.edu/unashamed). See article by **Jeong Hyun** (an abridged article from Volume I, Issue 5 of *Unashamed*.)

Unity Week. In about 2005, students began designating a week during the year to highlight groups within the Carleton Christian Community, in order to encourage first-year students to acquaint themselves with the variety of offerings on campus.

During May 2008, the name instead was used during a week of 24/7 prayer. See article by **Josh Yeoh**.

This had unintended consequences: The campus at large viewed the name "Unity Week" as misleading since the event was not planned by a broader range of Christian groups. Discussions after Unity Week became the catalyst for changing the name of the Carleton Christian Community to Fellowship in Christ: Committed to the Gospel. See article by **Megan Howard**.

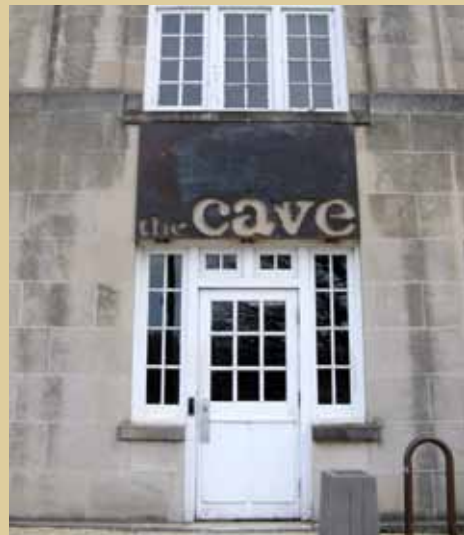
'Zine. Pronounced "zeen." 'Zine, short for fanzine, is a self-published short-run magazine that serves as a vehicle to get across ideas to small audiences; print runs are generally fewer than 5,000. Early 'zines were photocopied and contained hand-drawn illustrations. We hope you are enjoying our 'zine, *Keeping the Faith at Carleton*. ♦

Historic walk

1. Monument Hill. Located in the Upper Arb, this obelisk commemorates the first sermon, marriage and Congregational service in Northfield, as early as 1854.



2. The Cave. In the basement of Evans Hall, the Cave was the venue for Mustard Seed worship band from its inception in spring 2001 until fall 2009.



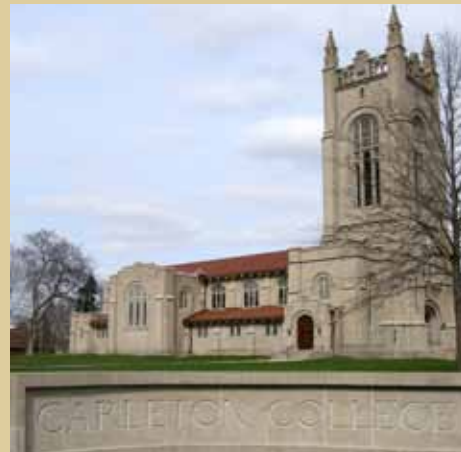
3. Secombe House. The site of the first FISH House. Now at Douglas House (below right), it is a residence for seven students and the venue for many events in the Christian community.



4. Sayles-Hill Student Center. Sayles, the venue for Sola Scriptura, has hosted many other groups over the years.



5. Skinner Memorial Chapel. The Chapel has been the setting for countless prayer watches and other groups.



6. FISH House. FISH has been located at Douglas House since the 2004-2005 academic year.



7. The Cottage. The base for SOul ZONE Ministries is an 1880 cottage built by the Nurses.



