

I had just finished college the previous spring so I was not out of the education "rut" but the number of "doctors", "learned men", etc., easily boggled my rural mind and I felt more provincial than I had ever felt in my whole life.

The reception for new students proved a vigorous experience. Earlier in the first day I had heard a sermon from Dr. MacRae...I still have notes on it..and some of the aspects given have been with me at all times since. Other members of the faculty spoke, they were all fluent and impressive (I later learned there were some who were not so fluent but they had been hidden on orientation day) and were gracious and committed in spiritual activity and service. At the reception I talked with Professor William Sanderson who, like myself, was a Pittsburgh area native. He told me how he had come to his position and when I mentioned hoping to teach some day he told me to stick at it and the Lord would certainly give me opportunity. A few years later, after Mr. Sanderson went to teach at Covenant, I found myself in his exact role, teaching many of the courses I had taken under him. I have not, however, presumed to think that I have taught them as well...he was masterful and I admired his skill and performance.

The first day of classes was like being in a dream world. I was fascinated in the Old Testament History class with Dr. Laird Harris (an inspiring and motivating teacher) where he plunged the class into various theories of creation and a long but modest debunking of the ice ages. It seemed to me that I had learned nothing about the Old Testament in my whole life. Dr. MacRae lectured in church history and I had the impression he had been to all the places of which he spoke at the times of which he was speaking. Ruth often came to class just to hear him and enjoy his approach and material. From day to day I could hardly wait for the next class. At night when I reviewed my daily work I thanked God for the privilege of study with these teachers.