

THE PROBLEM OF UNFULFILLED PROPHECY

By Thomas V. Taylor

I know that there are some people who were here yesterday that aren't here today, and there might be one or two fellows straggle in off the street tomorrow that aren't here today, and a lot of you might be somewhere else! So this seems a central point to it, and even those who are too tired to stay longer have not yet got the energy to leave! So, I think that this will be an appropriate time to make a note or two about the institute. This is our second institute here in the Biblical School at Hatfield. It was not advertised as widely as we should have advertised it because among other things, we have been enormously busy on the accreditation work this year. No alibis. That simply has been an enormous thing to us. And a good many of us who have put our time and energy in this have had to give first priority to those particular things. So there was a period of time in March and April when we wondered if we were going to try to hold ~~an~~ ^{an institute} or not, but toward the end of April in accomplice with a couple of the colleagues we decided to hold one come what may! And it seemed to me that since there had been a great rash of prophetic type conferences going round that it would be suitable this year if we had a conference not of a normal prophecy type but one that would take up adjunct matters relating to that subject. Of course, prophecy is always big. You can draw a conference -- you may not in your own church -- generally speaking you ^{draw} people out about prophecy, especially if you make them think that you are going to reveal what Khrushchev will do next! You don't know, do you? You don't know! ~~You~~ ^{you} may think that they are going to find out something like that. You ^{usually} draw people just out of interest. It is not always, in my mind, the most edifying thing. I always remember the fellow at Clementon, after a prophecy conference at which I was one of the illustrious speakers down there -- he staggered down the front, not in response to the invitation. The meeting was over and he wanted ^{to} argue about some point. He staggered down front. He reeked with alcohol. Now, mind you, I have no great criticism here of the social drinkers, but he reeked with alcohol, and staggered down in front of me, and I remember ^{him} standing there and looking at me and saying, Can anybody really tell me what Russia will do next? And I just felt like hitting him with three hymn books and saying to him