



PREFACE TO THE 2007 EDITION



Harvard, like many older institutions, tends to add branches while laying an ax to its own root. Yet, as with our own lives, sustainable vitality depends upon a living Vine, a Life-Giver.

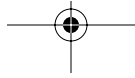
The current crisis of education has recently been described by a former Harvard president as “emptiness,” and by a dean as “excellence without a soul.” Education has been severed from a lifeline, and confusions of identity and belonging, of ethics, and of purpose are evident. We see the outcomes of addictions, sexually transmitted diseases, crime, depression, and even suicide. Ideas have consequences. In our cynical, demoralized and post-modern moment, the pain is acute.

Souls are reduced to bodies. Minds are reduced to brains. Consciences are reduced to political polls. We witness the gradual suicide of secular cultures that no longer drink from the Wellspring of life. Passion wanes for the sacrificial nurturing of future generations of children and students in life-giving faith and vision. We are diagnosed with cultural anemia not unlike the Roman Empire that fell like a house of cards to barbarian tribes. The tree rotted from within. What of twenty-first-century America? Have we lost a proper source of knowledge out of which proper confidence is possible? Have we lost the power to love?

Is there a True North visible in the fog? Has an Author spoken or entered the play to show us his face and to tell us our Story? Without a humble and proper way of knowing truth, *Veritas*, how do any of us know how to think and act? Without revelation and reason, as well as emotion and conscience, “reality” is reduced to a series of private pleasures, pains, and power struggles. One could die of sheer boredom, if not sorrow, living in the flat, grey, secular story.

But most students, and many citizens, want to live in a great story, even if it requires great sacrifice. And we are welcomed to join as protagonists that story which includes an Author who speaks of a good creation, a tragic fall, and the possibility of redemption, because this same Author enters the play as sacrificial hero (in flesh and blood) restoring the world to goodness and beauty.

This same great story animated scholars like Newton, Galileo, Pascal, and Jonathan Edwards; the founders of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, as well as the Red Cross and the Salvation Army; people such as





Mother Teresa, Wilberforce, and Lincoln, and other abolitionists of slavery; artists such as Rembrandt and Bach, and the countless modern equivalents of these lovers and geniuses.

And so, despite the crisis, and despite so much dull but verbose cynicism, we see a new generation of believing scholars becoming the largest and most dynamic student organizations at schools like Harvard, MIT, Ohio State, Texas A&M, and Cal Poly. We hear their songs and laughter; we see their compassion and brilliance. Many of today's students join those before them in lives of service and adventure.

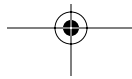
Finding God at Harvard begins where the critiques end. In these pages, students, alumni, professors and guest speakers offer a uniquely coherent, personal, and hopeful response to the emptiness of the modern and post-modern university. On the far side of the world's complexity, the ancient and future vitality of Harvard emerges anew. For at the name, and before the brilliance, of Jesus Christ, knees eventually bend or humbly bow.

This volume is a treasure chest of changed lives. The answers are not words and abstractions, but the actual lives of people who have encountered the secret in whom Harvard is rooted. With enough lives restored, whole cultures can be revived.

Today, a decade after its first release, it is a joy to witness the lives of these writers now so well employed in the adventure of building a kingdom of love on earth. (A postscript at the book's conclusion will provide current biographical updates.) Some battle disease, others discover new frontiers through electron microscopes and radio telescopes. Many nurture children and teach. Some create music, art, and wise public policy. Some live alongside the poorest of the poor on every continent, encouraging and empowering life. According to their callings, each serves. Well rooted, trees bear good fruit.

Many of these writers spoke at the inaugural Veritas Forum at Harvard Law School in 1992. When *Finding God at Harvard* first appeared in 1996, fifteen of the writers gathered as the speakers for the fourth Veritas Forum, in Harvard's majestic Sanders Theater. As the book became a *Boston Globe* bestseller and found its way into various universities and languages, Veritas Forums emerged, now in more than seventy-five universities on three continents, exploring the deepest questions of our times:

- Truth? Whose truth? How would we ever know Truth if we saw it?
- What is it to be human? Am I intended, and desired? What is the life that is *really* life?
- What of twenty-first-century science? What is the language of DNA and the Genome, and the logic of the cosmos and "Big Bang" revealing?
- Where do I belong, and to whom? Do I dare love and parent children? How?





- How can I forgive? And be forgiven, and try again?
- How can I be unbranded, free, and know my heart's desires?
- What does it mean to have a body? How is our desire for intimacy finally satisfied?
- What of our clashes of civilizations, ethnicities and genders?
- Is there hope of justice? Of mercy?
- If God is love, why is there evil and suffering? Does suffering have value?
- How can my heart survive this world and live again?
- What could excite me perpetually?

Before long, *ABC World News Tonight* reported, "Hunger for answers runs deep. When Veritas Forums [emerge within] a university, thousands of students pack auditoriums to participate." In the 2006 book *Finding God Beyond Harvard: The Quest for Veritas* (IVP), I share the story, and stories, of the Veritas movement from Harvard to Berkeley and many schools in between, including my own struggles and crisis of faith beneath the surface.

Though Harvard tends to add branches while laying an ax to its own root, thankfully the tenacious root of Harvard is *Veritas*, Truth—the True Vine who will not die. He has a way of rising from the dead. Thus, nearly four centuries ago, Harvard College was founded for his glory, *In Christi Gloriam*, and its shield bears his offer of true life to us, *Veritas, Christo et Ecclesiae*. In the same spirit, Princeton was founded nearly three centuries ago: "I restore life to the dead," *Vitam Mortuis Reddo*.

The personal nature of this book is unusual in the academy. These writers speak with vulnerable candor. We may sense a Spirit who hovers over ancient ruins, to rebuild. We find the same Spirit brooding, healing and recreating lives. Seeds of God's word, so often sown in tears, germinate life; for the Creator just keeps creating and now offers to animate our lives from within. The One who once breathed into us the breath of life still inspires. He offers wisdom for the true scholar, Word and lilting melody for the deaf, light in our darkness. He is hope when we're downcast and dying, living water for our thirst, and comfort in fear and injustice. He offers himself as the relentless lover who enters only when invited.

Might our ancient door be the golden key to the future? Might our first light remain our True North who shines on the far side of our world's confusion? Perhaps he is the True Vine on whom we might draw, yielding the fruit of love, joy, creativity, discovery, and progress. A Tree of Life in whom all things are new. Love who is alive and will not die, making hopeful a world awaiting its redemption.

Kelly Monroe Kullberg

