

GOD AND RATIONALITY: A REMINISCENCE

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Professor T. F. Torrance – even now I cannot bring myself to call him “Tom,” as did his friends, or “TFT,” as do theologians – was one of the most important influences on my life, and a significant reason why my wife and I eventually became Orthodox Christians. I think of him often, especially when I am teaching. Sometimes my wife reminds me, now that my hair has gone white, to go into a meeting with the bearing of Professor Torrance.

I was, however, neither his best nor his favourite student. That category was left, I always thought, for those who were getting their second PhD, the first one being in a field like particle physics or mathematics, or perhaps theology. Some of my fellow students had already studied his work, and had come from different parts of the world to hear him lecture. But when I met Professor Torrance I had never heard of him or, for that matter, of the Orthodox Church or the Church Fathers whose works he taught.

In the Fall of 1971 I arrived at Edinburgh with my wife and six-week-old son. Why we came was untypical, certainly not something we had long planned or expected. I had just been discharged from the US Army after two years’ service as a medic during the Vietnam War. What to do now? I conferred with my former philosophy professor, Oets (“O.K.”) Bouwsma, an elderly Christian man who had been a friend of Ludwig Wittgenstein’s. I had been drafted out of his philosophy classes in graduate school at the University of Texas, and deeply respected him.

Originally at the University of Nebraska, during his career Professor Bouwsma seemingly lectured from time to time everywhere: at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Berkeley, Oxford, and Cambridge. As an emeritus professor at the University of Texas, he let his Christian faith show and impressed me most with his guided reading of *The Brothers Karamazov*. When I was being sent off to Vietnam he mailed me a postcard from Berkeley which read, “remember Herzenstube.”

It was a reference to the *Brothers*: Dr. Herzenstube – whose name means “Heart-room” or, “Room in the Heart” – understood Mitya’s innocence, as opposed to those who tried to view Mitya in terms of the godless science of Freud or Dr.



Claude Bernard. (Bernard, an early pathologist in France, thought that all human behavior could be understood in terms of neurological activity.) Dr. Bouwsma's reference was also to the fact that I had left the study of medicine – specifically psychiatry – to come back to his classes in philosophy.

I wanted to leave the country, I said. Where should I continue to study philosophy? Oxford? Cambridge? Prof. Bouwsma thought for a while and shook his head. These days, he said, he would not recommend studying philosophy anywhere. Maybe theology? And then he brightened up. "Edinburgh! That's where you should go." And so we did.

In retrospect, I realize that Dr. Bouwsma knew exactly where he was sending me. A life-long, pious member of the Christian Reformed Church, he knew about the work of T. F. Torrance. Perhaps more to the point, he also realized that I was struggling with issues of faith, not simply philosophy. His answer was to point me towards the study of the Church Fathers.

Now at Edinburgh, I was still leery of too much "Christian" theology. I tried to play it safe by enrolling at the same time in the Old College, the University of Edinburgh, as well as at New College. My plan was to study comparative religions, concentrating in Divinity Studies at New College and taking courses in Hinduism and comparative religion at the Old College. As it happened, however, if one wanted to study comparative religion at that time it was required to study Christian theology as well, which in those years meant Dogmatic Theology. That is how I wound up in lectures by Professor Torrance, Chair of the Department of Christian Dogmatics. Thankfully, he did not spend his time exclusively with graduate students, but threw himself directly into lectures to the incoming freshmen.

Those first lectures were an extraordinary experience. In my youthful exuberance, I used to run the two miles or so from New College, down the Mound and past Princes Street, to our flat in Leith, to tell my wife about what Professor Torrance taught that day. He was turning my thinking upside-down, I would say – borrowing a phrase which we heard often in his lectures. He outlined concepts of the Trinity, the Incarnation, Salvation, Resurrection – and physics – in ways I had never heard.

Soon, I dropped my courses on Indian religion and, when it was possible, set aside the courses in Divinity Studies. Previously I had not thought about Dogmatics and certainly not about Karl Barth, but now I was one of Torrance's faithful students. I took careful notes, which I still have. And I read everything I could find, wading into Barth, Calvin, the Church Fathers and even, in self-defense, all the works of Luther, since I was one of the few students at Edinburgh with a

Lutheran background. (In the classroom, Professor Torrance would occasionally poke fun at my Lutheranism in gentle ways, pointing out for example that Calvin was a careful theologian, while Luther was a pastor who simply reacted to events around him. Sometimes, the Professor referred to me as “Extra-Calvinisticum,” in a teasing reference to the Lutheran’s position on the omnipresence of the risen Christ.)

Today it seems strange to say that Professor Torrance’s lectures were stimulating, because in fact much of what he said must have gone right over our heads, especially since a large number of the students were just out of secondary school. Never one to use a two-syllable word where a four-syllable word would do, he also emulated German syntax in his lectures and on paper. Anyone who has poured over his essays and books knows his penchant for a single sentence which could take up most of an entire page, perhaps with a bit of Greek, Latin, German, Hebrew, or French thrown in, along with the requisite quotations from Athanasius, Einstein, or Niels Bohr. I remember once trying to locate the verb in a very, very long sentence. Following at last a careful search as in the German along a complicated argument the theology of God of which it was trying to explain at last on the next page I, at the very end, the verb found.

But once you worked it out, Torrance was shining a light onto some mystery that earlier had not made sense, and now seemed perfectly clear. His favourite exercise, I think, was to bring topics into relationship which before seemed mutually exclusive – most famously the studies of modern physics and theology. Because I was a bit older than many of the students, and already had a degree in Philosophy as well as several years’ study of science and medicine, it often fell to me to “translate” what we had just heard to the younger students in the class. This was a salubrious task, because it forced me to try to condense and understand the lectures, and to remember them by repeating them.

Nevertheless, it must be said, I did not impress the Professor very favourably in the beginning. Early on, I asked for an appointment to complain about my grade on an essay, the subject of which (I shall always remember) was “The Christian Apprehension of God.” It was marked “60,” in red, and I was chagrined.

The Professor kindly agreed to see me, immediately raising an eyebrow at my “hippie” flared jeans and Carnaby-street tie. I asked him what was so terribly wrong with my essay, that it earned only a D-. Here I was, cowed by coming back to university after so long an absence in the Army, and I was nearly failing already.

He took the paper from me, re-read it quickly, and marked out the “60.” Very deliberately, he re-marked it “65,” underlined the new number, placed a full stop

(period) after it, and then wrote a large B inside a circle. "My dear boy," he said, looking over his famous half-lens reading glasses, "why are you disappointed? That 65 is a B. Didn't you know?"

Years later, he would write a scathing letter to an authority figure in my Lutheran Church in America, who had been under the impression that I was imbibing Calvinism in some obscure college in Scotland. After pointing out, in the most gracious way possible, the apparent ignorance of the Lutheran gentleman regarding both universities and theological matters, Professor Torrance went on to say in his letter that the standards in our American theological colleges were abysmally low. I was doing A-level work, he said, while in America, even theological students at Princeton were producing what he would regard as C-level work at New College. After that I was not bothered any more by Lutheran theologians, and I have kept my copy of that letter to this day.

In preparing for this reflection, I located a keepsake from Edinburgh: a little green New College booklet which lists the professors and students at New College for the year 1975-1976, my last year there. Professor Torrance appears first in the list. It was a nod, without doubt, to the fact that he was respected all over the world, and had brought together at New College some of the best minds in theology at the time.

I felt that all the professors at New College were exemplary, but for that brief period the lectures offered in Dogmatics could not be equalled anywhere. Students came from English universities, from Tübingen, from America, from Africa, India, and Taiwan to hear Professor Torrance, assisted by Fr. Roland Walls from the Community of the Transfiguration, Fr. Noel O'Donoghue from Ireland, Prof. John Zizioulas (now, Metropolitan John of Pergamon) from Greece, and Dr. Gian Tellini from Italy. It was an unforgettable time.

Professor Torrance's lectures were precise, challenging, delightful, and always very professorial. At that time in Scotland it was not the norm for students to ask questions or to interrupt a lecturer, especially a senior professor. There would be time for questions at the end of the hour, although it was often difficult to pose sensible questions because of the volume of information we were receiving. But I remember an American student (it *would* be an American!) who once kept interrupting Professor Torrance's lecture with "I think this" and "I think that." Finally, our professor's patience wore thin. Looking sternly over his reading glasses, he interrupted the interruption. "Mister Brown," he said in exasperated but very measured tones, "I do not care what you think!" The class was shocked into silence and the lecture continued without further interruption.

But of course he did care. A highlight of any semester were the hours devoted to what he called *quaestiones disputatae*. A proposition would be given to us, and the debate would begin. Sometimes he brought in other professors for these lively discussions: Professor Zizioulas, or his close friend and friendly rival, Fr. Roland Walls. Sitting like a panel at the table in front of the room, they would challenge one another, and us, with problems. Students took turns taking notes at these and at the Dogmatics seminars, and I still have some of my type-written notes, corrected in Prof. Torrance's own hand, which were to be distributed to the participants.

I especially remember one: Did Jesus heal the sick through his divine nature, or in his human nature? When it was his turn, Prof. Zizioulas banged his hand on the table. "What is human?" he thundered. After a long silence – we were afraid to say anything at all, I think – a lively discussion followed. Students and panel eventually agreed that true humanity is divine, and that the divine nature had emptied itself without change, into humanity – and that Prof. Torrance's presentations on the hypostatic union as understood by St. Athanasius were, indeed, the truth.

Professor Torrance's friendship with the well-known hermit and contemplative, Fr. Roland Walls, was legendary. Yet the contrast between the two men could not have been greater. Torrance was always the Professor: dignified in his bearing, impeccably dressed in tweed jacket and tie, reading over his carefully-prepared notes in class, interrupting himself only to write on the blackboard – often in Hebrew, Greek, or German.

Fr. Roland was quite the opposite: holes in his sleeves, rumpled and looking much like a street-sleeper, apt to close his eyes and pray during a lecture as to tell us stories about some saint, or read from Henri Nouwen or Julian of Norwich or even from the teachings of the Buddha. Famously, Fr. Roland had once been turned away from a church where he was supposed to deliver the sermon, by the doorkeeper who thought he was a bum. But, as has been observed by those who knew them both, the two men were not only friends but were in many ways remarkably alike in personality.

Both men were deeply prayerful in their own ways. Neither could abide what Fr. Roland called "nonsense" in the study of theology. They read the same things and enjoyed conversation about anything, theological or not, although neither would have made any distinction between "secular" and "sacred." And it was Prof. Torrance's genius to invite Fr. Roland to lecture in Dogmatics at New College – something for which Roland insisted he was not prepared, his studies at Cambridge having been in New Testament. As faculty members they loved to

argue with each other, but often explained the same things to their classes at the same time, though in entirely different ways.

Prof. Torrance would lecture about the hypostatic union, citing all sorts of references from the 2nd century to the present, throwing in quotations from the Old Testament, from Athanasius' *Contra Arianos*, from Barth, Bohr, and various theories of particle physics. Fr. Roland would chide us the next day about allowing too much theological "nonsense" to get in the way of our practice of prayer, in which we would meet the Incarnate God. They were speaking about the same thing.

Ultimately Fr. Roland would become my mentor and spiritual guide for many years, until his death in 2010. At New College, however, I kept one foot in each camp: the "dogmatics" circle around Prof. Torrance, and the "prayer-circle" around Fr. Roland. As a student, both in the years preparing for the BD Honours and then for the PhD, I would listen to Prof. Torrance on some subject – let's say, Gregory of Nyssa on the divine Darkness – and then take a bus to see Fr. Roland at his skete in Roslin, to work out how St. Gregory could make a difference in practical life.

It is not that Prof. Torrance did not pray, however, far from it. We always began classes with prayer, and his piety and, if I may say, his mysticism would show through even when he was attempting to be professorial. He would read to us from the works of John Calvin and John Chrysostom, mixing them up a bit; or from Calvin and John of the Cross; and ask us to identify who wrote what. We always got them nearly all wrong, and he would smile and say, "You see, Calvin was a mystic, not a Calvinist."

Once, I became the subject of some debate between these two mentors, Prof. Torrance and Fr. Roland, who were generally perceived as polar opposites by the student body and who frequently tussled over the fate of us students in faculty meetings. It seems they had a difference of opinion over my program. Later, Fr. Roland took me aside and said, "I told Tom that you were a breath of fresh air. I think he feels you have opened the window too far."

I still do not know with certainty what that meant, but it had to do I think with loyalty, or not, to the study of Dogmatic Theology. Unlike the fellows who had previously worked on nuclear bombs but who were now at New College to argue about the relationship of science to theology, I did not remain entirely in the Dogmatics department under Professor Torrance's direction. In the first year I had gotten interested in the Christian ethics of Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Helmut Thielicke, having encountered them in the Department of Christian Ethics and Practical Theology.

Prof. Torrance, on the other hand, seemed very cool about the entire Department. To be blunt, he did not support the idea that there *is* such a thing as "Christian Ethics." Eventually, however, he encouraged me to complete the first Joint-Honours degree to be offered at New College, combining Dogmatics with Practical Theology and Ethics. Always one to think in terms of relationships rather than analysis (which he characterized as "tearing things apart"), I think he secretly liked the idea of exploring ethics through the lens of dogmatic theology.

And then there were the stories we heard from him about his personal life. He told of growing up in China, the son of missionary parents. I particularly enjoyed the tale about his father wanting to buy a horse to pull a cart, somewhere in western China. Not getting his tones quite right, his father asked for a "maa" (horse), and his Chinese servant kept looking at him incredulously. Finally the Chinese man said, "But you are already married!" Rev. Torrance had been saying that he needed an "ahmaa" (old woman) to pull his cart. Capping this story, the professor told us that he sometimes still dreamed in Mandarin. Now, many years later and having spent ten years in China myself, I have the same experience and wish he could have lived long enough for us to discuss it once more.

After I finished my studies in Scotland, my wife and I were privileged to meet Professor Torrance again in other places. He graciously came to my parents' home in Austin, Texas, when he was giving a visiting lecture in Austin at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary. We sat on stools at my mother's purple bar and he told anecdotes about his life. One of these had to do with the time Fr. Roland shut himself up in his hut at the Community of the Transfiguration.

At the Community in Roslin, Scotland, there was a common-house in the front of the property, and a little fence that separated it from the back part of the property where the individual huts, and the chapel-hut, were. Although there were no locks on any doors, everyone respected silence and a closed door. But one day, Fr. Roland had shut himself up in his hut for so long that the brothers became worried. Silence, yes, but too much solitude was too much.

There was no telephone at the Community, so I do not know how, but eventually someone telephoned Professor Torrance to ask if he could get Roland to come out of his hut. The Professor drove there immediately, he said, and knocked loudly on the door. Silence. He knocked again. Silence. Finally he shouted, "Roland, this is Tom. You come out this minute!" The door opened, and Fr. Roland chided him: "You don't have to shout, you know!" These and many other stories kept my parents entertained until well into the night.

During our years in Hong Kong, Professor Torrance appeared again when he was there to give guest lectures for one of his former students, a Chinese

national who was then a professor at one of the local theological seminaries. It felt strange to meet my former Scottish professor at a Chinese café in Hong Kong, and later I talked with my friend, the Dean of the Anglican Cathedral, about it. At one point I complained that, as a professor of theology at the Lutheran Seminary, I did not have anywhere near the *gravitas* of my famous former professor, the translator of Barth's works and an *aficionado* both of the ancient Eastern fathers and of modern science. He told me not to worry. "Your job," he said, "is not to be a Professor Torrance, but to interpret him to people who wouldn't understand him otherwise."

What did he teach that was so hard to grasp? Lamentably, perhaps too many things, since after his death the New College faculty seemed no longer capable of presenting studies of his calibre. (The faculty gradually abandoned Dogmatics altogether and slid into what was called "divinity studies," which I regarded as a sort of amalgam of contemporary theological perspectives and political correctness.) But essentially, Professor Torrance was shedding light, as I see it, on three things:

First, all knowledge – and particularly science itself – is grounded in exploring and grasping what *is*, rather than in what we *think*. It requires the "self-disclosure" of what is (Being) to the investigator; it is not merely logical constructs and it is certainly not thinking about thinking. That being true, theological knowledge is therefore grounded in the Being and Acts of God, God's self-disclosure, and not in logic or emotion or even faith (Torrance constantly referred to "ontology," what is, rather than "psychology," what we think or feel).

Second, true knowledge is gained through reconciliation and relationships, not through analysis and the logical breaking-apart of things. Therefore, knowledge of God involves an experiential relationship with God, not merely thinking about God (or rather, what we *think* of as "god"). It involves drawing near to Reality and humbling ourselves before it. Ultimately, theological knowledge means our human existence coming into reconciliation with God's Being, begun from God's side through the Incarnation, obedience, and Resurrection of Christ, and answered in our own lives. (He frequently cited Barth's dictum about God's Yes! to our No.)

Finally, Theology is truly the queen of the sciences. It carries us beyond ordinary logic into the *ana-logic*, or higher Logic, of God. To obtain knowledge in any form of science requires a measure of self-emptying: recognizing that our concepts are only hypotheses that may or may not dimly reflect reality. When the object of inquisition is the Divine Being, Who is above our ability to think or grasp, we must empty ourselves through repentance and wait for the self-revelation of God to us. Then, when God reveals Himself to us, we are ourselves transformed.

Putting this all together, we have something very practical. Let God reveal Himself to you, as is promised in the book of Hebrews. (Professor Torrance never tired of quoting the passage, "For whoever would draw near to God must believe that he exists and that he rewards those who seek him.") Empty yourself in obedience to God, and wait for Him. God cannot be fully *understood* (that is the apophatic side of theology) but God has revealed Himself: that God is a mystery of the Trinity, that He has emptied Himself into humanity, that death has been overcome.

And God *can* be experienced, through and in the sacramental life of the Church. Let the power of the resurrection of Christ draw you into a relationship with God, and therefore with all humanity and with yourself. Above all, partake of the Eucharist, which is at the center of the Christian life and which shapes us into the image of Christ.

These dimensions of his lectures were all carefully drawn from the writings of the Church Fathers, especially the Cappadocians. He never tired of speaking about Athanasius, Basil, and the Gregories – Gregory of Nyssa and Gregory the Theologian (to whom he mistakenly referred as "Gregory Nazianzen," as textbooks did universally at the time). This insistence upon the careful theology of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers, with some reference to those who went before them, led me and perhaps other students directly to the Orthodox Church. It kept us from succumbing to the whims of contemporary theologies that kept being promulgated in the decades that followed.

On a visit to America, in an encounter with students at a prestigious Lutheran seminary during those years, I asked the young men (at that time there were not any women) what they were studying most. They answered, "Modern theology." Foolishly, I replied, "Since the Reformation?" They were startled. "No, since the 1960's," they said. Then they asked me what we were studying. "Ancient theology," I said. "Before the Reformation?" they asked. "No," I said, thinking of Torrance: "Before the fifth century!"

Finally, there were music and the arts. I know that most of us may not think immediately of music when we think of Dogmatic Theology, but Professor Torrance did. He constantly appealed to Mozart, as opposed to Bach and Beethoven. The reason was that Mozart, the Professor said, was inspired by angelic hymns and soared into the heavens, "above logic" and certainly above symmetry. Mozart was unpredictable. In the face of Mozart, Bach's measured and perfectly symmetrical chords seemed tedious. So, he said, we should be careful that our theology would be more like Mozart and less like Bach.

We also had to think about painting and sculpture. Torrance compared painters like Rubens, Rembrandt, or even Renoir with Serra, Picasso, Mondigliani, and

Pollock. What is happening in pointillism and later, in abstract and expressionist painting? He asked rhetorically. The disintegration of culture, he would answer with a smile, before we had the opportunity to make our remarks; the tearing-apart of thought, as opposed to laying bare Reality by attempting to understand it on its own terms.

Performance art was also coming into vogue, so one day he discussed a recent performance. The "artist" had smashed a grand piano with a sledge-hammer. This, our professor thought, demonstrated beyond doubt that western society had fallen completely apart. No longer able to synthesize and to see relationships, which are the real nature of thought itself, we had fallen into analyzing everything to pieces until we could only smash things.

The Professor's impassioned speech about the disintegration of form in art was given more than once, but it was always gripping. It required a lengthy detour into discussions about the nature of language, the Socratic dialogues, Realism and Nominalism. What is art, indeed, if it is not looking deeply at something and framing it, so that it can be seen in a new way – not destroying it? What is theology, if it is not listening to God rather than analyzing our own ideas about God and smashing this "God" to pieces?

Not many years after finishing at New College, my wife and I were recruited to be missionaries in Hong Kong. I was to teach Systematic Theology at the Lutheran Theological Seminary, which had students from all church backgrounds from many parts of the world. Shortly after arriving, I was asked to draw up an entire Systematics curriculum. This posed an insurmountable problem for me, however, in light of Torrance's teaching. Is there such a thing as "Systematic Theology"?

Both Professor Torrance and Fr. Roland taught that true theological thought is not "systematic," because God is not "systematic." Systematic Theology, Prof. Torrance said, was a scholastic left-over from the Middle Ages, unthinkingly embraced by modern theologians who were attempting to reason their way to God. But God is above-logic, unpredictable except in hindsight, not to be confined by careful propositions. Of course I always wanted to ask the Professor why, if that were so, both Barth and Torrance managed to write so much careful "systematic" theology – enough to choke Jonah's fish. But I didn't ask that. Instead, I turned instinctively to the Church Fathers, as our Professor taught us.

Thus it happened that on my first official day at the Lutheran Seminary, in my first assignment, I found I was not really Lutheran at all. I drafted a series of courses and syllabi which my Professor would have approved, I think, as "Dogmatic Theology" – the historic teaching of the Church. We were going to

read the Church Fathers, whose works happily had been translated long ago into Chinese by Presbyterian missionaries, just around the time of the Torrance's service in China. We would explore the theology of the Cappadocians, rather than reasoning our way through the usual maze of special and general revelation, anthropology, the fall, justification and the like, with an addendum that may or may not mention the Holy Trinity. We would begin with the mystery of the Trinity and go from there.

The outline of courses I would eventually teach was not really mine, therefore, but stemmed from Torrance's lectures, as well as from a letter from Fr. Roland. Roland had written, "Teach them the *mysteries* of the faith – the Trinity, Creation, the Incarnation, the Sacraments, the Apocalypse. And give them plenty of Bible to hang it on." Similarly, Prof. Torrance had given the students an essay in our first week, which stated plainly that (in opposition to most theology then going around) Dogmatics begins in Christ, not in ourselves, in the mystery of God, not in some construct about general and special revelation.

In the end, this was both an Orthodox proposition, much like the outline of chapters in *The Orthodox Way* by Metropolitan Kallistos (Ware), and also, I think, the real direction of all those lectures by Professor Torrance. We were exploring mysteries beyond our comprehension, but not beyond the experience of the Church. We were inquiring into the Mind of God, which had been revealed, inasmuch as we could bear it, by the Incarnate Logos.

Today, I often remember Professor Torrance when I am in a classroom, when I am counselling someone (I suggested one of his books, *God and Rationality*, to a young Jewish woman just yesterday) or at the Divine Liturgy. He was always a gentleman and always a scholar, but he wore a crumpled wool hat to school because he was unabashedly Scottish. He tried to look stern, but could not really bring himself to do it; his smile was winning. He pointed us to Scripture and to the Tradition of the Church – which, at least for me, meant the historic One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, the Church of Orthodoxy – and away from ourselves, into the awesome mysteries of God, the Church, and the Sacraments.

I picture Professor Torrance standing behind his wooden lectern, smiling after making an especially remarkable point. I imagine his voice: "There . . . we considered the doctrine of Christ from its aspect of mystery, from its source in the eternal decision of God, and from the aspect of those who in the church are drawn by the Spirit into communion with Christ, and participate in the mystery hid from the ages, but now revealed and set forth in the Gospel of the Incarnate Saviour. There we considered the doctrine of Christ *sub specie aeternitatis*, in the light of His divine glory, in terms of His relation in Being and Person to the life of

the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in the eternal communion of the Trinity...We try to do this by penetrating into its inner logic – not by arguing logico-deductively from fixed premises, but by seeking to lay bare the precision embedded in the intrinsic of the subject-matter.”¹

In closing I wanted to cite an especially favourite Bible verse of Prof. Torrance’s that would begin our day in his classroom. Both T. F. and J. B. Torrance liked to quote from the Letter to the Hebrews, and it seems nearly impossible to single out one passage over another. Perhaps this will do, as in my mind I can hear him reading aloud: “Therefore, brethren, since we have confidence to enter the sanctuary by the blood of Jesus, by the new and living way which he opened for us through the curtain, that is, through his flesh, and since we have a great priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart, in the assurance of faith, with our hearts sprinkled clean from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water . . .” (Hebrews 10:19-22).

Memory eternal, Professor Torrance!

¹ From “The Hypostatic Union,” a summary of lectures handed out to the students on mimeographed legal-size sheets, in about 1972.