



↑ Then, in 1979...

Beverly Heights has had a long and distinguished involvement with missions, as captured in this photo from 1979. Pat and Carl Templin stand next to the plaque (now in the library on B level) which lists the 40 sons and daughters of Beverly Heights who went into full-time Christian vocation in the church's first 50 years of existence, starting from its founding in 1929. Listed among the 40 are Pat and Carl; Don Robb (robed in the center), whose life as a Christian missionary and first child baptized in the church on June 15, 1930, was chronicled in the May issue of Scattered Seeds; and Dr. John Frame, one of the leading modern scholars of Reformed theology and Calvinist teaching. Remarks Dr. Frame gave at Beverly Heights in 2010 are reprinted on the back page of this edition.

← And now, 40 years later.

Pat and Carl Templin at PRISM's annual Garage Giveaway in August. After returning from Ethiopia, Carl worked on the staff of Beverly Heights Church, then founded PRISM, which stands for Pittsburgh Region International Student Ministries.

FIND THE FEET!

The feet displayed here and inside refer to a passage in Isaiah which is mentioned in this edition. Where is that mention found?



CELEBRATING MISSIONS



Carl and Pat Templin, obedient to God's call

BY TOM O'BOYLE

Carl and Pat Templin have spent their lives being obedient to God's call, so when Carl was asked to choose a scriptural passage for the Missions Celebration our church will host to honor them on Sept. 27-29, it makes sense that he chose Isaiah 6:8.

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" the Lord asks of Isaiah. To which the prophet responds: "Here I am! Send me."

But hearing and heeding God's call doesn't mean things have always gone according to the plan the Templins thought they had set for themselves.

A case in point is their unanticipated departure from Ethiopia in 1975. A Marxist revolution had swept over the country the year before. At that time, the Templins had lived for 10 years among the gentle Anuak people in southwestern Ethiopia, and they thought they'd be there much longer.

"We hoped to be in Ethiopia for 40 years," Carl recalls.

In the aftermath of the revolution, many Ethiopian Christians were imprisoned, killed or disappeared.

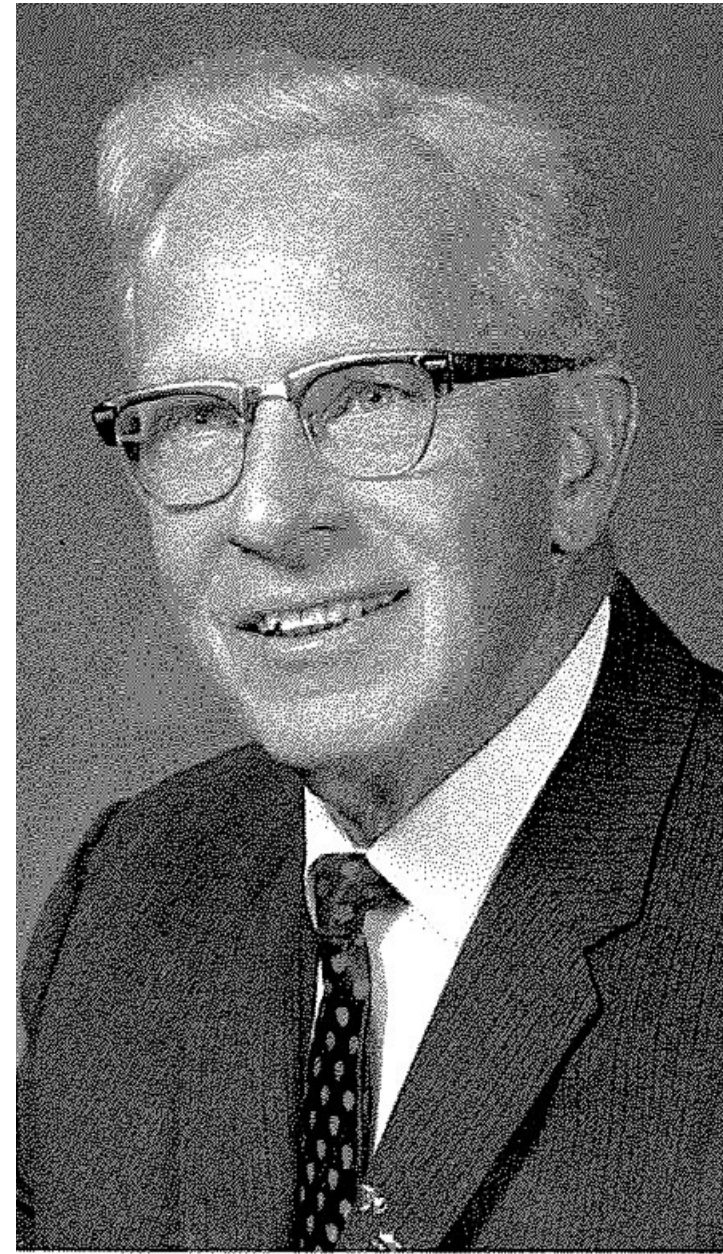
Carl and Pat with children Debbie, infant Betsy and son Don, taken in 1975 near the end of their time in Ethiopia. The Templins have seven grandchildren.



Accused of being CIA agents and receiving anonymous death threats, Carl and Pat faced an agonizing choice. They could remain in the country they loved and doing the work to which God had called them but putting themselves and three children at risk; or they could depart, leaving behind friends, a wonderful life and beloved career. They left.

Carl's mentor Don McClure – whose plea to Carl and others at the 1957 New Wilmington Missionary Conference convinced him to do a volunteer year in Ethiopia – stayed. He was shot and killed by guerrillas two years later, in 1977.

With Christians murdered and others forced to flee, those were dark days indeed. Yet while it may have seemed that the Templins were leaving the mission field when they returned home, God had a different plan. A door closed then but a window opened. Five years later Carl founded PRISM, a thriving ministry which spreads the gospel by



Don McClure, Carl's mentor who inspired him to go to Ethiopia in 1957. Don was martyred there in 1977.

A MESSAGE FROM CARL & PAT

Our dream is to see Beverly Heights be a "Recruiting and Sending" congregation as it was during its first half-century. We'd like to make our wonderful new members aware of how the Lord has used scores of mostly young witnesses from our church to participate in missions both abroad and in the United States. Beverly Heights has an exciting history of involvement in missions, about which we hope to adequately communicate during the Missions Celebration weekend in September.

Almost 60 years have passed since Pat and Carl began dating while on the summer staff of Beverly Heights, their church home and anchor.

Says Carl: "We grew up here. We heard the gospel here. We did our first teaching of the gospel here. We started dating while we were working on the staff here. We were married here. All three of our children have been baptized here. I was ordained here. Beverly Heights has just been part of our whole family's life."

At the same time, they'd strongly advise believers to live out the words of Isaiah 6:8: "Here I am Lord! Send me."

"It's one thing to contribute your money to missions," Pat says, "but to actually be able to get out there. ... Your life will never be the same because you'll see a challenge that God has that you cannot possibly see when you are sitting in the comfort of your own home."

Reinforcing the Isaiah message, Carl adds: "Once you place your life in God's hands and say, 'Okay, take over and do what you want with me,' God leads you into these tremendous challenges. ... I could not have reprogrammed it in any way that would have been more wonderful."

A Day at the GARAGE GIVEAWAY

BY TOM O'BOYLE

Bellefield Presbyterian Church sits on Fifth Avenue, just past Soldiers and Sailors Hall in the Oakland section of Pittsburgh. Early on a Saturday morning in August, when few students are usually out of bed, it is a hub of activity.

At 8 a.m., international students from across the globe race up the church steps to get to the front of the long queue already forming on the side of the sanctuary. On the opposite side, dozens of pickup trucks line up on Thackeray Street, eagerly awaiting their cargo.

What could possibly lure students by the hundreds to stand in line early on a Saturday morning for entrance to a church? Truckloads of free stuff.

It's PRISM's annual Garage Giveaway. Before it concludes some seven hours later, an army of 100 volunteers will lift, pull, tug, yank and cart away tons of donated household items. Most of the 425 newly arrived international students, from 27 nations, who will receive goods on this day have only been in the United States for a few days. Many look bleary eyed from their travels.

Why is there so much free stuff and why have volunteers come to dispense it? This puzzles many of the internationals standing in line. It is what causes them to pursue the PRISM community, to see what this giving is really about. There, they hear of Christ's love and the gifts He gave freely to us all.

"We're known the world over," says volunteer John Zolko, recalling a past conversation with a man from Japan. "He was at the event because a friend back in Japan who attended it before told him, 'You gotta go there because they give you free stuff. How crazy is that?'"

If the Garage Giveaway has an evangelist, it's John Zolko, a cheerful veteran of this frenetic scene. A roofer, home builder and rock climber when he isn't doing volunteer work, he calmly backs his dump truck and trailer at 8 a.m. into the courtyard where the students stand in line. John first came to Bellefield Church 45 years ago during his college days at Pitt. He found the Lord and has been serving Him ever since.

"God loves a hilarious giver and that's what I want to be," John says, laughing explosively. He's been a regular at the event for more than 20 years and says he wouldn't miss it.

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PHOTOS BY
JOHN SCHISLER



John Zolko passes out his homemade kettle corn to international students.

Ben Cramer and Dan Reed move furniture.



PRISM director Scott Boyd with some new friends.



Two trucking buddies, pastors Nate Devlin and Rick Wolling at the annual Garage Giveaway.

Alas, it is the last haul for Nate's truck, as he, Tom O'Boyle and Rucha depart to deliver her goods. Once delivered, after 141,000 miles, the Toyota Tundra bit the dust. Nate bought a used Subaru sedan two days later. "It went out with a bang," Nate said afterward, laughing.

In addition to the kettle-corn apparatus, which he hauls in a heavy-duty 4-wheel trailer, John brings his dump truck while wife Mary Lou drives a Ford Ranger pickup. After setting the kettle and firing up the propane heat source, he begins popping then dispensing free kettle corn to the students while they await admission to the church to claim their free goods.



“You don’t want to be lukewarm for God. You want to be hot for God,” John says, stirring corn kernels as heat from the propane blasts forth. A perpetual motion machine, John moves quickly and talks as fast as his corn pops, in bursts of words. He twirls a long wooden rod like a Ninja warrior, furiously stirring the ingredients.

“John is an incredible worker and a brilliant guy,” says Carl Templin, one of his many admirers, standing nearby.

Carl started the Garage Giveaway shortly after he founded PRISM in 1980. He got the idea while reading a Christian magazine. Bob Letsinger, Bellefield’s pastor then, needed little convincing.

Evidence perhaps of God’s providence over the Garage Giveaway is that in the 37 years since it began, it has rained only once. This being Pittsburgh, that fact alone seems proof positive of divine intervention.

“It was really miserable that day,” says Carl, recalling the one day it rained. “We’re always thankful when it’s a dry, refreshing morning.”

As it was on Saturday, August 17. Shortly after 8 a.m., inside the church, PRISM’s current director Scott Boyd greets the army of volunteers. “Is anyone volunteering at the Garage Giveaway for the first time?” he asks. More than a dozen folks raise their hands, as others cheer.

“We are so glad to have your help,” Scott says. “A lot of work has gone into this week gathering all this stuff. It’s scaring me a little. It seems a little too organized this year.”

Organized it is. After summarizing PRISM’s mission—“today is about the stuff but it’s really about the relationships that will begin”—Scott explains the drill, which veterans could recite in their sleep. He then prays and dismisses folks to their stations.

Lighter items—sheets, towels, glasses, plates, linens, blankets, cooking utensils, small appliances—are neatly arrayed in the pews out in Bellefield’s cavernous domed sanctuary. Heavier items—desks, sofas, chairs, tables, mattresses—are found downstairs. There are more than 200 lamps in the back of the sanctuary.

“What do they do with what’s left over when it’s all done?” asks volunteer Jessica D’Angelo of Beverly Heights, surveying the mountainous stockpile in the sanctuary.

Yet by 3:24 p.m., it will all be gone.

At exactly 9 a.m., the first group of 40 students are admitted into the church. After an orientation meeting, students begin their feverish

hunt. A new group of 40 is admitted every 20 minutes thereafter. They are permitted to tag one heavier item from downstairs and as much as they can carry from the lighter items in the sanctuary. Boxes are provided.

Among the volunteers are past giveaway recipients who return to help others receive.

Marty Larson, a member of Hampton Presbyterian Church in Gibsonia whose husband

Elliot is on the PRISM board, began volunteering when they moved to Pittsburgh in 2012. “I love this event,” she says. It introduced her to the young man who’s been their friendship partner for the past seven years.

“We’re taking him out for dinner tomorrow to celebrate his Ph.D.,” she says, “because he doesn’t have anyone else here. We’re his family.” He’s from Iran and his mother hasn’t been able to visit, she explains.

Once students have tagged their item and it’s been carried outside, they await delivery to their homes.

Yet by 3:24 p.m.,
it will all be gone.

The delivery man for one trip was our own Pastor Devlin.

“How long you been in the United States?” Nate asks Rucha, a woman from Mumbai, India, as the three of us travel toward our destination in Shadyside.

“Eight days,” Rucha replies. She’d never been to the U.S. before and leaving her family triggered “a lot of mixed emotions and feelings, excitement and anxiety.”

Soon we arrive in Shadyside. “The help that you guys are doing is huge. I haven’t seen anything like it before. Thank you. It was so nice to meet you,” Rucha says as we unload her new possessions. She promises to give the Garage Giveaway an enthusiastic thumbs up on Facebook.

By 3 p.m., all of the goods have been delivered, as John Zolko packs up the last of what was left in his dump truck for delivery to Goodwill.

“Look at it,” he says, looking out on the empty Bellefield sanctuary. “It’s what 3 o’clock? 3:24 and we’re ready to have church again.”



A mural greets children as they enter the preschool on the lower level of our church. Two cute raccoons peer out playfully from a tree hollow.

That picture of innocence was painted by artist Michael Harrar, whose affiliation with Beverly Heights spans nearly four decades. Yet in 1981, 16 years before he painted the mural, Michael found himself in the midst of a real-life situation which was very much the opposite of playful innocence.

Then in his first year as an illustrator in Colombia with Wycliffe Bible Translators, Michael was horrified when Chet Bitterman, a fellow missionary there, was abducted, held captive for 48 days, then murdered by guerrilla revolutionaries.

“I actually helped dig his grave,” Michael recalls.

While it was a situation he certainly hadn’t anticipated when he’d signed on with Wycliffe, and one he certainly didn’t welcome at the time, it was nonetheless a watershed moment for Michael. He has reflected on it often in the years since.

“I distinctly remember saying to God, ‘I didn’t come to the mission field to be burying martyrs.’ I didn’t know what my future was going to be. Staying there didn’t seem like the smartest thing to do. My family wanted me to come home.”

Michael crossed an important turning point at Chet’s funeral service. The words which were spoken that day, in March of 1981, have been watchwords for his ministry.

“One of the translators told a story about how Chet loved to play soccer and that his position on the soccer team was the wingman. The job of the wingman was to carry the soccer ball deep into enemy territory, then pass it to somebody else to score. And he said to us, ‘That’s exactly what Chet had done. He carried the ball deep into enemy territory and now he’s passed it to us to score.’ ”

“And I knew at that point there was no shadow of a doubt. God said, ‘Michael, I now pass that ball to you.’ That was for me the significant



turning point of saying, ‘Yes, Lord, I’ll take the ball.’ ”

Michael and his wife Bev visited Beverly Heights back in July. Scattered Seeds caught up with them for an hour-long interview afterward as they reflected on their 39 years abroad as married missionaries.

Bev said she doesn’t consider herself extraordinary in the work they do. “Michael and I aren’t any more spiritual. We aren’t sanctified in any way that any member of Beverly Heights wouldn’t be. It’s just that we’ve said yes to this.”

The couple met through Wycliffe. They raised three children overseas and are now back in Papua New Guinea in the South Pacific for the third time. It’s a welcome homecoming, but a brief one.

As they approach the end of their career, they anticipate postings of shorter duration, as Michael teaches illustration to foreign locals while Bev teaches English.

In addition to Papua New Guinea, they have lived in Colombia as well as the African countries of Senegal, Tanzania and Nigeria.

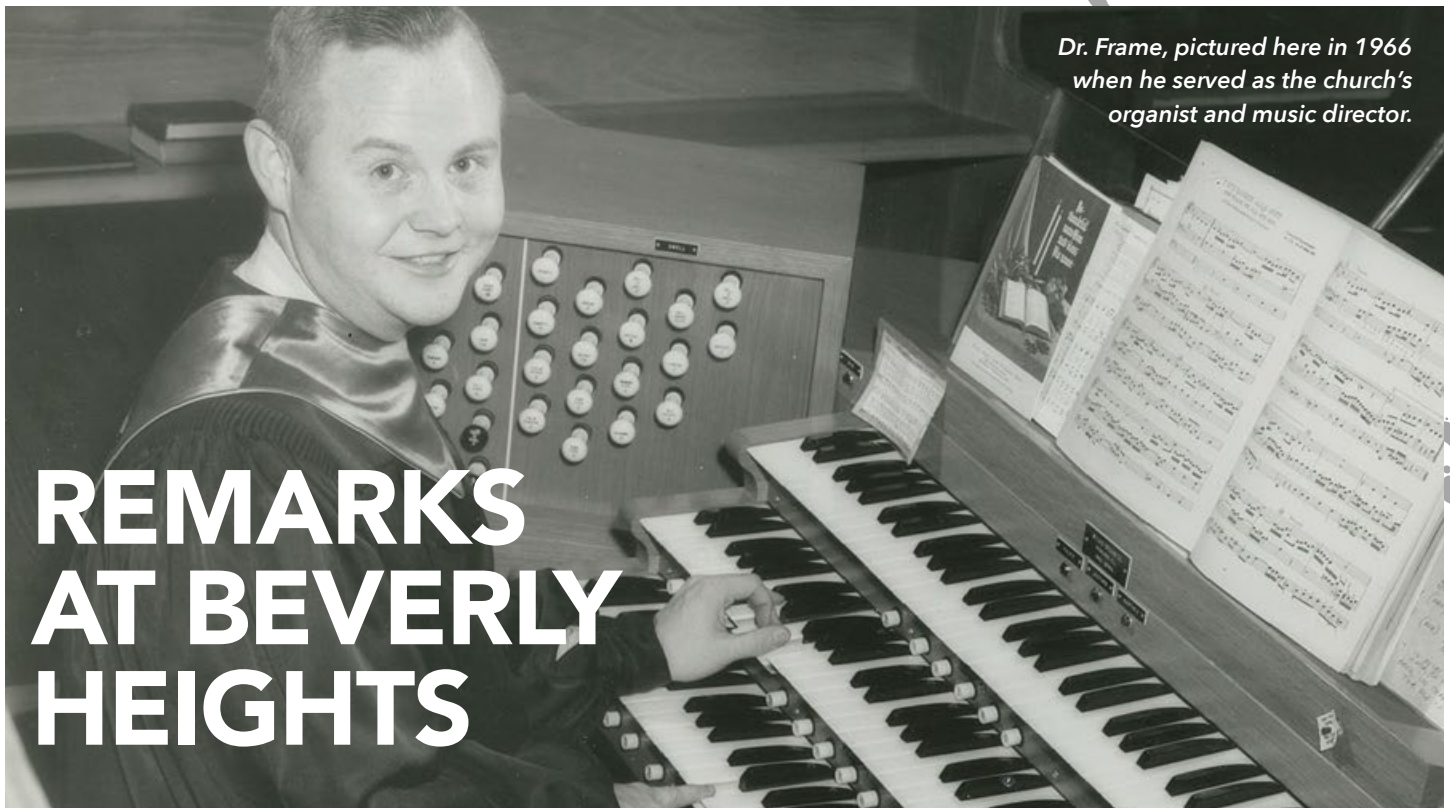
During their visit to Beverly Heights, they met Fiona Balfe. A senior at Mt. Lebanon High School, the daughter of Mike and Michelle Balfe is considering a career as a missionary. Fiona asked the Harrars many questions.

Bev said she arrived haphazardly on her path as a teacher of English in that she wasn’t a gifted English student. “Now, 39 years later, I can’t imagine doing anything else with my life other than teaching English,” she says.

There’s a lesson for all Christians in that, Bev says. “Sometimes we worry so much about getting things right and yet God knows us and directs us in ways we can’t even understand. Then, in the end, we’re absolutely amazed by His orchestration,” she said. “If I had another life to give, I’d be all in.”

Bev and Michael Harrar

“Yes, Lord,
I’ll take the ball.”



Dr. Frame, pictured here in 1966 when he served as the church's organist and music director.

REMARKS AT BEVERLY HEIGHTS

Dr. John M. Frame attended our church from when he was 6 years old until age 27. It was here that he first heard the gospel and came to trust in Christ as his Lord and Savior. He went on to have a distinguished career as a theologian and academic. On Sept. 18, 2010, he preached here in honor of the 25th anniversary of our then Senior Pastor Rick Wolling. Below is an edited version of his remarks.

I can't begin to tell you what a huge quantity and quality of memories came upon me when I came through the church door tonight. Beverly Heights was not only my church home, but my home away from home, from 1946 to 1967. My parents took me to Sunday school here in 1946 at the age of 6, at Markham school.

In my elementary school years, my main interest was seeing my friends and making life hard for people. I was, frankly, a mean kid. In Sunday school and junior church we played nasty pranks on one another – stealing hymnals and piling them up, interrupting the teacher. Nobody wanted to teach our boys' class. Many teachers left us, sometimes in tears. One kid brought a pen knife to class, and every time a teacher quit on us, he would put a notch in the table.

In telling you this, I'm not trying to get you to laugh or think about how cute we were, because we really hurt people, and I'm so sorry. Some of these teachers might have been your fathers, mothers, even grandparents. Some were in tears because of us. They were trying to serve the Lord, to help kids, and we didn't care. But they sowed seeds.

In my junior-high years, God got hold of me and others of my friends. I came to see that I was a sinner, and that God could be my friend only through Jesus. I heard the gospel through the church youth program, and the choir program got it into my heart.

I don't want you to look at me and say, "My, how he's improved!"

When God asks, "Why should I let you into my heaven?" I will not say to him, "Look how much I've improved." I'll say, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner. My only hope is in Jesus' sacrifice on Calvary."

So my memories of Beverly Heights are qualitatively formative in my life as well as quantitatively huge. ...

My involvement pretty much ended in 1967 when I joined another church and went to teach at Westminster Seminary in Philadelphia, which was not on the approved list for Presbyterians in that day. But I kept hearing good things about what God was doing here. I worried that Beverly Heights might experience what other evangelical churches have experienced in the Presbyterian Church USA denomination – calling a liberal minister, losing the gospel.

I prayed that it wouldn't happen here, and it didn't. ...

So God was faithful over so many decades. ...

And here we are in 2010, and it's still here – to bring the gospel to the community, so that kids like me can find a church home, a home away from home. ...

I don't know you well, Rick, but I'm so thankful that God has used your ministry to bring to this generation the gospel as Jesus taught it. ...

And so many others: associate pastors, elders, deacons, seminarian interns, music directors, Sunday school teachers, VBS workers ...

God says through Isaiah, "How beautiful ... are the feet of him who brings good news, who publishes peace" (Isaiah 52:7).

A long trail of beautiful feet. How wonderful it's been.