

Only in biblical faith, the Christian contends, can modern man obtain the answers he needs, those answers to the ultimate questions which, Gilkey writes, spring from the depths of human existence. Those questions are, typically, "Why am I? Who am I? What should I become and be? Why should I value truth and the good? What is the meaning and future destiny of my life and the history in which it participates? How can I be whole again?"³⁰ To such questions there are answers, the Christian rejoices -- God's answers given in a Book, God's Word.

Only in biblical faith, then, the Christian contends, can personal and social redemption be found. "The saving element" which, Barrett laments, has not been discovered in science, technology, literacy, education, the emancipation of women, the spread of enlightenment and reason or "all the shining and estimable goals of the Enlightenment." For, Barrett points out, the "old humanist aphorism" that man is the measure of things has, as our century ingloriously and despairingly hobbles towards the year 2000, lost its glamor. "In fact men do not always like to assume this lonely and arrogant role of a measuring stick for all reality. Man is void and empty unless he finds something by which to measure his own being." More than that, Barrett adds:

Man cannot find meaning in himself, not in himself alone anyway; he must feel part of something greater than himself. And to belong simply to a social group will not do, for then we may all be together but we are just the lonely crowd in a void. No, he must feel that he belongs to something cosmic that is not of man . . . and least of all man-made. . . .³¹

The Biblicist, applauding Barrett's struggle to locate both measure and meaning for human life, lifts up an old Book -- God's inscripturated self-revelation, the one authentic disclosure of that transcendence which provides "the saving element." Only in biblical faith, the Christian contends, is there an interpretation of reality which will provide the solution to human ills that Becker and others are so ardently seeking.

The Bible is the kind of book, the Christian contends, which the heroine of Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* wished she could write. "a book powered with an intellectual and moral passion strong enough to create order, to create a new way of looking at life."³² Astonishingly charged with recreative passion and power, the Bible is the kind of book which ethnologist and philosopher, Emile Cailliet, vainly tried to fashion out of his own resources. Born in late nineteenth century France and reared in a hermetically antisupernatural environment, Cailliet, despite years of graduate study and soul-shaking war experiences, had never held a copy of the Bible in his hands. Yet he felt the need for a certain kind of book. Let him personally tell the story.

Reading in literature and philosophy, I found myself probing ... for meaning. During long night watches in the foxholes I had in a strange way been longing -- I must say it, however queer it may sound -- for a book that would understand me. But I knew of no such book, Now I would in secret prepare one for my own private use. And so, as I went on reading for my courses I would file passages that would speak to my condition, then carefully copy them in a leather-bound pocket book I would always carry with me. The quotation, which I numbered in red ink for easier reference, would lead me as it were from fear and anguish, through a variety of