

## EDITORIAL

During most of our married life, Carolyn and I were not the only two people living in our home. For upwards of twenty years we shared our living space with the two beautiful children that the Lord graciously allowed Carolyn to bring into the world. By the miraculous process of procreation (whether described as addition or multiplication) we two parents became three family members and then four. Healthy growth occurred, and all of us were the richer for it.

Eventually the time came for our children to go away to college, and the people living in our home numbered only two again. Carolyn and I began to experience (and sometimes enjoy!) the so-called "empty-nest syndrome." The growth that we had so carefully nurtured seemed suddenly to have been aborted, or at least stunted. Our tendency, on occasion, was to feel a bit sorry for ourselves.

But then, in rapid succession, some interesting things began to happen. Following graduation from Wheaton College in 1983, our son Glenn moved back into our home for a while. Our number had increased again to three. A year later he married his lovely fiancée Lynnet, and after their honeymoon they took up temporary residence in our home until they were able to find an apartment of their own. For a short time, at least, our number was again four. We had—as the saying goes—not lost a son but gained a daughter.

In a couple of months our daughter Wendy will graduate from Bethel College. Her plans for the immediate future include marriage to her handsome fiance Daryl in November. Carolyn and I will—as the saying goes—not lose a daughter but gain a son. If we include our daughter-in-law and son-in-law in the total tally, our family will soon number six (even though not all of us will always be living in the same house—except on very special occasions).

Our home, among innumerable others, can serve as a partial parable of the kind of growth that our Society and its *Journal* have enjoyed down through the years. Although some subscribers have signed up and others (for various reasons) have tuned out, the overall numbers are encouraging indeed. Ten years ago we mailed out less than 1400 copies of each issue of *JETS*; today we mail 2600 copies. God in his providence has given us a committed and faithful readership, and for that blessing we are grateful.

The Society membership figures are no less impressive. Here is the breakdown in five-year increments:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Total membership</i>	<i>Full members</i>	<i>Associate members</i>	<i>Student members</i>
1975	877	602	156	119
1980	1378	780	202	396
1985	1758	1077	338	343

In some respects, therefore, our Society has doubled in a decade. Today's total membership is more than twice what it was ten years ago, and we are mailing out

nearly twice as many copies of *JETS* now as we did then.

Like any family, the Evangelical Theological Society sometimes seems to take one step backward for every two steps forward. Up to this point in our history our family defections and squabbles, however painful, have not inhibited our overall growth. And is it too much to hope that some of our former members and subscribers may eventually decide to join our household again, in spite of its imperfections? After all, a second honeymoon is often better than the first.

Ronald Youngblood