

Weekly Column
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Melvin University
and Me

Don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing.

This means to be quiet and not to brag when you do good deeds. I remember two things. One was Rev. Melvin helping an African student. It was almost 20 years ago, but I recently heard about it. About 20 years ago, Rev. Melvin helped an African student to graduate from Daystar University in Kenya. The student was moved when he found Melvin's first book in the seminary library and read it, and contacted Melvin to start communicating. So, he opened a Institute of Lay Pastors Ministry in Kenya, and has done the ministry nationally, and eventually Melvin University was born because the student donated 6 hectare of land handed down by his father. He is currently Pastor John Orgilla, the vice president of Melvin University. If it were not for Melvin, who is an American, African youngster would never have been a regular university student also he would have graduated from university.

However, I was completely unaware of this story. Even though I have been working with Melvin for nearly 20 years, he never told me that he was helping students in Africa. I heard that after Melvin passed away John Ogillah, now the vice president, told me how Dr. Melvin helped him. In fact, when I was working in Korea, the staff at our Institute and I complained about Melvin a lot. He didn't even help us with a single penny because we were so close to each other. Thinking about it now, he couldn't help. It would have been difficult to help our Korean ministry because all of the African Ogillah couple and their children were put into the university's family dormitory and helped them for 4-5 years. I guess more than 1 million dollars he had invested for Ogillah study. Nevertheless, he didn't say that he couldn't help because he helped foreigners. I met him several times in person, but he didn't tell me. Now, it became a

practical lesson that the left hand should not know what the right hand is doing.

The other is Grandmother Connie. When I was attending a seminary in Canada, I had to take Clinical Pastoral Education (CPE), but there was no suitable place to practice in Toronto, so I was assigned to practice at a Mentally Retained People Center in Woodstock, which is about a few hours away. Fortunately, my advisor, Dr. Muriel, was a person who had been working as a missionary in India for more than 10 years, so she understood Asians like me well. I was not good at English, and my culture was very different between Canada and Korea, so she played a good role as a bridge. At that time, the remaining six were all Canadians, who came from good universities, and they had more experience than me.

Since it was too far from Toronto, commuting every day was difficult, so I had to find a room to stay and work during the day and return home to Toronto on the weekend. So, Dr. Muriel introduced me to a detached house, saying that it was her friend, and I lived on the second floor for a few months. Grandmother Carney, the landlord, was an office worker at a general hospital for almost 30 years. Every morning, she went to work at the hospital, and I went to the Retarded center to practice for six months. When I moved into the house, I made an appointment to pay \$250 a month. I was a student, so I thought they gave me a good deal.

However, when I was about to leave for Toronto with a bag after six months of training, Grandma Connie asked me to sit in the living room chair and offered an envelope. She saved the rent fee and said "I had your payment without using it, but now I told you to take it with you, saying I would return it." I was a little embarrassed and it was my first time experiencing it. However, I couldn't help but get it because she had saved it. At the time, I was living in Toronto as a student and with my family, so the \$1,500 in the envelope was a lot of money.

When I think about those happening now, I think again that it is embarrassing for me to think about Dr. Melvin and Grandmother Carney's thoughts. I definitely appreciate them.