
Letter from the Editor

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When my grandson was four, he spent the night at our house one evening and slept in the guest room. That room has two twin beds in it, and he convinced my wife (his grandmother) to sleep in the second bed under the pretense that he would fall asleep faster, but in reality, it was so he could gossip and giggle and stay awake at least another hour.

When morning came, an ear-piercing scream shook the house, and I went running into the room as quickly as I could. Having just awakened, he was sitting on his bed staring at the empty one beside it, alarmed that his grandmother was missing. Tears were coming from his eyes, and his bottom lip was trembling.

Very calmly, I went to the empty bed, sat down, and began explaining to him that his cousin and aunt had stopped by and grandma was downstairs visiting with them. I told him that we could go and see them as well once he calmed down a bit and changed from his pajamas. My voice was calm and even, and I explained things as matter-of-factly as I possibly could, but it didn't stop his stream of tears or alarm.

Within about thirty seconds, my wife appeared in the room, having also heard the scream from downstairs. Without hesitation, she went straight to his bed, sat down, wrapped him in a hug, and began apologizing for not being there when he woke up. She rubbed his hair and told him that his cousin and aunt were downstairs and would love to see him. He calmed down within seconds and we all went downstairs.

While there is absolutely nothing wrong with the way I was handling the situation, there can be no disagreement that my wife's approach was much better. We both offered the same explanation and suggestion for what to do next, but hers was enveloped in a manifestation of love and comfort and was better received. While our intentions were the same, I would much rather be on the receiving end of her succor than mine, and I suspect that is true of most whether they are four or forty.

In the world of Christian higher education, there are some schools that are experiencing prosperity, but many are not. Some are waking up, looking at the dorms, and finding empty beds beside them. Many of us work at institutions where we wish someone would wrap their arms around us and say that all is okay, but I'm not so sure that we would believe them.

While the pandemic didn't help anything, a lot of smaller private Christian schools have been headed for a panic for a number of years, and the virus only expedited the inevitable. Decreasing numbers of students overall, higher tuition costs, and many other factors have played a role, but, more than anything, it is the inability to differentiate our product from others that has contributed so much.

The role of this journal is to focus on differentiation—what makes the “Christian” Business Academy different than just the Business Academy? What makes the Christian “Business” Academy different from just the Christian Academy?

While I am fond of every issue, I think the contributors to this one have done an admirable job of focusing on that topic. I think, however, that there is much more that could, and should, be done. There should be more articles from the faculty at schools who are experiencing success, sharing what has led to that. There should be more discussion of what has been tried and not worked. There should be more dialogue on why education at small, private, Christian schools is worth the cost. If you have the answers to any of these questions or thoughts worthy of a conversation, put them in writing and submit them for the next issue. In times like this, we all need a little comfort.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Emmett Doherty". The signature is written in black ink on a white background. The first name "Emmett" is written in a smaller, more compact cursive, while the last name "Doherty" is written in a larger, more flowing cursive with a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right.