

NON NOBIS

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Tom Garfield, *Non Nobis: The Story of the First Generation of Logos School*

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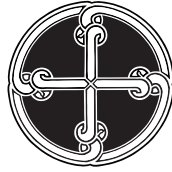
NON NOBIS

*The Story of the First Generation
of Logos School*

TOM GARFIELD



Logos Press
LEADERS IN CLASSICAL CHRISTIAN EDUCATION



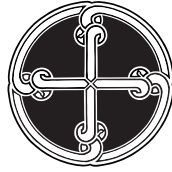
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DEDICATION

*To Julie and Carolyn, Seth, Kajsa, and Kathryn – because of you and for you,
by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ*



PREFACE

“Not to us, O Lord, not to us,
but to Thy Name give glory!” Psalm 115:1

It’s almost become cliché that Christian schools start in church basements. Well, then I guess Logos School didn’t break the pattern. It did, however, go on to have a rather profound effect on thousands of folks who never saw the basement—or the roller rink, for that matter. By God’s own design and grace, Logos School grew from a small beginning in a town tucked away in north Idaho, to influence dear people as far away as the Marshall Islands, China, northern Iraq, as well as other far-flung countries. I could also mention Nigeria and South Korea, and most of the states of the Union.

Doug Wilson, Logos School’s founder, wrote a book published in 1991 entitled *Recovering the Lost Tools of Learning*. If you haven’t read that book, you really should. He does a brilliant job of laying out exactly what was unique about the educational philosophy that Logos School embraced and promulgated.

My purpose in this book is not to offer additional philosophical underpinnings for a classical, Christian school. I am an administrator, not a visionary. My job for thirty-five years was to build a school to follow

that unique philosophy, grounded in and saturated by the Word of God. Along the way, I worked under more board members than I can recall. But regardless of the specific individuals, my board consistently and fervently adhered to our original mission: to offer a classical and Christ-centered education to as many families as the Lord brought to us.

So, I simply present to you, the reader, a look back at the founding and development of what became the greatest part of my life's work and, more importantly, the means God used to bless thousands of families in Moscow and across the world. This is the story, from my viewpoint, of Logos School's first 35 years, presented in mostly anecdotal pieces. It is far from a complete history, someone else would have to write that. I wrote this primarily to have a brief record of this amazing work of God. And, selfishly, to have something to read that would remind me in years to come just how much and why I loved this place.

If you are a Logos alum, you may recognize some of these stories. You graced our halls and classrooms and meant a great deal to me. You made all the labor a joy! If you worked at Logos, I thank you and highly value the time we shared in this ministry. If you are a Logos parent, you will certainly recognize some of these stories, depending on when and how long you were with us. Thank you for your commitment in giving your family this education! It was an honor and delight to serve you. If you work in or attend another classical school, you will likely relate to much of what we went through. That said, this is the first book of its kind as far as I'm aware, coming from the founders of classical Christian education in this country, and that distinction alone may make it worth reading.

Whatever the reason you find yourself picking this book up, I hope you will be blessed by discovering yet another story and another reason to give all glory and praise to the Father.

Non Nobis!

TOM GARFIELD

April 2016

So what *did* work for fundraising? Well, many years later we learned that just politely asking for help, say in a fun event like a dinner and an auction, or a concert, brought out the cheerful giving we desired. Sure, we still did car washes and bake sales, but those were for class purposes. At the end of the day, folks want to give to something they trust and want to see succeed. Our job was to convince folks that, by God's grace, we would be that kind of school

THE FIRST SERIOUS THREAT

The word was spreading about our little school. Even a unique church in Pullman took interest in Logos. The pastor called me one day in the summer of 1983 and made an appointment to come and see me to find out more about Logos. When he arrived, I won't say I had a premonition or even bad vibes, but he did intimidate me from the get-go. He was stern and foreboding. I don't believe he smiled during the entire time he peppered me with questions. Considering my extreme lack of experience in all things related to starting a school, I didn't realize until later that he was examining Logos to see if it would meet not only his own family's needs, but those of the families in his small congregation.

Apparently I gave generally satisfactory answers, because it wasn't long after our meeting that Logos received a flurry of applications from this one church. In all about a dozen children were enrolled, quite a population boom for us!

However, it didn't take long before storm warnings appeared. We were only a month or two into the school year when I started hearing from my teachers (all female and single at the time). The common theme was that many of these new parents were challenging the teachers' methods and content of teaching the Bible particularly. As I could, I sought to field some of concerns and addressed the parents myself.

That didn't slow things down. I began to get phone calls from the pastor, urging me to encourage my teachers to be more dogmatic (not his word) in their Bible instruction and crack down on classroom discipline. The sky was definitely getting darker over Logos.

Then one day, as I was watching out my window as the children were out at recess, I saw the pastor's son clobber another boy. Oh

great! I had the recess teacher send in both boys and I sat in Solomon's seat (wishing he were there instead) and tried to sort out what had happened. It wasn't all that difficult really; the smaller recipient of the punch had said the 'wrong' thing and the older boy nailed him. The older boy stated that his father said it was ok to hit others, if needed. The evidence was in and I had to put up or shut up. From our beginning we had informed all our families that corporal punishment, that is the ancient art of spanking, would be a disciplinary option at Logos. This situation certainly called for it.

So, with the sinking feeling that I was pulling the pin on a grenade, I spanked the pastor's son. I also asked the boys to seek reconciliation, which they did, somewhat begrudgingly on one side (guess which one).

Then, as my practice would become for many more years, I called the boys' fathers to let them know what had transpired between their progeny. The dad of the smaller boy was great, as I recall. The pastor? Well, I hadn't had the riot act read to me so thoroughly since my shipboard days in the USN. Among other things, he let me know that he taught his sons to defend themselves and it was up to the boys to determine when that "defending" was necessary.

I hoped things would calm down for a while after that. They didn't. Within a short time, not long before Thanksgiving I believe, one of my teachers who attended the local Nazarene Church came into my office one morning, weeping. She was not an emotional type, so my level of concern rose immediately. It turned out that one of "the families" (we all knew who we were talking about by this time) had invited her over for dinner. She accepted and soon found she was the main course. The parents obviously had an agenda which included calling her salvation into question because she went to a church that didn't teach "eternal security." They also questioned Logos' theological integrity in hiring a teacher who believed the way she did.

In my estimation the time had come for board action. We were still meeting weekly so it didn't take long for me to let the board know what was going on: the parents from this one church were hurting my teachers. The board agreed and wrote the pastor a respectful, but firm

letter stating that this treatment of the teachers needed to stop or the families concerned would be asked to leave Logos.

The pastor mailed his response to Doug Wilson and me. It still stands as one of the most unique pieces of correspondence I have ever received (I think Doug would also rate it that way). The pastor had not written a reply; he had used a rubber stamp (with red ink) which contained the full text of “B---S---” and had thumped it down on our letter, then mailed it back to us. I wasn’t sure which shocked me more—the fact that he had been so crude, or that he found it necessary to have such a stamp in his possession.

That, however, was just the opening volley. Shortly thereafter I received a letter from the pastor’s attorney, notifying me, in legalese, that Logos was being sued for failure to provide the educational services we had promised. The letter also informed us that all the church’s families would be leaving and demanding a full refund.

I would love to say that my first reaction was to pray for them and just trust that the Lord would see us through this crisis. But that’s not what I did. I was stunned and discouraged. When I got home I told Julie that the experiment known as Logos School was over. In addition to the fear of going through a lawsuit, I knew that our budget couldn’t take the hit of paying all those fees back, not to mention any actual court costs!

But my board was made of sterner and godlier stuff. They directed me to contact a friend of the school who was a Christian and an attorney (it is possible) and show him the letter from the opposing attorney. Our friend reviewed it, along with our school’s application and policies. I’ll never forget his phone call to me a few days later. He not only believed we had nothing to worry about, he was actually very anxious to get in the courtroom with the other attorney. He said something about how fun it would be to “eat his lunch,” I believe. More professionally he let me know that these families had no legal leg to stand on; our application, which required their signature of agreement, and our other documents made it very clear that the families would abide by all the school’s rules and policies. Among those policies was the statement that the fees were non-refundable.

In the meantime, one after another, some with tears of regret, all the church families pulled their children out of Logos. It was terribly sad in every way. Almost all the children were too young to understand, and I couldn't have helped them, even if I was asked to. I didn't understand that kind of blind and foolish adherence to a church's demands. A few of the families sent their own letters to me, threatening a lawsuit if we didn't return their money.

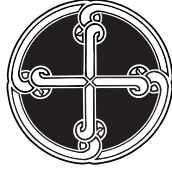
As our lawyer prepared a formal reply to the other attorney and his clients, stating that any suggestion that a lawsuit could hold water was ridiculous (he said it better), my board prepared its own letter. First, they determined to follow our Lord's injunction in Matthew 5:40: "And if anyone wants to sue you, and take your shirt, let him have your coat as well." Then our remaining families were informed of the basic situation and told that Logos would not only freely return the fees, but would double them. The response to this news was tremendous; even though it was getting close to Christmas, donations flowed in and we were able to do just what we said. The board wrote a concise, but pleasant letter to the departed families letting them know that, regardless of the unfounded demand, a check for twice the amount of their fees was enclosed, along with a basket of fruit and a wish for them to have a Merry Christmas.

Did we expect any of the families to be conscience-smitten and at least express thanks for the extra amount? No, I don't think so. And none of them did. But it certainly was a watershed moment for Logos. Yes, it put out the immediate fire, but more importantly it made it clear to all who were paying attention that the Logos School Board was putting Scripture and obedience to Christ ahead of budget worries and enrollment pressures.

I believe in the years that followed, one of the reasons that God blessed us so richly had to do with my board's faithfulness during our first serious threat.

TALENT NIGHT AND OTHER AWKWARD MOMENTS

This is as good a place as any to mention that in our early years, I not only was striving to become an administrator, I was also striving to help Logos look and act like a "real school." I knew we couldn't offer



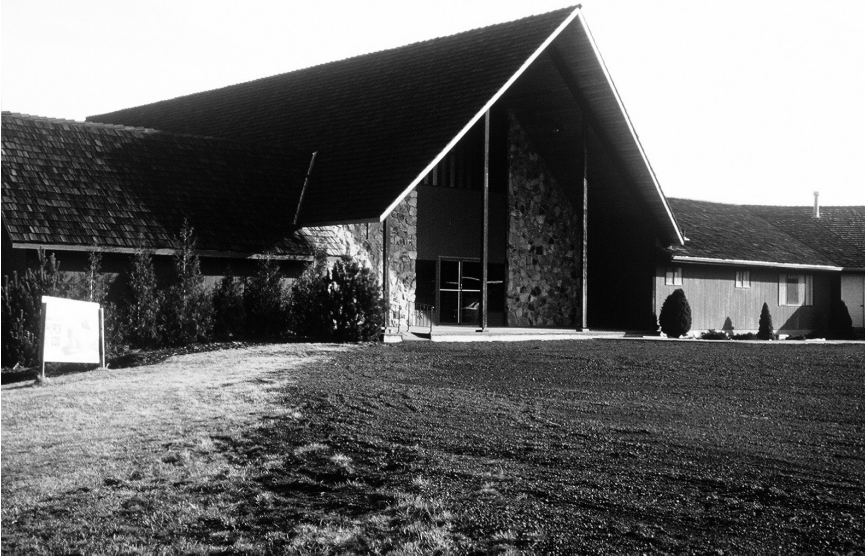
APPENDIX H

PHOTOS



September 1981: First all-school photo

PHOTO: MARK LAMOREAUX



Fall 1981: Paradise Hills Church of God – Logos School’s first home

PHOTO: TOM GARFIELD



Fall 1981: First lunches together

PHOTO: TOM GARFIELD



Winter, 1982: Sledding during recess

PHOTO: TOM GARFIELD



Spring, 1982: Logos School food booth at Moscow's Renaissance Fair

PHOTO: TOM GARFIELD

