

# Edward P. Meadors

## Autobiography

I was born in New Orleans on September 7, 1964. It was Labor Day—especially for mom. I weighed 9 lbs.

Before I knew what was going on, my parents moved to Cleveland, Mississippi, where my younger brother, David, was born—the sixth and last of my parent's children—five boys and one girl—my sister, Lisa, being the oldest, followed by Porter, John, Bill, myself, and David.

After two years in Cleveland, we moved north to Memphis, TN, my childhood home. From the get go, family and church set the die for my perspectives on life. I had a very, very happy childhood. My heroes were Archie Manning and Lou Brock.

At age 12, we moved to Louisville, KY, where my dad became head pathologist at the Methodist hospital. We liked Louisville but stayed only four years before returning to Mississippi, where dad would end his career 17 years later at the Baptist hospital in Jackson.

The constant through all these years and many moves was the frequent pilgrimage we made to my grandparents home in Greenville, Mississippi. Both of my parents grew up in the old delta river town. My grandfather, Greenville's Chevrolet/Oldsmobile dealer, owned a stately red brick Georgian house with a large, perfectly manicured back lawn. It was here that I waged imaginary battles, won imaginary World Series and Super Bowls, competed passionately with my brothers, and learned the beauty of roses, azaleas, and a well kept lawn. We played hard, ate like royalty, and enjoyed a childhood that history will never repeat. Due to the gambling industry and mass population changes, our Greenville is gone with the wind.

I graduated from St. Andrews Episcopal School in 1982 and enrolled at Mississippi College in Clinton. After a year at MC, I transferred to Wheaton College to play soccer. Just a year later I played defense on the 1984 Wheaton National Championship Soccer Team. We had players from all over the world, but perhaps my representation of Mississippi was the most unique—Mississippi was hardly a hotbed for soccer at the time. I majored in English Literature.

I stayed at Wheaton to get a masters degree in New Testament Studies, or so I explained to all who asked. The real reason was to finish my last year of eligibility in soccer and to stay near my eventual wife, Kathy McDonald. We were married at Wheaton's College Church on August 15, 1987. College could not have been better—a national championship, the birth of a passion for biblical studies, and a precious wife—a triple crown for which I will always be grateful.

In 1989 Kathy and I crossed the Atlantic to pursue Ph. D. studies at the University of Aberdeen in Scotland. There I had the great fortune of having I. Howard Marshall as my doctoral advisor. Like most of my great teachers, I learned as much from Howard's dignified example and scholarly books as I did from his tutorials. The freedom of the British program worked for me, and my dissertation was published in Germany and in America.

Scottish midwives delivered Edward Jr. (b. 1990) and Davis (b. 1992) under the Scottish national health care system. Except for their circumcisions that cost extra, both deliveries were free. So far both boys are doing fine.

My teaching career began in 1993 at Beeson Divinity School in Birmingham, Alabama, where I taught adjunctively, while loading trucks in the late afternoon for UPS. Life was hard but good, and it was refreshing to be back in the South. At the end of the second year in Birmingham, our daughter, Mary Katherine, was born (1995). After having two long natural

deliveries, Kathy sailed through with an epidural. We smiled again at checkout, paying only \$14 with the benefits of UPS health insurance.

In August of 1995 I relocated for the last time. The call was north to Taylor University and the arctic tundra of Upland, Indiana—population 2000. Now my kid's home is Indiana, and they each consider themselves Midwesterners, if not Northerners. I object but the change of identity was inevitable. Indeed, all would be lost were it not for the fact that one of their heroes is Peyton Manning of the Indianapolis Colts.

I teach a variety of courses on New Testament at Taylor as well as senior adult Sunday School at Upland Community Church. I also teach weekly Bible studies at the University Nursing Home and at Pendleton prison most Saturdays in the spring. I coach the Grant United high school soccer team each fall.

My adult hobby sprouted three years ago when Kathy and I purchased 25 acres of hardwood forest one mile south of Upland. My passions are teaching, writing, and the woods. The forest has become my preferred sanctuary; I love trees and the critters that inhabit them.

At present, Edward Jr. is off to Wheaton, Davis is training for soccer, Mary Katherine is tending Prince Caspian, her horse, and Kathy, as beautiful as ever, is persevering as a junior high school science teacher. We are thankful for the good life, great family, and great friends God has given us. He's been with us the whole way.

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