

Here's a post I made six years ago, when just starting to think about what I would do in my book [How Jesus Became God](#), where I recount a rather emotional experience of starting to doubt my faith.

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When I attended Moody Bible Institute in the mid 1970s, every student was required, every semester, to do some kind of Christian ministry work. Like all of my fellow students I was completely untrained and unqualified to do the things I did, but I think Moody believed in on-the-job training. And so every student had to have one semester where, for maybe 2-3 hours one afternoon a week, they would engage in "door-to-door evangelism." That involved being transported to some neighborhood in Chicago, knocking on doors, trying to strike up a conversation, get into the homes, and convert people. A fundamentalist version of the Mormon missionary thing, also carried out two-by-two.

One semester I was a late-night counselor on the Moody Christian radio station. People would call up with questions about the Bible or with problems in their lives, and I would, well, give them all the answers. I was all of 18. One semester I was a chaplain one afternoon a week at Cook County Hospital. Completely out of my depth with that one.

When I was a senior (it was a three year degree program), my roommate and I decided...

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