Fran Hiebert was a dear, dear friend-along with her husband Paul. I count her among my very dearest friends within a large seminary circle. Not only did I know her from many social and seminary related moments, but she and Paul lived with us for several months during a time of transition. To know her was to love her.

But, please note: Even while Fran was a great woman to have at your side and on your side, at the same time her sense of fairness and justice meant that if you were on the side of wrong, she was a fearsome opponent. Good for her!

Fran and her husband Paul were rather the Ying and the Yang of human personality types. Paul, always gentle and retiring, Fran not always gentle, and not given to retreat. But always for the cause of righteousness. And there they were conjoined disciples of Jesus.

Fran was a truly intelligent Christian person. She always let the light of the Gospel of Christ shine on the kaleidoscope of human and social conditions, and responded according to that light. Her Mennonite roots held her in good stead, and blessed us all.

Fran was a dear Christian friend, whom to remember is to miss—to miss a lot. But to remember her is to be blessed by her, in the here and now. May God continue to raise up women—and men—who walk with her in the way of the Lord.

[Editor’s Note: The Hieberts stayed with Meyes for 3 months in the transition between Fuller and Trinity.]

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