



# THE SEMINARIAN

Volume XXXVIII

March 6, 1987

Issue 4

## COMMENCEMENT DAY ACTIVITIES

May 16, 1987

- 8:00 Presentation of Citations
- 8:15 Service of the Word and Sacrament
- 9:15 Social Time
- 9:30 Graduation Picture
- 10:30 Academic Procession Line-up
- 10:50 Academic Procession begins
- 11:00 162nd Commencement

May 15, 1987

- 1:30 Commencement Rehearsal
- 3:15 Swander Lecture in Santee
- 6:30 Alumni Banquet

## SPRING ARTS FESTIVAL

March 31, April 1-2, 1987

### Tuesday

- All Day
- 9:30 a.m.
- 12 noon
- 9:30 p.m.

- Art Exhibit
- Chapel
- Meet AIM in Hafer
- Old Movies in the Refectory

### Wednesday

- 9:30 a.m.
- 12 noon
- 9:30 p.m.

- Chapel
- Meet the Artist
- Court of Jesters in the Refectory

### Thursday

- 9:30 a.m.
- 12 noon

- Community Hour with Camilla Schade
- Meet the Artist

### Sunday

- 3:00 p.m.

- Candlelight Concert in Santee Chapel with Nancy Kuhns

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"A multitude of problems go unsolved by people who "don't want to get involved."

-Paul Armstrong

THE VOICE OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

I am a voice I used to sing  
And speak for Martin Luther King.  
In Tennessee they took my life,  
Now I'm a voice without a wife,  
Without a father, mother, child.  
Can't hear a sound, can't see a  
smile.  
Just hope that I have earned the  
price  
That I must pay to Jesus Christ.

I came to Memphis' bitter site  
To organize for what was right.  
But someone there abhorred my stay  
And sought to slay me night and  
day.  
My Master fell from rifle blast.  
The wound was great, he didn't  
last,  
But left me here to make it  
plain  
My master did not die in vain.

He longed to see that blessed day  
When Civil rights would hold  
full sway.  
"Somewhere I read of equal rights  
For which we shouldn't have to  
fight"  
"Somewhere I read of Freedom  
strong  
Where all Americans belong."  
My Master left me here to speak,  
To tell it from the mountain peak.

\*\*\*\*\*

A STORY

I built a cage, and in it I put a  
dog and a cat. After a little  
training I got the dog and the  
cat to the point where they lived  
peaceably together. Then I intro-  
duced a pig, a goat, a kangaroo  
and some birds and a monkey. And  
after a few adjustments, they  
learned to live in harmony.

"I have a dream that one day soon  
The Lord shall put the heart in  
tune.  
The brotherhood of man to win  
And not to judge him by his skin.  
I have a dream the time is near  
When black and white can banish  
fear  
And join together hand in hand  
To make their journey through  
the land."

I know this battle is for right.  
I trust that God will take the  
fight.  
Resistance, passive shall prevail  
The method that shall never fail.  
So precious Lord just take my  
hand.  
You lead me on and let me stand.  
Anoint someone to take the  
torch.  
I dropped it on a Memphis Porch.

copied from Poetry of Black  
History. Written by the Rev.  
Belgium N. Baxter.

So encouraged was I the I added  
an Irish Catholic, a Presbyterian,  
a Jew, a Muslim, a Buddhist and a  
Baptist Missionary. In a very  
short while there wasn't a single  
living thing left in the cage.

Mark Twain



RAINBOWS

which end of the rainbow  
 is the one to follow...  
 the one to journey to?  
 which end begins and which  
 is the end?  
 the end of the rainbow...  
 is the end  
 the start of a new beginning?  
 or the beginning of the end?  
 does one ever really reach  
 "the end of the rainbow?"

is there really an end?  
 does it ever really end?  
 i've followed the rainbow  
 over high roads and low,  
 embraced time and again  
 by the resonant red;  
     the opulent orange;  
     the youthful yellow;  
     the gallant green;  
     the brilliant blue;  
     the vibrant violet;  
 each hue taking its place  
 instinctive in design  
 embracing and blending  
 with each of its neighbor hues.

i've followed the rainbows...  
 dancing in its embrace  
 until tears of joy soak me.  
 but now it is faded,  
 dulled into oblique obscurity.  
 and now i follow  
 only where i assume it to be.  
 no longer able to see it  
 through clouds and fog  
 and darkness...  
 and there is no light..  
 ...only

the voices of those  
 who want to change the rainbow;  
 control and command it  
 those who want to change  
 its colors  
 to meet their own whimsical  
 color schemes...  
 who bend and twist the rainbow  
 from arc to circle,  
 and the game,  
 like the circle,  
 never ends.

Kathy Cordaro

SUNSHINE

Sunshine  
 silky breezes  
     fluttering trees and  
     gentle newness  
 slowly easing into our lives  
 without tension  
 without useless stirrings  
 simply an appreciation for life.

Mary K. Rice

RAIN

Transparent diamonds  
 drift in and out of clouds  
 leaving saturated surfaces.

Mary K. Rice

POETRY AND SONG

i write pictures of the words  
 around me,  
 placing my feelings between  
 the lines  
 in a space where i can make  
 smiles cry in circles,  
 or cause the sun to shine on  
 my shadowed side.  
 the thoughts that flow from me  
 color everything in me,  
 tinting them into silent shades  
 of rainbow,  
 turning life into a poem.

i weave patterns of quiet times  
 in my head,  
 drawing the songs upon my  
 fingertips and  
 plotting each note's course on  
 the strings.  
 i color the words with the  
 moments  
 that have touched my heart,  
 then sing my simple songs.

Kathy Cordaro

"Every time you preach, you must  
 ask yourself - "What if they  
 (really) are listening?"

Robert Duke

COMMUNITY AS HEALER

Suddenly there was great emotional pain. Suddenly there was great anger! I had a new awareness of myself as an abused person. Having to understand myself as an abused person has been a major life and faith task for the past year. Acknowledging the overwhelming anguish of my personal history sent me directly into the arms of the LTS community.

We are by definition all a broken people and in search of healing. Our task is to be the wounded healer for ourselves first. This is a task that has begun with a group of seminary students who have come together to form the Abuse Support Group. We are a people who meet together to share the particular experience of being abused. It is in this sharing that we begin to hear and to heal ourselves. This group has been meeting this semester and will continue in the future. The group exists to listen and to share. Should you be in need of either, contact Linda Meredith, Mary Elizabeth Frantz or Allen Kroehler.

Mary Elizabeth Frantz

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\* \* \* \* \*

BOOK REVIEWS

Fortune, Marie M. Sexual Violence: The Unmentionable Sin. New York: Pilgrim Press, 1983.

I read this book over break and feel the need to recommend it to all persons interested in being available as supportive persons to abuse victims. This book makes some very crucial points about how we view sexual violence and sexuality in general.

In reading the book I found myself remembering. Some of the memories locked inside my being are very negative and this book almost triggered tears. This book also brought to the surface some pains for myself and others. It is so hard to feel good about oneself in a society that gives such mixed messages about personal experiences such as abuse.

Those who have not experienced personal violence are likely to find this book informative. Persons who have experienced violence against them may find the book affirming, but difficult. Those who have been violent may begin to understand how that can be a part of them.

Norwood, Robin. Women Who Love Too Much. NY: Pocket, 1985.

in Dec. I read a book I recommended to all persons in caring professions. In Jan. I have read the above book and feel I must recommend it to 'helpers'. Especially women who have been taught by home and society that they are to care and sacrifice for and help others over themselves.

The abuse support group was looking for a book that they could reflect upon together about how their experience with abuse will effect their ministry. This book is helpful to see how abuse has effected one's life and the way one relates to others.

Linda Meredith

The assorted  
APOSTOLIC  
FATHERS & MOTHERS  
OF  
L. T. S.

ST. FRANCIS  
RINGER



JK  
87

ST. PAUL  
IRIONAEUS



JK  
87

THE WORD  
ACCORDING TO  
JOHN  
(PAYNE)



JK  
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