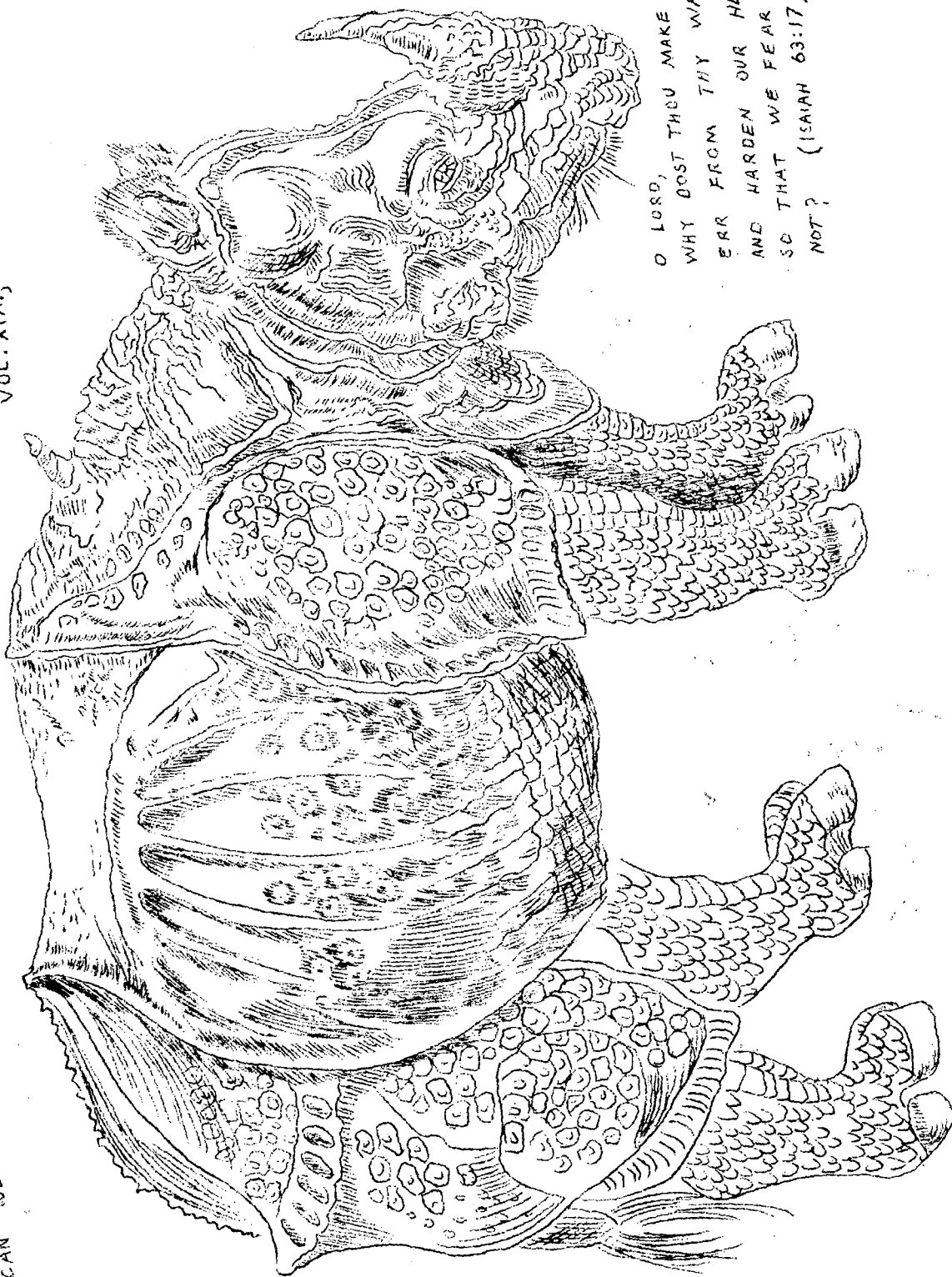


# THE *Seminarian*

VOL. XIX., NO. 6.

THE CHURCH IS STRUGGLING  
TO FIND ITS SELF-IMAGE.  
CAN WE FACE IT IF WE FIND IT?



O LORD, WHY DOST THOU MAKE US  
ERR FROM THY WAYS,  
AND HARDEN OUR HEART,  
SO THAT WE FEAR THEE  
NOT? (ISAIAH 63:17)

WHY? WHY?

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! - and maybe ladies, too!

Why are we not present? Why do we not attend chapel? Why do we forget our turns as liturgists? Why do we forget our turns in the weekly choir schedule? Why do so many of us hand our work in late? Why do we skip classes? Is someone else (perhaps, Daddy?) paying for our education? Or isn't our education even all that important? Why do so many of us avoid the Forum, Chapel, or other events? Why do some of us even forget to invite speakers to the Forums, and why do so few students and professors alike not have the time to attend a Forum? Are issues like race relations unimportant? Are we too busy for such important issues?

Why are we so unfriendly to one another? Why can't we take a little more time to speak to one another? Why are we so much more concerned about our "laundry problem" and our "parking problem" than about race, worship, and one another? Are these last three concerns unimportant for future ministers? Are we training for a life-long career in church administration or Christian leadership?

What are our reasons for being here, or don't we have any reasons?

I can't help but think that those of us who are now the chronically absent will be the ones who will be crying out the loudest in the parish, "Why? Why?" "Why don't my parishoners attend?" "Why won't the people of the church participate?" "Why won't they cooperate with me?"

"Why?" - that's a good question. Perhaps we ought to start working on the answer - now!

Barry W. Fillman

(EDITORIAL NOTE: A response to this article or any article in this paper would be welcomed by the Seminarian staff. Express your opinion, critical or otherwise, in the voice of Lancaster Theological Seminary - The Seminarian.)

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FROM THE ASHES OF CHRISTIANITY - a review

Mrs. Irion has, in From the Ashes of Christianity, written a very provocative book. That is surely the least that could be said. It is difficult, however, to say precisely why the book is so disturbing. Mrs. Irion has, in reality, said nothing new. People have been saying the same thing from the very beginnings. "God the Creator," "Christ," "Resurrection," "Eternal Life," all of these terms have been assaulted and embattled for 2,000 years from voices outside the church. What is disturbing is that Mrs. Irion does not seem to consider herself beyond the pale. Her stance, although in the midst of ashes, is definitely in the midst of Christian ashes. This fact, if I understand her correctly, is where the pitfalls lie.

To speak from the ashes of Christianity entails certain obligations and presuppositions. One of these is a correct understanding of how Christian theology progresses. In order to go forward in theology one must always go backwards, not necessarily back to the Old Testament creation stories, but at least back to the event of the Cross. Mrs. Irion has misread the "Fireman," those theologians who attempted to interpret scripture and doctrine in light of their contemporary world view, if she interprets them as moving away from this crucial happening into a world of science and knowledge. Luther, Schleiermacher, Barth, and Bultmann all go back to the Jesus event. None move away from it. It is only the hard journey back to the event itself which frees theology to move forward. Movement away from the cross is alien to Christian thought or even to Post-Christian thought for that matter.

One is troubled a second time by Mrs. Irion's view of history. The development of Western Civilization can just not be simplified. While it is true that the Renaissance of the 15th and 16th centuries marked a pinnacle of man's creative ability, it is also true that it gave life to the Borgias, the rape of the Americas by the Spanish, and the cruel dynastic wars of the European ruling families. At the same time that she upholds the triumphs of the 14 and 15 hundreds Mrs. Irion ignores the Renaissance of the 12th century and harkens back to the long discarded theory that Medieval man's creative spirit and abilities were held in check by the iron hand of an unenlightened and monolithic church. While the Enlightenment made great strides in the sciences and in philosophy it did little to quench a man's thirst for the blood of his brother, witness the horrors of the French Revolution. the period of French Impressionism is written off as "gay, gay, gay." What of the severe introspection of a Van Gogh, what of Degas in "A Glass of Absinthe?" To speak of Schleiermacher as having thrown out the whole dogma or having no need for the uniqueness of Christianity is simply an untenable position. This type of historical oversimplification and onesidedness severely weakens any book which depends on historical movement and progression for the expression of its insight.

My real disagreement with the author, however, arises in the presentation of the alternative view of the "Post-Christian" world as opposed to the burned out structures of the Christian Church. I fail to see where "Post-Christianity" is anything other than simple Humanism, a system of thought that, if anything, is just as dead as Mrs. Irion's Christianity.

ASHES

"Where does Post-Christianity place its trust?" she asks and then immediately answers, "Our trust is in man-living man - but always with the understanding that he is one with the universe."

So - there we are, with a Christianity burned to the ground, its ashes cold and reeking. Where do we turn? To man, Mrs. Irion says. But what of man? I look at man in the Twentieth century and see his cities writing and burning in the summer sun; I see his neighbors denied decent housing and even the most minimal dignities; I see his children attacked by rats in tenements; I see him burning his enemies with napalm; and I see those enemies turning and impaling him with pikes planted in the ground. What is man that Mrs. Irion is mindful of him? Is it a Phoenix that Mrs. Irion awaits, or is it a carrion bird?

How, after this criticism, is it possible to say that this book is an important one? First of all, because it is a courageous one and in many instances an honest one. I have always appreciated Mrs. Irion's column in the United Church Herald because of its determination to stir thought and controversy, two elements which give health and vitality to the church. From the Ashes of Christianity incorporates this same honest determination. I enjoyed this book, also, because it struggles with problems and doubts that all in the Twentieth century church share. I do not think it contains an answer to the dilemma, but it does contain a questioning from which much can be learned.

Robert Hadfield



O CAIN, WE ARE FAR  
MORE SUBTLE, FAR  
MORE CUNNING,  
BUT WE ARE STILL  
YOUR KIN.

NEWS FROM THE FACKRES

Since many students have inquired about the Fackres' sabbatical year in Oxford, England, here are a few notes from the many interesting letters and reports received by their family in Lancaster.

English life is different from American life. The pace of life is much slower, causing a bit of yearning for the "action" of American life. The Fackres also had to become accustomed to the English language. But Dr. Fackre and his family have high praise for the friendly, gracious and kind people who have helped them to "adjust" to their temporary "home away from home." They particularly enjoy the opportunities to stroll about Trinity Garden and the charming city of Oxford. The student population of Oxford University numbers around eight thousand.

The five Fackre children are having a fascinating school experience. Four-year-old Kirk has been attending an all-day kindergarten, a real challenge for such a young fellow.

The family has chosen to attend regularly the Sunday services at the New Mansfield College Chapel in Oxford. The first service they attended was a celebration of the Eucharist, which Dr. Fackre notes "was done" in classical liturgical idiom. Other elements in the service included student participation from the congregation, the Church of India passing of the elements, the 'kiss of peace,' the Iona processional, the common cup, and an authentic and lively sermon by Dr. Marsh.

Traveling and sightseeing is another family activity. In October they traveled to Scotland and stayed at the Iona Community House in Glasgow, spending one day with T. R. Morton, Deputy Leader of the Iona Community. During Christmas vacation, they spent three days in Paris, visiting many historic landmarks, including the Louvre. In the Louvre, while examining the jeweled coronation sword and other jewels of Napoleon, a thunderous clashing of steel doors descended from above, surrounding the showcases, the Fackres and other tourists. Police were called to investigate. Having concluded that someone inadvertently tripped the alarm switch, everyone was released - after an anxious twenty minutes!

A trip to the continent is their next ambition. With the help of military chaplains, Dr. Fackre will lead a retreat for service personnel and their families at Berchdesgaten, Germany. On their way to Germany, the family will pass through Spain, the Riviera, Rome, Austria, and the Alps. On the return trip home, they will travel through Holland and Belgium. All this is planned between April 15th and May 9th.

Dr. Fackre comments to his parents that he is "turning into a word factory." He has been working steadily at his many literary endeavors. Dr. Fackre has just completed his manuscript on Humiliation and Celebration: Themes in Post-Radical Theology, Morality and Mission (publication in early 1969). In June 1968, Erdmans will publish a monograph by Dr. Fackre entitled Second Fronts in Metropolitan Mission. Also in June, Secular Impact will be published by the United Church Press. A book on Hope (title undetermined) is being prepared for the Epworth Press in England (publication in January, 1969). Finally, How Laymen Can Think Theologically is due for publication in 1969 or 1970.

FACKRE

The following books are recommended by Dr. Fackre, books included in his recent reading:

The Future of Belief, Dewart  
The Force of Christ in the World, Phillips (best commentary  
on Bonhoeffer)  
The Mystery of Christ  
Deeds and Rules in Christian Ethics, Ramsey  
Church for Others (World Council of Churches)  
God's Grace in History, Charles Davis  
The McCabe Affair  
Urban Church Breakthrough, Day and Moore  
The New Dutch Catechism

Lest we be anxious that Dr. Fackre has confined himself in an ivory tower, let us be assured that he is still part of the secular world. Here are some of the birthday gifts he received in January: a brown corduroy jacket, a snappy tan turtleneck, a midget transistor radio-phonograph - all English booty at devaluation prices!

About July 1st, Dr. Fackre will go to Bad Boll for a meeting of the World Council Evangelism Committee.

He asks for news of Encounter here in Lancaster, and wonders if there is any student involvement in its program.

They plan to fly back home about August 9th. They would love to see friends from Lancaster in the meantime, so do drop in, if you happen to be passing through.

Mrs. Fackre

A TRIBUTE TO JACK BELSOM

The Seminarian takes many man hours to collect, edit, type, proof, stencil, and mimeograph. Having jointly completed all the preliminary functions, it is the job of one of the co-editors to help in preparing the final stencil. Jack (and Maylin) Belsom spent a great deal of time typing and planning for our student newspaper. Deadlines were often met through many hours of overtime work and preparation.

As co-editor and as representative of the Seminarian staff, I want to thank Jack Belsom for all the time and energy he contributed to The Seminarian. After a few years of inactive publication, Jack helped put the student newspaper back in circulation. Thank you, Jack.

Darryl E. Dech  
Co-editor

wide-eyed man

wide-eyed man  
 teacher of the world  
 crying they're mistreating him

renting precious books  
 to all those dirty crooks who don't read them

he used to laugh aloud  
 child in the happy crowd  
 now his back is bowed  
 he doesn't talk so loud  
 he's not so proud

now he knows all  
 investigates all  
 tells all  
 but who listens?

fifty years of occult studies  
 do not result in cheeks that are ruddy  
 but you got to take the crudy  
 when they mistreat you

liquor has never touched his lips  
 his mind remains pure and clean for all to be seen

and his dog doesn't even have fleas  
 and his wife doesn't even sneeze  
 all nice for all them who sees  
 and makes judgment

and at home on his desk in his antiseptic room  
 are the fruits of his loom  
 the pile of white hairs he has groomed  
 during fifty years of plastic doom  
 working at the loom  
 of learning

Don Young

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REFLECTIONS ON OUR NATION'S CAPITOL*Arlington*

Reflections of light  
On lonely rows of white;  
Lowly tombs each alike,  
Each alone -  
Silent Sentinels,  
Reminders of the scars of war.

*Lincoln Memorial*

Words on a wall,  
Scars into stone;  
A face and body hewn forth.

Dignity, comfort, peace, love -  
Emulate from its tabernacle -  
A people's monument  
To he whom a nation loved.

*The Unknown Soldier*

My brother,  
Thank you -  
For taking up the cry  
For world peace.

I know not who you are.  
But hear this tribute  
Raised by your fellow  
American citizens,

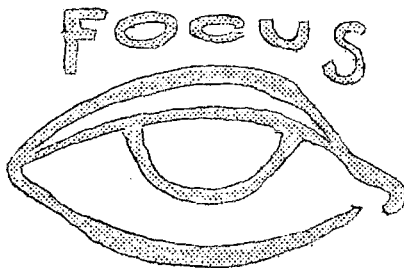
As each hour another,  
Perhaps your brother,  
Stands guard at  
Your house of rest.

*Marine Monument*

"From the Halls..."  
Of homes across our nation,  
Came men to accept  
Their battle stations.

Men of towering strength  
And poise,  
Raising their voices  
Lifting their toys  
Of war;  
And seeking peace  
For us all.

Joe Foster



A FEATURE ARTICLE WILL BEGIN  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
THE SEMINARIAN

Individuals will be interviewed  
and will be given an opportunity to  
FOCUS on an issue which is of  
concern to them.

IF YOU WANT TO SPEAK OUT CONTACT

Joe Foster, the feature  
interviewer, and writer.





This certificate is completely unsuitable for framing.

*Cathartic Calumnious Catalysis*

Glory's honor recieved no kind  
P raise for the duty spent,  
Nor gathered obsequious sprays of mint  
Instead, she wept bitter tears  
From holy incense arrived at noon.  
Glory's gone away, it seems,  
And ne'er will return  
Until her honor and duty spent  
In floral array repose.

from "Uncle Stuey's Dramatic Readings"  
Stuart I. Troutman

*Catatonic Rhyme*

*Sublime is deepest heart's desire  
 To lay aside pure horror.  
 Pure horror, indeed, and rhythmic trials  
 Beside the road.  
 How well a road in agony  
 Travels to pure horror  
 And mouths its obscenity!*

*Explanation of "Catatonic Rhyme"*

*In the first two lines, the existential reality of presence is exemplified by the sonorous serendipity of the primary modal emphasis. Although clarity is not to be eschewed in the second two lines, it is preferable to delineate the epitome and even the quintessence of process and make these two lines a subjective visualization of the quality of ontological speculation that deprecates objective rationalization. With this in mind, it is perfectly obvious that the last three lines are facile grasping of the titillating naivete circumspectly and vicariously experienced through a perusal of the contemporary metamorphosis of anthropomorphic subtleties inherent in an esoteric exegesis of spurious pseudepigrapha understood in its hermeneutical context.*

Stuart I. Troutman

*brown over brown effervescing colorings  
 come to my maiden on white sea sand  
 seeking violet sunshine  
 in September moonglow shimmering  
 over salt crystal wine*

Don Young

- - - -

*Indigo moon  
 color of black night's shadow  
 wandering among irredescing flowers  
 unknown to turquoise eyes of princess  
 Blue-lipped Mary Anna Queen  
 smiling among many-hued flower petals  
 at pure pebbled  
 undulating peacock of five o'clock light*

Don Young

a day in the life

tones and hues  
before the eye's days  
empty blue morn colors  
to red dusk environ

cool black star liquid  
fusing  
in dawn's warming grey womb

Don Young

night streetlamps

ivory flame  
glass encased  
files in quiet procession  
to a witching hour destination  
at horizon's end

Don Young

at the railroad station

did you ever watch a smoke dot  
way up the track  
become  
a train?

Don young

## WHO AM I?

I am a theological object. I am the disemboweled frame  
who pens torrents of scholarly verbage. I am the recipient of  
the wisdom of many institutions, and of long hours of  
tedious meticulous study. I marvel at the witness made  
by mature faith. I am gutless. I react, but cannot act.  
I am numerous - 16:1 in a given period as I study the  
Numinous.

I am lonely. I wonder at faith, yet dare not share my  
own with the faithful. I am young and am called still  
younger when I seek guidance for belief. Yes, I am  
gutless.

I respond to the witness of the faithful, yet they don't  
respond to encourage my witness. My search is an old  
search; they have gone that way before. Facts are theirs,  
faith is left to me. God help me - the faithful will not.

Who am I? I am matter that has not form; I exist but  
am nothing. I tempt the query: "Who wrote this?"  
I pose the question: "Who are you?"

Edwin Staudt

ANOTHER DIG AT THE "ROOTS"

I had my memory shaken today by a professor (of all people). He mentioned the Grass-Roots Church by Rose and this brought to mind a piece that I had written some months ago regarding this book. As I looked back over the article, I saw where it contained some over-simplifications and some misunderstanding. I still do not accept Rose's approach as a whole. Maybe my "blindness" are on too tightly." But the point that I want to make is that only one person responded to what I had written; and that person is a non-student. I am curious as to why more people did not take me to task for the things that I said. A few said that they "liked it" (I enjoyed your sermon very much). That was all. There were a number of people who had read the book at the same time I did and for this reason I thought there would be more discussion. However, the case seems to be that we read what is required for a course but we do not deign to lay-out for all to see what we get out of our reading. I am not suggesting that this necessarily be done in print - although that should not be out of the question. But it seems to me that we must at some time or other say what we think so that other people know. The exchange of ideas is supposed to be the mark of an institution of learning and there is little enough of that done within our community. This all leads to a bigger point.

A group of students were bemoaning the fact that not enough people turn out for the various functions that go on here at the seminary. We present the programs but the people do not come. What are we going to do? And our little "band of bitches" acknowledged that the same condition is to be found in the churches. One person suggested that we may need new ways of attracting people - of getting them in. It occurs to me that if we could express ourselves on this point perhaps out of our collective ignorance we could gain some insight as to how we can overcome this problem. Why is it people do not attend the forums, class meetings, chapel, gown measurements, picture taking sessions, film showings, etc. Granted, there are various reasons and these categories are not homogeneous, but it seems to me that there is a basic reason underlying all of this. I do not know what it is. Could it be a lack of sense of responsibility? The "I-don't-have-to-go-because-the-same-old-clique-will-make-the-decisions" syndrome? Could it be a lack of sense of community? The "I-don't-know-anybody-and-nobody-cares-for-me" syndrome? Or instead of a negative base perhaps there is some positive reason. There are conflicts in schedules. People have too many things competing for too few hours. Whatever the cause may be it would be most helpful for all of us if we had specific answers to this problem. Most likely the very ideas we would express are those of the people in the churches - the people who do not come to the programs that we present; who do not attend congregational meetings; who will not attend a planning session to prepare their own program; who will not fill out a questionnaire; who will not even respond to a direct request.

I called this bumbling bit of thinking "Another Dig At The Roots" because I think the question must be faced by us; and we are as close to the roots (wherever they are) as anyone. There have been attempts by others to get some kind of response out of the students. They failed. I ask that those persons who do not attend any or all of the various gatherings on this campus write down their reasons, or at least their feelings on the matter and give them to me. It just occurred to me that many of the people that I want to reach may never see this because they do not read the Seminarian.

Ed Schneider  
Another blind mortal looking for help.

CHAPEL SERVICE

In light of the recent discussion concerning the daily chapel service, I would initially respond by saying that there is very definitely a concern to be felt - not a concern whether this service is necessary, for this should be fairly obvious to anyone studying here, but rather a concern that there is this unrest over the situation now in existence regarding the services. This unrest appears to be revealed in the attendance, which may be said to be somewhat shocking, to say the least. Why the interest in these services is lacking is hard for me to understand.

The opportunity for the entire seminary community to share in these worship experiences is certainly being ignored to a large degree. These experiences certainly are integral to our purposes for being in seminary. I shouldn't imagine that we would want our future congregations to share a similar attitude.

Our task, it would seem, is to share willingly in these worship experiences and encourage those who, by leading the services, are gaining valuable experience for their future ministries. I don't feel that these efforts should be ignored. The degree of indifference which is in evidence in a seminary community is somewhat shocking.

I would appeal for a stronger feeling toward this experience as an enrichment for our personal lives and a preparation for the days ahead in our ministries. This opportunity should be viewed as a privilege. I would think that it should be incorporated into everyone's schedule.

L. Allan Jones

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WHERE IS HOPE?

Optimism raises her seductive head, beckoning us to follow her. Past evil is forgotten so quickly: the obvious horror of the Auschwitz ovens, the subtle evil of discrimination, the hidden evil of poverty, and the present but removed misery of imperialism, bombing, burning, and destruction of a people and their homeland. We search earnestly for some hope to cling to. We desperately want to believe that the human race is making progress. We will be saved by scientific and technological advances. Immediately I see in my mind's eye a giant multi-colored mushroom unfolding itself, spreading its blinding force for miles, leaving only destruction and death in its wake. But there is progress in social reform. Segregation is a thing of the past, and the poor have public assistance. Again the image of the hot summer, racial riots, looting, killing, crowds into my mind. Apparently not all are satisfied with the kind of solutions we have used to defeat the evil of prejudice. Discrimination has simply gone underground. No one is really convinced by this kind of progress. We have hidden the poor or we have moved away from them, but we have not ended poverty even though we have the resources available to do so. Poverty has crushed the spirits, and shattered the hopes of millions and welfare agencies have served to keep the poor where they are. Psychology, the understanding of human behavior, has surely aided the progress of humanity. But again the thought of brainwashing, propaganda, manipulation, floods my mind. Killing prisoners of war is no longer necessary. With our knowledge of psychology we are able to knock the mental and emotional props out from under men and

Where is Hope?

watch them lie down and die without even wasting a bullet.

Whatever man has touched he has corrupted. He has used and twisted, distorted and defiled all the good gifts given him. If there is to be any hope, it cannot be a "get together and pull boys" kind of hope. This naive, foolish and irresponsible optimism can lead only to cynicism and destruction. Real hope can look the hopelessness of man in the face and still not sink into despair or lapse into apathy. To place hope in man as the ultimate controller of his own and the world's destiny is misplaced optimism, for we are not capable of this task. Gratefully believing that our ultimate destiny is not in our own hands, we are freed to love God, to obey him and glorify him. We cannot save the world; we cannot even save ourselves, but we can serve God and our fellowmen.

Rosemary Staudt

- - - - -  
self-elimination

*grasping  
 the jellied being of mind*

*attending  
 the ooze  
 of fabricated reality  
 through  
 ruptured fingers*

*connecting  
 crumbs  
 of  
 quasi-momentness:*

*irratic intellectuality*

*your empty caverns of anti-thought  
 imbibe  
 the non-living  
 (which are held real),  
 and  
 postulates are mended  
 into  
 non-existence.*

Don Young

## MOTIVE AND MANNER OF MEDITATION

My fellow students: About this time last month, I placed a questionnaire in your mailboxes concerning your attitudes toward our chapel services. Because of the interest in the results of that survey, I have attempted to summarize and comment on some of these responses. That which follows is my interpretation and reaction to the comments recieved. I welcome your comments in writing to the Seminarian or speak to me personally.

Since there were many and varied reactions to the questions, it is difficult to decide where to begin. Let us start with a few statistics and move from there to specific reactions, comments, and suggestions for improvement of the general atmosphere concerning the service, and then to those particular proposals for the improvement of the service.

Of the 93 questionnaires distributed to students and faculty, 44 were returned with at least some of the questions answered. In response to the first question: "Do you attend chapel?" - 25 said regularly, 14 occassionally, and 5 never.

In most cases the reason for attendance was for a sense of community in worship; while those who never attended did so because of the lack of a sonse of community in worship.

Perhaps this leads us to a question of prime consideration when it comes to our reasons for attending the chapel services. Most of those who responded to this question related their reasons to "the necessity of lifting our voices in praise and thanksgiving to God, and in giving praise and thanksgiving, to receive inspiration for the living of our lives in Christian service." Now that's all very nice, but will someone translate please?

For some students and faculty there is a necessity to examine our attitudes toward worship in a seminary community. One response said: "If we cannot bind ourselves together in worship, we cannot expect our congregations to do so." Perhaps we live as "ministers to others" under a double standard. Perhaps we do not understand what worship really is. Three responses suggestes that going to chapel out of habit is not enough and that we should strive for a better understanding of why we are there and why we do things the way we do. Perhaps a seminar on "Worship as Response" (which we, by the way almost all preach on when our attendance at church is getting lower on Sunday morning) would be appropriate.

To the student who stated that I am concerned for numbers and sound like a parish minister, I must agree. I am concerned, and pardon me if I preach. It is about time that we start examining the reason for our being here and what part worship has in our lives as members of the seminary "community" and what part we expect it to have in the lives of our future congregations. Certainly, we should be doing the task Christ sets before us. But do we not need the strength and fellowship of corporate worship to accomplish it? Do we not need to know what our mission is, as seen in the Gospel? We need worship, as one response put it: "to recharge our batteries" for the daily grinding of our ignitions, transmission and accelerators. A general over-haul of attitude toward worship is not only necessary but essential to our understanding of our mission.

MOTIVE:

One response suggests that chapel be made compulsory. To this I ask: "Can we force someone to worship a God he evidently can find elsewhere, other than in the fellowship of corporate worship? And then again, how do we keep tabs on those who come and those who don't? Chapel should be kept on a voluntary level for spontaneous response to God in praise and thanksgiving.

In passing, to those who speak of a "worshipping community," I ask: "Where is your community?" What of those who are not a part of it? Dare we ignore the fact that we have no worshipping seminary community each day at ten o'clock A.M.? In fact, is there a seminary community anywhere?

There seems to be a strong block of reaction against reading prayers and a lack of richness in selecting these prayers on the part of the students. One person suggested that a collection of prayers be added to the back of the book of Morning Worship rather than limiting the selection each day to three or four.

Another response called for more spontaneity in prayers. "Too many seem over-worked and stale, rather than alive and meaningful," another said.

In line with this students should "attempt to use prayerful language, understandable to all - preferably conversational." An issue was also made for the use of contemporary prayers. At this point, let me ask, "Can we expect our students to compose meaningful prayers when they do not even understand the difference between a prayer of thanksgiving and prayers of intercession?" The types of prayers for each day are clearly stated in the Orders and yet some students cannot tell the difference.

Generally speaking, the issue concerning the suggestions for prayer centered upon the use of language no longer applicable in our modern times; lack of creativity on the part of students when it comes to writing prayers; and a lack of concern for the manner in which prayers are prayed (theologically sound, rational, well composed and historical) would not be such a terrible idea. This question was one of concern for better than half of the persons who returned questionnaires.

Consistently a plea for greater variety and freedom in worship services was echoed in the responses. Suggestions for: special services once a month; worship experimentation on Fridays; experimental liturgies with essential rationale; and increased creativity on the part of the students to use what freedom they have if they want to experiment in the service, were prevalent in some manner or form in each response.

Perhaps what all these responses are saying, is that we live in a changing age. One suggestion revolved around an idea of "moments of concern" during which clippings from local are read and prayerful meditation be made on them. Perhaps we should change our modes of worship, our tools of communication, to fit the nuts and bolts of an industrialized and computerized world.

In addition to more variety in worship, there is the plea for more congregational participation. Many responses pointed out to this writer that there is a greater feeling of worshipping in community when there is the greatest number participating in the worship service. There is then the need for more hymns on a daily schedule, the possibility of more prayers said in unison and the necessity for having the preaching of the Word for



MOTIVE:

some period each day.

Another suggestion proposes a larger and longer cycle of services, such as two weeks or more. This, says the writer, would allow more choice and freedom of worship expression.

Some particular complaints center around music. One person felt that chants, as they are sung, are inadequate as modes of meaningful worship. Another felt that there need not be a choir. (With this idea the writer is in whole-hearted agreement.) There is a less active response to something when it is made a requirement, than when it is voluntary. One person commented that "the choir looks like four hockey players sitting in a penalty box." The idea is clear. Must we have a choir each day? If so, must participation be required?

A discussion of the chapel services leads naturally into the rationale behind daily chapel services. The following response speaks to the type of service presented each day: "Chapel should be a refreshment as over against the whole banquet one gets on Sunday." Could we be guilty of attempting to transpose the rationale behind Sunday morning worship into our daily services? If this is true, we have failed to adequately miniaturize the service into 15 minutes.

If, however, the services are seen as choir offices, as meditation periods, or as special periods of shared worship experiences, then maybe our worship would have more meaning.

Perhaps I have helped to show the expanse of the issue at hand. Perhaps I have not. In any event, the facts are there. I have offered some suggestions. You have offered the rest. There is a need to examine the meaning of our worship - a need to evaluate our motives and manners of meditation.

Joe Foster

#### A MORAL DILEMMA

There is a most serious moral dilemma in America today, and unless much of the country awakens to the danger, the fabric of American social structure may be irrevocably torn. Because the government has chosen to prosecute a war considered unjust by large numbers of citizens, young people everywhere are being faced with an extremely difficult ethical dilemma: what is the relationship between law and conscience? How far can one go in supporting a system that perpetuates injustice and inequality? In any democratic society, a man must have respect for law, but what does he do when the law goes against his conscience? These questions, especially with regard to the selective service system, are forcing people to make agonizing decisions about the meaning of such words as patriotism, disloyalty, and dissent.

One of the first things that should be recognized is the truth of the

A MORAL DILEMMA:

Christian doctrine of man, which forces us to admit that all men are sinners. The establishment of government is a method of dealing with men that is ordained by God (Romans 13:1), but all government, from the best to the worst, is inseparable from human imperfection. Therefore, there is a sense in which any man with convictions must compromise his integrity to some extent in order to live and operate in a society. For example, we say that we uphold the sixth commandment, but we pay taxes which go for weapons that kill human beings. (In connection with this, I am constantly reminded of Niebuhr's Moral Man and Immoral Society.) It seems that our only choice is to live within a system that offers us several courses of action, all of which contain some element of evil. If someone were to respond, "We should be guided in our actions by Christian love, and seek to implement this love as best we can," it would be of little help to anyone who must choose among several ethically dubious alternatives.

My main concern is illustrated best by the following example. I have a friend who feels, as I do, that the war in Vietnam is morally wrong, politically stupid, and militarily absurd, and he will in all likelihood receive induction papers soon. He is not a pacifist, but he will refuse to go into the army because he refuses to take part in what he considers an unjust war. Under the present selective service law, my friend has two options, assuming that suicide is ruled out: he can 1) leave the country or 2) go to jail. In this case, he is convinced that civil disobedience is radical obedience to the law of love. When the government declares that anyone who wishes conscientious objector status must be conscientiously opposed to all war, it is really selecting one moral position over another, and this seems rather questionable. My friend would argue that the establishment of the category, "conscientious objector," means that a man must apply for a license not to kill, and he feels that he should not be forced to obtain such a license. Besides, the criteria for determining conscientious objection do not apply to him. What, then, is he to do?

It is no secret that the lower classes and minority groups have been the main source of manpower for the draft. It is also quite obvious that draft boards do not interpret the law consistently in every part of the country. When I consider these inequities, along with the many other injustices of the selective service system (the fact that there are no Negroes on draft boards in Mississippi, the complete exemption status of seminarians, etc.), the uncomfortable feeling keeps running through my mind that I am wrong in accepting my exempt status, that by going along with the system I accept it and condone it. Should I refuse to cooperate with an unjust system, send in my draft card, and risk jail as part of my call as a Christian to be prophetic? Or should I live within the system and ask God's forgiveness for my sins, all the while trying to change the system? Where is the point where a man decides that a system is so wrong and so unjust that he can no longer cooperate with it because his conscience forbids him? If anyone says that going to jail is foolish because it is ineffective, I recall William Sloane Coffin saying that ultimately it does not matter whether you are effective or not, but whether you are right. After all, Socrates did not stop before he drank the hemlock and say, "Wait a minute, is Plato going to write me up?" How can anyone really resolve this? God uses what is weak and foolish in the world to shame the wise, and perhaps he is using those who are resisting the draft as prophets. "Use me, Lord, use even me" - but how?

Rich Christensen

### Fragments

"Well, brother, are you awake yet?"

"Huh?" I muttered. The face slowly focused in front of me, smiling and not unkind.

"I asked if you're awake. Are you ready to kill?"

I wanted to go back to sleep, close my eyes again, but I just couldn't do it. Soon the shells would start coming in, and my ears couldn't shut out the noise. Besides, maybe I was ready.

So I went and pointed my gun and started shooting. Trouble was, I was shooting at our men. No one told me they weren't communists - they were fighting for freedom (maybe they hadn't read Luther).

Someone came up and cracked me over the skull. So I did go back to sleep.

- - -

"Brother, did you shoot your gun unlawfully?"

"Huh?" I thought a gun was just a gun. The prosecutor wasn't communicating.

"Did you use your weapon against your own army?"

"My army? I was drafted!"

"The case rests."

- - -

The room was a uniform gray. A mattress rested on four posts. The jailer came and brought some food.

"When do I get to sleep?" I asked non-committally.

"Four o'clock. Are you ready to meet your Maker, brother?"

I grunted. He couldn't talk either. Who was ready? Who was awake?

I was tired, anyway.

"Weltschmerz!", the jailer tossed out as he left. I laughed. I wasn't guilty or innocent, just ignorant.

John Royer

Marina

Marina  
 that I sought to know  
 touching hands in darkness and dimness  
 that we wandered together  
 in one another  
 feeling that we were feeling  
 subtly caressing the outlines  
 of one another's being  
 hands up in stark darkness  
 and down at our side  
 blackness intertwined  
 but my arms about myself  
 thinking that I touched you  
 and you me  
 through the cave wandered  
 thinking your hand I was holding  
 I would find  
 but the shadow of my own in my own  
 and then in my eye  
 I saw I was only worshipping the  
 shadow of my own eye  
 and I loved what I  
 could neither see nor feel

Don Young

Tacit Theosophic Thaumatology

After jumping by from discourse,  
 Theology ran a race of spontaneous empathy  
 Derived forward from time.  
 Now, it runs to repulsive themes  
 That praise and scold alike  
 In ethereal dialectic.

Stuart I. Troutman