

The Seminarian

Volume XL

April 1989

Issue 3

This final issue of the *Seminarian* for the academic year 1988, 1989 is dedicated to those seniors who are graduating May 13, 1989. We juniors and middlers will miss you (although we will be glad to have the extra parking spaces). All of us look forward with dread and loathing to the day when we will leave behind the safety of our beloved LTS and enter into something resembling the real world.

Fortunately we have you to go ahead of us so that we may learn from your mistakes and we know that there will always be positions waiting for us at the churches you have left in disgrace.

On a more serious note, we will miss your friendly (if aged), faces, and we hope and pray that God will bless your ministries wherever they may be. As you go we ask you to reflect on the following:

On Existence

We travel along the road of life:

hardly knowing what we are, yet always daring to be something; seldom saying what we mean, but never afraid to have meaning; sometimes failing in our endeavors, though never tempted to cease trying; seeking satisfaction at every level, yet never defining happiness; often apologizing for our existence, while realizing that life is its own excuse.

But the real joy of our otherwise insignificant efforts is that we are never quite satisfied to be on the left, or right, or in the middle of that road.

We are always attempting to change its direction.

Alan Ashley-Pitt

(Article by Steve Georgey)

From The Editor

It is and always has been the policy of the Seminarian staff that no article will be published that is not signed. When an article is submitted and anonymity is requested it will be honored. I recently received a letter from a concerned alumnus of LTS who had some concerns to share with our community. Sometimes rules play havoc and systems remain in place. Although the letter was not signed, I feel that its contents need to be shared with the LTS community. I feel that reprinting this letter in the Seminarian is the best way to notify the LTS community of this concern. I am using this space to reprint this letter.

Dear Mr. Dorsey:

March 3, 1989

On a recent visit to Lancaster Theological Seminary, I went to the second floor of the Library to get a cup of coffee. To my surprise and consternation, I found that the seminary is dispensing Nestle products in styrofoam cups. NESTLE products in STYROFOAM cups!!!

Surely the seminary community is aware of the renewed boycott against Nestle since it resumed its aggressive marketing of infant formula in Third World countries. And the threat to our atmosphere's ozone layer posed by the fluorocarbons used in making styrofoam is well known. In fact, the downstairs bulletin board in the library carries a notice about the Nestle boycott and the periodicals in the reading area contain environmental news about the dangers of fluorocarbons, while upstairs one is encouraged to consume Nestle products from styrofoam cups.

What's going on at the seminary? Or, more aptly, What's not going on at the seminary??? We in the parishes have been dealing responsibly with such justice issues for years.

We have been trying to sensitize our parishioners to global issues while suggesting that there are indeed some things that we can do to preserve the health of God's children and God's good earth. The seminary has often prided itself on providing leadership in such matters, and we have looked to the seminary for courageous and prophetic leadership on peace and justice concerns. This leadership lapse has me puzzled.

I honestly don't know who's responsible for addressing this issue, but I am writing to you because I see this as an issue for the entire seminary community. I am deliberately choosing not to sign this letter because I do not want to force this concern on you and insist that you publish my letter. Since I am not signing it, you don't have to mention this to anyone or publish anything about my concern. If, however, you deem this to be a worthy concern, you are certainly free to write and act accordingly. It's up to you.

Included with the letter were articles from UCC publications on the issues that were raised in this letter. If anyone wishes to respond to the issues raised by the above letter please feel free to do so.

Charles L. Dorsey, ed.

On behalf of the staff of the Seminarian I wish to thank everyone in the LTS family for the support given us during this past academic year. We hope you have enjoyed the "new look" as well as the articles that were included. Again, thanks for your support.

C. Dorsey, ed.

Personal Reflection

The Last Five Years

Nearly five years ago I sat in the Commons with one of our seminary professors and for two hours we talked about what I was beginning to perceive as a call to ministry. I questioned, in that discussion, whether or not I had a call. As I write this reflection, it is almost two months before graduation and the question before me now is not, do I have a call, my seminary experience has affirmed that. Instead, the question is WHERE (???) is the call?

Since last December (1988), when I finished my academic work, I have been in what I fondly call my "state of nothingness". I am technically neither a seminarian nor a pastor. Emotionally and psychologically it is a very difficult place to be. The reality of this state of nothingness is manifested by the uncertainty of what lies ahead, and frustrated, in my case, by our call system (UCC), which sometimes moves so slowly. Most painful for me is the inevitable separation from the seminary which is proving to be more difficult than I could have ever imagined.

On the first day of this spring semester (1989), when the 7:55 bell sounded from the tower, I had a sudden feeling of intense loneliness when it hit me that I did not have to rush over to class, and I so longed to. I felt left out of what had meant so much to me for four years. I remember wondering to myself if I had "really" completed seminary. For several weeks I felt totally unprepared for what lay ahead. It took a while for me to stop questioning my ability to pastor and to begin to move toward separation.

I came to seminary as a part time student to "test" the waters. I knew with certainty however, when I sat in my first class, that I was doing the right thing. I had such a sense of peace and excitement about the beginning of

this venture. I came to seminary not knowing who I was as a child of God. I had a lot of uncertainties about my ability to succeed. I was, however, willing to try anything and endeavored to learn everything. I set goals for myself from something as simple as learning how to ask a question to overcoming my tendency to hold back and to risk sharing my thoughts in class.

My journey through seminary has been rich, but not without its pain and a great deal of internal struggle. During these years my faith has been tested in a number of ways. I have been exhilarated by successes I never thought possible. I know what it is like to be challenged by situations and people which have ultimately strengthened me. I know what it is like to feel myself moving spiritually. I know what it is like to feel forgotten by God and humanity; to be plummeted to the depths of my being by rejection and humiliation, having only my faith in God to sustain me. I know the emerging loneliness of responding to God's call as I watch personal relationships take on different shapes. I know what it is like to pray almost daily, "not my will but thine, O Lord."

My seminary experience has left virtually no part of my being unchanged. But, the changes have had positive results because they have encouraged me to blossom. These changes represent a kind of freedom. I am free now, because I know who I am and I recognize my potential. I am free, because I recognize the chains that still hold me. I am free because I know how to say what needs to be said and how to say it with clarity.

I have changed. I am not the same person I was five years ago when I sat in the Commons. I have come full circle and on May 13th, 1989 it officially comes to an end.

Henrietta Andrews

Mother To Son

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor-
Bare.
But all the time
I'se been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now-
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
Langston Hughes

Spirituals

Rocks and the firm roots of trees.
The rising shafts of mountains.
Something strong to put my hands on.

Sing, O Lord Jesus'
Song is a strong thing.
I heard my mother singing
When life hurt her.

Gonna ride in my chariot some day'
The branches rise
From the firm roots of trees.
The mountains rise
From the solid lap of the earth.
The waves rise
From the dead weight of sea.

Sing, O black mother!
Song is a strong thing.
Langston Hughes

Africa's Plea

I am not you-
but you will not
give me a chance,
will not let me be me.

"If I were you"-
but you know
I am not you,
yet you will not let me be me.

You meddle, interfere
in my affairs
as if they were yours
and you were me.

You are unfair, unwise,
foolish to think
that I can be you,
talk, act
and think like you.

God made me me.
He made you you.
For God's sake
Let me be me.

Roland T. Dempster

(The above poems submitted by Henrietta Andrews)

Senior Update

*Jack Davies began his ministry with St. John's UCC, St. John's, PA on April 2, 1989. His ordination will be May 21, 1989.

*Lori Eck will join the staff as Associate Pastor at the Church of the Good Shepherd UCC, Boyertown, PA pending a positive vote on a trial sermon.

*Jon Fogle will begin his ministry at Salem UCC, Cambelltown, PA. on June 1, 1989. His ordination is tentatively scheduled for May 28, 1989.

(cont on next page)

*Phil Garner begins his ministry with Trinity UCC, Dorseyville, in Pittsburgh, PA. on June 1, 1989.

*Brad Haws preached his trial sermon on April 9, 1989. Pending a positive vote, he will begin ministry at the end of April at St. John's Center, UCC in Terre Hill, PA.

*Rich Leiby will preach his trial sermon on April 23, 1989 at Rosedale UCC in Laureldale, PA. He will begin ministry on May 21.

Chrysler Motors Expands College Graduate Rebate Program

Highland Park, Mich. - Chrysler Motors has expanded its College Graduate Purchase Rebate Program for 1989.

The program provides recent college graduates or students who will graduate within the next four months a \$400 rebate toward the purchase any new 1988, 1989 or 1990 Chrysler Motors car or truck, excluding the Dodge Dakota S and the Jeep Comanche 2WD shortbed models. The rebate is available in addition to any other incentive program Chrysler offers.

"We've expanded the scope of our program for 1989 by extending the rebate to accredited two-year (junior) college graduates this year, as well as four-year college and graduate students," Steven Torok, Director of Sales Operations, Chrysler Motors, said.

Eligible students this year include those who have graduated from an accredited college, junior college or university within the last 12 months or those who will graduate within the next four months.

The program runs through December 31, 1989.

If I had to do again
The things that I have done,
I wonder if I would change a thing
For everything went wrong.

The cradle stands for life
The coffin stands for death,
The in between is what I tend
Oftimes to regret.
There are no times that I can see
Where I could laugh and sing,
About my life as it passed by
For everything went wrong.

Remember when we thought we had
The world and all its joy,
And everything was in our hearts
Our eyes our minds our souls?
Remember when that certain smile
Brought all the world to shame,
And then we cried, that was wild
But, everything went wrong.

The years have past since last we met
And yet it's yesterday,
Tomorrow we will meet again
And taste that sweet refrain.
Remember when the nights were young
The stars so brightly shone,
The orange moon against the sea
Then, everything went wrong.

But through it all I still can see
That times were not all bad,
There was some good, there was some joy
But, the bad seems to remain.

If I had to do again
The things that I have done
I wonder if I would change a thing
For everything went wrong.

Charles Dorsey (1985)

Reflections on Central America

When thinking about my experiences in Central America, I have many different memories. I first think about the beautiful scenery each country possesses, the lush plant life, the steep mountains and the active volcanoes. In addition, the colorful birds in flight, the howler monkeys in the trees and a jaguar's roar are also images etched in my mind. Surely God did some good work when God created this part of the world.

It seems to me that God did not stop at this point but created some special people to inhabit these lands as well. I found them, by and large, to be kind, pleasant and respectful. Their life is simple and genuine. Not once did anyone say anything offensive to me. Not once did anyone point a finger at me. Only a couple of times did I even perceive a suspicious stare, and that was in Guatemala.

Before one gets the impression that this is a commercial for a travel agency there are some cracks in this picture. For me, they were most clearly seen in Nicaragua and somewhat in Guatemala. While the region is indeed beautiful the capital of Nicaragua, for example, is not. Buildings are destroyed, people live in wood and tin sheds and the grass grows wild. It's amazing what a war and a trade embargo will do to the view.

Times of economic hardship can make even the most polite and respectful of us do things we otherwise wouldn't do and some of these people are no exception. As soon as we arrived in Nicaragua we were approached by children beggars; right in the airport. This continued every day we were there, young and old, male and female; no one seemed far from begging. It wasn't only money; pens, pencils, paper or anything else that could be thought of was asked for as well.

The simple life can also be a very very hard life. One day we went out to pick coffee beans

and the van dropped us off at the main office. We then had to walk about a mile through the hills to the place we were to pick the beans. The hills there were so steep that I found, at times, it was difficult to pick the beans and maintain my balance. During a break time I saw a woman, who looked old enough to be my mother, standing in a group. She looked tired and worn out. As I looked at her, I knew I would be leaving in a few hours, and I knew she would not. A simple life indeed.

This is just a fragment of the experiences I remember from my trip to Central America. If I were asked to sum up what I learned from this trip, I would contrast two experiences in doing so. On one hand, I met a ten to twelve year old girl who showed me what can happen between people of our two countries. She knew no English and I knew very little Spanish and yet, in twenty minutes, she touched my soul, and we are friends for life. For me, the presence of God was a strong reality. In addition, we have written to each other since. To me this is life at its best, a give and take relationship in which the presence of God can be seen and felt.

On the other hand, I met a boy who showed me what often does happen when people of our two countries meet. After picking coffee beans we went to a place to eat. I had a steak which came with some kind of sauce for my steak. I didn't care for the sauce so I didn't use much of it. As I was getting up to leave a boy came up and drank the rest of the sauce I didn't use, the leftovers. During the meal I had noticed him playing with some friends, seeming to be having fun. I didn't realize he was that hungry. Isn't that the way it often is; a person is smiling or a place is pretty and we think nothing is wrong. We remain ignorant of the effects that many of the things we say and do, or don't say and do, have on others.

As we touched down in Miami and I went

through the door of the airport, I had a different feeling than when I left. The airport had lost some of the glitter it had on my first time through. I was glad to be back but I felt a little out of place. I'm over that now but hopefully I'm not over this trip. Hopefully it will remain a part of me and my story influencing not only myself, but those around me as well. I encourage those thinking about IM 103 to strongly consider going to Central America.

Mark Johnson

Wellness Group

Participating in the Wellness Group has been a very special experience for me this year. We started out as a small, informal group, meeting weekly to explore what interests may develop on this general topic. Our activities ranged from discussion of stressful lifestyles and the need for decaffeinated coffee to doing some Yoga in Peter Schmeichen's office!

After over a month of searching together we decided to plan a community hour that would hopefully get people's attention. It was from this that our survey grew. The survey revealed interesting insights into many of the areas the group already discussed. We investigated these in more detail with about twenty people at our community hour. From that, two sub'groups have emerged: a prayer group focused on healing prayer, and a committee seeking space for a commuter lounge and exercise room.

For me, involvement in this group has been a healing process in itself. Instead of murmuring against the community leaders I was able to find a way to DO something. This was a wonderful channel for energy arising out of frustration. To dialogue with others, from every constituency of our community and

then make a plan of action was empowering. To give people the opportunity to be heard and taken seriously felt like doing ministry with the LTS congregation.

Interests and activities come and go in a community in which the people come and go. It is my sincere hope that we have laid a foundation for something that will stay for a while. Every community needs a place where people can channel frustrations with the hope of being empowered to do something. I hope that the Wellness Group continues to be such a place for our community.

Deborah Kohler

We Wear The Mask

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,-
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be overwise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

We smile, but O great Christ, our cries
To Thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh, the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask.

Paul Laurence Dunbar
(submitted by Henrietta Andrews)

One Year

If somebody would ask me what the most important experience was that I had in America I could talk for hours about all the experiences I had, not wanting to focus on one that was the most important. Many letters make a word, many words make a sentence, many sentences make a story, and many pictures make an album. But if one would ask me more specifically about something that impressed me most in my studies at LTS, I would say I learned and experienced that there is much more than the "European view" not only of theology but also of life-style. And it was not only through professors, but through students and the seminary staff members, that my view was broadened. The richness of the different traditions and experiences that we bring with us, help us to increase our view of life. I became more aware of things to which I didn't pay enough attention before. It hurts to realize that even in a community like ours things happen that shouldn't happen, things still happen that should have changed. And it hurts more here than elsewhere because I know that especially here people are willing to be aware - and if we don't see, who else will?

My time here is coming to its end. To be honest, I would like to stay longer. I know already that I will miss you and the place. I know it because I am in the process of leaving since the middle of this term. Sometimes I sit in class and realize that in a few weeks I will not be able to listen to that professor again. Sometimes I sit in chapel and feel how much I will miss the morning prayers. Sometimes I talk to a friend, knowing that I will not laugh with him/her again. Yes, I am in the process of saying good-bye for a long time. It will not be easy to go back to Germany carrying with me all the new insights and

concerns I have (I still don't know how to literally carry back all the books I bought). It will be hard to sit in a classroom with 250 people instead of sitting in our private classrooms, drinking hot coffee (how could I survive without real coffee). Things will be different in Germany. But I know that I will take with me all the experiences that changed me and all the memories. All this will strenghten me on my way! And at least - I can come back. I have a second home.

Elke Wiebke Naumann

A Record Trip

Now that spring is here I believe that I must have spring fever and the intense desire to get out and to do something. So, one day I decided to to walk around the mall. Much to my amazement I found myself in a record store. I looked around at some of the music out, because I believe that music is a reflection of the times. Some of the songs that are out this spring are: Wild Thing by Tone Loc, Walk the Dinosaur by Was(Was Not), Dial My Heart by the Boys, Roll With It by Steve Windwood, My Perogative by Bobby Brown, Superwoman by Karyn White, She Won't Talk To Me by Luther Vandross, Good Love by Anita Baker and I could go on and on.

But, what I've come to realize is that all the singers are singing about some aspect of today's world; the world in which we all live. A few groups are more in tune with the social and political situation of today. One of the groups, White Lion, wrote a song called When The Children Cry.

(cont'on nextpage)

Yet, while I love to be jamming to the pop songs of the top ten, the singer that I was most impressed by was Tracy Chapman of Cleveland. Five months after the release of her first album it reached the status of a Top Five Album. She sings of the down pressed and the poor. She sings about being caught in the American System and of the struggle of growing up in the inner city. She sings of social systems and politics. She expresses anger and love. She said in an interview by Rolling Stone Magazine, "I think people are foolish to believe that there won't be major social changes in this country before we ultimately destroy ourselves. There's only so far you can push people before they start to push back, and I've seen that in my life. That's where the things I write about come from. It's wrong not to encourage people to hope or to dream or even to consider what's thought to be impossible. That's the only thing that keeps people alive sometimes. For me and my family, that was one of the things that kept us going."

We as a seminary community need to hear the words to her songs, for we sometimes have a tendency to close our ears to the message of music such as this. But these are the songs of one of God's children. People are finding power in her message and other similar messages. What is our message? What is Christ's message to the disenfranchised? As we study and prepare for the ministry we need to be aware of the cries around us and learn to sing the tunes. Some of those tunes are: "Don't you know They're talkin' 'bout a revolution. It sounds like a whisper. . . . Poor people gonna rise up and get their share. Poor people gonna rise and take what's theirs." -Talkin' Bout A Revolution, Tracy Chapman.

"Across the lines Who would dare to go Under the bridge, Over the tracks, That

separates whites from blacks. . . . Little black girl gets assaulted. Don't no one know her name. Lots of people hurt and angry. She's the one to blame. Across the lines Who would dare to go. . . ." -Across The Lines, Tracy Chapman.

"Why do the babies starve When there's enough food to feed the world? Why, when there're so many of us, are there people still alone? Why are the missiles called peacemakers when they're aimed to kill? . . . But somebody's gonna answer. The time is coming soon When the blind remove their blinders And the speechless speak the truth." -Why?, Tracy Chapman.

-Lisa Gaul and Suzanne Carr

Poetry Contest

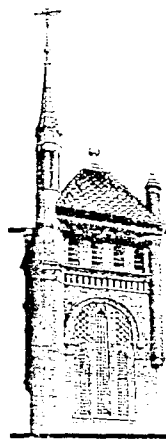
Over \$11,000 in prizes will be awarded to the best 152 poets in a contest sponsored by the American Poetry Association to discover new talent.

The grand prize is \$1,000 and the first prize is \$500. Other prizes include cash, awards, and publication. Entry is free. Everyone is welcome to enter.

Every student who writes poetry is urged to enter this contest. Deadline for entries is June 30, 1989.

Poets may send up to six poems, each no more than 20 lines, with name and address on each page. Mail all entries to: American Poetry Association, Dept. CT-37, 250 A Potrero Street, P.O. Box 1803, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

Contact Jennifer Manes



MAY 11 1989

LANCASTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Office of Development and Seminary Relations

May 2, 1989

Mr. Charles L. Dorsey, Editor
The Seminarian,
Lancaster Theological Seminary,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Dear Charles:

Last night I had an opportunity to look back over your latest Seminarian. It is an interesting edition. However, I am also writing to express a concern about the handling of the Nestle letter.

As to the issue of the United Church of Christ policy, you've probably been talked to - more than you ever wanted to be - by members of my staff about the stewardship of using up the supply, and the like. We all know we're talking about a relatively small amount of expense. I will ask for a consensus from our senior administrators at our regular meeting this afternoon in support of the boycott.

However, my concern is with the bending of policy in giving a hearing to an anonymous correspondent, no matter how well-meaning, on your part or hers/his. I feel that if you, as editor, have a strong conviction on this issue, and choose to write an editorial supported by comments you have been receiving, over your signature, that would be very appropriate.

On the other hand, it makes me a little uneasy to have to anticipate Seminarian editors feeling free to step outside of policy as they choose, especially if it were in relation to a really volatile issue related to the Seminary community. The non-anonymity policy is good journalism, in the public sector and with private sheets like The Seminarian; and, as you suggest, it's been with The Seminarian for a long time. I inherited it when I came into your position in 1950-51.

copies: Schmiechen, Baxter,
Penner, Whiting

Sincerely,

J. Richard Glatfelter
Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17603
(717) 393-0654

A Seminary of the United Church of Christ

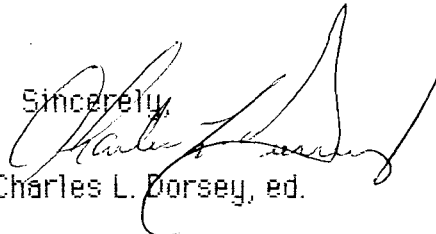
Mr. J. Richard Glatfelter
Director Development Office,
Lancaster Theological Seminary,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17603.

Dear Dick:

I am writing to you in response to the letter I received from you dated May 2, 1989. In this letter you express concern about the letter I included in my editorial of the April edition of *The Seminarian*. It was not my intention to break any rules of journalism nor was it my intention, as editor, to "step outside of policy." Even though the letter was unsigned, I included it as part of the editorial over my signature. I feel that it is my responsibility to respond to those issues that are of a concern not only to me, but to the entire seminary community.

My intention was not to create hostilities but to inform the seminary community of issues and concerns that are important to all. Several students have expressed concern about the use of Nestle products. In response to those concerns I included that letter as part of my editorial in *The Seminarian* (April, 1989). I felt that it expressed a valid point of view on an issue that is a concern of many within our seminary community.

copies: Peter Schmiechen,
Nathan Baxter,
Harold Penner,
Charlotte Whiting

Sincerely,

Charles L. Dorsey, ed.