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EDITORIAL

There is an unfortunate sham being perpetuated by a handful of individuals, a sham which is both fundamentally misleading and potentially dangerous. The hoax is known by the title "Seminarian Community Council". For some upperclasspersons these three words may spark memories of a by-gone era during which student government was important and essential. For most juniors, the S.C.C. is a mysterious acronym which is significant (or recognizable) only when it is attached to the name of one of the organization's "officers". To refresh our memories, the S.C.C. is a body which supposedly consists of ten elected officers, six appointed members from a variety of committees, and a faculty adviser. The constitution of the Council maintains that the group is in existence to represent the concerns of anyone enrolled in a Masters degree program at LTS. The threefold purpose of the body, as contained in the Preamble to the Constitution, is "to deepen and enrich the lives of the entire seminary community in social, mental and spiritual growth, with an immediate concern for the Christian community here and a projected concern for the future calling of the community members to the work of the Christian Church." While we would all agree that the preceding quote forwards a noble task, we would suggest that there has been little or no effort on the part of the Council's elected officers to accomplish the above stated task under the rubrick of the Constitution. In short, the inactivity of the S.C.C. (and indeed its constitutional non-existence) is evidence that the S.C.C. is defunct, that its purpose is ambiguous and archaic, and that its present officers are fraudulent.

Dr. Silla teaches us that an organization is a joined effort to accomplish some task, by means of operational goals and objectives. The operational goals of the S.C.C. are, for the most part, those outlined in the Constitution. Here the Council has failed critically in many areas. Constitutional violations include:

- Failing to enforce the constitution (Article II, Section E, 1b)
- by Failing to notify members of meetings (Article II, Section D, 3)
- Failing to meet regularly (Article II, Section E, 1d)
- Failing to propose a budget (Article II, Section F, b)
- Failing to properly fill vacancies (Article IV, Section A, 2)
- Failing to provide adequate representation of the Seminarian community (Article VII)

Were one to be a stickler for details, one could easily find many other violations as well. Thus we stand with a paper organization which is failing in its purpose, and which is not fulfilling its operational goals as set down in its constitution.

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LEARNING HOW TO DIE

I firmly think that the moon could not decide whether to rise or allow the sun to finish out the remaining hours of heavenly vigilance over the hot August day. Or perhaps time decided to stop and give everyone an impatient rest. For the moon remained a transparent outline of a circle perched atop the coastguard lookout tower for longer than long. It was not until I wiped the beads of sweat from my watch dial to note the time, 9:15. that I could glimpse the pocked face of the silver orb. By then, the sun had melted into Pamlico sound enough to allow the moon its task. Grateful we were at that. For the sun had overachieved again and we had spent the day panting on the beach in 100 degree temperature.

As the moon began its watch, the cool night breeze became noticeable and I decided I had enough energy to walk. Exploring the docks of the tiny island was a favorite pastime of mine while on vacation, though one did so with cautious discretion. Ocracoke was a favorite of vacationing boaters. Acoustics of the floating retreats were none-too-good however and a night prowler's ears were often privy to anything from family squabbles to energetic lovers. I enjoyed neither.

The gentle soft shoe of the waves against the pilings and boat-hulls mixed with the sweet, crisp salt air opened a door inside me each time I walked in the night here. Whether it was a feeling of Cosmic Oneness, or perhaps just a latent romantic streak surfacing, I could not say. Only that I found it both invigorating and restful, if such states can exist together.

It was while I paused at the end of a splintering dock that I first noticed him. I had ventured out a security arm near a pub that held a dozen small sailboats, secure against the pull of the waves. There I had chased a sand crab over the side.

He chuckled and took a long draught on a filterless cigarette. "Ugly fellers, ain't they?" His voice crawled out between a leather skinned jaw and a salt speckled bushy moustache. The words limped along in the night with the familiar southern drawl that entertained my northern arrogant phrases and precise diction.

"Yes, they certainly are." I replied, peering at the dark figure.

He wore a white T-shirt, yellow stains stretching from his thin shoulders to his waist; the brand of a day's work under an obstinate sun. His blue jeans, patched and wet, were held up on his waist by a rope belt; the pantlegs shrunk to the top of his ankles. A fisherman's cap held tangled jet black hair on his head. It was cocked to the right so that it would not trap cigarette smoke in his eyes.

"No-thener, eh?"

"Yes, I am." I replied with a polite smile. "I'm from Philadelphia."

He snorted a friendly sort of snort. "I could tell by the aak-sent." I chuckled at what was obviously a contradiction. He was the one with the accent. And a delightful one at that.

"Have you ever been to Philly?" I inquired.

"Nope" he scratched the black stubble on his cheek. "If'n it ain't on the coast, I ain't bin there."

"I see." I frowned. Communication was now in his control.

"E'r bin to Nantuck?"

"No, I'm afraid I haven't."

He took another long draught on his cigarette and sent smoke rings climbing above his cap like evaporating halos. "Great place, Nantuck." He nodded in agreement with himself and stared out across the waters of Pamlico sound. "Ain't no tourists. A man kin learn how ta die in peace

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LEARNING TO DIE (Cont.)

The words brought a panic to my once restful self. I began to look for a way to escape. The fisherman continued, trapping me.

"Yep. Great place, Nantuck!" He paused and spat against the hull of one of the dinghys tied to the back of a sailboat. "What ya do up there in Philly?"

"I-I-I'm a Sociology professor at Temple University." Embarrassed both by my stuttering and by my obviously cosmopolitan vocation, I looked for an apologetic recovery. But the fisherman did not wait.

"Soshy-allojy. Well ain't that a thing. A teacher." Another friendly snort. "Weren't never much for learnin' books. Always had my hands full with learnin' to die."

Again the shock rang through my frame. Unsuer of what to say, I resolved to sympathize. For ti was evident that the man wanted to discuss the matter. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"Hear what?" He replied, his eyes still fixed on the horizon.

"That you're terminally ill."

"Hunh??" His eyes moved to mine, puzzled.

I restated. "That you're dying."

This brought a chuckle that startled me. This scrawny sailor was either a fool or an incredibly brave man; if indeed his story was true. I could not help feeling that the middle aged seaman was handing me a line of proverbial bull.

"We's all dying son. You. Me. Everyone. Life's jest learnin' how to die."

'Everyone's a philosopher' I thought, feeling quite relieved of the tension of my fears. "Why do you say that?" I inquired. The sailor was becoming quite an intriguing character.

"Cause it's true. Ya start dyin' soon as you is born. All we do is learn how to do it right."

"How to die correctly?"

"Uh-huh. Some people work their tails off so's they don' have to think about it. Others buy themselves big houses and color TV's and and satin sheets so's they're comfy as they're goin'. Anyway y'all look at it, we's all learnin' to die."

"I'm not sure I understand."

He took a long draught on hms cigarette releasing the smoke in the words he spoke. "We's all learnin' to die. That simple. All that we do ends up at the same place. Death. Ain't no way to escape it."

"That's not a very optimistic way to look at things."

"Hunh?" Puzzled eyes looked up at me.

"It doasn't sound very positive."

"Ain't nothing wrong with it. Death is a fact of life."

I chuckled at the pun the sailor so innocently used. He stopped offended at my lack of sincerity.

"I'm sorry. Please continue."

He eyed me for a moment, coutiously, as if deciding whether to trust me with his pracious insight into reality, then returned his gaze to the water. "YOU aan't get around it. We's all dyin'."

"May I interject this? It seems to me that you might have it backwards. It might possibly be that we are all learning how to live."

He thought for a minute. "why should we be learnin' how to do somethin' we do naturally? I'm livin'. Bin livin' sinst I was born. No one taught me how to do that."

"Yes" I agreed with his innocence. "But life is more than just breathing in air. It's finding meaning in the world. It's discovering who you are, what your potentials are and then working to achieve them. I doubted that he understood, but offered a further explanation.

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LEARNING (cont.) He listened patiently, with a frown as I made my case, then spat into the dinghy and replied. "that's the way y'all is learning to die. By doing all those things."

Now I was confused.

"Some people, they work for good and that's how they learn to die. By doin' good it makes them feel better while they're dyin'. They feel better about livin'. But you don't have to do good to live or die. Y'all live and die. That's the truth." He tossed his cigarette into the water and reached for another. "whether y'all do good or not, you die in the end. It's jes that most people are afraid a dying. So they say, 'hey, I'm learnin' how to live.' They the one's that got it backwards. They're jes' learnin' how to die. It makes em feel better tho."

If what came at the End was livin', sho, we'd be learnin' how to live. But we ain't goin' towards life. We's goin' towards death."

"What you're saying then is that we are making our death more acceptable by living a certain way."

"That's learnin' how to die, ain't it?"

I pondered the statement for a moment. My mind initially had set out on a course to defeat the argument. Even now it was producing the traditional motivations for life in a seemingly ambiguous existence; growth of humanity as a whole; growth of the individual; fulfillment of nature or perhaps some religious belief. Yet each one fell to the fisherman's perspective; that of learning how to die.

"I guess I'm still confused," I confessed.

He sighed as if frustrated at my ignorance. "All them things y'all bin pointin' to, the in-dee-vi-jell growth, the finding meaning, doing good, they teach us how to feel better about dying. That's what we learn."

"It gives our death meaning and respectability."

"Yup. Ole boys like me learn we did a good job at what we was doin' all our dyin' days. But that's it. I ain't gonna be fishin' in Heaven nor Hell. Dey ain't got boats nor nets nor seas. And that's all I learned to do in livin'."

"I see. In other words, what one learns is really of no consequence to death."

"Right! Dead's Dead." He nodded and took a draught on his cigarette. "It jes makes ya feel better about gettin' there."

"I see." My gaze joined his, following the reflection of the moonlight shimmering in the soft waves of Pamlico sound. "Sounds to me as though you'd enjoy reading Sartre."

He snorted. "Ken't read. Ain't been learned that. I jes know how to fish."

I smiled and saluted him. I imagine you're quite good at that."

Our conversation turned to boats and soon I bid him farewell. Yet as I made my way back across the splintered docks, and sandy sidewalks to the small three room cottage I had rented, his words followed me. "Jes learnin' how ta die." It became the total focus of my mind. I found my arguments defeated by that sandy southern drawl. "Ain't no way around it. We's all dyin'."

Peg had gone to bed. She stirred when she heard me enter the bedroom and again when my belt buckle clanked to the floor. As I crawled in beside her, she rolled over, her leg curling around my knee. Again the fisherman's omnipresent words twisted my ear. "Jes learnin' how ta die." Surely there was more to life than just passing time and feeling good or bad about leaving it.

"Did you have a nice walk?" Peg's voice crawled out of the darkness in a soft whisper next to my ear.

"I don't know." I responded. I really wasn't certain.

EDITORIAL Cont.

At this point, one may ask, "Why the sudden interest in the inactivity of the SCC? It's been this way for several years, and no one seems to miss it. Let a dead dog lie." Three factors have peaked our interest in the matter. First, it has become obvious that the SCC, in the format described by the constitution and protected by the present official committee, is totally inept. Consider the fact that only six of the required ten "elected" chairs are filled. While one may point to a variety of factors which have paralyzed the SCC, its most damaging blow has been dealt by the total dissolution of "class identity", a cornerstone in the structure of the SCC. It is interesting to note that the four vacancies on the Council are the chairs reserved for class representatives (junior, middler, senior, jan-term). Alternative methods of representation must be considered! Secondly, the tasks and responsibilities of the SCC "proper" are so menial and restricted that they could be performed by two or three interested students. Why do we need a seventeen person council to assist us in the programming of Tuesday morning Community hour? Finally, it is our contention that the only way to effectively redesign the Council is to start with a fundamentally different method of student representation. This would require a complete overhaul of the present constitution, or perhaps a total discarding of it. The time required to complete this task would be substantial, but we are convinced that anything short of a radical revision of the Council will be doomed to failure.

We are most interested in your feedback on this matter and invite you to a hopefully productive dialogue on March 3 during community hour. We do not pretend to have perfected alternatives, but we do believe that dissolution of the SCC is more beneficial than allowing the masquerade to continue. We deserve and demand a more effective organization.

Don Mason, Editor, Seminarian
Ron Parks, Chair, Soc. Life Comm.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN

Here is my first article for 1981, my last year to write for this exciting piece of journalism, already the tears are beginning to form. In January, some have been graduating and leaving for jobs. Some of those leaving were part of the starting basketball team, now we need some people to replace them. All warm bodies are urged to come out and play. Contact Don Mason for date and time of our next game.

In closing this week's article I offer you the following trivia quiz. Can you name the vice-president of the SCC? Does anyone know who the SR. Class Representative is? The answer to these two intriguing questions will appear sometime in the future.

Till then,
Jeffrey S. Dick
Sr. Tour Guide Coordinator

TO THE SEMINARIAN

I would like to use the vehicle of the Seminarian to thank the community here at LTS and beyond. During surgery and recuperation, flowers, cards, visits, transportation, physical help with household responsibilities and child care have been overwhelming.

The caring, prayerful support has meant more than I can thank people for in words.

There have been so many special moments, I thank you for your ministry to myself and my family.

Gail Mogel Tillotson

FILLER

This semester's Seminarian is brought to you with the still unskilled typing of D. Mason, ed. Deadline is moved back in the week to Wednesday afternoon, and Publication will proceed on Thursday. If you can give some time to help, volunteers are readily accepted.

FOR THE SEMINARIANPANTOMIME

I would like to make a brief comment and suggestion on the effort to collect glass, aluminum cans and newspapers on the campus for recycling. The intent of this project is very commendable and should make each of us more conscious of our ever diminishing resources. It should also teach us something about our lifestyles and the adjustments we must make in the future.

We should not diminish our efforts in collecting materials for recycling but I would like to suggest a change in the method. In the apartment buildings materials are deposited in the entrance foyers. Besides being unsightly, I am concerned about the potential fire hazard of scrap paper being accumulated at the base of the stairwells. We receive two newspapers each day, but I am reluctant to deposit them for recycling for that reason.

With scrap paper bringing \$.40 per hundred pounds, it would seem that a large quantity would need to be accumulated to justify the gasoline to transport it to the scrap yard. Possibly a central point on campus could be established for the collection of materials to be recycled so sufficient quantities could be accumulated to make the project more effective.

George W. Leathrum

NORT'S SPEWS

Sadness abounds in the hallowed halls of LTS, as the bounding ball-players have dropped a doublet. What, you may ask, incredulously? Do you mean to tell me that the happy hoopsters have become the mournful melontossers? That bouncy band of roundball ravagers, that terrific troupe of hardwood hustlers. What do you mean they lost two straight? Injuries, injustices, insidious excuses abound. Monday night, young M. Vaughan's knee self destructed in a winning cause. Tuesday, four valiant seminarians took five opponents into double overtime before losing by a field goal. Wednesday, we lost a close one at full strength. Sad, yes, but true.

Deaf, dumb, diligence,
precarious heart in motion;
precise the portrait - the stance
or movement, each notion;
a thing of the invisible past.
Pale, painted face - cast
in animated emotion -
to play on the imagination.

It isn't real.

Love lives not in wordless gesture,
nor is it created by zeal

of intentions, willingly pure.

If not felt in the heart

as if a very part-

of being; then seeing

is not believing.

Still the movement whisks-

a message hidden inside

each muscle poised, a wish

while the words yet hide

or perhaps, they don't exist in
time

all things but a mime

absent the motivations

only going through the motions.

Mike Vaughan

Special Tear Off
Section!!

If you think this section
is worth while, tear it
off and put it in the
trash can near the
mail boxes. Our representatives
will root through for feedback.

Please check one (1) box
(or more)

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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