



# THE SEMINARIAN

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## WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE 6-PAGE SEMINARIAN?

Although I'm not old enough to remember the five cent cup of coffee, I'm old enough to have heard about it as a sign of the good old days. I'm certain that the young people of today will hear about the times when gasoline was under a dollar a gallon, and they will react in amazement, just as we do when we see a Sears catalogue from the first of second decade of this century. Prices have risen sharply and there is no foreseen reason for any reversal in the trend.

We at the Seminarian office were sitting around this week asking ourselves some nostalgic questions, such as the title of this article, what ever happened to the 6 page Seminarian? Looking at last semester, we noticed a marked decline in the number of contributions this year. Did everyone make a new year's resolution to quit writing? I hope not.

So as not to belabor the point, I will move into other areas of nostalgia. Remember when church membership meant something? When we could be proud of the growth that had been taking place, both in our lives and in the lives of our fellow Christians? Remember when we had to articulate our convictions, and back them up with action? Whatever happened to our willingness to be counted as a caring community.

A big concern of all of us here will probably be in that of church attendance. Whatever happened to the 50 or even 40 per cent attendance that we used to boast. I read through my Confirmation handbook seeing that my confirming church had a Sunday school average attendance of 65%. If I were to compare this to the casual observation of this community at worship, I would say that figure is easily four times better than our own attendance figure. I know as well as anyone else here that you can't bully anyone into church or chapel attendance, and most non-attenders have very good excuses. Most church non-attenders have practiced their excuses well, we at Seminary must polish ours some more. Chapel may not be a high priority item for all of us all the time, after all even "they" only have to worship God once a week.

Whatever happened to the value of education? If we as a nation were to share a common concern for quality and equal education for all citizens, would that be a goal that we could conscionably live with? At one point in time, we could not provide education on a consistent level, because not all people were governed by the same set of laws. As we have matured into equality as a people, we must move toward a new educational vision. This is one area where the good old days have passed on, but the good old methods have stayed with us.

Whatever happened to the Six page Semindrian? It has gone by the wayside with all the other areas of involvement which will contribute to the mood of the 80's...rampant apathy.

Donald L. Mason

DID YOU EVER...

Feel like a frog? Frogs feel slow, low, ugly, puffy, drooped, pooped. I know, one told me.

The frog feeling comes when---you want to be bright, but feel dull. You want to share, but are selfish. You want to be thankful, but feel resentment. You want to be big, but are small. You want to care, but are indifferent.

Yes, at one time or another each of us has found themselves on a lily pad...frightened and disgusted, but too frogish to budge.

FAIRY TALE? Once upon a time there was a frog. He was a prince who looked and felt like a frog. A wicked witch had cast a spell on him. Only the kiss of a beautiful young maiden could save him. But since when do beautiful maidens kiss frogs. So there he sat---UNKISSED PRINCE in frog form.

But miracles happen. One day a beautiful maiden grabbed him up and gave him a big smack. Crash---BOOM-----Zap! There he was---a handsome prince. And the rest you know. They lived...happily...ever after.

So what is the task of Christians? To KISS FROGS, of course.

I Sam. 16:7; Gal. 6:2; I John 4:18, 3:18; Phil 2:3,4

COMMUNITY HOUR

Tuesday, February 26 at 9:30 am in the Hafer Center, the Seminar abroad participants will share with the entire community slides and other mementos of their trip to Central America.

This should prove to be a very interesting time of sharing. There will be coffee available during and after the presentation, but you have to bring your own popcorn, doughnuts etc. if you want any.

See you there.

17 SURE GROANS

"Your trousers are ready," the tailor panted.

"It's a brilliant evening," said the worm glowingly.

"Let me give you an enema," the nurse inserted.

"Give me the ferrous sulfate," He said ironically.

"It's 50 below zero," she said coldly.

"It's over 90," he remarked heatedly.

"The coffee is cold," the husband said icily.

"My temperature is 105," he said feverishly.

"Hand over the nitric acid," the chemist fumed.

"That was a bad incision," the surgeon said cuttingly.

"You mean I have anemia?" the patient paled.

"The car just ran out of gas," he sputtered.

"I've just taken Miltown," she said tranquilly.

"I'd better give you a hypodermic," the doctor injected.

"Your heart sounds like you've got rheumatic fever," the doctor murmured.

"The starving deer need hay," said the game warden balefully.

"I should have bought some gold to make a little 'prophet'" Dr. Englert testified.

REV. SIDNEY SPELLING S.P.  
Part 2

I raced for my car and clambered in. I secured myself shoulder and waist with its safety harness. Pulling out of my driveway at 4:30 and 15 seconds, the fifteen minute drive to church would make me unforgivably late, so I called the local gendarmes on my C.B. and with a police escort alit from my economy wagon at exactly 4:36 and 12 seconds. As I stooped to help a crippled bird to its nest, I heard a cry, "Pastor!!!!..."  
To Be Continued

# THE GIMME SYNDROME

"I don't understand Doc. It just happened. I was lounging in my evening chair after a hearty supper of steak and potatoes. The six o'clock news was on. It started with the Iranian students screaming 'Give us the Shah, Give us the Shah!' I felt a kind of dizziness. Then there was a story about some high-school kids who were picketing against the Ayatollah. The signs read, 'Give us back our diplomats.' That's when I started to sweat. I moved my chair closer to the TV and turned up the sound. Next, there was a report on the Chicago fireman's strike. The pickets clammered in unison, 'give us more!'

I turned to my wife, Margaret. She was lying on the couch reading the newspaper. I felt a sudden desire to read the newspaper. It slowly weaved through the back of my mind like a hot mist; like warm shaving cream oozing out of a Gillette dispenser. My voice came in a low hiss, 'Gimme the newspaper.' She didn't respond. The heat grew, my voice louder. 'Gimme the newspaper.' She peered out over the top, somewhat confused at my sudden interest in the paper and wined, 'Wait a second I', almost finished.' As if those words were a match to an open gas can, my mind exploded into flame. 'Gimme the newspaper now!' I shrieked. Margaret sat up abruptly. But the look in my eyes must have been awesome. For she shrunk back into the cushions in horror of my distorted face, dilated pupils, and clenched fists. She folded up the paper quickly and carelessly and tossed it to me. The front page was kindling wood for the fire. I sat absorbed for several hours reading of another blue flu epidemic (policemen out on strike), politicians promises in return for votes, and a national baseball star threatening to jump teams if he did not get more money.

The fire burned inside of me so that I thirst. Margaret had mean-

while retreated to the kitchen to talk with a neighbor. I called to her, 'Margaret, gimme a beer!' Her voice returned, 'Get it yourself!' Furious, I leaped from my chair, stormed to the kitchen and removed two cans of Pabst from the fridge. Defiantly, I gulped both down in front of her and tossed the cans on the floor. 'It's time for bed.' I commanded. Margaret knew now, that it was futile to quarrel. When I had finally dozed off however, she packed her things and left.

In the morning, I reported to work early and went straight to the district manger's office. I demanded a raise. When he suggested that a raise was impossible at this time, I exploded. 'gimme a raise,' I shrieked and slammed my fists on his desk. He retreated, as if I had suddenly acquired some dangerous disease or somthin and suggested that I take the rest of the day off while he looked into it. I left, satisfied and headed for the bank. The teller was in hysterics after I demanded my money from both accounts. From there, I went to the bar. The bartender reluctantly served me, after I bellowed from the very doorway, 'Gimme a beer!'

It was then that I knew there was something wrong. So I came here. Doc, you've got to help me. Please gimme a cure."

The doctor pushed his glasses up and scanned his notes. Pushing the button of his intercom, he called to his nurse, "Nurse Polly, could you prepare a sedative injection for Mr. Kope." He leaned back in his chair and eyed me with those tiny eyes.

"Doc, give it to me straight. I can take it."

The nurse came in the door behind me carrying a loaded syringe

"I'm afraid Mr. Kope that you have The Gimme Syndrome."

I felt my stomach turn. My

GILFE (cont'd)

WINTER RAIN

arms went totally weak. Tears in my eyes, I slid down in my chair. "Doc. You gotta give me the cure. You've got to."

His face fell into a gloomy sadness as he motioned the nurse over. I felt the needle prick my shoulder. The doctor's voice came back at me, "Mr. Kope, there is no known cure for the Gimme Syndrome. It is always fatal."

I began to convulse. "No, no. Gimme a cure." I leaped to my feet. The nurse caught my shoulders. I swung at her catching her on the nose with a solid right-cross. The doctor's hands gripped my arm and he wrestled me to the floor. I felt the drug begin to work. As the blackness slowly moved in, my voice cried out, "Oh God, gimme eternal life."

RMV

Cold, cold rain  
Cold, cold me.  
Dreary, gloomy  
Ugly.

A mist envelopes  
Shrouds, separates.  
Unfocused, unclear  
Alone.

There's a dampness  
Permeating, penetrating.  
I shiver. I'm so cold.  
Ice.

Where is spring?  
Where is the sun?  
Someone please--  
Smile.

jaw