



THE SEMINARIAN

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Issue 4

A CALL TO BE THE CHURCH

"Where the re is no vision, the people perish."

-Proverbs 29:18

1. The people are perishing.

Statistics show a serious decline in the United Church of Christ. Since 1965, while the population of the United States rose 15.6%, membership in the UCC fell 15.9%. In 1978 alone, the UCC showed a net loss of 16,548 members and a net loss in church school enrollment of 24,343. According to the 1979 UCC Yearbook, total OCWM receipts in 1978 showed a loss in real buying power of \$11,379,000 when compared to 1969 OCWM receipts. We must pinpoint and correct the cause of this downward trend if the United Church of Christ is to thrive.

Worse, a declining church fails to reach increasing millions of people who live and die apart from Christ.

2. We need a vision of our whole life as a church.

We are being exposed to one-sided extremes: in liberation theologies which fail to allow the transcendent God to act in history apart from human struggles of class, race, and sex; and in fundamentalist theologies which fail to take seriously our mission for social and economic justice.

If the United Church of Christ is to thrive, we need a balanced theological vision which reveals both the spiritual and material dimensions of reality, and affirms both the personal and corporate aspects of salvation.

3. We have such a theological vision.

Our heritage brings us such a vision through our evangelical, reformed, congregational and Christian traditions. The preamble to our UCC Constitution lifts up this hope:

"The United Church of Christ acknowledges as its sole Head, Jesus Christ, Son of God and Saviour. It acknowledges as kindred in Christ all who share in this confession. It looks to the Word of God in the Scriptures, and to the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, to prosper its creative and redemptive work in the world. It claims as its own the faith of the historic Church expressed in the ancient creeds and reclaimed in the basic insights of the Protestant Reformers. It affirms the responsibility of the Church in each generation to make this faith its own..."

This is who we have been called to be, but we have lost our vision. For this reason the people perish while the church declines. By decision and prayer let us be who we are called to be that our life as a church may thrive by the grace of God.

-Issued by the United Church People for Biblical
276 W. Cherry Lane Witness
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NORT'S SPEWS

No time to write this week sports fans, Nort's onto a real live scandal in the wild and wooly world of athletics. It seems there is this.... Oh well you don't want to hear about it right now anyway, just too many loose ends to tie up. See you next week.

Nort

EXECUTIVE CABINET

At Wednesday's meeting new policy was adapted concerning classrooms in the Academic Building. Non-alcoholic beverages may now be consumed in classrooms. Smoking and partaking of food is still illicit.

Jeff Dick

FROM THE SODA MACHINE

Hey folks, Pepsi has raised their prices again. The guy who takes care of me is going to make me raise my price to 35¢. He says the profits go to ECC, but the machine is for the community's benefit. If you want to influence his decision, drop him a note or tell him. His name is Jeff Dick.

Loveingly, The Soda Machine

SPIRITUAL LIFE

The Spiritual Life Committee meets each Tuesday @9:00 a.m. in Hafer Center, prior to Community Hour. Anyone who wishes to bring an individual concern to the committee or wishes to just "listen in" please come. We need more members! If you are interested, contact Beth Nordbeck, Father Ed Sanders, or Neal Brown.

Neal Brown

THE SEMINARY CHOIR

As a result of our questionnaire returns the new hour for choir practice will be at 4:00 p.m. on Tuesdays.

Thank you for your response; we expect to have increased numbers at practice Oct. 23.

Frank McConnell

DATELINE: LANCASTER

Quite a bit has come to my attention this week. Some of it good, some of it not so good. First of all it has come to my attention that there have been several incidents of theft and vandalism on campus. At least two bicycles have been stolen and parts of a third. In one apartment a full beer can was tossed through a bedroom window, covering the occupants with a shower of broken glass.

I am certain that there are several other incidents that go either undetected or unreported. Security on this campus is almost nonexistent. Has there not been enough property missing to warrant some security measures on the part of the administration? I say it has. This wave of crime should be stopped. Perhaps one way of stopping this wave would be to hire a reliable security guard for the evenings. Will it take an assault or a rape before something is done? I hope not.

Another item that has come to my attention is the attendance, or lack thereof, at chapel services. We are here at Seminary to learn how to affectively serve the Lord as pastors and trained laity. Is it too much to take time out of our busy schedules and personal agendas to give thanks and praise to that Lord we are in training to serve? Many Seminaries require chapel attendance, LTS doesn't. We have been given a great deal of freedom, don't abuse it.

While I'm on this line, November 14th has been designated a "Day of Prayer for the Lancaster Theological Seminary". This special day gives us a chance to further our spiritual development and foster community life. I urge each collegium to elect to participate in the Day of Prayer. Prayer is a powerful tool, let's learn to use it in a disciplined manner.

Moving right along, this has been a week of excitement, joy and disappointment. I am referring to the World Series. It was a fantastic seven game series. Several games of the series were shared by the faithful few in Richards 106. Some pro-Orioles fans (including yours truly) and some Pirates fans argued, haggled, but

LOVE SONG

The only love song
I've ever composed,
was written by the wind.

The lyrics - soft whispers
through the pines,
the melody from the mountains,
where the eagle flies.

The rhythm is slow,
the beat is soft,
a falling snow flake sets
the tempo.

The mood is a dream
in fallen leaves,
the passing of a sunfilled cloud.

Neal Brown

DAWN TO DUSK

Like the sunlight
teases the flowers
to open,
She coaxed me
out of myself-
into me;
blooming the colors
of life in the warmth
of her smile.
But too soon
she was slipping away
over the horizon
to another space in time.
And the pedals of me
closed once again
in the misty droplets
of dusk's tears-
leaving only the promise in the stars,
of another dawn
somewhere,
someday.

RMV

DATELINE: LANCASTER cont.

mostly shared friendship together. That
is what the Series is all about, America's
pastime being shared by friends, who can
bridge the gap between team loyalties.
In my opinion, we all won that series.

Looking ahead, on October 29th several
concerned students of LTS are planning a
small expression of their feelings against
Nuclear weaponry and power. Meeting in the
parking lot at LTS, they will be moving on
to Penn Square where from 12 - 1 pm, they
will attempt to get their anti-Nuclear me
message across. For more information see
John Schwartz.

If there is anything you would like to
see in this column, please let me know.
If I can, I will include your information.
Any information or complaints you would
like to lodge, please let me know.

Thank You,

John Stephen Fair

PHOSPHORESCENT BAY

A hand through the pane, plowing ripples
away.
Fingers twitched,
immersed in incandescent wetness.
Schools of liquid fireflies
swarm about each motion
drawn from the black
by those nightly intruders.
Nipping with emerald teeth,
taunting with luminous jaws
the bite which stirs no nerve.
Clinging violently to each turn,
swirlings flakes of radiant mysteries.
The hand sweeps them into a froth
and cups itself, catbbling a tiny
colony in its grip,
lifting it from its precious fluid.
But the fingers are fat with greed
and the hand is unsteady with macabre
laughter.
The eerie glow of the captives fade.
Those glimmering miracles which
do not slip homeward,
go dark in the palm of a fool.

Ron Parks

THINGS THAT ARE FOUND

It was there in the shade of a billowing willow tree, inhaling and exhaling the summer breeze, that he had chosen to rest. There on the hill, above "Campdale Cemetary" where rows of grave markers marched down the gentle slope to North Mainstreet on the Outskirts of town, that he spread his thin boyish frame out to hunt for dreams and things that could not be owned. His eyes searched the calm blue sky as three small clouds crept slowly to the north, the white effervescing in the sunlight. He imagined them playing tag. Eventually, they hid the sun and he turned away and set his fingers to the task of perusing a patch of clover at the edge of the willow's shadow. The afternoon had dragged on, his mind refusing to lose itself in a dream, as if the summer day was enough of one to satisfy him. He contemplated his lack of vision on what would have normally been a juicy day for such things.

It was the doubletake that woke him up as his index finger clumsily tripped over a four-leaf clover, breaking it's stem low, near the grass. He retrieved it with a smile that captured the glow of the sun. Satisfied in his day, his mind drenched in the wisdom of what he had found as if enlightened by the sunlight, he picked himself up and left the hill.

Old Man Debinski waddled up the sidewalk, cursing under his breath at the neighborhood kids collected on the street corner. In his arms, he held Corky, his mongrel black cat who's fur was drenched with the tar the Campdale City Construction Dept. was using to put down the new black top in front of the house. The kids had found it humorous that Corky was unable to swim in a vat of the stuff when tossed in. His body shook with anger as he climbed the front steps. The envelope was stuck between the screen door and the door frame. He grabbed and pulled the door, his blue

almost grey eyes surging with tears. The envelope fell.

He tossed Corky in the door. The cat promptly sought refuge in the corner behind the television. This brought another stream of curses as the old man bent over and picked up the envelope, envisioning his carpet left sticky and spotted by the tar.

His eyes caught the writing on the front of the envelope:

"Things that are found,
are to be passed around."

He squinted, and scratched the patch of grey hair growing still on the right side of his head (the middle had long since ceased leaving a growing bald from the forehead to the back of the neck). Angry, he tore the envelope open and fished for its contents. He was stunned at first, when his fingers scooped out only a green weed. Recognition of the four leaf clover came only after he had sat down on the couch. He reread the envelope as his body ceasing the anger seizure. A smile drifted onto his face as he held the charm up to the light, turning it so that its shadow crawled across his face. He sighed a sigh at his humanness and set out in search of a new envelope.

RMV

Flowers blossom
haze of colors sharply
cut into petals
maize, indigo
portraits of life
growing, blooming
shed pollen, pass
bee to pistil.
Lord flowers sing
when will the stems
turn again to
sky, azure, goldenrod,
amber?

A CALL TO PROTEST

Everyone from the Lancaster Theological Seminary community is being called upon to take part in an anti-nuclear vigil on Monday, October 29 in Penn (Center) Square. The protest will take place from noon until 1:00 pm.

This protest is scheduled to coincide with major anti-nuclear demonstrations in New York and Washington. We see this as a local alternative for those of us who cannot make it to distant protests.

Because it is so difficult to motivate people into active protest, we are attempting this from a very simple angle. We are only going for one hour. We are planning no program other than sign-carrying and leaflet distribution.

This is an event which will center around the efforts of a few of our students here at LTS. So we may not have many people next Monday--but we do believe that those who come will make up for it in their deep level of concern.

If you are concerned about the safety of nuclear power and the spread of nuclear weapons, please join us for one hour next Monday. Although we will be the main participants, the Susquehanna Valley Alliance will be endorsing us. Let's show them and the people of Lancaster that we are concerned.

Bring a sign (or just your body) and meet in front of Richard's Hall, at 11:15. Or, meet us in Penn Square.

John Swartz

HALLOWEEN PARTY

Thursday, that's the day after the day after tomorrow, there's going to be a rip roaring Halloween Party in the basement of Richard's Hall, the Bricker Room as a matter of fact. The time is 7:30 pm. This annual event sponsored by SCC and ASW has been known to bring out the true colors of many seminarians. Unfortunately Adam won't be appearing this year. His sheet is at the cleaners,

GIRLS MAKE ME NERVOUS

Some guys stride around, with a girl on each arm. They seem to hypnotize young women with intelligence and charm. Then there's the athlete; around whom girls flutter about. If he doesn't let on he wants a date--then the girls start to ask him out. With them talking to girls is no trouble they do it without fret or fuss. But with me, it's a different story--'cause girls make me nervous.

I'm just as athletic as the rest and just as smart too. But when it comes to talking to girls, I shrink down into my shoes. I don't quite understand it; I guess I got it from heredity. But then my dad must have said something or my mom wouldn't have had me. So girls, please remember, there are others not so courageous. They may be athletic or smart or both, But like me, girls make them nervous.

RMV

IMPORTANT
NOTICE!
THE
SEMINARIAN
DEADLINE
THIS WEEK:
THURSDAY 5:00pm