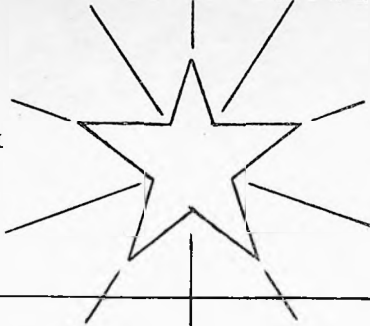


Lancaster  
Theological  
Seminary

## THE SEMINARIAN



Society  
of  
Inquiry



Lancaster, Pennsylvania

16 December, 1949

### DOES CHRISTMAS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

The ancient story of the Wise Men's visit to Bethlehem concludes with the statement that "they returned to their own country another way." No other meaning is intended than that, instead of going home by way of Jerusalem as they had come, they chose another route and by-passed the city where Herod was awaiting a report from them.

But if we drew from those words another meaning, it would probably be in keeping with the truth. Whether we regard Wise Men as ~~divine messengers~~ or figures in a legend, they nonetheless went home by a different way, as well as by a different road. They were different men as a result of seeing and worshipping the newborn King. They had come hoping; they departed knowing. They had come seeking; they departed having found. Their journey made a big difference in their lives. They would never be quite the same men again.

That poses for us the question, "Does Christmas make a difference in us?" When December 25 comes round and, with the aid of candles and carols and the annual re-reading of the nativity stories, we make our visit in pious imagination to the cradle-manger of Bethlehem, do we depart from the festive season another way? Do we emerge from the observance in a different spirit? Does it work any change in us?

Certainly it should make a difference. If we actually get to the heart of Christmas, if we get beneath the good things to eat and the gifts we exchange with our friends and loved ones, to the real meaning and the spirit of Him whose birth it commemorates, we can hardly come away unchanged. The real Christmas gets at us from within, when we remember that it has its origin in God's coming into the world in the person of a little

### THE COMING OF CHRIST

The story of Jesus is the most marvellous story in the history of mankind.

Born in a stable, cradled in a manger, he grew up in a little village amidst humble surroundings. He drank deep at Nature's spring and opened his heart to the divine impulses from another world, becoming conscious all the while that God the Father had drawn near to him and called him to be His son. With this sense of divine mission strong within him, he left home and began to teach, preach and heal, gathering about him a little group of single-minded but sturdy men who became his followers. He spoke as no man spoke. He performed deeds of wonder that astonished men's hearts and made some believe that the power of God was being manifested in their midst.

Gentle though he was, his straightforward speaking, his insistence upon truth in the inward parts and the forthrightness with which he confronted men with the challenge of the Kingdom of God—brought upon him the enmity of the political and religious leaders of his day, and even the common people who at first heard him gladly forsook him at the last, and he was obliged to tread the wine press alone. In a real sense, he came unto his own and his own received him not. He was persecuted, despised, rejected, condemned to death and hung upon a cross between two thieves, buried in a tomb in the garden of a friend.

The tomb could not hold him. On the third day he broke its bonds, rose from the dead and showed himself alive to many disciples. For two thousand years since that time he has had his abode, as the ever-present, ever-living Christ, in the community of his followers known as the Christian Church.

Such in brief is the wonderful

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FEATURES

FEATURES

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POEM (Not in retaliation!)  
by Mel Palmer

Twas the night before Wednesday,  
and all through the dorm,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
not even a book worm.  
All books were stacked  
in their cases with care,  
In the dining hall was everyone,  
with spirits aflame.  
Dressed, we stood waiting,  
while Roy Schmidt played,  
The smell of the meal, caused nerves  
to be frayed.  
When all of a sudden, there arose  
such a clatter,  
We sprang from our seats to see  
what was the matter.  
Some waiter had dropped some  
glasses and trays,  
So louder and louder the Schmidt  
did play.  
We were served with cocktails and  
morale of food,  
Everyone agreed was delicious and  
good.  
We were so squeezed in, we were  
all in a clatter,  
So we reached for the olives with  
elbow in batter.  
What did we do but reach for a  
roll.  
And battered with elbow like any  
good soul.  
After the meal we were led by  
a Bark,  
Who looked so scared, he was  
white as chalk.  
Then a quartet of five did give us  
a sing,  
The faculty made the dining hall  
ring.  
A good talk was given by the  
Reverend Bare,  
On the good people of church, I'm  
sure you were there.  
After the wives gave their rendition  
Schmidt sent the seniors into  
"pendention."  
On Hoffman, On Martin, on Pappy and  
Digger,  
When he finished the rest we all did  
snicker.  
Then with delight the Dixey Doodle  
Band  
Played music much smoother than fine  
ground sand.  
Drs. Frantz and Sayret, we sang  
to them  
Birthday greetings not like a hymn.  
Merv Gerhart gave out some special  
gifts,  
And Santa came in out of the drifts.  
Presents he had, and he had them for  
all,  
They ranged from egg-beaters to bats  
for balls.  
Even the Southerners remained their  
flag,

For the Yankees are nice as Santa's  
Stag.

With a mist in our eyes that made  
them shine bright,  
We wished Merry Christmas and to  
all good night.

\* This is not a typographical error, but a coined word. It springs from "pendent" which means suspended - the seniors were in suspense - thus "pendention."

HUMOR ESQUIRE

Putting on my overcoat, I thought I would stroll downtown and do my Christmas shop-lifting. Everywhere I went I saw other Seminarians with their bulging overcoats. It seemed as if everyone I knew had to buy gifts for the names Merv Gerhart had given them. The fact that Merv distributed the names might account for the help he needed to carry his gifts from the Dining Hall the other evening. Down in one of the Dime Stores I saw my room-mate, Keith Sink, step behind a six inch pole to hide himself. But it wasn't until the next morning that I discovered what he was going to give me for Christmas.

This is the way I found out. I was lying in bed, I can lie there as well as any other place, dreaming of sweet dates when all of a sudden I was awakened from my rest by the squeaking protest from the hinges on my bedroom door. The combination of the squeak and Dick Masters' rasping morning voice telling me I had a letter caused me to bounce up in bed. I was strictly overjoyed at having recieved a letter, but this exuberance was quelled a bit when I struck my head on the upper springs. Struck, in the horrible process of getting up, was sitting on the edge of the stratosphere sack holding his eyes to keep from bleeding to death. Now when I rammed my head into the springs it threw him out of bed, but he didn't come completely out because his heel caught between the mattress and springs. I wish he could have seen himself because it was really a sight for sore eyes. I would have helped him down but I was still so overjoyed from having recieved a letter I was swinging from the chandelier. Now at this point I discovered what he is going to give me for Christmas; he's going to give me a neck-tie. The way I know is that while he was trying to extricate himself from his ludicrous position he kept mumbling that he would like to tie something around my neck. So, I'm sure it will be a neck-tie, and that just goes to prove that all Santa Clauses don't have long white beards and big mid-sections.

Mel Palmer

This is a "petition" account of the Seaway dinner & Xmas party  
Tues. 12-13-1949, 5:30-9:30 P.M. in the Cafeteria,  
attended by faculty, students & parents.

FEATURES

FEATURES

FEATURES

WE WISH YOU ALL A  
Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year!!!  
*The Staff*

W. V. P.

In this Christmas issue of the Seminarian I would like to give the space in my column to another woman. Her story entitled, "The Spirit of Christmas," that I shall tell to you.

It was only an old log cabin in the midst of a lonely cotton field. Only an old log cabin with a thin volume of smoke issuing from the chimney of its chimney, and one lone pine tree near the door through which the wind whistled cheerlessly. And yet the Spirit of Christmas was there.

Inside an old negro mammy sat huddled before a poor little fire. Side by side on her lap leaned two little woolly heads. Four much-worn shoes were stretched toward the fire as the owners sat on the rough boards of the floor, and listened with their black eyes full of wonder, to the story of the Christ Child.

"Yas-sir, he was born in a stable; jes' a plain, ole cow-stable."

"Oh no, granny, not Marse Jesus?" Shooly you'se mistookin'."

"No, I ain't mistookin. Ain't I been knowin' 'bout Marse Jesus since befo' yo' was bawn? Now don't yo' go fo' to interrupt yo' ole granny."

"No'm, we ain't. Go on granny, tell us some mo'."

"Well, sir, 'way back befo' de war; when dere wasn't no Santa Claus, no Christmas, no muffin', dere was a little baby bawn one night in a stable in Bethlehem of Judea. And jes' de vey minute he was bawn, de black clouds of darkness all passed away; an' de light shined and de angels from Heaven come down and sung tunes -- Marse Gabriel and Marse Peter an' all de rest of 'em. And dat baby, he jus' lay dere in his mother's arms and he saile, like babies does when de mammy says dey's seein' angels. An' dat night ev'rybody loved ev'rybody else. An' dere warn't no mo' lyin' and stealin' an' swearin' or badness in de whole wide world -- an' de world's been bettah ev'r since!"

Here granny came to a full pause, for she had exhausted her little store of knowledge of the Christ Child.

"Go on, granny, tell some mo'; please do!"

"No, no honeys. Not tennight. Marse Santa Claus'll be comin' along hyeah

NOT JUST FOR CHRISTMAS

As I sit down at my desk to write this, I have just returned from the annual Seminary Christmas Party. In fact I'm still a little burpish from the huge amounts of air I inhaled while laughing during the period of good fellowship we all enjoyed. This party always impresses us with the fine Christmas feeling it displays. It is a great leveler. Any differences and quibblings are forgotten, and we all become the best of brothers in the all inclusive spirit of Christmas. All this seems to point to something bigger. It's an old wease among preachers to ask, "Why Can't the Christmas Spirit last all year?" It is a little snowman, but it is a wonderful idea. When we think of our fellowship here tonight, we might wonder why this attitude can't pervade the whole of the greater world and do it all year through.

Out in St. Louis there is an interesting custom. A lighted candle in the window of a St. Louis home on Christmas Eve means an invitation to all carolers in the street to come in and enjoy the hospitality of the house. More than this though, the candle is also an invitation to partake of the generosity of the community. What a spirit this would be if it could last all year 'round.

I think it is enough said. Our Christmas prayer might be: "Lord, give us the power to celebrate Christmas in its best sense the whole year through.

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight.

Dick Glatfelter

putty soon, an' what yo' all gwine to do den?"

Soon the two little pickaninnies were tucked in bed snug and warm; and as granny stood above them, looking down on their little kinky heads and their shining black faces, she whispered: "God bless deir little white hearts in deir little black bodies, an' may de dere Marse Jesus alwuz taken kear of his little black lambs."

Then there was silence in that old log cabin in the midst of the lonely cotton field. The dying firelight cast strange flickering shadows on the faces of those three peaceful slumbers. Outside, a low, wintry moon hung in the sky, and the wind whistled softly through the old pine tree. But who shall say that the Spirit of Christmas was not there.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL. (tyrists)

Ruth K. Muthard

DOES CHRISTMAS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?  
(Cont. from page 1)

babe. Christmas is a birthday. It celebrates the birth of divine love into a selfish and cruel world to make it a better and happier world.

We may come up to that real Christmas by the road of self-interest, thinking of ourselves and trying to get all we can for ourselves. But if we get close enough to the manger of Bethlehem and catch the spirit that emanates from it, we can hardly come away by that road. We ought to come away from it thinking of others, trying to help others, sharing whatever we have with others. Christmas should make us different.

It should make us think differently. The Star of Bethlehem sheds such a light on the things and people about us that we cannot think of them in quite the same terms. Some things will look less attractive, while the value of others will appreciate. Persons whom we have despised and shunned may acquire new worth in our sight.

If we think differently as a result of our exposure to Christmas, we will certainly act differently. Christmas ought to move us to more kindly and gentle treatment of others--those with whom we live on intimate terms and those whom we call strangers. It should be harder than before to elbow others out of our way, or to stand by and let the weak and timid be bullied by the strong and arrogant. Those days just after we have heard the strains of peace and goodwill sounding across the centuries from Bethlehem's hills ought to find us stepping briskly up to every opportunity to lend a helping hand or give something to a needy cause.

Indeed Christmas should actually make us look different. It did that to grumpy old Scrooge, of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol", even though it had to get at him in his sleep when his guard was down. He looked so different after that exposure to the Christmas spirit that the folk who knew him best hardly recognized him. Even if we do not need a face-lifting as badly as Scrooge did, Christmas may give us a "new look" in the best sense of the term, if we give it a chance. The light of faith and hope and love ought to shine from our eyes, once we let Christmas do to us what it can.

Will Christmas in 1949 make any difference in you?

Dr. Sayres

THE COMING OF CHRIST  
(Cont'd from page 1)

story of his earthly life. It has been told and retold over the known earth. Some hearing His story have received it with indifference. They may use the day of His birth as the occasion for celebration or the making of money. But the story of His life, sufferings, and death means nothing to them. "They live for themselves. For themselves and none beside. Just as though Jesus had never lived and as though He had never died."

Others have heard the story and been moved with compassion. It has seemed to them a pity that one so good, so innocent should be made to suffer so and be obliged to bear the cross and endure the shame. The sentiment they feel is expressed by the hymn:--

O sacred Head now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns thine only crown.

Others have heard the story of Jesus and were moved with indignation. They were indignant that one so noble and unselfish should be compelled to suffer humiliation and death at the hands of cruel and selfish men. They are typified by the knight of the middle ages who with his brave men about him listened to a recital of the story of the life and death of Jesus, in the cathedral. When the narrator came to the part describing how the spear was thrust into Jesus' side and the nails driven into His feet, the knight could stand it no longer. He and his men with him leaped to their feet, flashed their swords, and the knight declared loudly that if he and his men had been there that day so cruel a deed would not have taken place.

Others have heard the story of Jesus and were moved with wonder and admiration. It seemed to them a wonderful thing that human nature could issue in so strong and heroic a character and that anyone born of woman should manifest such love for God and man. The poet Tennyson expressed their feeling when he said:

"Thou seemest human and divine  
The highest, holiest manhood thou."

To be sure, it is well and good to respond to the story of Jesus with compassion or with wonder and admiration or even with indignation. But he who responds in this fashion has not reached the maturity of Christian

(Cont'd on page 5)

# THE COMING OF CHRIST (Cont'd from p. 4)

faith. For Christian faith sees in the story of Jesus more than the story of one to be pitied or admired or to become indignant about. For Christian faith it is the story of one who comes from God, through whom God saves and redeems and who, therefore, is to be followed and obeyed and accepted as Lord and Master.

For Christian faith has its origin and foundation in the historic experience of the early disciples. That experience was this: when the early disciples lived with Jesus, heard Him teach and preach and saw Him heal the sick bodies and souls of men, He made an impression upon them that they could explain in no other way than as that of God Himself. In Him they experienced the touch of God upon all their lives. They saw God in Him. As the gospel of John puts it: "He dwelt among us and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Later, they became convinced that God, as they saw and experienced Him in Jesus, was present with them in the Spirit, giving them power to become the sons of God.

Dr. Kosman

## THE SPORTS CORNER

Once again the door on the cage season has swung open for the Crusaders, who are in quest of their second consecutive championship in the F & M Independent Intramural League.

The boys opened the season with a forfeit victory over Hartman # 2. We might point out here that this season got off to a better start than the last, because last year the Crusaders dropped the curtain-raiser by two points.

December 5 at 7:30 the Crusaders went into battle again, arrayed in full armor, against last year's arch rival - City # 3. Last year this group was the East Hall team, one of the few teams to dump our boys.

However, in a nip and tuck game the Holy Rollers won by a 37-29 score. The game was marked by strong defensive play on the part of both teams. The first period ended at 11-9m halftime at 17-15. Then in the late part of the third frame two field goals by "Able" Abbey and two by "Bucky" Trout put the Crusaders ahead by 10 points. This lead was more than enough to bring home the victory after a hard fought battle.

It must be said that the Crusaders on a whole played a fine offensive game. "Bucky" Trout, Herb Zeigler, Milt Gockley, and Longenecker showed themselves to be four fast forwards, while the usual trio remained stalwart on defense - "Bones" Bailey, Bruce Hatt, and "Able" Abbey. Everyone in the line-up shared in the scoring.

Again on the dreary, rain-soaked night of December 12 the Crusaders moved into action, this time against City # 3, which according to pre-game dope, was one of THE teams to beat.

Our boys, displaying the best brand of ball played yet, smothered City # 3 by a 44-14 score. Offensively the Crusaders, led by Herb Zeigler and Bruce Hatt scoring 14 and 13 points respectively, completely played the opponents right off the floor. Combined with the fast-breaking attack was the five-man zone, which played a sterling game.

By all means the team looked like a smooth-running machine, which just kept clicking until City # 3 broke under the strain.

The score by periods:

Seminary	15	8	18	6	47
City # 3	4	1	2	4	11

Captain Bruce Hatt cleared the bench and all the squad played at least a half.

The team this year looks good - even better than last year's outfit. But the boys would sure appreciate some moral support. True, some of you have been turning out for the games, but the percentage is low. Maybe we need someone to take the place of "OUR REDHEAD" What say? Let's help the team bring home the bacon!

Your Sports Editor wants to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Dick Abernethy

## BOWLING ADDED TO SEMINARY SPORTS PROGRAM

With 26 Seminarians, including five professors, signed up for bowling, a committee has been asked to check with the various bowling alleys in Lancaster to decide upon time and place for the bowling league. This bowling is strictly for the fellowship! We don't care how well you bowl! Just come out for the fun, and you can't miss!