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FEEDBACK

Since some people find it fitting to use this paper to voice their personal opinions under the guise of community concerns, I guess it is time for me to voice mine.

I found last week's Seminarian to be a veritable scrapbook of soap-box sermons on various "causes," beginning with our weekly pearls of wisdom from Gail Tibbotson. I am glad she had a wonderful time on her excursion into the mountains with Dan Berrigan. I hope she has a wonderful time lying around the Pentagon also. However, in the illustration she gave about this demonstration representing life surrounding death, I personally wonder which represents which. Who is it who has really sold out to culture? Gail may find out that the majority of the American people have a different perspective than she.

I found Barry Lace's articles very informative. I never knew there was such a thing as a "gay Christian". I must be using the wrong Bible. The one I read very plainly condemns homosexuality. I am curious about his use of the term "bigot". According to Webster's dictionary a "bigot" is "one intolerantly devoted to his won church, party or opinion." If that is the case, then judging by Lace's articles the term fits him too. Personally I resent the term "gay Christian". These words mix about as well as oil and water.

I am equally informed each week about racism and sexism, thanks to Beth Nordbeck and friends. This week she told me it is all right to be angry. I am glad to hear that because I am angry. To me, the racism-sexism group is another evidence of the destructive forces at work in the church today. It seems they have a desire to destroy the traditions which have enriched the church of Jesus Christ for 2,000 years by suddenly saying that these traditions are not good enough any more. I wonder if this group realizes how many people are offended by the concept of "mother-god" and the forced use of inclusive language in worship and liturgy. Do they really expect to add as many people to the Christian community as they are chasing out? Beth talks about taking action against "oppressors". Maybe it is time someone started taking action against the kind of oppression that groups like this one are creating.

I see a lot of time and energy going into these causes I have named. Personally I am very tired of hearing about them. It is a shame we do not hear as much talk about the redemptive power of Jesus Christ as we do about these things.

I do not often write anything for this paper and I am determined not to let myself turn it into a weekly battleground. My purpose in writing this is not to attack anyone personally, but to express my opinions about their opinions. If anyone would like to speak to me personally about these things they may feel free to do so.

Michael Weiser

AN OPEN APOLOGY

I owe an apology for what I did Friday. I did not realize that it was going to hurt people's feelings as much as it did. Believe me when I say that it was done in innocence. I chose the hymns for chapel because of the overall message of the service. The second criteria for the choice of hymns was that they are familiar to the people as well as being a beautiful musical arrangement. (This is important to me with my music background.) I really did not pay any attention to the fact that the first hymn was "Rise Up O Men of God." Believe me, it was not intentionally used to oppress anyone.

But this now gives me an opportunity to voice my opinion. I have heard from people that God as Father is oppressive. I have heard "Him" changed in songs and scripture. I have even heard that people have walked out of chapel whenever the sexist language is used in a service. I must say that I have only heard of this. I have not experienced it first hand because I do not attend chapel on a regular basis this year.

I have chosen to be otherwise occupied at the time of chapel because it just has not been a meaningful experience for me. I am one of the stubborn traditionalists that identify God as Father (not as a male, but as a protecting Father that has tenderness and compassion.) I therefore feel oppressed to hear the battle that is going on with the chapel being the main point of confrontation. I am left cold to hear the worship leader explaining that in the hymn or Statement of Faith or any other element of the service Creator or Parent or any other anonnrm for God will be substituted for "Him" "He" or any other sex indicating terminology. Even the services that have been changed to the inclusive language do not have meaning for me. But, not to worry, I won't walk out if I attend a chapel service where there is the inclusive language or the type of instruction mentioned above given for the service.

No, I won't walk out because it

would be my choice to attend the service that day. When I choose to attend a service, I go to worship. I do not go to pick out the number of times the leader uses a sex indicating term. If that is their choice, so be it. I will abide by that. I would only hope that others would offer this same kindness to me when I lead a service.

I will continue to praise God as Father, in or out of the chapel setting.

In His Name,
Lou Ann Earnst

Racism/Sexism - Group

Reactions to the readings as well as personal experiences shared by group members were the basis for our discussion.

Although the idea of human liberation was discussed as the ultimate goal for us all the group emphasized that the various forms of oppression need to be addressed and responded to separately. By explaining away oppression with the argument that we all experience oppression is only to cause frustration and anger. This is indeed the realization that we are all in some way oppressed. However, at the same time, we need to recognize that the extent of the oppression and the history/roots of it make these issues very separate and unique. It was felt that dialogue, the struggling together and the willingness to hear each other's pain is the most significant thing we can offer one another.

The racism/sexism group meets weekly for discussion on Wednesday eve. at 7:30 p.m. and Friday at 11:30 a.m. in room L 216. All are welcome as schedule permits. Part four of the U.C.C. Racism/Sexism packet (on reserve in the library) will be the springboard for discussion this week.

Elaine Yencer, scribe

DISCONNECTED PHONE

I always thought everyone had a
"hot line" to God.
Well, something's wrong with
my connection.
Every time I want to call God
I can dial only one number,
And then I hear the recording:
"We are unable to complete
your call."
Normally I would call the operator,
And ask her what the problem is.
Did God move?
Did God get an unlisted number?
Did God forget to pay the bill?
But chances are
That all the answers are no.
The operator would say, "I'm sorry,
But the problem is in your
end of the line."
Change the questions
I asked about God's line,
And ask them of mine.
The answers:
Yes--I moved.
Yes--I got an unlisted number.
Yes--somewhere along the line
I forgot to pay my bill.
Yes--my phone has been
disconnected.

Debbie Derby

AS I WATCH

As I sit by the window,
I watch the children play.
Sledding, building snowmen,
I would be there if I had my way.
But I am sick and must stay in,
I cannot have snow in which to play
play in.
But I am still happy,
happy for them,
this is the love that abides in Him.

David Tillotson

FOR SALE

Fifty pieces Pfaltzcraft ware.
Four pieces missing. Dark brown/
tan. Best offer.
Realistic 5-band receiver with
speaker. Garrard turntable.
Scott receiver. Best offer.
393-1586 or campus mail

Haydn McLean

ADVENT AND THE ARTS:

AN EXPERIMENT

On Thursday December 11, during
the chapel hour, the L.T.S. Arts
Ensemble will present/lead an
original program/worship service
entitled "Perspectives of Advent:
Hope, Life, and Threat". All
are invited to attend this time
of worship and introspection.

Ron Parks

A.S.W.

The December ASW meeting will take
place on Tuesday, December 9th at
7:00 p.m. in the Bricker Room.
All interested persons are welcome
to attend.

Rosemary Baumgardner

EDITORIAL

I feel that a few words of ex-
planation are in order due to the
lateness of this edition of the
Seminarian.

The past two weeks have been an
humbling experience for me. I
discovered that there are not
enough hours in a week to cover
the schedule that I set for my
self at the onset of this semes-
ter. I have been failing in all
aspects of responsibility this
fall, and I sincerely apologize
for my ego, I really thought I
could pull it off.

Two weeks ago I decided to give
up my part time job, and we have
been scrambling since to fill in
the gaps this will present for
our financial picture. The
Seminarian has fallen to the way-
side during this time, and it
truly grieves me.

I must apologize to Hank Andrews
for losing her article in the mass
of disorganization which I call an
apartment, while thanking her pro-
fusely for her assistance in
preparing this week's edition for
publication.

I will have more time now, and
I hope I will not have to write
this again.

Don Mason

THAT KIND OF NIGHT

It was a sincere night;
the kind whose darkness
makes you think of what's inside.
of lonely feelings;
of empty space;
for the clouds had covered the stars,
and the moon; but a foggy
patch of light -
like a hidden heart.

The kind of night;
for soul searching "I'm sorry"'s
and yearning yawns of
"I need you"'s
Addressed to
the falling star -
as it dipped over the horizon,
Gone.

The kind of night
that haunts a person
No face in the mirror -
nor on the pillow -
next to yours.

And the only voice -
Bogart's lazy nasal drawl
from a late night movie -
on the only channel left.

That kind of night -
so overwhelming that you forget -
that there is such a thing as dawn,
coming soon;
for somehow -
it just seem too far away.

Michael Vaughan

LAST HOPE

The first snow has come, and
Ice is everywhere.
But a tree outside the window,
still is a fiery red,
for it still has leaves.
Those leaves remind me of something.
The hope that is always there,
Even in deepest despair.

David Tillotson

UNTITLED

I look to the cross of Christ
And I see
the crosses of humanity
lined up
row after row
And I smell
the stench of burning bodies
the fish of the refugees
the alcohol of the alienated
the blood of the martyrs
And I hear
the screams of the persecuted
the cries of the children
the gay, tearful laughter
in a straight world
the silence of the captives
And I touch
the boney flesh of the hungry
the wounds of the soldier
the button this side
of the mushroom cloud
the scattered pieces
of a broken people
And I taste
vomit

Patti Carquo

FIRST COMMUNION

To move from the breast
to the table
To reach beyond milk
to solid food
Growing, striving
crawling, standing
To put one's mouth
the nourishment
from God
To put to one's heart
the peace
of God
The suckling babe
of innocent liquids
sprouts
to the table
of bittersweet solids.

Patti Carquo