

THE

# Seminarian

December 4, 1969 Vol. XXI No. 1

SECRET

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED  
ALL OR BROADCAST  
GENERAL

Director, Political Combat, Pentagon  
Also: Ballet Master of the Pentagon  
House Psychiatrist of the Pentagon  
Director of the Trot and Cantor Polls

5

HO

GOOD NEWS! "Kiss don't kill" (You make me  
"ARREST WAR FOR DISTURBING THE  
VIOLENCE AND FAILURE TO DISPERSE

Dear Friends: Lancaster The Seminar  
The merry joyous pranksters, General Hershey Bar

now available for fund raising lectures, debates, dance

To college, high schools, aware social groups, women

PLEASE JOIN OUR  
"XMAS SPECIAL-  
BRING ALL G.I.S.  
HOME TO VISIT  
BOB HOPE!"

60 % of admissions to sponsoring group

30 % to Gen. Hershey Bar & Gen. Waste-More-Land

10 % to your special projects

OR Flat Fee for an evening or week

In each city while performing for you will appear on local or national

newspaper getting publicity, of news value for sponsoring group.

U.S. HEALTH  
DEPT SAYS  
"WAR IS  
UNFIT FOR  
HUMAN  
CONSUMPTION."

The Generals will also teach guerilla (gorilla) theatre. Organize

Pentagon for peace & love. Appoint men as three star generals and women

as all women are admirable and cute besides! Gen. Hershey Bar available

tapes, 16mm film. Books and his songs, "Hello, dear Mom--Here I am Dying

"Guer-illa of my Dreams, I Love You." "War Is The Cancer Of Society, Cure

General Hershey Bar and General Waste-More-Land are organizers, trainers, writers, producers, strategic planners for the entire pentagon. Including his staff Gen. Curtis (we took his A-bombs away!) and Admiral Palsey.

Warmest Personal Regards,

"WAR FAILS-  
TO WIN-THE  
GOOD HOUSE-  
KEEPING  
SEAL OF APPROVAL!"

General Waste-More-Land  
General Hershey Bar

CONFIDENTIAL  
CONFIDENTIAL  
SECRET

General Sherman said, "War is Hell!" General Hershey Bar said, "To Hell With War!"



THE SEMINARIAN  
Vol. XXI No. 1  
December 4, 1969

THE STAFF

Editors

Rich Christensen

Glen Moyer

Contributors

R. Duke

G. Moyer

G. Fackre

R. Schellhase

J. Foster

S. Trcutzian

B. Johansen (Crozer)

B. Williams

Art

B. Williams

Typing

M. Cunningham

+ + + + + + +

ABOUT THE COVER:

The Seminarian receives a great deal of interesting mail. The cover for this issue consists of a portion of one such letter received a few weeks ago—unmarked and unedited. We dedicate it to all those who march in peace rallies and to those who gather signatures to send to the President in support of him.







SILENT MINORITY, cont.

banners, placards, songs and chants lent a festive air to the demonstration. Festivity and youth were among the things that distinguished the 1969 from the 1963 March on Washington—instead of a thousand neatly printed UAW signs, there were ten thousand colorful homemade ones. (Another difference was the numbers—from where I stood and roamed this throng was easily twice the size of the 1963 gathering of 200,000, with, as usual, police estimates being active underestimates.) And because it was the young who came from Maine, Texas, Chicago, and points east, politicians would do well to turn off their Saturday afternoon football TV and listen to what they are saying. In a very few years they will be over half the population.

If you put together the preachers and teachers, the businessmen, veterans, librarians and government employees, with the students, then you begin to wonder just who this "silent majority" really is. Is it the bundle of telegrams the president proudly displayed the day after his speech? Is it 6000 names printed in a Saturday paper? Or 9000 gathered in a town square?

The strength of a movement is in direct proportion to its grit and sacrifice. When half a million humans—warned off by the highest authority in the land, threatened by a show of military force and the forecast of violence, accused of being traitors because they disagree with present government policy—refuse to be intimidated, then there is a powerful current flow in this country. Its torrents far exceed in significance signatures penned in the warmth of one's livingroom, or extracted by crowd psychology under a waving flag. This strong silent stream will continue to gather momentum as men of peace find their voice. We shall overcome someday.

Selective Existence System			
NOTICE OF DECLASSIFICATION			
This is to certify that			
Awol G.I. Hero			
(First name) (Middle) (Last name)			
Selective Resistance No.			
3	118	44	01
is classified in Class 6-2			
until PEACE DECLARED			
<input type="checkbox"/> by General Hershey Bar, unless			
<input type="checkbox"/> otherwise checked below:			
<input type="checkbox"/> by General Hershey Bar			
vote of to _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> by President Doctor Spock			
<input type="checkbox"/> by President Richard Nixon			
(Date of mailing) _____			
GENERAL HERSHEY BAR			
GENERAL WASTEMORELAND			
First General of International Resistance			
*** General			
(Resistant's signature)			
SSS Form 110 (WAR IS DEAD!)			
(All printings are useless)			
(Burn new card, upon receipt of old)			

## JUST ONE MORE ARTICLE

by

Glen Hoyer

When last year's editor and I met for the first staff meeting last year, we looked over the usually meagre contributions to the cause and discussed them. Among the pages was an article on the lack of community and spirit of unity at LTS. The editor picked it up from the table, frowned at it, and looked at me with a scowl. "If I get one more article on community around here, I may vomit," he said to me. I looked at him and nodded approval without realizing why he should feel that way about it. In time I learned that the lack of community was a major complaint among the students and that there had been a whole bunch of articles on the problem during the previous year. Therefore the editor felt that there had been enough talk and not enough action. Little happened, however, and things went on in a fashion that many will say was "business as usual".

Well, this year, the juniors and middlers both had high hopes after September that something new and healthy had been born at old LTS that would bring a new spirit. There were some signs in the ferment in the worship services, the interest created around the idea of a new community center in the old library and so on. Excitement, enthusiasm, and a breath of life were all new signs that many of the seniors discovered and probably found confusing after their encounters in the wilds of Central America.

And here it is, December, the last month of the year, and the last month of the decade, and old LTS is still plodding along, just as it did last year. There seems to have been a curbing of spirit somewhere along the line, as was evident in the turn-out at the work-day during reading week, and the underwhelming number of volunteers for the chapel services. What happened? I wish I knew.

I had originally planned to write an article celebrating the new spirit at LTS, a sort of requiem to all articles on community, to end my worries about such future complaints as last year's editor had. However, I never finished the article, because my own enthusiasm got bogged down in a morass of academic concerns and committee meetings. The article was crumpled up and thrown away a few weeks ago, because I did not see the sophomore gleefulness for community that was evident earlier in the year. Aside from a slightly more heavily attended coffee hour, I cannot discern any really noticeable signs anymore. If any one begs to differ, I would gladly welcome the dispute. In fact, I would encourage all those who are interested to prove me wrong.

It seems to me that the good old spirit of academics has hit the student body once more, and the books have clouded community right between the eyes. I do not mean to degrade academics; those who know me well, will realize that it is not in my nature to do so. But nonetheless, with Hamlet, I smell a rat somewhere, and do not quite feel comfortable with what I perceive as the present situation. I must ask myself, and the entire community (if it is really there somewhere) the following question: what happened folks? What happened to the jolly spirit of comradeship that was flitting about in September. Did academic realities creep in like the flu and kill off the too young spirit that was arising? I do not know, but something is rotten in LfSm as well as in Denmark, dear Hamlet. This is a plea for an answer, but judging from the recent responses to work-days, chapel, and The Sominarian's call for articles, asking the student body seems to be as fruitful as making a request of poor Yorick.

I suppose it all boils down to this one statement about community: to be or not to be, that is the question. I certainly wish that some of the bright-eyed spirit of unity would resurrect itself long enough to type off a few statements, or come to a work-day, or worship a bit, just to show its own existence. Or is the proof going to be as self-evident as the proof of Christ's resurrection—it must be taken on faith only?





ON FLYING...  
by  
Bob Johansen

Part I: Can I Fly?

Chorus: Fly baby fly, fly to the sky  
Fly baby fly, but don't fly too high...

DAEDALUS: You want the sky, but it can't be your's today  
If you want to fly its gotta be my way  
I'll show you how to reach the other side  
But don't forget—they're not made to glide

Chorus: Fly baby fly, fly to the sky  
Fly baby fly, but don't fly too high...

DAEDALUS: My wings are to travel, but not soar  
Don't go beyend—that's not what they're for  
The sun is but a burning bed of fire  
Your wings will melt if you get higher

Chorus: Fly baby fly, fly to the sky  
Fly baby fly, but don't fly too high...

ICARUS: The colour of th future can only come  
If our goal is reaching the sun  
If I'm going to fly I gotta fly higher  
If I'm going to fly I gotta get higher

Part II: Can I but Fly?

ICARUS: How can you speak of reaching the shore  
When I can't see my thoughts anymore  
For my mind is flying alone in the air  
Who cares if it reaches the sky

My wings carry not only my mind  
They carry my thoughts as well  
While you dream of life on the other side  
I can free you at will...

This island is only a stone in the sea  
Where we are makes no difference to me  
I only know that my thoughts are free  
And they keep calling  
to me...



## PRAISE THE LORD WITH A NEW SONG

by

Robert H. Duke

It was my privilege to participate in a service of Holy Communion in a "contemporary idiom" celebrated at Trinity United Church of Christ in East Petersburg, Pa., some weeks ago. The musical accompaniment which constituted the "contemporary idiom" was composed by a group of young people from that church, specifically written for the service, and played on instruments identified mostly today with Rock and Roll and Folk Music. On the whole, I was deeply impressed by the imaginative attempt to express something of the joy and excitement which rightfully forms a central part of worship.

I must confess that I wondered what my attitude ought to be in preparation for such an occasion. The service of the Eucharist is known to me, and the kind of personal preparation necessary for that event seemed most appropriate. On the other hand, I must admit to a certain curiosity, even perhaps wariness in terms of what might be expected. I've heard a good deal of music in this idiom, enjoyed some of it, but not all. It is the beat of this music which always "grabs" me. I find myself time and again keeping time, even when I am self-consciously aware of it. The rhythms, nuances, and sudden, abrupt and often exciting changes developed, enormously attract me offering a kind of discontinuity, along with an air of expectation. There were moments in this service when I felt that dimension of music and perhaps in that sense "understood" something new.

On the other hand, I experienced some difficulties, not necessarily connected with my amateur status. Wrongly or not, I jotted them down on the back of the order of service. They help me to refresh my memory, but in terms of participation in an art form, that may not be the most helpful source of creative criticism upon which to draw.

It seemed to me that there was a sense in which the music functioned to create a mood, in some way to make us worshipful. In that sense it was "religious" music; it might even be called mood music. The revivalists know of this technique. Indeed, there exists to this day in many of our churches the method of dimming the lights as the choir sings some soulful hymn, while two acolytes garbed in white splendor, tastefully snuff out the candles. But even that may not be half bad. The real question is this: How effective was the music itself in terms of its purpose? And, beyond that, what is religious music anyway? Loud and soft are not the only language of music. Too often I was either rolling on the floor wrestling with a sordid "fuzz" guitar, or straining desperately to hear the soft melody of a fading line. I did very much like the "Meditation in Music," the "Agnus Dei," and the "Sanctus" and am quick to say so. Was my appreciation aesthetic? Religious? What is the difference? The music and lyrics of the choir simply denied me many opportunities to do my own thing. Too often I was a spectator.

You would expect that I must speak of the reading of the Scriptures and the Sermon. One must admit rather ruefully that the all too frequent use of Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8 becomes a bit boring, and that something like eisegesis is often practiced, mainly because the tune is familiar and the words as well. It has become now, in this new idiom, the agreeable substitute for the endless reading of the Beatitudes or I Corinthians 13. But at least those well-worn passages can be heard and understood. Perhaps the sermon, "Without love, no one is saved", is worth repetition. I know some ministers who would not be the death of preaching if they stuck to one good sermon. But supposing you do not even know the words and the sound-track is bad? You are either in or you are out. In a way, it is the same criticism levelled at traditional services, isn't it? Its language can be archaic, while the language of the new tradition may be equally strange.

Such observations are hardly that important. I can acquire a taste for what is new and foreign to me. Some of the mood and style is already in my bones as it were, even if they do rattle somewhat. What is more important is the intent of the service itself. Was it directed to my will, conscious, intellect, or emotions?



What should happen to me in this service? I knew my way around when we suddenly shifted gears, slowed down and picked up the traditional Eucharistic portions of the service. I could understand the words, know what was being done and why, know what was being offered and why. Oddly enough, the music lost touch here. If joy and wonder, celebration and thanksgiving were part of its basic theme, why did they not persist and blend with this traditional, and stately sarabande? And why those crazy lights; were they a substitute for the "opacities"? Were they the supernatural or what is left of it? I just did not understand that. In fact, I still do not "understand" what happened that night. It was an "event" being there and I would do it again gladly. I would like someone sitting next to me who would say from time to time, "Now this means that." That is a pity, for if symbols have to be explained, I wonder about their power as a language of their own. I have no objections to being converted, if I could just understand not so much what I am being saved from, that is all too clear, but what I am being made into.

+

+

+

POEM  
by  
Barbara Williams

Life is all a sea and shore  
lapping and sliding  
Underneath the soft shadow  
of Him who calls us.

He loves us, and watches us and we don't do anything  
But lay back and be.  
He's watching, and we don't do anything on purpose  
But just because it's natural then to do  
Something  
We maybe paint something He did before us anyway  
But it is His.  
And we love Him in doing over, just a bit  
What He has already done.  
It's all like being thankful for His letting us be alive  
God, you have to come first  
Or then we don't come at all  
We're just out of it then.  
God, then, you come first  
And help us be just like you  
For others.  
Help us to try with you.

EVALUATION OF SEPTEMBER PROGRAM IN  
SENSITIVITY TRAINING BY MIDDLE STUDENTS  
\*EDITED BY RICHARD SCHELLHASE

The hardest, most frustrating and most rewarding experience I've ever had. I hope that I can continue to work at that which I have gained and improve upon it.

Thanks for this opportunity. I liked the three weeks; we need it. Can wives somehow get into this?  
-Jim Cunningham

Healthy relationship between persons do not "Just Happen". Many of today's social problems stem from the fact that they are just allowed to happen.

I learned for the first time to concentrate and care about how other people see me. It meant that I had to hook in and place myself on the line and accept how others were reading me. Even though there are times it hurts, the end result has been that I have a clearer conception of who I am as a person and what some of my God-given talents are.

Sensitivity training was rough. Emotionally, physically and mentally it was a drain.

The whole thrust of sensitivity training is the realization that life is much more than I ever expected. The entire concept of relating to people has given me a real joy and a sense of celebration of life. I hope I know more about myself and I hope others see me in a truer light, but God only knows if I succeeded. The point is the attempt. And I will continue to relate. I congratulate those who introduced this program to Lancaster Seminary.  
-Jack Esbenshade

To me this sensitivity program was one of the best experiences of my educational life. I am glad that this school offers such wonderful opportunities for its students. It has helped me to know people as people and to be with them as a person myself. The leaders who worked with us were really great. I hope and wish to see them again and again in my life.  
-Samuel Ramnit

It was beautiful.

I really can't convey the feeling I have about this experience, but there are a few images, which help in articulating some of my reflections. Warmth, frustration, anxiety, trust and feelings of sheer joy are all parts of the bag. It seems useless to say more.  
-M. David Walthour

I guess I really can't say in words what would do justice to the program of sensitivity training. But I do remember reading in The Catcher in the Rye about Holden Caulfield who with one girl felt uneasy about holding her hand because his hand always got sweaty. Then he met this other girl and he just enjoyed holding her hand, whether it was sweaty or not. For once in my life I felt like Holden; I could hold hands with anyone and not worry if my hand was sweaty or not.

I know that sounds silly, but it sure is a hell of a nice feeling.

Tremendous experience. Better understanding of self. A little insight into dynamics of inter-personal relations. A chance to trust others enough to be able to try some new behavior.

Just too many gains to list; listing them makes them seem artificial, cold, unfeeling. What I really gained was something that transcends communicating it by writing.



Suggestions: involve more faculty and wives of students; not such a long break between sessions; during the break, have the trainers available.

-Ron Davis

I'd like to do it all over again, but this time with wife included. At the beginning I was actually quite dead without realizing it. Now I feel much more alive. My whole logical synthesis of neo-orthodox theology and stimulus-response psychology completely crumbled, but I don't miss it, too much.

This program was one of the most significant experiences of my life. I'm very glad it happened. Next year there should be more inclusion of the wives.

What I was is no longer -- it's like a brick chimney that fell in on itself, dust is still coming up, but some is salvagable and it shouldn't be intolerable to rebuild, using some of the old. I'm really quite a different person.

#### EVALUATION OF SEPTEMBER PROGRAM IN CHURCH AND CULTURE BY JUNIOR STUDENTS EDITED BY RICHARD SCHELLESE

Because of the unity built up during the second week of the program and the subsequent tension of the following week, the events of the final week seem to have taken on much more meaning. The problem was that I felt as though we were sometimes too occupied with the events of the preceding weeks. In a sense I feel wishy-washy. I think the program should take the form that it did without minor complications. This form seemed to make the week of self examination much more meaningful and significant. On the other hand, I think that we were hampered and bogged down with the problems of the preceding week.

In recommending a change I must say this: 1) allow more time for sensitivity training; 2) allow more time for small groups. A general evaluation for the last week -- Hooo-Ra!

-Dennis R. Emrick

As a total experience it has been: one of the most rewarding in all my life, one of the most troubling in all my life, like a roller coaster of emotions, experiences, frustrations, and I learned a lot, perhaps more about me than anything else.

I learned that if one cannot accept shortcomings in himself, others, goals, methodology, results, (etc?) then he is in for BIG problems.

Having had a mountain top experience (total month -- also specifically the Friday a.m. communion, I really mean to include both total and the specific) nothing can match it.

-Jim Green

I feel the experiences of these last three weeks have been both intellectually and emotionally rewarding.

My contact with ministers, their churches and the problems they face has increased my understanding of what a challenging task the ministry is. Obviously these weeks were full of frustrations, anxiety, and perhaps at times apathy. Yet I think these frustrations have served to condition us to what is coming as ministers -- more frustration. I'll admit I, at first, felt the whole thing to be a waste of time, but the more I reflect on the entire thing, the more I come to realize that it wasn't a waste at all.

My rating of the entire program is "excellent". I realize that not all education can be gained in the field, but I am glad that some has been offered to us. I responded negatively to the sensitivity

training we received upon returning because it resembled too much a false laboratory situation, even though some real life problems were interwoven. I guess that I reject being a test tube.-Clarence Stumb

The September session for the Junior Class has been helpful in making me aware of many situations which confront both urban and rural churches. The realization for me as a pastor of the fact that I am not confronted with unique problems in my congregation was revealed in finding these same problems in the rural communities we visited.

There were good friendships formed in the class and, for me, at St. Mary's Seminary. These will be continued in my home and travels. This was a highpoint for me.

-James F. Fox

The first week was helpful in that we really got acquainted with one another while learning about the rural church. The next week at Baltimore enlightened me in that I really was not aware of the racial problem and other related problems in the city.

The entire month has been of immeasurable wealth to me. I have been made aware of things which really have changed my outlook. I previously had thought of myself as a pretty good Christian, but thanks to this month's enlightenment I can work to-day to become a better one.

-Larry Louder

My impression of the total program was very positive. I feel that our studies of the rural and urban church were good in that we not only met some of the individuals involved with these areas (ex. ministers, laity) but we also became acquainted with the problems of these areas, which heretofore have been unknown to me.-C. Herring, Jr.

During our weeks in Schellsburg and Baltimore there was needless repetition of certain life situations. I think the two weeks could have been compressed into one or possibly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  weeks by going to one area from which both situations could be studied. And then concentration on one particular problem for two more weeks in a seminar type situation with a paper.

One other suggestion would be to have one faculty member with the group throughout. And of course more FREE time to eliminate some of the problems felt. All in all, it was a very interesting and educational month. Everything to one degree or another tied together.

-Spanky

Through the whole program less time should be spent on repetition in hearing the thing said by many speakers. Dr. Fackre's program was very helpful in gaining a perspective of what happened in the next three weeks. Much of this information was shown to be true by the "outside" speakers and also by the actions of the class itself. More free time should be given for digestion of the gained information.

-Jerry Fuqua

I feel that the basic program of the last three weeks was scheduled much too tightly. I felt that there should have been more time for relaxation and small group discussion (unstructured). Many of us stayed up late into the night talking about our experiences because we did not have sufficient time during the day. I felt that our small group discussions with one or two clergymen were extremely rewarding.

-John Allan Hoff

I thought the groundwork laid in Dr. Fackre's course was essential to the following experiences. Schellsburg, while redundant at times, was educational and (mainly in retrospect) stimulating. It not only



supplied facts but backed them up with examples -- perhaps too many.

Concerning Baltimore I feel the students got the shaft, so to speak, in that they were thrown in (if that could be used considering how little non-structured time they (faculty) spent with us) with three "raw" faculty members for whom the Baltimore trip was to be as much a learning process, though in a different light, as it was for the students.

The sensitivity training was, although too short and crammed, very stimulating and dynamic. On the whole, this month, though fraught with foul-ups during Baltimore and though very tiring, was an exceptionally interesting and educational experience for me.-Gary Sattler

The total program has been quite rewarding for me. Although I thought I knew the rural situation, I found that I actually didn't. The flux in the rural church gives me much hope.

The time spent in Baltimore was enlightening. As for the first week, we were provided with a background and with data to test out. As for chances -- more time for recreation and personal reflection. The last three days have been, if anything, anti-climatic.

New York

November 25, 1969

Dear Rev. Kroehler:

Thank you very much for your concern for me while I was in Lancaster Theological Seminary for the September session.

I received the report on this Monday, 17 of November, 1969. It reminds me of many good memories vividly: a warm friendship, a meaningful discussions with the local church ministers and laymans as a real study, the beautiful nature of Living Water, and so forth. I never forget all the memories and the wonderful experiences.

I moved into New York city on October 1, 1969 and now I am settled to work on my S.T.M. program in the field of Psychiatry and Religion. Everything worked out alright which I did worry about.

On Sunday I am working for the Community Presbyterian Church of Merrick which is located in Long Island as a youth minister. During the week I am working for the seminary library for eight hours. I do enjoy with my job except this city life. I cannot stand this noise and cold city life. This is one of the reasons why I miss so much Lancaster which is a lovely and very quiet town.

I will stop here this time. Would you please convey my best wishes to the Junior class and the Professors whom I met during the session.

Let me say thanks again for your kind and warm friendship. God bless you and yours.

Friend in Christ,  
(signed)  
Choongsik Ahn

FLUGELHORN PLATITUDES  
(the LTS faculty revisited)  
by  
Stuart I. Troutman

Flugelhorn is up the creek.

Up the creek? After a year?  
What remorseful surrogate  
are they really that penurious  
Or were oscillations too salient?

Salient or not, confluents abound,  
Causing faculty to engage in soliloquies.

But flugelhorn is bolstered nevertheless,  
Having sublimated their penultimate surge  
To return down the creek.

+

+

+

GOD, I'M LOST  
by  
Joe R. Foster

God, I'm lost!

Lost in a world of machines and numbers -  
Machines and numbers which make me feel  
like less than a creation in your image.

Lost in a society of hate and indifference -  
Hate toward others because they are different;  
Indifference toward others because it is  
insensitive to the needs of others.

Lost in a church which doesn't seem to care  
as Christ cared.  
Caring for those who have no one to care for them;  
Caring for those who are different;  
Caring for those who need it;  
Caring for me!

God, help me, I'm lost!

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN