



THE SEMINARIAN

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ANew Year, AN Old Song

Letter

That's right gang, it's that time again for the Seminarian to hit the mailboxes every week with page upon page of inspirational material to keep all in our little community aware of the happenings of our time. We the staff are more than proud to swear at the press, the paper, and each other; scour books for delightful delicacies and delicious prose and poetry as well as the (often void) reservoirs of our own minds, and pray (too often) to the "in-copy" box for outside work in one concentrated effort each Wednesday night this term to provide you with the weekly collage of "what if's and whatever's".

In return we ask for your support in both making sure you hit the waste basket when you're through with it (remember, thou shalt not litter) and any piece of prose, poetry, and inspirational material that you all can provide us. We are not as prudent or picky as many may think (if indeed that is what keeps the "in-copy" box so low). For here on the staff we realize that the value of a publication such as this lies in the freedom of its use and not in the quality of what is published. Though with your help, we are sure we can achieve both a free and a quality publication.

So pull up your typewriter, gripe about Iran, liberation theology, Carter's human (or inhuman) rights, beefs with LTS. love letters to Beth Nordbeck, poetry, wise (or unwise) sayings, minutes to meetings, announcements of any sort, and anything that comes to mind, and get it to us by Wednesday at 3:00. And please forgive an occasional straying finger from the typewriter keys. We're doing the best we can with the shepherds we have.

My Dear Sisters and Brothers in Christ,

My first semester with you was a delight for me. You made me feel a welcome part of the seminary family. And whether I met you in the classroom, my own room, the dining room, or the alley (bowling, that is) you have impressed me with your interest in others, your love for God, and your commitment to your calling. It was my firm belief that my presence here can help us all to be more for the Church of Jesus Christ that prompted me to ask to be with you this second semester. I have much to learn from you; and I hope to be able to share with you, also.

If I searched for a title to a job description, I suppose it would be "Spiritual Director", which in turn implies "Spiritual Direction". Just what spiritual direction is, I will attempt to explain by answering three questions. If the language seems stilted and condensed, it is because I have attempted to call it from several pages on the topic.

What is Spiritual Direction? Spiritual direction is an inter-personal situation in which one person assists another person to growth in the spirit; in the life of faith (prayer); hope (difficulties, sufferings, trials); and love (life in the community). It is not primarily informative, therapeutic, or advisory, although elements of all three may at times be found in it.

How does Spiritual direction take place? Fundamentally, it is an adult-adult relationship in which through conversation the director assists the directee to understand, objectify, and articulate one's

The Man Who Never Cried

Cassiopeia winked
her wimsical wit
inside his dream
the opaque pit,
but could not pry
the knotted fist
from guard upon
his heart, unknissed.
Nor could the child
of innocent breed
coax a touch
from the armored seed.
Tears they shed
for love to try.
"No," he replied
"not I, never I."

He was not tall
nor was he short;
but a vessel a-sea
from port to port.
To guide the wind
his only goal
while others caught
on rocky shoals,
sob the sea
upon which he'd ride-
never to tear
the shallows of his eyes.
Time before him
and left behind
could not enclose
his own design;
But smiled his words
after those who cry,
"No, not I-
never I."

Till sunset's rush
of colored sky
stole the scourge
from his eye.
And they layed him down
beneath the ground;
rancid, rank,
root cellar ground.
Erecting a stone
before his dirt,
no date of death
nor of birth.
Epitaph only
one engraved line,
"Here lies
the man who never cried."

If God Went On Strike

It's a good thing that God above
Has never gone on strike
Because He wasn't treated fair
for things He didn't like.
If He had ever once sat down
And said "that's enough-I'm through!
I've had enough of those on earth
So this is what I'll do!

I'll give my orders to the sun,
Cut off your heat supply,
And to the moon, give no more light
And run the ocean dry;
Then just to really make it tough
And put the pressure on
Turn off the air and oxygen
Till every breath is gone."

Do you know He'd be justified
If fairness was the game,
For no one has been more abused
Or treated with disdain
Than God...and yet He carries on
supplying you and me
With all the favors of His Grace
And everything for free.

Men say they want a better deal
And so on strike they go,
But what a deal we've given Gpd
To whom everything we owe.
We don't care whom we hurt or harm
To gain the things we like
But what a mess we'd all be in
if God would go on strike.

--Anonymous

--The Man Who Never Cried by Mike Vaughan

---Happy Valentines Day to all you
people like us on the staff, who didn't
get any cards. God Loves Us! But He
didn't have time to send out Valentine's
Day cards.

Two Bits

Di'n't never have a break
 'ceptin' ma arm in second grade.
 Ain't never had no livin' life
 an' smiles, an' laffs, jes' crys.
 Wisht I were dead hundreds a' times
 'cause no one's e'er gi'n me a dime.
 Ain't never graduated from ~~the~~ grade six,
 I bin workin' the fields ever sinst.
 I jes' busts my tale, gettin' no wheres at
 all,
 An' cursin' the grounds I falls.
 Sho' I gives ma heart to dem in need
 as bes' I kin, I plants love seeds.
 Like's the minster saids, you reaps what
 you sows,
 (where I sowed this, hell I jes' don' know)
 I don' drink, er smoke, er play around-
 ner onct did they catch me paintin' no
 town.
 I tries ma bes' to be hones- and true
 'ceptin' tha onct when tha more-gage
 payments were due.
 But dat was jes' one lill' white one,
 one time.
 They took the shack anyway, lef' me high
 and dry
 with the wife an' two kids, this as a bean
 stick
 but they run'd off with some city slick.
 I's still stan'in' dough, ain't burried me
 yet
 an' my bed time prayer's, I sho- don'
 forget.
 Ain't afraid to die, I know's Jesus set me
 free-
 but if'n' livin's dis bad, thin' what hell
 could be.
 n' when I prays ta God, I know's he sees.
 I jes wish I know'd where'n his answer be.

Mike Vaughan

---It's great to be back in business
 and hunting for filler and not being
 able to find it.

love's lies are often pictured sweet
 sometimes they're filled with hope
 most times full of bull-shit
 with which we learn to cope

and after learning how to cope
 and how to make it work
 you often learn, it's not that hare,
 and feel less like a jerk

but don't feel that you know it all
 for soon you'll realize
 that love can not be measured
 for any certain size

M. Wessels

Letter (cont. from page one)

living of faith, hope, and love so that
 the motions from God experienced in life
 might be discerned and responded too.

Why the need for a Spiritual director? Objectification of the experience of the Spirit is never adequate, but certainly necessary if one is to approach an understanding of it. The director assists the directee in doing this. These progresses concomitantly classification and discernment which is growth in ability to recognize and respond to the calls of the spirit.

The time spent in this direction can be as little as an hour a semester or however long you should desire.

Your seminary life is preparing you to be a leader in the church. The most important leadership you will offer to the people of God will be Spiritual leadership-one that will come from your own life of faith, hope, and love.

I am totally yours-24 hours a day-Monday-Friday, room H-104, 397-1067.
 Or stop me when you see me.

In the serving love
 of Christ our Lord,

Father Ed Sanders, sj

NORT'S SPEWS

Coveering sports here at LTS is indeed no easy task. Events move so quickly that it is all one person (note the non-sexist language, ladies) can do to keep up with them. For instance, these Seminarians just can't get enough athletic activity. The month of January was extremely rife with opportunities for the wary LTSians to partake in.

One of the more exciting events I had the privilege of covering was a 6-way best ball pool contest in the basement of ~~Rix~~ Richards Hall. Each person covering a pocket, balls were scattered at high velocity from one area of the table to another in an attempt to pocket the balls over, around, and through the oither pergon's hands.

As if this was not enough the wily editor of the Seminarian (who shall remain Nameless in this article) finagled the purchase of 10 bowling pins at the luxurious Leisure Lanes, purportedly for use as lamps, or other such furnishings. Ah, but dastardly Druckemiller, I mean Nameless, devised the deadly game of Basket bowling (that is bowling for basket cases) on the first floor of Richards. Utilizing his lamps as targets and his basketball as the projectile, this new sport filled the hallway with the friendly clamor of falling pins and bounding balls. Such is the Jan term excitement in the LTS sports world.

February got off to a resounding silent echo, as the early month was a voik compared to the havoc of January.

The Seminary basketball team broke from tradition securing a 4-3 record in the intramural competition, earning itself "best Seminary basketball team at F&M intramurals, 1979" honors. Way to go fellas, roundball lives at LTS.

Soon comes the time to show interest in Spring intramurals here at the sport ~~fix~~ filled campus of the Seminary. Such sports as soccer, volleyball, and softball will be blooming as the trees begin to dress up for the summer months. Therefore see Jeff Whitman if you are interested in competing on the Sem team in any of these sprots.

Nort'S SPewS cont...

Keglers, bowlers, pinsters, rollers, gutterdusters, pinslayers, splitters, whatever you call them, they have been out in force since last I reported on them. The legion of dedicated alleycats that brave the too narrow lanes with tiny little balls trying to knock down redwoods (petrified, of course) every Tuesday at 8:30 would like to report the following incident.

In reaction to perhaps the worst split in Leisure Lanes history, a certain cartoonist for this paper was forced to retire from the foray. The ever widening gap ab"bræf"iated the display of Todd's remarkable form.

And now the Averages as of Feb. 13

| Name | Games | Pins | Avg |
|--------------------|-------|------|-----|
| Brice | 45 | 7325 | 163 |
| Ron | 5 | 753 | 151 |
| Chuck | 24 | 3540 | 148 |
| Todd | 11 | 1602 | 146 |
| Nort | 27 | 3929 | 146 |
| Mike | 27 | 3727 | 138 |
| Mark | 21 | 2764 | 132 |
| Tony | 21 | 2752 | 131 |
| Jeff | 7 | 824 | 118 |
| Randy | 6 | 694 | 116 |
| Father Ed | 9 | 1039 | 115 |
| Pat | 8 | 795 | 99 |
| Tim | 44 | 4270 | 97 |
| Betsy (and Rachel) | 2 | 194 | 97 |
| Vicki | 25 | 2257 | 90 |
| Celia | 13 | 1609 | 89 |
| Jack | 3 | 249 | 83 |
| John | 3 | 246 | 82 |

CARTOONIST

RECOVERING

FROM BOWLING

CAUGHT EXTENSIVE DRAFT!