

The Seminarian

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IMPORTANT REMINDERS!

For those who haven't written a Father Walsh commemorative paper, we would appreciate it very soon so that we can have them bound properly. Of course this is optional, but I'm sure that it would be appreciated. Please place them in Rich Luh's mailbox ASAP.

The SCC is also sponsoring a farewell party for Father Walsh on May 3, 1978 from 7-9PM in the refectory. It will be held with food and drink, and an evening of programmed events that will honor Father Walsh. Tickets will cost two dollars a person and must be purchased no later than April 26th. Tickets will be sold by Rich Luh, Jim Korpik, Al Mann and Craig Snow. We hope you will be on hand to share in the festivity.

Craig Snow

The SCC will install their new officers on Tuesday, May 2, at the town meeting.

Also the Arts Festival is building up and getting ready. If you have questions, contact Todd Fennell.

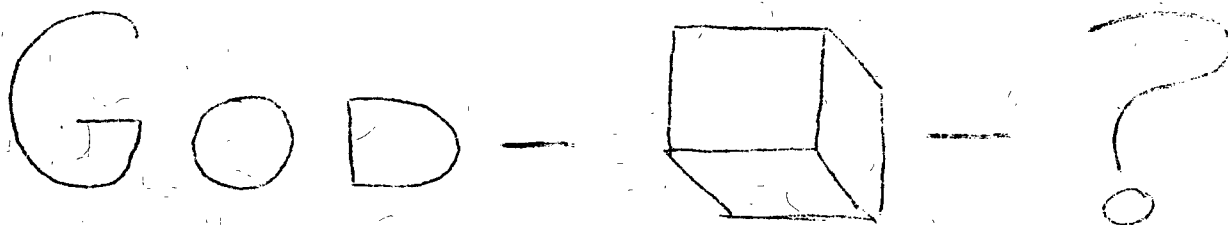
A SLOGGERS CLUB

Well folks, now that the harsh winter is over, we can look forward to great outdoor activities. I don't know if you've noticed, but there seems to be an outdoor movement that's "sweeping the country" (or maybe I should say that's running the country). It's JOGGING!

Well, like all movements, it has finally hit the seminary. Some of us, for reasons of health, fun, or down right craziness, are into jogging and are interested in forming the LTS SLOGGERS CLUB. (The word slogger comes from slow jogger and means that). The purpose of the club would be to join together members of the community who are interested in jogging, provide information on up-coming runs (don't let that word scare you) in the area, and just have some old fashion fun. The only financial considerations, i.e. costs, will be the cost of a T-shirt with the words LTS SLOGGER, and entry fees to whatever runs you would want to participate in.

This club is open to any member of the seminary community (female, male, husband, wife, children, boyfriend, girlfriend, faculty, staff, ect.) So if you're interested, run, walk, or just slog up to Apt. N 302 on Wed. April 26, at 3:15 for the organizational meeting. If you can't make the meeting, drop a note in my mail box.

Tony Villareal



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Like a flock with no frock-
LTS!!

When pondering over the situation of the world, one who would read this sort of article would, would maybe, consider LTS in the picture of the world. And then again others would laugh. Everyone knows that seminary is not the real world, hah! Nonetheless, LTS is the world of many for a few years and frustrations.

Maybe one has come with the utopian dream of seminary life with everyone praying together and helping each other out. Or maybe one has come with the attitude of survival. Nonetheless, LTS is the world for a few years and frustrations.

And then classes begin with hoped sharing and thought provoking discussions which end in arguments and contradictions. Rifts become craters and papers become mountains. Nonetheless, LTS is the world for a few years and frustrations.

And the fall describes more than the coming season. Fallen are dreams and relationships. Fallen are utopias of Christianity in the modern world with residue hope. Fallen are some spirits which used to be Holy. Nonetheless, LTS is the world for a few years and frustrations.

Then winter sets in which describes more than the season. Separation of not family but community grasps the quad finding warmth and hot in tempers rather than love. Nonetheless, LTS is the world of many for a few years and frustrations.

Telling the cycle of nature includes the spring which includes the spring back from cold into softball and cooking in the quad. People begin to see people struggling to light the charcoal and remember that humanity still exists. Those arguments in the midst of winter and in the impatience of the spring fever buried the unity among blankets. Yet, LTS is the world of many for a few years and frustrations.

Then the sun becomes bright and so do teeth. The year is over. The struggle to become community is ever cycling and trying. We balk at the work and slip the attitude to community. Some dare to call this community a church. Perhaps it is. We work together and study together within a framework of the church. We must be one then. Our classes become glorified Sunday School. Our chapel becomes Sunday morning with about the same success rate. We have our meetings and strangers sitting next to us. We go our own way after the "services." We are a lot like a church. But there is one thing we lack - a frock.