



THE SEMINARIAN

PHILIP SCARF
LIBRARY

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TO THE EDITOR:

Several possibilities come to mind as I read the editorial on the cover of last week's Seminarian: either I am just afraid to face up to the reality that Brother Mason describes or he just wanted to test the limits of our apathy or I simply disagreed with what he said. The first two alternatives don't leave much room for response, and the more I think about it, the more convinced I am that the third possibility is in fact the case.

With the hopes that Horace Sills will read this, let me point out that some of Don's comments could be categorized among the factors that commonly contribute to low morale and guilt feelings among groups and/or congregations (according to Lyle Schaller). I admit that the article began to have that effect on me until I realized that I simply disagreed with it.

Now that I've made my plug for brownie points, let me mention several specific areas of disagreement. Don suggests that the 80's will be marked by "rampant apathy". As far as I'm concerned, that was a distinguishing mark of the latter half of the 70's. And partially due to that very fact, we are now in such a situation, with such rapid, significant change, that the apathetic person will quickly get passed by. I firmly believe that our life-styles are soon due for some drastic alterations and it will be impossible to make them "apathetically". I don't think the 80's will allow us to sit on our duffs.

The editorial also asks, "Remember when church membership meant something?", suggesting that it no longer does. Admittedly our numbers may not be what they once were, but isn't this a measure of the quantity of church life rather than the quality. And I don't think the lower numbers reflect an apathy among people so much as they do the institutional church's failure to adapt to a changing world.

As has been pointed out to me so clearly, and which I acknowledge as true, Presbyterians as a group are not noted for their fervent church life and our numbers are probably as bad as anyone's. Yet in each of the churches that I have been involved with, church membership has definitely meant quite a bit to an awful lot of people.

There is a rule in teaching that what you expect from your student is what you'll get. I think, perhaps, that the rule would apply to ministry as well. If we expect our people to be apathetic and show up in small numbers, they probably will. And if that is the best we can hope for in the 80's, then I might as well give up this dream and go back to my part-time job as the chaplain over at Agway.

Jim Haas

TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS AT LTS

I regret that I was unable to bid each of you a fond, personal farewell upon the termination of my attendance at the seminary. Please accept this as an alternative but equally warm "Auf Wiedersehen."

While my reasons for leaving are too numerous and deep-rooted to be mentioned here; suffice it to say I found myself stepping to the tune of a different drummer than the institution as I marched toward qualification for the ministry. So I ask for your prayers; and I shall pray for you.

I leave LTS with a wealth of warm memories and good relationships. And while I left with a great deal of disappointment on one hand, I gleaned a great deal of pleasure on the other out of the realization I was able to come away without the slightest hint of animosity or hostility in my heart for anyone or anything I encountered in the LTS community. I take pleasure in being able to say to you that, in spite of some very deep differences in conviction between some of you and me, I enjoyed knowing each of you and I consider each of you my friend.

Particularly dear to me was the fellowship that developed between my dorm-mates and I at Richards Hall. To Bruce, Steve, Scott, John, John, and John, you always made me feel like a brother despite the great difference in our ages and I will always cherish that. I will miss each of you and in particular, our gathering around the supper-table at night.

Whether you be student, faculty or administrator, may I wish you the Lord's blessings on your endeavors, and may they bring honor and glory to the name of the Lord. I am currently serving God in the Shore Christian Center, a small but growing charismatic church in Asbury Park, New Jersey. Should any of you ever get out this way I would consider it a pleasure to see you.

Sincerely yours in
Christ,
John Whalen

SOME MUSINGS ABOUT CHAPEL

The students and faculty of LTS are called (not an easily defensible word) to be here to serve, to grow in knowledge about serving, to learn about a living God. How do we do that?

Through study, papers, projects, books, books, more books, the Bible,... Yes but living? Isn't there something more? Living,... indicates a breathing, a growth, an interaction. Doesn't that demand time to listen to and talk with, God? How do we do that? Perhaps by isolated meditation and prayer, perhaps by corporate experience. Perhaps God is even found in our brothers and sisters...

Where are we all when the Chapel bells ring? Yes, the next class demands cramming, the library is open, Chapel isn't considered important enough to have the support staff of the Seminary attend, only a few faculty there, a class is moved off-campus and yes, there are always a dozen excuses. For many of us the Seminary isn't our prime place of corporate worship, but we are here to serve, to learn, to interact, to support one another. Where are we when the bells call us?

We are a busy people, but nevertheless, where should we be, students and faculty alike?

Sometimes the Services just aren't so great (this week the Parish Resource Center did an excellent job). But shouldn't we struggle and learn together, good or needing improvement?

Yes, there is controversy over sexist language, too much formality, not enough but doesn't growth come out of struggle in community?

It's when we are not there, we lose you and I. For I suspect we need to meet God in the community at worship as well as at study. Revelation didn't end with the New Testament. Perhaps we would be healthier community more closely related to the living God if we did indeed take time to worship together.

(cont. page 3)

ONCE AND DONE

I walk my life with persistence,
sometimes slower, sometimes faster
knowing full well I'll stop but
once.

Once and Done!

But if I walk this life with no
hope of something more, my walk
becomes a crawl and my thoughts
are drawn to death.

Once and Done!

Therefore I hold fast to the
hope of eternal life with all my
faith, which I keep in my heart:
with all my might.

Once and Done?

Yes, once and done, with this
existence, which is tied to an
earth with both pain and joy. Am
I forced to walk this persistent
road alone? No, not if I invite
my God along.

Once and Done.

When I do reach death's door
and venture in, where I have not
been before, it will be a comfort
to know my life's companion knows
the way. I will no longer walk
fast or slow; there I will soar.

Once and Done.

Chip Falk

ATTENTION:

The fourth Pot Luck Extravaganza
will be made manifest in the
refectory on Tuesday evening,
March 11th at 6:15. Course assign-
ments are as follows:

A-E main dish
F-K veggies
L-R salad
S-Z dessert

All are welcome. You may bring
your own silverware since (like
the Pinto) plastic silverware has
a tendency to explode on impact.

RP

(Continued from pg. 2)

I need my brothers and sisters to
be there, perhaps you do too. Per-
haps I am not alone in this desire.
Let's invite one another to Chapel.

Gail M. Tillotson

THE DEATH OF A POET

Even the trees cried;
leaves dripping dew;
early morning tears,
from a lover true.
No more would they lace his lines
with sturdy images, wispy drea-
The sun refused to shine-
it's hope had died it seems.
The clouds hid the teary eyes
of a fond friend of many a
vision,
that seeped from his pen-
the sun mourned for that reason.
Love in silence stood
in chills, it tried to hide,
the grief of the loss of a partner
who once stood at it's side.
and shared its very heart beat
with all who read his rhyme.
Even God sighed;
for another voice lost to time.
And the world was quiet, still
not a one would forget the
moment,
When he let his heart go free-
from its earthly torment.
When he spread his soul out upon
the breeze-
time was marked, so all would
know it.
The world was left blind,
upon the death of a poet.

RNV

THE CONTINUING STORY OF REV. SYDNEY SPELLING SUPER PASTOR CHAPTER THREE

"Just a second my dear," I
calmly responded to Miss Honey-pot,
my now frantic secretary racing up
the side walk. "I have a job to
do!"

Leaping into the first and
lowest branch of the tree from
which the darling little chirper
had fallen, I tucked the sparrow
into its nest, pausing briefly to
invoke the Lord's healing upon
the trembling body. Then, with
the elegance of a swan, I returned
to the ground leaving behind a
piece of communion bread and a
(cont. Page 4)

NORT SPENS

Many of you may think that the 1980 Winter Olympics were totally covered in the 51 hours which ABC broadcast. Well, don't believe it. I was there and there are a number of events which were unduly neglected.

Consider the arrival of the contingent from the Galapagos Islands. The sleigh drawn by eight tortoises was decoratively adorned with beautiful shells from the island, and they journeyed for four months to arrive there. They only missed the closing ceremonies by 48 hours. ABC should have waited.

Millions thrilled to 1800 pounds of men and machine roaring down the mountainside in the bobsled runs, but only a few were fortunate enough to stumble upon a 3 ton bus to catch a ride into town; and the scramble then was easily more exciting than the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. hockey match.

At any rate, I thought you should know--there are amny more stories behind a sporting event than the networks would lead you to believe.

NORT

SIDNEY continued

Jesus saves tract for the sparrow's enjoyment.

"Now my dear secretary, what..." But before I could finish the question, the buxom blonde, with an excessive amount of cherry lip-sitck had entwined herself around my neck seeking my collar for solace for her tears.

"My dear, what is so pressing a trauma that you find this hysterical response necessary?" I responded, trying to unwind the clinging arms from my neck lest the local gossip eye the incident from her bedroom across the street.

"Oh, Pastor Spelling," she gasped in a rushed panicky voice. "The copy machine is broken and it's time to do the bulletins."

I surmised in an instant that there was even more of a danger at

hand than the local gossip. Instructing her immediately to call the local prayer chain for immediate prayers for a Xerox healing, I headed for the machine. For I knew that congregation without a bulletin on Sunday morning was like a blind man without a walking cane.

Will the Xerox machine be healed? Will Rev. Sidney Spelling be able to lead his congregation without a bulletin? Tune in next week.

THE PTP PROGRAM: PAST...PRESENT... FUTURE???

This Tuesday during the community hour, both past and present members of the PTP program will be commenting on their experiences within the program. You are all invited to hear some of the "good stuff" about the program during community hour at the Hafer Center.

