

THE SEMINARIAN : SPECIAL EDITION - 10-16-79

We at the Seminarian staff would like to extend our most sincere ;and extreme apologies to Patti Carque on the occasion of our oversight in printing the article she submitted to this week's issue. The essence of her message was strongly altered, and therefore this special edition is being printed, containing her entire article with (hopefully) no mistakes of as serious a nature as our last one.

Dear Bisters and Brothers in Christ,

There are moments in one's life when the past and present encounter in such a way as to impregnate the future with a new life of possibility. I would like to share one such moment with this community.

On Oct. 7, I had the opportunity to be present at the occasion of Pope John Paul II's address to women religious. Prior to this day, I had found myself drawn ~~XX~~
~~XX~~ to his visit, but gradually questioning my motivations. As a person who grew up in the Roman Catholic Church, I recognize my indebtedness to that part of Christ's body which, along with my family, introduced me to Jesus. As a person who is now a member of the United Church of Christ and who feels a genuine call to Christ's ministry, I recognize my wholeness. Was I seeking discomfort and pain; or was I seeking a miracle?

Well, whatever the motivation, I got both. There is much to share about an experience such as this from the religious atmosphere to the roar of the crowds, from the preparation and anticipation to the fulfillment. I choose to share but a portion. After prayers, hymns, and blessings, Sister Theresa Kane, President of the Leadership Conference of Women Religious, greeted the Pope and ended her greeting with the request that he consider the sisters in the faith who feel a calling to the ordained ministry of the church, and to minister to them in their wholeness.

As the Pope stood to address this group of approximately 4000 people, the majority of which were nuns, so did I. Along with about 50 others of my sisters, we stood in silent protest. We stood for women and with women because of a moral imperative, to challenge the church against sexist oppression. When one stands in such a small number of people against such a strong tradition, it is quite an experience. I was initially struck by a feeling of adolescent defiance. My ego stood against everything- the Pope, the church, and the message. As the message went on, I began to hear things which I cannot stand against - the affirmation of Christ and our need to serve Jesus. I grew to realize as I stood on my feet that one can stand against a misguided cultural manifestation of the church while applauding its essence. ~~XX~~ I stood on my feet and applauded our need to serve and our need to affirm Christ in all our lives. I felt a tremendous burden removed from my shoulders, a burden of oppression, because as I stood there applauding, I knew that I applauded my Christ and serving Him, and not the implications which have been placed ~~on~~ on women as we sit and applaud service -- service not only to Christ, but forced servitude in the church and to men.

The pain of sexism and alienation is an acute reality; yet the miracle and victory of wholeness and hope empower us to movement.

I hope that some of you can hear my message. It is not one of fragmentation; it is one of wholeness. Most of us are not within a system where we can stand up directly to a clear representative of our tradition; yet sexism does not exist in these traditions alone. I ask you to stand with me and to move in wholeness. None of us can truly experience wholeness if we sit in the fragmentation of sexism.

**Your sister in Christ,
Patti Carque**

ARECIBO

Dear Sisters and Brothers in Christ,

There are moments in one's life when the past and present encounter is such a way as to impregnate the future with a new life or possibility. I would like to share one such moment with this community.

On Oct. 7, I had the opportunity to be present at the occasion of Pope John Paul II's address to women religious. Prior to this day, I had found myself drawn to his visit, but gradually questioning my motivations. As a person who grew up in the Roman Catholic Church, I recognized my ineptness to that part of Christ's body which, along with my family, introduced me to Jesus. As a person who is now a member of the UCC and who feels a genuine call to Christ's ministry, I recognize my alienation from a system which refuses to recognize my wholeness. Was I seeking discomfort and pain; or was I seeking a miracle?

Well, whatever the motivation, I got both. There is much to share about an experience such as this from the religious atmosphere to the roar of the crowds, from the preparation and anticipation to the fulfillment. I choose to share but a portion. After prayers, hymns, and blessings, Sister Theresa Kand, President of the leadership Conference of Women Religious, greeted with the request that he consider the sisters in the faith who feel a calling to the ordained ministry of the church and to minister to them in their weakness.

As the pope stood to address this group of approximately 4000 people, the majority of which were nuns, so did I. Along with about 50 others of my sisters, we stood in silent protest. We stood for Women and with women because of a moral imperative, to challenge the church against sexist oppression. When one stands in such a small number of people against such a strong tradition, it is quite an experience. I was initially struck by a feeling of adolescent def-

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A grave of surf and a tomb of wind.
An ancient behemoth of rock,
beached and beaten, torn and gored
on the horns of a restless violent
creature.

Grey and frigid limbs thoughtlessly
strewn on the borders of two kingdoms.
Petrified wounds stare accusingly
into a scathing sky.
Scathing sky pounding light into weather-
ed bowels.
Cavernous lungs, the bellows of rage
and the vessels of breath, lie
perforated and solemn.
On its towering chest stands a timid
conqueror, soon to be brushed aside by
time.

Childish faces in stone, white hot
fingers unknown
eyebrows touched with sweat, masterpieces
never forget
the hands that formed them, the eyes
that warmed them.
Gifts from artists unknown, polished
rock for bone
Mausoleum of the ages, a labyrinth of
granite pages
Tales of native strife, scenes of simple
life
Thoughts of a purer mind, pressed in
stone and left behind.

In Explanation; The hour we spent at the
Caves of Arecibo was one of the most hum-
bling and worshipful experiences of
my life. Never before have I witnessed
the hands of the Creator and the hands
of humankind clasped with such majesty
and harmony. What modest testimony man
has left behind, time will surely erase.
It is the nature of man. It is the Will
of God.

Ron Parks

POET'S CORNERA DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

Cherry cheeks in youthful glow
 a child dances to tomorrow's tune
 taunting time with the teasing smile
 of innocence lost much too soon.
 Shaped and molded, the coal of the heart
 tempered by heat just enough
 to someday carve the world
 A child's heart, a diamond in the rough.

A metamorphosis of emotions it must pass
 through
 squaring the edges, the angles made perfect
 polished and shined to a sparkling end
 for true beauty is spoiled by the smallest defect.
 Love and hate, pleasure and pain,
 experiences of life serve to smoothen or scuff
 as one grows out of the cold blackness.
 A young mind, a diamond in the rough.

Until the unique texture, glistening bright
 casting its beauty absent of flaws
 its value more than the most precious of stones
 a personality set in the world's collage.
 The process of creation, so complex and intricate
 is the same for all things here and above
 Evolution the path of personality,
 knowledge, imagination
 every soul a diamond in the rough.

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 and victory of wholeness and hope can empower us to movement. I hope that some of you can hear my message. It is not one of fragmentation; it is one of wholeness. Now most of us are not within a system where we can stand up directly to a clear representative of our tradition; yet sexism does not exist in these traditions alone. Stand with me and move in wholeness. We can't experience wholeness if we sit in the fragmentation of sexism.
 Patti Carque

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