



THE SEMINARIAN

Volume XXXI m

December 17, 1979

Issue 11

GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE!!!!

SOME BASIC PRINCIPLES OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE PART IV

God's invitation to us is always to greater unity with Himself and with each other.

Jesus prays: "The glory which thou hast given me I have given to them, that they may become perfectly one so that the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them even as thou hast loved me." (Jn. 17) That the work of God is a work of reconciliation among humankind is clear from Jesus' teaching in the sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5-7) in the Vine and the Branches (Jn. 15), and the totality of his announcing of the Good News.

But Jesus is not merely the announcer of the Good News. The Son of God comes in our flesh, He ~~is~~ the Good News itself. Through him, we are united to one another; in him, we are united to God. It is through the mystery of the cross brought alive in us by the power of the Spirit that the Father is accomplishing in us ever deeper unity. Dying on the cross is Jesus' act of totally emptying himself in response to the Father who has emptied Himself in the sending of His Son. It also is the act by which Jesus enters most deeply into the human area as a participant. Nothing is more common to humanity than dying. And this experience of mortality has been shown to be creative of a closeness with all other persons who share this most basic "fact of life." In Jesus' love for the Father and his love for us in this, his death, his closest moment to both, I see the perfect love, spoken of by Richard of St. Victor, the trinitarian love realized and shared. The Father's kenotic deed of love is received by a co worthy lover who is God. It is responded to by the Son in his emptying out in the flesh by death. This equal sharing of kenotic love is the co-loved, the Holy Spirit. Since all humanity is linked with Christ and with one another in him at this moment of experienced mortality, the Holy Spirit effects the communication of the Father's joy to all mankind so that we "who have died with Christ rise now to newness of life." This newness of life we share is the communitarian life of the Trinity.

PART V

God meets us in Jesus Christ, His Son and our own Lord and bids us to love others as Jesus has loved us.

When Jesus spoke to Peter about the role he would fulfill in the Church, he questioned: Peter do you love me? And then said "Feed my sheep". Love for Christ is closely linked to our service of one another. It is to loving service and a serving love that we are called. (Continued page three)

A SHORT STORY

He saw it move. Ever so slightly the egg listed, stirring the young boy's interest.

"Pappy, that one there!" he cried, "It's moving!"

The old man grunted, marking the date on his mental calendar. Right on schedule. Laboring with two fifty pound sacks of feed, Pappy shouldered one, and dragged the other out of the incubator house. As the door creaked open before him, the wall of crisp air freshened him, cooling the beads of perspiration which perpetually occupied his forehead. Dropping the feed to mop his brow, he turned to shut the door behind him. The boy had anticipated this move and stood tugging eagerly on the rope handle.

"Pappy?"

"Go ahead."

He didn't even have to hear the question. Shouldering his load once more, the sturdy man strode off towards the henhouse, an exaggerated limp accompanying his steady pull on the lagging, over-stuffed burlap.

The boy yanked the door shut, once more closing out the crispness of the outer air. He had learned well. The hear was essential to the survival of the eggs. The boy peered into the substitute mother, a contraption of metal bowls, straw and a naked light bulb, that made the environment a constant temperature, equalling that of the body of a hen.

The egg had become quite active now, its spasmodic jerks and rolls increasing in frequency. Spell-bound, the lad gazed and sweated, ignoring the droplets trickling off of his nose and dampening his chest with a dark spot on his perpetually dusty T-shirt. His arms tiring of supporting the weight of his upper body on his knees, the boy shifted positions, but held his determined stare on the quaking egg. Arms behind his back, in the half-bent position that he

had used in winning the pie-eating contest at the local fair, the boy stared into the incubator.

Straining his ears, he could barely distinguish a scratching sound withing the shell. It will happen soon, he thought. The egg rolled over quickly and there it was. He saw the rough spot on the shell that hadn't existed a few long seconds ago. A few more scratches and the first bit of shell flaked off. Tiny as a duck tooth, he thought. He knew the significance of this accomplishment, though. For fifteen long minutes, the new life within used all of its strength, nearly exhausting the precious air within its shell, struggling to survive. Now escape from its fragile confines was assured. The egg rested from its contortions, breathing the warm fresh air. A few seconds passed and the taste of freedom instilled a strong drive within the egg and the escape efforts were redoubled. The boy watched as the flecks became scales became flakes and the damp feathers of the bird inside entered his view. Empty thoughts of life circled in his mind, unfocused, as he concentrated on the sensual stimulations he bore witness to. It wasn't his first egg, nor had he any inclinations it would be his last, after all hadn't Pappy seen hundreds of thousands of these new lives enter the world. Ignorant of the gentle creaking of the door as Pappy entered the chamber, he watched on.

Pappy had the eternal patience that was a hallmark of his trade. A dying breed, the truck farmer, tilling his hundred acres with simple machinery, toting tons of feed around to his hundred animals, still making the time to share this moment with his youngest grandson. The youthful awe and the manly compassion teamed to make this birth totally unlike any other ever witnessed. The intensity of silence, broken

(cont'd on pg. 3)

PART V cont.

Dealing with the "bottom line" of the Final judgment, Christ says: "If you did it for the least of my brothers, you did it for me." Love for wne another is identified with our love for Christ.

How did Jesus love us? "But God shows his love for us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." (Rom.5) By taking our flesh and sharing the commonality of our death Christ proclaims that we are more like each other than unlike. He enters into the heart of our brokenness as a participant, and does not take away the reality of pain and death but stays with us through it all. His death and resurrection is creative of a new community of Spirit-activity in which His presence is effected by our presence to each other. Brought alive, I must affirm my radical sameness to all and enter the human arena as a participant. To the hungry, I come as one who begs each moment of existence; to the stranger, as a pilgrim; to the naked, as one who needs the cloak of mercy; to the prisoner, as God's forgiven enemy.

Edwin J. Sanders, S.J.

STORY cont.

only by the scratching peck of the chick and the casual clatter of the sheep bell as the herd grazed outside, caught up both participants in the reverence of the event.

Quickly now the egg worked, flakes became patches and fully half of the bird was exposed to the light of the gleaming bulb. Squinging now from the constant glare, the boy saw that the show was nearly over. Casting aside its shell, the exhausted bird collapsed in a heap of mottled feathers. The lad could have happily watched until the bird dried and the downy ball recovered its vital energy, yet now he became aware of the other presence in the room. Quietly he turned, gazed up at the looming giant, grasped the calloused hand and the two of them, strode out of the shed. The old man's stride took in two of the young boy's

STORY CONT.

But Pappy, careful not to drag him, timed his gait appropriately. The sun glanced down between the clouds, casting small shadows. There still remained a half-day's work to be done.

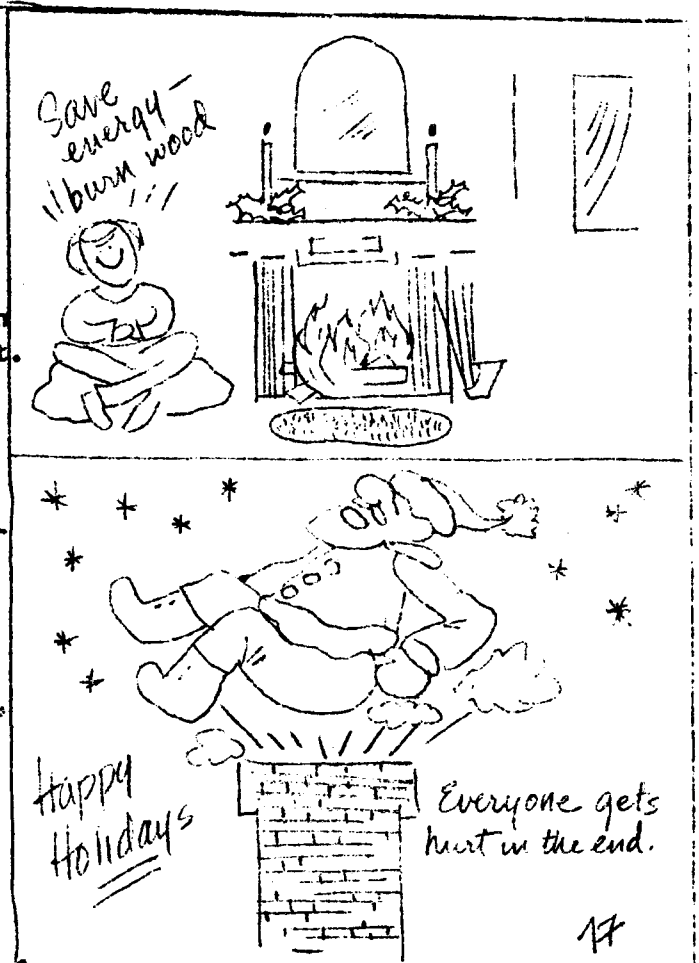
Donald L. Mason

PLEASE, NO TEARS...

This is the last issue of the Seminarian this decade. No, no, there's no changing our minds about it, this is it for the seventies. Please, if you are going to continue with the onslaught of tears, We'll just have to call it a decade early. So long Seventies.

ALL NEW STAFF

With the onset of the eighties, it please me to announce that the staff for the next decade will be as follows (at least for the first part of the decade) Judy, Mike and Don.



LET US HEAR GOOD NEWS

(Written for the tune "Wigan", by S.S.
Wesley, in Hymns and Modern Revised, No.
212)

God saw that it was good;
Yet, being God, knew all
That would in time befall
 This world of ours,
When He created out of dust,
By evolutions patient thrust,
 Its first pale flowers.

Now, shocked by what are,
We cry, in our dismay;
Had God no better way
 To foster life
Than give us freedom to destroy
What he intended for our joy
 In senseless strife?

So let us hear good news!
He comes to seek the lost,
For, being love, he must
 Himself give all,
And, of divine necessity,
Reach out his handsz to us and die
 To break our fall.

O God, in whom we trust,
Deliver us at last
From our repented past,
 Our present plight;
And strengthen us to recreate
Through Christ, in spite of greed and hate,
Your world of light!

-F..Pratt Green
(submitted by Tyson Frey)

1980 PERSONAL POCKET DIARYS

There is a limited supply of these
handy diaries in Grace Nuss' office.
First come.....First serve.

Compliments of John Andes
Presbyterian Ministers Fund

SMILE!!!!!!
ITS CHRISTMAS!!!!!!!!!!

THERE WAS ONE

(In memory of Miss Katrina Hoffman)

Yes, I saw you once
I remember clearly-
 dearly,
a ball of fire burning
behind your eyes-
so much so, that I
could hardly see
in the glare
of a woman's beauty.
But you were too twenty
to be just a woman.
I remember a smile
that engulfed all
 in the room
spreading your flame-
the warmth, to all.
But he got you,
 didn't he?
He took you,
 that son-of-a-bitch
 called despair,
with his bastard bullet
 raping the smile,
 the life-
from you. BANG!
I hear it.
But I never heard you cry.
 Why?
Oh God, I cried
real tears when I heard it.
But you were silent.
 Why?
It echoes indide
the space indide of me-
kept for future things.
You had that space too,
some sixty years worth
of room.
 Why?
But then, I heard. And-
 I cried.
For you see-
 there was one
 who loved you.

RMV