



# *The Seminarian*

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**The spring semester** has begun as it always has, on time. For some it is dread while for others, it is glorious. The holiday season which has just passed was a time of reflection and a time when people became most concerned about others. Surely though, just as the holiday season passes, so does that concern.

We are not only into a new semester but a new year. In a new semester we attend to new classes. In a new year we attend to new resolutions. In the new classes we strive diligently to master them. New resolutions often fade with the sunset.

The making of resolutions has long been a tradition, a tradition that has seen the making of tough resolutions, resolutions that are seemingly impossible to keep. But those are the

ones we feel will make the most improvement in our lives; the ones that will make a change in our personality, our attitude, and ultimately our outlook on life. That is one reason why resolutions are difficult to see to fruition.

Difficult resolutions are also the ones we need to continue to make for those are the ones that cause us to recognize the frailties of our humanity and to come to grips with our weaknesses. When we make resolutions that are seemingly impossible, it is then that we recognize that the impossible becomes possible for it is also then that we realize that there is much to be done within our own limited scope of possibility.

Charles L. Dorsey, ed.

## From The Editor

February is a month when all sorts of things happen; the spring semester comes to full bloom, we "shoot arrows" at each other's hearts for the sake of love, and we celebrate what is now known as President's Day. But there is also another event which occurs in the month of February that sometimes gets lost in the "shuffle," and that is a celebration of Black History Month.

Each year the month of February is traditionally set aside so that those of us who have not been exposed to the history of Black Americans can at least be made aware of some of that history. We hear tidbits of information on the tube, in our schools and read a reprint of the some of the speeches rendered by the late and great Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. But this is only a smattering of the totality of black history.

There is an enormous amount of history concerning blacks, not only from and during slavery, but a history that is from time immemorial. Maybe it is time that the history of all humankind is made available to the student populations, not just as a peripheral morsel offered to ease a tension, but as a legitimate learning experience.

For the past few years LTS has kept at least one week open during the month of February for the celebration of black history month. This year however, that was not the case so the members of the Arts Ensemble decided that they would devote their week of chapel to observe the existence of black folks.

So let us each embrace and recognize the other, not only during the month of February but for all time. There may be a time when people will not have to be remembered because of the color of their skin but in spite of it. As Dr. Martin Luther King said so eloquently in his speech entitled *I Have a*

*Dream* " ... one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal.' " And he continues " This is our hope. This is faith ... With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, ... knowing that we will be free one day."

So let us ever work and strive toward that day when we will all be free of the stigma of defining people by the color of their skin, or the lisp of their tongue, or the sex of one's humanity. For it is then and only then that we are all truly free.

Charles L. Dorsey, ed.

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## Historically Speaking

On December 14, 1988, the students of Lancaster Theological Seminary held a roast and tribute to Professor Robert Duke and, keeper of the archives, Florence Bricker. The occasion was well received by all, students, faculty, staff and honorees. How good and how pleasant it is for brothers and sisters to dwell together in unity (Ps. 133:1).

It was gratifying to see the majority of the LTS community come together as one. Too often the separation was evident. Did they represent the end to an era that was the life blood of the seminary community?

I wish to thank all those persons of the LTS community who participated in this event to make it the success that it was. We are also thankful that we found the theological Florence Bricker and Robert Duke, but the search for the **historical** Duke continues.

Charles Dorsey, ed.

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In November, 1988 Beth Doty spent a night in a shelter for the homeless. She found this to be a very harrowing experience. The following is her story.

I entered the shelter at 5:00 pm. It was already filled with people. When I approached the desk the man behind it barked "name lady!" I was then told to wait against the wall and the man behind the desk continued watching television.

After what seemed an eternity, the man thrust two sheets at me and said "follow me." He led me to a room, knocked quickly, and immediately thrust open the door. Thank God all the women were dressed.

The room was small, about 10 ft. by 16 ft. The room contained three beds. There was also a mattress rolled up in one corner. I had to use the mattress. Since there were not enough pillows, I was told I could stuff my coat into a pillowcase. Also, because there were no blankets, I prayed for the heat to continue to work.

Shortly after I was settled in two other women arrived. I engaged in conversation with these two women and discovered that they had been in the shelter for some time, one for about a year. They both were employed but the minimum wage they earned was not enough to pay rent.

Later, I ventured out of my room and was appalled at the huge number of people jammed into the shelter. Many of the people seemed to be substance abusers. There were women and children who had no means of support. Children were running around half-clothed, their mothers socializing in front of the shelter. I was afraid.

I worked my way back to my room. I nestled between the sheets. Shortly thereafter a fight broke out over a card game. The police came and carted away the participants. At 4:00 am. one of my roomies came to bed. Our wake-up

call came at 6:30 am., rap music loud enough to make my heart stop beating.

I emerged from the shelter at 7:30 am. I was a changed person. I was also relieved, relieved that I did not have to live like that.

It is my hope that by sharing my experience we can make a difference in the lives of these children of God. If anyone wants to help, the shelter ( Friendship House in Delaware ), is sorely in need of supplies such as toilet paper, pillows, blankets, etc.

Beth Doty,  
Student Pastor, West Presbyterian Church

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### This is my church

It is composed of people like me,  
we make it what it is.

It will be friendly,  
if I am.

Its pews will be filled,  
if I help to fill them.

It will do great work,  
if I work.

It will make generous gifts to many causes,  
if I am a generous giver.

It will bring other people into its worship  
and fellowship,  
if I bring them.

It will be a church of loyalty and love, of  
fearlessness and faith, and a church with  
a noble spirit--

if I, who make it what it is  
am filled with these.

Therefore, with the help of God,

I shall dedicate myself  
to the task of being  
all the things that

I want my church to be.

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## **Bread for the World**

Following are two articles from Bread for the World. They are again asking for support in their continuing endeavors to bring justice and equality for the people of the United States and the world.

### **Jobs With Adequate Pay**

Today, almost 13 million people in the United States are either unemployed, working involuntarily in part-time jobs or are too discouraged to continue their search.

Officially, the unemployment rate for September 1988 was 5.4 percent. Yet adding in the number of involuntary part-time workers and those too discouraged to continue their search for employment would yield a "real unemployment rate" of 9.5 percent.

The official unemployment rate for blacks, 10.8 percent, was more than double that of the white population. Among black teenagers, 31.9 percent were unable to find a job; the "real rate" was 41.6 percent.

Certain areas of the country were experiencing recession-like levels of unemployment, as of September 1988: Louisiana, 10.2 percent; New Mexico, 8.3 percent; Kentucky, 8.4 percent; Mississippi, 7.9 percent; Illinois, 6 percent.

More people are now working at low-paying jobs as well as involuntarily taking part-time jobs. Some 2 million people work full time, year-round and still live in poverty, while another 7 million people involuntarily work full time for only part of the year or in part-time jobs. Women with children make up the majority of both these categories of workers.

**Letters to the president should urge** that we commit to a full employment economy in which every person who can work has a job with adequate pay. Some measures to

provide jobs with adequate pay include:

1. Increasing the minimum wage and adjusting the earned income tax credit for family size for low-income families;
2. Adequately funding a basic education and training program for people whose skills need to be enhanced in order to become productive employees--targeted to those most in need; and
3. Creating jobs to rebuild the infrastructure of this country and upgrade other services such as child care, education and health care.

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### **Reduce Our Contribution to Conflict**

United States policy and involvement in the Third World too often have promoted conflict, a primary cause of malnutrition and homelessness. Heavy doses of military assistance, justified in terms of U.S. strategic interest and the necessity for containment, have helped bring this about.

U.S. foreign policy should be based on principles of non-intervention, self-determination and sustainable development. To accomplish this shift in policy requires a redefinition of national and global security. Peaceful development is a better path to security than regional arms build-ups. Long-term development cannot occur while developing countries continue to divert scarce resources to unnecessary and wasteful weaponry.

Excessive military expenditures have led to less rather than more security because they:

1. Divert precious resources away from productive activity and basic human needs;
2. Contribute to repression of legitimate social change and undermine normal activity and development efforts in poor countries;

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3. Increase the debts of poor countries and stifle economic growth; and

4. Make poor countries more dependent upon the superpowers and accelerate regional conflicts among poor countries.

**Letters to the president should urge:**

1. Reorienting U.S. foreign policy toward a priority of resolving conflicts;

2. Ending regional arms races; and

3. Reducing levels of military assistance the United States provides to developing countries, especially in the Horn of Africa, Central America and Asia, where suffering from hunger and homelessness is most extreme.

Anyone desiring more information can contact  
Kraig Klaudt  
Media Director  
(202) 269-0200

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### Journalism Competition

**Rolling Stone** is again looking for the nation's best student journalists. The 1989 College Journalism Competition is being sponsored by Smith Corona Typewriters. Winners of the competition will receive \$1000, plus a word processor from Smith Corona, and the recognition of the editorial staff of one of the world's most respected magazines.

Journalists can enter the competition in three categories: General Reporting, Entertainment Reporting, and Essay's and Criticism. All submissions must have appeared in a college or university publication between April 1, 1988 and April 1, 1989. Entries must be received no later than June 17, 1989. For more information contact John Jordan at (212) 350-1221.

### A Game Of Monopoly In Chavannes

Each time I look up from the board to the rusty vineyards

I can see, through mist like grains of finest pollen,  
large dogs being walked, straining against their collars.

Higher up in the Jura, a light snow- *un peu timide*

they say here-sifts down on rounded humps of hills.

The chic white lacquered table we sit around,

three generations, smell of newness still.

It came in parts like a child's intricate toy.

Assembling it was an hour's play... In my mind

I've landed on Boardwalk again and cannot pay,

the Bank is cheating me blind, it's the late thirties.

Too young to do sums, I am almost always in tears.

My brothers, two cousins, and I, unaware we are sent here each summer out of filial duty,

squabble over St. James Place and the Short Line

in our grandmother's fusty Atlantic Avenue flat.

From Oma's front room overlooking the Boardwalk

you can hear the surf break and sigh sucking back,

but we're unaware of the irony of place:

cheap haven for the Depression's pensioners.

To us Atlantic City is paradise,

except when it rains like this, except when we  
hear  
Oma's foreign words that speak pain and  
terror,  
We buck up to decide whose turn to roll the  
dice

on the massive bleached-oak table scrubbed  
with lemon,  
its six carved legs ending in jungly claws...  
My grandson's in jail. He has failed three  
times

to throw releasing doubles. He has failed  
to pass Go, lost two hundred dollars, and  
then,  
having paid his fine, lands on Luxury Tax.

His lower lip trembles, this luxury of a child  
who burst naked into our lives, like luck.  
Our sole inheritor, he has taken us over

with his oceanic wants, his several passports.  
I will deed him the Reading Railroad, the  
Water Works,  
the Electric Company, my hotel on Park Place.

All that I have is his, under separate cover,  
and we are the mortgaged nub of all that he  
has.  
Soon enough he will learn, buying long,  
selling short,

his ultimate task is to stay to usher us out.

---Maxine Kumin

(Submitted by Stephanie Sechrist)

## NCOBS

The 1989 National Conference of Black  
Seminarians (NCOBS), is holding their 11th  
annual conference from March 15 to March 18  
1989. The conference will be hosted by the  
black seminarians of the Graduate  
Theological Union in Berkeley California. The  
NCOBS will bring together seminarians,  
women and men, inclusive of all  
denominations. The theme for this year's  
conference is "Redefining Black Power  
Through The Church and Society."

The annual NCOBS was born in 1978 when  
a group of students at the interdenominational  
Theological Center in Atlanta decided that  
seminarians across the nation would benefit  
from shared experiences, focusing on their  
ministry among black people. The NCOBS  
provides an opportunity for theological  
institutions and black seminarians to have a  
chance to communicate on a national level.  
Of the estimated three-thousand black  
seminarians in this country, NCOBS estimates  
that only 1/5th of the total black student  
population is aware of its existence. The goal  
of NCOBS is to reach the total black student  
population.

Any black students who are interested in  
attending this conference can obtain more  
information from Henrietta Andrews, MSG  
Rep. at LTS. Information can also be obtained  
from Conference Chairperson Harold Pierre  
or Conference Coordinator June Costa at  
(415) 649-2420.

(Article taken from "The Cutting Edge,"  
newsletter from the National Conference of  
Black Seminarians, Dec. 1988).

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## "Nut'n" But the Truth

Finally, after much buck-passing between Pontius Pilate and Herod, Jesus of Nazareth was sentenced to death. He was executed via crucifixion (since electricity had not yet been discovered, nor gas chamber, nor any other kind of injections which would make killing a bit more comfortable), along with two other well known thieves.

Reliable sources have it that the preachers and politicians had been secretly meeting for some time trying to devise a strategy wherein they could get rid of this Jesus once and for all, for he was causing entirely too much commotion and disturbing our church work and committee assignments! Too many folks were listening to, and following after this Nazarene. Something simply had to be done.

As usual, under the cloak of darkness, one of Jesus' close friends identified him in a line-up; the soldiers grabbed him and placed him under house arrest. This Jesus was a threat to the pillars of the religious community as well as to the up and coming politicians because he kept questioning their motives and calling them embarrassing names in public, such as "brood of vipers", "white-washed tombs", etc. Earlier in the week, shortly after Jesus had arrived in town, in the midst of an awesome demonstration of palm waving "communists", he walked into the temple disrupting the liturgy of the hour, and began to run folk out. (It seems that wherever or whomever Jesus enters, that "interiority" is never the same!)

Jesus can be so crude and rude, oft times visiting places where he has not been invited, and even when invited, he will not RSVP; no class whatsoever, as is the case with those other twelve vagabonds with whom he hangs around. He's been stirring up folk everywhere he goes. Birds of a feather flock together, and

boy!, those birds could make the feathers fly!

Some folk say the trial was fixed and that the evidence was phoney and stacked against him. One of the Jesus gang, known as Judas Iscariot, plea bargained with the authorities and turned states' evidence against him. He was the only Judean amongst the twelve; the other members of the gang all hailed from Galilee. Other folk say that he got just what he deserved, for he was such a rude man, always causing trouble, upsetting folk and forcing folk to look inside themselves. He just simply would not mind his own business, always trying to tell folk how they ought to live, as if he were perfect!

Since the death of this Nazarene there have been a number of weird occurrences which have been brought to our attention. Firstly, as he was dying, the day became as night and such thundering and lightning you've never seen or heard! It was as if the heavens themselves had become utterly disgusted with what was going on down here on earth. The heavens just cried their heart out. But even more weird than that, on the Sunday following Jesus' execution and burial, upon close inspection of the tomb in which he was buried, the authorities discovered that his body had disappeared! Someone or someones had stolen the body, the authorities claimed, and an A.P.B. was put out immediately. Though the authorities claim that the members of Jesus' Gang stole his body, others claim that he was resurrected from the dead! Now that is a laugh! How dumb can you be! Nevertheless, the search is on and they are feverishly looking everywhere for the body of this Nazarene who is called "THE CHRIST" by his disciples. All good citizens are asked to be a part of this search and asked to form your own neighborhood watch.

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Before you begin and join in the search, however, one must determine whether one is looking for a dead Nazarene or a **LIVE AND RISEN CHRIST!** That is a crucial decision you must make, for all will determine the "HOW" of your search and play a significant role in determining the "WHY" of your search!

The authorities, have recalled hearing this Jesus talk about "building a church upon this rock", have been watching all the churches closely. They thought they had him when they entered the church and saw pictures of him on the walls, and stained glass windows with his pictures in them. In fact, some of the churches even had the whole Jesus Gang pictured in their windows. And then, when they heard the church folk singing songs about Jesus and Calvary and the likes, they knew they had located the BODY OF CHRIST. But upon closer inspection, they discovered it was a false lead. The church was just part of a nice JESUS MEMORIAL SOCIETY. These church folk were just ordinary nice decent folk who were not the least bit concerned about disrupting or converting anything! Going to church was just a nice habit they had gotten into, like any other community organization, fraternity or sorority to which they belonged. Those in the church were more like friends of Jesus rather than disciples committed to a risen Christ.

The Jesus for which the authorities were searching was always running around with the oppressed and poor folk, the dregs of society; always healing the sick and upsetting communities. He was such a disruptive force with his outburst against the pillars of the temple, the government and politician. He just went about raising HELL, and raising it to such a level where everybody could catch a glimpse and understand the significant difference between HEAVEN AND HELL. HEAVEN humbled itself and came down in the form of man that it might strengthen

mankind by promising to give us what we NEED thereby lifting us into the heavens---HELL, in all of it's arrogance raised itself up in the form of god that it might entice and confuse man, bu promising to give us what we WANT, thereby carrying us down into hell itself!

So the authorities have all the crossroads of life blocked; centers for AIDS victims, the shelters, drug abuse centers, prisons and jails, houses for battered spouses, courtrooms, mental hospitals, battlefields, the projects, all covered, but there has been no sign of the BODY OF CHRIST. However, there have been rumors circulating in these areas that he is coming, but as of yet that has not occurred.

From all of the evidence the authorities have been able to muster up they strongly believe that the BODY OF CHRIST has left the country. They are having great difficulty discovering any tell tale evidence of Jesus' mighty works. But nevertheless they are still going to keep an eye on the JESUS MEMORIAL SOCIETY for there is still a slight possibility that Jesus might show up to receive an award (probably a cross), for outstanding community service.

The authorities thought they really had "NAILED" the Christ on Easter Sunday. During Communion, the church started singing "Lead Me to Calvary". The authorities thought that was a signal (you know like "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" was a signal to the slaves) as to where Jesus was. So they followed each member as they left the church building, but not one ever led the authorities to Jesus, or even gave a clue where Jesus might be. By Monday morning everything was back to normal and folk came back to church for the Annual Easter egg hunt. All the eggs were found--- but no new life hatched

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It's funny  
they can find the bunny.

But not the Christ!  
Too high the price?

n.s. There is a reward for finding Him— AN  
ABUNDANT LIFE —CHOCKED FULL OF  
EXCITEMENT AND DARING RISKS,  
CONVERSION EXPERIENCE, A POSITION  
OF GREAT HONOR —AMBASSADOR OF  
THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Rev. Wendell H. Phillips  
Heritage UCC, Balto, Md.

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### A Parable

And the Word of the Lord came to Evan of Cleveland, saying, "Go ye into the promised land of Lancaster, wherein you will find divine knowledge and complete happiness." But Evan did not want to enjoy the Lord's blessing, for he had his own plans. And he did seek to go unto the accursed land of Bigappylon, wherein he did seek to serve that great two-headed beast (UCBWM and UCBHM), and make sacrifices unto it.

And the Lord understood Evan's fallen lunacy, and did send a great metal bird, which ate Evan and flew to Bigappylon, spewing him forth into the JFK airport lounge. And Evan of Cleveland trudged forth in search of the beast. And he found himself in need of musical refreshment, and did purchase from a local merchant a walk-man, from which came the still small voice of the Lord (or sometimes Frank Sinatra). The voice said, "Seek the Beast on Riverside Drive"; and lo, it was as the voice had said. Evan, realizing the error of his ways, tried to flee his self-made curse, diving into the subway; but the Lord caused the machine to reject his subway token, and

Evan of Cleveland knew great sorrow, even the sorrow of living and working in New York City.

And he hired himself out as an assistant to an assistant to an assistant to the water cooler, somewhere within the belly of the beast - with his own cubicle - and served his term of drudgery in angry silence. And in gratitude for his sacrifices, the beast gave him a dwelling among those having the wisdom of ages, and allowed him to listen constantly to Frank Sinatra, the court musician of Bigappylon. But Evan pouted before the Lord, saying "I'd rather be in Lancaster shooting hoops!" And the Lord caused a great apple to grow over Evan, shading him by day and keeping him safe from muggers at night. But it was a crab apple, and Evan was resentful. And the Lord said, "you're always crabbing at me! Finish your sentence and return unto the promised Land of LTS."

And Evan's heart was changed within him, and he worked with renewed - even religious(?) - fervor for the beast, and the Lord was pleased (sort of). And soon Evan began mindlessly proclaiming the words of the beast, and his friends grew tired of him. And thus did he come to ruin, returning again to Cleveland, and obscurity.

**Read and Heed!** Even as Evan went from Cleveland to Bigappylon, so also our lives may go from bad to worse, if we do not heed the word of the Lord. Amen.

(Evan Farrar is working for the UCBMW during a year off from LTS; he lives in a retirement home(!) in New York City. He will share his experiences in a future issue.)

Suzanne Carr  
Lisa Gaul  
Steve Geitgey

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**The LTS Arts Ensemble** toured the PennNorthEast Conference of the UCC. The tour began on January 14, 1989 and continued for eight days. The tour stops included churches in Bath, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Berwick, Slatington, Weatherly, and Allentown. The Ensemble also visited Phoebe home in Allentown. The service was presented at Salem UCC Lancaster, Pa. on January 29, 1989.

The theme for this year's tour was/is "God A Live Among Us." Central to the theme are the several ways in which God is present among the members of the Church. Through the use of dance, poetry, music, song, scripture, and the celebration of the Lord's Supper by intinction, the congregation experienced God as the One who invites us, forgives us, and challenges us.

Pictured above are the members of Ensemble who participated in the creative worship service; Henrietta Andrews, Charles Dorsey, Lori Eck, Ann Graves, John Harmon, Elke Nauman, and Mary Lin Siever. Also pictured are Prof. Robert Duke and the Rev. Susan Minasian. In addition to participating in the service, Henrietta was also the student coordinator for the group.

The Arts Ensemble presented a creative worship service developed over a four month period under the guidance of Professor Robert Duke and Rev. Susan Minasian. Susan, a graduate of LTS, was the director of the Ensemble while on tour. The music for the tour was provided by Alison Shafer, church organist and a member of the staff at Hood College, Frederick, Md.

Others involved in the tour this year were Laddie Benton, van driver and stage manager, and Mary Hutchins, tour director.

The highlight of the service for the worshippers was Communion by intinction. This was a new experience for many, and those who were in the congregations expressed how moved they were by the Communion service.

The unseasonably warm weather resulted in large numbers of persons attending the weeknight services, more than were expected. The largest turnout was in Nazareth where approximately two-hundred seventy persons attended the service.

By Tuesday of the tour, what had begun as only an idea had finally taken shape, complete with an Ensemble sound from the worship leaders, a proclamation that spoke to the anxieties we all have relative to death, and a Communion service that literally and figuratively joined all who worshipped in a circle of Christian fellowship.

The bonus for all of those who toured for nine days representing the seminary was the coming together, the growing as a group. We began last October as individual persons who were attempting to combine our individual talents. By the end of the tour, we had reached a point of having blended our gifts and of working together as a unit.

Henrietta Andrews

### **What Is An Arts Ensemble?**

An Arts Ensemble is Elke, a beautiful young woman from Germany, who touched the hearts of many with her grace in dance interpretation. Several diehards opposed to dance in worship were converted by her inspired movement in dancing before the Lord. Her continual high spirits and exuberance lifted many tired minds before the week was over.

An Arts Ensemble is John, an extremely intelligent young man from Liberia. His thoughtful input and seriousness challenged us to a higher level of thinking. Because of his willingness to share something of his culture with us, everyone went away a little richer for his presence. Unfortunately, he also served as a reminder to us that we still have a lot of work to do in this world toward removing racial barriers and prejudices. In several small towns, his presence was challenged on local streets.

An Arts Ensemble is Lori, whose home is in the area we visited. Her presence smoothed the way at times. Her obvious care and concern for everyone added a special warmth. A native's pride in the area helped us appreciate Eastern Pennsylvania a little bit more. The special way she drew everyone into the worship experience is indeed a gift.

An Arts Ensemble is Charles whose unfailing good humor in spite of pain was a model for all of us to find a new depth of understanding of the "Emmaus Road" events. Each evening became a fresh, new experience.

An Arts Ensemble is Henrietta, a talented woman whose recorder playing wove each of us into the drama every day. Her ability to "get angry" again and again brought a

needed dimension to our understanding of death. Her wonderful sense of humor brightened many tense moments.

An Arts Ensemble is Mary Lin, for whom this was a very new experience. Her ability to cope in spite of many challenges and lots of noise was a credit to everyone. Her unique way of drawing us into prayer was particularly meaningful.

An Arts Ensemble is Curtis, who gave us legitimacy during communion. His boisterous laugh and good humor added some needed levity. Many were ministered to by his special way with communion.

An Arts Ensemble is Ann, for whom this was also a new experience. Leading worshippers in sharing a musical response helped in drawing everyone together. Her ability to laugh and have a good time surprised many and aided in releasing a lot of pent up energy.

An Arts Ensemble is Susan, whose direction enabled us to continually grow and improve. A special gift each day brought a sense of renewal and reminded us of our task. An ability to adapt gracefully to many different circumstances was especially appreciated.

An Arts Ensemble is Alison, whose adaptability to a wide variety of instruments continually inspired us with her organ music. Her expertise ministered to all who heard her play.

An Arts Ensemble is Laddie, van driver and manager par excellence. His caring and concern that everything be in its proper place gave us all peace of mind. His unfailing support of the group gave us confidence.

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And finally an Arts Ensemble is Mary, without whom we might not have made it. Her unconditional love and support gave each one a special boost when they most needed it. Out of a very diverse group of people, we came together as one to create an inspirational and deeply meaningful worship experience for those who we met along the way.

Ann Graves

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### **Where Are You, God?**

February 1, 1988

God of the poor and oppressed,  
Offering comfort and strength and hope,  
Speaks in a still, quiet voice  
Of a better life--the Kingdom of God.

God of the rich and the powerful,  
Offering a better way than violence,  
Speaks in a quiet oft ignored voice  
Of a better life--the Kingdom of God.

Suanne Williams-Whorl

### **Three Kings Day**

January 6, 1988

Three Kings followed a star 2,000 years ago,  
And it changed their lives.  
We too, follow our own stars into La Victoria  
And know it will change our lives.  
Out of violence and slaughter of innocence  
That makes up this new revolution  
Comes new life--  
A new lifestyle, a new commitment  
To God, to Nicaragua and to peace.

Suanne Williams-Whorl

### **Fear**

January 4, 1988

A creeping monster that eats at my spirit--  
It cripples my mind  
It distorts my perceptions  
It attacks my soul.

God calls me out of this fear  
But lets the action up to me.  
Christ must have feared that night in  
Gethsemane,  
As he waited to die.

I fear inconvenience and loneliness.  
But the people of Nicaragua fear for their  
lives.  
The gospel lives for them because they truly  
walk in Christ's shoes  
Via Christus is not a political walk  
Or a holiday tradition,  
Or a two-week jaunt.

God is with the poor and oppressed.  
I go to Nicaragua to find that God,  
But first I must put aside the fear  
So I can make room for God to come in.

Suanne Williams-Whorl

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To be distressed, look within;

To be defeated, look back;

To be distracted, look around;

To be dismayed, look before;

To be delivered, look to Christ;

To be delighted, look up!