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FAITH AND CULTURE

The paper set out to explore one aspect of a concern shared by theologians and students of "society", namely, the problem of "cultural crisis." The presupposition of the paper was that men, and the cultures they create, live by some "faith" which gives meaning and significance to their existence. While the students of society, especially cultural anthropologists may describe "patterns of culture" which is one way of describing a "faith", they are limited by their methodology from making any statements about the validity of any, or all, patterns.

When Christian theologians began, at the beginning of the present century, to press sociological insights into the service of Christian apologetics, they often times suggested that the way to "save" civilization was to "accept Christianity" because it had a better way of stressing the "social nature" of man. Beginning with the Oxford Conference in 1937, and continuing into the present discussions, there is another and different apologetic motif. This motif begins with the assumption that the basal problem is the problem of the "true Infinite" or the "finally sacred", and bases its analysis of the disintegration of culture upon the assumption that cultural crises follow from disordered and distorted "faiths". This is a theological critique, which begins with the assumption that man is a "devoted creature" - that is, devoted to some being or power, which gives meaning and significance to his existence.

Out of this more frankly "religious" or theological approach there have come two emphases: one is the recognition that all the "Churches" stand in a "missionary situation", in which the first duty of the Churches is to "preach the Gospel"; the second emphasis is a recognition that the Churches must begin their thinking and their proclamations with the confession of their faith - namely that Jesus Christ is Lord. All statements about "false sacreds" coming from the ecumenical gatherings of the Churches do as a matter of fact so begin. This is clearly and strikingly affirmed in one of the Oxford Conference Reports:

In God is the secret of true unity among men and in Christ is revealed the secret of God. The first task of the church, now and always, is to make known the gospel, and

to assert the claim of Jesus Christ as the incarnate Word of God to the lordship of all human life. (Official Report of the Oxford Conference, p. 57)

Because the Churches begin with this "faith" they cannot give religious devotion to any other candidate for "deity"; beginning with "this Lord" they cannot ascribe "lordship" to any other power, cause, or "good". Because of the very nature of the Lord of the Church, this renewed theological emphasis is a call to the Churches to move out into the "world", not with the goal of counting converts, nor with the sole idea of defeating alternative faiths - but with the recognition that commitment and devotion to this Lord means that men must be His witnesses and servants to their neighbors. Thus, in the present situation, all are called to be evangelists; to the extent that it is true that men live by "faith", and create cultures from some faith, then the Churches may "save" society by proclaiming the "true sacred."

Prof. Robert G. Mickey

Note: This is the second in the series of lectures capstled for our readers from those delivered at the Franklin and Marshall Institute of Religion, Feb. 15, 1951.

Editor

¿PUEDE USTED NOMBRAR LA COSA?

The strange words above can be best rendered idiomatically "Can you name THE THING?" We'd like to know if more of you can. Some of our readers have already submitted their entries in our earth-shaking contest, but we'd like to hear from others. Certainly there must be some more imaginative geniuses.

We can promise you that this entry won't win a prize, but choir members can imagine its import. "Dr. Frantz in a moment of exultation following the removal of the blow torch and fire extinguisher from the percolating S-475."

The contest will close officially at high noon, March 21, 1951. How many of you can beat that deadline?

SIGNS OF THE TIMES ?????

"A divinity student, who said he was working his way through seminary by forging checks, was arrested in Los Angeles in 1948." - this is an excerpt from a late issue of Church Management. Thanks to John Winter.

CAROLINA REVISITED

Death Trap # S-475 revved its engine, eased off the brakes, turned slowly into the headwind, and took off for a cross-country jaunt to North Carolinas. Aboard were "Pipes" McConnell, public relations man Frank Mac's choir boys, flight director Felton, pilot Max Warwick, and three unidentified women passengers. The first day's flight was very choppy, and several emergency landings were a welcome change from the discomfort of the rough travel.

Careful preparations had been made with regards to crossing the border to the South. Seniors who had been there before had their old passports renewed, new passports were issued to Juniors and Middlers. The natives who make the journey regularly had just had their papers set in order shortly before the flight was released.

The Old South was definitely ready and waiting for the choir. A great deal of time had been spent on advance publicity. There was one town that was so anxious to do the choir justice that they had our publicity photo pretanned so that it would represent how we would look when we would arrive with our newly acquired sun-tan.

The first day of the actual program schedule we felt like members of a political campaign party, traveling from whistle stop to whistle stop, putting on one brief performance after another with a hectic attempt at travel scheduling between. From that day on we began to feel more like McConnell's Pennsylvanians on a tour of one-niters.

Rumor had it that we were functioning on the side as agents for the Southern Association for College Accreditation. We evaluated Duke, Davidson, Catawba, Massanauton, and H. J. C.

The trip was replete with thrills! The first day a camelback bridge was almost the last straw for our aging bus. When it had just about recuperated from that and U.S. Virginia # 15, we got on a winding road surveyed by a chief of a North Carolina tribe of Indians with too much fire water in him. There was also the day we counted noses in the bus and found to our chagrin that the tenor soloist had been left enthroned in one of the churches. To top it all off a man tried to test the materials that went into the making of his car against the back of our decrepit bus, necessitating a record flight from the Yadkin River to Woodstock Va. in about six hours air time.

The trip was an educational one, too. We saw the manufacture of two products vital to our profession - cigarettes and pipe organs.

And then there was the matter of food. We all got an idea of how the living room furniture around our homes must feel all of the time. But everyone knows who was the best fed; it was

"Reb" Settemyre's dog.

Rumor has it that Southern Synod is in for an enormous influx of applications from Yankees for jobs. Is this true, Mel?

Dave Mark

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

With the approach of Palm Sunday, we herald the end of the Lenten Season for another year. Our minds turn from the thoughts of fasting, self-denial and soul-searching so characteristic of Lent to other thoughts of Palm Sunday, and Easter to follow.

The approach of Palm Sunday brings a variety of things to mind, candlelit palm-decorated confirmation services, cantatas, passion plays and a whole multitude of events and ideas characterizing the Sunday Palmarum. But in all the festival of Triumphal Entries, etc., sometimes we forget the ever-present quality about Palm Sunday and the ensuing week which tells us how little human nature has changed over the many years elapsed between the events recorded in the Gospels and these latter days.

In the year 1415 a Bohemian made his way to the Swiss town of Constance to speak his piece before the Church Council gathered there. Promised safe conduct by the emperor, he was anxious to receive his hearing in the name of justice. A few days later the man was dead. His name was John Hus, burned at the stake by the same men who had promised him safe journey.

Such betrayals go on day by day. Usually they aren't quite so sensational and don't attract attention. But legion are the men who have been betrayed by false confidence and empty enthusiasm. Our government is constantly finding itself forced to forget the men who "know too much," who are unfortunate enough to want to play the statesman more than the politician. One day a king, the next day an outcast, "the sound and the fury, signifying nothing." There is a constant parade of good people continually making their way toward new Golgothas.

And so, with the approach of Palm Sunday, the beginning of the story of the most notorious betrayal in history, the thought comes to mind that we who choose to follow in the train of Him, have not come over - far toward the goals for which the Galilean died. Perhaps, in the maelstrom of events and attentions of the season we shall find time to remember this: that the cross was not so much a necessity as it was an inevitable consequence. Must we continue to mutilate those whom He called brother, spiking them to new crosses of our own design with the nails of hate, prejudice and self-aggrandizement?

Dick Glatfelter

SAM

"Why do I have on my best clothes here in the middle of the week?" Well it's because of my best friend. Sam was his name. I don't know what his last name was, I just called him Sam; he didn't ever tell me his last name and I never got around to asking. Just plain Sam. Sam came to my house twelve years ago today. Just came...from nowhere in particular. Came down that old dusty road you're standing in. I never did ask where he came from and he never got around to telling me. I didn't care, the important fact was that he had come home. Seemed like he had always belonged here so I gave him a bed and his meals and he paid me... with friendship...and there ain't no pay like friendship. Yeah, Sam was a friendly fellow and not a bit stuck up and he knew his business better than anyone in the whole county. Birds was Sam's business, quail that is. He knew all about quail. When they mated where they nested; where they roosted and all about their eating habits; he knew all that stuff and he used to tell me about it. Sam had studied quail since he was a boy; seemed to come natural to him. He studied with his dad, but I don't know where. Yes, he had plenty to be stuck up about, but he wasn't. He was sorta humble and happy.

I guess Sam and I were such good friends because we liked about the same things. Simple things, like a crisp fall morning. We liked the mornings that made your breath come out like steam out of a tea kettle. We liked to go look for quail on those mornings. I remember the last morning that Sam and I went out together. That was yesterday. Right after break fast, Sam went out on the back porch and looked out across that lespedeza field over behind the barn and sorta stretched a bit; then he looked back at me with a twinkle in his eyes without saying a word. I knew what he meant so I just left the dishes and got my old double from the closet and out across the field we went. We did not find any birds in that field but we did in the next one. Found 'em in a corn field. Sam had thought they might be there feeding and as usual he was right. They were right out in the middle of that corn field with the shocks standing like soldiers. I shot the first bird but Sam and I both laughed when I sent the other load in to one of those corn shocks; made a pretty sight though with the frost falling off of it like feathers from a

bird. We found three more coveys and I was having a wonderful time but Sam didn't seem so happy about something.

It seemed like he was trying to tell me something and didn't know how to say it. He seemed like he had made up his mind to do something and was afraid of hurting my feelings. Mind you he didn't say anything, but fellows who have been together as long as we have don't have to move our lips to make the other understand something. By the time we got home Sam was a bit more tired than usual, so he sat down and rested while I got some lunch for us. He was a bit too tired to go out that afternoon so I read while he just sat there thinking and dropping off to sleep ever once in a while.

After supper we sat by the fire place. Just sat there. We liked to do that too. Sorta simple but we enjoyed it. Well while I sat there watching the flames run over the logs like a couple of squirrels, I suddenly realized what was on Sam's mind. I knew at that instance why Sam was sorta gloomy. I looked from the fire to Sam's shadowy face and I knew Sam was going away. And as I realized this Sam gave me a weak smile and nodded his head. I knew that Sam was going away and wasn't coming back. I knew we had only a matter of hours together and I wanted to tell him a lot of things; how much I would miss him; how much he had meant to me; I wanted to re-live with him all of the things that we had done together. But I couldn't say anything. The words stuck in my mouth cross-ways and would not come out. Sam didn't say anything either. So we just sat there thinking and looking at each other and not speaking but really saying a lot to each other. Somehow we got everything said so at last we went to bed. When I got up this morning and went to call Sam, he had already gone. Left sometime in the night. I don't know when. But Sam left a couple of things behind. One of them was the memories of him and the hours we had spent together. Those will never leave me. The other thing that Sam left behind was his body. An old worn out body. I looked at Sam's body and said....I just had to say something...so I said. "So long, Sam; thanks for...well, just thanks..."

And you ask why I'm all dressed up here in the middle of the week? I'm dressed because I just buried the best friend I ever had, and Sam deserved my best suit, ever though Sam was a bird dog.

Mel Palmer

RAG - TIME

As is the custom in every good graduate school, a state of partially enforced indolence was proclaimed here at the Theological Seminary. President Meek proclaimed "Clean-up Week" and appointed as his subordinate to administer the program, one Generalissimo Charles Keith Sink. Every good household must indulge in the ephemeral trysts which add up to Spring house cleaning. As a result, Seminary men came rolling (applying to Juniors), skipping (Middlers), and crawling (Seniors) out of their rooms at five bells on Tuesday afternoon, Mar. 6. This amphibious command (they worked with water or its equivalent) was a motley array to behold. All sorts of thread-bare, voluminous, and "clinging" costumes presented themselves as the fig-leaves of these Adamic wonders. For after all casual wear is casual wear, and we can never know whether or not they were Christian Dior Creations.

"Okay fella, smear that rag around once again. That winda still looks like a bird hit it goin about 300 miles an hour."

"I think I got it about as good as I can. What about the outside? Do we hafta do that too? What are we, ary -- how, a bunch of summer caravaners? (Silly boy, Of course not.) I'm not gonna waste too much time on this stuff. Heck, it'll only last a few days."

Easy now. I'll lower you by the ankle. Get that winda as quick as you can. I slopped the wet rag over it, but it'll soon be dry if you don't wipe it with that dry rag."

"Oops! My fingers got all over that winda! And I just finished washin' it. Doesn't look so bad though. A little streaked."

"Well, let's not waste time. No point in washin' it again. Hey Sink, how many of these things are we supposed to do on this floor?"

"It's Generalissimo Sink! Not just Sink. Watta ya think I am, a kitchen accessory (Of course not, else you might have gone down the drain)? I don't know how many you're supposed to do. Just wash around awhile. And don't use too much o' that Windex. We only have three bottles."

"How much of these steps are we supposed to sweep? Why doesn't somebody else do somethin'? We're not gonna mop this stuff, too, are we?"

A slap on the forehead, a sigh. "O-cch, no! no!"

"No point in it, Generalissimo. It gets all spotty and streaked."

"Well, scrub 'em down anyway. I think they look pretty good down at the other end. I gotta go see how the

guys are comin'."

A LITTLE LATER. "Well, let's finish this thing. I have loads of other things to do."

"C'mon you guys. Get on the ball, we're finished already. Lookit those smeary windas." A finger moves lightly then heavily down the window, to show where it is smeared. This is done in the best spirit, of course.

A grumble, a pant, a groan, then -- "Gosh, these other guys are done already. Here I am, Still rubbin' this bloomin' polish on the woodwork. Better step it up."

"Hey, you missed this door frame."

"Ah, that doesn't matter. Nobody'll see it. I wanna get done too."

As is plainly illustrated by these snatches of dialogues caught during enforced clean-up, the program was a complete success. If you walk through the halls you can plainly see through between the streaks and fingerprints on the windows. The steps are immaculately clean and the woodwork is set off with a glorious, gleaming, glittering gloss (glup!).

Dao

..... SEMINARY SPORTSCOPE

Although the Seminary sports program was quiet during the inter-term vacation period and choir trip, some action which has local interest has taken place since the men have returned.

Action prior to vacation found the #1 bowling team clinching the championship for the 1951 season. Team #1 clinched the title by defeating Team #2 in three straight games. G. Schultz won the individual scoring title by rolling a very respectable 157.9 average.

The Seminary basketball team has suffered two straight setbacks. The first defeat was at the hands of Phi Kappa Tau Fraternity who won the game 36 - 29. The "Angels" had their wings clipped harder in their last outing when a fast Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity team ran away from the boys from Richards Hall by a neat 51 - 31 count.

The ping-pong team has had average success in their past two matches. The Seminary netmen battled Zeta Beta Tau through five individual matches to take an impressive win, but later in the week the strong Lambda Chi Alpha aggregation, defending champions for the last two years, took a 4 - 1 set to away from the Seminary. Norm Bucher playing his steady defensive game was the only winner for the Seminary.

Bob Titus

WHAHOOPEN ?

As the number of weeks remaining in the 1950-51 school year grows ever shorter, the schedule of events indicates early promise of acceleration leading up to May graduation exercises.

Today, promptly at five o'clock, the Seminary's sacred vocalists will leave from the dormitory by bus for a 7:45 o'clock evening concert in Zion Church, Allentown, the "Queen City of the Lehigh Valley" to those of us who are Lehigh Countians. Zion Church, besides possessing the unique distinction of being Don "George" Eckert's home of worship, will also be remembered as the church edifice in which the renowned Liberty Bell was concealed during the War of Independence. Rev. Charles D. Rodenberger will be host pastor.

Dr. Alfred Bartholomew will be the leader at the final Lenten service in Santee Chapel, scheduled for 1:30 P.M. Monday, March 19. The offering will go to the Great Hour of Sharing (Church World Service).

The same day at 8 P.M., the Seminary Women's Club will sponsor the film strip, "South of the Clouds", in Santee Chapel. Dr. Bartholomew is in charge of arrangements.

This is IMPORTANT! All seniors desirous of making any change in the data previously given by them for publication in the Year Book are urgently requested to inform either Dick Whitney or Luther Holst immediately.

The Easter recess will begin at 12:10 P. M., Wednesday, March 21, according to Dean Dunn, and will conclude Easter Monday, March 26.

Dr. Francis Casselman, pastor of the Board of National Missions congregation at Middle River, Md., will be the guest speaker at the Monday chapel period at 1:30 P. M., April 2. He will speak of his work among employees of the Glenn Martin plant and their families near Baltimore.

The School of Religion, held annually in the Seminary, will begin its sessions on Tuesday evening, April 3, to continue for four consecutive Tuesday classes. The school's teaching staff will include our own Drs. Dunn and Frantz and Dr. Charles Spotts, head of the Department of Religion at Franklin and Marshall College.

St. John's Church, Orwigsburg, Rev. Gilbert J. Bartholomew, pastor, will be host to the Seminary Choir in concert on Wednesday evening, April 4.

The Middler Class will be guests of Pres. and Mrs. Meck on Thursday eve-

ning, April 5, in their College Ave. and James Street home.

The Worship Convocation will be held here at the Seminary on Tuesday, April 17, in the chapel from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Dr. Howard Fox, of Gettysburg, has been asked to be the guest preacher.

Seminary seniors will make their annual class pilgrimage to the Schaff Building, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, on Thursday, April 19.

...Expression of Sympathy...

All members of the student body, their wives, and the faculty and families express their deep-felt sympathy for Eilus and Jean Haldeman and their two children at the unexpected death on Monday of Jean's mother, who resided with them. May they find spiritual comfort during their time of loss.

NEWSPAPERMAN ADDRESSES SOCIETY

A rather sparse body of students together with members of the faculty heard a talk entitled, "The Newspaper in Relation to the Ministry and the Progress of the Church", by David A. Miller, Allentown, at a special 7 P.M. program of the Society of Inquiry held in Santee Chapel on Tuesday, Feb. 20. Mr. Miller, one of three publishers of the Allentown Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc., is also a member of the General Council of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. He was a denominational delegate to the World Conference of Protestantism at Amsterdam.

Miller urged all students present, as pastors soon-to-be, to work in close cooperation with the members of the news staffs of community newspapers. He urged that the newspaper, as a professional seeker of news, is anxious to receive church news. "Do not be afraid of 'blowing your own horn'", asserted Miller. "While the newspaper benefits from receipt of church news, the church itself can gain the best available facility for publicity and public and community relations."

As a by-the-way portion of his talk, Miller particularly stressed the need for greater missionary emphasis in the Evangelical and Reformed Church. He offered many bits of advice in a friendly informal manner, all obviously born of long years of experience in his work, a life of active participation as a prominent churchman and of frequent travels throughout the world, including every one of the E. & R. mission stations.