



the Seminarian

Volume XLI

April 1990

Issue 1

A special thanks to all those who submitted articles which made the printing of this Seminarian possible.

Mud Creek Clinic

She had watched people in her community suffer and die of dehydration from diarrhea, and of infections from nail wounds. She watched neighbors try to set broken arms themselves with two boards. She saw people who did not even have enough money to buy aspirin to bring down a temperature. Eulah Hall, the founder of the Mud Creek Clinic, is a SERIOUS CHRISTIAN, one of our seminarians said with awe.

When I returned home from the AMERC travel study seminar during January term, everyone asked if I had found the experience depressing. Instead, I found my own faith renewed and strengthened as I encountered some amazing people and heard stories filled with hope. Economically speaking the story of Appalachia is very bleak. It is the story about the sin of structures and systems choosing the way of death over life as the writer of Deuteronomy says. But the Appalachian story is also about the strength and persistence of mountain people, working together with churches and with other individuals who have moved to the area to help empower local people to take control of their own lives.

Eulah Hall is one of those

amazing persons, who has trusted in the promises of God, cleaving to God and obeying God's voice through hardship and adversity. She is a person who CHOOSES LIFE in the Biblical sense, rather than seeking what the TV ads would call THE GOOD LIFE.

Many of Appalachia's poor must make the choice between providing food for their families or getting basic medical care. Floyd County, where Eulah Hall grew up, is one of the poorest in Kentucky. Before the days of the clinic, emergency rooms simply turned away many indigent care cases, and if the persons did not leave the police were called.

Eulah is just an ordinary person with no specialized training, but she started the Mud Creek Clinic with funds from the federal government's War On Poverty. To get this clinic off the ground, she had three months to raise \$80,000 in matching funds. Everyone said it couldn't be done, but she raised \$132,000 instead.

Eulah Hall believes God sent this clinic because God had seen the suffering of the people. No local churches support it financially. When asked what motivated her to do this work, she replied, "Christians, you can't sing Alleluia on Sunday and watch your neighbor die on Monday."

At one point the clinic went under financially, and Eulah had to start all over again. Until 1982, the clinic was operating in her house. Then a fire burned them out completely, but they kept on going. The doctor continued to see patients on the picnic table under the shade tree in the backyard. She badgered the phone company until they finally agreed to come out and install a phone in that tree. Now the clinic is housed in an adequate and modern building. This woman's consistent and persevering faith paid off.

Eulah Hall has been shot at by abusive husbands when she gave shelter to their wives. She has been beaten. She has been threatened. But, she never gives up. She, and many others like her in Appalachia, are an inspiration to me in my own walk of faith. When the going gets rough, I think of them and I am able to trust the words of the Psalmist, "The Lord will keep your going out and your coming in from this day forth and forever more." (Psalm 121:8)

-Anne Ebner

Bobby

You wouldn't look at him twice. His most noteworthy feature is his one eye which turns slightly inward toward his nose. Bobby's vision is

severely impaired. But it doesn't matter all that much, because Bobby sees all he needs to see with his heart.

Back in 1977 the people of Cranks, Kentucky suffered a devastating flood. Homes, trailers, furnishings, and vehicles were washed downstream. Sediment from unreclaimed strip mines had clogged the streambed resulting in a flood which wiped out the belongings of the 15 families which lived in the "holler." Bobby's neighbors began trickling into his home (rather, what was left of it) asking for help and advice. His wife, Becky, was soon drawn into the task as well. Before long Becky was traveling to the city to find a lawyer who would help the flood victims of the holler get their money back. Bobby, nearly blind in one eye, was motoring in an old truck as far as Hanover, PA for furnishings and clothing for his neighbors and friends.

Why did he do it? He felt that God was calling Becky and him to help the people in the holler. And so they plunged headlong into finding replacements for the things that people had lost in the flood and began fighting to make sure that their neighbors and friends were properly compensated for their losses. This was the genesis of the Crank's Creek Survival Center.

The Center is still in operation, ready to respond to people in distress. Bobby still drives up our way for clothing and other useable articles of clothing and furnishings. He doesn't have the old truck anymore -- he has a used van instead to transport his goods.

Bobby and his wife Becky are just two of the remarkable people we were privileged to meet during our visit in Kentucky. Their quiet unassuming determination and their firm belief that they are doing God's will was an inspiration to us all. In this quiet, simple man we caught a glimpse of the One that the prophet Isaiah described "...he had no form or comeliness that we should look at him, and no beauty that we should desire him...a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and as one from whom men hide their faces he was despised, and we esteemed him not."

You wouldn't look at him twice. But if for some reason you did, you would realize that you were in the presence of someone who is empowered and guided by a force bigger than life itself. And you would see a man who sees very clearly the vision of the Kingdom.

-Leigh Pick

Inclusive Language

The day that I arrived at Lancaster Theological Seminary, I was introduced to inclusive language. I learned that I had to say humankind instead of man, because the women felt left out. So now I say humankind instead of man. God is no longer man only but also woman. I think it is ok to say God the Father and God the Mother. The thing that I cannot understand is that God is my Father, and others want Him to be my Mother. For those persons who need God as their Mother, it is ok with me. What I cannot understand is why do people get upset because God is my Father?

We want to be inclusive, but what happened to Black people? For years Blacks have been left out of everything just as women have. Now the community is including women but forgetting about ethnic groups. If we are going to be inclusive, when will the community include everybody and not just some of the people?

-Bill Ross

CHURCH MUSIC WEEK

April 23-27, 1990

**"The Melody of Theology: How
We Sing the Good News"**

The last full week of April promises to be an exciting one for the seminary community. Dr. Robin Leaver, Dean of the Chapel and Associate Professor at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, NJ will be guest workshop leader and speaker. He brings years of experience in the field of theology and church music to his understanding of the role that hymnody and music play in the worship experience. He has published many articles and books on hymnody and church music, as well as serving as advisor and consultant to several denominational hymnbook committees. His love of and commitment to the field of hymnody make his presentations interesting and stimulating. We hope that you will all plan to attend both sessions that he will be presenting, as well as the rest of the events planned for this week.

Monday, April 23rd

9:30 a.m. **Chapel** "New Songs
of Celebration Render"

Tuesday, April 24th

9:30 a.m. **Chapel** "Praise the
Lord"

12:00 noon **Bach's Lunch** -
Organ Recital, Santee Chapel
Gene Paul Strayer, organist
(Bring a bag lunch to share
together afterwards in
Room 102.)

6:30 p.m. **Workshop - Hafer
Center**

"The Melody of Theology: How
We Sing the Good News"

Dr. Robin Leaver, Guest Leader
(This workshop is for students,
pastors, church musicians and
others interested in
contemporary hymns and ways
to use them in worship.)

9:40 p.m. **Sung Compline -
Santee Chapel**

Dr. Elizabeth Huwiler
Gene Paul Strayer, Organist

Wednesday, April 25th

9:30 a.m. **Theology Lecture -
Santee Chapel**

"Hymnody and the Reality of
God"

Dr. Robin Leaver, Lecturer

12:00 p.m. **Brown Bag Lunch
and Discussion-Hafer
Center**

Dr. Robin Leaver, Guest Leader

Thursday, April 26th

9:30 a.m. Hymn Festival - Santee Chapel

"A Celebration of Diversity"

**12:00 p.m. Community
Luncheon and Holy
Communion - Hafer Center**
(Lunch will be provided.)

Friday, April 27th

9:30 a.m. Chapel "When in Our
Music God is Glorified"

Pre-registration is required for the Tuesday evening workshop, so that there will be adequate materials available. Contact Ruth Lewis in the Spectrum office for more information.

Put these dates on your calendar and plan to celebrate with us.

Ann Graves
Anabel Proffitt

In The Park

You have forty-nine days between death and rebirth if you're a Buddhist. Even the smallest soul could swim the English Channel in that time or climb, like a ten-month-old child, every step of the Washington Monument to travel across, up, down, over, or through -you won't know till you get there which to do.

He laid on me for a few seconds said Roscoe Black, who lived to tell about skirmish with a grizzly bear in Glacier Park. *He laid on me not doing anything. I could feel his heart beating against my heart.* Never mind *lie* and *lay*, the whole world confuses them. For Roscoe Black you might say forty-nine days flew by.

I was raised on the Old Testament. In it God talks to Moses, Noah, Samuel, and they answer. People confer with angels. Certain animals converse with humans. It's a simple world, full of crossovers. Heaven's an airy Somewhere, and God has a nasty temper when provoked, but if there's a Hell, little is made of it. No long-tailed Devil, no eternal fire, and no choosing what to come back as. When the grizzly bear appears, he lies/lays down on atheist and zealot. In the pitch-dark each of waits for him in Glacier Park.

-Maxine Kumin

(submitted by Rev. S. Seachrist)

Look Who's Dancing Now!

As I sit here in the quietness of my apartment I look around and see not an empty room that was just perfect for water gun battles but a room filled with furniture and memories. Some of the memories are good and some are painful.

I knew the first day of classes when we all introduced ourselves in the Hafer Center that I really didn't quite fit in. I was the only seminarian wearing shorts singing Bob Marley tunes. I found myself just out of college in the midst of a group of what I was later told "more older, more experienced, more mature students." I watched and listened. I found that I could do almost anything that I wanted to do and then use the excuse that I was just being me; young and crazy. Students were being confronted by all sorts of issues. I soon tired of hearing of people talk, talk, talk. I felt left out in many ways. I wanted to be challenged. I wanted people to question me about my faith. I wanted to learn about new ideas and different lifestyles and cultures. I wanted to have a social life. I wanted to laugh as well as cry. I asked, "What about Jesus? Why did God bring me here?"

I was soon busy with more work than time to do it all. After a busy summer at

LivingWaters (an Outdoor Ministry facility of Penn West Conference), I sang, "I Feel Good" by James Brown as I struggled through PL102. I did feel good after I let go of my anger and dried my tears. I couldn't recite Anselm or Justin Martyr but I could recite the story of my life with all its ups and downs. I listened to others and saw their struggles.

Now I am still listening to talk about inclusive language, liberation theology, racism, sexism, homophobia, community life, the class load, families, church life, the administration, fellow students, liberalism, conservatism, collegium, chapel, cross-cultural trips and whatever else comes to people's minds. I continue to watch the community at LTS. So, keep on talking, I have nothing left to say. I know what I believe. I know where I stand. I have struggled with the issues. When I needed someone to lean on, Jesus was there to carry me on just a little farther. I thank God for this experience. I thank God that I am only twenty-four years old. I have come this far by faith and faith will lead me on. Yes, when the sun rises on the nineteenth of May, and people are still talking, take a minute to look who's dancing. Don't bother to ask, "Who?" Just rest assured that its me. And I pray that I won't be the only one. -Lisa Gaul