



THE SEMINARIAN

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RECYCLING

Last year, Jim Haas began a project for one of his classes involving the recycling of glass and aluminum. The project caught on and became a popular expression of our ecological and environmental concern here at LTS.

Jim has since graduated and moved away, but the concern and interest in this worthwhile cause has remained. We would like to carry on this service, but we need your help. Whereas Jim did the majority of the work himself last year, we would like to make it a cooperative effort this year, so that no one person must shoulder the entire burden.

The job itself is very simple. There are boxes for recyclable materials (glass and aluminum only - not tin!) in all stairways of the LTS apartments, in Richards Hall, and in the basement of the Lark Academic Building. Every Saturday morning, between 9:00am and 12:00pm these materials must be collected; separated into clear glass, colored glass, and aluminum; and taken to the recycling center on Harrisburg pike (across from the F&M recreation and practice fields). It takes about an hour to do this. If two people help, the time is even less.

Help LTS make a stand for the conservation of our resources! Sign up on the poster by the mailboxes in Lark for the Saturdays you can help with the collection. And put all your bottles and aluminum waste in the boxes marked for that purpose.

REMEMBER- this is a COOPERATIVE effort! TOGETHER we can make it work!

Lenn Zeller

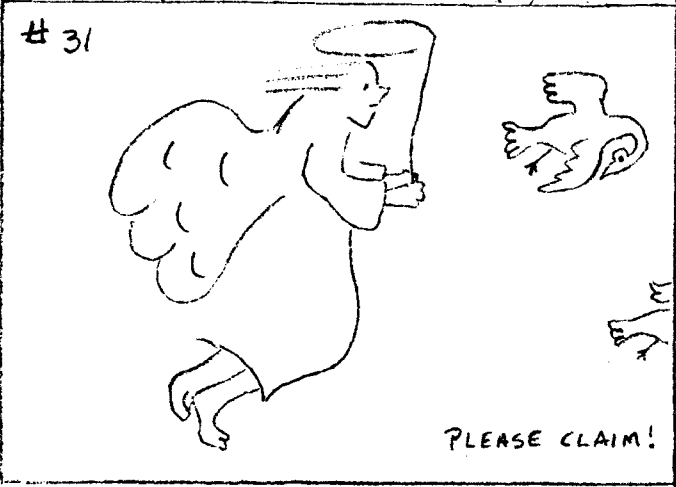
THE RETURN AND FURTHER ADVENTURES OF REV. SIDNEY SPELLING: SUPER PASTOR

The morning sun baptized my eyes open, and I arose to greet another day. It was a good morning, the temperature all of 52 degrees I had awakened later than usual, having gone back to the world of dreams upon shutting off my alarm at 4:00. It was now 7:00am and the extra hours of sleep made it unusually tough to get out of bed. Nonetheless, I moved through my normal daily routine, devouring my light weight breakfast. Today was my day off, and I planned on spending it in my library, perusing the many books for the appropriate defense of my case before the consistory.

While DR. Mindbender's analysis of the condition of my psyche was a creative attempt at helping my unnervedness of a month ago, I found it highly unsatisfactory. Ever since I had mistakenly bumped into her sign on my shaky return from the hospital, I had been attending sessions with the esteemed Psychiatrist. That is, up until last week,
(cont. Page 3)

OVERWHELMING RESPONSE TO THE CAN
YOU DRAW THIS? COMPETITION

This editor was truly touched to even suggest such a competition, yet the response was truly touching. Out of the hundreds of entries, I chose thirty-one, and although we are still waiting for the other twenty-nine, entries 30 and 31 are presented here below as examples of the comic genius yet untapped in this community. It's still not too late to act. Quickly now, dust off last week's seminarian, take it back out of the bird's cage, clean it up as best you can, and let those cartooning juices flow. I know how hesitant you all are to defile the treasured copy of the Seminarian you received last week, so I am willing to accept your entry on any piece of paper you wish to defile, your college diploma, blank checks made out to me, legal tender of any denomination, just present it to me by Monday afternoon, and I will see that it's spent, er, printed.



THE CLOWN, THE ACTOR,
AND THE NAMELESS

He was a clown-
the happy kind.
The star of the circus,
he made them laugh-
with the big floppy shoes
and a painted on smile
three sizes too big.
"It's alright," he'd say
waving his flag
"Stars and stripes forever."
But we all feared
he'd trip over his feet
or his smile,
three sizes too big.

The actor, his lines-
over-rehearsed, as if
he practiced before a mirror,
looking to steal the show,
if only we would applaud.
But the lines are old-
more so, than Shakespeare.
Absent the depth
of a real person.

The nameless,
that no one ever heard of,
Crying out, "I am!"
while others asked, "What?"
that no one recognized
not even the clown-
who, in refusing to converse
gave him a name.

The dynamic trio
wanting to run the show
while we all ask-
"Which one?", and
"Why?"

Mike Vaughan

FILLER

Oftentimes, the editor of this newspaper finds himself with ten or more lines to fill, with all of the articles contributed being of twenty lines or more. This paper needs short articles or sayings which could fill this kind of space requirement much more easily and entertainingly than the simple amblings of the editor as he sits and types out enough words to fill the page.

SYDNEY SPELLING (cont'd)

when she offered her diagnosis of my supposed mental state. According to her, I was a victim of an inflated super-ego, where-in my id and ego finally outright attacked my system. I was terribly insecure, using my beliefs and the Holy Scripture to hide my real self, and finally, that I had a crude form of masochism, known as the martyr complex.

Needless to say, I was outright appalled by her audacity to suggest such a thing and immediately quoted from Job 38:1--"Who is this that darkens my counsel with words without knowledge?" I then attempted to show her the error in her diagnosis.

It had become clear to me that I had merely cringed under the tension of the situation, and for a minute had lost faith in the Almighty. For indeed as I am so often reminded by the Divine Voice in us all, I am still Human. And the stress of a death in my own office, combined with the possibility of losing the position the Almighty himself had called me to by the twisted tongue of the now deceased Gossip (God forgive him his sins) over my secretary's inability to contain her anxiety over the copy machine's temporary disability, was enough to bring about the crucial acknowledgement once again. I am Human.

I assured her that since that event, I had repented of my sin, acknowledging once again my faith in Jesus Christ and the Triune God. This had led to a dramatic healing of my inner self.

The good Doctor cautioned me against such a rash judgement of my mental state. But by this time, I had discerned that it was not God's hand that had led me here, but that of the devil's, attempting to take advantage of my temporary weakness. Convinced of this, I thanked her for her time and concern, telling her that I was not to return unless, she herself needed counseling. I presented her with a Jesus Saves

tract and evoked the peace of God upon her while she sat totally astonished at my boldness and fullness of mind.

But then that was a week ago. Today I had other concerns. For my consistory had gotten wind of my sessions with the Dr. Mindbender, and now a new struggle was coming to be as they brought into question my fitness to minister. Once again my position was threatened. But my faith in God was indeed strengthened by the earlier crises. As I sat preparing my defense for the special consistory meeting to be held on this fine eve, I was confident in my stance. For God had indeed bestowed his blessing upon me.

Yes, that's right. Our Hero has returned this year to the pages of the Seminarian. But will he last for long? Is Sydney really as healthy as he thinks? Will the consistory boot him out? Tune in next week and see!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Thank you for the notice about the new course offering from the Theological Institute of Self-Help and Standard Operations on Excuse Formulation. It sounds like a very good idea, one that I would really like to take advantage of.

However, I am afraid that I could not start immediately as required. My wife recently lost her job due to a discriminating employer, so I am currently holding down three full time jobs to support us until she finds a new job. On top of that, I am carrying 31 credits at LTS so I can finish in December, plus the extensions I have to finish up on 12 credits from last year. Which wouldn't be so bad if I hadn't had pneumonia for the last 4 weeks and, of course, the car accident in which I broke both arms.

So I'll sign up for the course as soon as we can scrape together enough money and as soon as I have a free second to do so. Provided of course I can get an indefinite extension on it. -Lonn Zeller- (Sorry this is late- I overslept)

ODE TO THE MIDLERS & SENIORS

A lonely, confused junior was I,
until upon a senior fell my eye.
It was in the refectory this did
take place

And I saw a smile beyond his
bearded face.

"My name's Ron and this is Jeff
Dick."

"Come sit down and we'll teach you
some LTS tricks."

"Never take Payne and Webber
together," they said,

"For with that combination there's
too much to be read.

Can you shoot the bull and also
drink beer?"

"Yes" I said. "Then you'll fit
in here."

Scott, you sure make dinners
real find.

But sometimes your mouth gets so
out of line.

Sally and Andrea invited me to a
real nice party.

But oh the day after, Issure felt
sorry.

Kit told me all about negotiation,
And good old Mike recommended
toleration.

There's so many others that I
really should name,

For helping me out and keeping
me sane.

For lack of space and my poor
poetic rhyme,

I'll stop right here and not waste
any more of your time.

So here ends my ode,

So I can return to my reading load.

Thank you all for being there,

When I so desperately needed
someone to care.

Barbara L. Kershaer

IT'S PLE TIME AGAIN. Y'ALL COME

Fire up the oven, dust off the
Ekco ware, crack the recipe books
and wash off your apron. It's
Potluck time again!! The kitchen
of the LTS community will be
humming once again on Monday Oct.
13th as we kick off another fun
filled year of Pot Luck Extrava-
ganzas. For the juniors, to whom
this phenomenon is just another
occasion to utter (cont....)

a bewildered "what's this?", the
PLE is a very informal time of food
and fellowship which happens on a
monthly basis throughout the school
year. We will convene in the
refectory at 5:45. All you need
is an appetite and one of your
best culinary concoctions. The
menu (or the dish you should bring
follows this order:

A - F main dish

G - L veggies

M - R salad

S - Z dessert

If you're confused, ask an upper-
class person. Come when you can
and with what you got, and leave
when you have to.

Ron Parks

A TIME TO PRAY....

Plan to become a part of Collatio.

Meetings: Wednesday evenings at
10pm beginning Oct. 15
Tuesday afternoons at
2:45 beginning Oct 14

Where? At Father Ed's apartment
H- 104.
Spiritual Life Committee

NORT'S SPEWS

It's approaching World Series
time again, and it is about time
that this illustrious reporter
brings you his prediction for the
benefit of you who may want to
bet on a sure thing. I have
insulted my crystal ball and I
have the following prediction:

The Cleveland Indians will not
win the World Series for the first
time in a long period of time.
Sure, some of your instincts may
have been saying that the Indians
are a sure thing. Some of you
skeptics may have your doubts
regarding the integrity of this
reporter, you may say that the
Indians have just as good a chance
as any other club in the Major
league - except four. Taking all
of this skepticism into consider-
ation, however, I must stick to
my guns. The Indians will not win

Nott.