

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Our brother, James Haas, is getting tired and frustrated and, yes, even a bit angry. He has tried to be a faithful steward of our good earth and assumed that he would be supported minimally by our community in his effort.

What has he asked time and time again? First, that we save our bottles and cans so that he (alone or with a volunteer helper) can collect them from all of the apartments, Pine Street back porches and the box for the faculty/staff near Dr. Ringer's office. Second, because it is more efficient for the recycling process, that we take all labels off bottles and cans. Most come off easily, but for the more stubborn, try this handy hint: soak them in dishwater or rinsewater after you've done the dishes. This will not waste water or much energy. Those with dishwashers that drain into the sink can merely put the plug in the sink during the rinse cycles. Third, because the Lancaster center does not take "tin cans" for recycling (they do take aluminum) he has asked that the other end of the can be cut out also and the can flattened. This is something that may be done in really a very short time, promise. Finally, please rinse the cans and bottles well (better!). Jim and his "friends" don't like to think of themselves as garbagemen--meaning only cans and bottles.

Brother James has promised, and has yet to let us down, that he or his associate will pick up the recyclables each week by Saturday noon. Sometimes this may mean Friday after supper so you might want to be ready then.

Brother James gets nothing for his time, energy and money (for gas for his car) and asks only for your cooperation. Please let us give him that much and our thanks.

Sincerely,  
Jim Korpik

When I was in highschool, I was an ecology enthusiast, no fanatic. Together with a group of other concerned students and a dedicated teacher, I helped to run a collection center for recyclable glass and cans. Every Saturday, we sorted and hauled materials to the local recycling center. It was hard work and tedious, but we were dedicated to what we were doing. I was younger then and I believed in causes and believe in doing something about them. But somehow in college time seemed too precious to waste on causes (grades came first) and after graduation I had to worry about survival. I still believed in my causes, but I no longer had the time to act on them. "Faith without works is dead." Hmmm. I think everyone here believes in the principle of recycling. Jim, Jim and company have provided us the opportunity to act upon that belief. Let's do something about it. jaw

SISYPHUS REVISITED

City grass is a wondrous thing.

It sprouts and bursts from between concrete tiles, reaching  
defiantly for nourishment.

Growing where nothing has a right to grow  
Oblivious to most, unnoticed in its infancy  
Pulsing with emerald vitality and fresh familiarity.  
Living because... just because.  
And then, it is trampled and dies. Who wins?

Sentenced to sweat in a furnace of deceit, a service of servitude.  
A prisoner of prejudice, a slave of cynicism, a captive of contempt.  
A bridge of concern across an abyss of indifference, walked on and  
punished under foot.  
A helping hand from the blackness. Slapped away and spat upon.

She lays battered on my lap, torn and broken.  
Lifeless whimpers drip from tortured lips.  
Crimson tears pour from her blinking wounds.  
Eyes blackened, feet crushed, fingers snapped.  
The monstrous weight of her murderous persecutor squats motionless  
by her brow. Towering, gloating, snickering through granite teeth.  
Incredible that her delicate shoulder could have met and moved the mass.  
Inconceivable that her sinews could flex with such force and defiance  
that the stone would roll up beneath her wrists.  
Inexplicable how her tiny form slammed the giant along the incline.  
As she powered the hulk to the summit, I cried out in helpless hope.

Then the ascent ended.  
The breath leaped from her lungs  
the goliath paused.  
It was all in vain.  
She buckled under the weight and it smothered her.  
I looked away.

Why must she try again?  
Why won't she listen?  
Why won't she concede defeat? It's almost painless.  
Why don't I help her?  
Please, watch where you step.

Ron Parks

SIDNEY SPELLING  
Part IV

Rolling up my sleeves, I noticed that a tiny spring had popped from its place on the Frammitz gear (which of course connects the Zip-charge to the main Sharbuckle). Quickly I replaced the spring, then dismantled and cleaned the machine, top to bottom to insure against future spring poppage. "Honeypot," said I in my most businesslike tone, "the machine has been adequately and totally healed. Please notify the Prayer Guild that our requests have been granted, by yet another in the line of miraculous miracles here at Sunshine Church of the Golden Cross.

I strode, beaming, into my office refreshed in the light, love and leadership of the Holy Spirit, with fully half of this week's sermon having been inspired in only the first ten minutes of my truly rewarding day.

I had barely begun to exegete (having only translated three verses of the Gospel lesson, utilizing my miniscule text, sometimes even I don't refer to the uncials) when a soft tapping noise resonated from my window. Turning from my research, I saw the mother of my little sparrow friend beckoning. I opened the window and she fluttered in clutching a daisy in her petite yellow beak. Perching on my shoulder, she deftly placed the flower in my lapel and fletted away to her nestling. Uttering a soft sigh, I leaned back in my chair, allowing my unity with nature to envelop me./

Bursting into my consciousness, as my office door flew open, was the enraged countenance of Mr. Spyglass, the local gossip.

"Aha!" he accused "That lipstick on your collar matches the lipstick blot I so cleverly lifted from Ms. Honeypot's wastebasket this morning, and I saw your embrace in the parking lot!!!"

Will Sidney's spotless image take on a tainted smear? Tune in next week for the further adventures.

YMNS

While going through some of my old Sunday School lessons recently, I came upon one on hymns which I delivered about three years ago. In it are two examples of 17th century hymns, one from England, and the other from Scotland. About their authors we may say, as was said about Sternhold and Hopkins: their piety exceeded their poetry. I offer them to my fellow seminarians as a cup of cold water as they struggle in the mid-term slough of despond.

Our English author, whose name was Keach, takes as his subject the pit of Hell:

"Here meets the m now the worm that gnaws  
And plucks their vitals out;  
The pit, too, on them shuts her jaws,  
This dreadful is, no doubt."

Try that as a processional hymn some Sunday morning!

And from Scotland, this gem, whose author was obviously inspired by the story of Jonah in the whale's belly. Honah is unhappy with his surroundings and his provisions:

"Ah, me! This is an awesome place  
Without e'er coal or candle,  
Nothing but fishes tripes to eat  
And fishes tripes to handle."

Well, some people are always bellyaching.

Ernie Schaffer

# ODE TO THE POETS

I think that I shall never see,  
a poet worth reading at Lancaster Seminary.  
Their words like a comet, streak across  
the page,  
I feel I could vomit and scream out in a  
rage.

Who has ordained these spirits with the  
golden pens?  
As iniquitous harlots they belong  
in a den.  
Their minds ever-in-transit searching  
for a phrase,  
Are most similar to psycho's  
caught in a craze.

I hope that this short verse will  
bring to an end,  
Those half wit tormentors of women and men.

S M Sanders

(My dear friend, the battle has but begun)

## THE CRITIC

Narrow eyes-  
peering over thick glasses,  
short sighted ---- stuffed collar  
an empty soul.  
Scissors in hand  
to snip away lines,  
the critic-  
cuts his own nose off.

RMV

## ANNOUNCING: THE MID-AFTERNOON STUDY BREAK

The refectory staff had graciously con-  
sented to provide coffee for any weary student  
and faculty member who would like to pause  
in the middle of the day for a time of fel-  
lowship ;and relaxation. Hopefully, the  
half hour between 2:15 and 2:45 will be  
convenient for members of the community  
to gather together for a brief time of  
informality and sharing. Please feel free  
to take advantage of this opportunity for  
community.

Ron Parks

# SOFTBALL SEASON APPROACHES

The LTS softball team is now ac-  
cepting applications for coach. While  
the position is still open at this time,  
we are certain that it will be filled  
as quickly as this announcement is read.  
For the LTS team is a collection of top  
rate ball players, worthy of a champion-  
ship title. So come on, get your ap-  
plications in. And fear not, the team,  
while all underpaid, refuses to even  
thinking about striking. How's that for  
patriotic spirit. Please hurry, for  
spring training is soon to begin/

## STAFF

The staff for this issue of the SEMINARIAN  
consists of the following people:

DDdon Masonn, JJjuddy Whitte, MMMmikee  
Vvaughannn, and Tod Fenellllll.  
thankyouu.

