



# THE SEMINARIAN

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There are two pressing issues which we feel must be aired this week. The first concerns the recent appointments to the Financial Aid Committee. Horace Sills has presented the community with an exceptional idea for the best and fairest distribution of scholarship and financial aid funds. Our problem is that we fail to understand the rationale behind the selections of the students and wife members of this committee. We learned that the president of our student body was not consulted in these choices, because of a lack of time. We feel this is unfortunate and that the students should have had a say in something which will affect them so directly. We are not attacking personalities with such a statement, and we are glad to see a wife on the scene. We do resent the fact, however, that our elected officials were not consulted. Perhaps these officers of the S.C.C. would have concurred with these choices, or perhaps they would have seen fit to propose that at least one married male student be placed on the committee, but as it now stands, we'll never know. The membership list has been handed down and we must abide! Since the financial problems of a married seminarian are so much different than those of a single seminarian, we see this possibility as quite necessary.

Secondly, it has come to our attention that one of the leaders of the recent weekend confirmation retreat of eight churches on our campus was approached with a "suggestion." It was proposed to him that perhaps the young people might feel moved to raise money for the seminary, in order to furnish an apartment for visiting conference dignitaries in the future. We assume that this suggestion was made so that these students of our church might show their appreciation for the "wonderful" accommodations L.T.S. afforded them during their stay. If the seminary can't offer these services free of strings to future members, this is unfor-

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tunate. The seminary itself should refurbish an apartment for use by visitors from conference offices! The facilities these men have been given are dispicable, but it is the seminary's responsibility to improve them, not those who use our facilities as visitors with the understanding that this use is free of charge.  
-Wayne Strever

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SEE YOU NEXT SEMESTER!!!

It is with slightly mixed feelings that we are announcing that this edition of The Seminarian marks the suspension of our operations for the duration of this semester. We have the beginnings of a fine, working staff to help with the rather tedious procedure of publishing a weekly paper, and we hope that this nucleus is strong enough to last through a few weeks vacation, only to return refreshed, next semester. The staff needs the time to devote to studies, and so we ask your indulgence. Thanks one and all for cooperating and see you next year!  
HAPPY HOLIDAYS--ONE AND ALL!!!!  
-THE STAFF OF YOUR PAPER



# WHO'S WHO AT LANCASTER SEMINARY

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JOHN A. BLACKWELL



John A. Blackwell

BORN: Statesville, N.C.  
MARRIED: Sarah Gillis, Concord, N.C.  
CHILDREN: John, Jr., born 1950; Sarah, born 1951; Hyman, born 1953; Robbie, born 1956; Gennie, born 1959.  
ORDAINED: United Church of Christ, 1955.  
EDUCATION: Certificate of Graduation, Lancaster Theological Seminary, 1970.  
HONORS: Jacob Y. Deitz Foundation prize, for writing in the field of Theology, LTS, 1969.  
PROFESSIONAL CAREER: Assistant Pastor, Goodwin Baptist Church, Harrisburg, 1955-58. Pastor, Bethlehem Baptist Church, 1959-67. Migrant Chaplain, York County, Pa., 1962-66. Worker clergyman, York Caterpillar Tractor Co., 1967-69. Director of Christian Social Ministry, Lancaster County Council of Churches, 1969 -. Instructor in Black Studies, LTS, 1970-.

PROFESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: York County Council on Alcoholism and Information, Secretary of executive board, 1965-68. President of Crispus Attucks (York), 1961-63. Public relations officer for York's 225th Centennial Celebration, 1965. York County Human Relations Council, charter member, 1959. York County Ministerium, president, 1966. Week Day Religious Education Committee, chairman, 1964. Lancaster Community Council, second vice-chairman, 1971. Recipient of third prize Community Betterment Award, 1970. Dictionary of International Biography, Honorable Mention and Certificate of Merit. Vice-president, Community Council of Lancaster. Community Action Program (C.A.P.), board member. Coordinated Home Care, member of board. Planned Parenthood, board member. Cerebral Palsy Council, board member. National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse, Lancaster Board. Nigerian-American Society. Lancaster Development Corp. (Model Cities). Lancaster County Housing Development (CAP).

## PROBLEMS?

We think we have problems regarding changes here! Things are changing even more rapidly and drastically within the Roman Catholic Church. The following appeared in the St. Joseph's Church (Roman Catholic, Dallastown, Pa.) monthly newsletter:

## ODE TO PROGRESS

Latin's gone  
Peace is too  
Singin' and shoutin'  
From every pew.  
Altar's turned 'round  
Priest is too  
Commentator's yellin'  
"Page twenty-two".  
Communion Rail's gone  
Stand up straight-  
Kneeling's suddenly  
Out of Date.  
Processions are forming  
In every aisle  
Salvation's organized  
Single file.

Rosary's out  
Psalms are in  
Hardly ever hear  
A word against sin.  
Listen to the lector  
Hear how he reads  
Please stop rattlin'  
Those Rosary beads.  
Padre's lookin' puzzled  
Doesn't know his part  
Used to know the whole deal  
In Latin by heart.  
I hope all changes  
Are just about done,  
That they don't stop Bing  
Before I've won.



## WHOSE PARISH ARE WE TRAINING?

"What is the meaning of all this 'PTP' stuff?" asked a slightly frustrated and baffled Junior. I could only smile to myself, wondering if even I understood perfectly the full scope and depth of the Parish Training Program. How, I speculated silently, could I tell him about the program? I could tell him about the significant fusion of both the theoretical and the experimental; perhaps I could appeal to his sharp sense of idealistic commitment, explaining that I am trying to make my mark, as it were, on the tablet of church history; or I could boast about my sentiment that this seemed to be the absolutely best means whereby I could maintain my academic interests and still be able to steep myself in the practical environs of parish ministry.

"Well," I mused pensively, "there's no way to explain it definitively, of course, and I can hardly speak for the other four guys in the program, but I can note that there's seldom a dull moment (or for that matter, seldom time to just sit and bemoan one's business)." I paused again for an instant, wondering if I would say the right things, wondering if I could make this inquiring soul understand anything at all about my present situation or experiences. Despite my own uncertainty about many things, I reasoned, why not take the risk of putting my thoughts into words?

Carefully, I continued, "You might say that a typical day goes something like this. Mornings vary, of course, but they might entail writing thoughtful journal entries (keeping close contact with one's own intimations and insights and recording them as they surface and make themselves consciously visible). Or perhaps I might do some brief studying of a personal nature (for now I have the precious alternative not only not to study but also to study what I actually want to study; coercion is now superfluous). Maybe I would complete some planning on a Sunday school lesson or a sermon (when one faces a throng of hungry spirits

trusting that every word he utters has been personally delivered to him by God Himself, an attitude which prevails until one steps too close to their toes). And then again, I might be called upon to do some chauffeuring (for my landlady always needs something at this store or that or has a doctor's appointment). No, mornings are certainly never dull.

"But afternoons have a charm all their own. The afternoon hours might be spent running errands with my minister counterpart (for he, too, is as much cooley-laborer and secretary as pastor). Or they might be spent in making a few pastoral visits (anything, in fact, from administering the private Communion of a cadaverous, senile lady, who has now been totally bed-ridden for several years, to calling upon a certain dissident parishioner who never could remember your name and who could really care less if you would forget his address). But then, too, there may be a Collegium session (that venerable assembly of knights and squires), wherein we promptly hasten to concern ourselves for a few hours with a burning topic of interest. Indeed, we consider those vital questions that explode from a soul's depths or those experiences that roll off the lips of the seasoned veterans among us -- matters strenuous enough to numb two brains! But the afternoon is also prime time for simply chatting with one's minister counterpart (working on one's personal theology, finding out about the available members of the opposite sex in the congregation, or plotting the strategy for future skirmishes with this member or that). Thus, afternoons never find one passive either.

"But evenings are the truly splendid time of the day's events, for then the hushing of the landscape paradoxically heralds the din of junior high voices at the Youth Fellowship meeting (where one can barely keep the seventh graders quiet, the eighth grade girls from romantically fantasizing about the teacher, or the ninth graders basically interested in what's going on around them). Or, for that matter, perhaps the evening might bring the weekly Confirmation Class together (a handful of unwilling students making their



appearance at the church under routine parental duress and virtually defying one to just try to teach them anything about anything at all). Or there may be a meeting of the elders or the consistory to attend (where the sages of the church gather together to console the pastor and insure the smooth progress of his ministry), such meetings usually accompanied by the excitement of decision-making and government in the parish (through moments of pruning the membership rolls of non-active deadwood and of concluding what meat should be offered at the annual congregational dinner)."

Then my voice trailed off again as I pondered over what next to say. Was this Junior believing all that I had said (and had let unsaid as well)? "Sometimes," I began again, "it's quite frustrating and disillusioning (Parishioner: I'm afraid that I disagreed with every word in your sermon this morning!); it's always fraught with surprises (Informor: "Did you see Mrs. Murphy take out her upper plate in the middle of the scripture reading?"). Yet it is also very rewarding (Elderly Lady: "Your visits mean so very much to me!") and even deeply gratifying (Junior High Youth: "Let's meet again tomorrow night!"). In short, words hardly do justice to what we are all experiencing on this PTP year."

"But that was certainly no typical day!" retorted the quizzical and incredulous Junior.

"No," I granted readily, knowing that he could scarcely be expected to really understand my situation until he, too, dared to plunge his theological feet into the stream of PTP. With raised eyebrows, I confessed, "Perhaps you're right after all," adding with an ironic smile, "Some days we have even more to do."

- Bob Stoudt -

PERSPECTIVE . . .

THE SEMINARIAN has suggested that I be a regular contributor since I have written a few articles under the same title. They even included my name under the heading "regular contributor" in a publication in which no such article appeared. I do not know what this means because there is

little left to be said.

No one really wants change, therefore no one really wants now perspective. The idea of change was only something initiated by the S.C.C. president to fill a personal need, an empty space within himself, a personally motivated goal.

Nobody wants the ark to be rocked, for this causes discomfort. Sometimes the people inside the boat even become afraid. Therefore as was expected of Christ, so we expect of the leaders of the Church, that they keep the seas calm so that our little boat might not be destroyed by the storm.

Why are we afraid?

- Curly -

HUBIN' IT

The Christmas season is rapidly approaching. It is the time when friends and family share the joys of fellowship and community in the spirit and celebration of Christ's birth. There has been much talk about community on campus. Some fool that in order to express community we must be together "doing something". Students and faculty have been criticized for not "being there". But community is much more than just fellowship, although this is an important part of community. Community is something developed when we share something in common with one another. At LTS, that sharing is in the ministry of Christ and indeed sharing the new life God has given through Christ. I hope that as we share in fellowship with friends and family and as we celebrate the birth of Christ, we would also take time to reflect upon the idea of community. I hope also that we can find in this reflection a new meaning for community at our Seminary.

In keeping with the Christmas spirit of fellowship there will be a "Beer Bash" on Monday, December 20, at 8:00 p.m. in THE HUB. This will be the final one for 1971 and anyone who is going to be on campus is encouraged to come. A special invitation goes out to the faculty. This will be a fine time to spend an evening with students and as you enjoy a break from classroom responsibilities as we do it is hoped that you will find time to come. A donation of \$1.00 per person is asked to cover the cost.

- John Furman -

## REFLECTIONS . . .

### NOT THIS YEAR

There are many stories about what took place in 1971, but being an eyewitness, I decided to tell it like it is that you might be certain of the things you were told.

Pastor Zack, nearing retirement, was conducting the Community Lenten Service, attempting to remain emotionally detached, when an angel appeared to him. The angel said that Zack's wife, Betty, was about to become pregnant and bear a son, John. Zack countered with the following: (a) We are too old to raise a child, so find somebody else; (b) every Tom, Dick and Harry's called "John;" (c) I don't believe in angels; who are you really? Zack, making every effort to retain his composure, prayed secretly that God might strike him speechless if he ever used marijuana just prior to conducting another service.

The same mistrusted messenger was then sent to the fiancée of Joe David to bring her similar news. But Mary insisted that this was impossible as her doctor had put her on the pill for some months prior to her wedding day. After some discussion about how this had also happened to Mary's cousin, Betty, she was convinced that God had done this thing; but she cautioned Gabby, the messenger, "Don't tell Joe, for God's sake."

Betty's son was born and they gave him the name as they had been instructed, despite arguments by both paternal and maternal grandparents that the boy be named after one of the grandfathers if Betty couldn't stand the thought of naming him after his Daddy and hearing him called "Junior" for the rest of his life.

Joe, having recently moved, was "requested" by the I.R.S. to return to his home town. He was required to pay his quarterly taxes, and, being self-employed, to show that he had not exceeded wage and price guidelines for his merchandise. There was also some concern if Joe, although as yet single, could get married and his wife have a child within six days of the end of the calendar year, thus changing his number of dependents from one to three. While they were there, the baby was born

in a barn, because the Hilton Hotel was already filled with welfare recipients.

Meanwhile, within the greater metropolitan area, there were some shepherds freaking out in the hills. Some of the older ones were engaged in a colloquy on the Variations of Profession: Shepherd in Middle-Western North American Areas as Opposed to Similar Vocational Roles in Middle-Eastern Nations in the Twentieth Century.

The younger shepherds were busy trimming the Christmas tree and discussing what they wanted Santa Claus to bring them in that selfish manner characteristic of young shepherds.

Neither group was much interested in being interrupted from their significant preoccupation whether to hear good news or bad news. But along came Gabby, our hero, to tell them to turn the television on quickly or they would miss hearing the Community Chorus singing Handel's "Messiah" and an important news flash concerning the birth of a child. After reactions such as "So what?" and "Let Adam-12 check it out", the shepherds decided to investigate as the barn was not all that far from their present location.

Various other rumors, mostly unfounded, have surrounded the occurrence. Some say that three astrologers traveled quite a long distance in order that they too might witness the birth. One of them turned back, however, upon hearing of the over-crowded conditions of the hotels. It was obvious that, if they were able to accommodate Jews in nothing better than barns, a black man wouldn't even be permitted to set up a tent without somebody burning a cross in front of it.

This is the way things happened in 1971; God acted in spite of man's unwillingness to assist. There is still some mystery as to what this all means; but if He has some idea of "Peace on Earth," we must reply, "Sorry, God, not this year."

- Cliff Kelbaugh



## Reactions.....

Another advent season is upon us and the winner of the annual Theology and Culture Sarcasm Award turns to more serious thoughts....

A brother Christian is not allowed to perform a ministry in one of our own churches; war is definitely afoot in Pakistan and India: 19 bodies have been dragged from the ruins of an orphanage in Daccar for the serious crime of being non-combatants; people are rushing around in the annual mad frenzy which ruins the Christmas spirit of all the poor salespeople who have to put up with their hostility; the annual concern for the poor at Thanksgiving has died its annual death, and who knows how many poor children will know that gnawing feeling in their stomachs while they are treated to the annual show of gifts they never will receive? ITS for all of its appearance of striving toward community still faces walls of hostility and separation in the social club known as the ASW. After having reflected on all of those gifts which we have bequeathed, the knowledge that the birth of the Christ Child is needed even more than ever within these time-sanctified walls is certain. Allow me to share with you a poem written several years ago when I felt similar despair:

A Christmas Prayer  
Amidst the rumbling war-torn ruins  
A plaintive voice arises,  
A child upon his knees,  
A prayer his heart devises,  
"Lord, 'peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,' is all I ask.  
Not jets or planes, not even a mask,  
Just 'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men'."

Amen - So Be It!  
Pax Vobis Cum!

Al Johnson

## MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM.....

The following people have chosen to send their greetings for a happy holiday season to everyone in the seminary community by contributing what cards and postage might have cost them, to the Lancaster Area Retarded Children Fund. From all of them, therefore, a very merry and joyous holiday season and may the new year be a happy one!!!!!!

The Horace Silks  
The Allen Krochlers  
The Donald Englerts  
The Loyde Hartleys  
The Wayne Strevers  
The Steve Cotes  
The Steve Robertsons  
The Clarence Stumbs  
The Paul Irions  
The Bruce Walthours  
The Alan Moyers  
The Lee Gables  
Lewis Long  
The Jack Scvilles  
The Anthony Szilagyi  
The Jim Keeuhs

## THE SEMINARIAN STAFF

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