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## WELCOME BACK!

It is indeed good to see so many familiar faces around the campus once again this year. I am grateful that we all have safely returned from our summer endeavors to another year of scholarly work, community worship, and social interaction. We all have great learnings and growings to share, and I'm certain that we all are anxious to share these experiences with one another.

The purpose for this newspaper is to provide such a forum for sharing, that we all may have opportunities to share our concerns, our accomplishments, and our lives in the form of articles, prayers, poetry, humor, or any other way that thoughts and feelings can be transferred from the abstract mental process into pring.

As editor of this paper, I see my responsibility as being the compiler of this information, and I take the motto of the New York Times one step further: "All the news You want to see in print". We make no judgments here. We are at the mercy of contributors. The extent to which this paper is used is all up to you. We cannot be everywhere, especially not inside your head. As editor, I intend to spout off in this column occasionally. My insights, my attitudes, my perspectives will be expressed. This could get to be a pretty boring paper if one person, or only a few people spout off. This is your paper. Please use it.

Don Mason

## HOUSEKEEPING

As you may have already noted, our mental skills here on the Seminarian staff exceed to some extent our manual skills. WE NEED HELP! Persons are needed to help publish this fine weekly paper. No prior experience is necessary. Skills? The ability to speak and read English (or any other language), the ability to try to type. Compensation? The privilege of working with highly skilled, creative, and original artists (choose one), experience in putting out a church newsletter. Time required? 2-3 hours a week mostly on Fridays. See? Don Nason, Mike Vaughan, or Bruce Druckenmiller (or leave a note in any of their mailboxes). We're not picky! (Look who the editor is)

## THE RETURN OF NORT'S SPEWS

How about those Browns? And Tampa Bay? Ladies and Gentlemen, we are going to have some year in the NFL this year.

Since I've only got a few lines to use today, I'll be brief. Nort may have to retire. Okay, you talked me out of it. The rest of this clumn will be directed to those neglected ones here at LTS this time of year... The Juniors

Hints to Juniors on survival at LTS..

- it just seems that way sometimes.
- 2. Upperclassmen don't know any more than you do, they just fake it better.
- 3. Prioritize... keeping in mind that "everything is negotiable" and when in doubt... take an extension.

"The Semiharian" welcomes any and all contributions from students, faculty, and the lay world. Please drop it by our office (first floor library next to the audio visual room) by Friday noon. Poetry or prose, heated issues or trial sermons, jokes or anecdotes, official or personal announcements, whatever your pen can put down on paper, we can print.

I have heard in the wind several issues being batted around; a day-care center for married students with children and the seminar abroad. We encourage you to use us to voice your ideas on these issues as well as any others that may singe your imagination; from the predicted cold winter a-coming to Jimmy Carter's fading smile. We welcome your ideas with eager (though often inaccurate) fingers. Let's make it a good year for "The Seminarian".

By the way, has anyone seen our artist? We have noticed that we are missing several things. One is an artist. If anyone sees Todd around, tell him to find his pen. As well, the tray for the silk-screen ink is missing. If anyone knows where that is, we would appriciate its return.

Thanks and have a good year.

## The Poet's Corner

Fall Comes To L.T.S.

Fall comes again to L.T.S. autumn leaves, the brunette curls of a mistress

waving goodbye to her lover: the summer.

falling to the ground, ever trembling as familiar smiles, assembling feel the absence of change-

still unarranged.

Autumn wind, the pied piper of leaves and torn parking tickets. peleaved of penalty, F & M

ignores them.
Autumn storm, chouds descending thunder blending, rending communications between all-

days crawl.

The storm comes from abroad as if it were sent by God announcing the future, just rain again

no pennies in heaven

Autumn sunset, an artist's dream a collage of purples, pinkd, ambers, like ice-cream

melting into the night, leftover are the stars, the rover:

Of a baren sky.
One wonders why
Fall comes to L.T.S.