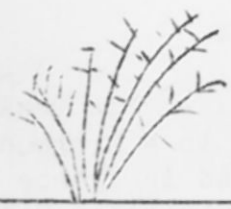


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# THE SEMINARIAN



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## INTER-SEMINARY SEMINAR UNDER WAY

The 1961-62 edition of the Inter-Seminary Seminar held its first working session at Lancaster Theological Seminary on November 3. The five other seminaries participating in the seminar are Moravian Theological Seminary at Bethlehem, Crozer Theological Seminary at Chester, and Eastern Baptist, Philadelphia Divinity School (Episcopal) and Mt. Airy - all in Philadelphia. Each seminary is represented by one professor and two students. Dr. Seltzer and seminarians John Brndjar and John Hayner are representing Mt. Airy.

As originally announced, the subject under discussion was "Christian Baptism!" Because some felt this to be a bit too restrictive, it was agreed that the study should include Christian initiation rites as well. The systematic, Biblical, historical and practical viewpoints will each be investigated.

The procedure of every session is as follows: A seminarian presents a paper of about 45 minutes in length followed by discussion of one hour or more. By the end of the seminar, meetings will be held at all 6 participating seminaries with two sessions at each meeting - one before and one following the evening meal. Titles of the topics presented thus far are: "Is Baptism a Sacrament?", "Non-Christian and Pre-Christian Parallels to Baptism", "The Meaning and Practice of Baptism in the Johannine Writings", and the "Pauline Concept of Baptism". The discussions have been provocative and fruitful but some stances taken by our evangelical brethren have been disappointing to those of us who are labeled "Sacramentarian". It would seem that they fail to take seriously the action of God involved in Christian Baptism. In all fairness, however, and with due respect, it is healthful and enlightening to become aware of the inevitable differences of emphasis which abound in the Seminar's "ecumenical community".

John Hayner

## HANGELS WITH GLASPHANTS

Ryozo Orita was born in the southern part of Japan and ordained in 1956 by the Japanese Evangelical Lutheran Church. Prior to and after his ordination he served four different parishes. He estimates that there are 15,000 Lutherans in Japan at this time.

He is here at Mt. Airy for one year of study. His prime interest is the Christian ethic and how to transfer this into the culture and thought pattern of his people. While discussing this with him it became evident that this is a tremendous problem, for the minds of East and West are not easily merged. Its scope can be clearly seen as he tells of the difficulties, in his charmingly simple and direct way, cutting straight to the heart of the problem without cumbersome doctrinal clichés.

He has a lovely wife named CHIGIKU, which means when translated, 1,000 chrysanthemums, and a son four years old named MICHIO, meaning 3,000 men. The name RYOZO means lucky or good. I believe that we are the lucky ones as we meet with Ryozo, trying to give lie to Kipling's "East is East and West is West". Let us see if we can aid him by discussing with him the way to communicate the Word who is Christ Himself, across the ocean.

Ben Thorpe

## The Editor's Math:

### EXAMINATIONS PLUS VACATION

The first quarter of this year comes to an end one week from today. Between now and then the powers of darkness will descend upon the seminary in the form of examinations. The caffeine and nicotine-filled nights begin for some on Friday, for others on Sunday. Seniors figure this quarter among the "saints in light", resting from their labors, without any exams in prescribed courses. Juniors receive a slight reprieve in (continued on p. 2., column 1.)

I give this week's column over completely to a fragment from a pamphlet published in France for the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity.

"As long as our separations do not weigh heavily on our hearts, as long as they do not awaken in us a suffering which partakes of that of Christ in the presence of sin, we make of Christian Unity but a problem, although perhaps a bit more interesting than the others. We have not yet accomplished the first step in the Mystery of the Prayer for Unity.

"We are only able truly to work and pray for the Unity of Christians when the divisions become for us a source of suffering. The first grace we must implore is that of a spiritual understanding of this distress at our divisions."

George Weckman

Examinations (continued from p. 1)

having one exam postponed until after Thanksgiving.

Confident that all--- faculty, staff, and students will be too absorbed in other work to read irrelevant material, The Seminarian will not be published during exam week. The next issue will appear on November 29th.

The Seminarian staff takes this opportunity to wish health, strength, and wisdom to all involved in the coliseum games next week, and to everyone in the community a very real Thanks-giving!

Metal clashes against metal;

Leather touches wood, then concrete,  
then wood once again;

A column of air vibrates - slowly ...  
faster... then slowly... fast again;

Wood meets wood; Flesh joins the two;

A cross takes on life;

Once more - metal meets metal;

A voice is raised;

Then ..... "O Lord, open thou my lips."

(Note: Recognize the sequence?)

Floyd Addison, Jr.

Xvxn though my typewriter is an old modxl, it works quitx wxll xxcpt for onx of thx kxys. I havx wishxd many timxs that it workxd prfxctly. It is trux that thxrx arx forty-six kxys that function wxll xnough, but just onx kxy not working makxs thx diffxrxncx.

Somxtimxs it sxxms to mx that our church is somxwhat likx my typxwritxr.. not all thx kxys working propxrlly.

You may say to yoursxlf, "Wxll, I am only onx pxrson. I won't makx or brxak thx church." But it doxs makx a grxat diffxrxncx bxcasux a church to bx xf-fxctivx nxxds thx activx participation of xvxy pxrson.

So, thx nxxt timx you think you arx only onx pxrson, and say that your xf-forts arx not nxxdx -- rxnxxbxxr my typxwritxr and say to yoursxlf, "I am a kxy pxrson of thx congrxgation and I am nxxdx vxry much".

Ewerth E. Korte  
former Chaplain,  
Gettysburg College

Psecular Psalm 104:1-5

Bless man, O my inner self!

O man, thou art very great!

Thou art clothed with all manner of synthetic materials,

who coverest thyself with neon lights,  
who has measured the heavens with a  
slide rule,

who has sunk the girders of thy stone  
buildings in the waters,

who makest thy jet planes to ride above  
the clouds,

who makest the winds to carry thy mes-  
sengers dropping bombs.

Fire and flame are thy weapons of des-  
truction and pain.

Thou didst not set the earth on its  
foundations,

but art doing thy very best to shake it.

ATHLETIC NOTE

Students are to note that the gym of the Mt. Airy Presbyterian Church will be available any afternoon except Monday from 1:30 to 5:00 for basketball. The seminary team, the "Angels" practice here but any interested students may use the facilities.

Douglas E. Werner

The Laughter of God

I stood upright before the throne,  
 my soul heavy with myself.  
 I looked at the sight before,  
 knowing of an experience marvelous.  
 And with this my self was sated,  
 and I gloried in this achievement.

I stepped confident before the seraphim,  
 their voices filled the ages,  
 Their wings echoed a mighty sound,  
 and I knew that God was nigh.  
 I said this memory shall live forever;  
 pride whispered to my heart,  
 Nor shall I let you forget,  
 and my step was more sure.

I stood before the terrible Presence,  
 my anticipation surged within.  
 There sat the Almighty  
 though veiled in obscurity, my pride  
 assured me,  
 The mystery was mine.  
 My self swelled by leaps.  
 My jubilation over-ran its brink.  
 Never again would my head be lowered.

I stepped proud once again.  
 But now it was the angel with the  
 coal.  
 For what cause come you, I asked.  
 For unclean lips, the angel said,  
 For humanness this coal is the Anchor.  
 And I said, touch me not.  
 Unto the experience need nothing else,  
 For my soul has God in its grasp.

I surged proud before God himself.  
 With no trembling nor fear.  
 Armed with the dignity of my own person,  
 Neither man nor God could penetrate.  
 I looked into the face of God,  
 And beheld my own proud self.  
 Look, look, I said,  
 God is like me.  
 I shall never need the coal,  
 For I am God.

I turned from this "God".  
 Deep satisfaction was my mood.  
 The useless coal,  
 Of what need I knew not.  
 I said, what be there to deity?  
 Is it not only the mirror enlarged?  
 A useless opiate for weak pigmies.  
 I choose the greater in myself.

From God I turned,  
 The experience thereof was assurance.  
 Within my soul there pulsates the eternal  
 And God is only myself worshipped.  
 The return to reality hence began.  
 I had seen God,  
 And in seeing had looked into my own  
 depths.

Suddenly there was a great sound.  
 It filled my ears with a deafening  
 tone.  
 With utter terror it pealed forth.  
 A place to hide was my only pursuit,  
 But no doors could rend this noise from  
 my heart.  
 It mocked my effort to avoid its  
 thunder.  
 My soul grew afright, the onslaught  
 was nigh.  
 But there was no release.  
 A dreadful silence of the shadows re-  
 mained.  
 And the quiet too threatening, the  
 anxiety too awful  
 Sent my feet to wings, my thoughts to  
 flight

Whereto I went or when I stopped was  
 memory gone.  
 Only when my spirit ached with the  
 flight,  
 Did a frightened soul halt.  
 Never before had such fear shaken  
 being.  
 Never again would my heart shirk from  
 such a sound.  
 Its condemning tone had brought the  
 giant in me to its demise.  
 Its mocking truth had so enlarged the  
 pigmy  
 That I wept until an ocean had poured  
 forth,  
 The water of which would not put out  
 the fear.  
 Truth had spoken the word that had  
 felled the self.  
 The laughter of God had reversed my pride  
 The mirror stood as a mockery.

Then the memory of the coal stirred with  
 The words of the angel spoke again.  
 For unclean lips, the angel said,  
 For humanness this coal is the Anchor.  
 And my heart craved the coal,  
 From the darkest Shell the shadows flew,  
 And I knew that God had not been  
 assaulted,  
 But only the vainfull pigmy within.