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the SEMINARIAN

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Our first page of this week's issue carries the Greetings of the entire faculty and staff of the Seminary. We have been trying to get some of the faculty to write for the Seminarian and at long last we've done it. We believe that this is an historical document. Nowhere can one find all the signatures of the faculty and staff on one sheet. Despite these "firsts" we believe that it is a unique way of presenting the greetings.

The Seminarian staff would also like to add their greetings. At a decision of the editorial board the Seminarian will not be published any more this year. We wish to thank all who contributed. Your writing and vocal contributions have helped make this an interesting paper.

About policy: At the request of Jerome (and we do know his name) we will keep his identity secret. He states his case in this week's article.

Richard Hadfield has contributed a Christmas Meditation paraphrased on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. George Weckman gave us a unique contribution - it's down-to-earth and provokes unthought of thoughts.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT.

Anon.

here I am with gawking shepherds in a stinking stable with a wife and child that really ~~are~~ mine.

"No, Mary isn't mine! She gets that far-away look so frequently. Sometimes it seems like she has been possessed but I can't tell anybody about it or they might start asking questions and we'd all be embarrassed. She is such a graceful girl - that's why I asked for her. I thought, what a wonderful way I'll close my days with such a beauty to serve me and care for me. But now it seems I'm more her lacky than she is mine.

"Carpenters must have heads like their material. I suppose I should have stuck to making mousetraps and tables and crosses. I should have known that marriage was for younger men - what would I care about Mary's adultery if I hadn't... O I know, the Lord has done it, not a man; that's what the angel said. But really, how gullible does he think I am... Joe face up to it, if you weren't such a coward you wouldn't stay here a second. But Mary does need someone to help... and I don't suppose she will do it again, so....

"Well, at least we can have some mutton for supper tonight."

George Weckman

COMMENTARIES OF JEROME

There has been some discussion throughout the past week concerning my identity, and there may be even a letter in this paper commenting on my previous article and wondering why I have not chosen to reveal my name. It is not because I am fearful of any personal retribution. However, I feel that knowledge of my identity would serve, at best, only to cloud the issue rather than to me. I realize that while I wish to main- (Continued on Page 4)

FOOTNOTES

"How did I get into this mess? All I wanted was a young wife to care for me in my old age, and now I have a freak on my hands (I think). Yes... I guess that angel was an angel and not a demon that told me to marry her even though she was pregnant... but then again "Well no matter now; I've been my usual trusting, foolish self and so

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1962

Nineteen hundred, three score and seven years ago our Father brought forth on this earth a new Messiah, conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of a virgin, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal in His sight.

Now we are engaged in a great continuing struggle, testing whether that Messiah, or any Messiah, so conceived and so dedicated, will overcome the sinful ways of men and bring them back to God; testing whether that Messiah and his significance to us can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that struggle. We have come to this church this evening to rededicate ourselves to the principles by which and of which that Messiah lived and spoke; to rededicate our hearts as a first and final resting place for Him who gave his life, that the world might have life, and have it more abundantly. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate - we cannot consecrate - we cannot hallow - this day. The Son of God, crucified and yet living still, who struggled here, has consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what Christ did here. It is for us as we live, rather, to be dedicated here anew to the unfinished work which God has thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us - that from this humble birth we take increased devotion to the cause for which He gave the last full measure of devotion - that we here highly resolve that the Messiah did not live and die and rise in vain - that this Word of God shall have a new birth in our hearts this Christmas, and that Messiah, of God, by God, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. Amen.

Richard L. Hadfield

tain this column as impersonal as possible in order that any rebuttals, agreements, or comments of any nature may be addressed to the issues rather than to me. I realize that while I wish to maintain an impersonal tone in this column, I have already made reference to specific people or groups of people. This was done because I feel that it is impossible to comment adequately on the problems of our community without reference to the people involved. So, I will continue in my pseudonymity until such time as it may seem expedient to reveal my name.

Now, I wish to thank, publicly, the Reverend Seminarian Peter Olsen for the reminder in his sermon last week on the foibles of pettiness, for I realize that many of the discussions in these commentaries will seem picayune and petty, for they will often concentrate on small points. But is it not true that small problems are often only the symptoms of larger underlying faults, and that perhaps the only way we can reach the internal faults is through the external manifestations of them?

I have been wondering: who is going to be next in the recent fad of room-mate changing?

Why is it, in a religiously-oriented community such as this (it is a religiously-oriented community, is it not?) that attendance at the services in chapel is so poor? Take, for example, last Tuesday, the eleventh of December: Why were there only thirty-three people in chapel that day? Could it have been because the Juniors were having a test that day and were therefore in desperate need of an extra half-hour of study? If so, why were half of the students in attendance Juniors? And what has happened to the choir? Is it modestly afraid of receiving too much attention if it sits in the choir loft, or is it that the members do not worship any more either?

Finally, I would just like to ask what the emphasis will be in your life this Christmas season: are you looking for Santa Claus, or are you burning blue votive candles to celebrate? I wish each of you: Mery Xmas, or, Mary christmas, or a Blessed Christ-mass.

JEROME.