

LETTER FROM LEBANON

(The following letter comes from Pete Schumacher. Pete, together with Henry Johnson and Al Roberts, is teaching at the Schneller School in Lebanon.

To the Student Body:

For one who is accustomed to the dazzling display of autumnal color and showers of falling leaves in upstate New York, Fall comes late to the Bekaa Valley. Here in the northern reaches of the great Jordan rift, here in a Valley which is really a collapsed plateau, there are continuing warm skies and the land preserves the appearance of lush fecundity. The Valley is green with groves of soft olive trees and stumpy, pruned fig trees. Poplars, straight as sailmasts, stand by ones and twos, their green and white leaves fluttering like tinsel in a fresh breeze. Fields are still filled with corn, tomatoes, and egg plants, and are bordered by silver irrigation troughs. Nevertheless, Fall has slowly and almost imperceptibly arrived: some poplars have turned bright yellow; some fields the color of ochre and oxblood lie fallow under the early November sun; Arab peasants no longer toss chaff and wheat into the wind--golden flecks of wheat--yellow bursts against the steel grey mountains and bleached white village of Kherbet; now blackening mounds of chaff mix with the pale stubble of the wheat fields. The harvest is in and Fall has arrived.

I flew by Caravel from Athens to Beirut, over the ink-blue Aegean and folded mountains of Cypress, on September 23. We swept low over the crescent of Mediterranean coastline south of Beirut and touched down nicely on the runway. Customs inspection in Europe had been no more than perfunctory. So, also, the Lebanese customs officials glanced at my baggage, smiled when he saw that Kherbet Kanafar was my destination--the universal condescending smile of city people for those provincials from the country-- and waved me through. Henry and one of the staff from the School were waiting for me; together we rode back to the Bekaa.

To reach the Bekaa Valley from Beirut one must first cross the Lebanese mountains, an imposing series of swiftly rising slopes following no logic except that of water and erosion and the deeper heavings of the earth. These mountains average 2000 meters (6000 feet) above sea level. A narrow gauge, single track railroad follows the road over the mountains, and winds tortuously up, over, sometimes through, the grey dinosaur backed mountains. We crossed the mountains during a blinding, jackhammering hail and rainstorm. I half wished I were back in the Caravel flying at 33,000 feet than in our Opel, which was swerving down the mountainside past one accident after another, with apologetic Arabs wildly arguing in the hail and rain; and then there was the long slide down the rear slope into the morass of the Valley, until we floated to a halt at the School.

That night after a brief introduction to Dr. Schneller, I flopped gratefully, if gracelessly, into bed. The next morning I expected to wake to a continuation of the torrential rain. Instead, the sun rose, silent and golden behind the Anti-Lebanese Mountains to the east; it painted the morning clouds delicate pastel shades of pink, copper, lavender, blue; the gauze-like mist in the Valley began to dissipate, revealing flocks of shaggy brown sheep shepherded by sun-cauterized Bedouins; and shadows shortened across the land. The day began to grow hot; then almost suffocating in the oven heat. And yet, outside my room, longsuffering Arab workmen chipped laboriously at rough limestone blocks for the new buildings of

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the School. Wrapped to the chin in wool-en clothing, sitting crosslegged amid piles of stone chips, in the dubious shade of wooden leantos, these men worked from 5AM to 4PM--chipping away metronomically.

Henry, Al, and I are all teaching classes at the School. Henry has a crowded schedule of English classes; Al teaches geometry and chemistry; I have a reduced program because I am also a "Bruder." A Bruder is like a proctor. He is in charge of all the boys, which are grouped into Families. I supervise, administer, discipline, cheerlead, or what you will, Family 4. There are 58 boys in this one Family. Some are apprentices, who work in the various shops or on the School farm; the others are students who attend class regularly six days a week. Many of the boys are "Palestinians," That is, they are Arabs, but formerly lived south of Lebanon, in Palestine, until they were displaced by the Jewish takeover. These boys became refugees; they were shuttled off, obligingly enough, by British lorries across the Gaza Strip, or east to Jordan, or north to Syria and Lebanon. Sometimes they took with them few possessions; sometimes they left behind a dead parent. When they come to the School, all the boys need disinfecting and strong baths, as there is an incredible confusion of smells among them. At first we had to ration out the water; the mountain springs had reached a low level; near drought conditions existed. Now, with the springs replenished by recent rains, we can afford to shower the boys twice a week. The smells have reached a tolerable level.

One soon becomes alert to the reality of poverty and how prized are commodities we take for granted. My boys count themselves fortunate if they own a good toothbrush; they prize clean socks and value unpatched trousers; they consider themselves independently wealthy when they possess a decent pair of shoes. Because they have been deprived, and even though they are far better off in the School than out begging, they like to hoard things. Hoarding is the ally of deprivation. But I try to distribute clothes from our supply room as fairly

as can be arranged; for I am also Quartermaster, and parcel out dreary cordoroy trousers, fourth-hand shirts, overcoats looking like vestigial garments from Dacheau. I have been shocked out of my sensibilities by the lack of style, by the indiscriminate handouts of worn clothing; but, after all, it is much better than the alternative that they face: nothing. And if the boys look like inmates, the School provides well for them, and the boys themselves have a good sense of humor.

I will write more shortly. I hope to send you pictures of the School and some of the children. Some of the teachers and German staff are planning a trip to Jerusalem and Bethlehem at Christmas. I will report on that trip, if our plans work out.

Henry and Al send their best regards. We would be happy to hear from you. God reward your studies this year.

Sincerely,
Pete Schumacher

(Ed. Note: Next week our man in the Middle East will report some impression and reactions to our Commentary on Civil Rights).

You may write to Pete, Henry, and Al in care of the Schneller School, Kherbet Kanafar, Lebanon.)

COMMENTARY ON CIVIL RIGHTS

... The President is dead...
"You shall not hate your brother in your heart, but you shall reason with your neighbor, lest you bear sin because of him. You shall not take vengeance or bear any grudge against the sons of your own people. but you shall love your neighbor as yourself: I am the LORD." Lev. 19: 17-18

"You have heard that it was said to the men of old, 'You shall not kill; and whoever kills is liable to judgment; but I say to you that every one who is angry with his brother shall be liable to judgment; whoever insults his brother shall be liable to the council, and whoever ever says, 'You fool!' shall be liable to the hell of fire." Matt 5:21-22

"Now after John was arrested, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of God, and saying, 'the time is fulfilled,

(con't. p. 3)

S.R.O. FOR ANTIGONE

Let's make it S.R.O. when the Mt. Airy Players make their debut next week-- Tuesday and Thursday, December 10 and 12 , at 8:00 PM in the Chapel.

As "chancel drama"---a play presented in the nave of a church---this production represents an experimental attempt. This is the first time anywhere that Jean Anouilh's modern drama, Antigone, has been given in a church.

Please write friends, neighbors, church-members, young people and invite them to what promises to be a most entertaining and provocative presentation.

Program notes by Dr. Lazareth will probe the theological implications of this contemporary work.

Anyone wishing to have this play presented at his church please see Mel Hammer, Bill Weiser, or yours truly. Ron Bohr

Commentary... and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent, and believe in the gospel." Mark 1:14-15

Gentlemen, it seems to me that it is high time that we stop pussyfooting through the revolution that is at hand. If God has a word for this age, and indeed he has, then it is time that we speak that Word. By this I mean that it is time we speak God's unique Word--the call to repentance and the promise of forgiveness. It is time that this Word replaces the second-rate moral persuasion which pretends that "urging" Christians to love "niggers" is an authentic statement of God's Word.

R. Grove

WIVES' CLUB

What is the role of the minister's wife when that minister is engaged in 1)parish work?2)administrative duties? 3)education? These were the three facets of the basic question, "what is the role of the minister's wife?", discussed by a panel of three at the December 2 meeting of the Student Wives' Club held at the home of Mrs. Bornemann. The members of the panel, representing these three areas, were Mrs. Donald Doll, wife of the pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Ardmore, Mrs. Samuel Kidd, wife of the President of the Eastern Penna. Synod, and Mrs. John Reumann, wife of the New Testament Professor here at the Seminary.

The wife of a minister finds herself in a role very different from that of a wife in any other profession. Her husband is involved in his work to a

CHRISTMAS DANCE- DEC. 13

How long has it been since you've taken your favorite gal dancing? Well, don't wait any longer. Bring her to the Christmas Dance on Friday, December 13. You will dance from 8:30 PM til ???... to the music of a live band. The admission is only \$1 per couple.

Come to the dance on Dec. 13 at 8:30 in the basement of Ascension Church. See you there!?! The Wives' Club

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far greater degree and in a way much different than men of other occupations. Hours are irregular, and often there are only snatches of time when the husband and wife can get together. In a parish a wife must learn to face evenings alone, calls at night, unexpected visits from members of the congregation. At the same time, she must learn to share in her husband's work, listening to his confidences, understanding when he doesn't tell other confidences, helping with church activities, meeting and knowing the parishioners, but, above all, being a wife.

The wives of ministers in administration and education face many of the problems and joys of a parish minister's wife, but not quite to the same degree. There is not so much of the "fish bowl" quality to their lives as there is in a congregation where some will watch her every move, whether in curiosity, criticism, concern, or love. Also, there is not so much of the need for sharing of con-

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fidences or the giving of advice. In the case of administration, the wife finds herself farther away than if he were visiting members of his own parish. But at the same time she gets a chance for experiences she might never have had other wise, as she travels with her husband. In education, the wife finds herself in an academic atmosphere, and instead of a congregation to face, there are students and faculty members.

These are but a few of the aspects of the wife's role discussed by the panel. That their discussion provoked lively interest among the wives in the community was indicated by the enthusiastic response and numerous questions asked of the panel at the close of the presentation.

Carol L. Weisser

"The 91st Day"

A recent special program on channel 12 dramatized a part of life which our world has neatly tucked out of sight, the world of the mental patient. The mental patient lives in a world of his own because our world has somehow convinced him he has no chance in our society.

"The 91st Day" presented the clinical record of the mental breakdown of a high school music teacher who was afraid to seek the fulfillment of his ambition to audition for Arturo Toscanini and be accepted as a flutist in the great conductor's orchestra. In highly personalized scenes from his own every day life, the teacher, Patrick O'Neal, realizes but is powerless to break the trend leading to his breakdown. When he receives the news that the Maestro is dead he feebly pretends that it isn't so. But in finally accepting the truth of this news his own disintegration begins. It is complete when he has alienated himself within his own room, locking out his wife and loved ones, while he on the inside smashes the room to bits.

After a pitiful court-sanity scene he is committed for 90 days of intensive care to a distant mental hospital because there are no treatment centers nearby. (All during the hearing the teacher's continuous insistence that he is well is cited to him as the extent of his sickness)...The wife and son visit regularly (visits upset the mother too much and anyhow her boy was OK until he got married). The psychiatrist, the social workers, the attendants, the director - everyone points out that there is great hope for improvement during the ninety days of intensive care. The teacher-patient is assigned to a doctor with 20 patients. However, he does not respond to treatment of drugs and visits by the doctor in this time.

Despite the pleas of the wife to the director, the 91st day comes and he is transferred to wards with more regressed patients and fewer doctors. After many such transfers he is completely withdrawn into his own world shared by 174 other patients, one doctor and a few attendants. Once a year the doctor will spend 15 - 20 minutes and urge him to pour out his heart. ...An interested attendant keeps trying to reach him, he speaks of a new hospital in the state with small units where the regressed patients will get 90 or more days of intensive care all over again, meanwhile the attendant asks the patient, "Hold on!"

The final scene is quite dramatic and disturbing. Through all these years the wife has supported herself and the family, taken a waitress job, consistently tried to visit despite the great distances, and has continually fought for attention and better fare for her husband. In the last scene she is in the office of the state senator. The wife describes the tragic life apart from each other, seeing her husband sent down wards more helpless than the one before, knowing that the love she has for her husband doesn't help, but yet the feeling of loving him nevertheless remains. She pleads for more help from the senator. The senator is sympathetic but explains how the law permits only 90 days of intensive care and after that

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limited funds only permit custodial care. He tries to comfort her with the realization that people write about taxes, appointments, roads, rivers, but he seldom gets a letter about better mental hospitals. He calls her to the window opened to the outside everyday world. With his finger he points to the people scurrying about. "See then," this civil servant says, "when they understand they are the light of the world. The problem is, how do we turn them into the salt of the world?" -Karl A. Schneider
(Ed. Note: More observations will be continued next week. Also next week we will include an article dealing with the chaplain as he is seen from the mental patient's point of view.)

KIRKRIDGE RETREAT

This past Thanksgiving evening 24 seminarians from schools all over the North East met at the Kirkridge Retreat Center to discuss new forms of the ministry. The so-called "Square Peg Retreat" has been an annual event lasting from Thurs. at 7:00 P.M. to Sat. at 1:00 P.M.

Kirkridge, located just north of Bangor, Pa., was started in 1942 by a group made up of several Protestant denominations who sought to integrate "social radicals" with "devotional radicals" in an attempt to check each and make each aware of the values of the other. By means of work retreats, keeping and reporting on an agreed "rule" consisting of daily devotion, reading of a scripture lectionary, social action, frequent retreat, silences, etc., this Center serves 1500 persons yearly. It is patterned after many similar locations throughout the world such as the Iona Community (Scotland), Taize (France), and Kerk en Wereld (Holland).

The men who assembled here advocated extremes from staying within the structure of the organized church to those who would damn it as a useless entity and work outside of it. Some of the suggested ministries they have chosen would be of interest to this

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community. May I list a few:

1. Formation of a semi-monastic community in an urban area with an eye toward a devotional life and community service.
2. Establishment of a devotional community in the urban areas on the emerging African nations.
3. Mission to Australia which is beginning to see itself as the key to SE Asia rather than a Western nation (this country has an absolute color line on immigration).
4. Contemporary evangelism in the city including a legitimate form of street preaching.
5. Spiritual healing (in its legitimate form this is the same thing we mean by intercessional prayer).
6. Mission to the Las Vegas "Strip" with an emphasis on the marriage problem and a congregation filled with gamblers, pimps, and prostitutes.
7. Mission to "Suburbia" (there are still a few Christians there, too).

These ministries are quite apart from the special ministries of teaching and urban parishes which are not too unusual today.

-Conrad W. Weiser
(Ed. Note: A report of this year's conference will appear next week.)

REPORT FROM THE RELIGION AND LABOR CONFERENCE

The purpose of this article is to set forth in a summary fashion some of the key issues reported on and discussed at the Religion and Labor Conference (Nov. 19, New York City, in conjunction with the AFL*CIO Convention). In doing so, I quote freely and extensively from Jacob Clayman, Frank Fernback, Father Fox, A. Philip Randolph, and Walter Reuther.

In recent years there has been a tremendous growth in the physical sciences, but not in the human and social sciences. To meet the problems that have arisen from this gap, the two areas must be closely related: the progress of science and technology must serve the needs of the total community. We must ask ourselves: what is the central purpose of a free society? Is it not more than material goods? In the light of these problems, the labor union (p.6)

must see themselves in a social role, and not just a material role.

AUTOMATION&UNEMPLOYMENT: 1,350,000 new people enter the labor market each year. A manufacturer reports that 40,000 more young people look for jobs each week. (And 14 million married women are working) As a result: 1) we have a waste of human resources; 2) anxiety and economic insecurity is brought to those whose jobs are threatened; 3) unemployment leads to unemployability. Production, profits, and the total number of workers are the highest ever, but each new peak of prosperity leads to a higher rate of unemployment.

POVERTY: It is an illusion to think that the American people live in affluence. The problem is not riches, but how they are to be related to human needs. It is a problem of distributing the benefits of production among all the people. A family of four today needs a yearly income of at least \$6100. But 25 % of such families have incomes of less than \$4000. And 30 million people are either in families that earn less than \$3000 or single earnings less than \$2000. And the proposed tax cut will not affect the people that need it the most. It would be better to raise the minimum wage (to \$2) and to apply this minimum wage policy to more people.

LEGISLATION: Labor unions feel that greater emphasis must be put upon legislation. The problem of automation cannot be met at the bargaining table. Unmet social needs must find their answer in the political sphere. A gigantic investment is needed in schools, hospitals, recreation facilities, water supplies, sewerage, mass transport, health facilities, job retaining, etc. The stigma on public planning must be removed. For one thing, the democracies in Europe have it (without becoming Communist in the process!). Second, as the industry plans for profit, so the public must plan for people. We must do collectively in government what we cannot do individually. Instead of a second and third TV, perhaps it would be better if government took this money and, for example, gave the kids a place to play. Furthermore, the cost as well as the benefits of progress must be shared. Not all areas are to be legislated, but many moral

areas are not helped or are hindered by the process...

MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS: CIVIL RIGHTS COMMUNISM offers economic security--but at the expense of political and spiritual bondage. The RIGHT WING offers the program of repealing the 20th century. HOFFA has taken on the standards of 'how much' rather than tackling the problem of 'how'.

Dick Sieling

SPORTS*****Paul Payerchin

BASKETBALL: The Mt. Airy Angels will play the "Hawaiian Eyes" in the Water-tower League this evening at 8:30. The Angels hope to bounce back on the winning track after an opening game loss to the Rod and Reel Club by the score of 100-64. The team is asked to meet at Main Dorn at 7:45.

FOOTBALL: The Angels will play their last game of the season against Westminster at the Westminster field on Saturday morning at 10:30. The last meeting between these two powers saw the Angels emerge victorious by the score of 37-14.

BOWLING: The Bowling League will start next Monday night, December 9, at 7PM at the Green Tree Bowling Lanes. At this time teams will be organized and rules will be discussed. Captains will also be chosen and a few games will be rolled. Members of the Wives' Club and Faculty are asked by League Chairman, John Slingerland, to feel free to come and bowl in the league. Wives will play under a handicap. "Husbands bring y ur wives; wives bring your husbands."

Beat the Experts: Lack of space prevents the inclusion of this popular column in this weeks issue. However, the poll was taken and will be tabulated for next week. As of today, we are happy to report that the Seminarian, following a terrific rally, leads the experts with a score of 49-30-3.

Dates to Remember: Christmas Dance-Dec. 13; Antigone, Dec. 10&12; Advent Vespers, Thursday, December 19.