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TO THE EDITOR:

On Tuesday evening, February 25, a special meeting of the student body was convened to discuss instances of discrimination against seminary students and to consider possible action. Many students are satisfied with the results of that meeting. This writer is dissatisfied and disappointed with the action taken. This writer disapproves of the way in which the meeting was run, and, is disgusted with the side-stepping of responsibility by the student body.

The chairman's genius for running an orderly and efficient meeting is certainly admirable. But, I ask, is this the time when order and efficiency are the mark of squarely facing the disorder and raw humanness of the issue? Let their import and pathos not be humanized, but let what happened to Mr. Redgrave and what may happen to Matthew Manuya are only obscure footnotes to the great tragedy.

Let James Baldwin speak for me: "But anyway, it is not a question now of accusing the white american of crimes against the Negro. It is too late for that. Besides, it is irrelevant. Injustice, murder, the shedding of blood, unhappily, are commonplace. These things happen all the time and everywhere. There is always a reason for it. People will always give themselves reasons for it. What I'm much more concerned about is what white americans have done to themselves; what has been done to me is irrelevant simply because there is nothing more you can do to me. But, in doing it, you've done something to yourself. In evading my humanity, you have done something to your own humanity."

On Wednesday morning the apologists cried, "But, it is an important first step!" First steps were overdue before you and I were born, my friends. ("How many years can some people exist, before they are allowed to be free?....How many ears must one man have, before he can hear people cry?")

The inexact intent of the proposal in its final form lends itself to varied interpretation, the least of which is, "see we've done something". There was confusion even among its authors -- one contending the intent was a sanction against discriminating landlords, another asserting that really isn't what we're attempting. Who is honor bound by this thing, to do anything? A handful of married students, most of whom would have done so anyway. An impersonal housing commission whose real contribution will be to see to it that none of our brethren get offended. In itself it is noble. But let us stop looking at the world through a pea-shooter. What we did Tuesday night in terms of the whole racial situation was like trying to play "The Rite of Spring" on a gazoo. If we propose to act as a student body, let us do so seriously. Let the student body consider acting through the local community organizations (e.g., The West Oak Lane Community Organization or The West Mt. Airy Neighbors) which are already acting effectively on these issues. Let the student body consider bringing the issue before the local politicians, pressing them to act responsibly. Let the student body consider confronting the local churches with the challenge to join in an effort to bring about fair housing policies in Mt. Airy. Let the student body consider supporting the Pennsylvania Human Relations Commission. Let us step into the mainstream, instead of dawdling in a backwater. What was done last Tuesday night was necessary, but to leave it there is hypocrisy. (cont page 6)

STUDENT WIVES' CLUB MEETING, MONDAY MARCH 9, 7:30 p.m., ROOM 1, HAGEN HALL
All members are urged to attend to consider the student body proposals on housing

Peter W. Schumacher

Dec. 23. There were four of us, two Germans and two Americans, travelling together to Bethlehem. John Kaufmann - no relation to the seminary's registrar - is the young gardener at the Schneller School. Well-built, crew-cut, friendly, John is the son of German missionaries to China before World War II. The other German, Helmut Ruch, was the oldest person in our small group; he is a veteran, having fought in the German army during the last "Weltkrieg", even-tempered, affable, strongly good-looking. Helmut is the school's indispensable engineer-at-large, who runs down to our powerhouse to repair our ailing, aged, generators whenever they fail, thereby plunging the school into absolute darkness. Henry Johnson and myself were the two Americans. In the early morning twilight, as the dawn began to color pink the scalloped clouds over the Bekaa, we were up and outside the school gate waiting for the bus to Damascus. Predictably enough, it was late. The bus was a cushionless, springless affair; we lurched and bounced like a buoy in a hurricane through numerous white limestone villages, occasionally stopping to pick up passengers or to store crates of chickens and boxes of goods on the roof of the bus. The passengers ranged in appearance from well-dressed sedate and dignified Bedouins to gnarled old women, with rows of gold teeth, and printed cotton underwear stuck in short brown hose, and attractive, almond-eyed Arab girls guarded by watchful matrons - their mothers. We were delayed at the border between Lebanon and Syria on account of our driver's reputation as an habitual smuggler. What he smuggles is not of strategic importance to Syria; in fact, it seems like an innocuous kind of contraband, but contraband it is: chocolates. It is forbidden to bring more than one box of chocolates per passenger into Syria, yet some men make a lucrative racket out of smuggling in more than permitted. After a check of our baggage and the interminable frustrations of a host of petty officials, by late morning we arrived in Damascus and hired a car to drive us to Amman, Jordan. We crossed the Syrian desert in an American-made car; we drove on a two-lane black tar road, with the mute boundriless desert on our left and the towering, immense solemnity of snow-softened Mt. Hermon on our right. We passed huddled Arab villages made out of the ash-gray stone that litters the desert floor like a lunar landscape, with already old young girls attired in the common black garments of the Bedouin women, looking like pale, weeped-out, hollow mourners at a wake. Slender white minarets stood up in stark contrast to the drably forlorn villages clumped together on the bottom of this dry granulated sea. Donkeys nosed furtively at the sparse growth alongside the road, and mile followed mile, as the road arched south towards Jordan. It took about four hours for us to reach Amman. There we transferred to another car, which was driven by an ancient Arab, who looked as though he and his battered, clattering car were molded together and had been running the shuttle from Amman to Bethlehem from before the Exodus. The roads in Jordan were much better than in Syria; we made good time, although we had some anxiety whether our venerable driver and his dilapidated alter ego would both survive the trip. As compensation, however, we had the precipitous hill country of Trans-Jordan, the eroded torn hill-sides, deeply cut open by weathering, glowing soft red and purple in the fading daylight. We descended now into the Jordan Valley, more than one-thousand feet below sea-level; the road voluted ever deeper into the darkening valley; it was night. High above us, in the western hills, we could see the faint lights of Jerusalem, as though it were suspended above time in space; a fixed constellation. As we crossed the thin purling waters of the Jordan, here are some of the thoughts that came to me: I asked God to reward this experience; that in an age of cynicism we would not be made more cynical by the eyesores of religion commercialized in thousands of shops selling thousands of olive wood crosses and peddling piety in artifacts stamped holy because made in "The Holy Land." For, I had heard, here faith was pros- tituted on an unprecedented scale. I thought Bultmann and Kierkegaard, if I could consider them together, had something when they underscored faith does not devolve from the contingencies of geography and history; (continued page)

Greenwich Village, Negro folk singer, a la Dick Gregory... "The tiger is licking his fangs, the tiger is no longer content to lie with the lamb"... well after midnight... try to find tenement address in 161st. St... walking with Rick Honecker, then real feeling someone close behind... striding step by step... voice of Negro man... "Hey, he looks like a nice white boy!"... Rick in German, "Don't worry, keep calm, if he wants your coat, wallet, whatever, give it to him... You can't take this stuff with you to the grave... He may be a dope addict, desperate person, don't worry... Your Lord has died for you"... still step by step... nice existential talk, afraid... then man following fades away... finally the right block... dark open cellar entrances... trash; rubbish, trash... garbage... arrived at right address number... mail boxes open... some 500 people live in these five floors... filthy urine steps... ever scrubbed down?... every landing a window smashed... casements hanging... looked out window; garbage and trash hanging on every step of emergency fire-escape... 5th floor... our floor?... door open, 1:30 AM, little barefoot Negro boy walks out and plays in hall... mother ironing, gets kid... expected friend not in, note on door to come to a party... 103rd St... more tough characters, about five move en masse toward us... arrived at party, real swinging music... 3:00 AM, back to 161st. St... neighbor woman still up ironing... night--day, no living reason to divide time... two other doors open, kids playing and running around... friend tells me 20 illegitimate children on this floor, all from four doors... not one man is in residence... neighbor woman is pregnant again, besides having six little ones already... inside apartment, umbrella pokes wall, eight cockroaches spring out in all directions... bathroom, sit on stool, sides of my body hit wall, meditation on variety of bugs in old tub... no sink in bathroom... open rat hole in baseboard... "We killed a 15 inch rat last month!"... only sink in apartment a little well job in kitchen... once in a while an occasional cockroach runs over table where bread is... bedded down in sleeping bag atop couch; trip to bathroom, keep shoes on, possibility of rats... bars on windows to prevent desperates from breaking in through fire escape... about to sleep... anticipation of Communion service at Ascension Church in Parish... loud thuds in the night, garbage being tossed out windows to street or yard... where can they put it? no facilities of house...

Get up, brekfasted at occasionally cockroached table... off to church... thank God for daylight... blocks of tenements, 30,000 to one block... admired new public high-risers... same people but with garbage disposers, no rats, same problems... 70% of nation's dope addicts live in this five block area... dope addicts need up to \$100.00 a day... arrived at Ascension, preparatory service with staff at 8:45 AM... semi-circle around table... two candles, chalice and long bread dish... Bill Webber, sermon, Rev. 13--the Beast... St. Ann School... 200 kids; wild, exciting, postermaking School Boycott signs... church working with CORE! (?)... why the boycott?... East Harlem schools average class 60, some 60 plus, same supplies as in other schools... why not a boycott... 11:30 AM, church service, 250-300 Puerto-Rican, Negro, and whites... led by Negro pastor, Spanish sermon, brief by white woman pastor, Lord's Prayer in Spanish... Prayer of Church... pastor comes down and stands right with congregation... "What are the needs of the people?"... one by one, persons get up to make announcements, prayer for sick Mrs... prayer, then joyful procession of pastors and choir and some of congregation... shaking of hands including the new members... child members received into family of God... weeks instruction... also able to receive Communion... handshaking a little ridiculous... but people climbed over some 3-4 benches to shake my hand... was humbling... 6-8 men and women bring up a long loaf of Italian bread and wine with money

A Weekend in Harlem... Karl Schneider offering...money to help pay the bail of imprisoned pastor demonstrating in Hattysburg, Miss.

Lord's Supper...Kyrie Eleison... half of congregation around table... Body of Christ broken for you...deacon announces, "Let us break bread together on our knees!"...congregation takes up invitation and sings while bread is passed, chunks broken off..."Receive the Body of Christ broken for you... Receive the blood of the New Covenant," the Presence of Christ...congregation singing, then rhythmically humming together during Communion...most joyful Communion...

Afternoon discussion in apartment ...how Parish tried traditional service on Sunday...then little things; swept garbage off streets...got NYC to supply a few hospital beds for narcotics victims...here you feel the grip of the beast...neighbor's kids hear we have cookies...come in...what of their life?...got to head back to Philadelphia...walking to Lexington Avenue subway...Can't get Communion hymn out of mind..."Let us...together ...Oh, Lord have mercy on us!"

"A Coward Speaks Up" by Lee Longrie

Many times I have started to write concerning some of the things about which I am going to speak. But, when I looked over the page, it all looked so pale in terms of what I wanted to express and the tone with which I wanted to express it that I gave up. I gave up because I seemed incapable of truly expressing my feelings. More importantly, though, I gave up because I thought you would laugh and I was afraid to expose myself to your laughter. Now I am going once again to attempt expression.

Why now? Because of two things: First, the action taken on civil rights by the Student Body, and secondly, the petition circulating concerning the Palm Sunday service from Messiah Lutheran Church. Now, I'm not, at this setting, concerned with the outcome of these two events, except to say in

passing that I am against both actions. What really goaded me was that in both events, I saw concern. This brings me to the purpose of this effort. I have some concerns which I want to share with you.

Now, there are a number of things you can do in relation to my expression of these concerns. I want for a moment to list some reactions I have encountered thus far in table talk about these concerns. Then, if you find yourself among these reactions, you need not read on, but you can go and get busy with one of your own concerns.

Reaction one: "Mr. Longrie, the trouble with you is that you have nothing positive to offer as solution to the problem." The reaction is valid. I am the first to admit that I do not have answers. But, it doesn't seem to me that one has to have a cure for cancer to be concerned that it is gobbling people up. All I can do then is express my concern. I'm sorry that I don't have answers.

Reaction two: "You just can't run around being concerned all the time." This one is valid, too. Oh how I know its true as I examine my own motivations for my actions. As for instance how I avoid sitting near individuals with whom I don't relate well or who threaten me by their superior insights. I recognize many of these selfish acts on my part and I'm sure that with a little searching, you also see yours. But, can we not in recognizing some of these acts move as a process away from them? In our concern can we not move say from 1X to 2X? No, we can't run around being concerned--we can, however, move toward it.

Reaction three: This one isn't oral, it's a look. At this point I admit to the possibility that I may be mis-interpreting but I think you will see what I mean. This is that "that's a nice little boy, but in time you will get over it" look. This may well be true but at this point I hope I will never be beat into a mould that shows I have given up trying to be concerned about you.

(Continued, page 6)

that, if we mean by pilgrimage something which helps to make superlative Christians out of us, all ideas of pilgrimage must be abandoned. Faith is sui generis; in a category all by itself; it cannot be imparted by "walking where Jesus walked." (If we believed that, we would have to dig down through several meters of soil that the intervening centuries have added to the topography; we might even pass through Jesus' strata and so miss out, after all, on walking where he walked.) Yet I wished we might be inspired by seeing what is in many respects a milieu similar to that in which Jesus lived. I cannot believe the Lord we worship was trans-historical, supra-earthly, above time and space. Though we rightly say Christ has risen and become the Lord of life, who can separate this Christ from Jesus of Nazareth? Who can sift the two as he would wheat and chaff? We ought to beware of extremes. If we emphasize the discontinuity of the historical Jesus and the resurrected Lord, we run the risk of some form of gnostic Christianity. To overstress the continuity, as though nothing important and determinative had occurred after the crucifixion, is to risk the danger of making Jesus no more than a "guiding spirit", a memory living so long as men shall live, a hope alive in recollection, not the living Lord of the Church. He lived in this land. He saw the sheep browsing on the hillsides. He saw the meandering Jordan. Surely we could hope for renewed faith, a deepening of inwardness. God would not mock any prayer that aimed at a closer communion with him. So we traversed the darkness; each one close with his thoughts; borne through the night towards the ancestral home of us all. Each hoped for a deeper appreciation of history and a firmer grasp of the "Background" of Jesus' preaching. Each prayed for the peace and faith that only Christ can give. And so we wound through the suburbs of Jerusalem, through the Kidron Valley, and up over the tortuous road to Bethlehem. Bethlehem was sleeping a deep sleep when we arrived; its streets were still. We found our beds waiting for us in the basement of the Lutheran Church. We were tired but hopeful for our first day in Bethlehem.

Silence and inaction have their effect no less than words and deeds. This seems to be Hochhuth's message in The Deputy. The church speaks loudly by saying nothing; it acts significantly by doing little. The church makes progress in developing its concern for itself. Liturgy is being reformed; interdenominational smiles are more frequent; a few more voices may have their say in church polity. But as for its concern for the world, in which it is to witness, the church is nineteen centuries behind. Hochhuth's treatment of the silence of the Vatican about Nazi extermination of Jews is therefore quite relevant. The inaction of the Council concerning Jewish "guilt" is but one recent manifestation of the same problem. Even after defending Pius XII against such criticism (March 1 N.Y. Times Book Review), George Shuster, a Roman Catholic, concludes: "Many of us would rest easier if the Pope had spoken - and this is not a regret Hochhuth has conjured up. Men may not heed a voice that is raised in behalf of Christendom, but it finds an echo in the marrow of their bones. When it is not heard, there is a void upon the earth."

Men like Hochhuth must continue to press the issue, whatever the abuse that may result. Certainly not because of Pius XII alone. But the office of the papacy represents the Christian church as a whole, and in a way that Roman Catholics would not want to admit (as seen in their reaction to the play): for the pope is a sinner. He too is involved in the work of the world and comes out with dirty hands. The sinner is called to be a saint, but he does not become one until he first repents.

R.S.

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LETTER, con td...

It has been said to me that we are guilty in our privileges so long as others are deprived of them unjustly. My friends, what does that guilt mean - or doesn't it mean anything? Read what James Baldwin tells us of guilt:

"Guilt is like a warm bath or, to be rude, it is like masturbation -- you can get used to it, you can prefer it, you may go to a place where you can't live without it, because in order to live without it, in order to get past this guilt, you must act. And in order to act, you must be conscious and take great chances and be responsible for the consequences."

Robert A. Cornelius
February 27, March 3, 1964.

A COWARD SPEAKS UP, contd...

Reaction ~~four~~ this one I mentioned earlier - you can laugh at my childish attempt at expressing my concern. For this one I have no defense and it hurts to be laughed at. Because again as I look at what I have written, it looks so pathetic in terms of what I am trying to say.

This then brings us to the object of my concern. The object of my concern is you and our life together. You who are lonely and somehow can't reach out. You who are afraid and can't share your fear. You who doubt and somehow a quick "oh we all do that doesn't release the gnawing. You who can't relate to others and don't ever know how to start.

You who have fears about your intellectual inferiority and want so badly to succeed. You who intellectualize to cover up your real fears. You who have run to seminary because it assured acceptance by someone. And you who have come here in response to a call. I'm concerned about you and the sharing of our life together because the above also describes me.

Lee Longrie

have shown genuine marks of what the sociologist would call "competitive bowling." The total spirit, if anything, has given a clear indication that "Monday nights" are reserved for the release of enthusiasts, frustrations, and what have you.

Last Monday was no exception. Mark put on the needed pressure to crack into the first slot which Matt solely possessed. We cannot by pass the trouble which Mark had to overcome in the person of Bill Arnold of John. The first game he was beside himself rolling a 235 (second highest for a single game). Matt was able to gain only 2 points from Luke which accounted for Matt's setback.

With 3 nights (9 games) remaining to play, the standings are an interesting fact to behold. Lack of space prevents all players from being named. Congratulations are in order for the following teams and bowlers for their fine achievement.

TEAM STANDINGS (27 games)

	Grand Total Pins	Ave.	Hi game
<u>Mark</u>	19, 132	708	835
<u>John</u>	18, 997	703	811
<u>Luke</u>	18, 610	689	795
<u>Matt</u>	18, 477	684	776

INDIVIDUAL STANDINGS (15 games) plus

Name	Ave.
1. Stierle, Cliff	168
2. Shelton, Jin	165
3. Hirth, Paul	159
4. Welsh, Brian	152
5. Schlotter, Bob	152
6. Hanssen, George	150
7. Dierk, Hank	148
8. Arnold, Bill	146
9. Cornelius, Bob	144
10. Prezioso, Fred	144
11. Thomas, Bob	144
12. Mattis, Bill	142

Hi-3 game series:

1. Stierle	582
2. Shelton	535
3. Hirth	533

BOWLING VITAL STATISTICS!!

There has not been a calm night at the Green Tree Bowling Center since Dec. 16 when the E.B.L. was initiated. Now, after nine weeks of give and take the men of the seminary and their respective teams