

THE

SEMINARIAN

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SPACE-FILLER

The third floor of F Hall becomes once a week a center of student publications and "nerve center" of the sensitive Mt. Airy Community. (Community!! dare I mention the word!) Well, to return to the subject (whatever that might be I don't know yet), the third floor of F Hall is my home and occasionally I get dragged across the YMCA-ish hall to help staple this "yellow journal" together.

Tonight in a last ditch effort to fill space, Mr. Koons has requested me to ply my, sometimes called "cynical" art of quill and ink to help bolster the very questionable density of the Seminarian. To get to the point (whatever that might be I don't know yet.)

I toyed with the idea of exploring the opium den of the fourth floor F Hall to see if there really is a poltergeist there as my roommate and I so often swear. Also I've considered discussing the Picasso exhibit at the art museum, but my fascination with nude women ends with the flesh and doesn't extend to surrealistic bust lines. I had written an article about (you guest (sic: Davidson) it) community (whatever that might be I don't know yet) I was admittedly unhappy with that article and fortunately my opinions were nipped in the bud by our acting editor's incisive logic. At that point I wanted to throw up my hands that is - and retreat behind my "stoic" demeanor, retiring to my world of finger-cymbal playing, greek translating and form criticizing.

To get to the point (at last I think I know what that might be) the badly salted tears of Mr. Davidson have moved my heart to favor you all with this polemic, poorly modeled I must admit after Taylor Grant. (cont. page 3)

KOINONIA

Koinonia groups will meet on Tuesday, February 16 and Thursday, February 18. The time and place of the groups will be announced next week. Sign up sheets will be located on the bulletin board of Hagan Hall. Please make an effort to attend!

John Havrilla

HELP WANTED

The seminary community has been asked by interested individuals in the Houston School on Allens Lane to assist in a tutoring program for 7th and 8th graders. Many students in these grades do not have the reading and math skills to enter high school and need individual tutoring to put them on "grade level." A schedule of tutoring could be patterned to your "free" hours and is negotiable at this point. After school hours, for example, between 3 and 5 P.M. might be a possibility.

If you have the slightest interest contact Dave Roppel (CH7-5983) immediately!

POEMS

Time's rushing stream
Carries the drowning clown
Toward what dark shore?
In the long slow dying
Which begins with birth and ends
As flotsam tossed upon that beach
Which is eternity

The clown fights for breath
But time will not stand still
And every now at once
Becomes the past
Before its apprehension
There is only the hope
Of an old promise
Someone told the clown once
There is a Beachcomber

Bill Berglund

FIRST LOVE

Beyond and past, before
All loves, is one
To which my jaded heart returns
Again.....again

To that first love
That passion without passion in
The essence of my time locked self
Return, return, lost heart
To that primeval tide marsh
Where the salt hay waves
Dancing the saraband of time
Pale yellow, greening into golden brown

I breath again that halide air
Beneath a sunbleached summer sky
And trace across the golden swale
The azure estuary's coil
Lost avian bourne
Of coot and tern and heron,
Fierce osprey -raptor of the tidal pool
The mourning seagull and the gleaning snipe

I hear the snap of fiddler's claw
And see once more the minnow's leap
The timeless arcing instant when
His world reclaims him and his fall
Stabs ripples in the water's pause

Bill Berglund

KITE FLYING IS DANGEROUS

This day I saw a summer kite
Entangled in a winter tree
Fragile and frail, foolish and brave
Poor gaudy scrap of paste and string
Bright tissue, broken sticks
How fierce and futile in its fight
Against that cold embrace

Ah heart that loves in vain
Entangled in the transient flesh
Fragile and frail, foolish and brave
Poor sanguine scrap of joy and hope
Bright promise, broken dreams
How fierce and futile is its fight
Against that cold embrace

Bill Berglund

(con. from page one)

Well, having done my share of filling space and killing time that should have been spent in studying for a test in Reformation Perspective and Contemporary Commitment (whatever that might be I don't know yet), I shall relinquish pen until next week when I might discuss the fourth floor of F Hall, unless someone has something better to discuss.

Dennis Kohl

THANX

Thanks to Mike Heinsdorf for sponsoring the ice - skating party last Thursday night. About 35 people showed up and had an enjoyable evening skating, sliding across the ice on their posterior, and drinking warm irish coffee which was provided for a nominal fee afterward. Mike's next venture will be to sponsor a square dance, with "Farmer" Garver giving the calls. Keep your eyes open for more news of this event.

CHOIR ON TOUR

Mt. Airy's illustrious choir will go on tour this weekend to wow the audiences in New York City. They will sing a total of five concerts in the area. Best of luck to Dr. B and the boys, and especially to the talented soloists and accompanists.

AROUND

KAMPUSSI

Quotes of the week: "You can not easily gather homiletical figs from exegetical thistles." G. Krrodel. "I love animals, that's why I got Barry for a roommate." T. Light. (Ed. comment: Is that because he's so warm and cuddly, Tommie?)...

(around kampussi continued)

Where was Editor Koons last night when his newspaper was overrun by energetic juniors. Peter F. has been jumping cars we hear..... Notice Dennis K.'s limp next time you see him and ask him to show you the teeth-marks on his foot and while you're at it ask him how he got them....pretty wild party?...Flash!!! We just found out where John the Editor was! He was out boning up on his ethics....Rumor has it that Eric Royer is going to dye his hair and mustache white and begin doing Mark Twain imitations.....Did you notice the full moon last night, speaking of which ask Bill Marx how to lock yourself out of your own room in your underwear.....Fred Heitzenroder's hair has been seen on numerous TV commercials arguing with "Big Blue"..... Bruce D. has been spending too much time in the office of the Seminarian--the ink is rubbing off on his chin. Dwight S. looks like Dennis Kohl without a mustache.....Congrats to John S. and Jim H. for their fine show of skill at the ice skating party.....Howie S.-- have you figured out interns yet?--Middlers-- you'll be the last to know.....

STAPH

The Seminarian is a student publication of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia. The office is located in "F" Hall, 3rd floor, facing the recreation area. We welcome any articles, newsworthy items, criticisms, cartoons, etc. The staff is anyone who wishes to help. The staff this week is:

Editor:(in absentia) John R. Koons
Ass't editor (is there one?):

Algot Magnus Erickson, Jr.
General Ass'ts, Typists, crankers, and doers of this week's The Seminarian, etc.: Bruce Hende=Davidson, Dennie Coal, Bussy Jung, Dwight David Eisenhower (sorry, I mean) Shallowmind.

Other: Mr. Barton David Henderson.

Contributors: (The quote--courtesy of) John Havrilla, Bill Berglund, Bill Berglund, Bill Berglund, Dave Roppel, and all the above. THE Other other other other other other: George the Truculent turtle De Bergerac TREUTLE.

Hope
is not
the closing
of our eyes
to the difficulties
the risks
or the failures

It is the
Trust

that if I fail now
I shall not fail forever
that if I am hurt
I shall

be healed
that life is good
and
Love is beautiful
that

I shall find
myself

and