



Volume 42

No. 1

September 13, 1979

WELCOME BACK

Ya say you feel more like a Hungarian Gypsy than an American Lutheran? Ya say your schedule is so jammed that you have to check your Fortress appointment book before responding to your roommate saying "I'm through with the bathroom now"? Ya say your professor had the gall to suggest books to read in your "spare-time"? Ya say you asked Mr. Kaufmann for a particular room with a specific view three weeks ago and he's still laughing? Is this what's been bothering you, Bunky? Well, then let me welcome you back to LTSP!

Seriously, it's a wonderful experience to see classes and class-mates reunited and reaching out to those who are new to them. Once the initial shock of starting a new semester has dissipated, I know that the seed of community which was planted in those first few days will start to grow and strengthen.

The editors and staff of the Seminarian wish you all rich experiences and spiritual growth.

WOODSTOCK-19 years after

In 1969, the New York Jets won the Super Bowl, the New York Mets won the World Series, and Woodstock became a reality. According to many sociologists a "new generation" of people were born. The greatest gathering of love, peace and music was successfully executed by 300,000 young people in White Lake, New York. But what happened to that spirit? Where has the new generation gone? When did it die?

December 6, 1969 all hell broke loose, and one man was stabbed to death by a group of motorcycle maniacs, at a free concert by the Rolling Stones. Five months later, May 4, 1970, four college students were gunned down by the National Guard at Kent State University. For me, Kent State was the foreshadowing of a whole new philosophy which would run rampant in the next decade. The 1970's have been overwhelmingly apathetic. The '70's have put an end to a sense of community and created a monster, solely concerned about self. The community is dead, but the individual lives on.

This is the last semester of the '70's. We have the potential to foreshadow the events of the next decade. We claim to be a community...a community of believers called by Jesus Christ to be ministers in His Church. We pray to Him "in peace" and sing about His endless love but is this merely lipservice? A common concern binds us all together...ministry. It cannot

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THE JOHANNINE LITERATURE

Greetings from Patmos, recently reopened after a summer of July sweat, record cold August nights, and dismal softball stats. This offering will be a bit more tedious and longer than most of my columns, partly as an introduction to my new readers, and partly as something to fill Breitsch and Hankin's pages. We are pseudopigraphal, but the author's identity is known to the Editors, and can be purchased at usual rates of extortion. Believe me, you don't want to know who writes this drivel.

We began as a counter to the yellow-journalist scandal sheet known as 'Brothers Bob', to raise the Seminarian to a level above meagre literary acumen. The acid test came when the Editors claimed to be under the influence of gnomes; this publication became the medium for gnovel, great ideas, soon overtaken by this gnusiance at a nefarious rate. We subdued the gnomist influence, cooler heads prevailed, and we have since heard of no known campus gnome sightings. Also, while we do not stoop to the level of slander and innuendo, our material defies all standards and criteria of sanity: We are a nut. Which brings us to Tina.

Tina the squirrel and her benefactor, Ruthie, are two of our favorites, basically for the fresh breath of whimsy they inhale into the otherwise musty lungs of the school. It was not unusual to see Ruth feeding and chatting with this little critter in the quad last spring, Tina being so bold (and Hungry) as to receive a nut directly from Ruth's hand or lap. So if some local rodents approach you like airport Krishnas for a handout, be pastoral and generous; and see Ruth Hankins for preferred menu.

The big topic on Patmos this summer was eschatology, especially the 'realized' kind according to C.H. Dodd. In all of the scholarship we encountered, one crucial element of the present Kingdom of God was overlooked: the revelation made at Cooperstown NY to St. Abner (Doubleday). Those of us who appreciate baseball will insist that it is a gift of God - an earthly manifestation of the glories of extant in Heaven. Perhaps because Dodd was British and confused by cricket and rounders did he omit baseball; but what of Tillich, who must certainly have seen Willie the Elder (Mays) play the game? The great theologians scour the scriptures and debate incessantly while an obvious and valid example of the 'end' of the world is before us on the diamond, ensconced in the hit and run, epitomized in the Perfect Game. Revelation can be a simple thing, really. (I told you We are a nut.)

Such is an example of the high class stuff which keeps the Seminarian from lining bird cages. You may look for poetry, exegesis, nonsense, and, when in a particularly melancholy mood, wisdom in the issues to come. All, of course, depends on the blue pencils of our editors, and the ways they whittle down my perversity to suit contemporary standards of taste. We hope that you will bear with us this year, for when the spirit moves, we get going, with gusto. Enjoy your days at this school; you may never see a better place to grow.

Auf Wiederschrieben,

Johann

THE RITE FOR
INSTALLATION OF A PASTOR
WILL BE HELD
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1979
AT 4:00 P.M.

FOR
THE REV. ROBERT I. HOPKINS
AS THE PASTOR OF
THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOR
"D" STREET AND ALLEGHENY AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19134

YOUR PRAYERS AND PRESENCE ARE REQUESTED. A RECEPTION WILL BE
HELD IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE SERVICE.

CLERGY PLEASE ARRIVE BY 3:30 P.M.
VESTMENTS - GREEN

june.
a beginning month.
beginning summer, beginning group.
beginning to experience
love. anger. rejection. acceptance.
elation.
depression.
where is god?
wherever two or more are gathered in my name

july.
a middle month.
midst of summer, midterm evaluation.
midst of experiencing
peers. patients. doubts. hopes.
confrontation.
introspection.
where is god?
nothing can ever separate us from the love of god

august.
an ending month.
ending summer, ending cpe.
an end to experiencing
friends' presence
not loves shared.
tears of frustration
not tears of farewell.
where is god?
peace i leave with you. my peace i give to you.

j. hathaway

MEETING FOR WOMEN'S INTERSEMINARY CONFERENCE

Wednesday, September 19, 1979 at 9:40 a.m. in the Dean's office-Hagan.
ALL WELCOME!

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be done alone. We all need each other...to work, to play and most importantly to worship together.

I would like to close with the words of a song written by Joni Mitchell ten years ago:

"Maybe it's just the time of year,
or maybe it's the time of man,
I don't know who I am,
but life's for learning."

Peter Breitsch

SNOT PEWS

Attention athletic persons! Sign up for Tennis, Ping Pong and Pool Tournament. Singles and Doubles. Also, Flag Football sign-ups. Luther Bowl will be on October 27th at Home against Gettysburg. Tentative games are scheduled against Lancaster and Westminster Seminaries.

Also, Vollyball on Tuesday nights starting September 18th. Basketball, Thursday nights starting September 20th. Keys to the gym and any athletic equipment such as basketballs, vollyballs, ping pong balls etc. may be obtained from Larry Hand in Room #219 in the Dorm.

We would like to thank the Orientation Committee for all the work they did to mke entry and re-entry possible and thoroughly enjoyable for all. It was alot of hard work and we want to especially thank its brain-child, Joanne Kernitz. Again, we would like to thank the Women's Auxillary for providing coffee and tea for us during those crucial days.

* Is it true that Larry Hand will soon be joining the Choir????

THE SEMINARIAN
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FIRST CLASS MAIL