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LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL
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HOH AWARDS FOR 1979-80

The HOH Awards are made each year to two members of the Middler class and two members of the Senior class. Candidates are voted on by the faculty on the basis of their academic performance and their potential for ministry. The HOH recipients in the Senior class are:

THELMA COBBLER
BILL SHAFER

HOH recipients in the Middler class are:

MARY ANDERSON
KEVIN OGILVIE

Congratulations to all four!

The Seminary has also recently received the news that Heidi Neumark and Judi Fahnesstock were recently named North American Ministerial Fellows by the Fund for Theological Education, Inc. Congratulations to you both!

To the Editors:

I have received a letter from Pafael Malbica (an Intern) who is in Puerto Rico. Rafael has asked me to share with the community how he and Lucy are doing in the wake of hurricane "David":

Although the surrounding towns have been destroyed by floods, Dorado's homes remain intact. Pafael says that most basements have six to ten feet of water in them and electricity has not been restored. The pastors of Pafael's area are planning relief efforts but everyone is concerned about additional rain from "Frederick".

Pafael asks us to pray for him as he seeks to minister to his stricken people.

A postscript from Pafael: "Tell Dr. Lehmann to send me information about his Liberation Theology course this January----now he offers it!"

We may send our correspondence to:

Pafael and Lucy Malbica
176 Norte Street
Dorado, Puerto Rico 00646

Julius Carroll

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HOW I SPENT

MY SUMMER VACATION

(one day of)

by Heidi Neumark

I squandered the day in luxurious, narcissistic reveries. I cleaned out my papers in the attic. My "papers" in the attic consisted of just about every mark committed to paper since I was four years old and attended nursery school twice a week. I had finger paintings, wallpaper collages and kindergarten crayon pictures (Me and My Family: my parents, myself, two dachshunds, two turtles and one canary. We all had the proper number of limbs, tails etc., so that according to child psychiatrists, I must have been relatively happy.). One after the other, I threw them all away with firmly gritted teeth and trembling will. Then came the first attempts at writing: pages of a's, pages of b's, pages of c's etc. I watched my name wobbling between what seemed then to be arbitrary lines. I watched my name slowly beginning to straighten out and fit into the new order with a bit more dignity. But it retained a rebellious verticality that was frowned upon in fifth grade when slanting held sway. By the end of the fifth grade timed writing test series, some slant had developed. This was quickly (and gleefully) abandoned in later grades as soon as I discovered that teachers had become more interested in what I had to say than how it looked on the page. Even though I had gotten rid of all my saved birthday party hats, napkins and blowers years ago, throwing out my name was no easy thing.

(OVER →)

Credits: Editors: Ruth Hankins and Peter Breitsch, Production Managers: Asha George and Peggy Sue Pfeffer, Typists: Phyllis James, Wanda Snyder, Ruth Hankins, Cindy Ray and Peggy Sue Pfeffer.

It went into the trash along with spelling tests, math papers, history quizzes, science diagrams, lists of species, drawings of ants, plants, the solar system, maps color-coded to show the rainfall distribution in South America and papers ranging from Louisiana to Luther, Egyptian Art, La Val de Loire, Woodwinds, Snakes, The Human Nose.

I forced myself to tear up many of my papers, knowing I'd be tempted to try a later rescue before the garbage truck arrived the next morning. In addition to all the school work, I'd saved many home creations. My hands hovered over the wastebasket with Easter drawings and pictures of the woods and gardens full of flowers, worms, butterflies, birds and bells (I was partial to bells and often hung them in the sky). I hovered and reminisced, putting off the moment of letting go. I found the entire oeuvre of my third grade art club. The biggest project we completed was a zoo train. Each member made one cage and one animal to go in it. Then they were all joined together by string. One day we'd make paper crowns. One day was paper kites. One day was clowns - laughing, tearful, scowling - according to each child's whim. This club included Jamie, Daniel, Barb, Wendy, Pamela, James, Tracy, Earl, Billy, Sara and a few others who were less regular. I transformed myself into a multiple personality and did all the work under my various pseudonyms. I was quite a busy club. I think the club's work was the hardest to dispose of. By that time, I was beginning to feel like an addict suffering withdrawal symptoms. My hands were sweating and jittery as I threw out my junk. Cold Turkey. I found one unabashed picture-note: "Dear Mommy and Daddy, You are very good to me, I am very good to you. I love you from Heidi." Cold Turkey.

One of the unexpected discoveries - at which point I realized just how far my habit had gone - was an envelope carefully labelled "France." I opened it up and sure enough, France was inside: a few small pebbles scooped up from the Rhine. I did this the summer after my first year in high school. We were only in France for about 45 minutes on our way through to Scandinavia. A friend, who was travelling with us, and I went down to the Rhine to get our new Adida's dirtv. I wanted to get the most out of France in that brief time, so I smeared its mud on my sneakers and pocketed the pebbles. Something to hold on to while tossed about in the shoreless waves of adolescence.

By the end of my day in the attic, I was utterly exhausted. Then I had to do battle with sieges of regret. Would I lose my memory with no tangible reminders? Would it all become irretrievable? I sneaked into the garage where I'd emptied the basket over and over. I poked around, just in case I'd gotten rid of "something important" (like what? a report on the boll weevil? a skyful of bells?). I thought of an essay by F.B. White where he tells of sorting through possessions as he and his wife are about to move from an elegant NY City apartment to an old clapboard in Maine. He says that in discarding, moving and beginning in a new place, one is "somewhat less encrusted, like a lobster, that has shed its skin and is for a time, soft and vulnerable."

Such vulnerability was not for me. In a last minute surge of cowardice, I retrieved a few finger paintings. For ecological reasons of course. I could cut them up and use the backs for note paper. Folded in half, they could make quite unique and attractive cards. Why waste good paper? (Even though it's so old, it cracks if folded). I wasn't kidding anyone. Nevertheless, I, or at least our attic, was somewhat less encrusted. But I felt unsure if I was still all here. I think I am. I can't pinpoint any missing part of me, even though my insides feel as wobbly as my first attempts at writing, not quite able to fit in between the lines, the demarcations of now and then, already and not yet.

Before going to bed, I went outside for some fresh air. I could still stand up and walk--vertical--even without France to clutch onto for balance. Somewhere up among the stars, hidden bells were ringing.

September 19, 1979

Dear Editor:

I would like to respond to a joke made once to often here on campus which to me is very painful.

I have noticed that whenever a female seminarian describes herself in class as a senior looking for a call, invariably a male seminarian will retort "What's your number?"

I would like to make it clear that as a Christian I have received a call. Because I belong to God and I know Jesus Christ as my Lord and ~~Savior~~ Savior through the working of the Holy Spirit, I have responded to that call by my presence on this campus. I suspect that my fellow female seminarians would agree. I don't think any of us are here to be "call girls".

This joke betrays an attitude that says a woman's call is not to be taken seriously. That our call can be laughed at by fellow Christians in such a way truly hurts. Why should I remain a Christian? Why should women do anything in the Church? (Imagine if women went on strike in the Church!)

This joke also betrays the strong, pervasive instinct to discredit a woman's call to the ministry that has almost nothing to do with theology. One can use any of the social sciences for a terminology to explain the phenomenon. But more importantly, there are two things I feel we should keep in mind:

1. - jokes can hurt
2. - we are Christians

I know jokes can hurt because I've been guilty in the past of hurting people in this way. Before the year is over, someone will probably have to "pull my coat". At first I think the "call joke" was merely a joke. It has acquired a different meaning with repetition. Please, let us be aware (not oversensitive) as future shepherds of God's people, that jokes can hurt.

We are Christians. God has made himself known to us in his son Jesus Christ. And has taught us to love one another.

Phyllis James

I left a world,
infact it was only a week ago
and it seems as if ages past.
The community here,
gathered together in God's name.
lives, studies, works and shares
I've been on the street
only once, or twice and then
to post a letter to you, an outsider.
It seems like months,
since you held my hand,
or shared my dreams and fears.
A world I knew so well,
Happily I've left behind for a while,
to build relationships here,
to understand my Lord, my religion.
Now as I look outside,
I reach my hand out tenuously,
for it's safe here, but not the real world.
And if I'm to be effective,
or to love completely
it's not going to be in this safety,
but outside, with others like you,
J. Brown

Broadway bound "SUGAR BABIES,"
starring Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller,
will be playing a limited engagement
at the Schubert Theatre from September
5th to the 29th.

Described as "the ultimate burles-
que show," this musical features 14
showgirls, a male ensemble and 6 com-
ics recreating some of the biggest
moments in burlesque. Production num-
bers feature a fan dance tribute to
the great Sally Rand, a tribute to
Little Egypt, and in true burlesque
form, a dog act, and a number done
with a stage full of doves. And, of
course, Miss Miller tap dances in three
show stopping numbers. Other princi-
pals in the cast include Sid Stone,
Jack Fletcher, Bob Williams, Peter
Leeds, Jimmy Matthews, Scot Stewart,
Tom Boyd and Ann Jillian.

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Woody Allen's "Annie Hall". Tuesday -- September 25, 1979. Ampitheater at 7:00p.m..
Leaders will be Chris Swisher, Dr. Lundeen and Dr. Aden. Immediately following the
showing will be a dialogue led by the aforementioned leaders. DON'T MISS IT!

NEED A HAIRCUT?

See the Seminary Barber Kent Smith
Dormitory Room # 211 or call--
242-9646 for an appointment.

PEACE IN SEARCH OF MAKERS

Nationally prominent leaders including Congressman William H. Gray,
labor leader Richard Greenwood, and Methodist Bishop James Armstrong will
address a two-day conference scheduled here by major religious bodies in an
effort to generate increased support for ending the arms race. Titled
"Peace in Search of Makers," the conference will be held September 23-24 at
the First United Methodist Church of Germantown.

All sessions are open to the public. For information on registration
contact Martha Johnson at (215) 438-3677.

Sponsors include Lutheran, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, United
Church of Christ, and Society of Friends regional bodies, the Pennsylvania
Council of Churches, and the Northwest Interfaith Movement.

The Rev. Theodore Loder, convener of the conference planning committee

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(continued from page 5)

and minister of the host church, said the meeting is designed to inform concerned citizens of the staggering consequences of the arms race and what can be done to stop it.

Advance registration is requested. The registration fee is \$10 for attendance at all conference sessions, and \$5 for Monday workshop attendance only. Student registration is half-price. A nominal charge will also be collected for meals. For information be sure to call (215) 438-3677.

The Insurance Federation of Pennsylvania after conducting a national survey has found Pennsylvania to have the highest average of hospital stays 9 days. (CPE not included) In light of soaring hospital costs, the Federation asks you to check your insurance plans for adequate coverage.

DR. JOYCE'S BROTHER

Look out Rhona Barrett, move over Rex Reed. In the tradition of our esteemed forefathers, the Brothers Bob, Dr. Joyce's Brother will carry on the often demanding, sometimes rewarding and perpetually sick position of campus snoop. No one is safe. Nothing is sacred.

Woka, Woka, Woka! Why does Ruth Snyder insist on butter when margarine is more reasonable? Beat your feet greenstuff...Does beth johnson take notes only at G-rated movies??...Does Rich Breusch really chug raw eggs before his "Rocky" push-ups?...Acme Costume Company has already received an order for one ape costume (with a special discount for delivery after Halloween, but before Lent.) How 'bout it Faith?

Does the Rev. Mark Livermore's appearance on campus signify an increased need for confession among the Senior class? (who is the Senior class and what so they want from us?)

Dr. Bartow has announced a change in schedule in order to comply with the new day for Sherry hour. I have reports from reliable sources that the Jehovah's Witnesses are trying to recruit Jeff Laustsen as their Watchtower. Also, Ted Kennedy has made Kevin Olgivie an offer to join him as his running mate. Unfortunately, Kevin tells me his mother won't let him run.

Check back next week right here in this very column for the real story on how Foster McCurley put his elbow out of whack and why his neighbors requested he turn down his walls.

Would Mary go out of business if Frank were her only customer?????

Is Larry in Stile???

Two late releases just as this was going to press:

Dr. Myrom reports: Dr. Foster R. McCurley has been appointed special advisor to the Committee for Refurbishing and Preserving the Chapel. He said, upon his appointment, "Yes, I am giving serious consideration to wall papering some general areas probably in a pattern scheme of day-glo orange.

Also, due to a deluge of student concern, Mr. Kaufmann is reminding all students in Dr. Jeske's courses to puhlease, remember your Bibles!

The Johannine Literature

The year's first official gathering of the faculty at the school where I teach is a Friends' Meeting for Worship. This is not surprising since the school is operated by Quakers, but it is spiritually important. Last September 5 was the first time I had attended a Meeting since graduating from that same Friends' school in June of 1972. I spent the hour reflecting on the theology I had absorbed since then. The following is taken from those reflections.

The differences between Lutheranism and Quakerism are so stark that one would wonder how, if ever, the two could be reconciled. I have; however, felt no inconsistency in feeling at home in both a Meeting as well as an SBH Service. Lutherans look to the external Word of God, coming to us through human media; the Friends cling to a belief in the internal Divine Spark, to be found within each of us. Lutherans sing joyous praises to God's glory; Friends meditate and await the presence of the Spirit. The Book of Concord, the Lutheran confessional document, at 636 pages dwarfs the Quakers' 202 page Faith and Practice. The sense of civic duty as evidenced by H.M. Muhlenberg's infamous scenario is a far cry from the radical pacifism of Friends' politics. Such differences are profound, and speak to the hearts of the two denominations.

Yet, one thread of compatibility remains. Whether the Gospel comes to us from without or within, it remains that message of the unconditional love of God. Friends, too, cling to justification by faith. The Gospel's origin is not human, but divine; its nature not temporal, but spiritual. The Quaker and the Lutheran allow as much as possible for human individuality and goodness, but both look beyond this world for the ultimate concern. The denominational distinctions between these two religious systems are a matter of Law, their convergence a matter of Gospel. Though apart in the Letter, they are one in the Spirit.

I wondered if I teach as a Quaker, study as a Lutheran, worship as both, etc. I decided that I simply live as a Christian. To have awareness of spiritual gifts of grace, to be able to praise God in song and work, is to be alive in Christ. How that awareness comes to me (or any of us) is not non-essential, but a bit less important than Eternal Life itself.

So there I sat, in the Greene Street Friends Meeting House, ruminating on what a lifelong, church-going, hymn-singing, communing Lutheran, quasi-theologian was doing so much at peace with the comparatively exotic Quakers.

"Auf Wiederschrieben",
Johann

BY POPULAR REQUEST: "Salmon Spread" from the Wine and Cheese Party.
Compliments of Knox Gelatine and Wanda K. Snyder.
Dip in, Dick and Tim!

SPRINKLE $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water with 2 envelopes Knox Unflavored Gelatine.
STAND for 1 minute. ADD 1 cup boiling water. STIR till gelatine is completely dissolved.

ADD remaining ingredients, BLENDING with wire whip or rotary beater:

- 2 cups (16 oz.) sour cream
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (6 oz.) Thousand Island Dressing
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 can (16 oz.) salmon, drained and flaked
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon dill weed.

POUR into a 6 cup mold or bowl. Chill until firm. Try fish-shaped mold!

POOH'S CORNER

Did you ever wake up in the morning and wonder why you were doing exactly what you said you wouldn't do the minute before when you were sound asleep enjoying your well deserved rest from the hard work you had been doing the previous day? That's exactly the way I feel today.

Last week Eeorye came to me asking why he had to share his thistles with the new animal in the forest, Tigger. Then, later the same day, Tigger came up to me and said that Tigger's don't like thistles. You see, Tigger had been over to Kanga's house and accidentally ate Roo's medicine, Extract of Malt. He found he liked it very much and is spending most of his time in Kanga's house. I certainly hope that no one starts any malicious rumors. This whole thing is becoming very complicated.

To make matters worse, it was discovered that Piglet and Rabbit, along with his whole family, took off in search of the North Pole. (Incidentally, I found the North Pole a long time ago and now Little Roo uses it for fishing. Someday I'll tell you the story.) Nobody knew where they were, not even Christopher Robin. And he usually knows everything that goes on in the forest. Well, as it turned out, Piglet and Rabbit hadn't really gone away because they turned up at Owl's house to find some answers to the questions which had been puzzling them for a few weeks. You see, they both had nothing to do and couldn't figure out why. We all know that Owl is a very Wise animal, and therefore he was the perfect one to see about this dilemma. He knows a little bit about everything and a whole lot about nothing.

Well I guess that brings us back to me. Being a Bear of Very Little Brain, I find it very difficult to keep track of all the comings and goings around here. Therefore I have decided to keep my cupboard filled with full honey jars and wait for the long cold winter. You know, things could get mighty sticky around here. If I come out at all this winter it will probably be with a honey jar stuck to my nose or over my head. As I see it, that's the best way to keep warm, keep full and keep out of trouble. I'd rather have my head in a jar than mounted on your wall.

Well, it's time to get back to work. Those second generation bee's have been working hard all summer making honey for Bears like me.

Winnie

THE SEMINARIAN
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FIRST
CLASS