

# Table Talk



Vol. 1 No. 11

News and Views of the Student Body of The Lutheran  
Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.

January 13, 1965

Gettysburg Chapel  
January 8, 1965

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GETTYSBURG, PA.

Robert Wilken

"What rites shall we perform against the darkness of winter," asked our preacher on Wednesday. We answered by celebrating the rite of Epiphany, the festival of Light, with candles and canticles, with brass band and a blazing fire. We celebrated the Light with lights, and with carols we bade goodbye to the festivities of Christmas. Now Christmas is gone and we have only the ashes and stubble of charred trees as reminder. On Wednesday the campus tingled with excitement and buzzed with activity as we made ready; many--students and faculty, staff and distaff--joined together in preparation. Today we gather again, ostensibly for the same purpose; but our feelings are muted, our excitement has waned, enthusiasm has faded. In fact, we may be a bit skeptical, if not defensive, asking what sense is there to another celebration of Holy Communion two days later?

But it is good that we are here today and for this purpose, for Epiphany is not simply a day, but a season. And this year it is a long season! More often Epiphany extends over two or three weeks, but in 1965--because of the late date of Easter--it stretches over five Sundays. By returning so soon to the altar we force ourselves beyond the initial celebration to ask: what actually is Epiphany? What will we do in this season? What is the meaning of the weeks from Christmas to Septuagesima, the first Sunday in Pre-Lent? If on Wednesday we gathered to revel, today we add reflection and thought to festivity and celebration. And in the weeks ahead we seek to know and understand more fully what it means that "in him Light has shined."

The season is well suited for this purpose, for it seeks to "reveal" and "make known" to us what God is like. This is after all the meaning of epiphaneia, the appearing of God. Consider for a moment the lessons to be read in coming weeks. Each portrays the central figure of Epiphany, Jesus as he reveals to us new aspects of God. It is as though a brilliant and sparkling diamond was slowly turned and as each face appeared we beheld splendor upon splendor--ever new and changing. On Wednesday we heard of wise men, led by a star, traveling to behold God's glory--in a young child. That is Epiphany. Soon we will hear of the wedding at Cana and behold Jesus turning water into wine as he blessed the union of man and wife. That is Epiphany. Later we will read of Jesus healing lepers and lame, stilling the sea; and finally we will behold him transfigured before his disciples.

All of these happenings are epiphanies--revealing and disclosing God in new and marvelous ways. When taken together the lessons and hymns and prayers of this season are impressive and their meaning for us is clear; in Epiphany God draws close to us by displaying himself in what Jesus does. What he does! Not that words play a small part in Epiphany; most everything is communicated through actions, through deeds. Words are clearly secondary and only serve to help us see more clearly what he does.

## FEATURE EDITORIAL

## THAT EXTRA YEAR

It was good to receive letters and cards and even visits during the past holiday season from those of our members who are spending this year on internship. And it is especially nice to report that in most cases things are going just great. It is true that times have not always been pleasant. In fact I would not be surprised if many a 'O why did I ever take an internship!' has not slipped from their lips by now. But I say all for the better. If six months of practical Christian experience hadn't at times been discouraging as well as encouraging I would begin to wonder about its worth. But when all is over I am sure these present interns will join with all those who have preceded them and acclaim the deep effect and everlasting growth and value of such an experience.

Two articles in the recent Lutheran caught my eye. The first had to do with the increasing use of intern programs within the seminaries of the LCA. I was interested in the figures in the last paragraph which placed Gettysburg second to last in number of interns currently in the field. I must say they might have been different if they were based upon the percentage of the class which had chosen an internship, but in any case there was quite an area for growth. One might say that I am beating a dead horse since the second article told about the new Gettysburg curriculum which would make the intern year an integral and required part of seminary education. The fact that the entering class will all have an intern experience pleases me to say the least, but it still leaves those of you who are current Juniors and Middlers with the choice of either selecting or rejecting this vital part of your training. It is to these students that I wish to direct a few comments.

The decision to venture out on an intern year is not the easiest thing to make. I can empathize with

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## EDITOR'S CORNER

You may have noticed from time to time in Table Talk items from other publications--articles, excerpts from articles, jokes, or quotations. These are not selected by the staff but have usually been submitted by others. Here's a good way for anyone to contribute to Table Talk; if you see anything in print somewhere which you think would interest the seminary community, submit it to us.

And while you're at it, don't forget the other more important way of contributing, i.e. writing articles.

R. F. G.

## SPOT ANNOUNCEMENTS

Student Faculty Lecture Committee

Dr. Charles Long unfortunately will not be able to be our Spring lecturer this year. The committee has now contacted Dr. Carl Braaten and is awaiting a reply.

Watch the Lutheran for a series of articles starting this month by Dr. Myers. The subject: "Background of the Old Testament".

## CHRIST AND HYGIENE

(From "Church Renewal" Sept. 3, 1964)

## SMILE....

From time to time one still hears criticism of the manner in which the Holy Communion was instituted. Although conducted some time ago, we have just recently learned of another scientific study of the question. Use of the silver chalice does not contribute to the spread of infectious disease, according to the findings of two University of Chicago scientists.

Dr. William Burrows, associate professor of bacteriology, and Dr. Elizabeth Hemmons, instructor in the Walter C. Zoller Dental Clinic reported these findings in the Journal of Infectious Diseases, a Univ. of Chicago Press publication. The chalice is remarkably self-sterilizing because of the bacteria killing action of the polished silver, the alcoholic content of the wine, and the meticulous care with which the Sacrament is administered.

Other studies and comments by medical authorities confirm the conclusion that there is significantly less chance of contracting disease from the chalice than from the very proximity of other people in the building. Only those who are consistent enough to wear gauze masks to church and in crowds are in a position to criticize the use

of the chalice for sanitary reasons. The discussion of this whole question is very discouraging to those who try to share an appreciation of the glories of the Blessed Sacrament.

Obituary

Dec. 16

"Paraclete", the parakeet. Died of pneumonia, in Fred Krautwurst's room. In lieu of flowers send contributions to the Parakeet Pneumonia Society c/o F. P. K.

Smile, when you walk around campus these days, you never know when your picture will be snapped. Perhaps you've noticed the roving photographer who has popped up at the Advent banquet and dance, in classrooms, and in the coffee shop. He's from Ziegler Studio and is snapping pictures for future publicity and public relations material.

In addition to building up a general file of pictures for the future, there are several particular uses planned for the photographs. Some will be made into slides to be used in illustrating oral publicity presentations, replacing an antiquated set of slides which the seminary now has. Another possibility is wider use of photographs in the seminary catalogue for the coming year, perhaps the inclusion of color prints.

The photographer tells us that this week's specialty is action shots of faculty members. So if you happen to see a member of the faculty in action be sure to stand in the background and smile. You might get in the picture.

R. F. G.

LOST & FOUND

1. Found: One "Sun Valley Melmac" plate--wheat design. Used as cookie plate at apartment dorm Advent open house and unclaimed afterwards. See Paul Henry.
2. Found: One Samsonite suitcase early in the school year in the 3rd floor apartment dorm storage room closet. Unclaimed since. Interns, is it yours? See Dick Graefe.

## CHOIR TOUR

"Music expels the Devil and makes men cheerful," said Martin Luther; "next to theology, I give music the highest and most honorable place." The Great Reformer's compliment to music has become a tradition on the campus of the Seminary

This year the Seminary Choir will leave for the Spring Tour, Friday, March 5 and return Saturday, March 13. The tour, which is conducted annually, will take the Choir to these places:

Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Maywood, New Jersey  
 Greenwich Village, New York  
 Hollis, Long Island, New York  
 Cobleskil, New York  
 Ottawa, Ontario, Canada  
 Kingston, Ontario, Canada  
 Buffalo, New York  
 Syracuse, New York  
 Reading, Pa.

If you live in any one of these areas and will be home during the '2nd-3rd quarter break', why not come to hear the Choir? It is always good to see familiar faces when the Choir is away from the Campus.

Also, as is the custom, the Choir will sing in area churches on the Wednesday evenings during Lent. This year's Lenten programs will take the Choir to Plainfield, Pa.; Neffsville, Pa.; Baltimore, Maryland; and Elizabethtown, Pa.

Mr. Clippinger has selected music this year which varies from traditional to contemporary. The program includes works by Bach, "Unto His Holy Name Sing Praises," and Healy Willan, "Missa Brevis."

The Tour this year will include such side trips as Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, Pa.; New York City; the Seat of Parliament in Ottawa, Canada; and Niagra Falls.

Duke Fries

## Epiphany

(cont. from p. 1)

The Baptism of Jesus, narrated for us in the Gospel today is a striking example of this pattern. His baptism is not a discourse, a parable, or a set of commandments, but it is conscious voluntary action taken by Jesus. In fact John expressed surprise that Jesus desired to be baptized and hesitated. But Jesus persisted and the gospel writers see the significance of his act; Baptism is the beginning of his mission, the time when he is consecrated and set apart. As soon as he is baptized he meets temptation, for now he is set on his course. He is now marked out to suffer and die for men, as the citation from Isaiah recalls and John so simply expresses: "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world." In Baptism Jesus makes known who he is and what God will do through him. His Baptism is an Epiphany.

But Epiphany does not stop with Jesus, for as we behold him we also see ourselves. For just as in Baptism his life was marked out for him, so in Baptism our lives were marked out for us. For in Baptism we see what we shall be. Our Baptism is an Epiphany.

Finally in the action of eating and drinking bread and wine, not simply talking, thinking, reading or singing about it, we see who we are--God's people on whom a great light has shined. This is why it is so important to gather again today for Holy Communion. For here is God's ongoing Epiphany in his people. To whom be glory and honor with the Son and the Holy Spirit, forever and ever.

Amen

## Interns

(cont. from p. 2)

many of the thoughts and feelings concerning the problems of such a choice. Time must be spent deciding whether or not an extra year can financially be added to an already lengthy process of education. If you happen to be married you must also struggle with the responsibilities of providing for your family and let's face it living isn't always plush on an intern's pay. Along with this one must weigh what he believes he would get out of such an experience.. For a year entered without hope of growth would be worthless from the very beginning. Also, some of us have to struggle with whether we would be able to accept that which we might discover about ourselves through such an experience. Time must also be spent in the selection of locale, situation, and supervisor if one becomes interested. By far it is easier to just forget about such a year than to seriously investigate its possibilities and potentialities. But let me say from personal experience it is worth it!

I have no idea how many of you have done any thinking whatever on this subject. Some have come to me, and I'm sure to other interns to discuss their individual experiences. But I wonder if we interns could not be doing more to stimulate and encourage those of you who are investigating such a year. For this reason I would like to ask all the past interns to submit, if they wish, an article concerning their own particular experiences. Hopefully they will be of interest to all, but especially to those who have done some thinking along this line. To get the ball rolling, I have submitted an article in this issue.

JH

## INTERNING AT THE INNER MISSION

I find it very easy to speak at length about my year in Washington, but I must say I find it rather difficult to condense it all into a short article. Basically I acted as a Chaplain in eight institutions within the Washington area. And let me tell you, if you have never had any relation with institutional ministry it is quite a challenge. After an overlapping period with the past intern I found myself more or less on my own. In all the institutions in which I worked I was either on my own or under the leadership of the local chaplain. Two of the institutions were specifically for the mentally ill. At St. Elizabeth's I began my experience by being mauled by the mob squad of one of the women's wards. I got one of the strongest bear hugs of my life and ended up with a rather toothless bite in the stomach. After such a lovely beginning, I enrolled in an introductory clinical training course at the hospital which took twelve weeks, to acquaint the interested with the religious workings of the institution. After completing the course I selected two wards, one male and one female, and began visiting on a regular basis some of the 200 Lutherans living there. At D. C. General Hospital I was also assigned to the psych ward. Here I had a different experience altogether. I had the opportunity to sit in as a silent observer on group therapy sessions, as well as staff meetings of the doctors and nurses. I was taken in as a part of the helping staff and I must say it greatly increased the value of the training.

The area in which I had the greatest challenge was working with the retarded children at Laurel, Maryland. In an early tour of the institution, I noticed that nothing of a religious line was being done in the nursery. After talking with the head nurse I found that all these children knew about God was

(cont. on p. 6)

Interning At The Inner Mission  
(cont. from p. 5)

'God is Great', which they all repeated like parrots before their meals. With the nurses help I set up a little Sunday School class with four of the children. They were all between five and eight chronologically, but about two mentally. What a job! Have you ever tried to tell a child about God when such things as father, friend, love, and forgiveness don't even exist in their little minds? I found myself becoming the friend, doing the caring, showing the concern and the forgiving, in order to get across just the grass roots of Christianity. I don't know how far I really got, but I know my religious convictions were tested and tried with every meeting.

I had always had a sense of uneasiness and, yes, even fear when it came to juvenile delinquents, but I found myself assigned to two such institutions, so things had to change. At the Receiving Home for Children, I found myself interviewing and counselling with the deepest social problem in Washington. It is quite an experience talking in solitary confinement with a twelve year old boy arrested for a brutal stabbing death. You see and hear life in all its base-ness. I also found myself conducting Sunday services for these children, and 100 hostile faces can be a very demanding congregation! I also worked at the National Training School for Boys. This is a federal prison for juvenile delinquents arrested anywhere east of the Mississippi. Here too I had the opportunity to take an introductory clinical training course after which I began a weekly Bible discussion group in one of the cottages; and, under supervision, I took on the personal weekly counselling of two boys. My view of the delinquent has radically changed--if any one needs the church, it's such a boy.

The remaining three institutions included calling in a general hospital, conduction services in an old folks home, and visiting in a home for the blind. Thrown in for good measure were confirmation classes at a local church, services of infant blessing at a home for unwed mothers, and tours of other area institutions. And of course there was the connection with the Inner Mission's other areas of activity as well. I was able to work a little with the adoption program and conduct the service of child placement. I worked very closely with the welfare worker on a client who happened to be in one of the institutions, as well as with the Christian family programs and other welfare activities of the area churches.

One of the most rewarding experiences of the year came through the weekly hour counselling that was extended to the intern by Dr. Paul Orso, the director of the agency. I was able to work through many personal problems that had hindered my life and my activities. And a better knowledge of the self always leads to a better knowledge and understanding of others. If I were to wrap up the whole year in one phrase, I would say it was the best experience so far of my life and I would not trade it for anything. It was rough, but it was worth it.

JH

JOKE OF THE WEEK

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at \$20 a ton and you pay your dealer \$30, how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," said Johnny promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," said the teacher.

"No ma'am, I know it ain't," said Johnny, "but they all do it."

## FROM THE BALCONY....

No. 1

by Max - O.C.M.

Max isn't a really exciting name, but, then, mice generally aren't exciting. However, I am a special sort of mouse - I'm a real, live Church Mouse. My full name is Maxwell House Rodent, O.C.M. (Order of Church Mice). The first two names came from a tin can that my mother saw in the church kitchen. My family left Main Street Lutheran Church in favor of the Reformed Church in the next block. They have more suppers there, so more food is available. I stayed here because I've always liked the Lutheran Church.

I live a quiet life in most respects. There usually isn't too much activity here. The place really hums on Sunday mornings, but it's calm the rest of the week. I sleep a lot during the week and do some exploring. There are still a few corners of this church that I haven't seen. But I have the most fun on Sunday mornings.

The people here at Main Street Lutheran are fun to watch. I usually stay in the balcony. Nobody ever sits up there. Since they put padding in the pews on the main floor, nobody wants to sit on the hard seats in the balcony. From my vantage point on the rail of the balcony, I can see everything that happens. Most Sundays it's quite a show.

The Pastor is a very nice man. He is one of the few people that seems to really have his heart in the church service. In fact, he's so wrapped up in the service that he doesn't notice the people in the congregation.

There's Mrs. Furry, who always wears big fur coats or a neck fur. All through the service she has to re-adjust her fur and straighten it out. The family of moths in the choir room would just love to get their teeth into one of Mrs. Furry's coats.

Mr. Snoozy always sits about halfway back on the side aisle near the radiator. As soon as the sermon starts he settles down on the cushioned seat and drifts off into dreamland. Sometimes he snores and Mrs. Snoozy has to poke him. She gets very red in the face when that happens.

Miss Mouthoff and Miss Blabber always sit together near the back. They spend most of the time whispering to each other. It would really be funny if the Pastor could hide a microphone in that pew and record their conversation. He would probably learn a lot from their gossip.

One Sunday I decided to hide on the altar in back of the big book there. The Pastor noticed me but he didn't say anything. All during the service I peeked out around the book and looked at the people. To my surprise, many of them looked really attentive. But I could still see some of the others looking about a thousand miles away. That morning Mr. and Mrs. Snoozy were late and had to sit right up in front. It sure was funny watching Mr. Snoozy try to keep awake.

I sure learn a lot here in Main Street Church. You'll be hearing from me from time to time and I'll tell you more about life here at Main Street Lutheran Church.

Until next time - be good.

Max - O.C.M.

(F.P.K.)