

# Table Talk

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

Vol II No. 23

April 19, 1966

## REFLECTIONS ON A VISIT

### TO ST. MARY'S SEMINARY

This week's issue of Time magazine contains an article concerning the expulsion of eight students from St. John's Catholic Seminary because of a drive among the students for reform in their seminary. The students at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore reflect the same dissatisfaction with the regimentation and authority which is their lot. First among their concerns is the drive for more freedom in leaving the seminary. As matters stand now, the students cannot leave the seminary even to go to the corner drugstore (or pub) except on Wednesday mornings. It is on this morning of the week that they must do all their downtown shopping and of course none of them owns a car. While dissatisfaction in this area was almost universal, others reflected further discontent because they are required to wear their cassocks and collars at all times unless they are in their rooms, and because of the strict regimentation of their daily life including "lights out" at 11:00 P.M. and rising at 6:00 A.M.

The opportunity to find out these opinions first hand came when seven members of our student body along with Dr. Myers journeyed to St. Mary's last Wednesday to take part in "Ecumenical Day" there with other Protestant and Catholic seminaries. The day started with an address by Krister Stendahl of Harvard University in which he clarified various points he had made in his article on "Biblical Theology" in the Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible. Following this all the students were invited to "participate" in the Mass. This brought with it the biggest disappointment of the day. We had all heard that (Cont'd next col.)

## GET READY TO DIRTY YOUR HANDS

The Mission Committee has been asked by the Anti-Poverty Committee of Adams County to conduct a survey of the poverty in the county. Currently, Bill Quail and Steve Yelovich are drawing up an inventory in conjunction with Professor Hale, while Dave Martin and Jim Bricker are trying to establish a valid sample of clergymen, businessmen and county officials who would supply us with the needed information. Sometime this week, hopefully, we will be able to begin the survey. The committee will be asking the entire seminary community to volunteer to carry out the survey. Watch your mailboxes and the Wittenburg Door!!

The committee was quite enthusiastic when given this task. We had feared that we would not be able to get involved until next fall. This project can (and must) be done immediately, so, we hope that the enthusiasm expressed at the first informal meeting of interested persons continues so that we can successfully aid the Anti-Poverty Committee in this project.

Jim Bricker

## REFLECTIONS (Cont'd from Col. 1)

the Mass was completely in English except for the Canon which is the heart of the Mass. Unlike our Prayer of Thanksgiving, however, the Canon of their Mass is about ten minutes long and leaves those who do not understand Latin completely in the dark. One St. Mary's student, when asked why the Canon was not in English, replied, "Only God himself knows that."

The other disappointing feature of the Mass was the way in which it was conducted. Instead of having the usual (Cont'd on page 2, Col. 1)

REFLECTIONS (Cont'd from page 1, Col.2)STAFF

morning Mass with all the Roman Catholic students participating, the three priests who were officiating received Holy Communion by themselves apparently as representative for all of us but unfortunately calling into question the efficacy of the Sacrament and its taking on the character of an exhibition. We were to learn later that St. Mary's students were very much opposed to this procedure.

After lunch, the students broke into small discussion groups to investigate the topics of Christology, Ecclesiology, Morality, and the Sacraments. Many of us found ourselves quite enlightened by what we learned in these discussion groups. For example, we found that at least the students and the professors at St. Mary's do not regard the Roman Catholic Church as one with accumulative tradition. Up until very recently they admit that this was so, but now with the awakening of historical consciousness within the Roman Catholic Church, they see that many propagated doctrines and dogmas are not timeless truths, but are historically conditioned by time and place. Thus with the dogma of the bodily assumption of Mary the Roman Catholics say that there is truth here but that this is different from saying that this truth was formulated in words that are always binding. The wording of these formulations may be found to be wrong. Furthermore, they raised the question of whether this is to be interpreted literally or metaphorically. Discussions such as this kept the interest high all afternoon. It seems strange to say, but the Lutherans from Gettysburg found that their greatest (expressed) disagreements were not with the Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians, or Methodists but with the Lutherans from Mt. Airy.

Everyone who went from this campus appreciated the experience and felt that they had learned a great deal. The students at St. Mary's were extremely courteous, friendly and served as gracious hosts.

William Avery

Managing Editor: Fred Krautwurst  
 Junior Editor: John Woods  
 Senior Editor: J. Paul Balas  
 Typist: Carol Avery  
 Printer: Kirk Bish

---

ENCOUNTER WITH INDIVIDUALS

There are two primary reasons why I am a Christian. First, I find in the Scriptures something which speaks to me in the depths of my existence. When I am encountered by the Scriptures, I sense God active in my life. Secondly, when I meet other Christians, I sense some kind of an encounter with God. Some Christians whom I have met have been real inspirations to me. I'm sure that all of us know of such Christians. Coming in contact with Christians is one of the primary ways that I believe God has been active in my life. It is quite true on this campus. I can think of few people here who have not been a real inspiration to get to know, especially among the faculty. But seemingly, there are those on this campus who block the process. It is especially evident when I hear derogatory remarks about others on this campus. Admittedly, some of us are not such likeable or personable individuals. Admittedly, also, some professors do not always challenge us academically, as I am sure we do not always inspire them with our learning. As we progress in the educational matrix, it is natural that we should become better able to discriminate between good and bad lectures and good and bad professors; for we have in the past encountered both good and bad, and many of us have arrived at some kind of conclusion as to what is good. But in my opinion, none of us here will ever be able to discriminate between good and bad Christians within this community; for all those who are here are here supposedly because something within Christianity has spoken to the depths of their existence. Recognizing this, there is a real drive within me to get to know others (Cont'd on page 3)

ENCOUNTER (Cont'd from page 2)

in this community. By getting to know others, I hope that as in the past, fellow Christians can continue to be an inspiration to me, and on the other hand, that I can be of some service to them.

Therefore, to hear a derogatory remark about any professor or member of this community, no matter how old or young he may be, greatly troubles me. After being in this institution almost two years, I can truly say that every professor and many students that I have come to know have been an inspiration to me. I sincerely hope they will continue to be and make additional efforts to let their light shine through in the areas of their concern; for I believe this to be one of the invaluable benefits of my education at Gettysburg Seminary. It has been when I have encountered such fellow Christians that I personally have discovered a refutation of the "God is dead" scholars. It has been through meeting such people that I have realized that God is still vitally active in this world as well as in my own life.

Mark Gruebmeier

NIGHT

Walk alone;  
Thoughts muddled;  
A road hard,  
Trees straight,  
Night, black.  
Silhouettes:  
Silhouettes around him lurk.  
All is silence;  
The air, strong;  
The season, cold;  
The hour, late.  
Look around,  
Freedom,  
Power,  
Majesty,  
Knowledge  
Flow boundless from Eternity.  
Questions!  
Questions come!  
Man must know!

(Cont'd next col.)

NIGHT (Cont'd)

How he struggles;  
Hear him plea.  
But then:  
A flicker,  
A glow,  
Distant lights;  
Far away  
A restless town;  
Rush!  
Rush!  
It kicks,  
It strives,  
It dare not slack.  
Cursed!  
Is this Man?  
He seeks,  
But he is blind;  
He writhes!  
Where?  
What?  
It's here!  
Muffled sound?  
It's here!  
The call is out.  
A hand to help.  
Where?  
It's evident--  
Grappled for--  
Misrepresented--  
Overlooked.  
Yes, it remains  
A quiet place;  
All nature grows  
Yet undisturbed;  
An ageless rock,  
A durable oak.  
Wise!  
Or lost?  
Wait!  
A rustle in the thicket;  
A deer runs free...  
Leaping,  
Laughing over the horizon at  
sleepless lights.  
Gnawing stillness.  
The night is damp.  
It chills,  
It taunts.  
A cigarette....  
A match of warmth  
Struck;  
A flame

(Cont'd on page 4)

NIGHT (Cont'd from page 3)

Screams to birth.  
 Used!  
 Used, it flickers,  
 Gasps and dies,  
 Discarded,  
 Blending with the night.  
 Over there,  
 A monument  
 On this "great" battlefield  
 Looms cold and bare,  
 A marker,  
 A symbol,  
 Of what?  
 Of struggle,  
 Grief,  
 Greed and pain.  
 Unsatisfied.  
 What more,  
 A charred match that's spent.  
 Irony!  
 Irony?  
 A peace....  
 A peace right here;  
 An ageless peace  
 Midst memories of war.  
 Still today  
 No one hears.  
 What is this place?  
 Understanding?  
 Love?  
 Yes, love seeps from all around  
 To warm the night.  
 But silence,  
 The natural world pervades  
 In knowing silence.  
 Yet, sound celestial  
 Mount the sky.  
 Who hears?  
 Who hears!  
 Stand awhile.  
 Wait.  
 Listen.  
 There,  
 A quickened scurry.  
 Is there hope?  
 A snapping twig,  
 Just a chance!....  
 A scream so shrill! !  
 Oh, no.  
 A frightened creature  
 There is panic!

(Cont'd next col.)

NIGHT (Cont'd from col. 1)

Serenity is broken.  
 The signal is out,  
 It's man!  
 It's man!  
 Run!  
 Run!  
 His odor's strange,  
 It sickens.  
 Danger!  
 Danger!  
 But man must know!  
 Can't you trust?  
 Wait  
 Hear me.  
 Love!  
 That's it,  
 Living thing, hear.  
 He loves,  
 Man loves!  
 Listen!  
 Listen to me!  
 Silence.....  
 Only echoes hear;  
 A relic,  
 A cannon,  
 A dead power,  
 That's all that waits.  
 Walk on,  
 Discouraged.  
 Think....  
 Where is hope?  
 Return,  
 Return to man.  
 They listen.  
 Yes....  
 Yes, that's it,  
 Duty calls.  
 Don't look back,  
 They'll not hear.  
 They don't care.  
 Man cares,  
 I care,  
 Yes, me.  
 Brilliant,  
 Bright,  
 Educated man.  
 Dumb world,  
 Mute  
 Ignorance there.  
 Never fear,  
 Man will guide.

(Cont'd on page 5)

NIGHT (Cont'd from page 4)

What do they know of the  
 answer?  
 No patience with them.  
 Call a council!  
 Combine the mind!  
 Set the law!  
 We'll discover...  
 Man invents....  
 He will mold!  
 Who are they?  
 Silent,  
 Cold.  
 Hurry,  
 Rush,  
 Push....  
 Bend,  
 Kill....  
 We must!  
 That's the way!  
 To hell with them.  
 They're of no need.  
 Patience! Ha!  
 Tired,  
 Bewildered,  
 But give me time.  
 Walk on;  
 The hour is late;  
 Need sleep.  
 The answer's close...  
 Just need time.  
 Have no patience,  
 Just tremendous thoughts,  
 Dreams.  
 They're so stupid!  
 Inanimate,  
 Man's the great.  
 Solved tomorrow!  
 A Ph. D.  
 Home at last...  
 Hesitate,  
 Turn around,  
 Stare;  
 Just the world out there!  
 No big thing.  
 It's man!  
 Yes, sir,  
 He makes the difference;  
 He's the answer.  
 God is nice  
 And has a place;  
 And so do trees.

(Cont'd next col.)

NIGHT (Cont'd from col. 1)

Good night out there.  
 You need some help?  
 Come to me!  
 Great strides tomorrow!  
 Sleep,  
 Escape.  
 A star winks...  
 The wind blows...  
 A tree nods...  
 THEY KNOW!

Dennis Trout

---

THE RIVERS

Mekong

Oh, sorrowful mother of Viet Nam,  
 The rivers of blood join you.  
 The music of hearts disappears in you  
 And you in the quiet of your  
 Buddhism with the rivers conjoin.

I remember nothing from birth than  
 death

Death of my father  
 Death of my tribe  
 I have no time for grief  
 I have fought all my life

Mekong

The everlasting river  
 You have lived with the war  
 And you will live with it always  
 But I am tired. . .

I am tired  
 Give me your help  
 And my gun, this only remembrance  
 of my father

Drown it your deepest. . .  
 But. . .

A footstep. . .  
 A shadow with a gun. . .  
 My countryman touches his gun's trigger  
 for me

Oh I have too

Mekong

(Cont'd on page 6)

