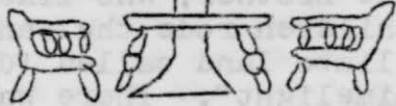


# Table Talk



NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE STUDENT BODY OF THE  
LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT GETTYSBURG  
GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

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A piece in Table Talk of October 15 left me felling blue. It seemed like the words of someone who is very depressed. Someone who is depressed because he's finding it hard to communicate the news about a God who just doesn't seem to exist anymore.

The Church has come of age. But like many adolescents, it doesn't seem to know how to cope with the world. It seems to be caught in a stage between making sand-castles in a sandbox and making the world a better place to live in. It's fun to make sand-castles. It's wonderful to imagine that we are knights on white horses. But it's quite another thing to realize that we can't go on merely pretending. We've got to use some of our dreams in the world, but we also have to scrap some of our childish methods. We've got to learn how to communicate our dreams to the world.

I suppose that's what seminary is all about. We all make up the Church. We've got a lot of fine dreams and "altar(s) carved from a tree trunk or (a God) hewn from a rock by the hands of men". I'm only a Junior, but I've found out this much: We have to study and go to classes to see what kind of dreams the Church has to work with and what kind of a world we must face. Bull sessions and much of the laughter in them are necessary. We, as Christians and more specifically as Lutherans, must learn to laugh and joke about our faith. (Heard any good Lutheran jokes lately?)

It all boils down to this. God has found us. Perhaps we

search for him because we don't believe it. I happen to believe it and must spread the good news through action. We shouldn't feel that we must go to Chapel to "retreat" from anything. We should go there to celebrate with our fellowmen. If I've got a problem, I can think it through or talk it out with my friends. Friends?--a commodity only obtained through realized freedom.

Paul Xander

## AN EDITORIAL

Last Wednesday evening a small group of Seminary students and professors gathered in the Aberly Room to see and hear a slide presentation about a summer field studies project. During the course of the one and a half hour presentation the distinction between students and faculty dissolved and we all became students of the speaker who, with graceful simplicity and humility, showed us a few sights and sounds of a summer's work in the Baltimore ghetto. We were all amazed at the amount and variety of work that was accomplished in three months by the impetus of one person.

During the past summer, Sharon Beckhardt was director of a community center in Baltimore. The center was not functioning at all when Sharon was almost arrested for trying to break into the store-front housing the center. There were three rooms in pitiful condition and with this as a headquarters, Sharon built up a program which included baby sitting, recreation.

a choir, family planning classes, weekly library visits, lectures on drugs, field trips, a pajama party, lowering local store prices, cooking classes, a Future Teachers of America Club, a stay at summer camp and several other things that I can no longer remember. She told us that she was occasionally shot at and had virtually no cooperation from the "supporting" churches let alone the municipal authorities. How did she do it all? Was it her red hair? Sharon thinks that may have helped in the beginning with the very young children who were attracted to her first. But, she also left a great deal up to the Holy Spirit, who, I think, had to flap his wings pretty fast to keep up with her.

Sharon's presentation was truly preaching of the first order. Sharon not only talked about gospel, but also projected her acceptance of God's grace by the humble yet understanding way she exposed us to her summer. We all grew a little bit in love and hope as a result of what we experienced. Although it is true that there are many questions to be asked and answered concerning church related inner-city work, the Seminary community should be humbled by what Sharon has done and rejoice in the glimmer of hope in the ghetto that has come to light by her action.

Robert A. Martin

#### A FRACTURED FAIRY TALE

Well, it's about time for the Pink Panther to sharpen her wits, and climb out of the mothballs. I am going to begin my column this year with a FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there were three brothers who lived in a castle on a hill, far away from the madding world. There was Senior Brother, who had just returned from the wars and was therefore tried and experienced. There

was Middle Brother, who like all middle children rode the fence to that limbo land called "Out of the Limelight". There was Junior Brother, who was young, spunky, and feeling his oats. Oh, there was also a sister living in the castle, but like all proper ladies was seen and not heard. I would not, therefore, have even mentioned her, but for the fact that section 1 article 5 of the Fairy Tale Code states that in order for a piece of literature to receive the Good Fairy Tale Stamp of Approval and to pass the censor standards there must be either-and-or a fair lady, a princess, a frail damsel in it. Back to the story!

Like all castles on hills away from the world, this particular castle did not offer much in the way of entertainment and amusement. In order to help pass the time and get rid of their excess energy, the three brothers had Jousting Matches. They decided to joust with each other til the end of the declared season; whoever won the most matches would be the victor. The season opened with a friendly handshake, good natured kidding, and much excitement. The Senior Brother had his proud stature, huge physique, and tried experience going for him. The Junior Brother, who was also strong and physical, had his spunk and careless daring going for him. Unfortunately, the Middle Brother lucked out in the big and strong department, and all that he had going for him was sheer guts.

After several games were played, it became apparent that the real contest was between the Senior and Junior Brother. Then, an awful thing happened, the jousting matches became not so friendly; in fact they became down right hostile. The Senior

Brother decided that if he was to re-establish his dominion over the castle, he would have to be the victor of the matches. The Junior Brother decided that he was not about to take a back seat to older brother, who should be put out to pasture. The whole castle shook with hostility and wreaked of ill-will. It was quite obvious that soon the castle would not be big enough for both Senior and Junior. The two Brothers forgot that they were just that - Brothers! An odd thing about the two was that they had a lot in common; oh, not just height and build, but a great zeal, determination, strong self-identity, and a type of anger and confidence which gets things done. The Senior Brother was a mirror image of what Junior would be in three years, and the Junior Brother was a mirror image of what Senior was three years ago.

Now the situation was serious as it was but something happened one day to make it worse. A band of Bad Fairies called Airians challenged the castle. The honor and jousting ability of the entire castle was at stake.

The question was, could the brothers swallow their pride, pull their great resources of tried experience, spunky daring, and sheer guts, and work together in fellowship as brothers should, to defeat the Bad Airy Fairies???

My fairy tale closes here with an unwritten ending.

Pax,

The Pink Panther

Sharon Beckhardt

P.S. Nope, don't look this one up in your Funk & Wagnalls; it isn't there!!

This article was submitted for the last issue of Table Talk and promptly lost. It appears now.

R.A.M.

B.M.O.S. ???

In the interest of higher education, I submit the following Guide for the instruction of all who aspire to the noble rank of B.M.O.S. (Big Man on Seminary):

- 1.) A B.M.O.S. stands out from the crowd. He's the one who asks the questions in class and then interrupts the Professor to answer them himself. He's the one who can grind a 3 second ax in 50 minutes and still come out dull!
- 2.) Down deep inside, a B.M.O.S. is many people. He is his roommate's best clothes, his friend's convertible, his parent's charge-a-plate, his professors' headache.
- 3.) A B.M.O.S. is Cold Calculation with a warm handshake, Scholastic Achievement with a crib sheet, Thoughtfulness that mails his dirty laundry home-gift wrapped for Mother's Day, Sobriety with the dry heaves, Friendship with a purpose, Piety with a Playboy key.
- 4.) A B.M.O.S. has all the qualities that make men rich and famous: The quiet charm and humility of Jack Paar, the boyish innocence of Bobby Baker, the tolerance of George Wallace, the docility of Cassius Clay, the tact of Jimmy Hoffa, the emotional stability of Fidel Castro, the simple tastes of Jackie Gleason, the patience of Leo Durocher, the morals of Hugh Hefner, the clever wit of Tom Smothers, the impeccable vocabulary of Harry Truman, the aggressive drive of Jack the Ripper.
- 5.) A B.M.O.S. comes prepared to all classes--with a coke in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

- 6.) A B.M.O.S. can babble idiotically and still be relevant!
- 7.) A B.M.O.S. is Ultimately Concerned at all times.
- 8.) A B.M.O.S. can expound on nothing!
- 9.) A B.M.O.S. always complains about the food in the refectory but comes back for seconds--- thirds, fourths.
- 10.) A B.M.O.S. is a natural born leader. He leads faculty members to distraction, the Student Body to anarchy, creditors to repossession, and dormitory-mates to transfer to the Lutheran Theological Seminary of BANGO BANGO!
- 11.) Above all, the B.M.O.S. possesses the gift of Ingenuity. Who else could be a straight D student and still receive syñod aid? Who else could pull C.P.E. in Miami, and internship in the Virgin Islands? Who else could leave a ring around a shower stall?
- 12.) A B.M.O.S. can make his excuses for not attending Chapel seem theologically philosophical-- in other words - he's a conscientious objector.
- 13.) The B.M.O.S. is the one who instigates all the water battles, but somehow always manages to come through them dry!
- 14.) A B.M.O.S. always works to enhance his prestige and solidify his position. He's the one who sends press releases to the school paper about his social life, always quotes from the writings and lectures of faculty professors and volunteers to babysit for them. He's the member of the class of '63 that still hasn't graduated!
- 15.) A B.M.O.S. is the kind of guy who hums "God Bless America" while trying desperately to flunk his preinduction physical.
- 16.) B.M.O.S.'s are very seldom concert violinists, Fulbright Fellows, chess addicts, mathematics majors, or Book of the Month Club members. More often they are former BoonDock State Bubble Gum Bubble Blowing Champs, Greek majors, the offsprings of pushy mothers and needling fathers, products of broken homes, ex-hippies, graduate school rejects, Sunday School perfect attenders, A.A. members with one foot off the wagon, or mystics.
- 17.) A B.M.O.S. excels at "Bible thumping".
- 18.) A B.M.O.S. can finish an exam in less time than it took the professor to pass them out.
- 19.) A B.M.O.S. takes the prize of being "Mr. Annoyance" during a final exam by being a "rhythmic sniffler," "a pathological knuckle-cracker", or a hyper-tensive gumpopper!"
- 20.) A B.M.O.S.'s idea of a gourmet meal is beans and franks with sour cream or peanut butter and jelly with chives and anchovy paste.
- 21.) A B.M.O.S. is usually a radical. He can turn a minor difference of opinion into a Third Degree with no safeguards against self-incrimination, an Inquisition - with no chance to confess and be painlessly executed a mismatched fight with no rest periods between rounds!
- 22.) A B.M.O.S. loses big when it comes to taking EXAMS. He either stays up all night and crams so he'll learn everything he is too sleepy to write about when the time comes to take the exam, or he goes to bed early so he is alert enough to write everything he might have learned if he had stayed up all night and crammed.
- 23.) A B.M.O.S. is the kind of guy who spends a small fortune making important-sounding phone calls to the recorded voice who gives the correct time.
- 24.) A B.M.O.S. is by nature sin-

- ful and unclean, above and beyond the call of duty!
- 25.) Who but a B.M.O.S. would think that "the Diet of Worms" was Martin Luther's answer to Metrecal!
- 26.) Who but a B.M.O.S. could eat 7½ Kingsize super jumbo family sized - mushroom sausage, pepperoni, tomato sauce, goopy-cheese pizzas chased by 4.9 steins of dark German beer -- and still have the "urry-ups!"
- 27.) The B.M.O.S. is usually so hard up for mail that he stands for hours at a time with his hand in the mailbox.
- 28.) Who else but a B.M.O.S. would think that Tillich, Buber, Chardin, and Kiergaard were the brand names for imported men's after-shave lotion.
- 29.) Only the B.M.O.S. can find an escape from the Miguel Eaton syndrome.
- 30.) Who else but a B.M.O.S. would curl up on a cold night with Hornack's History of Dogma?
- 31.) A B.M.O.S. takes the attitude that since God is watching, he's going to give him a good show.
- 32.) A B.M.O.S. is the kind of guy that makes his own Christmas cards and greetings such as:  
Roses are reddish  
Violets are bluish  
If it weren't for Xmas  
We'd all be Jewish!
- 33.) Who but a B.M.O.S. could keep his head when those around him are losing theirs, and then find out that he's misunderstood the situation?
- 34.) A B.M.O.S. always obeys all the good laws and rules, and only breaks the bad ones.
- 35.) A B.M.O.S. is a master of non-procrastination; he never pulls off tomorrow what he can pull off today.  
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. . . . It costs to be a B.M.O.S. - but

all the grim, tedious drudgery that goes into the making of a B.M.O.S. is well worthwhile. Along the rocky road, he learns to influence and persuade; to plan and to see those plans blossom into reality; to sway the masses with his oratory, zeal and sheer bull; and to savor the triumph of having his viewpoint prevail.

By Graduation Day the Big Man on Seminary is confidently prepared to step forth into the outside world....

Good luck to all you aspiring B.M.O.S.

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Sharon Beckhardt