

# Table Talk

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



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## KEY '73 TEAM TO VISIT CAMPUS!!!

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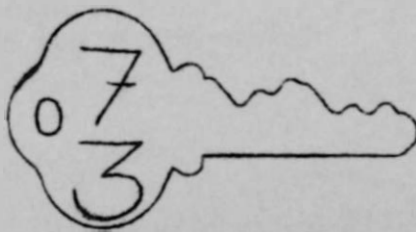
On one day this month (date to be announced latter) a team of 73 evangelists will descend on our campus to the tune of "Just as I am" being chimed over the holy hill (played of course by our own little proselytizer William the bell ringer - a real ding-dong.)

The 73ers will conduct a special chapel service at seven minutes past three (entrance by a lapel key-pin which can be purchased from Mr. B. the Key Man for a small fee of 73¢) beginning with A. R. Gobbel leading us in a hymn sing of all 73 golden oldies - including "Just as I am Without my Key"; Key Of Ages; Sweet Key of Prayer; I come to the Garden with My Key; and last but not least Count your Key's Number them 7 and 3."

The climax of the service will be an altar call in which we hope to see the High Altar come forward to become a new converted free standing table.

So come together to the service and join the fun.

REMEMBER YOUR



## THE WORD COME FROM ABOVE

The message came into our midst as an abiding presence with  
the softness of tremeloes and as an irritating reed.

For in the year the emperor was crowned,  
words poured forth that were quite profound.  
The priests of Baal with him made stand  
and lo! dark clouds loom o're Beuhlaland.  
The peoples were blind and could not see,  
and to hear another was audacity.

Over the land the peoples were callous,  
but the man and his staff were in the Ivory Palace.  
As mounds grew higher and numbers decrease  
and decision was made for  
decisions that they may increase.  
So let it be written, so let it be done,  
cries in emotion for the only one.

And then in the midst questions were raised, as to the meaning  
of the above uttered phraae.

"What does it mean?  
And when will it happen?"

All these questions with no one to answer!

"Who will tell us for sure, and make it plain  
doctrinally sound and scripturally sane?"

The trumpets sounded, drums rolled with a crash,  
to announce to men the sorting of trash.  
Instead of a legend we were given a key  
and told it twould happen in '73.

Then all men will join hand in hand, and then bring that one in'bo  
our land. Then cries will arise to nominate a leader to go forward  
and give instructions to feed it. There will be many who come for us  
and many will be false but only one Romulus Marcellius. And he will  
speak this in exquisite tongue and pamphlet. And then they will  
flow over the land until they have found, hands that will fiddle  
and pass them around.

"Be blind and see  
what is set before thee."

These were the words that were engaged on the introductory page.

With the flame that ignites  
we'll enter the flight  
for what we do not know.

Bell rining, door knocking and collaring became vehicles  
for doing what - they do not know. Each had his own way.  
Came the cries of many answering the chants,

" Not a Lutheran  
Not a presby  
Not a Fundy, white with foam,  
I am an Anglican  
One step from Rome "

The flame is a lighter, and once it's been spent, it must be  
refueled to be used again. A regeneration, they say we need,  
but words of the teacher they do not heed.

With stones piled on stones and gatherings beneath,  
to them is the signal that they're not alone.  
With rumors of number they sit and lament,  
calculate and stumble and figure what's spent.

A rain of fire fallo from their lips  
added with umbrellas of helpful tips  
And cover the worlds with their decision  
to be one pearl without no division.

The method is one  
of very good taste  
Sugar coated candy  
dipped with haste.

( Excerpt from APOCALYPSIUM ANONYMOUSIUM IX: V\*XL )