

# Table Talk

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



XVII, no. 3. November 12, 1980

## "Christmas Presence"

Those working on the Christmas Bazaar-Bakesale for Social Action invite the entire Seminary Community to join with us in an "event that shall benefit a local family with many physical needs." Proceeds will be channeled through our Social Action Committee to the Gettysburg S.C.C.A.P.

Christmas is characteristically a season of reaching outside oneself, recalling, in a sense, the "reaching out" of God in Christ. Should not our Seminary, a part of the "Body of Christ", likewise reach out and be "present" in the lives of those surrounding us?

Of course, the "Bazaar-Bakesale" image is not always a desirable one within the ecclesiastical community. Sales are no replacement for our outright offerings. And the purpose of each

Bazaar Workshop extends, we hope, beyond simply a night out for social interaction.

There remains, also, the tension between theology and applied ministry. Many of us would rather be reading theology than stuffing animals and making ornaments for a bazaar. Yet hopefully, some positive changes result in our lives, and the lives of those around us, from both pursuits. As an alternative to attending the Bazaar Workshops, many of us have hobbies that generate items which could be used as Christmas gifts and decorations. We would like each person or family unit within the Seminary Community to consider using some spare time and talent creatively in an effort to produce a Christmas item for the Bazaar.

Finally, that perpetual tension between "works righteousness" and "response to grace freely given", always is ecclesiastically oriented social activists into accountability. In the last analysis, the difference between these two concepts is really contingent on intention. And our intention is to be a "presence" in the Gettysburg Community; it is to respond to grace given with means shared.

There are numerous ways in which each member of our Seminary Community can participate in this event: attend Bazaar Workshops usually held every Thursday evening (see signs posted around campus), contribute your own handmade items to be sold at the Bazaar, bake your "speciality" for the Bakesale, or come help us out at the actual Bazaar-Bakesale, to be held Thursday, December 11, at King's. If you would like to help in any way, please contact Karen Dougherty (4-7528) or Linda Neumann (4-8429). Also, watch for signs concerning this event and fliers that will enable you to sign up and participate in any way you feel you can be helpful.





November 21, 1980

Dear John,

This really seems tacky. I never thought I would be writing a "Dear John" letter, the purpose is almost as crazy as writing to Ann Landers.

As I thought of the trip I was to make toward the "mecca" of Gettysburg, the excitement was electric. After arriving on your campus I became short circuited.

We sat in chapel the other day and I was amazed at the drastic changes in the manners of your student body and chapel attendance. What happened? Last year when I made my visit, chapel attendance was much better, participation spontaneous, and the pre-service conversations allowed personal prayer. This time, I could hardly hear myself think, after over coming the knock to my sense with the renovations, yet alone, pause for a moment with the Almighty before "worship" with the community.

What happened to the "friendly" campus that everyone always talked about? The student body seemed not to notice that I was a visitor in their presence. Conversations in the dining hall, refectory I believe you called it, dealt with proper conduct of the liturgy (who is and who is not doing it properly), academic matters, or, intellectual debated without an answer. Doesn't anyone ever come out of their cloud long enough to deal with people as people?

This letter is beginning to sound like a broken record and what the campus was in the past should have no bearing upon the present. Or, should it?

Congratulations to our football team on their recent victory over the "other" seminary.

See you soon,

*John*

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Found on a door:

And Jesus said unto them:

"Who do you say that I am?"

And they responded:

"You are the eschatological manifestation of the ground of our being, the kerygma in which we find the ultimate meaning of our interpersonal relationships."

And Jesus said: "Huh?"

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only 43 days away

Christmas is almost here again. That means the Christmas shopping is also in store for most of us. Are you short of ideas for gifts? Do you loathe crowded parking lots, hoardes of people and long lines at the cash register? Maybe the Seminary Bookstore can be of help.

One nice idea for a Christmas present is a copy of the Lutheran Book of Worship (LBW), with personalized gold lettering on the cover. This comes in the pew edition (hardcover), the gift edition (soft leather cover), and the pocket edition (a small verision of the gift edition). We can easily order a personalized LBW for you. To insure delivery before Christmas, it would be wise to place your order before November 15.

We also have a nice selection of Bibles, including the Good News for Modern Man with color photos. Another favorite is Martin Luther's Christmas Book. This contains some of Luther's comments on the Christmas story and several celebrated woodcuts from his contemporaries. Martin Marty's book, The Lord's Supper, is a very readable book for laity. Of course, Frederick Buechner is also a popular selection. We have Telling the Truth, Peculiar Treasures, and Wishful Thinking. For people interested in more scholarly work, we would suggest Raymond Brown's Birth of the Messiah. We have many other selections that you might also consider.

Don't forget, we also have a new line of T-shirts, sweatshirts, and sweaters. We are happy to assist you in your selections! Come in and see us.

- Sally and Bill.

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## DR. MYERS HONORED WITH STATUE

This year the Junior class elected to dress the statue of Martin Luther as Dr. Jacob Myers. He was chosen because of his "outspoken opinions", which we felt should be shared with the entire Seminary Community.

At the first planning meeting, it became obvious to us that simply dressing the statue as Dr. Myers would not do justice to him. Since many of the aspects of Dr. Myers' personality we wanted to emphasize were best demonstrated through his statements in class, it was decided that we would place signs containing his sayings, or, references to them, all over the campus.

Below is a brief exercise wich may help clarify some of the elements of this project for those who are not in the Pentateuch class. Match the correct number and letter:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 the only thing Jake can cook                       | a pack your bags and leave               |
| 2 what the desert prophets ate                       | b grapes                                 |
| 3 what students better do if they don't want to work | c the temple of Baal                     |
| 4 the post-renovation chapel                         | d soft eggs                              |
| 5 in Palestine, they grow these "this big."          | e cucumbers as big as your little finger |
| 6 a most difficult woman                             | f Jezebel                                |
|  | g opera house                            |

(ANSWERS on page 5)

ANIMAL EXEGESIS: A Story With A Moral

And Jesus called to them and said,

"You know that those who are supposed to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great men exercise authority over them. But it shall not be so among you; but whoever would be great among you must be your servant, and whoever would be first among you must be slave of all. For the Son of man also came not to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many."  
(Mark 10:42-45)

There was once a time when the "croak" of a frog was one of the most beautiful sounds to be heard. It was more beautiful than any bird's song. And every frog was able to croak in their own special way. Birds and beasts and men would stop their labours just to listen to frogs croaking and nothing was more delightful than to be lulled asleep in the evening by the croak of a frog. Naturally, the frogs realized their talent and took special pride in trying to croak the loudest and best.

At that time there lived a frog named Freddie. Freddie lived in a pond filled with thousands upon thousands of frogs. Each frog spent all day and night croaking his loudest - trying to out croak his neighbors and to impress the whole pond with his unique croak.

However, Freddie the frog was very much unlike his neighbors and all the other frogs in the pond; for Freddie never croaked at all. As a matter of fact, he refused to join in the competition of trying to be top frog by impressing all the others.

Instead, he sought to help other frogs by serving their needs. If a frog was sick, Freddie would be there to nurse him. If a frog was lonely, Freddie would become their friend and visitor. If a frog even had a bad day croaking, Freddie would be by to offer encouragement. In short, Freddie was a Christian frog.

Of course, this angered the rest of the frogs who said, "who does he think he is: not croaking like the rest of us, not trying to impress others and become top frog. Does he think he's better than us?"

So, one night, a mob of frogs descended on Freddie and drowned him.

But God keeps watch over his own. And the voice of God thundered out of heaven, drowning out the sound of all the frog's croaking and he said, "You killed Freddie, who by his life of service to you, proved himself to be top frog. From now on your croaking will not be an impressive sound, but only an ugly scratchy noise. Croaking shall no longer be a mark of distinction among frogs - you shall all croak alike."

The Moral of the Story:

Greatest in the kingdom of God is not the one who croaks the loudest, but the one who croaks for the Lord.

-A Friend.

## BEING HERE...

This place is almost too beautiful!!! As for the physical appearance: as I look out of my window I can see the distant hills which are a shade of purple as the sun goes down. I see the wheat-gold fields which contrast the colorful orange, red, and yellow leaves of the trees. I see the kids playing in and around the courtyard.

After dinner at the refectory, I find myself almost automatically walking down Confederate Avenue to the Lee Monument to watch the deer come from the woods to eat in the fields. I'm amazed at seeing over twenty deer at one time and it's funny to hear a couple of them snort when I get close to them. I then get to see over twenty fluffy, white tails bounce up and down as they leap away to a safer distance.

I also enjoy walking along the bridle trail, as long as I'm able to avoid stepping into certain undesirable natural occurrences. Squirrels run around the woods gathering food, chipmunks scurry among the leaves, and cardinals and blue jays fly among the trees. I was even lucky enough to see a raccoon sleeping in a trash dumpster at the Boyscout campground.

As if it's not enough that nature and beautiful weather have been uncooperative in my efforts to study...there are the tennis courts, perpetual ping-pong games, the coffee shop, the daily trek to check out my mail box at least three times, and of course, there are so many people - faculty, staff, students, and spouses that I want to get to know.

Who can actually study with all of these possibilities? I confess, I spend many of the "sleeping" hours hitting the books, literally as well as figuratively. The crazy thing is that I always seem to be able to come up with a rationale for my behavior - thanks to Christianson and Thulin, and thanks to Mr. Stroup I know that "isolation vs. intimacy" isn't my unique experience.

In the few weeks that I've been here I've had and am having more fun than I ever had in four years of college. It's not that I've been on a constant high - I had a week visiting the pits, but that makes no difference because there were people who made the pits a little more bearable. Regardless, I am so happy to be here, and I realize this more as time goes on. And, I'm going to keep in mind a bit of advice that a friend gave me - this community is what you make of it. One cannot complain about a lack of "community" if one sits in the room and does nothing to promote fellowship, caring, or Christian love. So, I guess this means that I'll venture out of my room in an attempt to continue to spend my "normal" waking hours among the people of our community with whom God has blessed is, whether it be in classes, in chapel, in the coffee shop, talking in someone's room, studying, playing ping-pong or tennis, or while taking a walk with someone to enjoy nature.

Yours in Christ,  
Sharon Willard

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to Dan, our fearless refectory steward:

After boasting of his prowess as a marksman, he took aim at a duck flying overhead. "Watch this" he said.

He fired - the bird flew on.

"My friends," he said with awe, "you are now watching a miracle! There flies a dead duck."

THANK YOU!

I want to thank Sharon Willard, Karen Tews, Ryan Hannigan and Gordy (Smith) for helping to decorate the refectory for our folk festival Friday evening (October 17). Many compliments were heard about how good everything looked.

Thanks also to Billy and his helpers for finding a portable stage.

Thanks to Andy for tape equipment.

Thanks to Mrs. Hess and her helpers for everything!

The evening was very special for me because I got to hear the "Seminary Blues", finally! And good music from Mike and Dan. And, the evening was extra special for me because special friends like Bob and Jon could be here and share their talents with us.

If you missed our festival, you missed bibbed jeans, straw hats, dancing, good food and good music! I have a feeling we should do this more often!

-this was submitted as an unsigned article.

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FROM THE EDITOR:

I realize that many of us are very busy with DPL exams, studies, and other concerns with our academic life. The next issue of TABLE TALK will be devoted to the holidays. I would appreciate articles, dreams, true stories, etc., concerning events that have happened at your home in past holiday seasons. A limit of 400 words maximum to allow everyone to participate. A surprize is insured for all entries.

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POETRY CORNER

This poem is dedicated to anyone who wonders what dawn is like.

D A W N

Neither a bang nor a whimper,  
But a gradual flowing of light into darkness.

No colors visible yet,  
Just the whisper of dawn's paintbrush.

There are no shadows at the edge of dawn,  
Only stars fading into the sun.

Her colors, now appearing, are warm,  
Red, yellow, orange, pink,  
Funny contrast with the cold air.

The stillness of the early morn,  
Shattered by avian morning prayer.

-M. Olivanti