

Table Talk

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I believe in
God the Father
almighty,
Creator of
Heaven and
Earth



11/8/92

TABLE TALK is published monthly by students at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. The views and opinions expressed here do not necessarily reflect the views and opinions of the editorial staff, the student association, or the seminary.

TABLE TALK, 61 NW Confederate Avenue, Gettysburg, PA. 17325

Publications Committee:

Jeannine Sanford
Mark Bernecker
Steve Fiechter
Sara Peterson

Greetings from the Publications Committee,

Welcome to the first issue of Table Talk! It is October and life on campus is in full swing. We are in the midst of many things on campus and most of us are already behind. The editors of Table Talk would like to take this opportunity to invite you to take a break from your busy schedule, relax and enjoy this issue.

This month Bruce Wilder shares with us some information about the Student Association and association committees in his 'Prose from the Pres'. There is also a guide to the local restaurants. We hope that this will be good reading as well as a useful tool.

We also begin some of our regular features this edition. Tamara Riegel gives us a peek at some of the books that have arrived in the Library over the summer. Claudia Bergmann brings us an article about Germany in our feature from students 'Around the Globe'. We also have some special items including a conversation with the new dean Richard Thulin.

Thanks also to Stephen Fiechter for submitting his work this month. We encourage you to submit an article, reflection, story, or anything else you would like to share, for next month's Table Talk. Thanks also to Bruce Wilder for his help in putting this issue together. A special thanks to Heather Bumstead for her art work on the cover.

Hope you enjoy!

In Christ, The Publications Committee

PROSE FROM THE PRES

Greetings to all new students, returning students and families. Welcome to the 1992-93 academic year here at the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Gettysburg. The third week of classes is almost over as I write this letter, but it seems as though we have been back at the grindstone much longer than that! (Maybe age and class standing have something to do with that feeling). My point is that it seems such a short time since Labor Day, yet so much has already happened. Numerous new friendships have been established, old acquaintances renewed, some class presentations accomplished, class officers and trustees elected, as well as SA Council and Student-Faculty Relations Committee (SFRC) elections and appointments. And oh, by the way, the SENIOR APPROVAL ESSAYS (SAE!) ARE IN THE MAIL AS OF 11 PM, NOV 30...as I write this!! No more excuses for not being prepared for class! (Can someone tell me how so many "Middlers" got ten days behind in reading assignments?? Maybe it's catching...or they're getting in practice for their Senior Essays!!

The SA Council met on SEP 23, the SFRC on the 28th, and we are off on a running start....we're already talking Lutheran flag football playoffs!! I have enclosed a list of the student officers/committee/trustees for your information. We still have some committee vacancies, and anyone interested in filling those or serving on a specific committee please inform your class officers or trustees.

I will be addressing the Board of Directors tomorrow, October 1. My report will be brief, but will highlight the excellent way in which this Student Association has started this new year. Your rapid response to necessary elections and appointments and the organizational abilities shown by each class are appreciated greatly. Many committees have met and results are already visible. I thank you in advance for your continued support of the SA representatives who are directing those efforts.

At the September SFRC meeting the unfinished Business Report of 1991-92 was presented and discussed. The minutes of the meeting and those specific items are posted. I believe the five issues of that report were adequately covered by the SFRC. If after reading the minutes you have questions or concerns please let your class president or SFRC representative know.

I look forward to this year of study and community with you.

Peace and health...

Bruce Wilder

STUDENT ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT	Bruce Wilder
RECORDING SECY	Jeffrey Odgren
CORRESPONDING SECY	Katherine Douglas
TREASURER	Mike Reed

STUDENT ASSOCIATION COUNCIL

	<u>JUNIOR</u>	<u>MIDDLER</u>	<u>SENIOR</u>
<u>PRES</u>	Matt Jackson	Mike Bonham	Heather Bumstead
<u>SEC/TREAS</u>	Doug DeStephano	Sara Peterson	Mike O'Berg
<u>TRUSTEES</u>	Scott Olson Sylvia Rosemergy Steve Claycomb David Sonnenberg Jennifer Hammes	Tom Frizzell Sandra Leifeste Lisa Leber Timothy Rall John Teitman	Sandra Morrison Jeff Miller Marie Krueger Tim Kielley Sandra Gideon
<u>INTERN CLASS REP</u>	- Katherine Douglas		
<u>TABLE TALK CO-EDITORS</u>	Jeannine Sanford Steve Fiechter Mark Bernecker		

Student-Faculty Relations Committee

PRES S/A	Bruce Wilder	
JR CLASS PRES	Matt Jackson	REPS: Elsa Clark
MIDDLER CLASS PRES	Mike Bonham	Lisa Leber
SENIOR CLASS PRES	Heather Bumstead	Brian McClinton

	<u>Worship Committee</u>	
Kathy Kuehl	Anthony Schneck	John Bromhal
Eric Deibler	Steven Amundson	Scott Valentine

Chair: Elsa Clark Student Housing Committee
(Others to be appointed)

Chair: George Bradshaw Pet Policy Committee
(Others to be appointed)

	<u>Honor Board</u>	
Chair: Bruce Wilder	Scott Moore	
Marie Krueger	George Schneider	Mary Peterhaensel
	J. Paul Balas	Susan Hedahl

Chair: Bruce Wilder
Heather Bumstead
Marie Krueger

<u>Student Conduct Board</u>		
	Mike Bonham	Matt Jackson
	Mel Stricklin	Anne Dwiggins

	<u>By-Laws</u>	
Chair: Mike O'Berg	Timothy Rall	
Tim Kielley	Lisa Leber	David Sonnenberg

Student Coordinators

Steering Committee-Supply Preaching -	Mike Bonham
Course Evaluations -	Lisa Leber
Health Fund -	Mark Gibbs
Coffee Shop Manager -	Brian Deckinger

Faculty Committees

Academic Policy -	Nancy Smith	Charles "Chip" Dukes
Admission and Scholarship -	Elaine Berg	Heather Bumstead
Field Education -	Matt Lamb	Dennis Smith
Library -	Jennifer Bradshaw	
Seminary Extension -	Under review/study	

Divisions

Athletic -	John Teitman, Chair Brian Deckinger	Steve Claycomb Jeff Miller
Lectures -	Sandy Gideon, Chair	Mary Peterhaensel
Publications -	Sara Peterson, Chair Jeannine Sanford	Mark Bernecker Steve Fiechter
Social -	Sandra Leifeste, Chair Sandra Morrison	Mike O'Berg Mark Klawonn
Social Action -	Marie Krueger, Chair Suzanne McDanolds	Lisa Leber
Family Life -	Deb McClellan, Chair Karen Erwin	Tim Kielley



CONVERSATION WITH.....

Richard Thulin was installed on September 29 as dean of Gettysburg Lutheran Seminary. He discussed his responsibilities, goals and visions in an interview with Table Talk.

Background:

native of San Francisco, Calif.
married to wife Elizabeth for 34 years
father of a son, 32, and two daughters, 29 and 25

Education:

graduate of University of California at Berkeley/undergraduate degree in American and English literature
graduate of University of Chicago/master's degree in religion and art
graduate of Boston University School of Theology/doctorate in systematic theology
graduate of Augustana Seminary

Dean Responsibilities:

chief academic dean of the seminary
serves as liaison between students and faculty, faculty and students, and faculty and board of directors
serves on all committees
key administrator for academic affairs committee on board of directors
gives direction to academic policies and decisions
contact person for synods, committees and bishops
supervises work of registrar
maintains contact with the library and continuing education areas

Interview:

"I was ordained in 1957 in the Augustana Lutheran Church and went on a call to a parish in Lowell, Mass. where I served for seven years as pastor. I left there early in 1964 to become senior pastor at Bethesda Lutheran Church in New Haven, Conn.

"While I was there, I was continuing to work on my doctorate degree at Boston University. I was also teaching part-time at Yale. I was a supervising pastor for interns.

"In late fall 1968, I left New Haven and started my teaching career. I was an associate professor of pastoral theology in communications at Hamma School of Theology. It was connected to Wittenburg University in Springfield, Ohio. I was there for nine years.

"I eventually became a full professor. For seven of those years, I was dean of students. For the last two years, I was also their director of field education. I also served as chaplain and taught systematic theology.

"It's important for students to know I was a parish pastor for 12 years. I've now been teaching for 25 years. I also have done administrative work. So that's in my background.

"I came (to Gettysburg) in 1977 as a full professor of the art of preaching. The next year, I was given tenure. At the same time, I was given a chair, which is the John and Susannah Ulrich Professorship. Since I've been here, I've been basically professor of preaching. I agreed to serve as interim dean...with the understanding that the interim would not be considered as a full-time dean.

"Along the way, the faculty requested the board to rescind that action that would keep me from being considered. They carried on a search process. They boiled it down to three candidates. They elected me.

"I never pursued this position, which is different than saying that I don't enjoy it or I'm not stimulated. I do enjoy it. I am stimulated by it. I get quite enthusiastic about it. But it's nothing I would pursue. I love to teach. I think if this job required me to teach no more, I would not be interested."

Reflections as Dean:

"I think people feel I'm accessible. I haven't found a student who is afraid to come and talk to me. I want them to know, though a dean, I'm on campus. I'm often at meetings or tied up in this office talking to people. But I try to be available. People should never feel that my door is closed. If anybody needs to see me, they certainly can.

"Teaching is a ministry and being dean is a ministry for me. If it weren't, I wouldn't do it. It's not just an administrative position. I am an ordained pastor. I feel the deanship, as much as teaching for me, is an activity of the ministry of the Word and Sacrament. It's a calling. It's a vocation. If it weren't, I wouldn't do it."

What are your hobbies?

"Scuba diving has been almost a vocation for me. I've been a diving instructor for 20 years. In that field, to be an instructor, you're considered a professional diver. Within that arena, I am considered a professional. I love photography. For about 20 years, I've been taking underwater photographs as well as land photographs. I love to swim. I love the water. I love to read. That sounds silly for a professor to say. But I'm a great lover of fiction. My dissertation was a joint program between the theological department and the graduate English department of the university. I wrote on D.H. Lawrence and five contemporary theologians. I tried to put them in conversation with one another on the subject of gender. That was 20 years ago. Somehow, gender is just now becoming a hot topic. I also edit a journal called Homiletics. It is sponsored by the Academy of Homiletics and Religious Speech Communications Association."

"It's trying to balance a lot of things. I smile when I hear students say they have trouble with time management. I think everybody has trouble with that. If I felt that was a major problem for me, I wouldn't want this job because you have to manage your time!"

Summary:

"I want people, who don't know me, to get a feel for who I am. That's sometimes said by credentials, but other things are said by scuba diving. I love the water and I am a family man. I care a great deal for my family. If you had to give up something, my family would be the last thing I give up. I've had tremendous support from my wife and children. I have tried over the years to return that favor."

*THE REST OF THE CONVERSATION WITH THE DEAN
CONTINUES IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF TABLE TALK.*

Bookmarks



Since last year Bookmarks has been a regular feature in Table Talk. For those of you unfamiliar with the format, this column exists to acquaint the readers of Table Talk with new books arriving in the library, some of which are devoted to such obscure or unusual topics that they may never see the light of day, but which nevertheless deserve mention, or some of which cover important issues but may be neglected due to classroom demands. Realistically, few students have time for browsing the library collection.

One caveat: this is not a book review. It is more like a book alert. These books have been perused but not read by the author of this column. All recommendations are based solely on topic, author, and dust jacket descriptions, not internal merit. You must decide merit for yourself.

Usually this column will discuss books on a particular topic, but this first issue will focus on books of interest which have arrived over the summer months.

Recent Books of Local Interest

The One Mediator, the Saints, and Mary (BX8063 .7 C3 O64 1992) contains the results of the eighth Lutheran-Roman Catholic dialogue. Mary and the saints are seldom viewed with a neutral eye by either Lutherans or Catholics, so it should be an intense

discussion. Dr. Gritsch contributed to the volume.

Martin Luther is always a favorite on this campus, and books are always appearing on any and every aspect of his theology. Luther and Liberation, by Walter Altmann (BR333 .2 A4913 1992) examines Luther in light of modern issues, particularly Latin American liberation theology. Is Luther a liberation theologian? You decide. The Jew in Christian Theology, by Gerhard Falk (BT93 F35 1992) devotes a sizable chunk of the volume to the first published English translation of Luther's pamphlet "Vom Schem Hamphoras," which was written shortly after "On the Jews and their Lies" and treats of the same subject.

For those of you who remember former Gettysburg professor Robert Jenson, he has just published his new book, Unbaptized God (BX8 .2 J46 1992), in which he speculates why the ecumenical dialogs will never reach a conclusion. Ironically, it is because we share the same assumptions.

The Seminary campus has shared in the excitement (or annoyance) of the filming of the "Killer Angels" in recent weeks. For those wishing to explore battle history, Garry Wills just published Lincoln at Gettysburg (E475 .55 W54 1992), which will tell you everything you want to know about the Gettysburg Address.

Other recent books of interest are new publications by the

faculty, on display in the library.

General Interest

Vaclav Havel wasn't re-elected. Perhaps his Summer Meditations (DB2241 H38A5 1992b) on the poet as politician and the future of Czechoslovakia will help to explain why.

For Henri Nouwen fans, Show Me the Way (BX2170 L4N68 1992) is his latest. It is out of season, but you can plan to read it during Lent.

The Shepherd of Hermas is an early Christian prophetic work which came very close to selection as part of the canon. Because of its peaceful vision of the end time (in contrast to the Revelation), the Shepherd is called the "gentle apocalypse". A new, accessible English translation is found under the call number BS2900 H4A3 1992.

Iron John by Robert Bly (HQ1090 .3 B59 1992) has received so much press attention that no introduction is needed. If you find yourself skeptical about the entire New Age psychology and self-help industry, take a look at I'm Dysfunctional, You're Dysfunctional (the title alone is worth a laugh) by Wendy Kaminer (BF632 K36 1992). Kaminer does no analysis in depth, but she points out the flaws and inherent contradictions in the movement, including the flawed religious language used by its proponents.

Tamara E. Riegel

Campbell's

LABELS FOR
EDUCATION

Here's what to save:



2 1/2" wide



LABELS FOR EDUCATION

The Navajo Evangelical Lutheran Mission in Rock Point, Arizona, has asked our help in collecting Campbell's labels needed for a new school van. This Lutheran mission provides many needed services to impoverished members of the Navajo nation, including a Bible based school for the Navajo children.

George and I are in active contact with this mission, and will be providing you with more information on the Navajo nation and the Lutheran mission in the next edition of Table Talk. In the meantime, we ask that you please save your CAMPBELL'S SOUP LABELS. We will be setting up a Campbell's collection can in the coffee shop in the near future.

Thank you,

Jennifer Bradshaw
Jennifer Bradshaw

— A PARABLE —

The following text was recently discovered by archaeologists among the remains of what is believed to have been a first century Christian sect that characteristically wrote in strange hieroglyphics decipherable only through special glasses. We used a coke bottle. The container that held the text is currently under careful study. (The Editors).

Parable:

There was a chef who made an incredible soup. The soup was so special it was even thought to have special powers. In any case, it would serve the needs of the hungry. The chef knew that there were many who needed to get the soup. Some could be spoon-fed, but by and large what the chef needed was a bowl. So the chef found an old bowl that was big enough for the soup. It had a couple of chips in the rim because the potter who had made it turned it a little too thin on the wheel. Also, when the potter made the bowl, shallow bowls were considered superior and fashionable, so as a result this bowl was made shallow and therefore ended up with some cracks like most bowls from the same period.

But the chef didn't care, because surely the wonderful soup is what everyone would talk about--the bowl would go unnoticed for its contents.

So the chef served the soup and the smell of it attracted hungry people for miles. A few people got tastes of the soup and it was indeed everything they'd heard it would be and more. But then some of them began to notice the bowl.

"Why, look at those cracks!" said one.

"There's a chip over here!" exclaimed another.

"What a strange design on the side--what could it mean?" noted a third.

And so they sat down and started to talk about the bowl. Someone concluded that the bowl was so shallow that surely whatever soup was in it must now be cold and tasteless.

They began to turn the bowl around and around trying to get a better understanding of it, hardly noticing that the soup was spilling out. "If we could just figure out why these cracks are here we would know all about the potter", they thought.

Miraculously, even the soup that spilled out wasn't wasted, but nourished those that had come in on their knees, weak from hunger. Some of those got up to talk about the bowl but not all. Some went out to tell other hungry people about the great soup.

The chef had planned, knowing what hungry people were like. (Somehow the chef knew that the soup would spill). So the chef

changed clothes and came out into the dining room, got down on his knees and scraped up the spilled soup into another bowl he'd brought, fed some hungry people directly (some of whom knew he was the chef). Some of the people who were talking about the bowl argued with the chef and told him to get out of the way. Once the chef had done what needed doing, he went back into the kitchen.

Some of those who had been studying the first bowl started looking at the second bowl. There were arguments and dialogues between different groups of bowl scholars (bowlologians as they liked to call themselves). These bowl scholars would sometimes tug at the bowls between themselves causing more cracking. This was good for them because it gave them more to talk about. Some felt that one bowl should be emphasized over another. Some bowl scholars even went hungry because they were so intent in their studies they didn't eat any soup!

The chef in the kitchen (somehow having known all this would happen) was nonetheless amazed but had decided long ago that no one would ever be forced to eat. If there were diners who had a strong feeling that there was more soup in the kitchen, the chef of course let them in and fed them straight from the pot.

By and large there were many bowlologians and others who collapsed from hunger, never tasting of the chef's soup.

Theology is the study of God and his ways. For all we know, dung beetles may study humans and their ways and call it humanology. If so, we would probably be more touched and amused than irritated. One hopes that God feels likewise.

Frederick Buechner, from Wishful Thinking, Harper San Francisco, 1973.

Fair Guide to Gettysburg Fare

Gettysburg, while seeming to be a small town, has a fine variety of eateries ranging from the greasy spoon to formal dining. Mindful of the fact that seminarians have a limited financial resources, the following guide is designed to provide enough information for you to chose wisely where your meger monitary resources will be expended. The resturants will be rated on the following qualities:

- Expense
- Value
- Asthetic quality
- Menu
- Service

Fine Dining

Dobbin House **** (4 Star)

Expense: Entre' is \$15-\$30+

Value : The quality of the fare is worth the price

A.Q. : Historic colonial home well restored and suited for formal dining. From utensils to the printing of the menu the colonial theme is prevelant.

Menu : Limited menu of traditional colonial dishes.

Service: Friendly and slow paced. No rushing here.

For "atmosphere" you cannot beat the Dobbin house, though this will cost you! Take that special friend here for that speacial occasion.

Herr Tavern ****

Expense: \$8-\$15+

Value : Worth it

A.Q. : Historic building that is of 1815 vintage that is not acurately restored, but pleasent none the less.

Menu : Good variety that is not found at the Dobbin House

Service: Very Friendly and appropriately paced

While the Herr Tavern does not have the same ambiance that the Dobbin House does the prices are cheaper and the variety is better without sacrificing culenary quality. Take that special friend whose a little finiky out here for that special occasion.

Fairfield Inn **

Expense: \$5-\$12+

Value : Good food at a reasonable price

A.Q. : Another Historic colnial home resored, but not nearly to the quality of the Dobbin House. If you aren't a historical purist then it will be a comfortable space.

Menu : Limited choices focusing on traditional PA fare.

Service: Friendly and efficient

This is a good place to go with your Granparents or that special someone who you aren't trying to impress.

Farnsworth House **

See the Fairfield Inn rating. The only unique quality of this restaurant is the outdoor courtyard dining.

The Plaza (no stars)

Avoid it at all costs.

Casual Dining

Springhouse Tavern *****!!

Located in the basement of the Dobbin House this is far and above the rest the best place in town.

Expense: \$4-\$10

Value : Maybe just a tad over priced

A.Q. : Historic colonial bar setting executed with the same thoroughness as the upstairs dining area. Wonderfully unique!

Menu : Extremely diverse. From cold fruit/veg plates to BBQ Ribs. All well prepared and well served.

Service: Fine

Take everyone here!! Again!

JD's Pub ***

Expense: \$4-\$12

Value : Good value

A.Q. : Going for the 1900's look and not making it, but not ugly. A comfortable informal setting.

Menu : Very diverse

Service: Ok

Nothing special, but a good place to eat with freinds. Good specials in the bar during the week.

Gingerbread Man

Expense: \$4-\$12

Value : OK

A.Q. : Very nice casual setting

Menu : Wide variety

Service: Slow

A very casual "yuppie", lemon-in-the-water, place. Nothing to write home about.

Around the Globe...

By Claudia Bergmann

August 1992: Teenagers attack a hostel for persons seeking asylum for five nights in Rostock, a town in the northern part of Germany. The neighbors applaud.

September 1992: The riots expand especially in former East Germany. Politicians simulate threats because they have no legal standing in the country.

The Minister of the Interior proclaims that the majority of Gypsies living in Germany must return to Romania.

Germany makes the headlines.

Many Americans have asked me about the violence in my country. We seem to be so prosperous. German currency is the most solid in Europe. West Germany is able to rebuild the other part of Germany, and it is still one of the leading economic states.

But news in the media show only one part of the coin.

Unemployment is increasing in the western part of the country. Sixteen percent of the population is jobless in the eastern half. Job creation schemes hide the real number of unemployment.

The world for former East German citizens collapsed after the unification. It is not possible to change living conditions in three years and to follow the rules of the market economy.

Teenagers feel neglect. In West Germany, funds for recreational activities are cut to send money to East Germany. Frustration among teenagers is increasing.

Young people in the eastern part of Germany are looking for a new orientation in these changing times. But how do they do that if there are apprenticeship shortages, unemployment and boredom?

The promised freedom and prosperity are not realities for the majority of the people. They are looking for explanations. But instead of asking responsible politicians, they are blaming refugees and foreigners. If you are knocked down by a system you don't understand, it is easier to pass the violence onto someone who is weaker than you. Instead of resisting this violence, the poor beat the poorest in society.

Politicians shrug their shoulders. They apparently are happy that aggression and hate vent in this way, and not against the government. Or is there another reason why police did nothing to prevent the riots in Rostock, and withdrew?

On the contrary, many German politicians try to change the basic constitutional law and the right of asylum.

Many people in Germany are confessing that this way of making politics is shameful. When remembering German history, we should resist any kind of violence or prejudice against foreigners and refugees. It doesn't matter if they leave their country because of persecution or poverty.

We cannot solve the problems of our society by sending back foreigners or refugees. We can no longer insist on our excessive living standard at the expense of the world's poorest people.

I was surprised by the interest of Americans in things that happen in Germany. Unfortunately, the newspapers print a distorted picture. The riots in September show how difficult the situation really is in Germany.

Claudia Bergmann is a native of Rudolstadt/Thuringen in Germany. She has completed three years of study at a seminary in Leipzig. Following a year of study at Gettysburg, Claudia will return to Germany for two additional years of education, followed by two years of practical training.

October Happenings

at LTSG

October 7	Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, Missionary to America
October 16	Dr. Scott Hendrix Lecture, "De-Parentifying the Fathers: The Reformation and Patristic Authority." Refectory, 1:30 PM
October 17	Festival Choral Vespers, 8:00 PM
October 18	ST. LUKE, EVANGELIST Dedication of House of Prayer at the Wittel Farm 2:00 PM
October 25	Music, Gettysburg! Per Waldheim, Swedish Operatic Star, 7:30 PM
October 28	Martin Luther Colloquium, no class
October 30	End of first half courses
October 31	Reformation Day

Compline is prayed every evening in the Meditation Chapel at 10:00 PM. What a marvelous opportunity!!

Chronicles of a Journey. by Stephen Fiechter

Anxiety. Chaos. Eager anticipation.

Simple words cannot describe the feeling of uprooting oneself. Physicists will tell you that it is impossible to pull the rug out from under yourself without giving a little hop, but I might argue with that. Well, maybe I hopped, but it wasn't on the same day that I felt the rug yanked from the comfortable position under my feet.

You say good-bye. You make "closure" as professionals might call it. You quit things and resign from things. You attend farewell parties, dinners and lunches. You hug and kiss. You prepare and you pack and you ship. You see people and talk to people that you haven't seen or talked to for a long time, but who you now realize you will miss even the opportunity of seeing or talking to at whim. And you learn a lot. You learn a lot about people around you that you never knew, and you learn a lot about yourself.

But you really don't do good-bye until you LEAVE.

Then and only then it becomes reality. Feelings, overwhelming at times, flood through the conscious. Questions, questions, more questions. There is mourning--a death has occurred and the realization that the smoking gun is held loosely in your own grip is shocking, to say the least. "Oh, what have I done?".

Through mourning shines morning. A new reality grows, one that is shaky at best, but that has indeed replaced the complacency of "life as usual". Transience. Sitting somewhat stationary behind the wheel of a car with the vastness and variety of America racing by your window and only the promise of more unknown is both liberating and scary as hell.

The journey began in my promised land and even as I somehow felt I was being asked to leave, the wisdom of that decision was in question. Unknown was the desert east of Los Angeles. In August, heat is expected--open and desolate, there was a promise of life in a sudden rainshower and a cool breeze. A journey through the desert--seems I'd heard of that before. Never took it literally.

And then a mirage. I've heard it called Las Vegas. Could this be Satan himself tempting me? I heard a call to turn back--that was the only temptation there with heat sitting on your head like a lead weight, and the chill of casinos ringing out their false promises. Hear beneath false hopes the words of the profit Dollar who stands atop Caesar's Palace bidding all: "Stay in this land of enchantment, forever if you'd like, dollars held loosely in both hands. There's always a chance".

It was in this place that I felt the life drain from me and a loss so overwhelming that I wept. I wept not only for that time, but for what seemed like my entire life--deep sorrow the meaning of which I am still discovering. It was everything at once, and nothing at all--fullness and emptiness beyond imagination. And behind it the question sat like the Tempter himself. "Why me?"

Out of a cloud of mercy emerged my very adult self, the great Comforter in the form of adult me. And I took me out of that dank, sleazy motel room and down the Strip and right into the very rooms full of jangle that earlier in the day I had scoffed at. And I saw people this time. I smiled at them and the weak response was sustenance, for I knew then that what I longed for was relationship. I longed for love and community. I was aware that what I had left behind in California was relationship. My fear was that it would never again happen for me. The lights of the strip flashed hope and told me otherwise, for I had done it before and it could happen again. That night I slept at peace, knowing that I had given up nothing at all and had brought everything with me.

Leaving Las Vegas the following morning was no chore and as the land ahead opened up new scenes of the beauty in Utah, the feeling was expansive. Familiar green began to show along roadsides without sprinklers, and the mountains painted a majestic scene. With Salt Lake City approaching, the promised land to so many, I had no such feeling, just one of contentment with a land so foreign and so beautiful. The closer I came to that "new Jerusalem" the more apparent it became that it was merely as illusory as the city of false prophets in which I had awakened.

"Temple Square", I was told, "is dedicated to peace, and it is the sincere hope of all that visitors will find a sense of peace here among the beautiful gardens too." Perhaps the Disney folks have me spoiled, but I found the Temple grounds meager in comparison to Disneyland, and Disneyland makes no pretense about its goal to create a land of enchantment. All religions seem to have their legends and it certainly is not up to me to judge those of the Mormon Church. What does trouble me is the illusions that are created there on Temple Square. Make no mistake, they want all who enter to believe that this is Christianity when in reality it is a muddled and befuddled pantheism. God was human and humans can be God, or one of the gods, at least in the Church of Latter Day Saints, the angel "Macaroni" notwithstanding.

In the Tabernacle the proud tour-guide told us that the pews were pine finished to look like oak. The columns were pine finished to look like marble. The pipes on the great organ were pine finished to look like fine metal. I couldn't help but think that this was a wooden religion finished to look like Christianity. There, in the midst of the entire universe, stood the Christ

statue looking like a monument to the New Age while a canned voice mis-quoted scripture out of context.

Turning my attentions to the rest of Salt Lake, I found much of the same in a city that didn't seem to have a lot to offer someone outside of the Latter Day Saints Church. I will say this much, I have a new curiosity about this group of people and their motivations. I was tempted to take them up on their offer of a free Book of Mormon. That night I had a dream that I was being pursued across the city by these "true people of God". The next morning I winged my way across the remainder of Utah and breathed a sigh of relief at the Wyoming border.

The vastness of Wyoming left me with plenty of time to think. It left me with time to think of what I left behind, to experience the melancholy homesickness, fear and anxious anticipation. Will I love my new life? I did realize, there in the Wyoming space, that I need city. I need people. I need to have interaction with lots of people. I don't know if the city affords me the safety of anonymity, or if the sense of community that is created there is contrasted with the coldness of the outside and therefore appears all the more sweet. I do know that the unease I felt there in the wilderness was very real.

As Wyoming softened to Nebraska and the Range gave way to farmland, I was making my way across the breadbasket of the world--land so fertile and productive it grows hope. In central Nebraska rain came down as I hadn't seen in years. Thunder and lightning threatened. I pulled over to the side of the road to wait for the worst to pass and there it was soothing to think of a day when I could return to LA. But then, I thought, what if I don't want to? What an irony. The child is afraid to enjoy a new life in the East because he may like it so much he won't want to leave and go back to California. I wonder how much of life is avoided because of the fear of having too much fun and not wanting to leave?

I arrived in Chicago with a sense of accomplishment. I had done a major part of the trip, and now a few days of respite awaited me.

My first day there I was dropped off at the rail station and left to fend for myself. Not having planned very extensively what I would be doing, I simply asked how to get to the loop, boarded the train and rode into the heart of Chicago. I had toured the headquarters of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America and was impressed with the contrast to Temple Square in Salt Lake City. This was an office building with clues here and there of the nature of the goings on there, but none of the pomp and circumstance. I was reminded by this visit that organized religion really is a business, and I couldn't help but wonder if this business was the business of Jesus Christ.

Arriving in downtown Chicago, I climbed the stairs out of the subway station and found myself in the heart of a metropolis. On first glance I would have thought this was New York, so similar are the downtown areas. But after a more careful look, I knew that this was not so. The elevated train was one clue--the size another. Chicago had much to offer me that day, and the next few days, but it contrasted with New York by virtue of size. I could see quite a bit of Chicago on foot, and walking from the Federal Building, past the Board of Trade, going up the Sears Tower and down to the Lake past Buckingham Fountain, I found the city refreshing. Days alone on the highway had left me thirsty for this shoulder to shoulder hustle and bustle. The day was clear and cool, and I rejoiced in a high-pressure feeling different from that in Los Angeles. It was the onset of Autumn feeling that I hadn't experienced in some time. Of course, this sample would slip away as a new bank of heat and humidity rolled into the city over the next few days, but the taste was there. I sat in a city park and sipped a cup of delicious coffee and ate a piece of cinnamon-raisin cake and thought that it really doesn't get much better. Those are the times I love most in life.

I did have the opportunity to see the Chicago Art Institute, and toured a display at the Center for Broadcast Art of the Magic of Disney. The scenes from Disneyland and Southern California gave me a feeling of nostalgia. I was both glad and sorry I had stopped in.

I left Chicago refreshed and ready to start things in Gettysburg. Although I have no doubt that behind the green walls lining the highways of Indiana and Ohio there is much to be seen and enjoyed, there was little to entice me from my appointed task of getting myself to Gettysburg. Not at this point. I did make a ten minute detour through the campus of Notre Dame. Ten minutes is not long enough to get an impression of anything, but the fact that I did not stay is some indication of how I felt.

The gentle country of Ohio gave way to the still greener and more rolling hills of Western Pennsylvania. Since I was a child, going into Pennsylvania has always seemed like going into another time. To the untrained eye there are few differences between it and its neighbors. To those of us who know, however, there are distinct differences. The trees are different. The buildings are different. The roads are different and the people are different. I suppose one of the true beauties of this land that we call America is the distinctions between the States. Each has its own unique character. Each is special and each attracts a certain special type. Pennsylvania has always struck me as being particularly unique--colonialism with a western attitude and a pioneer spirit that was lost in the coastal states decades ago.

As I began to realize that my 3000 mile odyssey had only thirty miles remaining, I was seeing what would be home for a while. The outskirts of Gettysburg were distinctly rural. Driving into the Seminary for the first time was a great feeling. There was a

tinge of nervousness and excitement coupled with fulfillment. Here I was.

In Gettysburg there was no disappointment. The Seminary is beautiful. The setting charming--the town quaint yet busy. There is a certain urbane charm to this historical enclave and the throngs of summer tourists seem to bolster the energy of the area. Monuments abound and their history awaits my discovery like a great truth ready to be revealed to a new generation. There is a hushed anticipation.

Life, I've found, holds for me only what I choose to have it hold. I will not dwell on things left behind or even the bland unpleasantries specific to this region or any other. Instead like a wise mother instructing her children, I will consistently instruct myself to see beauty in all of reality and build life on that rock.

My journey has a turning point in my arrival in Gettysburg. It seems I've left behind everything and taken it all with me. Another day is commencing and probably then another, each with new life and resurrection of the old.

Hi! Can you find 16 books of the Bible in this paragraph?

I once made some remarks about hidden books of the Bible. It was a lulu; keeps some people looking so hard for facts, and for others, it was a revelation. Some were in a jam, especially since the books were not capitalized. But the truth finally struck home to numbers of readers. To others it was a real job. We want it to be a most fascinating few moments for you. Yes, there will be some really easy ones for you to spot. Others might require judges to determine. We will quickly admit it usually takes a minister to find one, and there will be some loud lamentations when you see how simple it is. A little lady says that if she brews tea, she can concentrate better. See how well you can compete. Relax now, there are sixteen books named in this paragraph.

Happy Hunting!