

Table Talk

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Student Association

by Carol B. Kehler

On behalf of your Student Association, welcome to the beautiful Gettysburg Seminary campus for the 1994-1995 school year! Part of the flurry of activity at any beginning is the organizational effort.

Class officers and trustees have been elected, and the first Student Association Council meeting was held on September 21. Meetings are held, generally, the third Monday of the month. At our initial meeting, Chairs were selected for the five Divisions which were established by the Student Association to fulfil its purpose – to be a forum for the expression of student opinion; to be an advocate on behalf of students in relation to faculty, Administration and groups beyond the immediate Seminary community; to promote intellectual and spiritual growth among its members; to promote a consciousness of spiritual and social needs of the immediate community, the nation and the world; to promote the welfare of the student community between the student community, faculty and staff; to promote a spirit of community between the student community, faculty, and staff; to attain fairness and inclusiveness in the its elections, appointments and actions.

The work of the Divisions, therefore, the Student Association, can only be done by an involved student body. A description of the Divisions follows and we invite you to join our efforts to insure a successful and productive year. The names of the Division chairs are listed. Please contact them to volunteer to be a member or if you have any questions.

The Athletic Division, chaired by Senior Brian Deckinger, with assistance from Jeff Cox, is responsible for conducting an intramural athletic program. Already Brian has arranged seven football games, including ones with Trinity, Southern, and Philadelphia Seminaries. Other possible activities include softball, ping pong, tennis and basketball.

Junior Tiffany Hall is Chairing the Lecture Division, which is responsible for furthering our education through the sponsorship of forums, group discussions, lectures or other means. Additionally, Lectures publicizes lectures and other events of interest in the Gettysburg and Washington areas.

John Brock, a Middler and Editor of *Table Talk*, Chairs the Publication Division, which is responsible for coordinating and publishing that student periodical, newsletters, and other similar periodicals.

The Fellowship Division is Chaired by Sandra Leifeste, a Senior, and is responsible for promoting a spirit of community among all components of the Seminary community by conducting various social programs. Sandra organized the retirement event for Betty Lilley and she is involved in planning community meals.

J. Plummer, a Junior, is Chairing the Social Action Division, which is responsible for discovering, becoming acquainted with, and seeking ways for relating the Seminary community to organizations and programs in the Gettysburg and Washington Communities involved in community and social concerns. The Division is also responsible for interacting on social action programs/concerns outside the Seminary community or with other seminary student groups. Our Social Action involvement has included Habitat for Humanity and the soup kitchen at Prince of Peace.

As an additional point of information, Lisa Leber is Chairing the Student-Faculty Relations Committee, which exists to facilitate the communication among students and families, faculty, staff, and administration. Other student members are President Dan Donmoyer and Greg Fetzer, Juniors; President Gwenn Trout and Joe Bailey, Middlers; and President Michael Bonham and Lisa Leber, Seniors. Information about this committee is in the Student Handbook, pages 39-40. Please review and if you have any questions, contact one of the committee members.

The Divisions are an excellent opportunity to get involved in the life of the seminary community and we hope you will volunteer!

CAROL B. KEHLER is middler from Lower Susquehanna Synod.

Think Global, Act Local

Caring for God's Creation

by Stephan Munker

Ozone depletion, acid Rain, greenhouse effect, water and air pollution, nuclear waste, Pesticides, despeciation, destruction of rain forrest and deforestation, Who has not heard of these and other issues concerning the environment and its destruction by humanity. Every day there are new problems reported in the newspaper. And there does not seem to be a single solution to one of them. Even the UN Conference on Environment and Development brought no answers or change at all. So what can we do? That is a question which is just all too likely coming to ones mind seeing all the problems. I do not have any final answers, too. But I believe that it is our duty to take care of God's creation as stewards as bets as we can. Locally where we live. Today and not tomorrow. From my experience I can tell you that it makes sense at least to try changing things. Not only are things improving by the time, but it also changes one attitude towards other problems, too. In my opinion, taking the first step locally is extremely important, for this is the only way to really change the abuse of the earth globally. And as we all know, this is the only one we have. So it is up to us.

Well, all this affords a lot of engagement and takes a long time. The ecological movement in Germany for example started decades ago when I was born with some green utopists. Some of them may have given up during the struggle, because the hurdles seemed too big. But today, we see the changes that they introduced. It has given awareness for the environment to a wide range of society.

As I joined the environmental group at the Seminary in Neuendettelsau I probably was aware of some of these major problems, our family even supported Greenpeace, but I also did not see anything that I could have changed, except buying recycled paper perhaps. I did it not join the group order to change the world, but simply because a friend asked me to. Getting involved with some projects on the campus I first started to look on the greater picture. I began to realize that it takes everyone of us to make changes. Like a little piece in a big puzzle. Slowly, I also began to see the need to find arguments and reasons for my actions beyond the evident ones that were given by scientists and other experts and finally discovered the broad variety in which the bible deals with God's creation.

That is the reason why I was reluctant to have the opportunity of this course about stewardship and ecology here at the seminary. Through it I want to get deeper insight in the recent issues, get my ideas structured and develop a Theology of Ecology for me. So far, I know, it must have something to do with the Theology of Liberation which I got familiar with in the ecumenical context at the Collegium kumenicum in Munich.

Well, one part of the answer to my question given above may be just to get together with people that have similar concerns and exchange experiences.

As part of my project for class I would like trying to start an environmental group at the Seminary that could take up several tasks to support the community in caring for ecology, but that first of all would be a forum for discussion, exchange and gathering of ideas. I really see the need of such a group here where we are talking about God Kingdom on earth in Jesus Christ Gospel. And I do hope that there are some of you who would like to learn to think global and act local together with me.

Watch out for more info on first group meeting in October.

STEFAN MUNKER is a senior M.A.R. student from Fürth, Germany.

On the Edge of A Rock

by Walt Lichtenberger

Staring down into the canyon below, I was overcome by wonder. It was a hike of six miles along the Bright Angel Trail from the top of the canyon to the end of the plateau and it had taken my brother and me most of the morning to accomplish it. And yet, the Colorado raged many miles below me; I was at the end of the plateau and regardless of the direction of my gaze the Grand Canyon surrounded me completely. In all of my wonder, I couldn't help thinking about the extent of the creation of which I was now engaged. How could anyone doubt, based on the massive evidence before my eyes, that God exists? I pondered greatly on this as I sat upon a rock at the edge of that plateau. Certain, only God could have conceived such beauty - I had never seen the likes of beauty on this scale come from the Labors of human hands. And all I could say was . . . *How Great Thou Art.*

God conceiving such beauty . . . God creating upon such a large scale . . . Wait a minute, wasn't the formation of the Grand Canyon a geological wonder? Wasn't it the result of a thousand years of erosion? After all, these are the lessons which I learned in high school science class. Perhaps one might use science to explain away the process involved in this locale of creation, but my eyes were seeing the undisputed hand print of a powerful God. Upon that rock, as I drank heartily from my diminishing water supply, I experienced God who created this land and continues to create by using the tools of nature. And all I could say was . . . *How Great Thou Art.*

As I began the long hike back to the rim I noticed a smaller piece of creation; a creation no less beautiful on account of its size. At the height of my dusty boots stood a small cactus, dressed in the clothes of spring - complete with a bright red flower covering. While I watched, a tiny bee was searching earnestly for this tiny flower's reward. Amid the depth of the canyon I was shown another side of the powerful Creator - a tender side which had a particular eye for detail and precision. And all I could say was . . . *How Great Thou Art!*

Big and small - God created them all. Whereas this is a rather simplistic statement, often I have forgotten its truth (a deficiency which can occur as one becomes engrossed in one's studies). I was reminded of this truism as I trudged along the trail inching my way back to the top of the canyon I was reminded

that I too am part of this beautiful creation and bear the hand print of the Creator. We are all creatures, created by a powerful and yet tender God. What is more, the wonder of creation doesn't stop on the end of an eroding canyon - the same God which created and continues to create also loves God's creation. The extent of that love? Let's return to yet another simplistic statement: Jesus loves me, this I know . . . not only did God create the world but God has also provided redemption for this world through Jesus Christ, given freely to all creation. And all I could say was . . . *How Great Thou Art!*

WALT LICHTENBERGER is middler from New Jersey Synod.

MS. MANNERS AND THE (SOCIAL) GOSPEL

by S. K. Hedaahl

"Or do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, which you have from God, and that you are not your own? For you were bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body."
I Corinthians 6: 19,20

"Finally beloved, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is pleasing, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence and if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things." Philippians 4: 8

During my first year in seminary, a number of us were amused to receive an note from one of our professors. A former Marine, Dr. Anderson believed in physical fitness as part of his lifestyle and so invited us to join him for his early morning runs. Most decided jogging on Minnesota winter mornings was not for them. Some couch potatoes laughed at the possibility of life lived out of reach of a good Budweiser.

I have often thought of that incident; when I cannot find time to walk the dog our three daily miles; when internship reports note that an intern does not respect his/her limitations; when I think of the groups NOT represented on campus such as Weight Watchers or Alcoholics Anonymous; when a bishop's associate requests that a faculty advisor speak to a student about learning the "basic social niceties;" when I see students and faculty taking personal time for themselves and their families to the benefit of all concerned.

Is there a necessary 'Ms. Manners' that is being neglected in seminary programs as a vital part of daily spiritual formation?

Preparation for the public, professional and very visible life among God's people must be considered in relation to that cluster of issues called in Gospel

terms "the temple of the Holy Spirit," or as a women's health manual is titled "Our Bodies, Ourselves" if ministry in the future is to flourish.

As Luther asks, "What does this mean?" The mark of the individual whose life is congruent with the Gospel shows attention to such matters as a gracious manner of being with others, personal appearance, self-discipline of appetites of all sorts, the ability to preside not only strongly and lovingly at table and pulpit but also outside the chancel.

What is lived out personally in this community will continue past graduation. Unfortunately life-attitudes represented with various behaviors such as - 'Take-me-as-I-am' or 'I-am-in-a-bad-mood-so-watch-out' or 'I-can't-be-bothered,' 'No one needs to know this,' - are often carried into the parish with devastating results.

What of those who do not bother to greet others? What then of hospitality and openness for Christ's sake? What is signalled by lack of attention to personal and health matters, which can be changed and controlled, and exhibit themselves in ways which show disregard for oneself and others? What of the lack of common courtesies such as a willingness to listen and hear (including openness to change)? What is said when appointments and commitments are kept only casually? How do we experience those who exhibit a respectfulness and kindness that invites us to come near rather than retreating because of muted violence of action or word?

Tragically, seminary community participants may neglect the various available means of personal enhancement for the sake of the Gospel. This can make the seminary the context for self-indulgence, arrogance, abuse of self and others. And it will profoundly affect future ministry.

What are the excuses? Sometimes it is, "Oh, I am just a (fill in the ethnic background) and we are reserve by nature." It seems the Greeks and the Jews said things like that at one point to justify their attitudes as well.

"I never have time to exercise." And that with one of the best YWCA's literally in the seminary's backyard and miles of some of the nation's most scenic national park across the street.

Or, "This is just who I am." Call committees and congregations may indeed hear

that -- at first. But assuredly that attitude will be challenged for the one who voices it.

At the end of spring semester last year, friends of many years stayed with me for a few days. One had been seminary educated, the other had her doctorate in church music but has been tragically stricken with Parkinson's disease.

They decided to look at the buildings on campus one afternoon and reported back about their experiences. One held a brochure and program for an upcoming worship event in the chapel that evening. In the brochure was a list the service participants - two of whom were students.

It seems the one wearing the collar, who was looking over things a few hours before the service, was curt and sharp with them when they asked a couple of questions about the worship schedule. Said the one friend sadly, "We thought of going to worship there tonight but not after our encounter with her this afternoon."

In the interests of being formed for the proclamation of Christ's Gospel, each of us incarnated, as the sanctuary of the presence of the Beloved, are called to re-assess thought, word, deed in private actions so that the public expression may reflect what one hymn says so well, "Let our ordered lives confess, the beauty of thy peace!" (LBW 506)

Dr. Susan K Hedahl is Assistant Professor of Homeletics at LTSG.

Truth Like a Multitude

by Dave von Schlichten

It isn't that I'm "holier-than-thou," as Mother puts it, but rather that I "speak the truth in love," as I put it. And the truth shines before me like a multitude of the heavenly host, bold and bright and frightening. Not joyful though. Far from joyful. And apparently invisible to everyone else standing here in this hallway, waiting to enter the courtroom.

There's my big sister Jackie's future husband, Joseph, whose face has never before appeared so taut and angular to me, whose eyes have never before appeared so alert and darting, like rabbits. He looks handsome scared. He keeps straightening his scarlet red carnation boutonniere, which is pinned to the lapel of his black suit. And he's so quiet!

"Nervous, Joe?" I say, knowing he is, and I step closer to him so I can get a whiff of his breath, as if I don't know what it will stink of.

He nods violently. "I'll be fine," he says, his breath clean. No wonder he's so quiet. He wouldn't be this quiet if he had some alcohol in him. Jackie assured me that he had vowed to be sober for this.

"I know he'll keep his promise," she said to me last night. After a moment, she added, "You don't always know good when you see it," and she punctuated her accusation with my name.

And it looks like she's right. He smells clean. But going one morning without a drop is one thing. What about morning on top of morning? This whole thing is a poor move, and that's the truth, a truth as obvious and noisy and scary as a multitude of the heavenly host. But no one else sees it.

Through the window I watch Jackie and Dad stand in the parking lot, waiting for the cue that we're ready to start, Jackie fussing with her gown. She doesn't want Joe to see her before the wedding. From here she almost looks thin. Not that I think that she should look thin. I just don't think now is the best time to have a baby. She doesn't have enough money, and she doesn't have enough maturity, and this should have happened after marriage, not before.

"We used protection," she's told me many times, and each time I tell her I'd like to believe her. It's a kind of verbal wrestling we do. When we were kids, when I'm home on break, whenever. It's cruel, but I usually win. I usually send her away limping, like at Peniel.

"Maybe God did it," she said to me after about a month of repeatedly assuring me that they had used protection.

"God doesn't make defective condoms," I said.

"How do you know?" she said.

"It's just not a God thing to do."

After a moment, she said, "Maybe God'll make it a God thing."

It was a ridiculous thing to say, and she knew it. She was desperate for a comeback, for some way to justify herself. I had succeeded in sending her away limping. It's cruel, but she asks for it.

Now here she is, due in three weeks, having decided yesterday that she wants to be married as soon as possible, before her baby appears. So here we are, and it is wrong. The truth like a multitude. This is all wrong.

Mother walks up and down the hall.

"This is absurd," she says. "We had an appointment for 11 o'clock, and it's 11:15."

"Mother, a hearing was scheduled at the last minute. The judge can't help that," I say.

"Well, sure she can. She's just being irresponsible. I would never do this to a bride and groom. It's a sin."

She walks up to the courtroom door and pounds on it.

"Mother, you get away from that door this instant!" I say.

Mother gets to talk to the judge. The judge announces to all in the courtroom that there will be a five minute recess.

Joe stands before the judge's desk, hands hanging folded but fidgety before him. Mother stands to the judge's left. Our eyes are on the doorway, waiting. In the back of the room, a couple of men in suits, probably lawyers, tell jokes in low voices. At a long table towards the back third of the room, near the doorway, sits a young man and a young woman. The man is thick from muscle and is scruffy, and he has a black eye. The woman is skinny and bent like a wire, and she has a bandaged left hand. The two are talking to each other with increasing volume and intensity.

"This is ridiculous," Mother says. "Couldn't we have some privacy?"

The judge shakes her head. "They'll all be quiet."

Jackie appears in the doorway in her sequined, white wedding gown, holding a fiercely red bouquet. Suddenly there is nothing else.

Slowly Dad leads her and her huge belly up through the courtroom to the judge's desk.

After two minutes it is over. The judge leans over her desk, gives each of them a handshake, and says, "God has blessed you both." They kiss and then turn around, as if to present themselves to the courtroom as evidence. Everyone applauds, and the wiry woman points to Jackie's stomach with her bandaged hand and says, "It's going to be a good one," and the man sitting next to her nods and says, "Yep. You can tell."

At the reception, after his third scotch, Joe begins loudly singing Christmas carols. His parents show up from where ever they were and join him. I can't believe what Jackie has gotten herself into. Truth like a multitude. It's all wrong.

But I keep being returned to the courtroom, the silence, the applause, the blessings. I keep treasuring all these things and pondering them in my heart.

DAVE VON SCHLICHTEN is a middler from Northeastern Pennsylvania Synod.

Lament of the First Quarter CPE Student (Tune: Rock of Ages)

by Students at LTSP

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Help me hide from CPE.
I get sick in IPR,
I don't know what verbatims are.
Group has helped me to confess
That I am a total mess.

Rock of Ages, hear my prayer,
I am near complete despair.
Instead of making patient calls
I've been hiding in the halls.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Help me to claim authority.

Rock of Ages, CPE
has given me identity.
I will live to get revenge.
And when the quarter finally ends
I'll repay what's been done to me.
I'm going on for Supervisory.

The Theology of Keturah

by Glenn Palmer

"If one of you wants to be great, he (sic) must be the servant of the rest. . ." Matthew 20:26b

Keturah is my 3 1/2 year old daughter. Her name means sweet spices in Hebrew, and like spice she adds flavor to our lives. Keturah learned her table prayers right after her mother and I bought her the video *Beauty and the Beast*, which she watched about a hundred times in a row.

As a result of the dubious mix of Disney and Divine, her table prayer now goes like this: "Come Lord Jesus be our guest, and put our service to the test." (those of you who have seen the movie get the punch line)

It's occurred to me lately that there may be more to Keturah's theology than meets the eye. Let me share with you what I've been going through lately.

It's time to fill out the resume packet for ordination: the Church's version of a sound bite. There are times when I get frustrated with so much paperwork and wonder if the church just doesn't trust its own process.

I can't decide what to put down for regional/synodical choices. I've been agonizing over the whole process, tying myself up in knots, and driving my poor wife nuts in the process.

We had an incredible internship out on the Prairie in Northwestern Minnesota (where else could I have received so much affirmation for being a bumbling slob). My wife and I loved the people, the style of ministry, the way of life, and the land. We felt like we belonged and fit in. There is a part of us that would love to go back. However, my wife informed me the other day that if I get assigned back there, I'll be going alone. I asked her if having any wife with me would be considered a "preference" or a "restriction".

There's a part of me that feels like and knows in faith that I am called to go to where the Church really needs Pastors; that I entered seminary with the idea that I am called to serve. Another part of me says that I've been away from home for three years now, I paid my dues on internship, that I want to be near

family and friends and that I want my two little kids to know and be an integral part of their grandparents lives. Putting one's family through personal hell doesn't necessarily make one a better pastor.

For the past two months all I have done is agonize over this whole process, putting myself and my wife through some gut wrenching turmoil. This is sin . . . this is control and unbelief. Of that I confess to you my brothers and sisters.

What I haven't done is just let go. I haven't let go so that the Holy Spirit can do her work . . . and now it's time to let go, it's time to be open and honest on my paperwork and leave the rest to the work of God in Jesus through the work of the Holy Spirit.

I have Keturah to thank for my coming to this point. Her theology that speaks to me day after day after day, like God's word; her theology is freeing . All I can do now, folks, is humbly pray "Come Lord Jesus, be my guest, and put my service to the test."

Like the Son of Man who did not come to be served, but to serve . . .
Matthew 20:28

GLENN PALMER is a senior from New England Synod.

Recovering Sunset

by Ann Dentry

I turned the door-handle gentle as I could, as if it wore bells. It come open real easy: made no sound. Miracles never cease. Was dark and quiet too. Don't believe as I've ever been in our house when it was dark and quiet; at least not awake. Must be the kids were making a fort. We got chairs where the tables were and sofas where the beds were, and some bean's left ten loads of laundry middle of the path from the door, and I thought, "Just rest my head a minute there 'til sleep starts to come."

But when I tip my head back I start to remember things. Bad things. Tucker making calculations on a picnic table, trying to show Wade about stress on an air-frame. The twigs I found grabbed between the metal of his left wingtip; their bark blasted away and their green innards showing. Why's a fellow got to do that stuff in an airplane? And with a father that died that way, even...

Alot of people do die. (It seems to have got started with Wade's Pa and just kind of went on a roll. Hendry's boy Ben was next. Then Adam's old lady. That started it in our family...) Makes me take a deep breath all 'a sudden. Maybe I do know why Wade abuses an airplane.

- Make it make sense to me: Wade taking our sailplane and just disappearing. Nobody just disappears. Just floats away through the night and don't come back. And don't wreck, and don't call and can't be found.

"Where haven't you looked?" I asked Tucker over the phone. And Tuck didn't answer. He look so many places he run out of places to look.

"You tell me," Tuck said. "You knew the boy."

And I said back to him, "We was partners. And friends. That don't mean I ever knew the boy." But Tuck knows I know where it's good to fly. And some of Wade's turkey-brain risks. So we looked out over the river bluffs where a plane gets a strong up-draft. And over the drive-in movie where the sun making waves curl across the asphalt pushes warm air up like a geyser. Other places. A couple years' worth of places. Down the Susquehanna River and over that rich person's farm.. What's his name.. Dumont.. Durant.. Dup...

Must've passed most the night that way, sleeping in the chair trying to recall a name, til Mamma come into the kitchen. Waking up I can see her in there drying the rims of cups, waiting for the coffee. I stand in the doorway quiet. Old bad habit from when we kids used to scare her: I wait a long time 'fore it occurs to me she seen me all along. Must be when we was beans she just faked being spooked.

She says, "You just get in?"

"Don't know. I been asleep awhile." She looks younger in the morning, making the towel squeak around the cups. This is alone time for her. The only part of the day she gets. But I hurt too much to leave her to it.

"I wished he could've watched out, Ma."

"So's he, I bet." She puts the last cup away and turns her back. I tell myself, "Leave her to it..." But it's she who starts back in, "You know Callam, watching don't always do no good."

"Don't hurt. It's kept me off the ground more'n a few times." Her reflection in the window looks surprised.

"You watch when you fly?"

"I watch every second. Try and come back alive."

"Oh." She sounds disappointed. "I thought you went along differently."

I can feel my eyes start to sparkle, and the smell of coffee gets in my nostrils, and I hope to hope she don't mind me staying. She and me used to play games like this. A hundred questions. I ask her: "Like by the seat of my pants?" But she don't turn around. The dish towel is wrapped over her arm, and she's all out the window, looking at nothing. (Please, don't go. I can wait, but I can't leave. Not this morning.) I let her be away awhile before tryin' to get her back. "Ma. Ma? You loosin' it..."

"Why?"

"It's dark, Ma. There nothing out there to see."

"Maybe that's how it happened, Callam," she says. "Maybe it got dark and there warn't nothing to see."

"Oh..." I think on that a piece. "No, Ma. Wasn't that. There's always something to follow. Even in the dark. You just got to remember all the things you went past on your way out there. Like in Hansel and Gretel. The beans with the bread crumbs. "

"What kind of things you follow?"

"Highways. Diners you been at on the ground. Radio towers. Any stuff that's all lit up. You not sposed to do it in the books, but first chump didn't know where he was figured it out real fast. Saw a Golden Arches by a highway cloverleaf and followed 83 all the way home. Even I 'come back a few times that way."

"How'd you know to do it?"

"Got lost once. Lost real good." She turn slowly back to face me. Just rested on me, like, with her eyes; the way she looked at Adam the time the cops knocked on our door at 3 a.m. and asked, "Ma'am, is that your car?" She don't want to hear about how I got real good lost.

"Ma. I know this county like..." She shrugs, and turns back to pour coffee. "Ma. I never been so lost I couldn't look back over my shoulder and see where to go by where I come from."

"What if it were a new place you didn't know. Could you fly forward like that?"

"No."

"..And you didn't fly that way at first.."

"Fly what way?"

"I mean," she says, tipping her head to watch me, "I mean. Backward."

Must be my face looks all screwed up because she says, real definite, "I didn't think so," and brings the cups to the table. She's quiet for awhile. Then she picks up my gaze and gets me looking at her and I hear her say, real gentle, "I'm sorry about your friend Wade."

– "I remember when you was first flying. All the things you would talk about. I 'member, Callam.... I member you come in the house so fast 'like to come right on through the screen door, and you're saying, "It's just like on land Ma, there's hills in the air. ...And I also 'member the first time you ever fly in the evenin', Callam; Wade and you stood right here in this kitchen, lookin' like a curtain just open up on the universe. You 'member that?"

You 'member that? She oughta know better. ...I remember we couldn't even talk. I don't think we'd said a word since Tuck started the plane rolling along the ground, with the sun down far enough for the trees to be already black. And I could hear the grass brushing under our belly – feel how it was cool like the cool that's in the low places by streams. And when we climbed the plane got warm from the engine and it was all cozy inside with the soft red light around the instruments. And outside ...was red, too. But soft. And filling up everything, more like smell than color. All around the nose of the plane and off the wingtips, reds and oranges; and coolness under the wings; violets, blues and blacks. Dusk on top. Night underneath. And as we went along, the stars come out, and the lights of cars and houses started blinking on below; and we were flying in the middle. The only time in my life it felt like we were exactly where we were supposed to be. And it was Wade and Tuck and me. And I thought it would go on forever. That every night for the next fifty years we could fly out to see the sun set this way, and have it take all our words.

If I had that time over again, I'd never let it go.

...I hear her saying, "You 'member that?"

"I'm sorry, Ma.... I wasn't with you for a second."

"You don't 'member?.. that's when Wade and you got started to flying. You said to me that night; when you finally got done being quiet, Callam. You said, "Now I know why in hell it's called creation."

And I told her how I'd forgotten all about that.

And she said, "I know." And then she said, "Maybe Wade ended up dead because he forgot about it too."

"You mean about how to come back in the dark?"

But she shook her head,

"No."

As part of our final evaluation in CPE, each of us was asked to write a parable or mythical tale reflecting our personal journey through the unit. Reading the tales and unravelling their meanings together was like unwrapping gifts. This was my mythical tale: a story about what my group gave to me.

ANN DENTRY is a second year student from Lower Susquehanna Synod.

Members of the Publications Division

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