

The Enquiry

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Southeastern Seminary

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STUDENT ELECTIONS TODAY

We are gathered here today to witness one of the greatest sporting events of all time. It is time for the Great SBTS Political Foot-race which will decide which of our fellow Christians will be fed to the lions. The eager martyrs are crouching over the starting blocks awaiting the push that will send six good men into the gaping jaws of criticism, hardwork, lack of recognition and deflation of ego. Let's all do our part in the push and VOTE.

In the first rank we find several babes in Christ, who, in blissful ignorance, are competing for the three junior class positions of Representative to the Student Council. Of course, Middlers and Seniors cannot aid their peers in deciding which of these tasty morsels are to topple over the brink to become statesmen for the coming year. The ever alert Junior Class is asked to appear in the Commons Room to help their classmates in this grand effort by their VOTE.

Beside these babes we see a fellow Ignatian, chafing at the bit and pawing the cinders in his urge to carry the flag of the Junior Certificate Class. May each of his guards rush to the poles and aid in the race to peer leadership. Place this champion in the fore of battle by your VOTE.

SENIORS AND MIDLERS you too shall have your chance to raise high

the banner of full participation as you come urging one of your own to occupy the recently vacated position of OFF CAMPUS MINISTRIES. Your prayers are requested for the brother who was to fill this position. Also pray for the one who will receive your VOTE.

And finally, towering o'er us all as does the acorn above the goober pea, the mighty representatives of the ThM's are in competition for their single post. Oh mighty and seldom seen seekers after truth, ease your saddle sores and step among the brethren to cast your ballot. Grant to your leader the silver mounted saddle he covets that he might saddle the lion of despair and doubt, that he might ride forth in honor because of your VOTE.

As you cast your ballot in this great event, you are urged to consider carefully the change in arena rules which is proposed. This amendment was passed in last year's contest; however, the erstwhile scribe fell into the pit of Phari-saical conversation concerning his finals and forgot to include it on the agenda. Two out of three of all spectators present must give the thumbs up signal on this lest it perish at the burning stake of apathy.

Therefore: VOTE.

EDITORIAL

"Continuity? Where?"

In this age of change we often times find it hard to discover that thread which, if not in itself constant, at least serves as a tie, a bridge with what once was and with what now is. The student body of this Seminary often finds very few constants in student life from one year to the next. Next-door neighbors move; friends don't come back; Professors go on Sabbaticals. Nothing seems constant. And The Enquiry is no exception.

Each year The Enquiry seems to get a new face, a new Editor. Last year was a big year for this paper. Editor Jim Harmon did a Superman job. (Makes one wonder if he's not Clark Kent in disguise.) But school, church, and family demands were enough that even a Superman couldn't maintain the pace for long. It is with regret that the campus had to accept Jim's resignation as Editor.

And so we must start again. A new Editor, new personnel, a new year. But we are getting used to such things, such changes. Have we come to expect anything else, anything more? But this Editor takes seriously the thought, "Lo, I am with you always." We have the promise of one Constant. With Him as our base may we be able to move from transition to transition.

ATTENTION: NEW STUDENTS

All entering students who have not taken the required entrance examinations are required to do so Thursday, Oct. 28, at 10:00 a.m. Watch bulletin boards for Room Assignment Information.

Editor Herb Ham
Staff Editor Bill Spivey
Typist Linda Voncannon

THE HAIRY TICKLE

By Ben Clark

"Eden"

God is that seeker who shadows my mind,
walks on my road, together in time.
We work for his wonders, his life
and mine,
create peace, leave war behind.
While ever we wander, together in time,
we know that somewhere we two shall find
a still grassy meadow, a towering pine
where we two can quiet and maybe a sign
shall flit from a flower to touch a mind.
Then caressing breeze shall covenant
bind
and whisper to all, across space
and time,
that God and Man, together they
stand,
reaching and giving love's open
hand.

REB

A SHORT JAB

By Joe Beauchamp

Jesus is the Truth. Many fine Baptists read this and come to the startling conclusion that because this is true, all Baptist doctrine is true. Tsk, Tsk, tsk, this is not good thinking. His being "Truth" does not vindicate your position or mine. Indeed, his truth is often hidden from or obliterated by human vision. His truth is attained by "pressing forward to his upward calling" and not by adopting a doctrinal position. If you would claim Christian truth, brother, work at it (armed with faith)--don't adopt it.

BAFFLE-GAB

By Arthur Dimsdale

"Paradise Lost"

Ashley Tinkledorf was in heaven. He loved music, breathed music, lived music. The printed notes were the fingerprints of the gods, the played music but a whisper of the divine breath. Oh how his spirit did soar, did escape from his meaningless body when freed by the rhythm of the ethereal heart beat. He was in heaven and heaven on earth was his course in Advanced Music Appreciation 313. At last he had found kindred spirits, spirits with which his spirit could commune without recourse to gross words uttered by the human machine. Here was his heaven and his heaven was sweet.

But Lucifer came to visit Ashley Tinkledorf in the guise of the captain of the football team. How had the Registrar come to make such a mistake? Crazy-legs Snodgrass was supposed to be in Music 113, the crypt course for idiots, not in heaven 313. But there he was--a jock--corrupting Tinkledorf's heaven.

"The only music he knows is the School Fight Song," Ashley muttered under his breath. "Why the only rhythm Snodgrass knows is the chant of the maniacal fans. That gross, smelly animal doesn't deserve the privilege of the divine presence. He's not here to worship but to disrupt." Ashley's anger was rising. "There the jock sits, so smug, so confident. All the attention is on him. Why he doesn't even know how to pronounce recitative let alone understand it. It is not he that should be first but I, I who have flown to the very mouth of the divine and have breathed the ethereal breath. The only kind of Wolfgang this human clod can ever appreciate is the Wolfpack. Oh divinity, may it not be so that the likes of him should be in heaven."

Unable to accept the interloper, Ashley charged out of class never

to return. Ashley Tinkledorf had defined his heaven and therein had defined his hell.

TRULY GRACCHUS

(Dr. Bill Gracchus is one of our campus wonders. He came to our campus two years ago and in this time has acquired a ThD, PhD, LLD, D.D., Ed.D., Litt. D., Etc.)

E: Dr. Gracchus, I want to get your ideas about truth.

G: For years I have promoted truth here but to no avail.

E: What do you mean?

G: I've tried to get a subscription to "The Blade of the Lord" for every student and professor.

E: Why can't you?

G: They did one year but after one semester they all cancelled their subscriptions. I suspect faculty subversion.

E: Maybe they learned better.

G: They are so stupid they have to search for truth. Why not subscribe to it?

E: That could be because it's true Dr. Gracchus.

G: Bah--Humbug. It takes truth to know truth.

"Oak Leaves"

They play their part quite well
while on the stem,
Though squirrel and fowl do best to
hinder them
From playing such a role too good
and well.
The foliage hears too late the sea-
son's knell.

While green they last; but come the
early fall,
Reluctantly with shades of brown as
shawl
They find themselves atop earth's
frigid soil.
Yet tree does not appear to be in
toil.

William A. Farrar, Jr.

--FREE SPACE--

This space for letters, poetry, contributions, and sports news if and when any is turned in.

To submit material, news, etc., contact the Staff or slide material (double-spaced if typed) under door of Enquiry office, 2nd. floor Mackey Hall.

G: For years I have promoted truth here but to no avail.
 H: What do you mean?
 G: I've tried to get a subscription to "The Blade of the Lord" for every student and professor.
 H: Why can't you?
 G: They did one year but after one semester they all cancelled their subscriptions. I suspect faculty subscription.
 H: Maybe they learned better.
 G: They are an athletic team. Why not search for truth. Why not subscribe to it?
 H: That could be because it's true. Dr. Graceman.
 G: Bah-Hubba. It takes truth to know truth.

"Ode Leaves"

They play their part quite well while on the stage,
 Though epistolary and lowly be their
 From playing such a role too good
 and well.
 The foliage bears too late the
 son's recall.
 While green they last; but come the
 early fall,
 Reluctantly with shades of brown
 They find themselves atop earth's
 frail soil.
 Yet time does not appear to be in
 fall.
 William A. Taylor, Jr.

lived music. The printed notes were
 the fingerprints of the gods, the
 played music but a whisper of the
 divine breath. Oh how his spirit
 hid soul, did escape from his mean-
 ingless body when freed by the
 rhythm of the ethereal heart beat.
 He was in heaven and heaven on earth
 was his course in Advanced Music
 /composition 313. At last he had
 found kindred spirits, spirits with
 which his spirit could commune with-
 out recourse to gross words uttered
 by the human machine. Here was his
 heaven and his heaven was sweet.
 But Lucifer came to visit Ashby
 Thinkford in the guise of the cap-
 tain of the football team. How had
 the Registrar come to make such a
 mistake? Gary-Ign Sandgras was
 supposed to be in Music 313, the
 great course for idiots, not in
 heaven 313. But there he was--
 look--contorting Thinkford's heavy
 on.
 "The only music he knows is the
 school fight song," Ashby muttered
 under his breath. "Why the only
 rhythm Sandgras knows is the chant
 of the antical fans. That gross,
 empty animal doesn't breathe the
 privilege of the divine presence,
 he's not here to worship but to be-
 trude." Ashby's anger was rising.
 "There the Jack sits, so mean, so
 confident. All the attention is on
 him. Why he doesn't even know how
 to pronounce realistic let alone
 understand it. It is not he that
 should be first but I, I who have
 flown to the very mouth of the di-
 vine and have breathed the ethereal
 breath. The only kind of religious
 this human kind can ever appreciate
 is the Wotback. Oh divinely, may
 it not be so late the link of his
 should be in heaven."
 Lucifer to accept the invitation,
 Ashby engaged out of class never