

The Enquiry

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ELECTION RESULTS

Hear Ye. Hear Ye. The Great SBTS Political Footrace is ended. In the Toddler's Race for Junior Class Representative, Larry Key and James White must have had wheat germ in their pabulum for they jumped to the lead and never lost it. It was close between Irvin Murrell and Larry Hopkins with both crossing the finish line in a tie. A sudden death re-run was held and this time Larry Hopkins held his rubber ducky in front of him and won by a bird's beak.

What a match was seen for Representative of the Junior Certificate Race. But Paul Forrester had Tonto busy working behind the scenes. At the sound of the trumpet, he pawed the air and with a hearty "Hi O Silver" leaped into the race and you know the rest, Quima Sabe.

But of course these events were only preludes, warm-ups as it were, for the event of selection of the IthM. The stands were buzzing in restless anticipation, as if waiting for Mighty Casey to come to bat. The fans strained their eyes, focused their cameras, eager to see a IthM so they could tell their grandchildren. But then, Lo and behold, the race was over; the ever illusive, seldom seen seekers of truth had raced and Don McKinney had won.

But alas, there was one tragedy. The sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children. Last year's erstwhile Scribe was resur-

rected only to be crucified again. The amendment to change the arena rules failed because of the poor attendance.

But there is a final note of goodness in today's news. It is reported that much intercessory prayer was given in behalf of the one who vacated the position of Off Campus Ministries Chairman; also there was much prayer given and received in behalf of Ron Richardson who will now occupy the floating pulpit.

Hear Ye. Hear Ye. Hear Ye.

AT SEMINARY IN THE FALL

(A Female Complaint)

Boys call.

Play football.

Talk theology in the hall,

Shop in the mall.

Grow very tall.

Beat on the wall.

That's all.

In love they do not fall.

In the fall.

Norma Jean Brown

EDITORIAL

"Will It Preach"

Having just begun a new year we are once again confronted with the problem of establishing the criteria by which to evaluate that which we are receiving in the classroom. Already we are hearing from some that old complaint which seems to always haunt this campus, "Will it preach?" The underlying question in such a statement is, "What is the purpose of this Seminary?"

Far be it from me to try and usurp the power of the President, Trustees, or Faculty to define the purpose of this Seminary; however, since the student debate still goes on in the Commons Room, permit me to speak.

I'm afraid that those who ask, "Will it preach?" have come claiming already to have the Truth and are lacking only the texts, jokes, and cliches by which to spread their Truth to a group of folks on a given Sunday. Like Salome they come, demanding sermons on a silver platter and they become angry when informed that sermons are not on the menu.

We have supped too long at the table of cheap grace; we have heard and spoken our cheap sermons. The time has come for the struggle. Bro. Paul & Co. struggled and from their struggle their sermons came. A plagiarized sermon, no matter how polished, is still plagiarized. It is only through our struggle that we gain the power to preach. God help us if this Seminary ever offers the course: Dial-A-Sermon 101.

Enquiry Staff

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THE HAIRY TICKLE

By Ben Clark

Howdy,

The other day in commons I heerd two students acussin' a perfesser, or maybe it were tew perfessers tawkin' bout a student. Eny how, one of them there fellers said the guy was a Liberteen cause he was readin' somethin' called "Bootman." The other feller said that it werent true, he was a conservationist cause he was readin' somethin' called "Cursewell."

Only other thang I ever heerd these two fellers tawkin' bout was the great thecological question "Will it Preach." Seems to me they got one big problem, these here educated fellers, Name callin' wont preach, it takes callin' on the name.

A SHORT JAB

By Joe Beauchamp

What is a "successful" minister? Is he the minister who draws big crowds? Is he the minister who pastors big churches? Is he the minister who builds big buildings and administers a large budget? Are these adequate standards by which to measure the "successful" minister? Or does the "successful" minister exist? One of the greatest preachers said that he had not attained but had strained forward to what lay ahead. We are most successful when we realize that we have not succeded (arrived) but have pressed on. It could be that our success will be realized only when we stand before God and hear him say, "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

Letters to the Editor are accepted.

DESIDERATA

(Following are the words to a new hit song.)

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there maybe in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it

is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

(Found in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore; dated 1692.)

UNCLAIMED BLESSINGS

vs

UNCHANNELED TALENTS

By Bobbie Miller

Gore Gymnasium will never be quite the same after the past four Wednesday night fiascos. Two new Seminary teams have been showing their talent. This talent reaches far beyond the bounds of the game of basketball. Every Wednesday night is a performance of hilarity with a little basketball added for legality and a priority of "goals."

Team one is the Unclaimed Blessings with Norma Jean Brown, Brenda Layman, Joan Riggan, Libby Smith, Phyllis Thomas, and Arlene Westbrook. Team two is the Unchanneled Talents with Betsy Flippo, Lil Golphin, Rita Justice, Bobbie Miller, Leslie Perry, and Linda Voncannon.

So far, the Blessings have been blessed with four wins. The first, a close 27-24; the second, an eye-opening 44-27; the third, another close 32-27; and the fourth, an even closer 37-34.

Every Wednesday night at 7 P.M. you are invited to watch every rule being broken---double dribbling, shooting at the wrong basket, tackling our handsome referees, Larry Key and Jim White. Come watch our adopted Mascot, Dr. George Shriver display various facial contortions as he coaches from the sidelines. Come sympathize and give moral support to Cliff Jones and Joe Johnson. It's free and guaranteed to make you come away laughing. That's Wednesday night for the Unclaimed Blessings vs the Unchanneled Talents.
