

The Enquiry

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ACTS

by Barbara Robinson

A new wave of strength and spirit has swept the campus these two semesters, gaining momentum by the month. This wave is the newly formed Religious Education Club, sponsored by Dr. Robert Poerschke and Dr. John T. Wayland. Miss Arlene Westbrook, a most capable and spirited leader, serves as club president. Miss Phyllis Thomas is treasurer.

The club, newly named the ACTS Club (Association of Christian Teachers of Southeastern), has been meeting on the average of about once a month, at 10 a.m. on Fridays. The club welcomes all students interested in Religious Education. Our purpose is genuine fellowship; the sharing of experiences; exchanging of helpful ideas; and to serve the Wake Forest community.

The club's recent retreat, March 3 & 4, at Camp Caraway, proved to be a successful, profitable adventure for all attending. Attending were: Dr. John Wayland, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Poerschke, Mike Lewis, Barbara Robinson, Lil Galphin, Leslie Perry, Libby Smith, Phyllis Thomas, Merlin Boone, Rita Justice, Roger Knight, Murdina MacDonald, Don Tatum, Irvin Murrell, Elsie Adkins, Amy Hatta, Talmadge Goodnight, Linda vonCannon, and Laura White.

Our car caravan arrived at Camp Caraway about 6:15 p.m., in time for a much anticipated supper. After-

wards, Linda vonCannon gave each person a questionnaire entitled, "YOU". Some of the questions were, "What is sadness?"; "How high is up?"; "Who are you?", etc. We shared our answers with the whole group. This was a valuable experience, for we shared in depth, making for a closer fellowship. Following the sharing time, Miss Westbrook led us in a "brainstorming" session. We first discussed the purpose of our club and were asked to be thinking of an official name for it, to be decided upon at our March 10 meeting. We then offered suggestions as to how we might minister to the Wake Forest community. The following was suggested: the possibility of continuing the coffeehouse from last year; a Senior Citizen's banquet; helping with the Wednesday clothes closet of the Wake Forest Baptist Church; tutoring and being a big brother or sister in the local schools; representing the seminary on recruiting trips to nearby colleges; forming and participating in leadership-educational training programs, to help in small or understaffed churches; helping and informing citizens of community and national services, such as medicare, medicaid, etc.; and lastly, helping the Baptist Church in their community-wide survey to find out the religious, mental and physical needs of our community. After this session, we sang, ate, and fellowshiped. The next morning at 8 a.m., most of us

met for a hearty breakfast. At 10 a.m., Dale Sessions, Religious Education Director of Binkley Memorial Baptist Church of Chapel Hill, led us in a discussion of "The Ministry of Christian Education."

After lunch we departed, refreshed and encouraged. We hope to fulfill our purpose and minister to the community.

We had meetings on March 10 and April 7, and a banquet for thirty-five Senior Citizens of the Wake Forest Community. At our April 7 meeting, three representatives from the Library Service of the Sunday School Board of the S.B.C., spoke to us about how the Library Service works and how they can help us have a more dynamic ministry for our church's witness through this service. The April 17 banquet for the Senior Citizens was held at the Wake Forest Baptist Church and was a big success. The theme was "Castles of Memories". Arlene Westbrook and Murdina MacDonald sang several songs. The banquet guests had a "show and tell" time, sharing stories and meaningful relics.

Our next event will be an appreciation banquet for Dr. Wayland, to be held the first or second week in May. Please watch for this. We have high hopes for next year. You are invited to come join in this service and adventure.

EDITORIAL

"He's a Seminary Grad?"

From time to time one hears exclaimed in disbelief, "I can't believe he's a seminary grad." The implication is, of course, that "one of our's" would never be guilty of saying or doing whatever it is that has brought about this reflection on the graduates of this seminary.

But why should we be shocked at what any of our grads should happen to say or do? When did we ever ask

them to tell us what they thought or believed? When did they ever get the opportunity to share with this seminary community who they were and what they were?

Though in theory our philosophy of education maybe otherwise, in practice our philosophy is one of opening the head of the student and inserting a bibliography. With a few exceptions (thank God for the exceptions) the student is called upon to regurgitate facts and figures to indicate his reading of the assigned material. He is called upon to do a paper which is usually nothing more than a "scissors and paste" exercise. When is the student ever called upon to present his own conclusions; when is he asked to formulate and defend his own beliefs?

When does a student become a man worthy of being heard? When does a student's own mind and own thoughts become valid for discussion? Is it a man's bibliography which are his credentials? Is it the length of time spent at the house of academia and the degrees given as indication of the time spent that gives one his credentials?

This problem is not peculiar to this seminary; it is a problem of education itself. It is a problem which should never be ignored and one which can no longer be avoided. When does a student become worthy of being heard? If a man is not heard while a student, do we have the right to question him as a graduate?

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks.
Phillips Brooks

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AN OPEN LETTER TO ARTHUR DIMSDALE

Dear Arthur,

CYRIL DINGFOD LIVES! He tells me that reading your premature obituary made him understand how Mark Twain felt when, while visiting in London, he saw a notice of his death in a New York paper. He fired off a cable declaring that "the reports of my death are greatly exaggerated." With many others, I share Cyril's outlook on life, and I would like to speak for all of his friends in trying to correct your jaundiced view of him (and, by implication, of us). I speak without rancor.

Instead of dealing point by point with your article, I think it more profitable to discuss its underlying theme: anti-intellectualism. You seem to believe that mental and spiritual growth come only from participation in Commons Room bull sessions. But the discussions that I have heard there, seldom amount to anything more than the exchange of biases and misinformation. Unfortunately, these also irrupt into class discussions. In one class, a Commons Room all-star had been given the floor to expound his understanding of life. As he talked he said that he realized that no one had ever reached similar conclusions. After about twenty minutes, one of Cyril's friends asked the speaker if he had ever heard of a certain well-known scientist-theologian who, forty years ago, had developed the system which the speaker claimed as uniquely his. If this student had spent a little more time in the library and a little less in the Commons Room he could have found extremely helpful guidance in his own thinking and perhaps have saved the class a rather tedious half-hour.

Books are not written solely on the basis of what men have read. The best books come from a writer's personal experience. Reading such a book is like having a long conversation with its author. Scholarly

books present information in as unbiased a manner as the author is capable of. Cyril would be the last to claim that "the only reality admissible is that contained in books." But he does recognize that men who write books carefully are usually more knowledgeable in a given area than men who sit around and talk. Maturity comes when one is confronted with information or with a viewpoint that he has not encountered before and that he must then grapple with; not when one talks with others who think as he does. You gain strength by climbing higher and higher obstacles.

Another thing that bothers me, Arthur, is your implicit insistence that one must be an extrovert to be a Christian. You fault Cyril for knowing an intellectual God. Some of his friends would suggest that what you know, Arthur, is not God but a projection of your own emotional needs. But Cyril is kinder than that. He realizes that God makes each of us with different capacities and that each of us must relate to God as his own personality enables him. If you have the ability to deal with people, you are blessed, but you should be more tolerant of those who by nature are more withdrawn. It sometimes causes us more anguish than you could guess.

No, Cyril is not dying. He is growing, developing a talent that God gave him. You could not ask more of anyone.

A Friend of Cyril's

BAFFLE-GAB

by Arthur Dimsdale

"Cyril Dingfod--A Dialogue"

(In the last issue, this column gave an obituary for Cyril Dingfod. There have been some questions raised about his death, i.e., An Open Letter To Arthur Dimsdale. In all fairness then, the question is reopened for

discussion.)

Mitchell Bluegill is a friend of Cyril's. He has always openly expressed his friendship and has even defended Cyril against his critics. Mitchell offers the following observations:

"Yes, Cyril and I are friends. We both came to school with an openness to learn and an acknowledgement of our own ignorance. We came with our biases and prejudices, but we admitted them and held them up for criticism. Our first year here we really began to groove. There was so much to learn, so much to sink our intellectual teeth into. I guess we logged more time in the library than anyone else."

"But something began to happen during our second year. I began to notice a slight change between us. I found that all my research had caused me personally to grow. Not only did I have new thoughts but I was becoming a new person. I think Cyril experienced the same thing. But as I grew, I felt the strong need to speak of my own ideas, to speak of me. My mind had been expanded; I had been expanded and I wanted to share with someone: me. But Cyril wouldn't let me. Everytime I tried to talk with him, he referred me to a book in the library. Dingfod's openness was now limited to only books; he was no longer open to people. He somehow forgot that I was a man not just a mind. My thoughts, my ideas, and yes, my feelings were invalid because they were not published. He told me that if and when I wrote a book, then he would read me. I was crushed at this intellectual snobb-ery. Cyril Dingfod would admit my existence only if he found me in paper and ink."

"I haven't seen much of Cyril this year. When I left him he was still on the mountain reveling in his promised land. He thinks some day to write a book and thereby enshrine himself in immortality. He

never realized that the mountain top is the record of men's experiences in the valley."

"I don't see myself as anti-intellectual. But I do see myself as a man. I enjoyed my journey to the mountain top and hope to return there again. There is no monastery at the top; only a trail leading down to the people below. Anyone claiming to have been to the mountain and not returning to say, 'Let my people go', has not been to the top."

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I Wasn't
I Was
I Am
I Will Be
I Will Not Be
I Will Always Be.

HE Was
HE Has Always Been
HE Is
HE Will Be
HE Will Always Be.

Because HE Is--
I Can Be.
Because HE Is--
HE Wants Me To Be.
Because HE Is--
I Want To Be.
Because HE Is--
I Am.
Because HE Is--
I Will Always Be.

Linda F. vonCannon
6/'69

To J.L.H.
For Being...