

# The Enquiry

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## WANTED!! EXCAVATORS

by Barbara Miller Robinson

Dr. Elmo Scoggin wishes to inform you that there are a host of exciting opportunities awaiting you this summer. The settings are Israel and Cyprus for fun, sun and digging!

There are three different digs taking place this summer and one dig that may occur in the summer of '73 or '74. One dig, under the direction of Eric Meyers, will begin about June 17 and continue until Aug. 10, in Northern Galilee, near the borders of Lebanon and Syria. This is a New Testament site between the first and fourth centuries A.D. The living conditions are excellent. It is a retirement village, with A-frame houses. The days are hot, but the nights are cool. Dr. Scoggin exclaims that the landscape is beautiful. If you are interested, please contact Mr. Eric Meyers, Duke Univ., for details, information, etc.

Another opportunity this summer is under the direction of G. Ernest Wright, on the island of Cyprus. This is a more ancient site than Northern Galilee, dating back to 3500 B.C. and into Roman times. The living conditions are somewhat less ideal than Northern Galilee. The area is very hot during the day. The digging time is approximately that of Northern Galilee. If you are interested in this more ancient site, contact Larry Staeger, One Fallon Place, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Last, but not least, is the site, Tell Gezer, just south of Jerusalem. This is a project through the Hebrew Union University of Jerusalem. The living conditions are fair, but adequate. The days are hot and the nights are cool. For further information, contact Dr. Scoggin, or Dr. Joe Seger, 130 King David Street Jerusalem, Israel. Libby Smith dug there last summer. She could be of help in the "behind the scenes information."

For those who cannot make it this summer, you may get a chance during the summer of '73 or '74, providing the financial support comes through for the project. This proposed project is for Northern Galilee--a 6 to 10 year dig. It will entail exploration of one of the largest Tells in Northern Galilee, under the direction of Dr. Elmo Scoggin. This should be one of the most exciting digs yet. Shalom

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### Don't Be Cheated Today

Today is yours. Enjoy it.

If you think of the good old days long gone and wish you could relive those happy times, you lose the possible joys of today.

And if you dream of those bright tomorrows when all will be perfect once again you lose the possible joys of today.

So remember your yesterdays; plan your tomorrows; but live and enjoy the here-and-now today. --Copied

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EDITORIAL

"A Paper At Last"

It has been some weeks now since an issue of The Enquiry has gone to press. What, with final exams, matriculation, new courses, and busy church fields, this paper at times becomes one of many impossible tasks begging to be done. Add to that illness upon re-occurring illness and an incomplete and one begins to picture the impossibility of the mission. Newspaper staffs are, after all, still students; and even in that, are still human.

But at last, our attention is once again focused upon the paper. As always, the work gets done, must get done. But several changes must be noted. It is with regrets that we must say good-bye to Ben Clark. He has left us to return to "where he once belonged." I, for one, shall miss his earthiness. No matter how deep the speculation may have gotten, ole Ben always had a knack for bringing us back to reality, albeit, his reality, but reality nonetheless. I shall miss Ben and his cows.

But, as if to balance one pain, we get a happiness. Miss Bobbie Miller is no longer Miss nor Miller. We are glad to welcome Bobbie back as Mrs. Robinson. (Or should we say Ms. Robinson? One never knows in these days of Women's Lib.)

We are already well into the semester. Easter is fast approaching. I guess it is a good thing to experience your own resurrection before commemorating His.

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L'AUTRE HOMME

by Steve Squires

Take a minute and meditate. Dilute your distractions with concentration directed upon this little chunk of words.

Look at your hand. Go back and find a memory of its past pain. Try a splinter. Hold the thought of it in your mind, rolling it over and over inside until you feel that aggravating sliver of sting you hated so.

Go deeper now. Give the pain growth. It has transformed into a needle, a nail, perhaps a blade of some sort. Vision the blood flowing freely from the tear. Concentrate ever more intensely upon the feeling.

Move the illusion into the palm of your hand; and let the size of the wound increase. Change the needle into a peg, into a spike. Imagine the excruciation as the bones crunch and separate at the spike's gory drive.

Now give the sensation to the other hand. When it becomes real, let it spread to your feet. You've yet to add thirty-nine lashes with a spiked rope. Then there's a thorn branch to be crushed into your scalp.

At this point, that pink conglomeration you have closed between your ears is writhing with the thought of the divine agony. "Too much," you think, but you only have a piece of the picture.

Please recall the denial, the humiliation, the love for the spitting butchers, and the human fear of death.

Remember also that J.C. didn't have to go through all this. He could have stepped out of the scene just as quickly as the next guy. Trouble is, the next guy was loved more than he loved and could not bring himself to straighten around. The world is still full of "next guys," you and me. And through the inconceivable Power, the Man is still around to save. Think about it. There is only one way.

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## BAFFLE-GAB

by Arthur Dimsdale

### "Plenary Inspiration--A Monologue"

Cyril Dingfod is slowly dying. Not that his approaching death can be diagnosed by a physician. But he is dying, nonetheless. Consciously, he is unaware of his coming end, though every now and then he senses some thought, some cry, which deep inside him stirs and tries to be known, to be born and named. But he dismissed this feeling as being purely emotional and goes about his business as usual.

His business is being a professional student. No one really knows how long Dingfod has been a part of the campus. For years he has just been here. Not that he is obnoxious in his presence; just the opposite. He never takes part in the debates at the student center, never is loud, never offensive. Cyril lives in the library, some think he even sleeps in the elevator. As ageless as old librarians and as always present as the "shhhh!" Cyril is the true student, the honest researcher, the epitome of the proverbial bookworm. A walking card catalogue, Cyril, it is rumored, even sheds tears when a book is abused. But enough, on with the death.

Death, ah yes, many think Cyril already dead. "A game of pool and a glass of beer, that's living," the buffians think. "Poor Cyril alive? You must be kidding." Walking on, their laughter trailing behind, they dismiss Dingfod to the book yard. And there is some truth in what they say, though they are not smart enough to know it.

The truth is, as someone once said, "To write one must read, which means reading what others have written who have read." Ole Cyril has been reading what others have written who have read for so long that he no longer can distinguish between reality and the second hand hearsay

written accounts of reality. No, that's not quite correct; for Cyril the only reality admissable is that contained in books. He has focused his eyes for so long upon the printed page that he can no longer see anything else. He doesn't hear the birds; he recalls the discussion in Natural Science on how the sounds are made. He doesn't know God; he knows Tillich's ground of being. He doesn't know Jesus; he knows John 3:16.

Cyril Dingfod is dying, though of course he will never admit to the fact; even when he's in his grave, he will not admit to being dead: "There is no historicity of event; no death per se. It matters not what does or does not happen with the flesh. Reality is paper and ink. What is written is real."

Cyril hasn't been seen lately; no one knows for how long; it took awhile to realize he wasn't here. But rumor has it that if you go to the library and open a copy of Orwell's 1984 or Von Rad's Old Testament Theology or Criswell's Why I Preach... you can hear a squeak in the pages which sounds like Cyril Dingfod saying, "I told you so."

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### A SHORT JAB

by Joe Beauchamp

What is Christian love? It is loving God with all of your heart, mind, and soul and your fellow man as yourself. If is loving whether or not love is given in return. It is loving no matter what love's recipient might believe--whether he be atheist or Independent Baptist. Christian love is so radical it demands that you love your enemy, whether he be a "longhaired radical" or a closely cropped John Bircher. Christian love is much more than this, but, this is enough to induce me to pray: "Lord, give me more of this kind of love."

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#### A SHORT JAB

by Joe Beauchamp

There was once a nice little church nestled in the very heart of America itself. It was made up of well-mannered, well-dressed people. Every Sunday they rose in unison and sang the Doxology with religious fervor. Their pastor preached a challenging sermon each Sunday and they always "enjoyed" it. These good people never hurt anyone, in fact, they were very adept at minding their own business. They took great pride in their house of worship, indeed, it was their main religious concern. They were very proud of their young people. Oh, they were bored with their church, but none of them ever became hippies. Who cared that football and cheerleading were their main concerns in life? Yes, this church was very proud of itself while all around it lost and starving humanity cried out, "Come over and help us," and its comfortable civilization died a slow, natural death. And the nice church slept through it all.

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#### A SHORT JAB

by Joe Beauchamp

The two major sins of our society are body odor and bad breath. We are constantly admonished to "fire their's and hire our's." Oh! the horror of damp underarms! We are also frequently told to strive for the existential reality of "pucker power." Do you suppose Paul's thorn in the flesh was bad breath? Imagine Timothy agonizing over trying to tell "Bro. Paul" that "once in the morning does it." Or imagine Jesus rejecting Simon Peter because he had damp underarms. Can't you just hear Jesus saying, "Love God, Love people and last, but certainly not least, keep your underarms dry." This article might seem a bit silly but it does say something about our priorities, doesn't it?

#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

It is 4:10 in the morning and I am counting my blessings. Very near to the top of the endless list is one Dr. James R. Moseley. Dr. Moseley just left our home a few minutes ago, having attended my wife--nothing serious--but of course we didn't know that.

There have been many times during the past two years that I have thanked God for this man and his work at Southeastern Seminary. But "thank you" seems so inadequate so many times; it does not convey what one really feels.

While Dr. Moseley was here this morning, I could not help but recall a day of visitation not so long ago on my church field. I made the mistake that day of starting every conversation with the traditional, "Hi! How are you today?" Everyone I saw that day told me. That afternoon when I returned home I felt terrible.

How does a doctor do it? He is in the business of hearing complaints. Everyone who comes or calls has a complaint. I have never been to Dr. Moseley's office just to tell him I am doing fine. He is always there, he always provides that which is needed. And his days are long; I have seen him at the hospital many times early in the morning and at night with his patients. I pray that God will give him the strength to continue his work, and may he have the time needed to lie down in green pastures and be refreshed.

Dr. Moseley, we thank you and we thank God for sending you to us.

C. T. Edmondson, Jr.

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Letters to the Editor are invited. Poetry and comments also accepted. All materials must be signed (double-spaced typing is most helpful). Give to a member of the Staff, or slide the material under the door of the Enquiry Office, 2nd floor, east end, Mackie Hall.