

# The Enquiry

Southeastern Seminary, Wake Forest, N.C. April 30, 1968

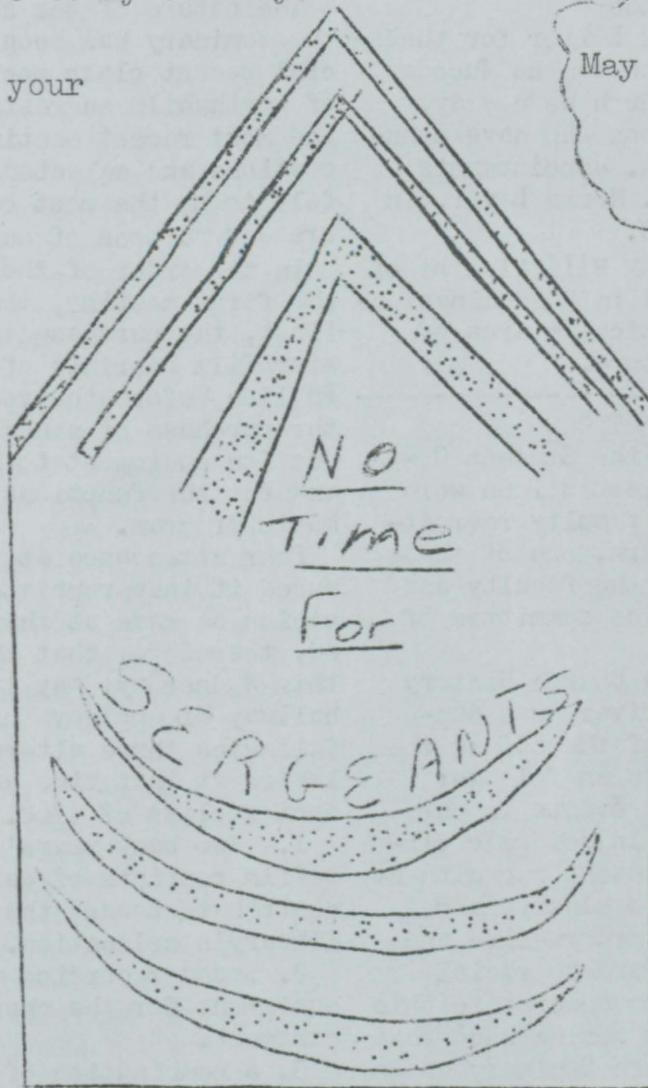
Vol. IV, No. 22

What a pity...I don't have but one night to give to my country.

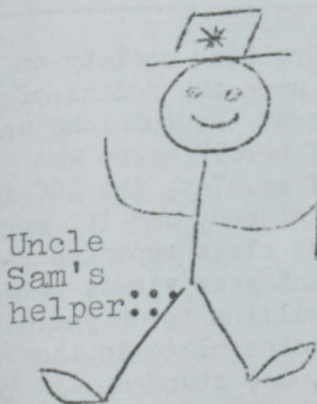
Come and bring your draft card.



Andy Griffith  
Don Knotts  
Nick Adams  
and  
THE U.S. ARMY

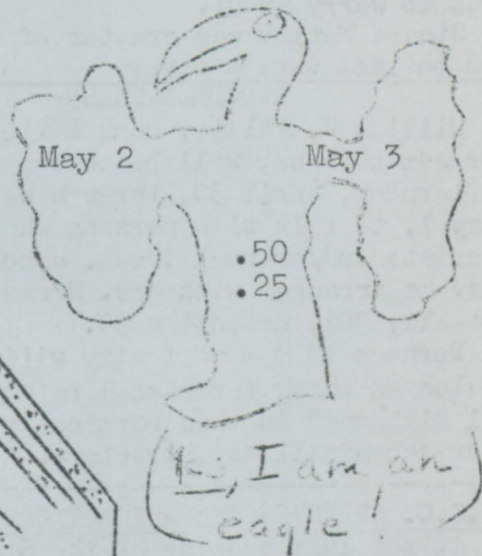


(Wait 'til Washington sees this imitation of stripes. "Over Hill, over dale...I will hit...")



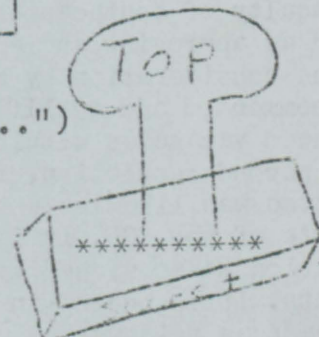
Uncle Sam's helper:::

Things like this just don't happen in the U. S. Army!!!  
(or do they?)



(Last movie this semester.)

Best seats in the house is yours.



It's so Top Secret you'll have to wait. But, please wear your secret.



THE ENQUIRY

Official Student Publication of  
Southeastern Baptist Seminary  
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Office: Second Floor Student Center

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

Credit for the movie ad on the cover is to go to Peggy Poore, who has no draft status to worry about.

Stuart Motley was creator of the Drama ad on last week's cover.

BROADMAN PRESS

William J. Fallis, Book Editor for the Broadman Press, will be on campus Tuesday afternoon, April 30, through Wednesday, May 1, to talk with persons who have manuscripts and/or book ideas. Appointments may be arranged with Mrs. Norma Lever, in Stealey 302, extension 30.

Perhaps this opportunity will also be of value to those interested in "Denominational Dialogue" in this particular area of our denominational structure.

S.C.C. APPROVES TWO RESOLUTIONS

At the last meeting of the Student Coordinating Council, two resolutions were introduced regarding the faculty recruitment policy of Southeastern, one of these resolutions arose within the faculty and the other within the Ethics committee of the SCC.

The first, submitted by Church History Professor, Dr. George Shriver, was supported by majority vote of the SCC at the April 25 meeting. It reads as follows:

"In the light of recent events in our nation, current thinking in academic circles in the South, our present recruitment policies at Southeastern Seminary, and this seminary's longtime progressive and wholesome attitude in regard to racial questions, and in order to concretize this solidarity further, it is recommended that the faculty of Southeastern Seminary go on record as approving and encouraging the serious consideration by our administration of recommended and qualified Negroes for announced vacancies within this faculty."

The second resolution, from the Ethics Committee was likewise approved by a majority vote of the SCC. It is in the form of a petition to be signed by all interested students. It is posted in Appleby Building and reads as follows:

"To the Board of Trustees, Administration, and Faculty of Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary.

In view of the fact that Southeastern Seminary is open to all qualified appli-

(Cont.)

cants, regardless of race, creed, or color, we, the undersigned, respectfully request that serious consideration be given to the employment of a qualified Negro to serve on the faculty."

ATTENTION GRADUATING SENIORS

The nature of the senior class gift to the seminary has been the subject of several recent class meetings, and a variety of worthwhile suggestions have been made. The most recent meeting reviewed these suggestions and selected the two which were felt to be the most beneficial to the nature and purpose of our school.

In the order of their introduction at the first meeting, these suggestions are: first, the purchase of back numbers of microfilm reprints of works printed in English before the year 1640, and, second, the purchase of sound recording and reproduction equipment to be used in the chapel and for the functions of Southeastern's music program.

Poor attendance at the last meeting rendered it inappropriate that the final decision be made at that time. It was decided, therefore, that the final vote be taken this Wednesday, May 1, at 10:30 a.m., in hallway of Appleby Building. One of the following three alternatives will be selected at that time as the gift from the senior class of 1968.

1. Two back years' issues of the microfilm reprints of early English works to contribute toward the completion of the library's collection.
2. Sound recording and reproduction equipment for the chapel and the music department.
3. A combination of one year's issue of early English works and part of the needed sound equipment.

COFFEE AND CRABBERS

Often the Coffee & Crabbing society on campus have meditated upon the doings of the SCC and crabbled about the opinions and resolutions of that "liberal" group who would speak for all of us. Yet, the SCC is to represent the student body and its meetings have been open, and class representatives willing, to present your views; but few of you have been willing to do your part. A similar scene takes place in the Senior Class meetings. So, stand up and be counted, speak up and be heard; or sit and sip coffee in quiet introspection.---CCC



Now I Believe (Monologue)

Easter theme

April 14, 1968

This day began as any other except it was raining. Lately it seemed to be raining almost constantly. The dreary, overcast day reflected the way I felt. I was glad today was Saturday--not a regular workday--even though I did have to go to the office for a little while to catch up on some overdue work.

Don't think I am too pessimistic. My life is not that bad. I have a wonderful wife and three lovely children, a good home, a stable business, a new car--What more did a fellow need to ask for? I don't mean to complain. I guess it is safe to say the Lord has been good to me--anyway it won't hurt anything to say that. Let me explain what I mean. My parents always went to church and took me when I was little. Somehow though it never seemed to mean much to me. A bunch of women and a few men were all. The rest of the men went to church because their wives asked them or because they thought it was the thing to do. I wonder that the preacher couldn't tell they really didn't care about Jesus. Anyway I saw little there for me so I just quit going to church as soon as I got old enough to stay home. Don't misunderstand me; I am not an atheist. I believe in God, I guess. It just seems that it makes no real difference whether I do or not.

As I drove to work the thought struck me that I now had everything I wanted. As a boy, my family and I barely had the necessities. One night when there was only a small bowl of dried beans for eight of us, I silently vowed that I would get ahead in life. I wanted a family, a nice house, a good business. Now I have all these. Yet as my mind raced back over the years, I suddenly wondered if it was all worth it. I had what I wanted yet I was not satisfied. There is no one thing I can blame for my dissatisfaction. I have always been fair in my business dealings--at least as fair as anyone else--including a lot of men who call themselves Christians.

I love my family. I even give money to the major charities when it is solicited. There are many people whom I consider my friends and I believe they think of me as a friend. Yet somehow I do not feel involved in life. It is as if no one really cares if I exist and if I suddenly die nothing would really be changed.

I thought of my wife and children. They would care. They love me. Here anyway was

some meaning in a meaningless life. Maybe--just maybe--they make all of life worth the cost. Maybe I can endure the fierce competition at the office. Maybe they make all those nerve wracking decisions worthwhile. At least they can benefit from my work. They won't have to go hungry as I did. In a sense I am giving my life for them--That's it! I am giving my life for them!

No that isn't it. Not if I am honest with myself. All this drive has really been for me, for my pride. I just had to get ahead, to do more than anyone else in my family. ---The realization dumped me into despair once again. I saw the rain pelting the windshield. I felt like the wipers, blindly swinging back and forth but never making the way clear. The dreary overcast day seemed to swallow me as I drove into the parking space anonymously marked "Reserved".

It took a real effort to work today. Something deep inside me was stirring, something I couldn't understand. It cast a vague feeling of uneasiness over my gloomy mind. I had thought I was satisfied. But now I knew I wasn't. Something was different; I didn't know what but I did know something different was happening.

Then the phone rang! My heart skipped a beat as I reached for the receiver. "That was strange," I thought. "Why should the ringing phone upset me?" Never before had I felt this way. I regained control of myself. With a deliberate authoritative gesture I raised the receiver to my lips and spoke a hearty, "Hello." I wasn't going to let a dreary day nor a little discouragement unseat me. "I can take care of myself," I thought. "Look what I have been able to do in only a relatively few years. That is enough to convince any man he can control this life if he really tries," I reasoned.

But my courage crumbled, in fact my whole world crumbled as I listened in unbelief to the words on the other end of the line. "There has been an accident," the voice said. Such easy words to say; so familiar, but aren't they always directed to someone else? The questing Why? struck my mind with an uncontrollable impact even before I knew any details. Finally I managed to ask about the accident. It had been a bad one--my wife and all three children. They had smashed into the back of a gasoline tanker and there had been an explosion.

The facts crushed even more cruelly than the first words. I sense the word Why? forming on my lips. I was barely conscious of anything. The phone slipped from my stunned

(Cont. p.4)



grasp. That startled me into consciousness as I mechanically caught it. Another mumbled question brought the answer that there was hope. Fortunately a passerby had managed to pull each one away from the flames before the explosion. But, just as he started away with the youngest girl in his arms, there had been a small explosion, then a larger one. They were engulfed in flames as the man stumbled to safety shielding her tender body with his own. All of them were hurt but they were still alive.

A half formed prayer slipped between my clenched teeth almost unconsciously. For the first time in my life I realized how much I needed my family. "They are all I've got," I cried to myself. The house, the business, the car suddenly seemed useless. With a confused and barely audible, "Thank you," I put down the receiver and scrambled out the door.

After what seemed like ages a doctor came out of the emergency room. I identified myself and he told me that miraculously the injuries to all except the little girl were minor. "Even she has a good chance to recover," he said. "But the man is in critical condition." I almost asked, "What man?" before I remembered the one who had pulled my family from the car. It was only then that I noticed the people across the room. They had a deeply concerned but composed look about them even though the woman was crying. I felt drawn to them by what I thought was common grief. The critically injured man, I found out, was their husband and father.

I think they could see the gratitude and admiration in my face as I asked the question I knew others were asking too. "But why would he risk his life to save someone he didn't even know?" A slight smile raised the corners of the woman's lips and even made the tears seem brighter as they trickled down her cheeks. "Because he is a Christian," she said.

I had read about people giving their lives to save others and I knew all of them were not Christians. But there was something about that woman's face that made me know she was right. Once again a vague uneasiness converged on my body--like the feeling I had at the office. Certainly I was worried about my family but this was different. This was something deep within me; something I still could not understand but I no longer felt like fighting it.

There were a lot of visits to the hospital in the next few weeks. All except the little girl soon came home. Her treatment

was prolonged and painful so I stayed with her as much as possible. The man who saved her was in a room a few doors down the hall. At first I saw his family every day, then less and less. I soon learned that his wife had been working long hours to keep the family together. Still, when I saw her, she seemed to be confident and composed. I wondered how she could bear all the strain.

Then, inexplicably, my mind flashed back to that terrible day in the emergency room. "Because he is a Christian," she had said. Could she and her husband have found in disaster what I had failed to find in success? I shrugged the thought away but not so confidently as I would have a few weeks ago.

Now my little girl is home but I still go to the hospital. I have a real friend there. He lives a few doors down the hall from the room my little girl occupied. Life is painful to him but somehow just being with him gives me inspiration. He has taught me humility. He has taught me that it takes more of a man to admit that he cannot control life than it does to ignore other persons' needs in order to get what he wants.

Through his painfully scarred lips he asks me to read some of his favorite passages of scripture. He appreciates the words of Job; he appreciates the twenty-third Psalm, but most of all he likes to hear of Jesus' resurrection. It is almost a paradox that he finds joy in this passage of hope when he seems to have so little to hope for.

As for me, I can even pray some now. I don't think I am yet a Christian but I am beginning to understand why I felt that vague uneasiness. God had been working in me all along, but I was determined to live my life alone. Only when I was faced with a tragedy that threatened my entire world; only when I was forced to recognize that I needed someone else, was I able to loosen my grip on my pride. My prayers may be simple but they are not just for myself and my family. I looked deeply into his eyes as I stood to leave and I wondered if my friend knew the change he had made in my life.

Late tonight his wife called. He has taken a turn for the worse and she wants me to be with him. His family and I joined in prayer asking for God's healing power, yet willingly asking also for God's will. I could feel the presence of the risen Lord with us that night.

As I walked out of the hospital I noticed the sun was just breaking across the hori-



zon. It is a new day and I have a new life. Then I thought of the tremendous cost to bring one man to salvation. I wondered aloud if it were worth it. The brightly rising sun caught my eyes again, and suddenly I knew it was worth everything!

---Robert Bailey

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FACULTY RESOLUTION

In addition to the faculty resolution presented on page 2, the following was proposed to the faculty by Dr. Bland:

"I move that the Faculty request the President to appoint a committee to recommend ways and means by which members of this Faculty and this Seminary as a Christian institution may relate more positively to the improvement of race relations in Wake Forest, and that this Committee be requested to report not later than September, 1968." The motion was seconded and approved.

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Re. M.L.King, Jr. Memorial Fund

Recently several members of the Student Co-ordinating Council received information from Southern Baptist Students at Union Seminary in New York City, notifying us of the Home Mission magazine's support of a full page memorial to the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The memorial which will appear in the June issue of the Home Mission magazine will be comprized of a full page photograph of Dr. King. Underneath the ad his birth and death dates will be recorded, along with the caption: "A memorial provided by some students and professors from:--with the names of the participating seminaries beneath this caption.

This is an opportunity for students sympathetic with the purpose of Dr. King's ministry to share their conviction with all the recipients and readers of this periodical. The timliness of such a memorial becomes more significant in light of the controversy which surrounded his activity. Your participation in this endeavor, as evidence of your solidarity with his ministry and as student or professor at Southeastern, will be pivotal in making visible your stance to fellow Southern Baptists during a time of uncertainty.

The cost of the ad which is approximately \$327 will be shared by the participants from the various seminaries. Money in excess of the cost of the ad will be sent to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. There will be boxes to receive your gift in the Library, in Appleby Building and at the Switchboard.

---Jeffrey Kelley

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOo I N T R A M U R A L S  
o E  
0 The Ping Pong Singles' Champion is B  
-o Tom Lanasa who defeated Dr. Shriver T  
0 in the Finals last week. S

The Ping Pong Doubles' Champion is the Tony Yates-Gene Raymer team which upset last year's champions, Tom Lanasa and Ken Morgen, in a contest which was not decided until the final game of the series.

The Tennis Championship Match should be held by the end of this week, weather permitting. The championship match will be between Bill Rogers and the winner of the match played by Dr. Steely and Deryl Holliday.

In Volleyball the team with the best record is the Tigers whose captain is Skip Coleman. They are undefeated with a 5-0 record. The other teams and their records are: Saints (3-2);Angels (2-3);Demons(0-5)

---Del Brunson

IT'S HAPPENING.....

Tuesday, April 30; SCC Meeting 10:30 a.m.

Wednesday, May 1; Senior Class meeting at 10:30 a.m. See notice on page 2.

Thursday, May 2; Seminary Picnic, sponsored by the campus WMU. Families bring covered dish and tea, Single students bring 50¢. Ball game-4:30/Picnic at 6:15.

Thursday-Friday, May 2-3; Campus movie at 7:30 p.m. See front page for details.

Friday, May 3; The Sons of the Prophets are to meet in Bethea Room at 10:30 a.m.

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Chapel Schedule: April 30-May 7.

Please consult bulletin boards.

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A typewriter for student use is now available in the Typing Room in the Library.

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EDITORIAL LETTERS

All those responsible for the recent production of "The Faith Hawker" are to be commended for the excellent presentation and treatment of a most meaningful confrontation in the form of drama.

We are glad to have the information concerning the origin, purpose, etc, of the Memorial Fund for Dr. King, as there has been several inquiries regarding it. A major concern was the implication that those who gave and those of us who chose not to would be lumped together under the name of Southeastern Seminary as supporters of the ad. We still remain dubious however of the value of the memorial form.

-----C.C.C.



A THOUGHT ON DEATH

Without death would the martyr give up his life so freely Is not death the goal of man to waste upon the shores of idealism?

Man has to give his life to his own pride or the pride of others Man has a life to give, A LIFE to give A life once to give.

Oh! Humanity Have I not given you my life many times How long will you fight and kill, rape and steal--without the mercy of love in my field?

Be a verse to me a rhyme of wisdom, Be to me a merciful tenderloving blade of grass Be to me a withering brook Be to me what I made you to be

Oh! Humanity suffer me not to hide my eyes from you Can I not reach out to touch you Have you turned from me?

Be to me, oh young and brave not eagles of prey nor false hearted doves that are beautiful in the morning but kill in the cage but be to me, oh beautiful creatures of kind.

Let me look at you, let me hold you burden you are to me--oh death I made for thee that you could see, what nothing more than the fall of leaves? NO I say, will to love, bless them that curse you and purpose in your hear that death is beautiful.

Epilogue: John S. Mill On Liberty lines 509-516:

"The real advantage which truth has, consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times, but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to rediscover it, until some one of its re-appearances falls on a time when from favorable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such a head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it."

---Gary W. Laird

NOTICE

There is only one more issue of The Enquiry scheduled to be published this school year. Please submit items for the May 7, 1968 issue as soon as possible. Thanks. -----Ed.

COMING EVENTS

S.C.C. Elections; President, Vice-President, Secretary, Chairmanships, Senior, Middle, and Certificate Representatives) Dedication of Student Center, Graduation, and, lest we forget, EXAMS!!