

THE SABBATICAL COMMUNIQUE  
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and currently on Sabbatical leave for the  
purpose of obtaining greatness  
without sacrifice.

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In the Seminary world of TVT, not much has happened of which you do not know a good bit about already. There was the bogus date for a luncheon with his counsellees, bogus because he did not know the study days and just used one of them...the correct date is now set for April 30. The Seminary banquet was held and the writer is not sure whether he got to it or not, at this point, and plans are being made to finish the year but we are not sure what those will be. The Editor is planning to prepare pizza for the faculty/senior dinner and he and Carl Martin are planning to cook and serve the alumni banquet. A few other plans are in the general works but there is no need to discuss them now.

So I was telling you that after a season on Kuisbeighn I returned home just because I was lonesome, I suppose, and also I wanted to see how it would go. I arrived just where I had been and noticed the clock was posted at the same time as when I had left. A solid day on Kuisbeighn, it appeared. I felt rather tired and imagined that some of me was slow in coming together and so I ate a bit and went to bed. I called my wife in Pittsburgh first, however, so that she would not be unduly worried about my absence although I had not intention of telling her where I had been and I suddenly realized that I had left my dog on the distant planet--or whatever it is. I gave her my assurance of well being and told her if she had called and I did not answer I was sorry but she affirmed she had not called and I left it go at that. We usually call every day...but once in awhile one can miss. So I retired and slept more soundly than I had slept in a long, long time.

Next morning I jumped in my car and went to the Seminary..just to see how things looked when I was not there. I found a copy of faculty minutes in my mailbox and, sure enough as I had thought, they had used my absence to create legislation of various types that was sufficiently devious to annoy the CIA or the KGB save that neither of them is much interested in what we are doing. I noticed that the motion to turn my office into a national historic monument had failed by one vote and the motion of one of our more dignified professors that all male students over 21 be required to wear shorts after the first of May had also been defeated but by the narrowest of margins. No one seemed to oppose the idea that the diplomas should be signed with disappearing ink with a 14 day lifespan so I think those who receive them this year should guard them carefully in the days ahead. What will be next, was my anxious thought. Among my mail I saw that one of our committees was meeting in the afternoon and I decided to go to it ...just out of nostalgia's sake and I was quite surprised to observe the corect date was Wednesday, not Thursday as I had surmised. Well, the Taylor's are often confused about a host of things.