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Just Off Capitol Square

A Confession of Illiteracy

Dr. Roger Miller, the esteemed President of my Alma Mater, Millikin University, recently made a speech in which he declared that his administration is making many adjustments to keep Millikin as a survivor. It is encouraging to know that the beloved university which has blessed three generations of Mooreheads is surviving well. But after noting one detail in Dr. Miller's excellent speech, I wonder if I am going to be a survivor.

Dr. Miller said: "Graduation requirements will stiffen and change with the times." He went on to say that more English will be required. And I am all for that. But then he stunned me by announcing that every student will have to be "computer literate" to meet graduation requirements. Suddenly I felt like a has-been. I have a growing awareness that the Computer Age is passing me by without either nodding or shaking hands. I don't even have a pocket calculator. Actually, I don't calculate very well at all.

This summer while visiting our Tim and Tina in Washington, D.C., I was made to feel like a brainless dinosaur thrust into a telephone booth. Taking the subway one day we had to "purchase" our tickets from a computer. I could stick in the dollar bill but the array of buttons and dials and blinking lights left me in the state of a blithering blob. If Tim hadn't known what to do I would never have made it on to the subway car.

Tell These Dry Bones To Listen

are like these bones. They say they are dried up without any hope and with no future. So prophesy to my people Israel and tell them that I, the Lord God, am going to open their graves. . . I will put breath in them, bring them back to life, and let them live in their own land." - Ezekiel 37:11, TEV
Greeters at the doors will be (9:00) Phyllis Carbon and Doris Foote, and (11:00) Winston and Neva Brembeck. The anthem will be (9:00 & 11:00) Psalm III by T. Charles Lee, sung by the Senior Choir. SEE YOU IN CHURCH!

Several years ago my children wanted to be nice to the old man at Christmas time by presenting me with an electronic watch. This was the watch that had everything: military time, actual time, an alarm clock, a stopwatch, the day of the month, etc. They tried to show me how to make it work, but in the end I had to give up and trade it in on just a plain old watch.

I had the same trouble with an electric typewriter. One day Betty decided that I deserved an electric typewriter. So she got me one. I plugged it in and started hammering away. But it made me nervous. Having the touch of an elephant, the thing skipped all over the place. That typewriter was handed over to Betty who manages it very well, and I am typing this sad message on the machine I truly deserve - the old hammer-and-clunk kind. Technologically I haven't progressed an inch in the last forty years.

But the coup de grâce to my own self esteem occurred the other day when a letter arrived informing me that my beloved granddaughter is now taking computer lessons! To get an impression of my sunken ego you must realize that my granddaughter Abby, is only five years old, and her computer training is occurring in kindergarten! They have fourteen computers for the children to learn on in her school in Houston, Texas.

Do you realize, President Miller, that Abby will be a more viable candidate for graduation from Millikin - at the age of six - than I? She will be "computer literate" while I, alas, am illiterate. O, for the good old days at Millikin!

Lee C. Moorehead

is the title of Dr. Moorehead's sermon for Sunday, October 10. "God said to me, 'Mortal man the people of Israel