

A Word Fity Spoken

Michael Cobbler*

*Editor's note: Michael Cobbler, an African-American pastor of the ELCA, engages the audience in the kind of active participation common in the African-American tradition. The printed text attempts to reflect that participation by noting the audience's verbal responses in italics and by adding "rubrics" in brackets that describe the singing by Cobbler and the audience.

Let the people say "Amen!" *Amen*. I can't hear you. *AMEN!* Thank you, Jesus. Christ is risen! *He is risen, indeed. Alleluia, alleluia!* I like to say, when I gather with folk who care about what we do after we say "I believe," when it comes down to ultimate things, I'm just a nobody trying to tell everybody about somebody who can save anybody. Let me run that by again, so everybody can give a rousing "Amen." I'm just a nobody trying to tell everybody about somebody who can save anybody. *Amen*. And the task I have today is a somewhat substantial one, to speak as an African American Lutheran (people from Jump Street—as we would say in Brooklyn—would call that term an oxymoron from the start). Yet there are surprising and delightful areas of congruence when we look at the sacramental tradition and the African-American church tradition.

Two Traditions Sharing Rich and Delightful Fare

Yes, you can deal with justification and justice together. You can deal with word and sacrament and building bridges in community together. They are not mutually exclusive. You can deal with "*Alle Menschen müssen sterben*" and "I'm So Glad Jesus Lifted Me" together. You can do that. So I will try, in this time together, to weave the two together in a host of ways, because, after all, I suspect most of you do not serve African-American congregations, and are there any African Americans in the room besides *moi*? It is crucial to reflect on what our various communities bring to the table of grace and then to find ways to share in that very rich and delightful fare. Pray with me, please:

O God, you made us in your own image and redeemed us through Jesus your Son. Look with compassion on the whole human family; take away the arrogance and hatred which infect our hearts; break down the walls that separate us; unite us in bonds of love; and, through our struggle and confusion, work to accomplish your

purposes on earth; that, in your good time, all nations and races may serve you in harmony around your heavenly throne. Through Jesus Christ our Lord—let the church say: *Amen!*¹

Gracious God, we pray for your holy catholic church and the congregations and persons who have been examples for us. Fill the whole church with truth and peace. Where it is corrupt, purify it; where it is in error, correct it; where it has strayed from mission, guide it; where it has ceased to praise you, reform it; where it is right, empower it; where it is in need, provide for it; and where it is divided, unite it. Through the One who gave his life for the church, Jesus Christ our Lord—let the people say: *Amen!*²

[Cobbler then begins to sing a capella.]

Over my head, I hear music in the air.
Over my head, I hear music in the air.
Over my head, I hear music in the air.
There must be a God somewhere.

[The assembly joins in.]

Over my head, I hear music in the air.
Over my head, I hear music in the air.
Over my head, I hear music in the air.
There must be a God somewhere.

One more time for the Holy Ghost, in harmony. [The assembly sings in harmony.]

Over my head, I hear music in the air.
Over my head, I hear music in the air.
Over my head, I hear music in the air.
There must be a God somewhere.

That music that's in the air is the music of people who have been led and fed by Jesus. That music is music that has comforted and encouraged the people of God in so many venues and in so many ways over the years. Now, I recognize in a gathering like this, out of necessity a presentation like this needs to be part clinic, part example, part lecture, part carrying

¹Prayer for The Human Family, in *Lutheran Book of Worship* (Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House; Philadelphia: Board of Publications, Lutheran Church in America, 1978), 44.

²Adapted from a prayer attributed to Benedict of Nursia, in *Book of Common Worship* (Louisville, KY: Westminster/John Knox Press, 1993), 24.

on, part dog-and-pony show—hopefully all telling the truth—but that’s alright, because there are some accents to the proclamation of word and the presentation of music out of the black church tradition that can serve us.

I want to start with a story that points to the difficulty of transference in the various circumstances in which we find ourselves. It’s a story about a professor of homiletics who was approached by one of his erstwhile students to preach at the student’s home congregation. The approach went something like this: “Doctor, you have taught me so well in preaching this year, I wonder if you would honor me with the privilege of preaching at my home congregation in Sous [sic] Carolina.” Now the way that the name of that state was said should have been a clue to the preacher. But the preacher said, “Oh, I would be pleased to preach at your home congregation. It just so happens that I am going to make a presentation on the dialectical imperative in hermeneutics at one of the nearby colleges. So I will be pleased to preach at your home congregation.”

The student was thrilled, so he made arrangements for the professor to be picked up at the airport. The professor walks off the plane, sees the student, and the student greets the professor like so [in a song-like cadence]: “Good to see you, preacher. How you doin’? Glad to have you here.” And the professor says, “Fine, fine. Good to be here.”

The professor heard that and began to worry a little bit about how he should preach when he went to the congregation. He wasn’t familiar with that kind of style in preaching. He said, “The word fits in all contexts, so I shall not worry about this. I’m going to preach the word. No problem.” Then they got to the farm; they had to drive a little ways, back through the hollows and back through the hills, but they made their way to the farm. Then the mother of the student came out and greeted the professor [in the same song-like cadence]: “How ya doin’, preacher? So good to see ya. Welcome to our home, oh yeah.”

The professor said, “Uh oh.” He’s worried now. But he’s going to hold up. The preacher got to meet the younger brother. He just came in from working on the farm a little bit and said [in the same song-like cadence]: “Hello, preacher. So good to have ya here. Oh, what a joy. We’re lookin’ forward to hearin’ your word.” Now things really are jammed.

Then they had dinner. Everybody sat down, there was a long prayer from the father and after the prayer he said [in the song-like cadence], “Ah, preacher, pass the potatoes. Oh, yeah, this food’s real good.” Now he didn’t know what to think. Then the son said [in the same song-like cadence], “Ah, preacher, mom’s chicken’s real good. Pass those collard

greens. Tustin' real fine." He was starting to sweat from his brow, and the beads were falling onto his glasses and onto his plate right into his mashed potatoes and gravy. Then the dog came into the room and said [in the same song-like cadence], "Bow wow, bow wow, bow wow, bow wow." The preacher went on his way after that.

Now after hearing that story, you may wonder about transference and context, as well we should. For all that we say and do, we cannot stand in each other's skin. And, yes, it is true, though I live here in Valparaiso and I enjoy it and delight in it, yes, I have been stopped twice for "driving while black." And, yes, I have been followed as I attempted to fill a prescription at Walgreens. It's real, people. Racism is real. What remains for us is this: how can we fashion a way in our sacramental tradition—which is indeed a delight—that will serve not only us but the rest of us, and that will speak to both hearts and minds while still paying attention to what Mark Bangert called yesterday "orthodoxy with heart." I have some suggestions.

Preaching and Justice

But let me, first of all, model for you a way in which word can be approached. I decided it would be well in this circumstance to pull out one of my "rusty trifles," or rather, "trusty rifles" (you all got that, too, right?) in terms of sharing how the word can be brought in a context that speaks not only to African Americans but to all people.

I had an opportunity to speak to a group of clergy a little more than a year ago that gives a fairly quick example. You see, if I had to preach to you today, that would take up the whole time. But let me take this moment simply to model what a sermon in the African-American tradition might be like. It does sound a little weird: a sermon in the African-American tradition. We are called to preach the word in and out of season, and the only way these distinctions are helpful is in terms of context. But no matter where one preaches, one is to preach Jesus crucified, died, and risen. Let me make that clear from the start. There is no way to escape that. But there are ways to fashion it so that it is clear to the listeners. I will lift up text as I go along. The presentation given to the group of clergy was in the context of talking about community organizing, the adulteration of servanthood and justice, and clues on how to fix it.

The primary point to address is the turning of justice and liberation into the vision of services and the building of dependency. To say it another way, I wish to speak of the adulteration of servanthood and justice to services and "just us." There is a powerful temptation for churches,

especially with the allure of government and the private sector for funds, to be glorified mercy stations for their neighborhoods.

Government says, “Churches exist to serve the neighborhood,” conveniently forgetting the primary reason the neighborhood is fractured and community hardly exists is the government forgot about the neighborhood ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. Then government uses those church buildings to set up government programs, which gives funds to the church. That process has now broken down in many cases into having the churches take over programs the government has let go.

The power of the community called “church” in those circumstances is watered down and mixed in with elements it doesn’t need, which is the basic meaning of the word “adulterate.” Then we fall into a trap or competing vision of providing services without references to the oppressive realities that made the provisions of service necessary in the first place. In all this we are tricked into doing something we think is most important. As Dr. Robert Linthicum said in a conference presentation, “the history of the church can best be described as the church taking last ditch stands in the wrong ditches.”³ We too quickly give up our power to call government and the private sector to account in order that they do what we have called them to do by turning our tabernacles of celebration into temples of cooked meals and thrift shops or whatever service we may be providing as an act of mercy to the neighborhood. I think psychologists call this enabling.

Lest you think I am simply pointing the finger at you, let me make it clear that I am not. I am pointing the finger at the person next to you and at myself. I, myself, have pastored congregations that have given away their gospel power for goodwill services. I served a congregation that was known as the most merciful congregation in the community. It was also one of the weakest, having precious little leverage to change lives for the better in the long run. That congregation singlehandedly created one of the largest social service agencies in that city. And the congregation thought it was powerful because of that, except all this happened thirty-five years ago, and now that social service agency has nothing to do with the congregation. Hopefully that history has changed somewhat, but that is for others to address.

As for me, what I saw was a congregation manifesting powerlessness in the guise of servanthood. In short—and this is difficult to say because

³Editor’s Note: Robert C. Linthicum is president and founder of Partners In Urban Transformation. For more on his theology for urban ministry, see Robert C. Linthicum, *City of God, City of Satan: A Biblical Theology of the Urban Church* (Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan, 1991).

I am talking about people whom I love—they watered down the ministry of washing feet to a ministry of kissing butt, hoping to make friends for the church instead of making friends for Jesus or for justice. I do not merely attempt to offend but want to make clear the confusion between servanthood and service provision with little regard for relationships, between word and service and goods and services. Let me be forthright and clear about this. We should not equate Jesus' example of washing feet with the service provision industry and entitlement cartels we have created in the church with the aid and sometimes control of government and/or the private sector. Moreover, we are stealing life from the people we are claiming to help, because we do not engage them in building community. We would rather help them than know them. We often don't know what power and passion they bring to the situation. But since we do confuse these realities, who will save us from this body of confusion?

I want to lift up a few verses from Holy Writ that can steer us away from the life-taking visions and move us toward life-giving visions. First of all, let us briefly examine Jesus washing the feet of the disciples. John 13:14–15 should be emblazoned on the heart of every follower of Jesus: “So if I, your Lord and teacher have washed your feet, you ought to wash one another's feet. For I have set you an example that you also should do as I have done for you.” Do you wonder why the WWJD bracelets are popular? They make sense. Jesus, not only as Lord and teacher, but also as example and servant. Servanthood, first and foremost, involves seeing the other as equal and being engaged with them person to person, not merely as a provider to a client.

I now serve a community of servants about four hundred strong, the Lutheran Deaconess Association; its members exercise ministry of word and service throughout the world, pray and support one another, and hold each other accountable in the name of and in the service of Christ. I, in my time as serving as their spin doctor,⁴ am amazed by what they have done because they are serious about building community. Many of you have done it also, but Jesus calls us to extend our service beyond “just us.” The deaconesses whom I serve say to the world, “We do feet.” “Doing feet” is a major part of the church's work. People in conversation and one on one are “doing feet.” People gathering at house meetings are “doing feet.” When you are setting the Christ-like example that affirms life, you are “doing feet,” and we need to “do feet” more, rather than just doing and being busy with many things.

⁴Editor's note: Mike Cobbler was the Director of Public Relations and Development for the LDA, hence his use of the term “spin doctor.”

The second scripture nugget comes from the Acts of the Apostles, or practices of the Apostles, as I like to say these days. Chapter 6:1–6, namely, the choosing of seven men to deal with the fair distribution of the offering to the Greek widows. First of all, coverage of the widows' needs was the first significant conflict in the new church, and it was a justice concern. The question was how do we deal with the bad-luck women? It was understood that women who had lost their husbands through whatever means were, in fact, bad-luck women. And in the mindset of the day, it was like dealing with the unskilled, unemployed today. The widows were the dead weight of the community, and work fair wasn't in place yet. The decision made on how to deal with this conflict is instructive to us today. Seven leaders were chosen to make things right. They set out to make a way in which the widows would be included in community, even in light of their social standing. That did not, I assure you, include the establishment of the Mid-Palestinian Food Pantry with funds from the Roman government. The care for the widows was set up by relationships. Beloved, how do we deal with the bad-luck people of today? I'll leave that question alone and let you think about it a little bit.

The third scripture piece has to do with who's driving the process, who's owning the store, and a joke that we don't get yet. In the taxes to Caesar text in the Synoptic Gospels—Matthew 22, Mark 12, Luke 20—the Pharisees tried to trip up Jesus with a question on how we should relate to the government. They asked him, “Should we (we meaning the religious of the community) pay taxes to the emperor?” Jesus said, “Show me the money,” and upon being shown the money made the declarative statement, “Give to the emperor that which is the emperor's, and give to God that which is God's.” Remember, Jesus made a declarative statement, not a comparative one. Jesus did not say “but” between emperor and God. But we often treat it that way.

Let me say it another way: scripture says, “The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.” Now somebody tell me, church, what *does* the emperor own? What *belongs* to the emperor? Tell me, what *belongs* to the emperor? What *does* Bill Clinton own? (He's got less and less every day.) We still don't get the joke. Caesar would not have jack squat without God. Let the church say amen. *Amen*. If Caesar is driving the process of well-being in our communities, only Caesar will do well, and even that won't last. But if our values as people of God are our driving force, we at least have a fighting chance to win the battle for our communities. When we insist that *God* owns the store, then blessings are in store for the gathered and organized community.

I know a place where the streets are paved—not with gold—but the streets are paved. It could be your city. I know a place where Caesar is held accountable by 18,000 people of faith instead of eight people of means. It could be your city—Amen. *Amen.*

I know a place where the Bible is a word to be trusted, instead of a book to be dusted. (You can keep that one.) It could be your city. I know a place where schools are citadels of learning instead of caves of careless caretaking. It could be your city.

I know a place where justice is strong and growing stronger because people are creating community and building justice. It could be your city. House meetings instead of mall greetings, big room cuts instead of back room deals, public action instead of justice in traction, washing feet instead of kissing butt, power in our spaces instead of high friends in places, or is that friends in high places? And making friends for Jesus in the community instead of making friends for the church, being servants for justice instead of services by us for just them. There is no need to water down our power, church. Let me get right and preach here—there's no need to water down our power, because we have been given the power of God and the power of God overcomes race—Amen. *Amen.*

The power of God overcomes foolishness; the power of God overcomes oppression; the power of God overcomes falsehood; the power of God overcomes nonsense; the power of God overcomes denominational arguments. (Uh oh, better leave that one alone. Call to a Common Mess, is that it? My, my, my.) But, church, you simply need to know that we have been enriched in such a wonderful way by gifts from so many places.

Enriching One Another: A Personal Story

And I want to lift that up in terms of my personal story. This is a nameplate. My name is on both sides. So if I get confused I can turn it over. There's a story behind this nameplate. First of all, the nameplate in its first incarnation was simply the plates you see. And that was made by one Theodore Siegrist, a member of Holy Redeemer Lutheran Church in Brooklyn. Ted is an amazing man. Ted is a soldier for Jesus. When I came to Holy Redeemer as a teenager, Ted took me by the hand and walked me up to the chancel area, and he got out a copy of the third setting of *Service Book and Hymnal* which, as you know wasn't in the book itself. You all remember that. Then he started teaching me how to chant the creed: "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things, visible and invisible." And Ted started to teach me

the introits and the graduals—some of you youngsters don't know about those terms, huh? And Ted said to me, "This is the language of the church, this is the music of the church. Who knows, it may be different ten, twenty years from now, but we embrace this now, and that's why I teach it to you—not to take anything away from you, but to add to what you already have." That's what Ted Segress said to me.

Ted now is the only white member of Holy Redeemer Lutheran Church in Brooklyn. He never left the neighborhood. He asked the present pastor, Stephen G. Marsh, "Pastor, where have all the white people gone?" And Steve just chuckles a little bit and says, "Ted, look around you. You're still here." But what is Ted doing in worship? Ted leads the singing of the gospel choir, even as an octogenarian, singing "Jesus Is on the Mainline, Tell Him What You Want," singing "Precious Lord, Take my Hand." The members try to tell Ted, "We'll pick you up for church, Ted. You don't need to cross the fifteen lanes of Linden Boulevard to get to worship. You don't need to take your life into your own hands." Of course, Ted says, "I'm not worried about that. Jesus has my life already."

And let me tell you about the other person who has to do with the making of this nameplate, Clyde Lawrence. Clyde was a faithful member of First English in Columbus, Ohio, and knew his way around wood. He walked into my office one day and said, "Pastor, I'm going to take your nameplate for a few days. It looks like it's getting a little worn." I said, "Oh, wow, Clyde. You do calligraphy?" "Uh, no, but I'll just take it for a few days. I'll bring it back." I said, "Well, that's alright." So I let him have it. And then a few days later he brought it back mounted as you see, because Clyde knows how to work with wood.

Clyde is not the only one who knows how to work with wood. There's one whom Ted gives honor to, whom Clyde gives honor to, whom we all give honor and praise and glory to, who knew his way around working with wood—Amen. *Amen*. And that One who worked with wood and worked with his hands, I am convinced his are the hands that guided Ted to write these wonderful letters. Pastor Marsh tells me he's still doing calligraphy. Every visitor in the congregation gets their name in this calligraphy form to this day, because Ted just loves to write the names of people.

And the One who led Ted's hands and the One who guided Clyde's hands guides our hands and our hearts also; guides our hands and hearts so that we may be faithful expositors of God's glorious word; guides our hands and our feet so that we may walk in the way of peace; guides our lips and our actions so that Easter may not be just a one-time thing; guides

our hearts so that we may walk in the light of his love. There are aspects of that walk that are so precious to us. Let me just lift up a few.

Enriching One Another: The Church's Story

First of all, one of the signs of the common life that is so strong from the African-American church is the sign of courage. We are called to be of good courage as we relate to one another, as we take steps to build on the traditions and dreams on which we stand. It takes courage for a congregation filled with European Americans to sing, "I'm So Glad Jesus Lifted Me." It takes courage. Let's just keep that in mind as you try these things back home. It takes courage, and it certainly takes building some allies to be able to do a call and response. I called for some of that today, but it takes courage to do a call and response. It's not always a strong fit, and that's why when you do these things or attempt these things in congregations, it's important to build on some alliances or to see who the pioneers might be. Together have conversations that you want to try something out of *This Far by Faith*. Don't throw it in the organist's face the week before you want to do it. Talk to somebody. If you want to sing "Precious Lord," and you want some kind of improvisation done, and your organist just reads straight, do not confuse him or her. Give the organist some hope, give some guidance, even give some teaching. Try to hook up with somebody down the street, possibly somebody from an African-American church tradition, and build the partnership. One of the great joys of my serving in Columbus, Ohio, was that we had partnerships with a host of congregations where we learned a tremendous array of worship experience. And then we were able to integrate some of those experiences into our worship.

Matt Staub is here, and he sang Easter Vigil; he was the cantor at Easter Vigil a few years ago at First English. What a delight. Also, reading the creation story was Dr. Chalmers Coe, one of the great preachers of the United Church of Christ and son-in-law to the sainted Paul Scherer, one of the great twentieth-century Lutheran preachers. And, in the midst of all that, in the Easter Vigil, we did "Go Down Moses." Now, we had vigil, and we saved our baptisms all during Lent to that night. You don't always hear about things being done right "out there." But there, in the bowels of the inner city of Columbus was a witness that was both authentic and relevant. And it's alright, because sometimes orthodoxy is bigger than you think. And I have a whole host of wonderful folk to back me up, including yesterday's speaker. This wonderful piece

from the Lutheran World Federation, *Worship and Culture in Dialogue*, I commend to you if you have not seen it.⁵ It speaks about the intersection of worship and culture, and how it is important to bring our gifts to bear on the truth of the gospel.

One of the models that has helped me over the years is the model that's lifted up by Philips Brooks, who wrote "O Little Town of Bethlehem." He speaks of preaching as including truth and personality. Preaching without truth is just the speaker's own opinion, and sure enough is not gospel. Truth without personality is simply making pronouncements. And a whole lot of preachers are about pronouncements. Now, I'm not talking about anybody in here; I'm not talking about anybody in here. Well, maybe; I don't know. If you're convicted, so be it.

It is so crucial to bring together that tension—and it is a tension, a healthy tension—between truth and personality, so that the word may have not only free course, but also be engaged with human flesh. After all, that's what Jesus was and is about, the Word in human flesh. So if we are called to re-present Jesus, both in pulpit and at altar, the representation needs to be as strong as we can make it and as edifying to our hearers as we can make it.

So pronouncements are not enough and personality is not enough. One has to call forth images—and I hope I gave some examples of that—images that speak to the head and to the heart; images that make it abundantly clear that Jesus is, indeed, our Savior and our Lord, and that God is in the blessing business. Do you hear me, church? That God is in the blessing business.

Now a brief word on the aspect of time, because we struggle with that. It's important to paint a picture that speaks volumes—then you can use fewer words—and to paint that picture in such a way that it holds on to the hearer. Sometimes we are not bold enough in our images, but that takes some courage. And that requires translating the conversations you had all during the week into kerygma. Because kerygma is, indeed, the preached word to a hungry people. There are all kinds of moves that you can make to edify that. Let me just mention a couple.

As we preach and as we sing, it's important for us to move from what I call curiosity to commitment. Some folks just want to dabble in something. Sometimes we have a consumer mentality toward our worship. We'll try a little bit of this, and we'll try a little bit of that. Y'all know

⁵*Worship and Culture in Dialogue: Reports of International Consultations, Cartigny, Switzerland, 1993, Hong Kong, 1994* (Geneva, Switzerland: Lutheran World Federation, 1994).

what I'm talking about. We'll visit that, we'll try this on the third Sunday of Easter, and then we'll bury it like we bury the alleluia during Lent and then bring it out, trot it out, next year. No, no, no. One needs to have courage to move from curiosity to commitment, from slumming to staying. You know what I'm talking about when I say "slumming?" "Yeah, I'm downtown, just to make it mellow. Just to get a little taste. Lord knows, I don't want to live *there*, but let me get a little taste." I want you to think about, just to get a feeling for staying, what it would be like to be black for one minute. Now, thinking on that might give you a sense of what "staying" involves.

Also, it's important to move from information gathering to engagement. You'd be surprised how many African Americans are terrified by information gathering. The census is a good example; people say to me, "Folk want to know *about* me but don't want to know *me*." In a whole host of communities we need to get over *that*.

And then, we need to move from what I would call *koine*, which is a word for what is common, or even in some cases, what is beneath me, or looking at our worldly political base to *koinonia*, which has a heavenly political base; moving from *koine*, the common, to *koinonia*, to fellowship in which all are regarded as equals and as precious in God's and in another's eyes. All these are moves that can help us, that are strong in the African American tradition, that are strong in the black church, that can help *us* as we seek to enrich our preaching and also our music.

But my sense is the best way to close a presentation like this is to, in fact, sing. Amen? *Amen*. And, notice that when we sang earlier we didn't need any paper. And we don't need any now. I was going to play trombone, but I ain't gonna worry about that now. I'll play trombone in the workshop. *Play the trombone*. No! Okay, I will close with the trombone, but let's first sing. Now you're going to have to pick up on this pretty quickly. You're going to have to listen real hard because it's call and response, and you respond right away.

Brothers of mine, the Lord is calling you.

Brothers of mine, the Lord is calling you.

Sisters of mine, the Lord is calling you.

Sisters of mine, the Lord is calling you, etc.

Come now and hear the words of life and truth. (Too slow!)

Truly, truly, he is the Son of God.

Brothers of mine, the Lord is calling you. (There you go!)
Sisters of mine, the Lord is calling you.
Come now and hear the words of life and truth.
Truly, truly, he is the Son of God.

Go into all the world with love and peace.
Go claim the Gospel story of release.
The hungry and the hopeless ones who cry.
Tell them our Savior died for humankind.

Brothers of mine, the Lord is calling you.
Sisters of mine, the Lord is calling you.
Come now and hear the words of life and truth.
Truly, truly, he is the Son of God.
[Softer] Truly, truly, he is the Son of God.
Truly, truly, he is the Son of God.
{Soft fade out} Truly, truly, he is the Son of God.
Truly, truly, he is the Son of God.

Once again, think of how God works in all of us and through all of us to lead us to the heavenly banquet of which we always have foretaste, to that day when we'll all be marching in! [Cobbler on trombone: "When the Saints Go Marching In," with spontaneous singing and clapping by the assembly.] Peace and blessings to you all. Thank you so much, and may God, indeed, go with you.