February 1963

O.P. Kretzmann

Valparaiso University

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.valpo.edu/campus_commentary

Recommended Citation
https://scholar.valpo.edu/campus_commentary/4

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives & Special Collections at ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Campus Commentary by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at scholar@valpo.edu.
Dear Brother:

I hope you will understand if I do something which is normally not in good taste. I want to talk about a relative. On a bitter January afternoon some of us drove one hundred miles east to Kendallville, Indiana, to bury "Uncle Mart" — the Rev. Martin F. Kretzmann, D.D., pastor for more than five decades, and secretary of Synod for about thirty years. In many ways he was one of my favorite relatives. You will remember the old saw "We can choose our friends but in our relatives we have no choice." I would have chosen "Uncle Mart" as a friend.

In a day of ecclesiastical caterwauling and screaming he was a gentle, quiet man. Although he was a member of a family which is notorious for talking at the drop of a nickel in the collection plate, Uncle Mart's silences, long and often wise, were an essential part of him. Behind that quietness, however, there was a great and iron loyalty to the Church he loved and a gracious, kindly spirit. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of Valparaiso University for many years; in fact, he was one of its original founders. Through the years things sometimes happened with which he could not agree, but he never wavered in his support. Over the time that separated us I heard his voice again and again: "I would like to speak to you after the meeting." Then, usually at dusk, his admonition would come, direct, honest and ever so gentle. I never came away from these twilight sessions without loving him more deeply. In the light of many setting suns I learned the true meaning of the word "evangelical" — this humanly strange and divinely inspired understanding of the Gospel. In more than forty years I have seen it in only four or five brethren — although, I am sure, there have been others whom I did not know. But — let it be said again — when it appears it is one of the most striking and startling phenomena in the life of the redeemed man.

And so we said farewell to "Uncle Mart" on a cold January afternoon at a grave beside his wife Elizabeth and near his son Martin, Jr., whom we had buried on the same hillside twenty-five years ago.

At the funeral service in the church, solidly Lutheran with children singing and some hymns of thanksgiving, the venerable former president of Synod said: "One of God's noblemen has been called home." At that moment I remembered the strange and magnificent letter Uncle Mart had written to some of us about ten days before his death. In it he had marshaled once more his hopes and fears for the Church of tomorrow, his concern about her welfare, and his dynamic desire to have us remain loyal to the Divine Word. As I read his final admonition, I pictured his little, lonely apartment in Cincinnati and the battered typewriter now being used for the last time. I am sure that he had already heard the first far sound of the Voice from the Throne detailing one of the swift traveling seraphim to bring him home. May he rest in peace and may the eternal light shine upon him.

Perhaps this is a good place to reprint Martin Marty's curiously eloquent and moving tribute to the late Dr. O. A. Geiseman. His farewell appeared in The Christian Century a few months ago. In addition to being a deserved tribute to a sainted friend and brother it also says something very important to all of us who are now beginning to see more closely the great light at the end of the road — to be good and to be encouraging to the young brother who is coming up the sunny side of the hill. Dr. Marty wrote:

Dear Simeon Styliates:

It is two years now since "Saint" was officially prefixed to your name. Only once in that time have we disturbed your peace. I am sorry to bother you again. But as you know, our contacts in your realm are few and we have to overwork our friends. I want you, please, to look up a reverend father of mine, Pastor O. A. Geiseman. In a phrase that would make him uneasy, he has lately "gone to his reward." You must have met him.

Now, I know a thousand other ministers must have died in November of this year. Any number of them will be reminiscing with you about the days when you used to visit St. John's-by-the-Gas-Station, the parish they all thought was their own. I want to single out a particular reader of yours, however. As you know, we are not highly devoted to the Cult of Parson on this page. But we do like to take note of exceptional people, and hate to hold their habitation in parsonages against any of them.

The problem in introducing Dr. G. is twofold. One the one hand, he did not belong to the "power elites" of institutional religion—that is, while he was perhaps the best known pastor in his denomination, he was a general practitioner of the kind "Who's Who" can't bring itself to deal with. On the other hand, he had the misfortune of being pastor, for almost 40 years, of a large, well-off, successful church in one of the better suburbs — River Forest, Illinois. That dooms him in the eyes of those who share the mystique of the primi-
NOTES ON A FRAYED CUFF: Several months ago the 8:00 a.m. newscast reported that Kirsten Flagstad had died at the age of 67. As I listened, I set the cup of coffee down and tried to remember the day when she was our guest more than a decade ago. We could afford her coming because she was already going downhill, though she died at the age of 67. As I listened, I set the cup of coffee down and tried to remember the day when she was her greatness was still unmistakably clear. After we had talked in the wings before the concert, I sat less than ten feet away from her. In fact, the first volunteer for Valparaiso, who was the captain of our football team, was the captain of our football team. This certainly tells something very significant about the quality of the offerings in Religion. We know definitely that this is the very heart of our program, and you can be sure that it is particularly marked in Education, the Physical Sciences, English and Government. Have you seen our material on the new degree of Bachelor of Sacred Music which we are beginning to offer in the fall of the academic year 1963-64? This is really a very distinctive kind of degree, and we are hoping that also a number of our pastors and teachers may avail themselves of this opportunity.

Perhaps I should also report that we are making excellent progress in our preparation for graduate work. We hope to offer a Master of Arts in Liberal Studies which will be heavily oriented toward content and can be tailored to serve and attract our pastors and teachers. One year or more in this program will be a fine addition to the work of our professional schools. By the way, we have offered a scholarship to every Lutheran high school in the nation. We hope to offer a Master of Arts in Liberal Studies which will be heavily oriented toward content and can be tailored to serve and attract our pastors and teachers. One year or more in this program will be a fine addition to the work of our professional schools. By the way, we have offered a scholarship to every Lutheran high school in the nation as well as each one of our junior colleges. In basketball this year we are building character. We hope to win some games next year. The Law School building is proceeding satisfactorily, and we hope that additional funds for its completion will be forthcoming before the close of the present calendar year. This building will be important not only because it definitely establishes our Law School on a sound basis but also because it makes additional room available for other parts of our curriculum. At the present moment we are once more studying our enrollment was 3,123. In these figures we always have the full-time equivalent of our nursing students at St. Louis, Cleveland and Fort Wayne. Perhaps it should be noted that each year we are now setting records not only for Valparaiso but for all of Lutheranism in America. Still troublesome for all is the problem of our faculty salaries. They are low even in comparison with the somewhat meager salaries paid to the professors at our synodical colleges. It is, of course, perfectly true that no teacher (like preachers) will ever get rich. It is, however, vitally necessary that a certain measure of security be provided for those who have decided to teach at an institution belonging to the Church.

We have not heard much about the congregational collection as this is written, but I do hope that it will also mark a new high. We really need it very badly. By the way, an interesting feature of our growing enrollment is that it is particularly marked in Education, the Physical Sciences, English and Government. Have you seen our material on the new degree of Bachelor of Sacred Music which we are beginning to offer in the fall of the academic year 1963-64? This is really a very distinctive kind of degree, and we are hoping that also a number of our pastors and teachers may avail themselves of this opportunity.

Perhaps I should also report that we are making excellent progress in our preparation for graduate work. We hope to offer a Master of Arts in Liberal Studies which will be heavily oriented toward content and can be tailored to serve and attract our pastors and teachers. One year or more in this program will be a fine addition to the work of our professional schools. By the way, we have offered a scholarship to every Lutheran high school in the nation as well as each one of our junior colleges. In basketball this year we are building character. We hope to win some games next year. The Law School building is proceeding satisfactorily, and we hope that additional funds for its completion will be forthcoming before the close of the present calendar year. This building will be important not only because it definitely establishes our Law School on a sound basis but also because it makes additional room available for other parts of our curriculum. At the present moment we are once more studying our enrollment was 3,123. In these figures we always have the full-time equivalent of our nursing students at St. Louis, Cleveland and Fort Wayne. Perhaps it should be noted that each year we are now setting records not only for Valparaiso but for all of Lutheranism in America. Still troublesome for all is the problem of our faculty salaries. They are low even in comparison with the somewhat meager salaries paid to the professors at our synodical colleges. It is, of course, perfectly true that no teacher (like preachers) will ever get rich. It is, however, vitally necessary that a certain measure of security be provided for those who have decided to teach at an institution belonging to the Church.

And now to this side of the veil . . . A few University notes: Undoubtedly you know that we began the academic year 1962-63 with a new high in enrollment. In September we had 2,938 on the campus, and our total enrollment was 3,123. In these figures we always have the full-time equivalent of our nursing students at St. Louis, Cleveland and Fort Wayne. Perhaps it should be noted that each year we are now setting records not only for Valparaiso but for all of Lutheranism in America. Still troublesome for all is the problem of our faculty salaries. They are low even in comparison with the somewhat meager salaries paid to the professors at our synodical colleges. It is, of course, perfectly true that no teacher (like preachers) will ever get rich. It is, however, vitally necessary that a certain measure of security be provided for those who have decided to teach at an institution belonging to the Church.

We have not heard much about the congregational collection as this is written, but I do hope that it will also mark a new high. We really need it very badly. By the way, an interesting feature of our growing enrollment is that it is particularly marked in Education, the Physical Sciences, English and Government. Have you seen our material on the new degree of Bachelor of Sacred Music which we are beginning to offer in the fall of the academic year 1963-64? This is really a very distinctive kind of degree, and we are hoping that also a number of our pastors and teachers may avail themselves of this opportunity.

Perhaps I should also report that we are making excellent progress in our preparation for graduate work. We hope to offer a Master of Arts in Liberal Studies which will be heavily oriented toward content and can be tailored to serve and attract our pastors and teachers. One year or more in this program will be a fine addition to the work of our professional schools. By the way, we have offered a scholarship to every Lutheran high school in the nation as well as each one of our junior colleges. In basketball this year we are building character. We hope to win some games next year. The Law School building is proceeding satisfactorily, and we hope that additional funds for its completion will be forthcoming before the close of the present calendar year. This building will be important not only because it definitely establishes our Law School on a sound basis but also because it makes additional room available for other parts of our curriculum. At the present moment we are once more studying our enrollment was 3,123. In these figures we always have the full-time equivalent of our nursing students at St. Louis, Cleveland and Fort Wayne. Perhaps it should be noted that each year we are now setting records not only for Valparaiso but for all of Lutheranism in America. Still troublesome for all is the problem of our faculty salaries. They are low even in comparison with the somewhat meager salaries paid to the professors at our synodical colleges. It is, of course, perfectly true that no teacher (like preachers) will ever get rich. It is, however, vitally necessary that a certain measure of security be provided for those who have decided to teach at an institution belonging to the Church.

We have not heard much about the congregational collection as this is written, but I do hope that it will also mark a new high. We really need it very badly. By the way, an interesting feature of our growing enrollment is that it is particularly marked in Education, the Physical Sciences, English and Government. Have you seen our material on the new degree of Bachelor of Sacred Music which we are beginning to offer in the fall of the academic year 1963-64? This is really a very distinctive kind of degree, and we are hoping that also a number of our pastors and teachers may avail themselves of this opportunity.
feet from her as she began to sing. Suddenly — a few minutes later — I was face-to-face with the ultimate grandeur of art — this supreme effortlessness of greatness — a soul pouring itself out of a throat — the quiet ease of magnificent and ultimate art. I talked with her that evening and found that I was confronted by a greatly simple soul, for whom her singing was the answering stammering of a child and for whom also high-C was a gift of God. Now, many years later, over the second cup of coffee, I meditated for a few moments on this matter of greatness and the few occasions when I have been face-to-face with it. I remembered Pieper speaking on the "Open Heaven" — Marian Anderson singing the descending sequence in The "Messiah," "A Man of Sorrows and Acquainted with Grief" — Fritz Kreisler playing "Liebesleid" before a standing audience in Baltimore — Lankenau preaching a mission sermon — Rechlin improvising on "Stille Nacht" — Sir Thomas More's closing speech in "A Man for all Seasons." In all these there was this same sureness, this magnificent ease which always marks the artist for whom art has become a servant and not a master.

Somewhere I found a new answer to some of the curious letters which land on the desk. It reads as follows: "Some crackpot has written to me and signed your name to the letter. I thought you ought to know about this before it gets any further."

Last fall I spent several illuminating days at a pastoral conference. The program was a proper mixture of theology and the so-called practical side of the on-going life of the Church. This, it seems to me, is characteristic of Lutheranism. It is a balanced approach to our common work. The words "now concerning the collection" must always be preceded by "thus said the Lord." I note with particular pleasure that the brethren have kept their sense of humor. Thus, for example, a counselor (visitor) speaking about the adoption of the budget in his circuit reports "we slug the brethren into Christian submission." This is a fine evangelical approach. Another counselor rises to say: "Our approach is even more evangelical — we just whip the boys into line." And yet — if you heard only this you would see less than one-tenth of the picture. Behind it all is a fine sense of purpose, a real world vision and a critical reverence for the Lutheran Church. A quote from a brother: "Heaven help us if we ever forget that we are bought by His blood — so and so alone can we come to our work in the Kingdom." In this conference there are numbered among the saints: the brother who has brought five Roman Catholic priests into the Lutheran Church — the brother who is the pastor of an Inner-City parish and is now trying to rebuild his entire section of the city — the brother who has to hurry home to a dying wife — the brother who suggests a future conference on "De Pajama Nocturna" — evidently a reflection of an argument concerning the relative merits of pajamas and nightgowns.

And so on — a curious fusion of devotion and laughter. The brethren seem to feel that is a joyous and happy thing to serve the Lord. They see Sputnik and Khrushchev and H-bombs and astronauts — all the old and new terrors of life and history — and their laughter rings out over the world because they know with great assurance that the Lord who is on their lips and in their hearts is greater than all of these.

WHAT-ARE-WE-COMING-TO-OR-WHAT-GOES-ON-HERE-DEPARTMENT: A few months ago I received a letter from a Baptist in Wheaton, Illinois, suggesting that I debate a question publicly with a brother from our synod. This is a really new twist — the manager of our private fights coming from heterodox bodics. It seems to me that a Baptist manager of Lutheran fights should go through a colloquium at least, if not spend a year at one of our seminaries. This is necessary because we have our own rules about low blows, brass knuckles, and knock-out drops which no non-Missourian could possibly understand. It is evident, of course, that I did not answer the letter nor accept the challenge. If I must debate, I want to debate under brotherly and orthodox auspices.

HERE AND THERE: Lately I have discovered that there are some brethren who believe that any tape recording is directly inspired and errorless. This simply ain't so. Even a tape recording can go bad, especially when it is transcribed. There is always the typist. Recently I discovered this in a sermon which had been recorded by tape and had been typed by an excellent typist. Her ears and my enunciation really messed up things. I said "critical" — and she wrote "Biblical." I said "war" — and she wrote "world." I said "children of the after-glow" — and that came out "children of the after-world." "Effective" became "reflective." Then there were all the little words — "of, in, and," — I must have swallowed most of these. At any rate, let no one tell you that a transcribed tape recording is always an accurate record of what actually was said.

In this connection I must report that I discussed this matter with Theophilus on his recent visit to the office, and he pointed out that the manner in which things are said is often tremendously important. His example: "Dear, your face would stop a clock." — Theophilus insisted that the way to say this would be: "Dear, when I look at you, time stands still."

Everybody is writing something about the Vatican Council these days, and I am surrounded by notes on this event in the history of Christendom. It is clear, of course, that anyone interested in the present and future world struggle between Christianity and Communism must watch the progress of the Vatican Council with profound interest. So far it is evident that the nationalistic and often bigoted influence of the Italian and Spanish hierarchies is diminishing. For the future of Christendom this is a very good thing. "Public relations" Cardinals like Spellman of New York and Meyer of Chicago apparently are having more to say than critical observers had expected. They should reduce the absolute intransigence of Rome considerably. At the present moment I am watching with absorbed interest the work of a new commission called: "The Secretariat for Extraordinary Questions." Such a commission we should have, too. Meanwhile the great turning point in the deliberations of the Council on November 21, 1962, when the Curia took a thorough beating may well mark a significant crisis in the history of Rome.
Somewhere I find a note telling myself to comment on the coming of Karl Barth to America last year. You will remember that it was quite an occasion. For once theology hit the front pages. There was even a cover story in a national news magazine. I have no reason at this moment to discuss his theology — which is probably better than most Lutherans think it is and worse than most Calvinists (which he is) feel it is. I am, however, deeply interested in the man. One of the most widely circulated photographs in the public press showed him with a bottle of beer on the table before him. He apparently is a completely honest person with a theological sense of humor which an anxious age has completely lost. I read some of his quips with a growing sense of recognition. Somewhere I had heard this kind of thing before — this gentle, humble humor, this childlike boldness in talking about his faith, this curious and eloquent detachment.

Suddenly I recognized that here was once more the type represented by our leaders of a day that is gone — Pieper, Krauss, Bouman, Pfotenhauer, Daib, Engelder, Klein, Dallman and many others. All of these undoubtedly would disagree with Barth's theology but would recognize him as one of their own.

What was the strange, forgotten quality in all these men? It is hard, if not impossible, to define. It appeared, for example, at the end of an all-day session of the Verteilungs-Kommission in the late twenties when Pieper said to some of us: "Was wir nun heute getan haben, wird der Heilige Geist mit Hulfe der Schwiegermuetter schon ins Reine bringen." Translation for the younger generation: "What we have done today the Holy Spirit with the help of the mothers-in-law will soon straighten out." I remembered, too, a dark winter afternoon when I wandered into the old faculty room at Springfield worried by my inability to say something sensible about the Isagogics of the Revelation of St. John. Professor Engelder was sitting in his old rocking-chair in the corner of the room. I poured out my troubles to him. Long since I had learned to have an open ear and mind for anything he said. "I am just not getting anywhere," I said. "Just when I think I understand a thought another mysterious passage comes along and I am lost again." Engelder looked at me with that famous twinkle in his eye. He seemed completely undisturbed. "You know," he said, "you and I may get to heaven about the same time. I hope you will get out of my way. I shall be running around asking a great many questions. You know, for example, how I de-test the music of harps. Their everlasting plinkity-plink plink gets on my nerves. Now St. John tells me that the place will be full of harps. I am sure that he knows what he is talking about, but I am also sure that my Lord who will change everything else about me will also change my dislike for harps — or put me in a soundproof room."

Well, there it is! This strange fusion of profundity and childlikeness, an overwhelming certitude which ham-mered its golden way through every doubt. For them the invisible and eternal world was always very real. Perhaps we have forgotten that our ability to laugh theologically depends on the number of our certitudes. The more certitudes we possess the more counterfeits we recognize. The world of the skeptic is an utterly humorless world. Perhaps that explains these men — these fathers of ours and their inner quietness and their laughter. A man who lives with God can join in the divine activity described in Psalm 2:4.

And now Lent is just getting under way. I tried to prepare for it last week by listening to the "Kyrie" in the Mass B-Minor. This gets me every time . . . this magnificent recurring of the theme — this going up and down the ladder of repentance and forgiveness until the music is almost unbearable . . . this heaven of sound and this voice from our cosmic loneliness and sin. Do you remember, by the way, that last year was the 350th anniver-sary of Hans Leo Hassler, the composer of the melody "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden?" Apparently this magni-ficent melody was a combination of a popular song and the funeral hymn "Herzlich tut mich verlangen." It was immortalized in the dying hour of Lutheran church music in Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew." If you understand the music and the words of this great hymn properly, you are close to the Throne. I have long been over-awed by the almost incredible fusion of word and melody in the stanza: "Wann ich einmal muss scheiden." Here, if ever, earth and heaven meet in the simplicity of a childlike prayer.

A few paragraphs for your meditation before Lent. I have taken them from a recent chapel address. The title of the address was "The Cross and Your Prayers," and the text was I Timothy 2:5.

I wonder if you would consider it blasphemy if I would ask you to do a somewhat strange and unusual thing. The topic for our meditation is "The Cross and Your Prayers." In order to get hold of that theme I must ask you for a moment to imagine that you are God. Only by doing this: By imagining that for a few moments you are in the place of God, can you grasp the deep, inner and eternal connection between that piece of wood outside the gates of Jerusalem two thousand years ago and the prayers you said this morning as you began the day. Imagine, therefore, that you are God — and suddenly the universe is full of voices, begging, pleading, crying — and history is crowded with hands begging, pleading, reaching and asking for something that you alone can give.

Can you imagine even for a moment the humanly incredible burden which the prayers of all mankind place upon the heart of God? It all began thousands of years ago in the Garden in the cool of the day. Then prayer came from the lips of kings, patriarchs and prophets — from the children of the covenant, from wise men kneeling before a Baby in a cave. At last the flood of prayer paused for a moment for a single, lonely prayer: "Father for-give them for they know not what they do."

Then, however, it really began! Day by day for two thousand years, first from the depths of caves and cata-combs where the followers of Him who had prayed on Calvary were compelled to hide, then rising into light, swell-ing, spreading, surging over the earth — in the first lispings of childhood, in the solemn celebrations of all churches — from hut and hovel, from palace and hospital — in the last confessions of the dying — from 10,000 times 10,000 — day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, the prayers of a stricken humanity have come to the heart of God. While a little boy was asking for a bicycle, a man was begging for relief from the pain of cancer.
And God hears them all and answers them all! Sometimes His answer is "yes!" Sometimes His answer is "no!" Most often it is "Wait a little while!"

Can you imagine now what a burden that is, even for the heart of God? Shall we now go a step farther? For God there is no time, no past, no present and no future. There is only the eternal Now! And so yesterday's prayers are in His remembering heart. Tomorrow's prayers are now present before Him — all of them begging, pleading, crying — over all the water sheds of history — and all the crises of human life, from all of us now on earth there is this great river of prayers, beating forever at the heart of God. You can see now why our topic "The Cross and Your Prayers" requires a real effort — not to understand because that is impossible — but just to imagine, to think and to see.

Yet it really remains a mystery! The Power which spins the comets and the stars through incredible space and whirls the infinitesimal particles within each atom — the Power which pulses in the sun and the rain and life and death — this Power can be approached by my asking for relief from pain or forgiveness for the careless gossip I spoke yesterday.

One thing is sure! Not all the religions of ancient Greece and Rome, not Buddhism, Confucianism, Hinduism or any other religion ever dreamed of this.

Why not? The answer is that a man called Christ Jesus hung upon a cross and died with a prayer on His lips. By that death and by that prayer He became the great, single voice in the Universe which supports our prayers, for there is one God and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." On our knees we are never alone! There is always this other great Voice speaking for us and with us — the Voice and the man who has earned the right to pray for us — to be our Mediator — because He gave His soul unto death and took us away from a silent, voiceless, prayerless life by His prayerful death: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.

Here, then, is the divine answer to this great mystery. The Cross has given us the power to pray, a person to pray with us, and a mediator to pray for us.

Let us bring it down to the twentieth century. All observers agree that modern (or post-modern) man's thought is full of a sense of darkness, of the fragility of existence, of man's finitude, of the unpredictabilities of life and history. In a word, he is full of anxiety. Why this conspiracy of darkness and of fear? Why this cosmic loneliness?

There is only one answer and only one thing to do. Tonight, today, tomorrow, somewhere, sometime you must come to see a Man die — and by knowing why He died you will enter a new and lovely world — a world where you can be good with God — where you can be poor with Christ's poor — despised with Christ's despised — accounted foolish for His sake — and yet by His grace accounted so good that He becomes a beggar for your heart — so that you, too, can join Him in pardoning the unpardonable, loving the unlovable and forgiving the unforgiveable.

Over against all this our great modern problem today is indifference. Men really do not care very much about the thorn-crowned figure on the Cross. They offer Him a little lip service. They come to Lenten services haunted by the gallant figure of the lonely sufferer — and they bring out of the church a vague, uneasy feeling that He knew something which life and time have taken away and the strange faith that there is still in Him a relentless strength, a far hope and a continuing vision of righteousness, goodness and love which we have never really known. And so we should this Lenten season again listen to the voice of His crying.

This is the beginning and end of history. It is really all very simple. When you say your prayers today, try to remember that your voice now reaches the heart of God because a Man died on a Cross to make this great mystery, this holy wonder, this final miracle possible.

My good wishes for a happy and holy Lenten season.

Sincerely yours, 

O. P. Kretzmann

P.S. A few words for you personally — a Credo — as you move again into the season of Lent:

"I am a preacher . . . I am one of the greatest line in the history of men . . . My line reaches back beyond the Cross to the days when the flood came over the earth . . . only because of the Church I serve and the Word I preach does God permit the world to roll on its way . . . I have watched men step quietly through the last gate because I had been permitted to show them the way . . . There are men and women, and children, too, before the throne of heaven today who are my children . . . They are there because God let me bring them there . . . The saints of the Church are my joy, and the sinners are my burden . . . I am an ambassador of the King of Kings . . . My lips are among the few left in the world that speak truth . . . I almost alone among men deal day after day with eternal things . . . I am the last echo of a far voice that forever calls men home . . . I am the hand of the bridegroom, the shadow of the Cross, the trumpet of the king . . . Neither obscurity nor popularity can rob me of my glory . . . It is not my own but the reflected glory of Him whose free and happy slave I am . . . I am a driven man . . . I must preach faith in a world that disbelieves, hope in a time that has no hope, and joy in an hour that knows only sorrow . . . I am at home in a tenement house or in a mansion because my home is neither . . . I and my people alone stand between the world and destruction . . . The flames on my altar will not die and the lights in my sanctuary will not be quenched by flood or storm . . . I am a preacher — and very glad of it . . . "

O. P. K.