July 1962

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My Dear Brother:

I hope you will forgive me if I add a few random footnotes to the reports from the Synodical Convention in Cleveland. I was there — from the first well-timed story by Vice-President Theodore Nickel at the open hearing on June 18 to the tired debate — almost two weeks later — over the exact amount of dollars and cents we might be able to raise for the Kingdom during the coming triennium. If you have already read enough about the convention, please pack these notes with the comic books for the children when you leave for your vacation. They can always be used to wrap a fish.

As I looked around the hall on the first day of the convention, I realized that there were about a hundred of us there who had been present in the same auditorium twenty-seven years earlier when the president, still erect and alert after all these years, had been elected to the position which he had now held for almost three decades. As I listened to his opening address, I tried to remember the strange, confusing story of these twenty-seven years. Certainly no synodical president has ever lived through a more decisive period of joy and sorrow, of victory and defeat, than this man whose ringing address was again a call to repentance, as it had been so often these long and trying years. Together with him a few of us who were present in 1935 remembered that Synod had grown in these years by more than 150% — that our missions had multiplied throughout the world — that despite his patient efforts the Synodical Conference had broken up — that our educational system had grown and had become greatly stronger than it was in 1935 — that there had been more heated doctrinal discussions than at any other time since 1880 — that The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, curiously and unexpectedly, had become the leader in Christendom in the use of the new mass media of communication, radio and television — that we had seen the ecumenical movement grow — that these twenty-seven years had witnessed great mergers of Lutheran churches — that we had seen World War II and the coming of the atomic age and the space age — both reminders that men are dust but that the Church of Jesus Christ lives and thrives in every age.

All these memories flooded my mind as I listened to the president's opening address. I knew, as he knew, that this was now the end of an era and that only the historian of the future would be able to assess with some degree of finality what had happened to The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod in these twenty-seven years.

Somehow some of this was reflected in the remarkable opening service. In many ways it reached back to the opening services of synodical conventions in the 1880's. The clerical garments were different, and the language was new; but the hymns were the same, and the chanted liturgy reflected all the dignity and beauty of truly Lutheran worship. Both the confessional address by E. T. Bernthal and the sermon by Vice-President Roland Wiederaenders were splendid reflections of the "steadfastness of Missouri" — honest, direct and with no sign of the enthusiasm and shallowness of the modern Protestant pulpit. We were off to a good start.

Footnotes. Before I talk about more fundamental things let me set down a few minor observations.

. . . Back in 1950 at the synodical convention in Milwaukee I was fascinated by a lady in the balcony (a brother's wife?) who continued to knit no matter what was happening on the floor of the convention. Accusations and denials flew hot and heavy across the floor, but her needle never wavered. About the fifth day some of us began to consider her a good omen — a symbol of the fundamental strength and quietness of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. As long as she continued knitting, there seemed to be no danger. In 1953 in Houston, in 1956 in St. Paul, and in 1959 in San Francisco there were no balconies. I remember vaguely that I saw her in the rear seats in San Francisco, but she was not knitting. Nobody was able to knit at that convention. To my surprise and joy, when I walked into the auditorium on the first day of the convention she was in the upper balcony on the right, still knitting, suddenly a curious symbol of the calm quietness with which the Church Militant must meet a changing world. Day after day for almost ten days she continued to knit. I must confess that when I entered the auditorium each morning I looked in her direction to see if she was still knitting. If she was, I knew instinctively that all would be well, and that all bad resolutions would be voted down. Perhaps I should add that during Dr. Scharlemann's plea for forgiveness she stopped knitting. When I last saw her that evening, she was looking quietly at the cross on the altar.

. . . Eight microphones were the heart of the convention. If you wanted to speak, you would stand behind the microphone, press a button and a light would flash on at the chairman's desk. At first I was somewhat disturbed by the fact that all the lights were red, but I found no meaning in that. They were red for both the just and the unjust.
There are always the brethren who think that the microphones are megaphones and shout through them as if they wanted their parishioners back home to hear them. As a result the president's kindly voice became a mark of the convention: "Please step back from the microphone." Unfortunately there was always one character in the front row who would add very audibly: "About two miles, please." Perhaps I should also add that there were a few delegates whose voices can only be described as someone once described Louie Armstrong's: "A tired piece of sandpaper calling to its mate."

It is reliably reported that ten minutes after his election to the presidency Dr. Oliver Harms left the auditorium for a few moments. When he wanted to return, he was stopped by a page because he did not happen to have his badge. Many of us considered this a fine example of the curious democracy of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod.

One of the difficulties about speaking at the convention was the fact that the microphones toward the rear were so far away from the loudspeakers that there was a powerful feed-back. This meant that you would hear your own words come back to you a fraction of a second after you had spoken them, and you were constantly wondering whether it might still be possible to change them. I finally decided that the best thing to do would be to head for the front microphones if you did not want to become completely confused.

Nomination for the most unhappy delegate at the convention: I met him in the coffee shop one morning examining a menu with furrowed brow. When I asked him if he was in trouble he said sadly: "My congregation gave me two bucks a day for food. Ham and eggs here cost $1.75. I am either going to starve or I am going to lose money on this deal." I tried to comfort him with the story of the five thousand but he did not think this was relevant.

In all the conventions I have attended since 1923 I have seen again and again that lay delegates almost always reflect their pastors' point of view. After you have listened for an hour or two, it becomes clear that some brethren will approach the final judgment seat with some beautiful and well-trained souls in their hands. Some others, however, will have to do some quick apologizing for the wrongness with which they burdened the souls under their care. On the right side of this picture I recall the moving and eloquent final address of Mr. J. W. Boehne on Saturday evening. After serving twenty-seven years on the Board of Directors of Synod he expressed his love for his Synod, his hope for her future, and announced his decision that he would now devote his spare time to his congregation. Such laymen are still comparatively rare, and when they do appear they should be greeted as special gifts of the Lord of the Church.

As day followed day it became perfectly clear that Synod is still able to laugh. Often laughter was just under the surface. Even the slightest wisecrack was greeted with a chuckle. Vice-President Theodore Nickel announced a minor motion by saying: "Let's take a quickie." One of the vice-presidents in the chair listened patiently to a brother who was admonishing Synod for the umpteenth time and finally greeted the close of his eloquent address with the words: "We thank you for the advice." There was also the moment when everybody had copies of a resolution except the committee which was reporting. Again I saw the intimate and necessary connection between laughter and faith. As I have indicated in these notes previously, both humor and faith seem to see the incongruities of life and are ready to follow the Lord of the universe as He appears in Psalm 2:4.

I must confess that there were two moments when the hot tears rushed to my eyes, and I had to turn my head away so that my neighbor would not see my foolish emotion. The first came when late one evening the assembly rose to sing the closing hymn, "Abide With Me," — almost two thousand men singing one of the great evening prayers of the waiting Church. I looked around as we sang "Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes" — there was the white-haired president of Synod — across the table was a brother who had gone through deep waters — in the center aisle was a layman whose wife was dying at home — against the wall there was a little page, proud with his badge, probably catching for the first time a faint, far glimpse of the communion of saints. Curiously the hymn came just after a long debate about a $50,000,000 collection. Here was suddenly the majestic range of the life of the Church — from money for a ragged child in Nigeria to the prayer so fitting in 1962, "Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies."

The other moment came ten seconds after Dr. Martin Scharlemann, tired and alone with head bowed over the microphone, had asked the Synod for forgiveness for any wrong that he might have done. His voice died away among the rafters, and there was only the hushed silence of repentance and forgiveness. At that moment tears came — not for a loyal son of the Church who had done a great and noble thing — not for a convention which had heard him with deep, electric sympathy — not for the committee which had handled a most difficult matter with a compassion that goes beyond understanding. My tears came because in a single flashing moment a theological problem had become a moral problem. A brother had humbly asked for forgiveness — and the assembled brethren (with a few exceptions) had already decided to forgive. Dr. Scharlemann crossed the stage and disappeared into the wings. There followed an hour which I will not describe, but which I shall never forget. Most of the delegates sat with bowed heads until the vote was taken. Synod forgave him 656 to 14.

Undoubtedly the 1962 Synodical Convention will be remembered partly for what has been called "The Scharlemann Case." Only the Lord of the Church can really evaluate this matter finally. Most delegates, I am sure, regretted the decision which they would have sworn was just and fair. The essential greatness and compassion of Synod asserted itself very quickly, and the final vote to accept his apology was, of course, overwhelming. The debate itself was a curious reflection of a semantic problem. The essence of the objection to his pleas was that "he is wrong; he is using the right words but not in the same sense that we do." Personally I
must confess that I was deeply dismayed by the various meanings assigned to the word “love” throughout the entire convention. For some of us it seemed to be the equivalent of the Ten Commandments, inquisition, prosecution, excommunication. As the debate over Dr. Scharlemann’s statement ended, I walked by the seat of a good brother who had his New Testament open before him. I peered over his shoulder. The book was open at the 1 Epistle of St. John.

A lighter note: There always are the brethren who preface every speech with “My congregation is excited about this. They want action.” On the ninth day of the convention a gentle, silver-haired layman from Minnesota who was heard quite often, rose behind microphone two: “Mr. Chairman, may I ask a very simple question? Who excited these congregations?” For the only time in the entire convention the president did not call on anyone to answer the question.

Salute Section. A special, grateful salute should be given:

To the retiring president, Dr. John W. Behnken. Day after day he demonstrated again that he is one of the outstanding parliamentarians in modern Christendom. His uncanny ability to quiet the most noisy spirits and his almost superhuman patience were marks which were noted by all visitors to the convention.

To Dr. Theodore Nickel, chairman of Committee Three. In almost forty years of attending synodical conventions I do not believe I have seen a finer committee than the committee on Doctrinal Unity. From the very beginning Dr. Nickel handled the open hearings with dispatch and skill. Seldom, I believe, has a committee done such a remarkable job day after day. Their resolutions were always sane, balanced, and thoughtful. They were always prepared to give an answer.

In general, opinions concerning the value of the open hearings were somewhat mixed. Most of the delegates felt that they were worthwhile and that they cleared the air for decisive action at the convention itself. The setting for the open hearings was a delight for anyone who enjoys drama. Committee Three, forty strong, sat on a stage like Caesar at a circus. The arena below them was filled with gladiators who were not always using the sword of the Spirit. In general, however, the open hearings revealed some good, strong, young voices and some fine theological thinking. At the end of the second long day, about ten o’clock in the evening, I met a layman whom I had known for many years. Quietly he said, “After listening to these debates, I have a feeling that some of these men got together before the convention.” I told him that he was probably on the right track.

Then there was the delegate who was objecting to some expansion of executive staffs and announced loudly: “Synod’s waistline now measures 210.” The president promptly remarked that 210 is a good measurement.

For many years I have been amazed and amused at Synod’s complete immunity to all theatricals. Let a brother get behind a microphone and call upon the heavens to rain fire upon his opponents, and a tangible pall of ice falls over the assembly. Delegates examine the ceiling for new cracks, take another look at the morning paper, or write a letter to mother. The shouting delegate does not even make a dent in the sudden wall of ice.

More salutes:

To two great reporters — Richard Wager of the Cleveland Plain-Dealer and David Runge of The Milwaukee Journal. Their handling of the many knotty and delicate decisions of the convention was a superb example of intelligent, responsible journalism.

... To the Beacon Journal of Akron, Ohio. After an unhappy editorial concerning Valparaiso University, based on some garbled news reports, the editorial staff of the Beacon Journal went all the way in presenting the other side of the story and expressing their apologies. It represented not only excellent journalism but also a high degree of sensitive ethics.

... To the press room, particularly our public relations men Hoffmann and Temme. These men have now learned their tasks exceedingly well and are undoubtedly among the best in the entire nation. They handled difficult delegates and strange reporters with consummate skill.

... To the editor of the Lutheran Layman, Elmer Kraemer, and the willing slaves of the typewriter and mimeograph.

... To President-elect O. R. Harms for the obvious calmness and humility with which he began to take over the reins. I believe that everyone felt that with his leadership there would be a steadiness of purpose and a clarity of vision which would carry The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod to new and even greater heights.

Synod and the University. Two more personal notes: By this time you probably know that the University was involved in a comedy of errors which was the talk of the convention for a few days and which could have been exceedingly harmful not only to the University but to Synod itself. It all began when a new reporter (not Wager) failed to understand the difference between a memorial and a synodical resolution. He saw a memorial and assumed it was a resolution which was being presented to the convention by a floor committee. On the basis of this assumption he completely misunderstood a brief exchange on the floor when a few questions were asked by proponents of the original memorial and answered by us. Synod then adopted almost unanimously a resolution declining the memorials. Several things should be noted clearly:

1. There was never the slightest quarrel between the University and the convention. When we appeared before Committee Three (Doctrinal Unity) and Thirteen (Miscellaneous) to comment on the memorials, we were fraternity and sympathetically heard.

2. The official declaration by our Board of Directors of the University published in The Lutheran Witness and the Cleveland Lutheran was considered by almost all delegates to be a sufficient answer to all negative memorials.
3. The statement I made on the floor of the convention was nothing new. It has been the position of the University for thirty-five years: “The University is loyal and will remain loyal to the Holy Scriptures as the Word of God and to the Lutheran Confessions.”

4. Newspaper accounts based on the original story were completely false. In fact, the exact opposite was true. For the first time we were able to present an official report to the Synodical Convention. For the first time also we had an opportunity to state our position and to describe our program to two powerful floor committees. For these opportunities we are grateful to the proponents of the original memorials.

Now another personal matter: If you were present, you will remember the situation; if you were not, you may have heard garbled versions of it. A good brother who, I am sure, loves his Lord and his church very much deci
ded to launch an attack on some of the leaders of the National Council of Christian Churches in the U.S.A. If I heard him correctly, he called them fellow travelers of the communist party and dupes of communism. Now let me say again what I said on the floor of the convention. I have little use for some of the political and social pronounce
ments of the National Council; nor (must I say it) am I soft on communism. I saw its dark, hopeless, ugly face in
East Berlin a year ago. I have never hated anything more consumingly in all my life. I know what it can do to
the young in mind and heart. I saw its black results among some of my contemporaries in the thirties. However,
when a brother even intimates that some of our fellow Christians are sympathetic to communism and are pro-
omoting its cause, all the laws of truth and charity swing into action. Especially on the floor of the convention
of a great churchbody this is an exceedingly dangerous thing to do. There are many reasons for this (a libel suit
is not impossible), but the main reason lies in the field of semantics. If I call anybody and everybody whose political and social position is to the left of mine a fellow traveler with Communists, I am killing the very meaning of language.
The term “communist” — or anything like it — suddenly becomes so meaningless that we may easily fail to recognize
a real communist — the man who lives by violence and lying — the man who pounds on the table with his shoes at
a meeting of the United Nations — the man who shoots at children trying to get across the wall in West Berlin.
He is our enemy and we must shoot at him with an unwavering rifle. To put some of our fellow Christians and
fellow Americans in the same vicious, violent army of hate is a dangerous thing to do. I did not impugn the sin-
ercity of the good brother. I merely questioned the method by which he was approaching the greatest problem
of the world in 1962. Perhaps the final word was said on the floor of the convention by the quiet voice of Dr. W.
Bulle, our director of medical missions: “I grew up in Europe, and I know a communist when I see one.” So, please,
brother, don’t let anyone tell you that I, too, have become a fellow traveler.

By the way, when I came home my Dean of the College of Engineering handed me the following quotation from
Joseph Viertel’s “To Love and Corrupt”:

“Bolshevism is the most corrosive evil in our lifetime. Worse than Hitlerism, because Hitlerism was only a cult,
an opportunism, and anyhow it did not survive. But the Bolsheviks not only survive, they prosper and they are
most malignant because they think they are noble; but their lies and their treachery, their conspiracy, their
cult of brutalism is for them by some upsidedown logic for the greater good of mankind. One cannot debate
with this kind of evil. One cannot coexist with it. One can only strangle it where it is found and destroy it
wherever one can — if possible without destroying oneself.”

Summa summarum: I believe that the 1962 convention of The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod will go down
in our history as the balanced convention. It closed some doors that needed to be closed and it opened others that
needed to be opened. It gave due attention to the past and to the future. It passed some remarkable resolutions
but without fanfare or vanity. It counted its blessings but always without boasting. I believe that the Lord of the
Church approved of this convention.

On the last day I stood on the curb and watched Brother Gottlieb climb into his 1958 Chevy to head back
home to Minnesota. I knew that on Sunday morning he would be preaching in a little white church and the big
convention in Cleveland would be only a memory. I think that the story of every convention should end there —
in a little white church where the water finally hits the wheel — where there are saints whose names are written
in heaven but not in The Lutheran Witness — where my beloved Brother Gottlieb talks about God every Sunday morn-
ing, visits Grandmother Himmelhoch every Tuesday afternoon and gently nudges Deacon Sauerbraten along the
road to holiness. I said goodbye to him at the entrance to Cleveland’s luxurious hotel on a Friday afternoon, and
I suddenly realized that in him — and thousands like him — lies the last hope of the church and the closest thing
we have in our mad, anxious world to the boat about twenty feet off the shores of Lake Galilee.

Here all convention reports must finally end.

University Notes. Our new dormitory and dining hall for men are now nearing completion. With additional
housing for men we shall now have about two thousand beds on our campus — making us one of the largest resi-
dential colleges in the Middle West. Perhaps I should note here that in the building of our last three dormitories
we have had the valuable services of Mr. William Nash, Government Field Engineer for the Housing and Home Finance
Agency. In a day when it is fashionable to criticize our bureaucracy “Bill” Nash represents the highest type of Gov-
ernment service. Many of the fine features of Scheele and Wehrenberg halls are the direct results of his experi-
ence and wisdom. He is a true friend of the institutions he serves, and I for one am glad to pay taxes for
men like him.

Perhaps you have heard the first echoes of a cooperative program between the Mill Neck School for the Deaf
and the University. Under the arrangement now being worked out the University has released Dr. Oliver Graebner
for two years to direct research work on various methods of teaching deaf children, especially in religion. Dr.
Graebner, as you probably know, has already done outstanding work in studying children’s concepts of God and
he will undoubtedly make a real contribution to the education of the deaf, not only at Mill Neck but throughout the
nation.
By the way, if you are ever in New York and have a few hours to spare, be sure to drive out to Mill Neck Manor on Long Island and visit the institution. It is beyond doubt one of the most remarkable undertakings in the history of the Lutheran Church in America. There is, first of all, the sheer physical beauty of the place. There are almost one hundred acres of the most charming woodland, a house which once cost $2,000,000 — various other buildings for offices — truly magnificent gardens — trees I have seen nowhere else in North America, and over it all the laughter of happy children who for the first time are hearing the breaking of the wall of silence which has surrounded them since their birth.

On a gentle day in spring four of us from Valparaiso University spent the day at Mill Neck. It was an unforgettable experience. There was, first of all, the almost incredible patience of the teachers. I watched in silent wonder as one of the teachers was trying to get a six year old boy to say the letter "B" (not "bee" but just "b"). Over and over again — both the teacher and the boy, a picture of hard stubborn courage — until he finally made a sound which resembled "b." At that moment both the teacher and the boy laughed with great happiness, as the angels must laugh when something great and good is happening.

There are some fearful things to see, too. Our guide, Eunice Weidner, and one of the proud reasons for our existence, pointed to a little six year old girl whose face was scarred beyond belief. On her head she had a tousled blond wig. Eunice told us that when the child was two years old she was sleeping in a baby carriage on the sidewalk of a street in Brooklyn when a passing motorist flipped a cigarette out of his car. It landed in the carriage, and in a few moments our little friend was enveloped in a searing mass of flames. Now, almost five years later, after many painful operations to restore some beauty to her face, she was slowly returning to the world which an unknown had taken away from her with a careless cigarette. As we turned away, Eunice said: "She is really happy now, but I don't know what will happen when she reaches her teens and realizes how she looks." Please make a note in your notebook to say a special prayer for her about six or seven years from now.

From the lower grades we drifted into the classroom for the eighth grade. Here was shining evidence of what the school has been able to do. The girls, bright and alert, sat in a semi-circle, and the teacher spoke to them. Eunice said to us: "Watch them read her lips." Seldom in my years have I seen anything more moving. They were still behind their wall of silence, but their eyes had taken the place of their ears and slowly but surely the world was breaking in on them. They would never hear Bach or Beethoven, but they would "hear God" on the lips of teachers who loved them with and through the love of One who once healed the blind, and the deaf and the hurt of the world in Judea and Galilee. For a moment I turned away to look out of the window. On the branch of a birch tree a robin was singing, but only we strangers heard him.

I am sure you can see why we at Valpo are so happy over our joint effort with Mill Neck. In the very nature of things the three thousand boys and girls on our campus are among those to whom God has been especially good and kind. All the world lies open and fair before them. That we are now able to be of some help also to those who can never come to our campus is a joyous and exciting experience. It is the task of a University to unlock doors. This we shall do now in a very special and lovely way.

Cleveland and Augsburg. Back to the Cleveland convention for a few more moments. At no convention that I have attended was there more attention paid to the meaning and value of the classical Lutheran Confessions. It is good for us to look back again and again to the rock from which we were hewn. You will recall that at three o'clock on June 25, 1530, in the small conference room in the Bishop's palace at Augsburg, with the evangelical princes standing solemnly, and the courtyard beyond the open windows crowded, Dr. Beyer began to read the Augsburg Confession. It was a great moment in the history of Christendom. Here was the first, formal, complete confession in more than a thousand years. To a greater or lesser extent much of what has happened in the world and in the Church since that hour reaches back to that June afternoon. Certainly we as a church were reborn that day.

It is our Magna Charta. But even beyond that it exerted a decisive influence on the tone and content of every other Protestant confession. Together with the Wurttemberg Confession it furnished Cranmer with the material for the thirty-nine articles of the Episcopal Church. These with modifications, you will recall, also became the doctrinal standard of the Methodist Church. The Augsburg was used in the preparation of the Heidelberg Catechism, the general symbol of the Reformed churches.

Historians generally have hailed the Augustana as the charter of all Christendom outside of the Roman obedience. Schaff in his "Creeds of Christendom" writes: "Its influence extends far beyond the Lutheran Church. It struck the keynote to other evangelical confessions, strengthened the cause of the Reformation everywhere and will ever be cherished as one of the noblest monuments of faith from the Pentecostal period to Protestantism." In an almost forgotten essay written in 1887 an American theologian, Dr. F. W. Conrad of Philadelphia, presented a brief catalog of its individual virtues which may well be challenging topics for some of our future meditations and study: "As a confession it is a faithful witness of the truth and bears unimpeachable testimony against error. As an apology it is a complete vindication of Protestantism and an unanswerable arraignment of Romanism. As Protestant it is the trinital standard of the Methodist Church. The Augustana was used in the preparation of the Heidelberg Catechism, the general symbol of the Reformed churches. As conservative it proves all things and holds fast that which is good. As catholic it recognizes the priesthood of all believers and acknowledges their right to the communion of saints. And as scriptural it holds forth the word of Life as the only hope of salvation to a ruined world."

And so three o'clock on June 25, 1530, was one of the great moments in the world's afternoon. Now we had the first general creed, simple and clear, since the appearance of the Athanasian Creed. This was the great breaking down of the organization and institutionalization of redemption. The lines of battle were now clearly drawn. The single spiritual conflict of a great soul had widened into a battle which would involve untold millions of
and many generations even to our day. An institution was broken that afternoon, but the Kingdom remained, more shining than ever as it emerged from the ashes of burnt out intellectual and theological fires to go on to new victories for Christ in a world that was approaching its greatest pain and its most desperate hours. For those of us who respond to its meaning and power today it still has the thrill of a living faith which has behind it a long past and before it a long, long future. The good—though strange—thing about this response to the Augsburg Confession is that it is in the will of God that, the more thoughtful and theologically careful it is, the more completely will it serve the purposes of the Kingdom. Here the dictum applies "what you have inherited from your fathers, earn it in order to possess it." In fact, the more precious our confessional heritage is, the greater and more insistently is our responsibility to study it, to use it, to make it relevant to the problems of our age, to hold it thoughtfully and reverently up to the eternal, unchanging light of the Divine Word. Only the man who considers our confessions meaningless and irrelevant will refuse to rethink and restudy them. There is no need for that if they are only voices from exhausted wells, the dim echoes of forgotten theological controversies and the presently irrelevant answers to past heresies. It is still strangely true that nothing is more dead than yesterday's heresy and nothing can be more alive than yesterday's statement of truth. In the latter there is the continuity and power of God the Holy Spirit. He is just as alive and active and imperative in 1962 as He was in 1530. Even though we may be lesser instruments in His hands, we cannot escape the responsibility imposed upon every generation to translate our heritage into our destiny—and to do it thoughtfully and critically.

Some of this spirit I felt at the Cleveland convention. If it now moves into our conferences and our ministry, there are great days ahead for the Lutheran Church.

I hope that the remainder of your summer will be peaceful and restful.

Sincerely yours,

O. P. Kretzmann