

10-1970

## October 1970

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### Recommended Citation

Kretzmann, O.P., "October 1970" (1970). *Campus Commentary*. 49.  
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OCTOBER, 1970

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My dear Brother:

The key to good Lutheran theology is the doctrine of the Incarnation. Often I have told students, worried about the miracles, to concentrate first, completely, and humbly on the miracle of miracles, the decisive touchstone of all Christian dogma — the dogmatic, ringing, even arrogant affirmation of the Incarnation, of the simple yet infinitely mysterious fact that the Nazarene carpenter, the friend of little children, was also **the** Son of God, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, the Alpha and Omega of life and time and history and eternity.

This is what makes me so joyous about the CPH publication of Martin Chemnitz's **Duabus Naturis in Christo**, translated by (of all people) an administrator, the president of The Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod.

The translation is linguistically smooth and theologically understanding. If all of us could read it during 1971 many of our problems and controversies would settle into the ungodly and indifferent dust of the twentieth century.

One other thing: Like CPH I regret the fact that the volume must cost twelve dollars. This makes things a little tough for the brother with six children and a salary a little lower than the congregation's plumber. I suggest: Begin a low key campaign in your Ladies' Aid, your YPS, your confirmation class, and even your voters, that the "Two Natures" would be a happy and relevant Christmas present.

As far as the president of Synod is concerned, I would suggest that he do more of this kind of thing — go to the office only once a week — refer all correspondence to vice presidents — stay away from as many important meetings as possible — and devote his indubitable talents to translations of and commentaries on Luther, Melancthon (yes, even him), Walther, Schwan, Stoeckhardt, Pieper, Reu, and many others.

P. S. Somebody reports that Dr. Preus found a copy of the first edition of Chemnitz's work in the basement of Concordia Seminary, Springfield, Illinois. I must confess that I spent ten years on that campus and never saw it even though I wandered into the basement of the "Kaffee Muehle" at least once a week. There were dust, old copies of the **Lutheraner**, and sundry other things. My failure to spot Chemnitz is clearly a reflection of theological immaturity. I had heard of Chemnitz's **Examen**, and I owe my lifelong interest in Trent to that volume. **There can be no doubt that the "Duabus Naturis" is an excellent contribution to the life and thought of the church, especially now in the twentieth century. I hope you will get it as a Christmas present if you cannot get hold of it in any other way.**

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## ON CAUSING DIVISIONS AND OFFENSES

Is common sense a Christian virtue? Sanctified common sense — **simul justus ac peccator!** There must be hours when the **justus** predominates, when the Holy Spirit stands by to hammer some sense into our wrong-headed and wrong-hearted lives. Called, enlightened, and sanctified — these powerful, haunting words apply to all of life, including judgmental decisions which are not outlined in the New Testament.

Personally I consider the talk of division and separation in the Missouri Synod — "you take yours and I take mine" — of the essence and nature of sin. This is far more than a merely human decision. I suspect that it will make little difference in the ongoing plans of God for the *Una Sancta* — the *larvae dei* will still be with us. The deliberate tearing of the institutional church is nevertheless always a sad and ugly thing. There will be no blessing on it — and the Day of Wrath division will not follow the same pattern.

I guess it is this which haunts me most constantly and terribly. The gaunt figure of the prodigal son rises before me: "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me."

I am a Missourian. I was baptized and bred a Missourian. My entire education (such as it is) I got from Missouri. Even in a bad sense I have been proud to be a Missourian. I owe much to Missouri. I want to be a Missourian of the house and lineage of my sainted grandfather who for forty years drove some mules over the hard roads of Perry County to build the **Communio Sanctorum** and, as a means to that end, helped build the Missouri Synod.

Did he believe that Deuteronomy 34 was written by Moses? Truth to tell, I never asked him; and if I had, his answer would not have mattered. It was more important that the mules stood still as he readied them for the regular trip to old father Schaefer who was on his final bed.

These are and will be my memories of Missouri. Please God, I will not stand before Him on the Shortest Day with the splitting of Missouri on my conscience: "You see, God, I was concerned about pure doctrine. Everything that we and everyone else said about You had to be totally true, final, and complete. I could not allow for any error, the last proof that man is man."

## THEOPHILUS SERIOUSLY

Dear O.P.,

Your letter has been lying here on my desk for over two weeks, inviting something more than an off-the-top-of-my-head response. Things are finally fairly quiet today, so let me try to take up the points you make one by one.

1. I think you are unduly pessimistic about the empirical church, even that little segment of it which is The Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod. I don't really know, any more than you do, what its future is, if any. For the present, with all of its faults, it is still a useful instrument for the proclamation of the Kingdom. If the time should come when its preoccupation with its own navel gets in the way of my work as a preacher of the Kingdom, I would just have to find myself some more useful instrument. No doubt it would be rather painful to separate myself from an organization that has meant so much to me from infancy on, but the call sometimes requires plucking out eyes and lopping off ears. Meanwhile, it might be well to remember that our first task is not to save the church, but to save the world — for whose sake the empirical church exists.

2. I regret the impression of the Missouri Synod that people might have gotten from the *Newsweek* article, but we have publications circulating within Synod that make us look far worse. My impression is that the *Newsweek* article was basically fair and objective. Perhaps we should not be too ready to damn the mirror. To your larger objection that most of contemporary religious journalism is shallow, superficial, and sensational I must, of course, agree. But a society gets the kind of journalism it deserves. We get excellent political reporting because we take politics very seriously and that attracts many first-rate people to political reporting. We do not take theology or the church very seriously, and so few first-rate reporters are attracted to religious journalism.

3. The precarious condition of the educational institutions serving the church disturbs me as much as it disturbs you. But hasn't it been true — not only in our own denomination but in all of the others — that the scholar and the educator have always been objects of official suspicion and, at times, hostility? Look at all of the colleges and universities that were founded by churches and, later, driven out of the church. My theory is that between the church administrator and the theological scholar there is a great gulf fixed and it takes a giant like Luther or Walther to bridge it. Lesser men are likely to try to widen it. And before you conclude that I have taken sides, let me say that there are plenty of lesser men on both sides of the gulf. But there are some big men, too, and I suspect that when the time is ripe for them they will summon us to rise above our petty politicking and our endless arguments over words to the main business of the church. You have some of these big men at Valparaiso, there are some at St. Louis and Springfield, even some in the officialdom of the church, and who knows how many others scattered around the church? I really believe that. I have to believe it because I believe that the Spirit is still in the church.

4. It is, indeed, very possible that these are the last times. Certainly they are for you and for me, because time is running out on us. But if the end of all things is, indeed, at hand, our instructions are clear: "Lift up your eyes." This is a time for us to hang loose, to remind ourselves and each other of the hope that we have in Christ, and to carry that hope out into a world that is without hope and without God. Sounds preachy, doesn't it? Well, I am a preacher and I magnify my office.

Peace,  
Theophilus

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## TRIBUTE TO A CONTEMPORARY

I read the *Badger Lutheran* with the same respect I give to the *New York Times*. It is occasionally wrong but it presents good journalism — a respect for the truth and a pan-Lutheran vision of what is important and relevant. Two examples: Bill Eggers and H. W. Schaars.

Many years ago I first ran across brother Bill Eggers and his talent for writing sharply and well. Even today his musings are eloquent and relevant. Witness this:

*"Pressed hard enough, we might uncover a variety of choices open to us and a variety of historical justifications for each of them.*

*"Except in one all-decisive matter.*

*"The Word itself.*

*"And the Confessions drawn from the Word.*

*"And the constitutional stand of The Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod on that Word and its Confessions.*

*"Here we leave ambiguities behind.*

*"Here we deal with clean and clearcut statements, precise definitions, statements so surrounded with protective truths that no alternatives are available to us.*

*"It seems evident that God in His grace wanted it this way and that He gave to us, His stewards, these jewels, these treasures, so that under Him we might be His instruments in passing them on to another and another generation."*

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Many years ago I helped to run a camp in the Poconos, at that time called "Lutherland." One of my respected colleagues was Mr. Herman W. Schaars of Milwaukee, whose daily task it was to take some of our young people on a nature hike. He seemed to know every tree, shrub, and bush in that fine country. Now, four decades later, Mr. Schaars, one of our parochial school teachers for many years, has been

running a series of articles on the wonders of God in nature for the **Badger Lutheran**. There are many things in the **Badger Lutheran** which I read very carefully every time it appears. One of them is, of course, Bill Eggers' column, "To Tell the Truth." I have referred to the writing in this column several times. In addition, I always turn to "Wonders of God in Nature" by Herman W. Schaars. It is an astonishing combination of excellent scholarship and research, plus simple writing and an indomitable faith in the God of Creation and Nature. I understand that these columns have now been collected in a volume entitled, "Nature and Nature's God." It can be ordered from the District office, 8100 Capitol Drive, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53222, for two dollars. If you are interested, you had better send a few extra cents along for postage. I am sure that this little volume will prove exceedingly valuable not only for some classes in our parochial schools but also for Sunday Schools and Young Peoples' Societies. Even the Ladies' Aid may be interested.

Typical of the volume and style is the following paragraph: "I recall banding my first Chimney Swift. Where shall I place the band? The toes seemed to grow right out of the body. But upon closer examination I found that feathers had hidden the tiny leg and I managed to band the bird. The toes gripped the bricks inside the chimney just perfectly." Here is an excellent example of a good scholarly scientist who is also a profound believer in the doctrine of Creation and its wonders. Did you ever wonder how an eagle was able to dive from considerable heights and catch a fish? Schaars explains: "The eagle, no expert in fishing, often highjacks the osprey with a fish and forces it to drop it, the eagle catching the fish before it lands." I saw the same thing at the Seminary many years ago.



### NOTES ON A FRAYED CUFF

In a discussion of the way in which the mass media reported our difficulties with youth, a writer in **Commonweal** points out that such reports are usually full of value-laden words. Most of the participants are young and black. That much is clear. But we are also told that they are "vandals," "marauders," that they travel in "gangs." What do they do? They go around "roaming," "roving," "rampaging," and "rioting." What is it like to engage in the violence? A "riot" . . . a "gay holiday" . . . an "orgy" . . . "in full swing." The participants are "marauders," not men; they "rove" instead of run; they move in "gangs," not in groups. They engage in "vandalism," not simply violence. This use of words has an illuminating application to our life in the institutional church. We have far too many "loaded" quotes and words.



Theodore A. Gehring in a sermon at the Chicago University Chapel: "It seems to me that for all too long a time I thought the Christian life was a life lived within a legalistic box — the life that could fit within the boundaries of that box was a Christian life. The laws of the words of the box: "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not" (two sides); "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not" (two sides); "Thou shalt" (bottom); "Thou shalt not" (sealed top). There is a Christian life. You get inside the walls, you fit inside that box, and you are living a Christian life. Whatever view hangs out, whatever appetite or interest or urgency hangs out, whatever does not fit has to be chopped off. So the truncated life becomes the Christian life. The cut-off, the hacked, the bruised and bleeding life — this becomes the Christian life. This has been the Christian life for too long a time for too many people in too many places."



A few sentences from a splendid tribute to a sainted colleague by Professor John A. O'Brien of the University of Notre Dame: "I mourn the passing of a great servant of the Lord. At the ripe age of ninety he has passed at last from the tumult and strife into the silence of the Great Beyond, where the eternal truth speaks without the noise and confusion of words. May he find there the rest he craved under the everlasting arms and in the light that shall not fail." Many Lutherans have died that way — leaving forever the noise and confusion of words.



In a former issue of these notes I had referred to Dr. K. Kretzschmar and a meeting with him in the thirties. I also said he was in his thirties at that time. A brief note from Professor Lando Otto, who also seems to be a good historian, informs me that already in 1934 Dr. K. Kretzschmar was fifty-seven years old. I stand corrected. He just looked like thirty to me.



As I have noted elsewhere in these jottings, the German language has many faults particularly in the direction of clarity but it also has some astonishing ways of saying things euphemistically. From a review of a biography of Robert Walser, the Swiss writer, I culled the phrase, "He lived in **Geistiger Umnachtung**," — a marvelous German euphemism for insanity. Today we would say: "He was nuts."



### CONCERNING EDUCATION

I dropped the **Saturday Review** and stared out of the window. I must confess that this is happening more frequently now than ever before. In this particular case a staff writer had been describing a visit to Harlem, the curious ghetto covering the upper end of Manhattan from 110th to 162nd Street and containing about two hundred forty thousand people. What brought me up short was his reference to 145th Street and Convent Avenue, the exact spot where old St. Matthew's now stands and the location of my alma mater in 1913 and 1914. The date was now August 1970, and I suddenly realized that fifty-five years had passed since I wandered up the hill to school, rain or shine, snow or sleet, to appear in the eighth

grade classroom of the sainted Teacher Engelbrecht, to whose blessed memory I owe very much. He had a son Bruno who sat next to me in class. Bruno's father expected the worst of his son every day and included me in his dark suspicions. As a result, we were paddled out in the cloakroom even when we had done absolutely nothing. I can still remember the rare occasion when we were not guilty of trying to trip the girls on the way to the waste basket in the corner. "Pop" Engelbrecht said: "Well, if you didn't do it, you were thinking of it" — and we were paddled just the same.

All these things I remembered this morning as I looked out of the window at the August earth and the trees silent in the still heat.

I remembered, too, the shocked reaction of some of my younger colleagues: "You got whipped once a day? That explains many things." Teacher Engelbrecht was acting *in loco parentis* — one of the worst things a man can do to a sensitive, tender, growing child. This is barbarism — and explains many things.

That was fifty-five years ago. Teacher Engelbrecht's solution for our problems was simple and — I know now — very apt. Our modern and post-modern fear of *in loco parentis* has brought us educationally to the edge of disaster. Teacher Engelbrecht also made cocoa for us on the bitter days in New York when the cold was everywhere and in everything. His cocoa, as I remember today, was always strong, good, and hot.

**Footnote:** The last time I wrote about this matter I attached it to the report from the Canadian educator who claimed "canings" had salutary effects on his former students in Canada fifty years ago. As a response Professor Delbert Schultz, director of research and development for the Board of Parish Education, caught that particular idea and wrote the following: "As Christians we have to be aware that this may be in effect producing moral character but we should never be led into the illusion that this kind of student-teacher relationship would help a student become a good Christian. He may become or remain a Christian in spite of the "canings" but he would never be or remain one because of it. He may develop high moral character, but that, too, would not necessarily be Christian because of this approach, assuming that the law and its authority can produce a basic change in personal character." Well said — and thoroughly Lutheran.

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## MODERN SERMON

It was a golden spring day and the air reflected the warmth of God's love for all of His creation. The young man, less than a year out of the Seminary of the Wilderness, seating himself, began to speak. He spoke in a low, somewhat distant voice, but it rang with power, and the crowd that had gathered was as still as the spring day itself. The speech he knew would be important. He had come down from Heaven for this and for a few acts which would turn the world upside down and bring confusion and love to the far corners of the earth.

According to Ananias, the author of the sixth Gospel, his voice sounded loud and harsh as he began: "I demand by the power given to me in heaven and in earth that the Roman government be overthrown here and now.

"I demand complete freedom for the oppressed.

"I shall stage a confrontation in front of the Synagogue in Nazareth at 3:00 p.m. on Friday afternoon.

"I demand that all Romans leave Judea within forty-eight hours."

How different from the reality. The voice was clear and mellow; the content of his address was as mysterious as anything we have heard in history. "Blessed are the poor in spirit — Blessed are the meek — Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." Our Lord's ministry began with a shower of beatitudes, a storm of blessings. How different, how blessedly different!

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## PROLEGOMENA

The topic of the inaugural address by Sir Charles Snow at his induction as Rector of Saint Andrew's University in Scotland was "Magnanimity." At one point he tells the story of G. H. Hardy, the famous Cambridge mathematician at the turn of the century. One morning at breakfast Mr. Hardy found a large envelope covered with Indian stamps on his breakfast table. When he opened the envelope, he found some strange and unusual mathematical theorems. After some further examination he wrote to the young man in India from whom these mathematical equations had come. His name was Ramanujan, a poor clerk in Madras who was evidently a mathematical genius. Ramanujan came to England and Hardy devoted much of his time to making him a really great mathematician. Unhappily in a wartime winter Ramanujan developed tuberculosis and died in 1920 at the age of 32. "There is a touching story of Hardy visiting him, as he lay desperately ill in the hospital at Putney. Hardy, who was a very shy man, could not find the words for his distress. The best he could do, as he got to the bedside, was: 'I say, Ramanujan, I thought the number of the taxi I came down in was a very dull number. It was 1729.'

"'No, Hardee, no Hardee, that is not a dull number in the very least. It is the lowest number that can be expressed in two different ways as the sum of two cubes.'"

This sort of thing, of course, does not bring heaven, but it does recall the echoes of a better and quieter day.

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By the way, in the same address Sir Snow says: "The most imperative social truth of our age is that about one-third of the world is rich and two-thirds of the world is poor. By this I mean something very

simple. In North America, in most of Europe, in Australia and New Zealand, and now in the Soviet Union, the great majority of the people get enough to eat and don't die before their time. That is what 'riches' means in a world whose harshness those of us born lucky don't willingly admit.

"In the rest of the world the opposite is true. The great majority of the population don't get enough to eat; and, from the time they are born, their chances of life are less than half of ours. These are crude words, but we are talking about crude things, toil, hunger, death. For most of our brother men, this is the social condition."

Please note the following: "We shall not show social virtue or political virtue if we fail to make the best we can of ourselves as individuals in our human relations. We live in an age when frustration and fear make men harsh and full of hate, and hate is the worst motive either for private or for social action. We are not much. We are all poor devils. Virtue is hard for us. But remember: hatred is easy, destruction is easy. And the particular kind of easiness is ultimately nauseating to the soul."

It has long interested me to see how our realistic leaders come close to the *prolegomena* of the Gospel in their attitude over against the modern world.

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#### NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Have you ever seen the place called "The Punch Bowl" in the National Cemetery of the Pacific? Here are the graves of American soldiers who were killed in World War II, in Korea, and now in Viet Nam. The latest ones, of course, are those who, with the consent of their relatives, are buried here in the Hawaiian Islands. They are called "ship-in Viet Nams." A writer in *Life* described the scene of one of their funerals: "'We tenderly commit this body to the ground.' The Chaplain said that. The Honor Guard raised their rifles. Three shots cracked out. The bugler played 'Taps.' The pall bearers folded the flag until only the blue field and a few stars showed, and one of them stepped forward to present the flag to the father. For the first time the father looked away from the coffin, looked away from the pall bearers and out among the expanse of graves. A slight man with his face trembling and his eyes wet, he stood facing Mr. Corley and me, and for a moment we looked directly at each other, but he was not seeing me, or Mr. Corley, not anyone." His son was one of 101 Americans killed that week in Viet Nam.

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Definition of a professor: "He is a student who gets paid to teach." Teaching built on a firm foundation of scholarship is more important than building curriculum. If there is anything that justifies picketing and demonstrations by students, all other efforts having failed, it is absentee professors, half-hearted teaching, lecturing from notes that are ten years old.

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From a review of "A Beggar in Jerusalem" by Elie Wiesel in the *Christian Century*: "Jerusalem is the center, key to the mystery of the Israeli, the uncovering of the tragedy. For such moral greatness will find no peace." Jerusalem: "The face visible, yet hidden. The sap and the blood of all that makes us live or renounce life, the spark flashing in the darkness, the murmur rustling through shouts of happiness and joy. A name, a secret. For the exiled, a prayer. All others, a promise. Jerusalem seventeen times destroyed, yet never erased. The symbol of survival. Jerusalem: The city which miraculously transforms man into Pilgrim; no one can enter it and go away unchanged. One does not go to Jerusalem, one returns to it. That is one of its mysteries."

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I had been paging through one of the recent issues of the *Saturday Review*, and I came upon an unusual announcement which I am sure will interest many of you. It is the publication by the Irish University Press, White Plains, New York, of a thousand volumes reporting the parliamentary procedures in England beginning with 1835. To me the most interesting part of the announcement was the price: "\$52,-500 the set." I am sure you will want to give this to a good friend for Christmas. The total project is not yet finished. The deadline date is March 31, 1971. An interesting footnote to the volumes is that they were used very thoroughly and completely by Karl Marx in constructing his 'magnum opus,' *Das Kapital*. This is an excellent set for your congregational library.

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#### VERY DEAR BRETHREN

It really does not matter, especially to you, that I was absent from my usual haunts for six months in 1970. To the great joy of Valparaiso University and the growing pains of California Lutheran College I taught there in Thousand Oaks, California, for two quarters. The course I gave was not very much (Religious Thought in the Post-Modern World), but the Lutheran gentlemen at the college were kind, especially when I told them that I agreed with Luther: "Here I sit, I cannot do otherwise."

In many ways the experience was illuminating. I spent as much time as I could at pastoral conferences — all Lutheran Synods — especially at *Winkelkonferenzen* where there were no more than ten of us. These were held almost weekly here and there; they persuaded me again that these gatherings of a few brethren are the highest form of ecclesiastical life in our screaming time. Here we find once more that strong sense of community, that hearty and heartfelt brotherliness which does not mark our large conventions and gatherings. I saw it again and again. Perhaps our Lord's "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name" was meant to set an appropriate upper limit for this kind of fraternal gathering.

A young brother hesitantly proposes his favorite heresy; the others listen carefully, then begin, very gently, to push and pull until he decides to study the problem more. There is no "Get yourself straightened out by next Monday, or we will have to write to the District President and to St. Louis." The discussion then turns to the bad pitching the Dodgers are getting. Over it all there is the almost tangible spirit of the Holy Spirit sanctifying, warning, binding hearts together in the greatest brotherhood the world has ever known — in the muted cadences of the real Kingdom.

This is what cheers me on quiet nights when Sauerbraten and his clerical brother seem to have taken over the Kingdom. For various reasons (and as a membership fee in the company of minor twentieth century martyrs) I read almost all Lutheran publications, official and unofficial. I have now seen again that they are not a true picture of the Church Militant; the true picture is a thousand *Winkelkonferenzen* where once more in the quietness of low brotherly voices I hear the sound of trumpets and the lonely echoes of the eternal battle — the battle which will end only with the final cymbals of Judgment Day.

Thinking about all this, I suddenly remembered Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*. It is the story of a preacher who is a caricature of all preachers. The novel, now almost fifty years old, is an anti-religious tract rather than a novel.

At one point there is a confrontation between Gantry, a "successful" preacher and Andrew Pengilly, the faithful rural preacher who has remained at small parishes all during Gantry's meteoric rise to fame and ecclesiastical glory. The resulting conversation ends in a stunning, devastating climax:

*After the evening Chautauqua Elmer sat in Mr. Pengilly's hovel, and he was graciously condescending.*

*"You say, Brother Pengilly, that you've heard of our work at Wellspring? But do we get so near the hearts of the weak and unfortunate as you here? Oh, no; sometimes I think that my first pastorate, in a town smaller than this, was in many ways more blessed than our tremendous to-do in the great city. And what is accomplished there is no credit to me. I have such splendid, such touchingly loyal assistants — Mr. Webster, the assistant pastor — such a consecrated worker, and yet right on the job — and Mr. Wink and Miss Weezeger, the deaconess, and dear Miss Bundle, the secretary — such a faithful soul, so industrious. Oh, yes, I am singularly blessed! But, uh, but — given these people, who really do the work, we've been able to put over some pretty good things — with God's leading. . . . And the crowds seem to be increasing steadily. We had over eleven hundred present on my last Sunday evening in Zenith, and that in summer! And during the season we often have nearly eighteen hundred, in an auditorium that's only supposed to seat sixteen hundred! And with all modesty — it's not my doing but the methods we're working up — I think I may say that every man, woman, and child goes away happy and yet with a message to sustain 'em through the week. You see — oh, of course I give 'em the straight old-time gospel in my sermon — I'm not the least bit afraid of talking right up to 'em and reminding them of the awful consequences of sin and ignorance and spiritual sloth. Yes, sir! No blinking the horrors of the old-time proven Hell, not in any church I'm running. But also we make 'em get together, and their pastor is just one of their own chums, and we sing cheerful, comforting songs, and do they like it? Say! It shows up in the collections!"*

*"Mr. Gantry," said Andrew Pengilly, "why don't you believe in God?"*

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I was about ready to go to bed when the radio in the corner announced a special program, "All Bach." I decided to give some attention. There were the cantatas 148 and 81: "Herr Gott Dich Loben Alle Wir" and "Ich Elender Mensch Wer Wird Mich Erlösen." The announcer's English was abominable. But when he tried the German or French the result was a joy to hear. I was particularly fascinated by the rendition of the words "Ach, Lieber Gott, Sei Doch Nicht Bö." A strange little bit. The sudden transfer of very familiar talk to a much higher vein.

"Doch" — that little word fascinated me. Into a small monosyllable the thorough German has compressed the history of mankind. We can only translate it with the heavy, pitiful "nevertheless." "Oh, dear God, *nevertheless* do not get mad." That "doch" is the first sin of our first parents, runs through all of the hates and fears of the years, and extends even to all our howling and screaming at each other in The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. "Ach, Lieber Gott, Sei Doch Nicht Bö." Translation: "Despite us, despite everything, please, dear God, don't get mad." I shall use this phrase in my evening prayers from now on. "Ach, Lieber Gott, Sei **Doch** Nicht Bö."

"Doch,"

O. P. Kretzmann