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campus commentary



December, 1967

Dear Brother:

A few months ago I did a very sensible thing. (Voice from the rear: This **is** news.) I resigned my job as of June, 1968.

The public reaction was tremendous. Three or four local church papers carried the news, usually on page 6 or 7, under special headlines: "O. P. out—"Long Awaited Event"—"New Hope for Valpo." All the comments were very kind. There seemed to be an undertone of rejoicing which was very encouraging. An institution had outgrown another momentary man. My colleagues and co-workers took the news with remarkable fortitude. There were two postcards, three letters (one long one from a student whom we had expelled), and a newspaper editorial which emphasized the fact that I once spoke on the same program with Hoagy Carmichael.

The first letter I received was from my dentist. He reminded me that I still owed him \$102.70 and "that he had four small children who were facing a long, hard winter."

On the afternoon after the announcement I wandered to town to see what the public reaction might be. After all, I had been here 28 years and there might be some comments. My first stop was at my butcher who had loyally provided our weekly hamburger for more than twenty years. The following conversation ensued:

Butcher: "I see by the paper that you're quittin'."

I: "Yep."

Butcher: "Well, the time comes for everybody, and I always say, 'here today; gone tomorrow.' I've been thinking of it myself."

I: "Yep."

Butcher: "Whatcha goin' do? I don't suppose ya got any plans?"

I: "Nope."

Butcher: "Well, let me know. I gotta lot of friends around. Here's your hamburger. It's five cents more this time on accountta that - - - - war in Vietnam."

I: "Thanks. Please, charge it to our account."

Butcher (doubtfully): "Ya really goin' be in town until June? The boss always tells me to be careful."

I walked out into the afternoon. The sun was still shining, but the evening star was clear and bright.

* * *

Christmas on Third Avenue . . . My personal nomination for the world's loneliest and strangest place—a bar on Third Avenue in New York City during the week before Christmas. One hour there with a short beer is more instructive and valuable than a semester's work in Sociology or Pastoral Psychology at a theological seminary. Here, caught in a brief time capsule, is the world's woe and the world's loneliness.

In order to catch the performance one must come in about noon. Serious drinkers with enough money to pay for their escape from loneliness have been there since nine o'clock. They have already talked much and have now become reminiscent and philosophical. Glimpses of their private purgatory: "Jack, did I ever tell you about my first wife? Now there was a woman. She walked out on me one cold night . . . and there I was flat on my face on Third Avenue and I says to the cop: 'I ain't had nothing to drink—just a couple of beers.' Did you guys know that you get hung-up on some charge only when you're innocent? That's the way the ball bounces. I've been guilty a thousand times, but I got hung-up only when I was innocent. Take, for example, the night . . ."

"So I am standing outside the chapel on 44th Street. The lights were on, and it was a pretty sight seeing them fall on the snow. So I says to myself: 'Why not go inside, get warm, and say a couple of prayers for my mother'—God rest her soul—but just as I got past the door one of these Jesus guys grabbed me and says: "Brother, you have come to be saved. Welcome." This made me mad because I just came in to pray for my mother—God rest her soul—and not me. I shook his hand off my shoulder and went down the street. I know an alley off 8th Avenue where there is no wind, and I could pray for my mother—God rest her soul—without anybody worrying about me being saved. Have you got enough to buy me another beer?" My answer deserves the oblivion of silence.

And so on. Voice from the rear: "Why do you sit in a bar on Third Avenue when you should be doing other things?"

Answer: "I like the escape from the cold and the company of the children of the publican. But more than that—I want to feel the vast gulf between our comfortable, smug, middle-class existence and my momentary friends of the morning. I know that Deacon Sauerbraten's soul is just as valuable as the soul of my friends in the Third Avenue bar, but I would hope that my church would speak to both with equal relevance and power. This we have not done.

Summa summarum: A pat on the back for our brethren in the Inner City. May they be able to speak across the vast gulf which separates us from the human souls who are the backwash of our ebbing world. Let there be nothing of the Pharisee in them—and may they be at home in the Third Avenue bar—as our Lord was on the long and narrow street we call the Via Dola Rosa.

* * *

Perhaps this is a little material for an introduction to your sermon on Christmas Eve. A year ago an energetic writer for the **Lutheran Standard** collected the famous hymns with which our world has greeted most of our Christmases since 1930. The following recordings reached the million dollar mark in sales during some years:

"1949: "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth" (Spike Jones)

1949: "I Yust Go Nuts at Christmas" (Yogi Yorgeson)

1950: Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" (Gene Autry)

1952: "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" (Jimmy Boyd)

1955: "Nuttin' for Christmas" (Barry Borden)"

Surely the Child must be greatly pleased with these new carols. . . .

* * *

Don't-Sell-Missouri-Short—or—The-Synod-Is-Dead-Theology: Apparently we have successfully avoided the momentary heresy known as the "God is Dead Theology." On the other hand, we have substituted a heresy of our own which we might call "**Synod-is-Dead-Theology.**" This particular heresy is proclaimed every two weeks by the printed word and seems to have disturbed some of the brethren.

There are really two kinds of "Synod-is-Dead Theology" and both are due to hyper-reactionism (this is my most recent favorite word).

There are, first of all, the brethren (note the word—it is far too seldom used by them) who find a possible heresy in a theological professor and conclude, therefore, that Synod-is-Dead. This is the hyper-reactionism of brethren who see the wolves in the theological forest around us and extend this viewing with alarm to the steps of a good theologian who just wants to discover what is in the forest. As a result they contribute greatly to the evidence for original sin—the tendency to believe the worst of one's brother (cf. the Eighth Commandment)—and they tempt the lowly in the Kingdom to commit the sin of obscurantism. **The cry of "Wolf, Wolf" is especially dangerous in the world of theology.**

At the other end of the hyper-reactionist spectrum are the brethren who see the sin of racism and hate also in the organized church (especially the Missouri Synod) and now turn hatefully on the brethren who are not as close to the problem, on the synodical officials who have three million souls on their hands, and on the thousands of good Christians who seem to reflect our years of unawareness of social change. I do not object to their sociological or theological stance; on the other hand, I view with great sadness the hate, suspicion and fear which some of these brethren engender. If you did not vote for open housing at the synodical convention in New York, you are anathema. **Several meetings held in Chicago this year were a disgrace even to those of us who agree with these brethren sociologically. Their theology was dubious, strange, and hateful.**

So I have little use for the new "Synod-is-Dead" theology. The potential heresy on both hyper-reactionist sides is, of course, the ancient heresy of the exclusive emphasis. **Concentrate on human need in the ghetto and forget the aging and needy in suburbia; emphasize the need of the black man and forget the need of his white brother; talk about the need of the thief on the Cross and forget Pilate and Simon of Cyrene.**

One of the secondary, but great, characteristics of Lutheran theology has been, in its great and classic days, is a certain Nuechterheit. There is a certain, calm, realistic sobriety about it which has little room for the hyper-reactionary "Schwaermer." Let them this Christmas Day—in the Detroit jungle or in the Missouri country-side—see the all-embracing love of a Savior who never loved some of His children at the risk of forgetting others.

* * *

Frayed Cuff Section: I have long felt that one of the loveliest and loneliest sounds in my world comes from the chapel carillon on the morning after a recess begins. Promptly at seven o'clock the bells ring out with the hymn to the Holy Trinity which I have heard every morning of the year now gone. The 3000 young men and women who also heard the bells every morning are scattered abroad over the world. Last Commencement Day, for example, two of them told me that thirty-six hours after our closing ceremonies they would be back home in Uganda, East Africa. Is it perhaps true that the sound of these morning and evening bells are the greatest gift we were able to give them—the daily lifting of the memory that all life is hidden in God and that a true college education must include the sound of decisive bells ringing their praises of the Holy Trinity at appointed times each day?

* * *

Amusement Section: I am pleased that in one of our journals devoted to theological matters the word "Schwamerei" came out very close to "Schweinerei." This is what we call a Freudian slip.

* * *

Must-these-things-be Section: A breakfast session with the latest ecclesiastical journals grinds to a halt when I read a pitiful letter from a young brother in Hong Kong. He is disturbed—no, 'dismayed' is the word—by the fact that we do not commune non-Missourians (an arrogant term) at our mission in that teeming cross-roads of the post-modern world. Examining himself he finds that he is secretly glad when they have a service without Holy Communion because all the "non-Missourian" Lutherans can then take part in the entire service of worship. The writer, a young teacher, wants to be loyal to the "official position." He loves his synod and wants to be faithful, but the exclusive "non-Missourian" haunts him. He does not really criticize the "official position," he just hopes that it will be changed soon. His conscience would then be at peace amid the noise of Hong Kong.

It is not my task here to defend or decry the "official position." But I would like to ask the question: **"Where did that strange notion originate?" When and where was the great ecumenical synodical convention which said, "Missouri altars for Missourians only."** God knows that there are some problems here, but my young brother should be encouraged to leave them to some comfortable discussion in St. Louis, Springfield, Valparaiso or St. Paul. He lives in Hong Kong, and there our altars are lonely enough without some "Made in the U.S.A." fences around them.

All of which leads me to my main point. Let no one, but no one, criticize our missionaries in the far corners of the world unless he has

- a) studied the Book of Acts once a year for ten years.
- b) read at least thirty books on foreign missions.
- c) seen and felt at first-hand the incredible burden of pain involved in working on one of God's tiny islands in a sea of darkness.

Until these three conditions have been met, let no Synodical official, no college president, no theological professor criticize my young troubled brother in Hong Kong, Tokyo, Madras, or the islands of the sea. If he makes a mistake, there will be a day when God will forgive him with a grace that will surprise us.

* * *

Note on CTCR: I have watched the work of our CTCR with a great deal of interest and affectionate concern. There are vast implications in their task. They face the post-modern theological world, and the battlefield is wide and deep. The resurgence of Biblical studies — the re-examination of the historical, critical method (essentially and originally the heretical over-emphasis on the human side of the Bible)—the values and failures of neo-orthodoxy—the tremendous increase in the consciousness of the importance of theology—the overwhelming awareness that eventually all our problems must be solved theologically. **We shall live or die with God—not without Him.**

And there are some first-class theologians on CTCR. If there were none of these, I would holler my head off. If they were blind traditionalists or equally blind revolutionaries, if they were fundamentalists (as their critics are) or rationalists, I would run for the nearest theological hole (as their critics do) and pull it in after me. As things stand let them do and say the things which some of the rest of us have neither the time nor the brains to do. If we do not like the results of their studies, it may be our fault—and not theirs.

* * *

Frayed Cuff: One of my beloved deans sends me excerpts from prospective student letters concern-

ing the kind of roommate they would like to have at V.U. Here are some samples: "He must be a non-drinking, non-smoking, non-chewing, Christian boy. He should be studious, eat well, friendly and an introvert like myself."

"She should be a clean-cut girl who is interested in horses. I am intending to bring my horse to the University."

"I would like a second floor room facing west, inside corridor, but not too much sun but enough light, and a roommate not majoring in elementary education."

"Since I do exercises at ten at night and five in the morning, I want a roommate who wouldn't cause disturbance."

The younger generation at its best!

* * *

Luther Today . . . 1967 will go down in ecclesiastical history as the year in which we poured out a great flood of literature, sermons and essays on Martin Luther.

It is a mark of the post-modern world and American higher education that a few hours after the singing of Alma Mater on commencement day members of the faculty flee to all parts of the known world. Many of them land in Europe. As a minor result of this lemming-like migration scores of foreign newspapers and journals land on my desk, apparently in a desperate last-minute attempt to educate me.

I am not ungrateful. Some European newspapers—English, French, German, even Italian—carry articles and book reviews which would never see print in America, not even in The New York Times. Example: An article on "Luthertum Heute" in a German newspaper (without comment): "Can we tell what happened in Wittenberg on October 31, 1517? What measurement shall we apply? What is important?—What Luther wanted—or what we are celebrating?—and what are we celebrating anyway? It is evident, of course, that the post-theistic theology which America calls the "God is Dead" theology celebrates its own interpretation of the Reformation. In it there is absolutely nothing of the content of the Luther chorale: "A Mighty Fortress."

* * *

Another quote: "Soon one will have to become Catholic in order to remain Lutheran, or, as someone has said recently: Now-a-days one can become honestly Catholic only in the Lutheran way. The long and bitter road from Trent to Vatican II was not traveled in vain."

* * *

Here and There: My friend up at Swanville, Minnesota, still has some copies of Stoeckhardt's *Bibliche Geschichte* for sale. It would make his Christmas much happier if you would order one from him: The Rev. Arthur E. Beck, Swanville, Missouri. My exegetical friends tell me that Stoeckhardt has some weaknesses. This may be true. He is still, however, worth working with in our strange and errant world.

* * *

In mid-summer I spent a few hours at the annual meeting of the Lutheran Human Relations Association of America. This is always important since it over-emphasizes something that the world has forgotten, thereby meeting one of the first requisites of sainthood. Almost all the addresses carry a note of bitterness which we must probably expect. The undertone of sadness sounds clear, and you cannot blame them after all these years. The Southern Negro, says one speaker, is leaving little and coming to less.

It interests me that in these meetings we have a number of new words, particularly the word "tokenism." This means that the White majority is satisfied with a few token concessions, a few street lights in the Ghetto, and a new segregated swimming pool, or the appearance of a Negro preacher at a Lutheran "happening." We hear much of the Revolution of rising expectations which is basic and global. Of course, there has been progress, but too little and perhaps too late. Our friends in the movement are not now concerned with the ignorant and prejudiced people, but with the honest and God-fearing people who act like ignorant and prejudiced people. Finally there is, of course, only the honorable path of Christian love.

* * *

Restoring-the-Balance-Section: My roving spies have informed me that the first theological conversations conducted under the umbrella of LCUSA have been uniformly successful and profitable. They tell me that one had to have a program to identify the players and that each Synod produces its fair share of good theologians and bad theologians in equal portions. There were even occasions when "a liberal" brother called "a conservative" brother back to the Lutheran Confessions. But something that might have ended in semantic confusion turned out all right in the end. **Score one for LCUSA.** One part of the reports of my spies interested me strangely. They said that whenever the name of Francis Pieper came up in the discussion there was either a frigid silence or a derogatory dismissal of his views. (Note for brethren under forty: Francis Pieper (1852-1931) was the distinguished dogmatist who dominated Missouri Synod theology for more than fifty years.) He was, they said, strictly 17th century stuff—dogmatic, rigid, rationalistic.

Honestly, I have never been able to buy that. There are not many of us left now who sat under his "Katheder" between 1915 and 1930. We were the normal crowd of seminarians — perpetually broke (we took the oath of poverty under the most secular pressures)—concerned about the long losing streak of the Cardinals, worried about the girl friend at home and that new, young parochial school teacher.

Yet there were startling moments when we gave our complete attention to the aristocratic, white-haired figure behind the desk. He would turn his chair around so that he faced the westering sun over Texas Avenue, remove his glasses and begin to talk in wondering, almost child-like, tones about the "satisfactio vicaria:" Jesus Christus advenit—the Latin would begin to roll and thunder. The Son of God had come into the world to make vicarious satisfaction for our sins.

Slowly his voice became almost lyrical and the air was filled with the far music of the Cross. Here was for him the climax of all history, the silent, glad center of the universe, the power and glory of the deathless pity of God. Inevitably we 20th century children were drawn into the sweeping orbit of his great faith. The sun was going down over the Church of the Holy Cross, but a new light had come over our world.

I heard that voice for the last time at the Synodical Convention at River Forest in 1929. Every morning he lectured on "Die Diesseitigkeit des Jenseits" (The this worldliness of the other world) and once more those of us who remembered him saw his shiny black suit become the shining armor of a great faith.

No, no, don't tear down Francis Pieper while I am around. He may have been wrong in some matters, but he was not wrong at this great and holy and final place.

Is it possible that we might find and follow his footsteps at this late hour? To find again that triumphant concentration, that singleness of mind and heart under the Cross? Not to worry greatly over the minor winds that blow over our walls or the voices of errant prophets whose vision of the ultimate Cross is blurred by hate and fear? It would be worth trying.

* * *

Quotes from Here and There: The planned, careful, impassioned and persistent announcement of the Grace of God in Jesus Christ is the preacher's only task.

Preachers with no theology imitate the ineffectiveness of headless roosters in a barnyard.

The absurdity of a horizontal Christianity which denies its vertical dimensions is one of the problems of the modern day.

Pastoral care means informed and incarnate passion.

* * *

For many years I have been writing an annual Christmas letter to my son. The following one was written a long time ago. . . .

Dear Son:

By 1990 you ought to know consciously, as you now know with the given faith of childhood, that there are no abstractions in Bethlehem. . . . There is even hardly any talking except the angels speaking so kindly to the shepherds, and the shepherds saying: "Let us now go." . . . There is some singing, as there should be, and at the end of the story a "Thank You" to God. . . . But otherwise it is all action . . . real and good . . . human beings acting under the imperatives of heaven . . . and in the center the quiet Baby who was God. . . . Today, in 1967, you would not be interested in my telling you about our meeting on synodical problems yesterday, but I notice that you listen quietly when I tell you about the Baby, the mother, the shepherds, the singing angels, and the dancing stars. . . . That is one of the differences between Christmas and 1967—and a deep and sad one it is. . . . And so you and I must try very hard to make Christmas a burning and shining in the heart that all may see it, living it, learning to make our whole life an expression and fulfillment, a channel and a way for the Child, so that men may look into our hearts and see His glory there, the glory of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. . . .

There are many other strange things about Christmas. . . . In the Ozark Mountains, as in other places where men live close to the good earth, there is an old legend that at midnight on Christmas Eve the cattle kneel in adoration of the Savior who came into their stable so many years ago. . . . A part of the legend, however, is that they will not kneel if any human being is watching. . . . That, of course, makes the story safe from prying, scientific eyes. . . . We shall never be able to prove or disprove it by the evidence of our senses. . . . And that is the way all of Christmas is, an intimate, ultimate thing which is forever beyond the eyes of our proud minds. . . . Only the cattle know if they really kneel to the Savior at midnight in the hills; and only we ourselves, in our own hidden hearts, can know when we are at the manger. . . . In fact, you have to give your heart away before you know, deep down as you know nothing else, that the love that warmed the world that first holy night will never forsake you again . . . that it is forever beyond the sight of faithless eyes and the power of unholy hands. . . .

When you read this, I should like to have you remember how Christmas was at our house in 1967. . . . There were the lights which began on the first Sunday in Advent, one the first week, two the second, and so on until all five burned quietly on Christmas Eve before the lights on the tree shone

brightly in the room . . . the students who sang carols every night, the Christmas music for all the boys and girls we could crowd into the house . . . the chimes from the campus and the church . . . the vespers in the chapel . . . and through it all, the nights cold with frost and warm with music, the slow journey of the heart, hardly knowing the way, beyond the last white star to the heaven of the manger. . . . It was a lovely time each year, and for a little while we forgot the black headlines and the confused voices on the air . . . as I hope you will be able to forget them in 1990. . . .

Sometimes, these winter nights, I try to imagine what the world will be like when you read this letter. . . . I find it very hard. . . . A few years ago, as we were leaving the chapel, one of our girls gave me a poem by Marcia Masters entitled "A Prayer for Christmas." She had saved it because her husband lies buried on an island in the South Pacific. . . . In a few lines it tells the whole story of our world in 1967, focused in a seeing moment on a single grave:

Oh, this is the prayer that I wish to make—
For a grave in the jungleland,
Where a soldier sleeps who tried to bless
The world with his dying hand.
For the holly hangs on our native hearth,
And the Christmas trees are bright,
But the peace we seek lies side by side
Down in the jungle night,
Where the yellow man and the white man sleep
In a brotherhood denied
Till their graves were dug and they came to rest
Like brothers side by side.
Now the bells ring out, and logs burn bright,
But I think of the jungle sun,
Where the man we love and the man we hate
In the simple earth are one;
And the moon is laid like an altar cloth
Over a tropic land,
Where the soldier sleeps who tried to bless
All men with his dying hand.

I cannot know whether you will be any closer to peace on earth in 1990. . . . Even then when Christmas comes, you will have to guard against measuring heaven by the standards of earth. . . . Peace, even among nations, is not a matter of treaties and guns and atomic bombs. . . . It is a matter of the heart resting in quiet at the manger. . . . There can be no peace in the hearts of nations unless there is peace in the hearts of men, because no nation can be greater than the men and women who make it. . . . And so the grave in the Pacific and the tears of the world from sunrise to sunset are the measure of our distance from Bethlehem. . . . They will not end until they end there. . . .

When you read this, you ought to remember that despite what I have written, our Christmas in 1967 was a very happy one . . . happy because the Child gave us the power to see its meanings . . . because in spite of sin and suffering the world is lovely, for He came to live with us, and His feet have trodden the earth . . . because in our hearts winter is now past, the rain is over and gone, and the flowers have appeared in the land . . . because the manger is not an end, but a beginning . . . the beginning of Christmas here always until the end when the Day breaks and the shadows retire . . . because He, the Child and Holy One, can wipe all tears from our eyes . . . even with hands smaller than yours. . . .

Perhaps someone else will read this before you do. . . . I am sure you will want to join me in asking God for a very happy Christmas for them . . . in praying that He would take them in from the cold and give them at the manger everything they have ever lost and everything they can ever gain. . . .

* * *

Just a simple bit of verse for your meditation on Christmas Eve:

The latch is on the string tonight,
The hearth-fire is aglow,
I seem to hear swift passing feet;
The Christ-Child in the snow!

My heart is open wide tonight,
For stranger, kith or kin;
I would not close a single door
Where Christ may enter in!

May God give us a clean heart and a sure faith at Christmas.

Sincerely,

O. P. Kretzmann

Very Important P.S.:

I was just reading a letter telling me where to go after retirement when Theophilus' familiar knock (two long—three short) sounded on the door. I opened it and he stood there growling: "What do you want? I was just working on my four-volume biography of Spalatin when the wife told me you wanted to see me. What's up?"

"Theophile," I said (I always use the vocative when I want him to listen), "I have a bad conscience." He muttered something which sounded like: "It's about time" and fell into his normal listening attitude—facing the window, head back, eyes closed.

"Theophilus," I said, "this Ebenezer deal is beginning to bother me. We're not making the grade. I have heard and read more excuses and explanations about it than we had when we bummed classes at the Sem. What's wrong?"

Theophilus sighed and looked out the window at the steady rain. "Once in a while," he said, "you come to the right place with the right questions. I have been giving this matter much thought and have asked a lot of questions myself. In fact, I am not doing so well in my congregation. We've got only half of what we should have."

He paused and sighed again. "Suppose we look at some of the excuses the brethren give for not making the grade this time. You've heard them: the name of the Ebenezer effort—Ebenezer was a bad mistake—people think only of Ebenezer Scrooge and he's no model for cheerful giving—the effort was badly timed—the announced goals were vague and fuzzy (our people want to know exactly what they're giving for)—our people are not nearly as wealthy as the papers say they are—they are paying off on a second car, a color T. V. set, college for their kids, a little winter vacation, a new house to get away from the niggers. Then there is the congregational problem — more education halls, new churches all modern with restrooms front and back—assistant pastors for youth work, women's work, men's work, children's work—the new vogue of synodical boycott theology ("not another cent for the men who are leading synod on the road to ruin")—all these and many more I have picked up while I was having a smoke between conference sessions. So it's a mess and we may as well face it."

Theophilus looked at my long face and went on: **"You know, of course, that all these excuses are for the birds. They are half-truths at best, or not even that. We have done great things, also financially, under much worse circumstances. The real problem is that the brethren did not put their heart into it. Zeitgeist did not even send out the material. Gernegross needed another four thousand bucks for his new bowling alleys. The reasons do not matter very much now when we are face to face with a major disaster."**

"Theophilus," I said, "I never had a congregation and my advice isn't worth much. What do you say we should do?"

Theophilus sat up straight and looked more serious than ever before. "Look," he said, "this may sound strange to you. I would, for a while, forget everything else and turn to our synodical pride. By and large, the brethren are proud of their synod—proud of its blessings and accomplishments. They may gripe, but they do not hate; and when they realize that their synod, to which they are giving their life, will be in public and world-wide disgrace, they will follow through. We should hold the campaign open until even Sauerbraten and his friends know that this is a must. Perhaps we should be a little unevangelical about it. The Lord pushed Jonah and Jeremiah and Paul to the wall and perhaps he will let us do it just once. Only after we have given it everything we got can we face failure."

Theophilus heaved himself out of his chair: "I'm going back to work on next Sunday's sermon. I'll probably not mention 'gratitude' (that's a hard virtue to come by) but **there will be much about 'love'—'ought'—'must'—'now'—'faith.'** If Sauerbraten comes through next week, 'Ebenezer' will be a success. **Tell the brethren it's worth trying.**" He opened the door and there was the sound of trumpets.

O. P. K.