The Cresset (archived issues)

3-1957

The Cresset (Vol. XX, No. 5)

Valparaiso University

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

Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons, and the Public Affairs, Public Policy and Public Administration Commons

Recommended Citation

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Cresset (archived issues) by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at scholar@valpo.edu.
### IN THE MARCH CRESELT . . . .

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IN LUCE TUA</td>
<td>The Editors</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AD LIB.</td>
<td>Alfred R. Looman</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRISTIANITY AND CULTURE</td>
<td>Adalbert R. Kretzmann</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VERSE: STORM’S END</td>
<td>Rockwell B. Schaefer</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE FINE ARTS: AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?</td>
<td>Adalbert R. Kretzmann</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VERSE: ARTICULATE</td>
<td>Don Manker</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FROM THE CHAPEL: IN MEMORIAM: PAUL RIEDEL</td>
<td>Jaroslav J. Pelikan</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VERSE: TREE TRUNKS</td>
<td>Tr. by Charles Guenther</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LETTER FROM XANADU, NEBR.</td>
<td>G. G.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE MUSIC ROOM: PARAY AND BARBIROLLI</td>
<td>Walter A. Hansen</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOME RECENT RECORDINGS</td>
<td>Walter A. Hansen</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOKS OF THE MONTH</td>
<td></td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A MINORITY REPORT</td>
<td>Victor F. Hoffmann</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SIGHTS AND SOUNDS</td>
<td>Anne Hansen</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VERSE: LENT THROUGH A PRISM</td>
<td>Robert Epp</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE PILGRIM</td>
<td>O.P. Kretzmann</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Why Editors Grow Old**

If our eye appears somewhat dimmer than in the past and if there is detectable a certain abatement of our natural force, consider what news we have been asked to evaluate and comment upon since our last deadline.

There was, first of all, the resignation of the Rt. Hon. Capt. Sir Robert Anthony Eden, K.G., as prime minister of Great Britain. Sir Anthony cited reasons of health for his resignation. Practically everybody else ascribed his resignation to the failure of his Middle Eastern "adventure." Sir Anthony was succeeded as prime minister by the member of his government who had been most closely identified with the "Suez group." Sir Anthony's Middle Eastern policy, supposedly beaten to death and buried by his opposition in Commons and by his allies on this side of the Atlantic, has issued forth from its tomb wrapped in the Stars and Stripes and calling itself the Eisenhower doctrine. Everybody seems to be agreed that the Eisenhower doctrine is just what the Middle East needs. Sir Anthony is exploring the natural wonders of New Zealand.

Meanwhile, as though anticipating the editorial writer's exhortation to forsake the world of human folly and turn one's eyes to the order and certainties of the natural world, these physicists have come along and catch these cobalt nuclei shooting off electrons with what can be described only as cynical disregard for the law of parity, a physical law which we will not attempt to explain here but about which all that needs to be said is that it has been one of the basic laws of nuclear physics. In view of the fact that the demolition of this law was accomplished by three Chinese-Americans, there would seem to be reason to question whether the provisions of the Exclusion of Orientals Act were as stringent as they might have been.

And then there has been the spectacle of Dr. Jonas Salk and public health officials going up and down the land trying to persuade people to get themselves inoculated against polio since the best evidence seems to suggest that a vaccine has very low preventive value until it is injected into a body. One would suppose that by now some foundation would have had the vision to pay Dr. Salk to go from house to house with a syringe. Or don't these big foundations care about such "little" things as preventing polio?

And what about Robert E. Lee? Senator Homer Capehart has been sleeping only fitfully ever since he found out that Marse Robert is still ineligible to hold public office and to exercise certain other civil rights and he has asked Congress to do something about the matter. In view of that unfortunate business of Lee's taking communion with a Negro this would seem to be a poor time to introduce legislation which might provoke a Southern filibuster.

**The Right to See**

When all of this excitement developed in Chicago just before Christmas about WGN-TV's cancellation of its scheduled showing of the film, "Martin Luther," it appeared that the incident would be one of those two-day wonders and that any comment on our part would merely be a resurrection of a dead issue. Apparently this is not the case, though. A large church body has protested the station's action and a permanent organization has been established to keep the issue alive until something is done about it.

Before we comment on the case itself, we would like to say two things which we think must be said in order to keep the situation in focus. First, that Protestantism is still afflicted with certain jingoistic types whose sole contribution to the life and growth of the church is a periodic and puerile thumbing of the nose at the Roman Church; and secondly, that it is the right of any group, religious or secular, to protest the showing of any film which it considers insulting to itself or unfaithful to the facts of history.

Next, we think that the facts of the case ought to be
reviewed. WGN-TV had scheduled the showing of the film, “Martin Luther,” on an evening in the week before Christmas. The station received a number of protests from individuals who claimed that it reflected unfavorably upon the Roman Catholic Church, that it promoted ill feeling between Christian groups, and that it was not faithful to the facts. The station received no complaints or protests from the Roman Catholic hierarchy or from any other person entitled to speak officially for the Roman Church. In the light of such criticism as it had received, however, the management of the station cancelled the showing, giving as its reason a desire not to stir up animosities during the season of peace and good will toward men. A number of responsible Protestant leaders thereupon joined in a protest against the station’s action and various other individuals and groups have since taken up the protest. A point which we think ought to be made very clear is that these responsible spokesmen for the Protestant churches have not challenged the right of their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens to protest the showing of a film which they may very well consider objectionable. Their criticism has been directed against the manager of the station whose timidity would be pathetic if nothing more than the timidity of an individual were at stake. But what is at stake is the integrity and freedom of the television industry—its freedom to deal with issues that are significant and, therefore, controversial.

We are happy that, if the question had to rise at all, it rose over the showing of “Martin Luther.” In our judgment, this film breathes the spirit of charity toward those of our brethren from whom, for conscience sake, our spiritual forefathers found it necessary to separate. We are gratified to see that a great many Roman Catholics also apparently feel that the film was fair, and even generous, in its presentation of an admittedly partisan recital of some of the most dramatic moments in the history of the West.

The issue, therefore, is clearly not an issue between Protestants and Roman Catholics but between the vast majority of our people who consider the canons of a free press applicable to television, and an infinitely smaller minority who want television to be nothing more than another branch of the amusement industry. A station which accedes to this minority is conspiring in its own death and ought to be made sharply aware of what it is doing.

The Right to Work

The most subtle form of deception is the employment of euphemisms to conceal unpleasant realities. People in our day die “after an extended illness,” never of cancer. And they are “laid to rest” in “gardens of remembrance,” never in graveyards.

A euphemism which has been particularly effective in spreading confusion in recent years is the so-called “right to work law.” One would suppose, from the name, that it is a law designed to further the interests of the working man, and apparently some people think that it is designed to force employers to provide jobs for men who are seeking work. Those who have taken the time to examine such laws know, of course, that it is no such thing. What it is in essence is our old friend, the “union-busting” law, under a new name. And its purpose is not to interfere with any right or privilege of the employer but to curb the effectiveness of labor unions.

In essence, a “right-to-work” law provides that no man shall be required, as a condition of employment, to join a union. At first glance, this looks good. It looks like an attempt to preserve that freedom of association which we consider one of the free citizen’s unalienable rights. And we are willing to grant that some men who have championed such laws have done so out of devotion to this particular right. But in doing so they have, we think, failed to give adequate recognition to the structure or framework out of which rights arise.

One of the basic elements in our industrial structure is the institution of collective bargaining. It is by acting collectively that capital and management manage to resist what they consider improper or unfeasible claims on the part of their employees. And it is by acting collectively that workers manage to force capital and management to make greater concessions in terms of wages, hours, and conditions of employment.

The worker who signs on as an industrial worker enjoys all of the benefits that have been won by the collective action of workers in the past, and he looks for whatever improvement there will be in his situation to the collective action of workers in the future. Here and there, it is true, farsighted and idealistic management may voluntarily offer improvement in remuneration and working conditions. But within the pattern of collective bargaining, which has by now become a firmly-rooted tradition, management expects labor to present its demands and to be prepared to bargain in good faith toward some sort of reasonable compromise.

This being the case, it seems to us that the worker who hopes to benefit from the process of collective bargaining is morally obligated to support the agency which bargains on his behalf. Or, if he is unwilling to do that, he ought to sign a waiver of any benefits which may accrue to him as the result of company and union negotiations.

None of the proposed “right to work” laws embodies a provision for any such waiver. Nor is this surprising, for these laws are not really designed to guarantee anybody’s right to work but only the right of sub-marginal or irresponsible workers to shirk their responsibilities toward their fellow-workers and thus to weaken the position of organized labor.
Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night of the Week

By Alfred R. Looman

No wonder there are so many jittery people around these days: we are fast losing most of the customs and traditions that gave the individual and the community a sense of stability. One of these customs was the Saturday night shopping trip, known as going uptown—or downtown, terms used interchangeably regardless of the location of the business district. I don't know if this tradition existed in the larger cities, but in small towns, everyone went uptown on Saturday night unless he was incapacitated by illness.

When I was a child I knew that the Saturday night trip uptown was as certain as our attendance of church on Sunday. And Saturday was the ideal day for shopping since it was the one night the farmers could be sure to get into town, the week's work was finished for the laborer, the housewife had finished her cleaning for Sunday, and everyone was in a mood for relaxation before the following day of rest.

While most persons who were uptown did buy something, this was by no means a requirement. In many cases the entire week's shopping, including the grocery shopping, was done on Saturday night, but the main purpose for going uptown was to visit with friends, and particularly with the farm families, whom one didn't see except at that time or for a few minutes after church.

The Saturday night uptown was very formalized though completely relaxing. The heavier shopping was concluded in a hurry, and then the men went in one direction and the women and children in another. The gathering places for the men included several of the barber shops, a shoe shine parlor, a pool hall frequented, for the most part, by stable citizens, or one of the implement stores. The same men could be found in the same stores or shops every Saturday night so if you wanted to find a person, you knew exactly where to look.

As a rule, the women had more shopping to do after the men took off, and the women could be found too in certain stores where they took up headquarters, as it were, for a half hour to an hour. The remaining shopping normally included a visit to a grocery store, or to a drygoods store where the women sat on high stools paging tirelessly through books of Butterick patterns, and inevitably, a trip to the dime store, which was always called that despite the "Woolworth" spelled in large letters above the door.

But conversation was the main order of the evening. Whenever two acquaintances met a review of what happened to each since last Saturday was sure to follow. These conversations took place in the aisles of stores, where the proprietor, far from being impatient because the non-buying ladies were interfering with the traffic of cash customers, often joined in the talk. Most conversations, particularly in the warmer months, took place on the sidewalks or on the corners of the business district. The fortitude and endurance of these women now seems remarkable because each had two or three youngsters tugging at her and urging her to get going.

Most children could take about ten minutes of standing quiet during their mother's conversation, which is about nine and half minutes above today's average. After ten minutes, though, the tugging would begin in earnest. One thing could keep children still when all else failed and that was the reminder of the bag of popcorn or the chocolate soda still to come. It was, incidentally, a sign of coming of age when a child was finally old enough to go uptown on Saturday night alone or with his own friends.

The men too, had their conversations in the places where they congregated. These, however, were shorter and were punctuated by long periods of silence. Most of the gathering places for men were furnished with cuspidors (invariably called spittoons) which got their greatest usage on Saturday night since the chewing of tobacco increased with the opportunity for conversation and contemplation.

Around 9:30 on Saturday night the exodus began. Families would meet at the car, at a store, on a corner, or at some pre-arranged place that almost never varied. By ten o'clock the streets were deserted. Everyone had gone home happy in the knowledge that he was part of a community.

It is apparent that Saturday night is now a night when everyone stays home, because that is when some of the better television shows appear. One can now shop any day of the week. Gone is the pleasant relaxation of visiting with friends on the street, going too is the sense of belonging to a larger group, and gone with these is the old art of curb stone conversation.
Christianity and Culture

By THE REV. ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETMANN, LITT.D.
Pastor of The Evangelical Lutheran Church of Saint Luke (Chicago)
and Art Editor of The Cresset

THE SPEAKERS

“For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.” —Acts IV:20

All over the ancient world the question went up—Marcionites asked it, the Jews asked it, the followers of the philosophers in Athens and Rome wanted to know—“What new thing did Jesus bring?” Perhaps Irenaeus answered best of all when he said, “He brought everything new by bringing Himself.”

The process of Christ is the essence of all Christian culture. “Behold, I make all things new” set a new standard for tired culture and art grown uncertain about the values it depicted. St. Paul reached out for all mankind with his challenging prospect of a new glory when he said, “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.” In Him is a new life. No wonder that the ancients wrote it proudly across the top of their manuscripts and pressed it into the binding of their first books, “Vivo autem, jam non ego, vivit vere in me Christus” (Galations 2:20—“I live, yet not I live, but Christ liveth in me.”)

That faith, once committed to the saints in the day of God’s great Gospel, charts a new life. It was a created participation in that which is God. In Christ, God had come to man. In Christ, man could come to God. It was not a patched-up, old, heathen world, made over for a time, which was the wonder of the new Christian culture. It was a glorious reversal of standards, values and principles into the purposes of the Gospel.

This first presentation is to deal with that which the first Christians seized upon as their primary objective. Their culture embraced at the very beginning the fine art of speaking—“Oratory,” they used to call it—and turned it to the purposes of man’s redemption. The voice of man before this time had been loud in his heathen religion and stern in his law and persuasive in his philosophy and logic. Looking over the utterances of the ancients, we find them by turns holy, inflexible, seductive, stern, charming, cursing, foul. And then came the sound of Christ—men speaking of life and its beginnings, and God as a Father, and love as a divine attribute, not a human passion, and nearness to God as a glowing hope for all eternity. Openness, honesty, joy, love, and hope were translated into words. Where had the world heard words like these (Romans 8:31-39):

“If God be for us, who can be against us? .... Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Or where had men, steeped in the lusts of their own day and time, heard anything like this (I Corinthians 13:13):

“And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”

Looking back over the centuries, we can only say, “O Lord, have mercy!” What has happened to us? We are no longer happy in the sound of the Word as it comes to us. We have lost the feeling that our words create a kind of “air” which people breathe in all around us. Words are for the lungs of the mind and the spirit. A reflection of the evil that has come upon us is seen in the unhappiness of our utterances. We have kept the name “Christian” but we have lost the ring of the Christian words. And it all comes from the fact that we have reverted to creating our own purposes in life. We have come again to the hopeless situation of man making himself god and thereby feeling no need for the God-Man. Because we have lost the wonder of the words of the Gospel and its glory, we go about the wonder of living heavily and ploddingly. The stars have become worthless accidents—they are cheap today! The universe which sprang free and new and colorful from the mind and heart of God—it is handled now like a sack of potatoes. For the reverence akin to worship, which made the speakers of the early church glow with the reverence which was worship itself, a crudeness has been substituted. A smear that comes from the hands of the user clings to nearly all things today. We have lost reverence for holy things because we have lost the vivid, personal contact with truth. Hear how Thomas a Kempis writes of the saints (Imitatio Christi—Book 3—Chapter

* These meditations were first presented in the chapel of Valparaiso University as the John Martin and Clara Amanda Gross Memorial Lectures for 1956.
Once, long ago, the flame and fire of the speech of man was the breath of the power of God and a pure influence from the Almighty. We shall be born again as speakers with the flame of God if we can triumphantly admit that the discovery of its secret and the discerning of its source is in the cross of Christ. The rediscovery of words that we believe and letters that live is a process of the spirit. It can deliver a man, not only from that ignorance which can be his blindness, but also from that knowledge which can be his death.

Some of us will have to continue to sow the seed of that greatness. No one has said that more convincingly than Peter Holm, that splendid character in Johan Bojar’s *The Great Hunger*. The barns are all empty—there has been no harvest—there is scarcely any seed to be found. The fields are all bare. The neighbors, in bitter hate, have turned against him. But Peter is out sowing his last half bushel of barley in his enemy’s empty field, next to his own. He does it in the dark of night, not to be seen. His wife trudges the moist furrows beside him and she asks him, “Why?—Why do you have to do this thing?” And he stops and answers, “Standing upon the ruins of my own life, I feel a vast responsibility … in the midst of my sorrow, I must sow my enemy’s field that God may continue to exist.”

**THE BUILDERS**

“In Whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.”

Ephesians II:21

Always we are in danger, when espousing a great cause and great achievement, to ignore or forget other great achievements and become guilty of a narrow view and a straitened approach. Sometimes we come upon great things like the achievements of the ancients in a very dark way. Rose Marie Boyle has set the tone for our generation almost too well when she wrote in her little verse, “The Gray Mood”:

“What does one do when the floor crumbles into pieces when you walk on it?
When every pillar blows away like a feather when you breathe on it?
When one is tired and does not want a bed—
When one is nauseated by the air one breathes, with no desire for a window—
Where does the answer lie buried, when there is not even a question?”

It is difficult to keep from overflowing with enthusiasm about the great buildings of antiquity, the monuments of Egypt, Baalbec, Greece, and Rome. You stand back and wonder, “How can these marvels be?” You visit them again by dawn and in the moonlight and ask yourself, “Why were they built? What was the glory in the heart of man that made him concentrate his skills into the wonder of this strength?” You want to know, “Is this true faith—a faith in man, in God, or
gods?" You tell yourself again that the hands that made this wonder in old temples were all made by the hand of God. The mind that could conceive the soaring columns and the massive weight, the strength that drew them up and set them straight and kept them there throughout the years, was all a glory from the side of God. He made this man, and when this man had failed his destiny and lost his way and built no more to honor Him Who loved and breathed him into being, then God sent Christ and from that day to this, the builders have a warmer touch. Strength may have gone but love and beauty, grace and peace—those undiscovered and unfelt things in buildings of the past—they came to be with man as symbols of the love of God in Christ.

The devout tone and reverent skill of the great builders in Christendom shows itself over the length and breadth of all the Christian lands today. All other great buildings are cold and solemn as the laws of man and the government of man will always be cold and solemn. But Christianity has touched the places of its worship with a warmth and love which no other buildings knew before. Skill was subordinate to the glory of bringing near the love of God in Christ to the hearts of men. Sometimes, in medieval cathedrals, it was lifted up a bit too high and man went groping and confused along his way, but through the length and breadth of what we call the Christian world today there runs a wonder and a love which nothing else has ever brought to brick and stone and steel and walls and roof before.

To build for God as we have seen His face and love in Christ, Who came to save us from the coldness and the folly of our sins and laws, is one of life's great gifts.

"Whose aim is his own happiness is bad;
Whose aim is the good opinion of others is weak;
Whose aim is the happiness of others is virtuous;
Whose aim is God, is great."

So Tolstoi wrote it well a few years before his death. Today we live in the vast world of wonder builders drawn together by the ways in which we communicate with one another what is our love, our joy, our hope, our peace in Christ.

Surely each of us will want to stand before the Royal Portal of Chartres or gaze for hours on the sun as it lies soft on the gold bronze of the gates of the Baptistry, done by Ghiberti, at Florence. Each one of us would like to stand beneath the soaring domes of Hagia Sophia at Istanbul or kneel humbly in St. Mark's of Cairo, or of Venice—stand some day on the shores of France and look out toward the westering sun and see Mont St. Michel floating like a cloud above the waters of an evening sea.

But all these things can find their place within the heart of those who love their Lord. Take the pictures that we have and live with them and study what a man can do when his whole life is dedicated to this one thing—that God's own love in Christ should find a monument among the forgetful people of his town or time. The whole world has become, by the pictures that we have in books, and magazines, and lecture films, a vast museum without walls.

The Christian culture of our time must find a way to free itself and meet the culture and the challenge of our dazzling age with something like the tone and freedom and the joy we have in Christ. New forms can bring new life, new ways of understanding to the faith of men today. We need not hold ourselves to forms that spoke once long ago to people of another age in the slow measured cadences of that prosaic and poetic time. We can find strength, appeal and love and peace in what we understand as clean, unhampered and unsullied form in buildings of today. Regardless of the form, each one must always bear the signature of devotion. It is not form or size or place or beauty alone which determines what the builder can do for us. The shadings between belief and unbelief can be felt in a building just as they can be felt in a painting.

You can say that Peter Paul Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" is a far greater painting than Fra Angelico's "Crucifixion." In Fra Angelico's painting, however, you feel the tears and you feel the prayers and you feel the saintliness and the love with which his brush made every stroke. You forget many imperfections in the depth of feeling and holy sacrificial love which comes over you as you see Angelico's Christ on the Cross.

But Rubens, like so many a man who builds today, went at his work without the trace of any soul. His "Descent from the Cross" has been acclaimed as one of the twelve great paintings of the world, and yet it is nothing but force and brutality. There is immense pictorial power in it. The grouping is marvelous. The coloring is completely worthy. The trouble with the whole picture is that there is no spiritual ministry in it and that Rubens painted, coldly and boldly, with an utter disregard for Christian feeling, the fact that Christ is dead—hopelessly, finally, endlessly dead. There is no glimmer of the Resurrection Morn to light it up. Christian hope and feeling have no place. The men who take Christ down from the cross handle Him with that callousness which comes from frequent and irreverent contact with the dead. The whole picture is a great commentary, in art, on the words of the Apostle, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Dare we draw the parallels between this and that which we call church building today? There is a clean, fine spirituality that runs like a breath of holiness and the songs of the angels through much that is new.
That makes it good. But there is an irreverent skill, a cold efficiency, a deliberate denial of beauty and a smashing of ideals, which is in much of the frank boldness of our time, and our architecture. It points a damning finger at the builders of our time and says, "You do too much with your wonderful hands, but where is your heart and where is your soul and where is your faith and where is the glory of the resurrection and the Christ Who comes again to judge both quick and dead and take His children home to everlasting glories and the songs of the angels?"

Christian culture must reach its builders quickly enough now, before the buildings for the glory of God begin to show only the sterility and the lack of wonder in the faith of our time.

THE SINGERS

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." Psalm XL:3

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Ephesians V:19

The morning of Ash Wednesday dawns cold upon a world that has lost much of what we call the grace of song. Time was when up from the valley of man's sin there came the call, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice." Out of the consciousness of his sin man made a voice that cried up to the heights of God for mercy on his soul, for remembrance through the Son of God, for love which would restore the glory in his life, for peace which could come only when his sins have been atoned for.

Time was when Christian culture made a voice for wordless man and gave him songs instead of fears and told him of the grace of God and gave him hope.

The songs of all the world, except where Christ is known, are poor and feeble things compared with music and with hymns that rest their beauty and their strength in Christ and in the love of God that gave Him to the Cross for our redemption.

Oh, yes, they sang in ages past. They sang of things like love of man and strength of man and joys of man. But for the soul there was no opening towards the light. That waited for a cross to pierce the skies.

Ash Wednesday comes and with it comes the sound of music that has beaten death and brings to man, in fear of death, the sound of trumpets at the dawn and words of angels' songs that fear no death, no punishment, no sin, no man. Around us in this morning hour are sounds and voices out of all the past. What did men see before their eyes when they put down for us to keep and sing the words, "O Sacred Head, now Wounded"; or this, "When I survey the Wondrous Cross on which the Prince of Glory Died"; or this, "Beloved Jesus, What Law hast Thou Broken." A man like Browning understood the need when he wrote down:

"O soul! it should be
A face like my face that receives thee; a man like me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand."

The decay of this vision, its diffusion and dissipation in our time and in our music, is an indication of the way in which Christian culture has receded from Christ as the center. Great melodies are born as great expressions of faith. We cannot remind ourselves too often that the natural language of devotion is poetry and symbol and music, not science, and that the function of Christian culture, as well as Christian dogma, is to form a bridge between the seen and the unseen, between the temporal and the eternal, between flesh and spirit, between the world of particular facts and the world of universal values, between man in his sin and Christ and His cross. All men need the bridge except those who do not wish to cross. There may be some who are able to live always in a world invisible. There may be many who are content to live only among the things that are seen and felt, but we, as Christians, have to live in both and we need the bridge which the singers have built to help our lesser spirits and our tuneless minds to find the glory which they found when Christ drew near.

There is nothing quite like the music of the church to take us away from selfishness and bring us near to the selflessness which is our Saviour God.

Francis Quarles (1592-1644) has said it well:

"I wish a greater KNOWLEDGE than to attain
The Knowledge of my self; a greater Gain
Than to augment my self; a greater Treasure
Than to enjoy my self; how slight and vain
Is all self-knowledge, pleasure, treasure, gain;
Unless my better KNOWLEDGE could retrieve
MY CHRIST: unless my better gain will thrive
IN CHRIST: unless my better wealth grow rich
IN CHRIST: unless my better pleasure pitch
ON CHRIST: or else my KNOWLEDGE will proclaim
To mine own heart, how ignorant I am:
Or else my Gain, so ill improved, will shame
My trade, and shew how much declined I am:
Or else my Treasures will but blot my name
With Bankrupt, and divulge how poor I am:
Or else my Pleasures, that so much inflame
My thoughts, will blab how full of sores I am:
Lord, keep me from my SELF, 'tis best for me
Never to own my SELF, if not in Thee."

So Christ becomes the center and the sun again. Ash Wednesday is no longer dark with sins bound on
our hearts and unforgiven, but rich with all the wonder of a new-found grace and love and over all the tones of darkness and of grief and hurt and sin, of being lost to God and found by self, there comes the joy of resurrection hope, of trumpets at the dawn, of “Christ is risen, Hallelujah,” of lost to self and being found by God, in Christ, of losing all the earth and going on and up to what are lasting joys, and singing as we go the songs which pilgrims sang once long ago about Jerusalem, the city fair and high, the golden place where we shall dwell forever with our Lord.

The singers have done many things besides giving a voice, and faith, and hope, to fearful and abandoned man. They have, by some strange magic of what song can do, brought reassurance, hope and faith into the world again. Go back five hundred years and you will find a call, a chant that sounds like gloom and beating of a jungle drum run through the churches of that dull and dreadful time before the Gospel found its light once more. And hear them now! The voices that were dead have found new life again. The faith that once was shrivelled up and dried has taken on new life, new color, and new sound. Evangelical preaching made music live again and to this day there are no greater sounds or songs than those which men could write and sing when the Gospel was new again and the Crucified risen, the city fair and high, the golden place where we shall dwell forever with our Lord.

No longer need a man stand ashamed and beaten and covered by the ashes of dark repentance and foul sin. No longer need a man cringe, as he entered great churches, under the picture of the Judging Christ—under the bold carvings in the tympanum which showed a stony, stern, and steely Christ to judge man as he stood before the heavenly throne and Christ’s all-seeing eye. No wonder men stood up to sing and tears streamed down their faces as they sang. They knew it now. Their God had not abandoned them nor left them to their fate and to their fears. The powers of hell who rode so boldly through the world and laughed, for all of this belonged to them—their voices dimmed and fell so strangely silent and could scarce be heard beneath the joy of men who sang as angels once had sung because they knew that Christ was come to save men from their sins.

So what can Christian culture give us for our songs today? A reason and a sound, a Man Who Died upon a cross, a hope that has its roots and glory in that Saviour King and in a Father-God—and words born out of man’s new understanding of his God, and of the love of God for him.

It is said that when Adam was driven out of Paradise, he kept one strange memory, and years later, as they stood beside him as he died, they asked the aged patriarch, “What is it that you have missed most of all these years you have been away from Paradise, unable to return?” And Adam answered in a whisper, “The trumpets at the dawn—I think I hear them now again. God is so good that you will hear them too when all His promises come true and He is born Who shall destroy the serpent’s power.”

THE PRINTERS

“When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel, the prophet, stand in the holy place (whoso readeth let him understand).” St. Matthew XXIV:15

Last night you handled a book or you read your paper or you listened to a news commentator who was reading from the quick print before him. What has Christian culture to do with the printers today? Think back to what Christian culture was before Gutenberg and his press.

Always there was the small group gathered about the costly hand-made manuscript. Never the larger circle that would cherish the word that was frozen there on the page to be image and movement and sound. Law was a local matter and justice waited for a better day. There was no way of reaching the masses except on the thin sound of the human voice. The sound could fade, the memory could fail, and then the glory was lost and the meaning was gone and faith became doubt again.

But a man worked hard and dreamed much. He was sure that somewhere there was a combination of metals that would not shrink too much when they were cast into the form of the little things that we call letters. Years and money and the patience of men almost ran out, but, somehow, he found it and the little lamp-black that he could save he made into an ink so black and good that his forty-two line Bible is a marvel even after five hundred years. And, out of little things like that—antimony and bismuth, added to lead, and lamp-black saved from the chimneys of Mainz, and a man refusing to be bound to the weakness of wood to make his letters, there came mass communication. The world became a university without buildings, a museum without walls, a voice of limitless range. Reformation became possible in the church, and true codes in the courts of law, and reading a skill of the peasant, when printing was born. It remained now only for the church and the world to grow up to the possibilities of this new medium.

What we know and what we read today is largely the gift of the printers. Christian culture, Christian education, the Christian university, the work of the Christian ministry—all would be almost unthinkable and impossible were it not for the fact that man had discovered by the grace of God the greatness that is in printing.

To this new device Christianity had to give a spirit
and a heart. Tragedy stalks every new power. It may be used for death and damnation as well as for glory and God and salvation. It may be used for plain gain, forgetting godliness, or it may be used for God, remembering Christ and His love and the cross and the destiny of men for heaven. Do you know the tragedy which Jerome K. Jerome talks about? He tells of the life of a man "who lost his own self; who saw himself slowly die, and knew that he was dead forever." The story has a good turn:

"Once upon a time there lived a poor boy. He had little in common with other children. He loved to wander by himself, to think and dream all day... Ever amid the babel of the swarming street, would he hear strong, silent voices, speaking to him as he walked, telling him of the work he would one day have entrusted to his hands—work for God such as is given to only the very few to do, work for the helping of God's children in the world, for the making of them stronger and truer and higher—and he would raise his boyish hands to heaven and pray that he might ever prove worthy of the trust...

"And so the years passed, and he became a man, and his labour lay ready to his hand.

"And then a foul demon came and tempted him—the demon that has killed many a man before, that will kill many a great man yet—the demon of worldly success. And the demon whispered evil words in his ear, and—God forgive him!—he listened.

"Of what good to you, think you, will it be, your writing mighty truths, and noble thoughts? What will the world pay for them? What has ever been the reward of the earth's greatest teachers and poets—the men who have given their lives to the best service of mankind—but neglect, scorn, and poverty?... Work for the world, and the world will pay you promptly; the wages the gods give are long delayed.'

"And the demon prevailed over him, and he fell!

"And, instead of being the servant of God, he became the slave of man. And he wrote for the multitude what they wanted to hear, and the multitude applauded and flung money at him, and as he would stoop to pick it up, he would grin and touch his cap, and then tell them how generous and noble they were...

"Thus he became rich, and famous, and great; and had fine clothes to wear and rich foods to eat, as the demon had promised him, and servants to wait on him, and horses, and carriages to ride in; and he would have been happy—as happy as such things can make a man—only that at the bottom of his desk there lay (and he had never had the courage to destroy them) a little pile of faded manuscripts written in a boyish hand, that would speak to him of a poor lad who had once paced the city's feet-worn stones, dreaming of no other greatness than that of being one of God's messengers to men, and who had died, and had been buried for all eternity, long years ago."

How often I have seen not only myself but my children and those after them walking in the midst of the confusion which is the blight of our time. We have this power that could be used for God and we have made men the center of it. What a tragedy and what a shame! What we have been able to make by the publication and the printing of the things of God is what is determining the destiny of the world today. We have not been able to print it fast enough nor well enough to keep joy alive, and so, many perish in their scars and cringe in shelters under the earth. Who has conceived this monster which is our terror or spawned this dragon which is our fear? It has arisen from the little black letters that ride over the pages of our books and our papers day by day, lines that have marched right off our pages to become the armies of our young men dying in the glory of their good young blood for ideals that never were out there on Calvary but only deep down in the black hearts of Annas and Caiaphas and Herod and Pilate and the hoarse crowd that cried out, "Crucify Him, crucify Him."

Too long we have forgotten gratitude and thanks to God. The Apostle standing unafraid in the face of death, singing it out, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ", has been replaced by a little, indefinite, indeterminate, confused group of men who write around and avoid the great central theme of the joy which we have in our Crucified and Risen Lord. Jean Ingelow's reminder is sorely needed again now:

"Take Joy home: And make a place in thine own heart for her. And give her time to grow, and cherish her. Then will she come and often sing to thee When thou art working in the furrows; aye, Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn. It is a comely fashion to be glad, Joy is the grace we say to God." Somewhere out in a mission field far away, where the whole idea of the love of Christ is the hope and the joy of only a few who have seen Him and know Him and love Him, and where the wall of dark and hate-filled heathen men looms large and strong against the men of God, there is a forward wall for Christ whose strength lies in the charm of books and words upon the printed page. What they can give to those despairing hearts depends in a very great measure on what we produce. Let no one thing, because we print so quickly and so cheaply and so much, that we have lost responsibility for what we say. The function of a great school or a great man, or a great publishing house, for that matter, are all very much the same. Their accountability is all Christian—all to the living God.
dom which they have to do the thing which they are doing is born out of that which Christ brought into the world. What we put into the hand of the printer today may be either the life eternal or the everlasting death of those who come after us. Nothing is unimportant. Everything has its dimension. God save us from the folly of forgetting and from the tears of remembering too late what Christians can do for the culture of our time as it runs on the printed page and goes out to all the world.

Print—press it clean and sharp upon the page
But see—the page is someone’s heart—
For good or ill you touch this dazzling age
And by your word you bind or tear apart—
So write and print—Eternity can wait—
The patience of our God is very great.

THE TEACHERS

“When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God.”—Hebrews V:12

We are all teachers. Come to the end of the little excursions into the realms of Christian culture, we realize how much in our life has depended on what we are taught and what we are teaching. As we said at the very beginning, Christian culture is here to hallow man's whole urge to live so that man does not lose his hope in life—to hallow man's whole urge to love so that he does not live for less than the highest and becomes content with levels lower than his best. Our teachers must hallow man's whole urge to learn so that that which is of God may keep its place. Man's whole urge to work must be hallowed by the way in which he is taught, so that the Saviour's challenge, “Work and pray,” will keep holiness alive in the world. The teachers must hallow man's whole urge to teach so that the world vision of the ascending Christ, “Go and preach the Gospel to every creature, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you,” may not die.

Christian culture is a holy balance—a standing straight in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. We are all teachers. That means that we are consecrators and hallowers of the ordinary things of life. We, the forgiven, must have the urge to forgive hallowed before the threat of the law and the doom of damnation dispels the glory of the Gospel. We, the redeemed, must have the urge to redemptive work hallowed lest it be grayed up and clouded over with legalism. We, the remembered of God, must be taught and teach the urge to remember others and their needs. We, the beloved of God, must have the urge to love hallowed in the way of the cross and the Saviour. We, the brethren of the first-born, must have the urge to widen the Kingdom's brotherhood in a truly hallowed way.

All culture will have an unholy fog upon it unless we keep clear before us these blessed and joyful duties and reach and hallow man's whole life with that which is God. Christian culture has made one of its greatest contributions in social science because in that field we have finally reached the ultimate in teaching by including the total being in the Gospel message. Nothing is unimportant when we begin to deal with the whole human being. As civilization has always been judged by the way it deals with the weak—with its women and children—so the teaching power of Christianity must be judged by the way in which it deals with those who come to us in need and pain and tears. Teachers who teach only the mind have been multiplied upon the earth and yet they are not enough if we listen to the hue and cry which goes up about the scarcity of teachers even for the minds of men.

Now the need for Christian culture is to produce the teachers of the mind and heart. We sometimes wonder what has happened to education in our day and time and, almost always, the answer comes: It has lost its hope. But the answer of Christianity to that has always been the answer of St. Peter in his first letter (I Peter 1:3)—“We are born anew unto a life of hope” (Moffat). And so we must ask the perfectly logical question, “What has killed hope in our time?” Hope has been killed

1) By an over-devotion to scientific method which has ended in the bitter intellectual disillusionment which lies like the shadow of a cloud over the joy that we have in our learning.
2) By absorption in material tasks that blots out the spiritual aspects of life.
3) By a bankruptcy of moral standards which is a very natural result when we have lost our landmarks in faith.
4) By the prophets of pessimism abroad in the land who are not yet sure who will win in the titanic struggle between good and evil and are always listening for news bulletins instead of for the surety that God has already triumphed in Christ.
5) By the terrible disillusionment of war and the bitterness of those who can now see all sides of the destruction and the pain and the loss and the shame which once we called the glory and the victory of war.

What is the answer? Surely nothing less than a demonstration, as it has been through all the ages, of the adequacy of Christ to the soul, the sufficiency of His cross and His redemption for the cleansing of the whole world and giving joy and hope again to all mankind. Hope can be revived again by a Gospel which truly frames in the self-sacrificial living of the individual and of society around him. Christian culture alone can bring back the spirit of adoption into the lives of men.
as they are taught what God can do when He touches the heart.

How can we show that we are really Christian in what we do as we teach the world a blessed way of life—Christ as the Way and the Truth and the Life? We do it when we preserve doggedly and gloriously the vision of the total church and look upon it, not as a nucleus of pious individualists active in the world for social betterment, but as a redeemed fellowship cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ and, therefore, the strongest, holiest, most hopeful group and organism in the whole world. We preserve our Christian culture well when we preserve a vivid sense of truth and the power of truth and the love of truth. Add to that a vivid sense of the presence and the transcendence of God and a confident self-giving of the whole man to God, and come finally to the holy realism which accepts human nature as it really is. That will give us a determination to make use of the raw material of man's sanctification wherever we find it without any reduction of the splendor of the supernatural destiny of human nature as it is revealed for us in Christ giving Himself—the Worthy One—for the unworthy.

You have become great, and the culture which you love is strong within you, when you have learned, in Christ, to meet the great verities of life—birth, suffering, joy, passion, sin, failure, loneliness, and death. Don't dodge them! Don't deny them! They were met in Christ for all the world to see and gain the surety that He had conquered and won them all. Now they must shine in paintings, sculpture, buildings, books and music until the Day when He shall come again.

At the death of Evelyn Underhill, the great English devotional writer, this prayer of hers was used. It is a good way to say what we would like to say about all of Christian culture and life and teaching. "O God, Who by the lives of those who love Thee dost refashion the souls of men, we give Thee thanks for the ministry of Thy servants, our teachers; in whose life and words Thy love and majesty were made known to us, whose loving spirit set our souls on fire—who learned from Thee the Shepherd's care for His sheep; grant that some measure of the spirit they received from Thee may fall on us who love them. We ask it for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen."

**STORM'S END**

Like antlers of a prancing deer
The windshorn branches shake
The slanting rain in dripping showers.
The skin tight sod, already open to its moist-bone rocks
Congeals its muddy wounds that flow in trickling streams
Along the hairy grass down to the sea.

The sun comes thrusting through the clouds
And tears the purple mists with flaming hands.
Yet tender fingered, spreads festoons
Of jeweled crowns upon the dewey heads
Of violets and clustered columbines.

Out of the bristling cliffs
A thorny pine tree filters sun-dust through
Its shuttling sieve of green
The amber drippings scatter dappled gold
Upon the heaving torso of the moss grown heath.

The speckled splendor rises on the wings of jays
And finches, singing to the joyous light.
The copper leaves and swinging acorn bells
All dangle shimmering designs and tinkled whisperings
Before the soft-gloved hands of evening hush
The ring of trembling pulses to a drowsy lull.

—ROCKWELL B. SCHAEFER
The artist, Edmund J. Sullivan, was the sketcher of current events for the *London Graphic*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and others. When he became an illustrator of Biblical stories, his marvelous sense of reality, his tremendous grip on human nature in all its modes, was a great asset. Among the more famous works which he illustrated were Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Sheridan's *Rivals*, Carlyle's *French Revolution* and many others. Late in life he began to turn his skills to Biblical subjects and gave them the same startling reality which had brought the other works to life. He remained essentially a draftsman and his works are etched with real vigor and fluidity.

In 1929 he set himself to illustrate the story of the Good Samaritan. In this etching he tries to depict the moment when the key question is being asked, "And who is my neighbor?" The opportunities to do good seem to surround him who asks the question. There is a cripple in the center foreground who needs help badly. He could have been helping with the boys at play; instead he tries to pose the question to which he feels there is no answer. As you look at the lawyer's face and gesture, you wonder whether he really wants to know or whether he is merely trying to save face by a diversion.

As for Jesus Himself, it seems that at first glance He is the center of a rough-house, but the artist has really made Jesus the personification of what Jesus is telling the lawyer about brotherliness to anyone who is near at hand.

The scene is along the shore of the Sea of Galilee. Judging by the shadows, it is already afternoon. The fishing boats have finished their work and are lying along the shore. The faces of the people are individually and very sharply drawn. All of them are interesting and definitely identified with people whom we know. There is clever drawing, a great deal of action, and a particularly graphic use of several hands, including those of the children.

This is clever drawing at its best and it gives us a fine insight into Jesus as teacher. He stands in the midst of a crowd of boys, each one engaged in pulling in some contrary direction. Perhaps he meant to symbolize that this type and group is still the hardest to teach but that they felt themselves perfectly at home with Jesus. It was a hard thing to draw a picture of this kind without putting any rebuke, by gesture or expression, into the lines of the Saviour's face and body. He is not pulling away from the boys; He is definitely a part of their tugging. He is their friend and always brings a good time when He is with them. He is trying to convey the idea that Jesus is never too busy, never cross, but only wants to help them to live their lives fully and happily, and keep them close to Him. Even when a learned discussion is taking place, He keeps them there for He knows that they will get something out of it.

Jesus, being involved in the play of the children, does not seem too bothered to think and to give a clear answer to the lawyer. All the faces in the picture look at Him. He must be giving a good answer.

The best teachings of our Lord were related directly to life and the living of life in all its richness. Our best applications of the Gospel often find their richest expression in the same way. The modern artist has caught that spirit and has given us many otherwise unattainable results simply by being perfectly honest. Edmund Sullivan, along with a great company of others in our modern time, has given the skill of his hands to a new understanding of the Gospel out in life, making contacts with common people, so that, by all means, they might find their way to the peace of knowing Jesus as Lord and Saviour.

**ARTICULATE**

She was one who loved to plant green things
In pots and boxes on a window sill--
Having lived so many inarticulate springs,
Having a thing to say, and having the will
But not the words. With words she might have said,
"My heart is broken with beauty, but the break is good,
For I have taken the night of stars to bed
And have borne the children of dreams." Yet she never could.

But once she planted a pear tree in a box
In the winter time, and once a wild plum;
And once she planted a whole bed of flox
And made a little summer with her green thumb.
She loved to plant green things—and they always grew--
For they were a kind of poetry she knew.

—DON MANKER

*The Cresset*
"And who is my neighbor?"
From the Chapel

In Memoriam: Paul Riedel, 1921-1956

By Jaroslav J. Pelikan
Assistant Professor of Historical Theology
Federated Theological Faculties
The University of Chicago

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Acts 26:19.

We have met here on this saint's day, when the Church commemorates the conversion of Paul the apostle, to celebrate the memory of a brother and colleague, Paul Riedel. Above and beyond the personal feelings and shock, too deep for words and too tender for tears, is the gratitude we bear for the way he was able to unite faith and scholarship in what may perhaps be best described by the words of this text as a "heavenly vision." It seems fitting in this place—the chapel where he was ordained, on the campus where he was trained—to ponder that vision and the faithfulness with which our brother Paul obeyed and sought it.

These words are taken from the third and last time that the Book of the Acts describes the event commemorated today. And the "heavenly vision" to which they refer is, first of all, the command of our Lord to His apostle recounted in the verses immediately preceding: "I send you to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a place among those who are sanctified by faith in Me." How St. Paul obeyed that command is the story of the mission and expansion of Christianity in the first century. For the coming of the heavenly vision meant the transformation of the man, the message, and the mission.

Paul the man was transformed by the heavenly vision into Paul the apostle, the witness of the resurrection; for as one born out of due time, he had been privileged to see the risen Lord. Despite his training under Gamaliel, he now found himself obedient to the heavenly vision in the message he preached on the basis of the Old Testament Scriptures. And whatever other plans he may have had for himself, he soon learned that obedience to the heavenly vision meant the transformation of his career into a mission in the name of the Lord who had come to him in the vision. Like his namesake, our brother Paul was also transformed by the heavenly vision. It affected the man, the message, and the mission. The career of Paul Riedel as a parish pastor was the obedience he yielded to the heavenly vision. What man's vision had strained to see but could not, what eye had not seen and ear had not heard—that was the unearned gift of the heavenly vision in Christ. And for our brother Paul the gift of that vision was a responsibility, Gabe became Aufgabe. The vision was dynamic, intended not only for contemplation but for communication.

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," St. Paul could say, and point to his bonds as proof of how far his obedience went. The freedom he had come to know in the Christ of the Damascus vision was an obedient freedom that made even his bonds irrelevant. One of the things I shall always treasure in my personal memory of our sainted brother Paul is the calm way he could view the things that disconcerted others, not because he did not care, and deeply, how they felt, but because he had been granted a singular measure of that rest and quietness for which we pray in the Collect for Peace, granted it in the heavenly vision. For him obedience to the heavenly vision meant a realization that the God who had raised our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead is a God whose ways no human excitement or malice will thwart.

But in the life of St. Paul the "heavenly vision" meant even more than the transformation of the man, the message, and the mission. It meant the glimpses he was afforded into a unity that shimmered above the darkling plain, as we have these glimpses documented in the first chapters of Ephesians and Colossians. For here St. Paul goes beyond the declarations of Romans and Galatians about the priority of the Gospel over the Law to the insight that what God has done in Christ is the key to the deepest mysteries of reality itself; for "in Him all things consist." This whole vision of a cosmic dimension to the work of God in Christ meant for St. Paul that the unity of the body of Christ, the Church, was a sort of microcosm of the unity of the world in Christ. And it would appear to be more than mere speculation when the Church found in the blessed Sacrament the link it needed between the two, the means by which the Church is incorporated into Him who holds all things together.

Thus the heavenly vision granted to St. Paul on the road meant, after many years and journeyings often, the unification of all his faith, thought, and experience in

The Cresset
the vision of the heavenly Christ. And so it was for our brother Paul as well. His own profoundly sacramental piety was joined with his keen and well trained mind in the quest for the ultimate implications of the heavenly vision. He was too humble and too well disciplined ever to settle for some facile caricature of the vision, and he knew that we see even the heavenly vision through a glass darkly. But he was convinced that obedience to the heavenly vision necessarily involved bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. It meant obediently—and therefore boldly!—moving from Romans 3 to Romans 8 to Ephesians 1 to Colossians 1, from justification by faith to the vision of the groaning creation to the Church as the elect body of the risen Lord to the unity of the Church in Christ as the key to the cosmos.

It is noteworthy that when he died our sainted brother was engaged in the task of helping theological students to grasp the implications of the heavenly vision not only for their personal lives and their message and mission, but for their view of the world and their intuitions of its fundamental meaning. What he had glimpsed by faith in the heavenly vision, what he had been given to see from time to time in proclamation of the Word and in the reception of the body and blood of Christ—that he has now been granted. And we who still must walk by faith rather than by sight will walk the more confidently for having walked with him, knowing that the divine Light that flashed in the Damascus vision upon the first Paul has now illumined the second Paul as well.

Requiescat ergo in pace, et lux perpetua luceat ei!

**TREE TRUNKS**

(From the French of Jules Supervielle)

A poplar under the stars
Of what avail.
And in the poplar a bird
Dreaming, his head under his wings' exile,
At once near and far away,
What can both of them do
In their vague alliance
Of leaves and feathers
To turn aside destiny.

Silence and the circle
Of forgetfulness protect them
Until the moment the sun
And memories rise.
Then the bird with his beak
Clips the thread of dreams inside him
And the tree spreads out its shade
Which will guard it all day.

—Translated by CHARLES GUENTHER

**Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.**

**By G. G.**

Dear Editor:

Say, have you heard of this new organization that has just been founded in Chicago? It's called the "Protest-of-the-Month Club" which I think is a pretty clever take-off on the different clubs like the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Fruit-of-the-Month Club and etc., but which has a serious purpose, that being to organize protests against various socialist and radical ideas. The idea is to enroll one million members who will write one letter each month against whatever the object of the month happens to be.

This month, for instance, we are going to protest against letting down the gates to foreigners who want to come to the United States and take jobs that ought to go to our own people. Next month we are going to protest against the income tax. In May we are going to protest against forced desegregation. In June we will protest against fluoridation of water. In July we protest against the United Nations; in August, against foreign aid; in September, against the closed shop; in October, against further extensions of Social Security; in November, against the draft; and in December, against mixing church and state.

The idea is that on the tenth of each month our national headquarters will send us a sample letter, along with a list of people to whom the letter should be sent, and we sit down then and write in our own words along the lines of what is suggested in the sample letter. If we can get a million people to do that every month, we really ought to be able to put a little pressure on people in the right places and maybe get a few things straightened out.

What we are going to be doing is simply fighting fire with fire. The Reds and pinkos and liberals have had things their own way all these years because they have been organized. So OK, those of us who still believe in individualism and free enterprise and the institutions of this country can organize, too. And maybe when the politicians find out that we include some of the most substantial people in the country they'll think twice before they cross us. At least, that's the hope.

Membership is open to any Protestant, white, native-born American.

Regards, etc.

G.G.
Paray and Barbirolli Do Commendable Work

By WALTER A. HANSEN

It is a common and, I believe, altogether tenable belief that French conductors do not, as a rule, present the music of Richard Wagner in complete accord with the composer’s wishes and intentions. The Gallic mind, it is said, is, by temperament and by environment, incapable of projecting itself properly into the Wagnerian manner of tonal expression.

But Paul Paray is a notable exception. His presentations of Wagner’s music are true to the spirit and the letter of the compositions. They have the proper sweep, power, and intenseness. To my thinking, Paray’s expositions of the mighty German tone poet’s music are unmistakably and indisputably Wagnerian in character and, as a result, in effectiveness.

Besides, Paray has the excellent Detroit Symphony Orchestra at his disposal—an orchestra capable in every way of complying successfully with his exacting demands. A recently issued disc (Mercury MG-50107) makes this convincingly apparent. Here Paray presents Dawn and Siegfried’s Rhine Journey, from The Twilight of the Gods; the enchantingly beautiful Siegfried Idyll, which was a birthday gift for Cosima, the composer’s wife, in 1870; the prelude to Parsifal; and the prelude to the third act of Tristan und Isolde.

Dawn and Siegfried’s Rhine Journey is an impressive tone poem. It is vividly picturesque. The Siegfried Idyll combines tenderness with graphic descriptiveness. Harold Lawrence, who wrote the program notes for the recording I am discussing, says that it is an “entirely uncharacteristic Wagner work.” I believe he is tragically wrong. In my opinion, the Siegfried Idyll is Wagnerian to the core. It is Wagner in a particularly tender mood. In addition to thematic material from his Siegfried, it contains the haunting melody of a German lullaby.

In the solemn prelude to Parsifal you hear the impressive Dresden Amen, which Felix Mendelssohn used with far less effectiveness in his somewhat barren Reformation Symphony. Since the prelude to the third act of Tristan und Isolde rarely appears on concert programs, it is good that Paray has recorded it for this disc.

Do you remember when John Barbirolli—now Sir John Barbirolli—was conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York? He had succeeded the late Arturo Toscanini. What a contrast! Barbirolli tried ever so hard. But he had not yet cut his eyeteeth as a conductor. I recall that on one occasion I was impelled to write that as leader of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York he saw through a glass, darkly.

But how Sir John has grown in wisdom and in stature! In 1943 he was appointed to lead the well-known Halle Orchestra of Manchester, England, and, as the years have gone by, he has become increasingly proficient in the art to which he has devoted his life. Today Sir John is infinitely more competent as a conductor than he was when, at the urging of shortsighted persons, he came to New York to succeed the great Toscanini.

England is proud of Sir Edward Elgar’s Enigma Variations, and it seems that Sir John has taken this fascinating composition to his heart. I believe one can say without fear of effective contradiction that his reading of the Enigma Variations is authoritative in the full sense of the word. In fact, it is better than Toscanini’s exposition of the composition. I say this on the basis of an acquaintance with both readings. Sir John is by no means a Toscanini, but the Halle Orchestra’s performance of the Enigma Variations under his leadership reflects the spirit of the work more effectively than the disc-presentation given under Toscanini.

On the opposite side of this disc (Mercury MG-50125) Sir John conducts a suite which he himself arranged from the “dramatick musick” of Henry Purcell.

SOME RECENT RECORDINGS

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. Symphony No. 4, in F Minor; No. 5, in E Minor; No. 6, in B Minor. The Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra under Eugen Mravinsky and Kurt Sanderling.—The orchestra is excellent; the performances are true to the letter and the spirit of the compositions (Decca). GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER. Louise. Presented by able singers with the orchestra and choirs of the Theatre National de l’Opera Comique of Paris.—A fine disc-presentation of this opera (Épique). Oistrakh Omnibus. David Oistrakh, one of the greatest violinists of our time, plays the violin concertos of Brahms and Tchaikovsky and Mozart’s Turkish Concerto with the Saxon State Orchestra, of Dresden, under Franz Konwitschny. Great artistry (Decca). FELIX MENDELSSOHN. Songs Without Words. Played in their entirety (fifty-one compositions) by Ania Dorfmann, pianist. I heartily recommend this three-disc album to all students of the piano (RCA Victor). The Violinist Composer. David Oistrakh, with Vladimir Yampolsky at the piano, plays compositions by Ysaye, Wieniawski, Sarasate, Kreisler, Vieuxtemps, and Paganini. Every student of the violin should listen again and again to these ideal performances (Decca).
BOOKS OF THE MONTH

A Scholar-Pastor Looks at War

A Review of Modern War and the American Churches by the Rev. Ralph Luther Moellering (American Press, $2.75)

Pastor Moellering takes a frankly "re-visionist" position on the events which culminated in Pearl Harbor. This means that he finds it difficult to determine whose was the greater responsibility for the so-called "sneak attack" of December 7, 1941: ours or the Japanese. With this position it is not necessary for the reviewer of this book to take issue (although in the main this reviewer believes that the Roosevelt administration conducted the affairs of the nation as wisely as limited human wisdom allowed in those difficult years) but it is necessary for an understanding of the book to recognize that it arose out of "misgivings regarding the wisdom and justice of American involvement in the Second World War." The attitude of American churchmen toward that war would, obviously, be one thing if the war was a "just" war, and something quite different if it was an "unjust" or morally uncertain war.

For the most part, however, the book is not concerned with what spokesmen for the churches should or should not have said, but with what they actually did say, before, during, and after the war. It will come as no particular surprise to those who are acquainted with the American religious scene to find that, in general, the churches reflected public opinion, abhorring war and questioning the wisdom of American involvement in it almost up to the dawn of December 1, 1941, then rallying to the flag after war was declared (usually with some qualms and earnest exhortations not to let the war plunge us all into barbarism), and finally, at the end of the war, expressing themselves as hopeful of a just and merciful peace with proper safeguards to ensure its permanence.

Lutheran readers will be chiefly interested in Pastor Moellering's analyses of the positions taken by official publications and influential spokesmen of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod and of the United Lutheran Church. Within the Missouri Synod, he finds pretty general agreement that when the government calls its citizens to a war which is not manifestly unjust it is the citizen's duty to comply, being careful always to avoid the temptation to hate the enemy and to fall into the sins which are thought to be especially characteristic of the military life. By implication, at least, he suggests that some of Missouri's spokesmen were a little more enthusiastic about the justice of our cause than they needed to be and he cites particularly the Armed Services Commission as an agency which "sometimes tended to identify the Allied cause with the righteousness of God and the Axis powers with Satanic evil." Later on, he suggests that Missouri's whole-hearted support of the war may have derived, at least in part, from memories of the First World War when many Lutherans of German descent were harassed because of suspicions of their loyalty.

An exception to the general rule was, in Pastor Moellering's judgment, the late Dr. Walter A. Maier. But one might ask, without wishing in any way to discredit the memory of the great evangelist, whether his reservations concerning the war were rooted in theology or in his distrust of the administration under which the war was fought. At any rate, as an evangelist Dr. Maier was concerned with the meaning of the war in the personal lives of his hearers rather than with the abstract question of whether or not it was theologically justifiable.

Certain observations by previous and present editors of the CRESET are noted also by Pastor Moellering. It would perhaps have been advisable for the author to warn readers outside Lutheranism that the CRESET is an unofficial publication whose views may or may not reflect the "official" views of the Missouri Synod. And in the cases of both the CRESET and the Lutheran Witness it should be noted that some of the differences in thinking reflected in editorials which appeared during the war and after the war must be ascribed to large-scale staff reorganizations rather than to changes in the position of any given editor.

Pastor Moellering concludes the section on the Missouri Synod with a set of theses which were presented by Dr. L.W. Spitz of Concordia Seminary in response to a resolution of the Synod's 1955 convention requesting "a theologian of our Church to prepare a clear and concise statement on 'A Christian's Attitude Towards War.'" In the judgment of this reviewer, these theses constitute a clear, concise, and Scripturally-defensible statement and we believe that they would be considered such by an overwhelming majority of the clergy and laity of the Church.

The United Lutheran Church, Pastor Moellering finds, allowed for a greater latitude of variant opinion than did the Missouri Synod. Without approving conscientious objection, the ULCA's executive board asserted that the church should safeguard the person who felt bound in conscience not to take arms. ULCA spokesmen, however, may judge by the examples cited by Pastor Moellering, ULCA spokesmen tended to deplore the fact of war, exhibited considerable disagreement as to how the Christian ought to meet the fact, and sought to focus the attention of their people upon the opportunities for establishing an enduring peace when the war should have ended. As far as this book indicates, the "official" stand of the ULCA was essentially the same as that of the Missouri Synod.

It is much more difficult to get any unified picture of the Roman Catholic attitude toward the war. Father Coughlin, at the one extreme, represented an isolationist, non-interventionist attitude, while Cardinal Spellman, at the other extreme, appeared then (as he does now) to have some difficulty distinguishing between the dogma of his church and the policies of his country. More thoughtful Roman Catholic opinion must, however, be praised for having raised its voice against Allied atrocities, against the use of the atomic bomb, and against the post-war Nuremberg travesty. Pastor Moellering summarizes the Roman Catholic position as "opportunistic."

The Protestant Episcopal Church, Pastor Moellering notes, "has historically followed approximately the same war ethics as those of Roman Catholics and Lutherans." The close ties of the Protestant Episcopal Church to the Church of England are thought, however, to have made Episcopalians more ready than were many of their fellow-countrymen to identify the Allied cause with the will of God.

Pastor Moellering notes also the positions of the Calvinist groups, the Methodist bodies, and certain groups of pacifist Christians. These positions, while important for an understanding of the total picture, need not detain us here since the official
utterances of these groups seldom reflect the unanimity of opinion that one finds more commonly in the liturgical churches.

About midway through the book, Pastor Moellering abandons the reporting job and embarks upon an exposition of his own thinking. It is his opinion that "the traditional Lutheran concept of the 'just war' ... as developed ... by men like Augustine, Luther, and Gerhard, needs to be reconsidered and modified in recognition of our changed world, the complicated problems arising from the deadly devices employed in modern warfare, and the interdependence and close proximity of the inhabitants of 'one world.'" He raises a number of "vexing questions" respecting the validity of our entry into World War II, and to the question of whether our participation in that war was justified he says that he finds it impossible to respond with an unqualified "yes." It seems fair to assume, on the basis of the book as a whole, that if a "yes" or a "no" were required, his answer would be "yes"—but with many qualifications.

Because of these scruples of conscience, Pastor Moellering believes that the American churches must be criticized for "not alerting their members more fully to the deception perpetrated during the pre-war years, and for not exerting a greater influence in preserving peace." "Before the war," he believes, "[the Christian's] opposition to it should have been firm and unyielding." The Christian who participated in the war could not have done so, he believes, "without feeling his own and the Church's complicity in the general guilt."

Most strongly of all does he condemn the acquiescence by silence of the churches in certain types of military strategy ("strategic bombing," "saturation bombing," "atomic bombing" and others) which were devised and executed by the "win-at-any-price" school of thinking. He condemns also the agreements made at Yalta and Potsdam, the abandonment of the Mikolajczyk government in Poland, the Morgenthau Plan, the abuses connected with the denazification process, and the war criminal trials in Nuremberg. And he asks where the voice of the church was when these things were happening.

With atomic warfare the order of the new, post-war day, Pastor Moellering confesses his inability to advise the churches how they can cope with the atomic threat or how they can guide the nations to peace. He does, however, warn against "the heresy which presumes that if the evil of Communism were destroyed there would be no more evil left in the world" and he calls for a deeper concern for the problems of war and a display of better judgment and discernment than the churches have shown in the past.

This reviewer has, for many years, observed and admired the pioneering work which Pastor Moellering has been doing in Chicago's cosmopolitan First Immanuel Church. During that same time, it has been this reviewer's unhappy lot to have to disagree with Pastor Moellering on certain questions involving the use of armed force in the settlement of international disputes. War, we will all grant, is an evil. The hates that are engendered by war are even more evil than the killing and destruction which war demands. For Christian and non-Christian alike, the temptation to identify his country's cause with the cause of decency or civilization or God Himself is a truly formidable one. And churchmen, no less than others, are all too readily inclined to convert the Lord of the Nations into a tribal deity whose countries find themselves at war.

But having granted all of that, dare we forget that the Christian who is simultaneously a justified man and a sinner is also simultaneously a citizen of the kingdom of the left hand and a citizen of the kingdom of the right hand? Recalling Professor Bertram's article in the February CRESSET on the implications of the Law and Gospel for the Christian who is a lawyer, we would ask whether on the question of war, also, it is not necessary to avoid combining unlike things and separating things that are like. Scripture offers us no reason to suppose that the proclamation of the love of God, however accomplished, would turn a dictator determined upon world domination from his purpose. Moreover, in the Providence of God, and for the sake of those whom he would make the object of his aggressive designs, we must become the agents of the wrath of God for him.

There is no implication, in all of this, that our cause is altogether just or that the purposes of the enemy are altogether evil. It may well be that the evil which he has embarked upon developed as a reaction to evils perpetrated against him in the past by ourselves or our allies. Surely we are all too experienced in the intricacies of world affairs by now to suppose that certain nations are white little ewe lambs and others big black bears, but that is just what makes it so hard to see where the path of Christian duty lies when the world bursts into flames.

Lacking (as Pastor Moellering admits) clear-cut Scriptural directives on the question of when we should and when we should not go to war, it seems to us that the wisest course to follow is to consult that "so great a cloud of witnesses" which we have in the Church, past and present. We do not assert any canonical authority for the historic Lutheran teachings but they do carry the authority of representing the best judgment of devout men of God and they are buttressed by a tradition of God-fearing men who have taken the "apostolate of the sword" as their vocation. We doubt that the development of new weapons or new technologies demands any radical re-thinking of the problem, for if one may justify the taking of one life in any particular war he may justify the taking of as many lives as are necessary to accomplish the purpose for which he went to war. There is, admittedly, the particular problem of the destruction of civilian life in modern war. To this, perhaps, the answer is that modern war has pointed up the stark reality that "no man is an island" and that no man henceforth can hope to benefit from a war without sharing in its risks. As a deterrent to reckless action, this consideration may prove more effective than anything church men or church publications might say.

But while it is possible to disagree with Pastor Moellering in some of his premises and conclusions, it is not, we think, possible in good conscience to refuse to come to grips with the questions he raises. In all probability, our nation will sooner or later find itself involved in another war. What, if anything, will the churches do or say to help stave it off? What, if anything, will the churches do or say, if war does break out, beyond the usual pious platitudes? And what, if anything, are the churches prepared to do or say right now about the organization of the world for peace?

JOHN STRIETELMEIER

RELIGION

MARTIN LUTHER: SAINT AND SINNER

Theodore J. Kleinheins (Concordia, $1.65)

Those readers who have earlier encountered Mr. Kleinheins' writing, in this journal or elsewhere, know what good and sprightly things to expect of him. He works the English language like a newsreel cameraman takes pictures. His shots are quick but they always manage to flash whole scenes—an entire person, a complete event, all that immediately matters in a given experience. His focus does not penetrate to the depths but it does dare to be bold and almost mischievously candid, catching at those surfaces which have instant human appeal. He has no time for gradual, easy transitions; he dashes your vision along at such a jaunty bounce, now here now there, that after the story is over you wonder how you could possibly have seen so much so soon and yet so effortlessly. His interest, always reportorial, is in
the happenings themselves and the anec-
dotes, not in commentary and editorial.
This makes for a brisk, appealing, and in-
formative run through the life of Luther.

To say the book is informative is not to
say, however, that it confines itself scrupu-
losely to the facts. Nor does it pretend to.
As its dust-jacket admits, it is a blend of
“history and imagination.” Herein lies
much of the book’s charm. The imaginative
daub here and there serves to hide the gaps
in the record and conveys to us a Luther
who, if he was not all this in fact, can still
be this in fond fancy.

Unfortunately, though, the charge of his-
torical inaccuracy goes beyond these harm-
less glosses of imagination and legend.
More serious are those passages which are
not only imaginative but plainly and de-
emonstrably incorrect. Knowing that Mr.
Kleinhans learned at least some of his
Reformation history from not less a scholar
than our teacher, Theodore Hoyer, this re-
viewer can think of only one plausible ex-
cuse for the book’s mistakes: In far-away
England, at the time of the book’s writing,
the author did not have access to Professor
Hoyer’s class-notes—a circumstance which
provides this American-based reviewer with
a distinct and perhaps unfair advantage.
The same leniency, however, does not ex-
tend to the book’s British publishers
(though the book bears Concordia’s im-
print, it was published in England), whose
editors should have been critical and help-
ful enough to catch these slips.

For example, on page nine, Martin is said
to be the second child born to Marg-
aret Luther and the first born to Hans,
his husband. If this is mere legend, as
Otto Scheel shows it to be, it is difficult to
see any reason for perpetuating it, exce-
pt perhaps to endow mother Margaret with
a little interesting off-color. On the next
page: “Hans was not the oldest son in the
family and would not inherit the farm.”
On the contrary, Hans would not inherit
the farm precisely because he was the old-
est son in the family. The practice in
this region was not primogeniture; rather
the parental home went to the family’s young-
est son. Next, Hans’ reason for moving
from Eisleben was probably not that “the
mines...closed that winter” (10) but that
the competition in the mines had become
too severe. Nor did the Augustinian monks
wear “brown” (12), but black. Though
Luther’s mother had lived in Moehra for
some years, it is not clear why she was living
there; Stauftitz states that Kleinhans has
especially occupied himself with the history
of the second. (16) Neither was Staupitz Luther’s
“confessor.” (26) To say that the castle
church at Wittenberg “was not unusual architec-
turally” and that “the duke attempted to win fame with a collection of relics” is, in the case of both statements,
true enough, but it is highly doubtful that

the first truth is the cause of the second.
(41) “Wittenburg” (51) should be “Wit-
tenberg.”

The chapter on the Leipzig Debate also
skews some of the facts. For instance, it
was not only that Miltitz had drawn a
promise from Luther “to publish no further
controversies until the current dispute was
decided.” (56) Rather Luther demanded
of Miltitz, as a condition of his own silence,
that also his opponents keep silent, until
the issue could be decided by a council.
If at this point the book had mentioned
Luther’s demand for a council, it would
thereby have helped the reader to under-
stand just why the question of papal and
conciliar authority loomed so large in the
debate, later on. It would also have ex-
plained more fully why Luther “leaped at
the opportunity” to debate (58)—because,
as he argued, Eck’s attack upon him was
a violation of the Miltitz agreement. Ac-
cordingly, what drew Luther into the de-
bate was not a mere “letter from Eck” sug-
gest ing Luther replace Carlstadt (57) but
the fact rather that the theses which Eck
had been publishing against Carlstadt were
not really against Carlstadt at all but quite
plainly against Luther and his Ninety-Five
Theses. Duke George was not nearly so re-
luctant to have Luther at the debate as the
book suggests he was, nor was the Leipzig
faculty (at least its theological faculty) so
willing. (58) The duke favored Luther’s
participation, only felt it was Eck’s respon-
sibility to invite Luther; the Leipzig theo-
logical faculty was so opposed to the de-
bate that they declined even to attend it.
The reader might gather from the book’s
presentation that Luther was involved in
the debate from its beginning on June
twenty-seventh (59)—actually he did not
step in until July fourth—or that it was
Luther—when in truth it was Eck—who
introduced the name and issue of John Hus
(62), or that Eck feared the theologians
because he feared the printed proceedings,
later on, might reveal his own mistakes
(60)—a historian’s suspicion which, at best,
would be hard to document.

These criticisms, however, (though they
could easily be multiplied) would be mis-
leading if they suggested that this book’s
historical inaccuracies are damning. In his-
tory generally, but in biography especially,
it takes more than names and dates and
places, however correct they may be, to
render a book either authentic or in-
authentic. It is this authentic more with
Luther’s personality, or in anyone’s personality, which
we ought to think of when we hear Lu-
ther’s phrase, “saint and sinner.” That of
 course would be a misreading of that Law
and Gospel which were Luther’s very life-
blood. Nor should one expect of this present
book that it be a technical theological in-
vestigation of Luther’s formula, “simul-
taneously a saint and a sinner.” The truth
is, though, that what there is here of Lu-
ther’s theology is authentically Luther’s.
Which means, not only that the theology
is employed as an explanation of the man,
but also that it recaptures that by which
the man himself was recaptured, the bibli-
 cal message whose Law laid him low and
whose Gospel restored him to righteousness
and life. To claim this kind of authenticity
for a Luther biography which is at the same
time popular and yet literate and yet brief,
is to claim for it an enviable uniqueness.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE VALPARAISO
UNIVERSITY INSTITUTE ON
HUMAN RELATIONS—1956

(The Lutheran Human Relations As-
sociation of America, $1.00)

Every summer for the past decade a
group of concerned people, drawn chiefly
from the membership of The Lutheran Church-
Missouri Synod, have gathered to
explore the problems arising out of racial
anomalies and to search for Scriptural
guidance in the area of race relations. In
1953 a group of these people formed the
Lutheran Human Relations Association of
America. The Association carries on a
broad program of education, a major ele-
ment in which is the sponsoring of an an-
nual Institute on Human Relations on the
campus of Valparaiso University. These
“Proceedings” are a partial record of the
Institute held in July, 1956.

The value of these “Proceedings” lies
chiefly in their many-faceted approach to
the problem of race relations. The very
practical and down-to-earth question of
integration within a Christian congrega-
tion, for instance, is dealt with by the
pastor and a panel of members of Hope
Memorial Lutheran Church, an integrated
congregation in Los Angeles. Legal and po-
itical implications of the Supreme Court’s
desegregation decision are suggested by
Professors Albert Wehling and Victor F.
Hoffman. Some basic principles “Toward
an Enlightened Christian Social Con-
science” are set down in an essay by the
Rev. Ralph L. Moellering of Chicago. A
generalized backdrop to the problem of
race relations in the United States is pro-
vided in an essay on the passing of Euro-
pean colonialism by John Strietelmeyer,
managing editor of the CRESSET. Inspi-
ration for getting on with the job of im-
proving relations between the races in the

MARCH, 1957
Church is provided in a sermon by Dr. Martin H. Scharlemann, a banquet address by Illinois State Representative Paul Simon, and a meditation by the Rev. Henry Fingerlin of Indianapolis.

The highlight of the Institute, and of these "Proceedings," is the first-hand account of the Montgomery (Alabama) bus boycott by the Rev. Robert Graetz whose courageous support of the boycott has, to date, paid off in two bombings of his home and an atmosphere of continual harassment.

Copies of the "Proceedings" should be ordered from Dr. Andrew Schulze, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. Dr. Schulze is executive secretary of the LIHRAA, editor of its publications, and one of the few truly prophetic figures in contemporary Lutheranism.

CHRIST AND YOUR JOB
By Alfred P. Klausler (Concordia, $1.50)

Pastor Klausler is especially well qualified to write this book. For many years, as editor of The Walther League Messenger, he has been intimately associated with young people. For an even longer period of time he has been an interested and knowledgeable observer of the American scene with an especially lively interest in social and economic problems.

The present volume will be especially helpful to young people who are faced with the necessity of choosing a job. They will not find here any of the oversimplified directives of the typical "How to" book, but they will find solid principles from which to proceed plus a considerable amount of concrete advice. Most of all, they will find an excellent brief statement of what work has meant in the past, what it means today, and what it can and ought to mean within the context of the Christian faith. Pastor Klausler is soundly Scriptural and soundly Lutheran in what he has to say about work as a vocation, and in emphasizing the role of worship in the Christian life and in asserting the need for explicit witness he restores a distinctively Lutheran emphasis which seems to be very little understood at least among large segments of the laity of the church.

It would not do justice to the merits of the book, though, to suggest that it is useful only to young people. In its analyses of the discontents which plague so many people in their work, in its discussions of conflicts which often arise between the Christian's job and his calling as a Christian, and in its evangelical treatment of the Christian's attitude toward and use of money it has much to say also to older people. One very important thing that it has to say is that the calling of God is a day-by-day calling and that it is incumbent upon the Christian to avail himself of every opportunity which presents itself to testify to the faith that he professes. The chapter on the relations of the Christian to persons of other races is an eloquent plea for a living testimony in an area which badly needs the illumination which Christians can bring to it from the Gospel.

One could wish that every young man and woman in the church would have the opportunity to read this book. It is one of the real tragedies of our day that a thoroughly secularized attitude toward work has made deep inroads into all of the churches and that, as a result, Christian young people lose sight not only of the sacredness of work as a calling from God but also of the dignity and the rewards of work well and faithfully done for lesser motives. The preoccupation of so many people with security, with short hours and high pay, with fringe benefits of one kind and another all go to demonstrate an attitude of boredom, if not actual hostility, toward work. It may be expected that this way of looking upon work as a kind of necessary evil will be intensified by increasing automation. If so, we shall end up with even more discontent, more frustration, and more sheer ennui than we have today.

Even the non-Christian, who may not be able to accept Pastor Klausler's theological arguments for work as a divine vocation, might benefit greatly from catching a fresh glimpse of work as a form of constructive use of energy, having within itself the capacity to satisfy one of man's most basic needs, the need to be doing something constructive. Many a man, Christian or non-Christian, would find a whole new world opening up before him if, like the garbage-collector cited by Pastor Klausler, he could approach his job with the attitude: "It's fun doing a good job. Why shouldn't I do the best I can?"

SKETCHES OF CHRIST FROM A CHINESE BRUSH
By Shek Kai-nung, text by Olaf K. Skinsnes (Augsburg, $1.50)

Most of us find no difficulty in picturing our Lord and His contemporaries in the garb of medieval gentlemen of German or Italian nationality. The great medieval and post-medieval painters succeeded so well, indeed, in assimilating the Gospel figures to their own cultural surroundings that most of us would be just a little shocked if someone pictured either the Savior or His disciples as too obviously Jewish.

It would seem to follow, therefore, that if we can concede the European the right to picture our Lord as a European we ought to be willing to concede the Asiatic the right to picture Him as an Oriental.

And when an artist does so with the grace and charm that Shek Kai-nung exhibits the result is both reverent and delightful.

Shek, or Johnny Shek, is a student in art at St. Olaf College, and he undertook the present project to tell the story of our Lord's life and works in an idiom which would be meaningful to his countrymen. Dr. Skinsnes has prefaced the sketches with an excellent introduction to Chinese painting.

The sketches are grouped into three sets illustrating, respectively, the Christmas story, the account of the Passion, and the events of the Resurrection. Each illustration is accompanied by the Scriptural record, in English and in Chinese.

GENERAL
JOHN FILSON OF KENTUCKE
By John Walton (University of Kentucky Press, $4.00)

Occasionally a scholarly book published by one of the University presses possesses qualities which make it appealing to a much wider audience than scholarly books usually enjoy. John Walton's biography of John Filson, early Kentucky surveyor, schoolmaster, and author, and one of the founders of the city of Cincinnati, is such a book. Mr. Walton's scholarship is painstaking; his documentation is full and exact; yet his clear, urbane, and at times delightfully witty narrative is never impeded by his scholarly apparatus.

The first chapter, in which Mr. Walton patiently traces Filson's ancestry, is an illustration both of the author's painstaking research and of his complete control of his materials. All the pertinent genealogical facts are presented and evaluated; yet the reader is never confused, but is always skillfully guided along the man trail by the author. The fifth chapter, on the legend of Daniel Boone, is of especial appeal to the general reader, for John Filson was not only the friend and associate of Boone, but the first biographer of the intrepid, restless frontiersman who has become the prototype of American frontier legends.

Mr. Walton's summation of Filson's character at the end of the eighth chapter will give the reader a good idea of the sound evaluations to be found in this biography, as well as of the fine prose style in which the book is written:

Outside the classroom Filson bore many of the stereotyped characteristics of the pedagogue. Pedantic, didactic, and trivial, he was often irritating and even ludicrous to his contemporaries. But he was probably not more typical of the frontier schoolmaster than he was of any of the frontiersmen. Although he was always on the verge of
poverty, he was bold in his financial venture. His interests prepared him for a sedentary life, but he displayed the inexhaustible physical energy of a wilderness scout. And although he was infatuated with the raw frontier, his tastes, if somewhat baroque, remained elegant. As the first wandering intellectual in the new Kentucky settlements he was a worthy forerunner of Audubon and Rafinesque.

*John Fison of Kentucky* is a beautifully printed book, with clear type and generous margins. The reproduction of Fison's map printed in the book, with clear type and generous margins. The reproduction of Fison's map is itself a valuable collector's item. Anyone and Illinois will enjoy reading this book, and all collectors of Americana will be proud to own it.

**MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING**

By Marian Anderson (Viking, $5.00)

There are those who would call Miss Anderson the greatest woman of our century. Others, less fulsome in their admiration for the lady, would place her among the ten greatest women of the century. But in any case, the word that comes immediately to mind when Miss Anderson is mentioned is the word, "great."

The years have left their mark upon Miss Anderson's magnificent contralto voice, as they do upon all things human. But in her prime she sang like no one else on land or sea and even in her decline she still has the capacity to stir profoundly those who hear her. So one looks forward to reading her autobiography in the hope that perhaps it will offer some clue to this phenomenon which has graced our concert halls these many years.

It is no discredit to Miss Anderson's writing to say that she tells her story with apparent honesty, with grace, and with good humor but that she preserves throughout that decent reticence which one would expect of a great lady. We know about the pleasures and difficulties of her early years, we know of her deep attachment to her mother and of her happy home life with her architect husband, we get a glimpse of her profoundly religious nature, we follow the progress of her career, we get some insight into the hurts that came her way because of her race, but at the end of it all she is still Miss Anderson. And perhaps it is just as well. The world needs a few people whose first names are not common property.

The one thing that struck us most forcibly in this autobiography was Miss Anderson's refusal to allow the annoyances which she has had to put up with as a Negro to embitter her or to harden her. She notes that "some people have wondered why I did not decide to make my permanent home in Europe, which had accepted me, as others of my group had done on occasion." Her answer is brief, apt, and to the point: "I was—and am—an American."

**REPRIEVE**

By John Resko (Doubleday, $3.75)

For his part in a hold-up in which a man was killed, John Resko, then 19 years old, was sentenced to die in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison. One hour before his scheduled electrocution, he received a reprieve. Twice more he was scheduled to die and then reprieved before his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. He was transferred from Sing Sing to Dannemora prison where he spent the next 18 years.

During his imprisonment, Resko became interested in painting and conducted a course for the other inmates. His work came to the attention of influential persons in the outside world who began working for his release. After several years of hope and disappointment, Resko left Dannemora a free man.

This is an account of those 19 years in prison, from the Death House at Sing Sing to Dannemora in the years when it was one of the toughest prisons in the country. The author must be the only man ever to escape the electric chair and write about it, and his story of that year in Sing Sing is an extremely gripping one. While his insights on life and his descriptions of the characters in Dannemora prove interesting, one does not sense the boredom that must be the main part of every inmate's life. But perhaps the author escaped these feelings because of his interest in painting.

**PIRATE**

By A.B.C. Whipple (Doubleday, $4.50)

Along with a dozen fascinating stories on some of the better known pirates, A.B.C. Whipple, an editor of *Life*, includes some interesting and little-known information on the field of piracy. In the latter category is the information that pirate captains were elected to their jobs and could be removed by a democratic vote of the crew, that the custom of "walking the plank" was unknown to these men, and that the differences between pirates, privateers, and buccaneers, terms often used synonymously, are many.

This is an exciting account on some of the most bizarre characters ever to sail the seas. It is light, often humorous, and it is aimed at the amateur, not the student of piracy. For those who have ever felt the urge to dig for buried treasure, Mr. Whipple devotes a chapter on locations where it might be found.

**THE ANTI-STALIN CAMPAIGN AND INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM**

Edited by the Russian Institute of Columbia University (The Columbia University Press, $1.75)

Although this collection of documents appeared some eight months ago, its value has increased almost daily as the masters of the Kremlin and their various stooges have twisted and squirmed along the party line. During just these few short months, Stalin has gone from hero to ogre and back again to something at least respectable. What he will be tomorrow no one knows.

The most important and also the most fascinating document in the collection is, of course, Nikita Khrushchev's bombshell speech on the "Cult of the Individual" which he delivered almost exactly a year ago. It was in this speech that Stalin was stripped of his divinity and cast into the ideological outer darkness. The perceptive reader will observe that this speech not only put Stalin in his place but also placed the sign of the heretic upon the so-called Stalinist clique in the Soviet hierarchy.

The other documents in the collection are chiefly editorials and statements by Communist leaders and publications in other countries. Paris' L'Humanite, for instance, as late as June 18, seemed still a bit uncertain as to just what the new line was supposed to be. On the one hand, it speaks of "the grave mistakes" committed by Stalin. On the other hand, it did not feel that Stalin alone ought to be blamed for every negative act of the CPSU. Eugene Dennis, in the New York Daily Worker (June 18, 1956), concedes that Khrushchev's speech was a shocking eye-opener but he quickly averts his eyes from Stalin's excesses to the alleged excesses of public figures in our own life. Palmiro Togliatti, in a speech to the central committee of the Italian Communist Party (reported in *L'Unita*, June 26, 1956) chose to accentuate the positive: "Considering the way in which we have striven to organize our party, to orient it and to direct it as regards its problems and internal life, it can also be asserted that there has been an attempt actually to overcome many of the defects which the criticisms of Stalin are laying bare."

What emerges from an intensive reading of these documents is a feeling of nausea. One encounters here either abysmal naivete or what St. Paul so aptly called "willing ignorance." What makes it all so tragic is that there was a time when Communism, in its ideological and economic implications, won the respect and loyalty of some pretty fine and decent people who saw in it an alternative to manifestly rotten and superannuated systems. If any of these early-
idealistic Communists were still around in February of 1956, they must have suffered agonies when all of the charges and rumors and complaints that had been levelled against the Stalin regime by its enemies were confirmed by its successors. One wonders, of course, how blind a man has to be to fail to see these things for himself but one can feel a great deal of pity for those who are deprived even of their blindness in a world which they are afraid to see as it is.

THE UGGLIANS
By L.M. Fallaw (Philosophical Library, $3.00)

Satire can be a very effective device when one understands the thing he is trying to satirize. L.M. Fallaw, whoever he is, has attempted in this book a satirical expose of the Christian Faith and of American culture. What he has succeeded in doing is exhibiting how meagre is his knowledge of Christian theology and how superficial is his understanding of American institutions and folkways.

What he does is play like this big black African, Ugg I, comes paddling across the Atlantic to convert Americans to his homemade religion. In what was probably intended to be a take-off on Billy Graham's evangelistic campaigns, Ugg stirs up the people of New York and gets to be quite a celebrity with a newspaper column of his own and a following of female neurotics. Problems develop with the Income Tax people and with the police (something about boiling the mayor) and Ugg ends up in jail. He chooses to pitch his defense on the grounds of freedom of religion rather than insanity, and the book closes with Ugg waiting for the decision of the jury.

We don't know what the jury decided, but if they had a chance to read this book there can be little doubt that Ugg was hanged and his author sentenced to ten years' reading of the Summa, the Weimar Ausgabe, and the Institutes of the Christian Religion—none of which, quite obviously, he had ever read before.

FICTION

THE VICARIOUS YEARS
By John van Druten (Scribners, $3.00)

John van Druten, best known as the author of Bell, Book and Candle, The Voice of the Turtle, and other successful plays, demonstrates in The Vicarious Years that he is a skilled novelist as well as a distinguished dramatist. After much of the current fiction, this little novel is as welcome as the first sign of spring after a long winter.

In the preface Mr. van Druten says: "There was once a boy named Teddy Attridge, who was born in London more than fifty years ago. There is now a man named Edward Attridge, who lives in Connecticut and is the author of a number of fairly successful books and plays. It took a long series of events to turn the one person into the other. If I were to put down an account of those events, the result would be an autobiography. But that is not what I am setting out to write. This is a voyage of discovery on which I am embarking, an exploration of that portion of my life which, as I look back on it, seems to have been lived almost exclusively at second-hand. . . ." In order to find out when and why his vicarious years ended, Edward relives his formative years as Teddy. From childhood beyond adolescence he sees everything through the eyes of others. The people who influence his opinions most are: his mother, two cousins, and two friends. As the story unfolds, they and Teddy become as real to the reader's own family and friends. It is not until Teddy realizes that he has always judged by other people's standards that his growing-up begins and his vicarious years are over.

This voyage of discovery is a moving and charming story. We hope that we shall be able to accompany Mr. van Druten on another journey before too long.

CARLENE BARTLET

BERICO'S DAUGHTERS
By Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday, $3.95)

With Jericho's Daughters Paul Wellman closes the saga of Jericho, a typical midwestern town in Kansas. His previous books, The Bowl of Brass, The Walls of Jericho and The Chain have taken readers through years of living in this provincial town. This story set in the present, concerns the lives of two of the women whose heritage is Jericho.

One of the most striking aspects of this novel is Mr. Wellman's emphasis on the strengths of these women and the weaknesses of their male counterparts. Seldom have I noticed a male author's concentration on the power of women to the exclusion of a like balance in men.

There is Mary Agnes Wedge, wife of Wistart Wedge, newspaper publisher, almost unbelievably selfish, powerful because of her position and influence. There is Grey Rutledge, sweetheart of Wistart Wedge, strong in her uncompromising principles and forceful in her kindness. There is Mrs. Simon Bolivar Butford, the social leader of the community dominant and staid.

The novel does not follow a straight narrative form but takes up the struggles and encounters of each of these women in adjusting to her situation.

Wistart Wedge completely submerged under the influence of a dominating mother and ruthless wife pathetically struggles for any measure of happiness. Erskine DeLacey an artist, temporarily has a hold over Mary Agnes but is eventually another pawn in the hands of these influences.

Although the author's intention is to develop these characters in a decadent situation, it did seem to me that the plot lacked a central theme or message.

Each of these worldly characters sees his own situation as a focal point for the entire town and the author presents many incidents from these diverse points of view. In spite of this realistic quality, however, the characters are sometimes unconvinving.

The book will no doubt go down as another attempt to describe conditions in a small American town in the mid-twentieth century.

JOSEPHINE L. FERGUSON

THE TRUMPET OF GOD
By David Duncan (Doubleday, $4.50)

In The Trumpet of God, David Duncan describes the phenomenal journey made by one youthful group of the strange Thirteenth Century Children's Crusade.

Led by a German peasant boy, Ulric, who believes that he has been chosen by God for this mission, thousands of children embark at Cologne to carry the Cross to Jerusalem. They are confident that they will win by peace what their elders lost by the sword. The towns and villages through which they pass are drained of children who eagerly join the movement because they find the appeal of the crusaders irresistible. Chanting 'Make way for God and Ulric,' the multitude sweeps on gloriously, unaware of the hardships they will encounter when they try to cross the Alps. Desertsions, accidents, starvation and disease soon plague them. By the time they reach Ravenna, where they foolishly believe the sea will part for them, their number is reduced to a small ragged company. The Pope denies their request for a ship, their last hope of success, and so at Rome the journey ends.

Mr. Duncan's novel offers nothing other than a good subject. However, because of the mystery that surrounds the Children's Crusade, many will find The Trumpet of God interesting reading.

CARLENE BARTLET
The department of government at Valparaiso University cooperates with the state and national Citizenship Clearing House in carrying on modified field programs in connection with class-room activity. The field program highlights regional conferences on politics, legislative and political seminars, and legislative and political internships.

During the first week in February five students and this columnist attended a students' legislative seminar held in connection with the sessions of the Indiana General Assembly at Indianapolis. For me personally there are some real advantages to such a program. For two days five students and an instructor were thrown together in the same car, in the same hotel rooms, at the same meals, and in the same meetings. The students and instructor were forced to come to an understanding of one another. The instructor certainly learned that he can no longer keep up with the endurance of youth.

If nothing else had been done except to visit Indianapolis during the sessions of the General Assembly, the trip would have been worthwhile. Much could be learned simply by standing around and watching. As we stood in the lobby of the Claypool Hotel, the political headquarters of Indiana, or in the statehouse, we could watch political figures of prominence rush about or carry on spirited conversations. Over at the statehouse, political figures of all kinds moved from room to room, from floor to floor, and from one group to another. For example, a chairman of a state political party stopped and talked to my fellows, passed the time of the day, and gave a short lecture to them on party politics and democracy. Our group hit "Naptown" just as controversial issues emerged from committee deliberations: the highest budget in Indiana history, the right to work law, a northern Indiana harbor bill, and the question of time. Under foot were "umpteen" high school classes and child pages to add to both the organized and unorganized confusion. To the discerning person, however, the confusion was only on the surface for in reality hard and organized work for solid legislation was in progress.

In addition, our fellows got to meet a lot of people. They associated with students and professors from other Hoosier schools. It seemed to me that a "measuring up" process was going on. Implicit questions were being asked: what do these other students and instructors have that we do not have? are we as sophisticated and matured as people from other schools? do our instructors measure up to members of other faculties? These are conceited, but inevitable, questions and really ought always to be asked.

But the legislative seminar was more than a conducted tour of the Claypool Hotel and the statehouse. Some fifty students met in session after session with the important figures of Hoosier politics. A member of the budget committee of the House of Representatives had just got his ears pinned back and was in a mood of restrained irritation when he talked to the legislative seminar. The citizens of Indiana seemed to be demanding more services and the governor and his legislative leaders were trying to force reduction of taxes. A marriage of two such policies cannot long endure. The seminar was treated to an interesting and friendly discussion on the right to work law which has already been passed in seventeen states. Lobbyists, administrators, men, women, politicians, party workers, and legislators from both houses spent time with the seminar.

The highlight of the seminar, in the opinion of most of the students, was the appearance of the governor of Indiana at a breakfast session. Governor Harold Handley, newly elected as a Republican, came to the breakfast alone and with no political entourage of followers. He came in quietly and in a friendly manner. We were all impressed with this. We all asked ourselves the significant question: if we had been in the governor's shoes, would we have come down early in the morning just to speak to a group of college students? Most of the students do not vote in the state. They do not have to be appealed to for legislative policy. The governor according to Indiana law cannot succeed himself. As far as we could see, there was nothing in the appearance for the political career of Handley.

The governor spoke to the students in a language all could understand about the problems of the governor, especially those of a newly elected governor. He was humble and direct. I personally liked his humility and directness. The students, so to speak, "ate it up."
We know that Ludwig van Beethoven was a fearless and outspoken champion of the rights of the common man. To him tyranny, oppression, and injustice were festering sores on the face of civilization. The great composer's passionate love of freedom and his high aspirations for man are forcefully expressed in *Fidelio*, his one and only opera. This made *Fidelio* an ideal framework for *Call to Freedom*, a deeply moving drama produced by Henry Solomon for NBC's Project 20. Here Beethoven's immortal music was used with telling effectiveness to typify Austria's long struggle for freedom—a struggle which had its culmination in the reopening of the rebuilt Vienna Opera House in November 1955. The restored opera house stands as a symbol of Austria's new independence and of her bright hopes for the future.

Beethoven's magnificent music, superbly performed by world-renowned artists, together with a good script and fascinating excerpts from old film strips depicting historic events, combined to make *Call to Freedom* a memorable program.

NBC scored another notable artistic triumph in the telecast presentation of the American premiere of Sergei Prokofieff's opera *War and Peace*. Although the gifted Soviet composer did little more than touch on the sweep and the philosophic depth of Tolstoy's classic tale, he has given us a vital and absorbing work—a work in which music and action are admirably integrated. The entire production of *War and Peace* was on a high artistic level—brilliantly conceived and brilliantly executed by a cast made up of outstanding singers and by a fine orchestra.

More than 2,000 years have passed since *Oedipus Rex* was presented for the first time. The world premiere took place on a sunny hillside in ancient Athens. Recently an abbreviated English version of Sophocles' dark and somber tragedy was telecast by ABC. It was performed with notable success by the Shakespearean Festival Players of Stratford, Ontario, Canada, under the direction of Alan Schneider.

A fine screen version of *Oedipus Rex* (Motion Picture Distributors, Inc.), played by the same cast under the direction of Tyrone Guthrie, is currently being shown in so-called art theaters in many cities. The translation into English is by W. B. Yeats. Gilbert Seldes has called this film "one of the handful of great movies ever made."

The day was dark and reary. Streets and sidewalks coated with snow and ice made my hour-long bus trip to the theater a hazardous undertaking. Inside the theater all the discomforts of a St. Louis winter were quickly forgotten as I came under the spell of one of the most enchanting musical comedies of our day. *Oklahoma!* (20th Century-Fox, Fred Zinnemann) is delightful entertainment. Even after fourteen years the musical score remains fresh and appealing. The rustic settings are beautifully photographed in technicolor. Every player in the all-star cast is in excellent voice. The direction is smooth and well paced.

The original screen version of *Oklahoma!* was photographed by the new Todd-AO process and has been playing in New York City for more than a year. General release of the film was delayed because theater managers were unwilling to install the costly equipment required to show Todd-AO presentations. The screen version now being shown was filmed in Cinemascope. It seems to me that *Oklahoma!* represents the famous team of Rodgers and Hammerstein at its scintillating best.

A sharp contrast to the gay and exuberant charm of *Oklahoma!* is to be found in the ugly and depressing quality of the highly controversial *Baby Doll* (Warners), directed by Elia Kazan from an original script by Tennessee Williams. The arguments for and against this sordid tale of squalor and moral decay have been widely publicized. There is no need to go into them here. It seems to me that the discriminating movie-goer must be repelled and disgusted by *Baby Doll*. The characters are shallow and unresolved; they are morally and spiritually sick. The settings are stark and ugly in their presentation of a stratum of society which has gone to seed, and the action is best described as pathological rather than pornographic. The reaction of the audience seemed to indicate that I was not alone in my conclusions. There was very little laughter—even during the most flagrantly prurient scenes. After all, the antics of the mentally ill are not amusing. The stellar cast assembled for *Baby Doll* acquits itself with distinction.

*The Iron Petticoat* (M-G-M, Ralph Thomas) presents Katharine Hepburn and Bob Hope in a vapid but reasonably amusing comedy.

Miss Hepburn is costarred with Burt Lancaster in *The Rainmaker* (Paramount, Joseph Anthony) an engaging story about a small-town spinster and a brash confidence man.
Prefatory Note

Calvary is a mosaic of Christmas ribbon, shed blood, thorns and Easter lilies; Calvary is the entire magnificence of God’s mind, the pain which forged from Jesus’ lips these seven multicolored words. And Lent is best seen through the prism of Calvary’s passionate sentences, for nowhere is our Lord’s life woven with such shattering reality, with such varied color, as in His words from the Cross.

An attempt to capture this reality in verse must be tinted with the prism-colors of His passion. Thus, the idea of a prism and its seven colors bent together to form a whole—the white hope which is never far from His blood.

There is a deeper integration, neither logical nor climactic but emotional: the pathos and tragedy out of which these soft and sometimes terrifying words were born. And there is an inner organization or theme, the sinews of the poem, which is concerned with man’s need for identity with the crucifiers as well as with the Crucified.

Man must also feel the immediacy of his evil, he must know that prayer and repentance form the prime colors of Lent’s spectra. Yet in the near background is always a violet among the weeds: God’s ultimate power to direct and resurrect.

Although to different eyes Christ’s Seven Words may appear in different colors, we may trust their unity to bend unfailingly into the white of Easter lilies . . . and everything they symbolize.

I. Who will stop to bleed in the shadows of His creed? no man can earn but all may own He only seeks our hearts again
But who can endure this tender instant?

Woman, behold your son. Behold your mother.

There is a thimble of time for faithful feet to follow His conquering blood into a life whose death is Death’s defeat

II. Shall we confess this Passion under pineapples of light chalking weary sidewalks or in talk and legislation?

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. His rolled stone buries Death over those who kill God but do not worry

Our souls are citiesnows no man dare propose to purify souls crying hymns against their Lord and luring Pilate on with CrucifyCRUCIFY Him

Can hands so colored quiz a heart as white as His?

III. The nails piercing His skin began to conquer when God’s Son appeared in the stable of a crowded Inn

Some would say Sorrow without tears is vain If only words could weep

But for baptism

O Lord char my soul white with light from your own pure stars

MARCH, 1957
"IT IS FINISHED"

If a group of thoughtful people in the modern world were asked the question: What is the greatest tragedy and most continuing sorrow in life? there would at first be many different answers. Some would point to the fear of death both for themselves and for those whom they love. Others would be quite sure that the steady, relentless weight of financial worry is more tragic for the human spirit than any other single thing. And still others would point to the loss of friends who were on the way with us for a little while and then went away again. Perhaps many, under the storm and stress of modern life, would mention the secret fears of humanity, the inward hidden hurt, the fears and anxieties which men and women try to hide from themselves and from one another.

As the discussion proceeded, however, it is entirely possible that the group would agree that the most tragic thing in the modern world is its sense of incompleteness, of unfinished tasks, of things that men would like to do and cannot do. This is, of course, a characteristic of human life throughout the ages. There is always a profound sense of loose ends and frayed edges in all men and women who are aware of the undertones of life and living.

In all the long story of man's life on earth there is only one exception to this general rule. Once, and only once, in the long story of human completeness there was one task that was done—completely, finally, absolutely—by every standard of measurement human or divine. The work of our Lord from the first cry in the manger to the last cry on the Cross was a divine symphony coming to its final and inevitable end. In a single stroke His cry, "It is Finished," transformed our human sense of incompleteness, our unfinished lives, our loose ends and frayed edges, into something new, holy, complete, and eternal.

In order to understand that one must look at Good Friday more closely. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The hour of the end. The crowd had become more quiet. It was awed into silence by the strange noonday darkness and by the words of the Man on the Cross in the center. Men always grow still when they are face to face with death. Suddenly, into the mid-afternoon stillness, came the cry, "It is Finished." This was the cry of a Worker whose work is done, of a Soldier whose victory is won, of a Savior whose purposes had been accomplished. The Son of Mary was going home leaving no chips in His shop, and the Son of God was returning to glory leaving no souls unredeemed. Here on Good Friday we have the cry of finished redemption, of accomplished atonement. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself! To many in the modern world—both within the Church and beyond its borders—all this does not mean very much. It has been worn by much use. Its meaning has been darkened by centuries of unbelief and mockery. It is time for us to see as the world balances on the edge of darkness that this is the greatest truth in all history.

In one moment it restores the ancient, divine, and eternal balance between justice and mercy. Let modern man never forget that the justice of God demands punishment for sin. There is no way of getting around that. The figure of divine justice is not blindfolded. It sees sin in all its horror and blackness. There is no evasion of it. There is no getting away from it under the sobbing sky.

The Cross, however, also tells us something else. God does not only see sin, but He also sees the sinner. He sees him only in mercy. Since the cry of our Lord, "It is Finished," there is now a perfect balance between justice and mercy. Everything is tied together. There are no frayed edges and loose ends. Everything is done. Justice and mercy have met. This is final.

Our Lord has in His grip also these days, and these years, and what we have done to one another and to Him. His is the power of a finished task and a completed redemption. Let the modern world see that power and that mercy, and we shall have one more chance from the hand of God to find our way out of the noise and confusion of our anxious years.