

Announcer: Duke University Chapel service of worship. Third Sunday after Epiphany Day, January 23, 1977. (organ music) (organ music) (organ music) (choir singing) (organ music) (choir singing)

Preacher: The word of God tells us, "You shall love the Lord your God "with all your heart and soul and mind and strength, "and your neighbor as yourself." Let us together now confess our failure to fulfill that word to us, that we might be forgiven and find new strength for the living of these days. Let us confess our sin. Oh, God, forgive us for our failure to be the church in our relationships with one another and with the world. We seem unable to take an honest look at ourselves and to face the problems which prevent us from being fully and actively committed to you. Fear and anxiety has kept us from being open and sensitive to one another and we have not identified with the agony and suffering in the world as our Lord did. Oh, God, give us the courage to come alive and to struggle to be your church in your world. Open our eyes that we may see the depths of beauty in others. Open our ears that we may hear the cries of people in need. Open our minds that we may know your purpose for our lives. Open our hearts that your love may move us to love and live for others. Amen. Oh, God, you who are more ready to hear more ready to accept than we are to return home, more ready to heal than we are to reach out and touch, cleanse now the thoughts of our minds, the feelings of our hearts, and the false desires of our bodies, that we may be made whole through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. (organ music) (choir singing)

Reader: The congregation is asked to rise for the reading of the Holy Scripture. A reading from the Gospel of John, chapter ten, versus one through ten. "Truly, truly, I say to you: "he who does not enter the sheepfold by the door, "but climbs in by another way, "that man is a thief and a robber. "But he who enters by the door "is the shepherd of the sheep. "To him the gatekeeper opens. "The sheep hear his voice. "And he calls his own sheep by name "and leads them out. "When he has brought them out all his own, "he goes before them and the sheep follow him, "for they know his voice. "A stranger they will not follow, "but they will flee from him. "For they do not know the voice of strangers. "This figure Jesus used with them, "but they did not understand "what he was saying to them. "So Jesus again said to them: "Truly, truly, I say to you: "I am the door of the sheep. "All who come before me are thieves and robbers. "But the sheep did not heed them. "I am the door. "If anyone enters by me, "he will be saved "and will go in and out and find pasture. "The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy. "I came that they may have life "and have it abundantly." (organ music) (choir singing)

Preacher: Together let us affirm what we believe. We believe in God who has created and is creating. Who has come into truly human Jesus to reconcile and make new. Who works in us and others by the spirit. We trust God who calls us to be the church. To celebrate life and it's fullness. To love and serve others. To seek justice and resist evil. To proclaim Jesus crucified and risen. Our judge and our hope. In life, in death, in life beyond death, God is with us. We are not alone. Thanks be to God. The Lord be with you. (audience answers) Let us pray. We thank you O God, for our creation. For the heavens and the earth, the night and the day, the birds of the air and animals on land and fish in the water. The cold of the winter, the warmth of the spring,

the heat of summer, and the cool of fall. For people and places, for animals and things, for times and seasons, for minds to think, hearts to feel and bodies to do. For life, O God, we give thanks. What a mystery, O God, is all that is around us. The wind blows and we know not whither it comes or whither it goes. A thought comes and we know not whither it comes or whither it goes. A moment of love comes and we know not whither it comes or whither it goes. Life just is, O God. And for this we give you thanks. O Lord our God you have ordained that some of your children should have authority over the rest of us. Bless, O God, those women and men in positions of power and authority and responsibility. Inbue each one of them with sound judgment, perceptive insight, proper restraint, and essential courage. Help them to do the right as they know and believe the right. To heal as they know and believe what will heal. To lead us as we all seek to be led out of our confusion and our mistrust. Bless us, O God, who are governed. May we care for our leaders, for what they do and what they decide. May we support them with words and acts of concern and compassion for we know it is no easy responsibility to decide the fate of others. May we be willing to respond and eager to serve as our abilities and our interests make possible. Help us all, O God, those who lead and those who follow, those who govern and those who are governed to seek to do your will in our lives and in our day. To love you above all else that matters and in loving you, to love our neighbors and ourselves as you would have us to do. With gratitude for life, for this day, for this service, for your son and our Savior, Jesus Christ, we offer these words and this prayer and we offer the words and prayers of our hearts and minds in this moment. We offer now, O God, the prayer which our Lord has taught us to pray. Praying, Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done. On earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever. Amen. May I say a word of welcome to you on this special day in the life of Duke Chapel and Duke University. Two years ago at about this time we had the first of our services of worship for government officials. The meaning of that was rich indeed for those of us who worship here regularly and the response of those who came was such that we were encouraged to provide this service again. So this morning we're delighted to have the Lieutenant Governor and his family and other members of the Council of State. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and other members of the Supreme Court. Members of the legislative body of our state government. Other judges from this area. Other elected officials and members of our own local Durham city and county governments. With us to worship God and to celebrate together in this place and on this occasion. This service was suggested to us some two and a half or three years ago by Ken Pie. It is one prompted by a service which is held every year at St. Matthew's Cathedral, the Roman Catholic church in Washington as those who assume responsibilities in Washington do that. So we feel it appropriate that as many of you assume responsibilities in our local and state governments that we gather together in this place where we worship God from various traditions. So we're delighted indeed to have those of you who are with us visiting today. We're glad to have all of you who have come to share in this very special service. I have an announcement though that I want all of us to hear and to respond to in either one of two ways. There are people in Durham who are cold this morning. They were last night and they are now and they will be tonight. Tragically, two people in Durham froze to death last week. That sounds and seems almost unbelievable to those of us who live and sleep in warm homes. We're trying to do two things about that. One, we want to provide some money so that people who do not have the money to buy coal or oil or pay their electric bill can do so and can continue to stay warm. So the first thing I want you to do this morning is to give every penny that you can in the offering. Because every penny

that is given this morning will go to the Durham Emergency Fuel Fund and every penny will go to help keep somebody, some family, warm during the next few weeks. Second thing, though, is that we have here at Duke a real treasure. We have thousands of acres of what is known as Duke Forest. Many people say why doesn't that serve some useful purpose? Well, it serves many useful purposes but we're going to put it to one very specific useful purpose during the next few days. Namely, we're going to go into the forest to cut up wood. Trees and limbs that have fallen are going to be cut up and made into firewood and stove wood and other kinds of wood that will be hauled downtown and stored on a parking lot. Operation Breakthrough will distribute it to needy families in the Durham communities. So if you're here this morning and would like to help us go into Duke Forest to cut this timber and provide it so that those who are cold can stay warm, we want you to come and join us any day this week. Beginning tomorrow afternoon, groups of us will gather here in front of the chapel at one o'clock and at three o'clock to go into the forest. And then Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, groups of us will meet at 10 AM, at one and three PM to go and work a couple of hours or so with each group. The dean of the School of Forestry, the folks who head up Duke Forest and others have been most cooperative with this. So now we need people who have chainsaws, bow saws, any kind of saw that will cut limbs and logs. And we need your manpower and woman power. We need pickup trucks. We also need good bodies that can just pick up those logs and throw them on a truck and then lift them off those trucks. So I have an idea that almost every one of you here this morning can do one or more of those things. We don't expect all of you to come, but we do expect many of you to come. And we see this as a need that we can meet. And I invite you to come and help us meet it. Will Campbell, for those who know him, is a unique human being. A committee began working over a year ago to plan for our theologian in residence program. A program that begins with his presence with us for the next four weeks and will continue we hope each year from here after. You can read in the bulletin some of his credentials. My guess is that the most important thing to say about him, at least I think as he would want us to say, is that he sees himself as one human being who struggles to know God, to know his neighbor, and to live in a proper relationship with both. Will, we want to welcome you to Duke. We welcome you to Duke Chapel this morning and we look forward to some very exciting and very informative and some very rich and satisfying conversations and experiences with you during the next four weeks. So in this moment now, all of us who are gathered here to worship look forward to the word which you bring to us this morning from God's word, but welcome from all of us.

Will: Whatever must you be thinking? Whatever must the Lord be thinking? That I would be called in this place a theologian in residence? But I assume that that use in resident is something like as it is used in the medical profession. When you are in residence you are in training. One step beyond an intern. Couple of disclaimers and for someone who has been no more cooperative than I have been with your public relations and other official public information officials, I am not complaining. But several weeks ago I understand that there was an article in the local newspaper which said that Will Campbell had been kicked out of the Baptist church and taken into the Episcopal church as a priest. For those of you who came here to hear an Episcopal priest preach, you are now free to go. Actually it happened somewhat the other way around. I got as high in the Episcopal church once as lay reader, only to have those, that lay reader's license revoked when some of the people in our particular diocese were unhappy about one thing or another that I was saying or not saying. So if you do not choose to leave and you are of the Episcopal persuasion, you may look carefully because you may be seeing the only deposed lay reader in captivity. The other thing that, disclaimer is that I

noted in the bulletin that they pointed out how many colleges it took for me finally to graduate from one. (audience laughs) They left one out. Namely the alleged University of Wake Forest from which I graduated in 1948. That's just for the record. Doesn't mean anything. Now for those who have been writing me for the past several weeks at least once a week with schedules and they would always say, "20 minute sermon", they may begin timing at this point. (audience laughs) As will I. On one occasion that Jesus, who might well have been aborted if he had come along in a more enlightened and sophisticated era, because the circumstances surrounding his conception and birth were highly irregular, Jesus was talking to some of his friends and associates and came as close as he ever came to proclaiming that he was for a fact the expected Messiah. After talking of imposters, of thieves and robbers, of sheep and shepherds, he said, "I have come that you might have life. "Life in abundance." Now abundance here has been used most often to explain quality of life. Jesus saying to us that he had come so that we might have a good day. Or have a good rest of the day. So that we might have a meaningful existence on the earth. Maybe so. But I doubt it. Because abundance does not have to do with quality. It has to do with quantity. How much of something. Means a lot of something. Jesus saying I have come that you might have a lot of life. Like forever. I would like to talk this morning, for not more than 20 minutes, about one pilgrim, one person, who needed something to serve and someone to worship. And who finally took the declaration that Jesus was in fact the expected Messiah seriously. And that he did come to walk the light. A lot of it. Despite his belief, his pilgrimage was far from smooth. It's just a story. It isn't biographical. It isn't autobiographical. It's just a story. Our pilgrim was born into a poor family. Rural folk, simple people. Rednecks were what they were called. The only book they had was the Bible. And his mama and his daddy used to read it every night and then they would pray. Now it seemed to the lad that they always prayed for the same things. Food, shelter, fairness to their neighbors about them. When he prayed he thought of a lot of other things to ask but they always admonished him not to bother the Lord with trivia. That he was terribly busy day and night. They were a close people. Each dependent upon the other for something to meet one need or another. And as a lad he said, "I will worship Father and Mother and family." But he was a bright boy and as he grew he became bored with hearing the same stories read and the same things prayed for and in his rebellious adolescence, he would sometimes not listen anymore when they read the Bible. Or would sit in a corner reading books of his own selection and collection. He especially tired of one of their favorite readings of how Mary Magdelene and the other Mary had come running to tell some scared people that Jesus was not where they had put him, that he had got up and run off after he was dead. He resented it keenly when they talked about that meaning that they would live forever, feeling sometimes that both of them had lived long enough already. They were forever talking about good news. The gospel, they said, meant good news. But he could see no good news in the rigid rules their faith seemed to dictate. Don't smoke, don't drink, and don't mess around on a Saturday night. That to him was bad news. And he didn't intend to pay them any mind, for very longer. And soon he didn't. There was a way out and he took it. It was 1943 and the patriotic fever of global war was in the air. There was a drama and romance about it. He did not hate his father and his mother. He actually loved them as much as ever possible for an eighteen year old to love his elders. But he knew that there was more to life than this dull and humdrum existence on a South Alabama cotton farm. And he strongly suspected that there was more to Christianity than their rigid, moralistic code. But that would have to wait. He was in no hurry to find what it was. He saw the marching soldiers, watched the banners of Caesar unfurled upon every occasion, even in church. Listened to rhetoric designed to gain his ultimate allegiance. So he went away, joined up or was drafted, and he liked it. He liked the parades, the formations, even reveille. He even liked the

commands. "Platoon, halt!" "Left face!" "Right face!" "Parade rest!" "Attention!" "At ease!" "Ready, aim, fire!" One man saying all these things and a thousand men at once obeyed. The cause was just. He needed something to serve, someone to worship. So he said, "I have found that for which I searched "in the days of my youth. "I will serve my country. "I will worship my king." There were months of it, then years. Months and finally years of sitting in the hot, wet jungles of the South Pacific, waiting for the battle for which by now he was so well trained, an encounter he had so long desired. And then as quickly it came. He found himself splashing through salty water, running with hundreds and thousands of others from the boats called LST and looking like the hippopotamus he had seen in the San Francisco Zoo. Rifles held high above their heads, listening now for commands, but not always hearing them. Storming the beach of a little island called Vella Lavella, looking for the enemy. At first all went well. Everyone shooting as one, shouting, moving further and further inland. Until the Army, the unit, the battalion was split into as many pieces as there were individuals and everyone left on his own deep in the jungles. Then it came, unannounced, with no warning. Days without food, drinking water from a stagnant lagoon, still, though, searching for the enemy. Then he finds them. Slant-eyed soldier sitting all alone. Sitting in days of his own waste from dysentery. Making no motion of opposition. Each looks at the other. The pilgrim, noble warrior, lover of Caesar, knowing the enemy's sitting before him, could not walk and that he was too weak himself to carry him as prisoner to the command post on the beach miles behind him. And the enemy, the slant-eyed little man, he knew only as Jap. Each unable to speak the tongue of the other. This enemy pointed to a spot between his tired little eyes, pointing then to the pilgrim's rifle, never fired before in anger. And then, pulling his own pup tent hat up over his face, so that he could not see, stood facing the pilgrim. Now the battle is over. The pilgrim was back on the ship, going, they said, to a rest area, then to another training area, then to another search for the enemy. He had some time to think. It was of his earliest beginnings that he thought. "I am come that you might have life." "I am come that you might have life." Just those words over and over. And he thought of his simple people at home and wished that he was there. And he thought of the little Jap lying rotting in the jungle. Now the war was over and he waited some more, this time to be mustered out, discharged, sent back. He read a little book the chaplain had given him. It was a book about some things that happened after another great war, the Civil War. Things that had happened to his people, his flesh and blood. It was the story of an illiterate black man who joined forces with some ignorant and illiterate white people, formed a Constitutional Convention in South Carolina, got elected to state office and finally national office. And then of Rutherford B. Hayes, who called the troops out of his native south. And the mass slaughter against those simple people who had come together, had overcome their fears and prejudices of one another, the story of black and white together. He read of the death of the black hero, read these last words and thoughts. Gideon Jackson's last memory as the shell struck, as the shell burst and caused his memory to cease being was of the strength of those people in his land, the black and the white. The strength that had taken them through a long war that had enabled them to build out of the ruin a promise for the future. A promise that was in a sense more wonderful than any the world had ever known of what strength. Strange yet simple ingredients were the people. There were so many of them. So many shades and colors. Some strong, some weak. Some wise, some foolish. Yet together they made the whole of the thing that was the last memory of Gideon Jackson. The thing, the people, indefinable and unconquerable. Now disillusioned with country and with king as well as with his own hollow victory, the shooting of one soldier dying already of beriberi. The pilgrim knew after he read those words that his life would never be the same. That the rest of it would be given to improving his native soil, the South. And improving, too, the relationships between the races. He

would serve this cause. He would worship the people. But first he must be trained again. This time with books, laboratories, learning, halls of ivy. He had long since deserted his fundamentalist rearing, partly because they had taught him that sin was smoking, drinking whiskey and messing around in town. Now he read new books, modern books that set him on fire. Heard learned words from learned people. They taught him that what God cares about is the suffering of the people, not little social things like smoking. Then one day his reading included a report that said that according to the scientists, cigarette smoking was going to create more widows and orphans than slavery or war. Since he was a two pack a day man, he didn't dwell on that one. But he did wonder a bit about his new theology. If he had not simply substituted one moralistic code for another. One set of do's and don'ts for another set of do's and don'ts. But he went on because his cause was just, his new God noble. Now there was a movement raging. Something they called the Civil Rights Movement. And he knew that he was for it and it was for him. Would bring him into the struggle for justice as Gideon Jackson and others had been. He joined the movement, went to the meetings, marches. Sang and protested. But also learned to say Cracker, Wool Hat, Redneck, Peckerwood, with the same venomous tones he had once said Nigger. But he was against violence. He was non-violent. But as he watched the soldiers marching on his Christian university campus every Thursday afternoon looking pretty in ROTC parades, learning of war, and as he observed deep down in his innermost thoughts that it was the Academy that trained not only the warriors but the owners, the managers, the rulers. He wondered at times if the Academy might not be responsible for more violence than the Ku Klux Klan that had burned a cross in front of the chapel on Saturday night. But there was so much to do. The movement was just and the learned doctors so persuasive. Suddenly there was another war, far off in Southeast Asia. This too he would protest, march against, sometimes to the point when there would be a strange gnawing in his bones that he was betraying his own people, his own heritage. But he was learning to read the Bible again, in a new light, he thought. And he read the words of Jesus when his family had come to put him in an insane asylum. "Who is my people? "Who is my mother and my brother? "Those whose cause is just." And so he continued. And then yet another movement. Women, too, everywhere oppressed. In some ways more than black people. Again he would join and march and chant supportive songs. Sometimes though his movement seemed almost to oppose one another. For he had wanted years earlier to go and personally kill Bryant and Milum when they murdered a young black man named Emmett Till for insulting a woman in the Mississippi delta. Now he found himself at times wanting to go and kill Emmett Till again for being abusive to a female person. He became confused and confounded. His movements had gone full circle. The wheels of progress made strange and now sometimes unconvincing turns. Through 10 years of war not one native American had been killed at the hands of the state. Now suddenly he was hearing talk of killing our own criminals instead of ideological criminals abroad. Capital punishment was back in the news and that big. Strangely missing during those years of war, it's like we just have to be killing somebody, he thought. As he made an appointment with his own state's governor, a man who was a redneck like himself, or like he once had been. A governor who had already opposed death publicly as a means of punishment, saying that is a judgment for God alone to make. He would go and commend his governor, pat him on the back, but he wasn't ready for the words of his redneck governor. "Ah, pilgrim, I agree. "Ah, pilgrim, I agree. "But now I'm having second thoughts. "Where yesterday, pilgrim, you carried a sign "outside these chambers. "A sign which said as I recall, "that everyone had a right to control their own body, "to rid that body of "that which it might be carrying unwantingly. "If everyone has the right to rid their body "of that which it may be carrying unwantingly, "unwillingly and unlovingly, "then why doesn't the body politic, "which I control, "have the

right to rid it's body "of that which it might be carrying unwillingly, "unwantingly and unlovingly? "Ah, pilgrim, I just don't understand." And the pilgrim went away sorrowfully, for behold, he was very good. What's it all about, he wondered. Am I hoping when and where and in what there is no hope? Am I despairing when I should be in hope? Am I perplexed in the presence of absolute uncertainty? Feeling it all so deeply, he went again to his mother's house. The hut of his beginning and found a feast of a fatted calf. The feast was the reading of his father, now weak and stooped with age. "Why do you seek the living among the dead? "He is not here. He is risen." And then again, "I am come that you might have life." Abundant life. Forever life. After the world has done all that it can do to you. After all the laws, whether of state or of academe. After all the learning. After the enslavement of technology, progress and sophistication. After the firing squad and electric chair. After the madness of the rapist. After the murderous crimes of passion in the streets. After the marching and chanting of the movement, be it failure or success, and be it for life or for what the world calls death. After the surgeon's scalpel might have ended a life hardly begun. Or the crack of the bullet has ended one in it's 36th year, the last word still belongs to God. "He is risen." Hallelujah! It is, the pilgrim concluded, really just as complicated and involved as the learned doctors had told him. And it is just as simple and as clear as the words at his father and mother's fireside. Jesus came that we might have life. My prayer for us all on this day is that we may not try to proclaim that promise a lie. Amen. (organ music) (choir singing) (soft organ music) (choir singing) (soloist singing) (choir singing) (soloist singing) (organ music)

Preacher: Bless us, O Lord, as we give these gifts and give of ourselves. Forget us not, O God, when we do not or cannot give. Multiply the benefits of these dollars and cents today, O Lord. That those in our community who are cold and suffering may find help and relief. Bless these gifts and all who give of their money, their prayers, their thoughts and their service. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. Will you join with me in this responsive affirmation of dedication? We have heard the word, read and proclaimed. In the company now of neighbors and colleagues and in the presence of God, how will you respond to the light and the hope that are yours? What will you do? (audience responds) My friends, God is witness to your words. Amen. (organ music) (choir and audience singing) I was in the service of worship the other day where the minister said the benediction is simply a blessing from one Christian to another. He said it need not be prayed with heads bowed or eyes closed so this morning I ask you not to close your eyes or bow your head but allow me the privilege of offering you this blessing as one Christian to another fellow human being. The grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you and with those whom you love now and forever. (choir singing) (organ music) (applause)