

- Vigilant and aggressive protests in our fight to keep the dreamer's dream. And I can assure them that as in the past we will win in spite of. It is our responsibility, our legacy to ensure that those who govern, govern wisely and fairly. It is up to us to carry on the unpopular political tradition of Martin Luther King Jr., to search for justice and equality in every nook, in every cranny, and to speak our peace courageously. It is up to us to say as did the great educator that as this demanding, put up or shut up stage of the Civil Rights Movement, we must prepare ourselves to bear an additional burden of helping America save itself from its past mistakes and help develop new and higher standards of political morality and performance. I believe that if Martin were alive today, he would ask as I do, that you take to heart the words of Dean Alfange and adopt them as your creed. Dean Alfange wrote, "I seek opportunity, not security. "I do not wish to be a kept citizen, "humbled and dulled by having the state look after me. "I want to take the calculated risk, "to dream and to build, to fail and to succeed. "I refuse to barter incentive for a dole. "I prefer the challenges of life "to the guaranteed existence. "The thrill of fulfillment to the stale calm of Utopia. "I will not trade freedom for beneficence "nor my dignity for a handout. "I will never cower before any master "nor bend to any threat. "It is my heritage to stand erect, "proud, "and unafraid, "to think and act for myself, "enjoy the benefit of my creations "and face the world boldly and say, "This "I have done." And because of my friendship with Martin, and my close association with the movement, I can proudly quote those words written by Ossie Davis in his benediction for Purlie. I want you to listen to it and understand what he's saying. It goes something like this. "Tonight my friends I find in being black a thing "of beauty, a joy, a strength, a secret cup of gladness. "A native land in neither time nor place, "a native land in every black person's face. "Be loyal to yourself, your hair, your lips, "your southern speech, your laughing kindness, "a black person's kingdom is vast as any other. "Accept in full the sweetness of your blackness "not wishing to be white, nor red, nor yellow, "nor any other face or race, but this. "Farewell my deep and Africanic brothers, be brave. "Keep freedom in the family "and do what you can for the white folks "and write me in the care of the post office. "And now, may the Constitution of the United States "go with you, "the Declaration of Independence stand by you "and the Bill of Rights protect you, "and may your own dreams "be your only boundaries hence forth. "Now "and forever." It is up to you, it is up to each and everyone of us to simply say, here I stand. I can do no other. Thank you very much. (applause) (footsteps stepping) (soft thudding) (lively piano music) ♪ I can remember ♪ ♪ Remember when ♪ ♪ This old life of mine was so empty within ♪ ♪ It had no meaning ♪ ♪ No meaning at all ♪ ♪ To the world ♪ ♪ I was lost ♪ ♪ Then one day I found Jesus ♪ ♪ For myself ♪

♪ And I don't need nobody ♪ ♪ Nobody else ♪

♪ Well ♪ ♪ 'Cause I'm happy ♪

♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday ♪

♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪

♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ Said I'm happy ♪

♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday ♪

♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪

♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ I can remember ♪ ♪ Remember when ♪

(rhythmic clapping) ♪ This old life of mine was so empty within ♪ ♪ I had no one ♪ ♪ No one to turn to ♪ ♪ I
needed help ♪ ♪ Don't you know that I needed friend ♪ ♪ And I found Jesus ♪ ♪ For myself ♪ ♪ Whoa and I
don't need nobody ♪ ♪ Nobody else ♪
♪ Well ♪ ♪ 'Cause I'm happy ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪
♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ You see I'm happy ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪
♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ Since he came ♪ ♪ Into my life ♪ ♪ He made my joy complete ♪ ♪ And
my life so sweet ♪ ♪ Since he came ♪ ♪ Into my life ♪ ♪ He made my joy complete ♪ ♪ And my life so sweet ♪ ♪
Since he came ♪ ♪ Into my life ♪ ♪ He made my joy complete ♪ ♪ And my life so sweet ♪ ♪ His name was Jesus
♪ ♪ Rose of Sharon ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Prince of Peace ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my joy ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He made my life complete ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Tell me what's his name ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ What's his name ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's the same ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Lily of the valley ♪ ♪ Bright in the morning star ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my friend ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Until the end ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Tell me what's his name ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ What's his name ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's the same ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Coming on down ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ To the old chilly Jordan ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He'll be right there ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ To bear all the burdens ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Looked all around me ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ And around me shined ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ And I asked my lord ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ If it's all mine ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my hope ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my hope ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my hope ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Hope for tomorrow ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Nothing but joy ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Nothing but joy ♪
♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my joy ♪

♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Joy and sorrow ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Tell me what's his name ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ What's his name ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ What's his name ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday the same ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my friend ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my friend ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ He's my friend ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Until the end ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Whoa ♪ ♪ And I don't need nobody ♪ ♪ Well ♪ ♪ 'Cause I'm happy ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪
 ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ You see I'm happy ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ Everyday ♪
 ♪ Jesus ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪
 ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪
 ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ I don't need mother, father, sister, brother ♪ ♪ No, no, no ♪ ♪ With
 him alone ♪
 ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪ ♪ With him alone ♪
 ♪ With him alone ♪ (applause)

- We are highly honored to have as our guest preacher this evening, the reverend Dr. C. Eric Lincoln, one of our own here at Duke University. Professor Lincoln was born in the cotton fields in Athens, Alabama. He has earned five academic degrees in his lifetime including the Bachelor of Divinity from the University of Chicago and the Doctor of Philosophy from Boston University. He is a contemporary and friend of the late Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. During his professional career, Dr. Lincoln has taught or lectured in the areas of sociology and religion. It astounds me at the numbers of places where Dr. Lincoln has been so well esteemed. These include Union Theological Seminary in New York, Columbia University, Harvard University, MIT, London School of Economics, the University of Cape Town, South Africa, the University of Ghana, Fisk University, Vanderbilt, and Yale. He is presently professor of religion and culture here at Duke in the Department of Religion. Dr. Lincoln has treated the subject of the black church and black religion in two of his books entitled, *The Black Church Since Fraizer*, and *The Black Experience in Religion*. He has written numerous articles, given numerous lectures, written many books, and a current publication of his is collected poems published in 1982 called, *This Road Since Freedom*. To the end of creating authentic literature on the black church, the Lily Endowment has awarded Professor Lincoln a five year grant for a program of research and publication on the black church. Dr. Lincoln has served as the principal investigator and director of a wide team of researchers and writers. They are compiling data on the areas of the demography of the black church, denomination sects and cults within the black church, the black church in business, and roles of black preachers. Also being studied are women in the black church, the black church in education, and the music and ritual of the black church. It is with this kind of information that Dr. Lincoln hopes to construct a kind of prognosis for the future of the institution of the black church. Dr. Lincoln is married to the former Lucy Cook who is an elementary school principal here in Durham. They

now have two children at home, Hillary Anne and Less Charles the third. They live in the countryside on the outskirts of Durham now and as most of us know, Dr. Lincoln enjoys many outside activities here away from Duke, including gardening, playing pool, and most particularly his love for fishing. Dr. Lincoln is one of our nation's best examples of a scholar enabler. We are so pleased and proud that he has chosen to be with us tonight. We look forward to the word that he will bring us and we recognize him for the wonderful man he is. The warm human being who makes you feel at home whether you greet him in the hall, or stop in his office, or see him anyplace on this campus. Thank you, Dr. Lincoln for being with us and for your prophetic presence and ministry among us. (applause)

- In another time and another place, there was a situation not unfamiliar to those of us who live in 20th century America. It was the 15th year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar. That same Caesar who ruled as emperor when Jesus was crucified. Pontius Pilate was governor of Judaea. Herod was tetrarch of Galilee, his brother Philip was tetrarch of Ituraea. Annas and Caiaphas were high priests. The set pieces were all in place. Corruption was rampant. The poor and the weak were at the mercy of the power elite. The misery of the oppressed was matched only by their sense of dereliction and hopelessness. It was a familiar scene. Annas who was high priest was the, his son-in-law was Caiaphas who was high priest. All five of his sons were high priests. Herod and his brother ruled. It was a familiar situation in which the power and the glory was concentrated in the hands of a few. But through all their trials there were some who kept the faith, some who dared to hope for the light which had been promised them. And suddenly there appeared on the scene a stranger. A man not heard of in the councils of the power elite. A man not known among the petty sycophants and parasites who earned small privileges by selling their brothers and their sisters to their oppressors. A man who put principle above privilege. A man whose mission was to challenge the corruption that signified the status quo and to destroy the false and ugly premises upon which that society favored the rich and the powerful and debouched the poor and the weak. He was a man sent from God. A strong man, simple man, good man. He was not the light for which the people waited but he came he said to bear witness of that light. He was a man whose name was John. He was a voice crying in the wilderness of social and political decadence. He was a lonely prophet challenging, urging, imploring, begging the people to desist from their errors and to prepare themselves for a new dispensation which God was going to usher into history. "Be just in your dealings with the voiceless," he told them. "Be fair in your dealings with the weak, "be generous in your dealings with the poor, "because things are going to change. "Things are going to change. "The valleys are going to be filled. "The mountains are going to be laid low. "The crooked will be made straight, "the rough will be made smooth. "The wicked and unjust order "is going to be reversed. "People will share and share alike "and no man will be beholding to another. "Prepare "ye the way of the lord." As you may imagine, those gatekeepers of the establishment became aroused. The guardians of the status quo felt the tingle of nervous apprehension. The sycophants who derived their living and their petty privileges from selling out each other and delivering up the helpless as a prey were agitated with alarm lest their ill gotten games be jeopardized. They all hastened down to where John was preaching to see whether he was in fact the threat they supposed him to be. If he was, they had plans. They had plans for him. They intended to nip him in the bud before he could fairly blossom. They confronted John. "Who are you? "Who are you anyhow," they demanded. "Whose name are you preaching in?" "What is it you want?" When they found John uncompromising, you know the story. They delivered him up to their masters. They shut him up in jail. John was a disturber of the status quo. He was a man who could not be bought for the tinsel of

honorific titles or with the petty political power that was delegated to the scoundrels who would do anything to maintain their own positions. He was a man who spurned their silver, who loathed their gold. He was a man who had a message to bring and he told it as it was. Yes, John was an intruder. He was a relentless challenge to the way things were. For his intrusion, for his intransigence, for his integrity John had to die. A call went out for his head. It was hacked off and delivered to those who had been inconvenienced by his mission as they ran and feasted while (mumbles) danced. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem. Thou that killest the prophets, how often have I wanted to take you to my bosom as a mother hen shelters her chicks. How often have I wanted to love you, to protect you, to be a part of you but you would not. In our time, in our own country, there was a crisis, there is a crisis not unlike the one to which John addressed himself in his time. Again, the set pieces were in place. The rulers of this age ruled for themselves, for their kind, for their class. The power structure was oblivious of the poor, the weak, the voiceless, the blacks were subordinated and demeaned and forced to live in poverty and separation from all the rest of society. Their calls for justice were unheeded, their struggles for relief were unavailing, their attempts to love and to be loved were spurned. They were mocked, they were denied, they were excluded. Even the enemies of the country who had sworn to destroy us all were honored above every black defender who would give his life for America. America was a cesspool of hatred, prejudice, and corrupted human relations. To us, as to the Jews of that other time, there was a man sent from God. Like John, he was an intruder but he had a message for America, he had a plan to save us, to save us from the awesome Holocaust that loomed so ominously in the future of this country. Unlike John who strengthened himself with discipline and prayer and living in the wilderness, Martin Luther King was disciplined with the urgencies of urban living. The wilderness of the black ghetto. John was a simple man. Martin Luther King was educated and urbane. He was a man who could talk with the oppressors because he knew their history. He knew their inclinations. John bided his time. Martin Luther King was thrust center stage in the audio of Montgomery. Like John, he was perceived as a threat, and like John, he was considered an intruder, and like John, he would have to die. The minions of the mighty came to see him. "Who are you," they asked. "What do you want?" "What kind of a nigger are you anyhow?" When he answered them, they laughed, at first. Then they trembled, and then they became exceedingly rapt for this is what he said. "Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. "Now is the time to rise from the dark valley of segregation "and walk in the sunlight of racial justice. "Now is the time to lift our nation "to the solid rock of brotherhood. "Now is the time to make justice a reality "for all of God's children. "I have a dream "and we have come "to cash a check "that will give us on demand "the riches of freedom, "the security of justice." Those who listened were appalled. Who indeed was this man, this insignificant black preacher who dared address America in such terms? Who was this dreamer? We have no time for dreams. So then they sent for him in secret and demanded of him, "What is it that you really want? "There has to be a price. "What do you want? "We can honor you with long titles, "we can honor you in ways such as none of your people "have never experienced before, "we can give you a professorship "at one of our leading institutions if you want it. "We can make you president "of just about any colored college you name. "We can even give you an interracial church "somewhere where they allow that sort of thing. "All this we can give you "if only "you would do like the rest of them, "tell us what you want. "Tell us. "We're all friends here." Martin Luther King responded, "I want justice, "I want equality, "I want dignity "for my people. "You see, "I have a dream." The response was, "You are either a madman or a fool "and perhaps you are both. "As for your dream, "never, "never, "never, "never! "Never." No, not ever is it to be. So they cast him out and made him an outlaw. They bombed his home, he persisted in his dream.

They put him in jail, he persisted in his dream. They set the dogs on him, he never wavered. They whipped his head, he persisted. They sic the FBI on him, he carried on. They mocked him and tried to discredit him in every way possible, he persisted. Finally, in an unguarded moment, they murdered him. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, America thou who killest the prophets how shall we ever overcome? Martin Luther King was an intruder. An improbable intruder. He did not belong to the privileged coterie of those who presumed themselves the proper shapers of the destiny of a nation but he was able, he was prepared, and he was armed with perhaps the only philosophy which could have been effective in forestalling the American Holocaust which was then in the making and may even now be in the making. He was a man of love. He was a man of peace. He was a man who dared to test his own commitments in a critical confrontation with hatred and hostility. He was a man out of time and out of place, he was an improbable person for the task he set out to accomplish. He was an intruder in his own house. An alien performer in a tragic drama about himself and his people and his country. But he was magnificent. He was a magnificent intruder. My country 'tis of thee I sing, why kill Martin Luther King? Thank you. (applause) (growing applause) (gospel piano music) ♪ We shall overcome ♪ ♪ The truth shall make us free ♪ ♪ The truth shall make us free ♪ ♪ The truth shall make us free ♪ ♪ Oh ♪ ♪ Oh ♪ ♪ Deep ♪ ♪ In my heart ♪ ♪ I do ♪ ♪ Believe ♪ ♪ The truth shall make us free ♪ ♪ Someday ♪ ♪ We shall live in peace ♪ ♪ We shall live in peace ♪ ♪ We shall live in peace ♪ ♪ Oh ♪ ♪ Oh ♪ ♪ Deep ♪ ♪ In my heart ♪ ♪ I do ♪ ♪ Believe ♪ ♪ We shall live in peace ♪ ♪ Someday ♪

- Before we have the benediction I would like to invite those participants in the worship service to come and stand on the chapel steps so that those of you who would like to greet them may do so after the service. Would you come and stand at the steps please, everyone. (soft footsteps stepping)

- And now the lord bless you and keep you, the lord's face shine upon you, the lord's countenance be lifted up among you and give you peace. Amen.