

♪ Evermore ♪ ♪ Lift up your heart ♪ ♪ Lift up your voice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, again I say, rejoice ♪ ♪ The Lord, the Savior, reigns ♪ ♪ The God of truth and love ♪ ♪ When he had purged our stains ♪ ♪ He took his seat above ♪ ♪ Lift up your heart ♪ ♪ Lift up your voice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, again I say, rejoice ♪ ♪ His kingdom cannot fail ♪ ♪ He rules o'er earth and heav'n ♪ ♪ The keys of death and hell ♪ ♪ Are to our Jesus giv'n ♪ ♪ Lift up your heart ♪ ♪ Lift up your voice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, again I say, rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice in glorious hope ♪ ♪ Our Lord and judge shall come ♪ ♪ And take His servants up ♪ ♪ To their eternal home ♪ ♪ Lift up your heart ♪ ♪ Lift up your voice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, again I say, rejoice ♪ ♪ Amen ♪

- The scriptures move us to acknowledge and confess our sins before almighty God, our heavenly Father with a humble, humble voice unto the throne of heavenly grace. Let us confess our sins before God. Most merciful Father, we have done little to forward Your kingdom in this world, to foster the brotherhood of man, and to establish love as begotten. We have allowed self to blind us, pains to embitter us. We have forgotten that whatsoever is done to one of the least of your children is pure heart intent on pleasing you. Help us in all our seeking to seek first Your kingdom and Your righteousness and make us to come as came your son Jesus Christ, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. All of which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. Oh Lord, we beseech Thee absolve Thy people from their offenses, that through Thy bountiful goodness we may be delivered from the bonds of those sins, which by all frailty we have committed. Grant this, oh heavenly Father, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Savior, who taught us to pray, 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 and 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 power, the power and the glory forever, Amen. (soft organ music) ♪ Children of the heav'nly Father ♪ ♪ Safely in His bosom gather ♪ ♪ Nestling bird nor star in heaven ♪ ♪ Such a refuge e'er was given ♪ ♪ God His own doth tend and nourish ♪ ♪ In His holy courts they flourish ♪ ♪ From all evil things He spares them ♪ ♪ In His mighty arms He bears them ♪ ♪ Praise the Lord in joyful numbers ♪ ♪ Your Protector never slumbers ♪ ♪ At the will of your Defender ♪ ♪ Every foeman must surrender ♪ ♪ Though He giveth or He taketh ♪ ♪ God His children ne'er forsaketh ♪ ♪ His the loving purpose solely ♪ ♪ To preserve them pure and holy ♪

- The Lord be with you.

- And also with you.

- Let us pray. Almighty God whose most loved son went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain and entered not into glory before He was crucified. Mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

- The lesson today is from the letter of Paul to Galatians, chapter five, verses one through 14. For freedom Christ has set us free. Stand fast therefore and do not submit again to a yoke of slavery. Now I, Paul, say to

you that if you receive circumcision, Christ will be of no advantage to you. I testify again to every man who receives circumcision that he is bound to keep the whole law. You are severed from Christ, you who would be justified by the law. You have fallen away from grace. For through the spirit, by faith, we wait for the hope of righteousness. For in Christ Jesus, neither circumcision nor uncircumcision is of any avail, but faith working through love. You were running well; who hindered you from obeying the truth? This persuasion is not from Him who called you. A little yeast leavens the whole lump. I have confidence in the Lord that you will take no other view than mine. And he who is troubling you will bear his judgment, whoever he is. But if I, brethren, still preach circumcision, why am I still persecuted? In that case, the stumbling block of the cross has been removed. I wish those who unsettle you would mutilate themselves! For you were called to freedom, brethren; Only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love be servants of one another. For the whole law is fulfilled in one word, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." This is the Word of the Lord. Thanks be to God. (organ music) ♪ Glory to God ♪ ♪ And to the Son and to the Holy Ghost ♪ ♪ As it was in the beginning ♪ ♪ Is now and ever shall be ♪ ♪ World without end ♪ ♪ Amen, Amen ♪

- Let us in unison affirm our faith. We believe in God who has created and is creating, who has come in the true man, Jesus, to reconcile and make new. Who works in us and others by his spirit. We trust Him. He calls us to be in His church, to celebrate His presence, to love and serve others, to seek justice and resist evil, to proclaim Jesus crucified and risen. Our judge and our hope, in life and death and light beyond. God is with us. We are not alone. Thanks be to God. Let us pray. Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ, Father of mankind and of all creations, having purified our hearts and our souls amid Your presence at the throne of grace by confessing our sins and transgressions. We now offer our thanks for Your goodness and mercy. We thank you for our creation and our preservation. We thank you for your inestimable love and the redemption of the world by our Lord, Jesus Christ for the means of grace, for the hope of glory, and for the blessings of this life. How can we cite them all? Yet, we recall the despondent heart made joyful, the saddened face made smiling, the tearful eyes made gleeful, and wearied minds, relaxed. We thank You for the consciousness and strength of fathers who keep their families within the fold of Your goodness and mercy. For the tenderness and love of mothers. For caring and concerned sons and daughters who do not neglect parents growing lonely with age. Thank You for those who have been brought into the faith and now find solace in serving You. For those who buy their faith in You, You have revived from sickness. Thank You for those whose lives are no longer plagued by internal battles. And most gracious God, let us not forget to thank You for the quelling of wars and for the work of the church in striving to aid the oppressed and poor. Now, heavenly Father, may we stay ever mindful that it is You who made us and sustains us, that by Your love for us are we able to benefit from the redemptive power of Lord Jesus Christ, through Whom we realize grace and glory. May we beseech You, be ever aware that it is You who bestows the blessings upon mankind. Continue to bless us. Keep us cheerful, kind, and loving. Keep our families united. Motivate us to be missionaries and bring others in to share your grace and to be comforted by You. Attend to the sick and shut in, that peace abound throughout the world and forever guide the church in ministering to her community, the source of her life. And now having been uplifted by a most radiant sun this morning, we submit this prayer to You in the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen. I'd like to call your attention to one special announcement concerning special services this week printed in your bulletin. A special Ash Wednesday service, marking the beginning of the Lenten season, will be celebrated in the Duke Chapel Wednesday,

March seventh at 4:30 p.m. Members of the Duke/Durham community are invited to attend. We're so happy to have with us this morning, sharing in our university service of worship, the reverend Dr. Samuel Proctor, Pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Harlem, New York.

- It is a very great pleasure to visit Duke University once again, to worship in this altogether magnificent chapel, and to renew fellowship with many friends of mine in North Carolina. I was especially pleased to see the president of your university at the front door, a distinguished former governor, who was once my boss when I was president of North Carolina A&T College. He's the person who gave me a leave of absence to spend some time with the Peace Corps in Nigeria. I was glad to see him here as a friend. I was also glad to see that there's some hope for higher education when the president serves the Lord on Sunday morning. The text for today is from the epistle to the Galatians, the fifth chapter, the first verse. Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath set you free, and be not entangled again to the yoke of bondage. Saint Paul was saying to the people in Galatia what needs to be said to us. Namely, we all have a lot more freedom than we choose to use. The human spirit is capable of exploring margins of freedom that most of us never see, never recognize because it is so much simpler to go through life imitating those about us and with a blind loyalty to custom and tradition that remain unexamined. We all talk about freedom and we claim that this is the highest thing that we prize, especially in our society. You can get almost any kind of rally going if the rallying cry is freedom. But I'm often afraid that this is hypocritical and it's a grand illusion because most people are terribly afraid of the use of real freedom. And this is what Paul found to be the case among the people in the churches of Galatia. They had been set free from the law. They had been set free from narrow proscriptions about life and how it should be lived. They had been called to a new liberty with the reign of love within their hearts. With Christ and a new rulership over their lives. But this frightened them, and they wanted to crawl back to their old ways because this seemed to be entirely too much freedom for them. And because of this, our freedom is always being taken from us by someone who knows this. There's always some demigod after another who will rise up in our midst and who will convince us that one quick easy slogan is better than another. There's always someone who would exploit this trait of ours. Someone who knows that we are not earnest about the use of freedom. Now the last threat to come upon us, I perceive, is the threat of the Computer Age. Now, this is not just some trifling complaint about a new machine that's in our midst because it's bound to do good. It would take an awful lot of ignorance for someone to be against an advancement like the hasty recall of data through electronic processes. The computer is here to stay. It's a good thing. But the misuse of the computer could be, in our time, one of the major threats to our freedom. You see, personhood means being totally aware of choices. It means being awake and alert to options. It means standing on the threshold of decision, looking over the entire horizon, choosing the way we want to go. The latest challenge to all of this is that data on us is going to be lumped together. Policies are going to be made on the basis of averages, means, percentages. And the next thing we know, all of us are going to be robotized with what is tantamount to not just a new movement among us, but an entirely new age. I got a new insurance policy the other day in the mail, and I noticed the number on the insurance policy was the same as my Social Security number and I call back and they said, "All we do is put our number in front and then add your Social Security number." I went to a bank to buy a small savings certificate and she asked me for my Social Security number, and when I gave it she just put another little couple of letters in front of it and said, "This is your savings account number." I found out that the license plates in New York State and in many other states had been changed, and they're all now going to be three letters and three numbers.

When I inquired about this, they said, "This is so that all of the states will have license plates that are made alike, and they can keep track of automobiles crossing state lines." Now some of this is bound to be good, and there is no need to question it. Why would anybody be worried about a thing like this? I would be worried about it because I'm afraid of what happens to people when everything about them gets quantifiable, everything about them gets to be punched on a card with eight or nine holes that says, "Don't fold, spindle, or mutilate," and then great, big decisions are made on the basis of this kind of digital processing. Not long ago, a man came out with an article that said that black people were inherently inferior because he had made some intelligence test that proved this. And nobody really could deny that he had gone off and made some test that brought this out. But here is the mischievous use of data. What kind of test did he use? What kinds of questions did he ask? Whom did he ask? Where did he take these questions? What was the environment in which all of this went on? And why was this done in the beginning? When all of this data gets pumped into a computer and somebody comes up with the conclusion that here is a congenital, anthropological, basic inferiority, then people start saying, "Then why don't we cut out some of the money we're spending on schools? Why don't we cut out some of the special programs, because you can't do anything to help these people, anyhow." This is the mischievous use of this kind of electronic data processing, because of the likelihood that nobody will get behind the machine to ask the hard questions that need to be asked. When we were discussing this, I asked someone, "How did Mr. Jensen account for the smart black people who were in the world?", and he admitted that there were some. He said, "Well they had a certain gene that came because of mixed parentage. They must have had some non-black relative somewhere in the background." Well, that's all right, but this theory does not account for non-black people who may not be smart. And one must leave the possibility open that there could be some non-black people who are not so smart. The same thing happened when Mr. Moynihan studied the black family. He came up with the conclusion that the problem was that we had so many solo parents and the black male had run off and left his family in too large a number. Well now, that statistic standing all by itself is very indicting. But there isn't the commensurate data regarding what had happened to the black male to cause him to do this sort of thing. Who talked about the manner in which he had been treated as a boy and how he had been reduced to the status of a child? I can remember when I was a college graduate working at a department store in Norfolk. I was standing outside, shining brass for twelve dollars a week. And everybody who came by me, I had to call mister, and every one of them called me by my first name. That's all right, I didn't mind. Except when an 18-year old white boy came by who had just finished high school and I had to call him mister also, and he, too, called me by my first name. Mr. Moynihan didn't get into any of this kind of thing. All he did was punch the holes and punch the cards and slide them into the machine and come up with an answer, and then people began to accept the answer. Then they gave it a fancy name and decided to come up with the program called benign neglect, because the problem is too grave. This is what frightens me about entering the Computer Age. You know and I know that an awful lot about life is not quantifiable. The most profound aspects are not quantifiable. When I have become spiritually exhausted and drop to my knees in prayer and ask God to restore my soul, there is nothing quantifiable about that. What hole do you punch in a card when that happens to me? When I discover a surge of necessity to do much better than I've been doing, when I have become ashamed of low levels of mediocre performance, what hole do I punch then? When I am overwhelmed with my love of my family, and when I want to be near them, when my heart aches and yearns to be closer to my brothers whom I have not seen for a long time, and when I have emotions that come rarely indeed, what hole do I punch then? What number do I assign to this? I remember

going to a class reunion, the Class of 1937 of the Booker T. Washington High School of Norfolk, Virginia, then which there is no hitcher. And I remember asking questions about my classmates. We all knew what had happened to the big shots. All the lawyers kids and the government workers' kids, we knew where they were. Many of them were right there, driving their fancy cars and wearing the latest styles, and we applauded their success. But we had one fellow in our class who didn't quite make it so big. In fact, we didn't know what had happened to him. He had what was called the rickets. His legs were severely bowed and he could hardly walk. No matter what time he left home to get to school, he got there after everybody else. He never was in class when the teacher gave the first explanations about the conjugation of a French verb, about a simple equation in algebra. He always missed the first 10 to 12 minutes and had to ask somebody, "What is she talking about now?" He had a lot of pride; he used to wear collars that were well starched and pressed, and he didn't want these collars to shrink, so he put a handkerchief around his neck to guard his collar against the perspiration that seemed always to flow from his scalp. His head was wet all the time. It took such an effort to get from first floor to third floor, second floor to first floor. And I went around those people sitting around a swimming pool outside near Virginia Beach, and I said to them, "Whatever happened to him?" And nobody knew, nobody knew. We didn't know whether or not he had lost his mind and died in a mental institution. We didn't know whether or not he had committed a murder and gone to prison for life. We didn't know whether or not he'd gone good, tuberculosis or a sanitarium, we didn't know what happened to him. But we knew what had happened to all of the people who had a fortunate beginning in life. Any kind of scale that you would want to use, this fellow paid a higher price for his high school diploma than any of the rest of us. He was much more of a person, much more of a man. He had overcome much more than any of us. But we didn't even know what had happened to him. And how could anybody dare quantify the kind of sacrifice that he had made? My grandmother was a widow before she was 40 years old, with seven small children. She was born in slavery and was emancipated in Chesterfield County, Virginia. After her emancipation, and after a few more years, they opened up Hampton Institute and her family sent her to Hampton Institute to be trained as a teacher. Her husband died and left her with these seven children, by herself. She was a very religious woman. She reared these seven children. She gave all of them a chance to go to college in her own way, and how she did it, only God knows. She never was on welfare, I never heard her begging anybody. I always heard her talking about pride and hard work and keeping your chin up, keeping your shoulders back. Such strength I have rarely seen in a person. And from that one woman there are now more than 65 people who have finished college, and her strength has been felt in every one of them. I used to hear her humming sometimes as she sat on a chair in a prayerful mood and she would be humming a tune that I later learned to be this song. She would be singing there's something within me that holdeth the reigns. Something within me that banishes pain. Something within me I cannot explain. All that I know is there is something within. This is that non-quantifiable aspect of life, out of which personhood is made. And when we try to reduce all of this to simple mathematical analysis, and then try to make major decisions about it, we make some awful mistakes. But come next and suppose that we were all going to be programmed, and all of us were going to be categorized and put on these little cards. Suppose everything could be programmed about us. Who's going to program the programmer? Who's going to fix him? I remember in the Peace Corps how we used to select volunteers: we'd get a letter from a country overseas, and they would say, "We want 300 teachers. We want them to be between ages 24 and 36. We want x number married. We want some in mathematics, some in science." And then they would say what kinds of people could survive. They could not take people with asthma, nobody

with diabetes, and so we would get a tape and put it into the computer with all of this on there, the laundry list. "What does Ghana want?", and we would put it on the tape. Then we would put some 45,000 applications that had come in and put them in the machine, and by the time two or three seconds had passed, this machine would have selected for us 300 people to go to Ghana. Now when we got them overseas and some of them turned out to be kooks, or alcoholics, or mental defectives, as what have you, then we would come back and say, "Who chose these people?" "Well you know, the computer chose them." "Well who programmed the computer?" Then we would go looking for that guy who programmed the computer to see why he couldn't pick up on some of these aberrations as they went through. This is the basic question. You know, Mr. Skinner wrote a book called Beyond Freedom. And in that book he alleges that we really don't have much freedom, anyway. We think we do, but almost everything that we do is conditioned by birth, by glands, by historical process. We really aren't as free as we think we are. Therefore, since we aren't free, why don't we just go on and computerize everybody and get a computerized society? Make us a neat incubator right here in Durham, North Carolina, or some other place like that, and then make everybody conform to what we design as the most, as the optimum condition for human growth and development. That's a pretty neat scheme, but who's going to do the designing? And who told him that he was free to do anything like that? Why is it that the rest of us aren't free, but he's free? Where did he get his freedom from to program the rest of us? I know where he got it from. He got it from the feeling of freedom that every one of us has. This is all that we can ask of people. You don't know how free you are. But we ask you to use as much of that freedom as indeed you feel that you have. This is what Paul was saying to the people of Galatia. Use the freedom that you've got. I don't know what God's will is for my life, but all I know is that the noblest exercise upon which I could embark would be the search for His will for my life. I don't know how much freedom I've got. I'll never know how much freedom I've got until I use all of it that I see right now and then watch it grow as I use it. I'll never forget meeting two strange fellas in Kenya in Africa. I was traveling in Africa with Vice President Humphrey. He was sent on a mission and they wanted someone to go with him who had been in Africa for a time so he wouldn't make blunders, going around saying things that he ought not to say. So I was to go along with him to chat with him and help to explain things. So we came to the airport in Nairobi in Kenya. And as we came down the ramp, I saw a great big fella at the bottom waving to me so enthusiastically, I came down, I recognize him, he was a fullback at another college that A&T College used to play all the time, and I hated him really because he used to run through our line like it wasn't standing there. But nevertheless, in Africa I gave him a big bear hug and he squeezed the wind out of me and I returned it. And I said to him, "The beauty is that you came out here to meet me; how did you know I was on this plane?" He said, "Well, doc I'm sorry, but I didn't know you were on it and I didn't come out here to meet you. I was glad to see you." "Well, did you come to meet someone else? Vice President Humphrey?" He said, "No I came to meet the sergeant, here he comes." And here came a great big strapping sergeant; oh 250, 260. And nearly seven feet tall, and the whole plane just shook when he came down the steps. I said, "Sergeant have you been on the flight all the time?" He said, "Yes, I've been up front." "What were you doing up front?" I said. He said, "I live with a little box up there that has all the hotline to Moscow, the names and telephone numbers of all the cabinet offices. And I've got a Bible and I've got a Constitution." He says, "If President Johnson should expire while we are in the air, 30,000 feet above the desert, I have to come out with the box and show Vice President Humphrey how to be President of the United States instantly. That's what the box has and I'm in charge of it." "In other words, you're sleeping with the box that changes presidents, is that right?" "That's right." "Well, how do you know this fella?" He said, "Well, it was

