

(organ music)

- Good morning. And welcome to this service of worship here at Duke University chapel, on this 20th Sunday after Pentecost. We are delighted to see each of you here, and we extend special greetings to members of the Duke Family Association who are conducting their inaugural meeting on campus this weekend. A special announcement for members of the family who are here; the family picnic originally scheduled to be held at Duke Homestead will be held in Von Cannon Rooms A and B, which is immediately south of the chapel in the Bryan Center. Our preacher for this morning's service is the Reverend Dr. Stuart Henry retired professor of American Christianity in the Divinity School here at Duke. Dr. Henry is a much beloved member of this community, having been at Duke for 30 years where he is known as one of the university's most popular professors. He also is in demand as lecturer and preacher around the country. We are greatly indebted to Dr. Henry for standing this morning for Bishop Kenneth Goodson, who is recovering from a recent illness in Duke hospital, and whom we wish a speedy recovery. We also welcome Mr. Benjamin Duke Holloway, a member of the Duke Family Association and one of our university trustees as our lector today. Please note the remaining announcements as they are printed in your bulletins. And now let us stand and praise God with one voice as we join together in singing. (organ playing Praise to the Lord the Almighty) ♪ Praise to the Lord, the Almighty ♪ ♪ The king of creation ♪ ♪ O my soul, praise Him, ♪ ♪ For He is thy health and salvation ♪ ♪ All ye who hear ♪ ♪ Now to His temple draw near ♪ ♪ Sing now in glad adoration ♪ ♪ Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things ♪ ♪ so wondrously reigneth ♪ (singing continues) ♪ Praise to the Lord ♪ ♪ Who doth prosper thy work ♪ ♪ And defend thee ♪ ♪ Surely His goodness and mercy ♪ ♪ Here daily attend thee ♪ ♪ Ponder anew what the Almighty can do ♪ ♪ If with His love does befriend thee ♪ ♪ Praise to the Lord, ♪ ♪ Who doth nourish thy life and restore thee ♪ ♪ Fitting thee well for the tasks ♪ ♪ That are ever before thee ♪ ♪ Then to thy need God as a mother doth speed ♪ ♪ Spreading the wings of grace o'er thee ♪ ♪ Praise to the Lord ♪ ♪ O, let all that is in me adore him ♪ ♪ All that has life and breath ♪ ♪ Come now with praises before him ♪ ♪ Let the Amen sound from his people again ♪ ♪ Gladly forever adore him ♪

Nancy: O, God, you declare your almighty power chiefly in showing mercy and pity. Grant us the fullness of your grace that we, running to obtain your promises may become partakers of your heavenly treasure through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever and ever, amen.

- Let us all pray together. Open our hearts and minds, oh God, by the power of your Holy Spirit, so that as the word is read and proclaimed we may hear with joy what you say to us this day. The first lesson is taken from the Book of Joel. "Be glad, oh children of Zion, "and rejoice in the Lord, your God, "who has given the early rain for your vindication "and has poured down for you abundant rain, "the early and the latter rain as before. "The threshing floors shall be full of grain. "The vats shall overflow with wine and oil. "I will restore to you the years "which the swarming locust has eaten, "the hopper, the destroyer, and the cutter. "My great army which I sent among you. "You shall eat in plenty and be satisfied "and praise the name of the

Lord your God "who has dealt wondrously with you. "And my people shall never again be put to shame. "You shall know that I am in the midst of Israel "and that I, the Lord, am your God and there is none else. "And my people shall never again be put to shame. "And it shall come to pass afterward "that I will pour out my spirit on all flesh. "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. "The old shall dream dreams, "and the young shall seek visions. "Even upon the menservants and maidservants "in those days I will pour out my spirit. "And I will give portents in the heavens and on the earth, "blood and fire and columns of smoke." This ends the reading of the first lesson.

Nancy: Please stand as we read Psalm 107 responsively, beginning with verse 1 and continuing through verses 33 through 43. "O give thanks to the Lord, who is good, "whose steadfast love endures forever. "The Lord turns rivers into a desert, "springs of water into thirsty ground."

Congregation: "And fruitful land into a salty waste "because of the wickedness of its inhabitants."

- "The Lord turns a desert into pools of water, "a parched land into springs of water.

Congregation: "The Lord blessed the hungry to go there, "and they established a city in which to live."

- "They sow fields and plant vineyards "and get a fruitful yield."

Congregation: "They multiplied greatly "from the blessings of the Lord, "who does not let their cattle decrease."

- "When they are diminished and brought low "through oppression, trouble, and sorrow, "the Lord pours contempt upon princes "and makes them wander in trackless wastes."

Congregation: "But the Lord lifts up "the needy out of affliction "and makes their families like flocks."

Nancy: "The upright see it and are glad, "and all wickedness stops its mouth."

Congregation: "Whoever is wise will heed these things "and consider the steadfast love of the Lord." (organ playing Gloria Patri) ♪ Glory be to our creator ♪ ♪ Praise to our redeemer Lord ♪ ♪ Glory be to our sustainer ♪ ♪ Ever three and ever one ♪ ♪ As it was in the beginning ♪ ♪ Now and ever more shall be ♪

- The second lesson is taken from Paul's first letter to Timothy. "There is great gain in godliness with contentment, "for we brought nothing into the world, "and we cannot take anything out of the world. "But if we have food and clothing, "with these we shall be content. "But those who desire to be rich "fall into temptation, into a snare, "into many senseless and hurtful desires "that plunge people into ruin and destruction. "For the love of money is the root of all evils. "It is through this craving "that some have wandered away from the faith "and pierced their hearts with many pains. "But as for you, o person of God, shun all of this. "Aim at righteousness, godliness, faith, "love, steadfastness, gentleness. "Fight the good fight of the faith. "Take hold of the eternal life to which you were called "when you made the good

confession "in the presence of many witnesses, "in the presence of God who gives life to all things, "and of Christ Jesus who in testifying "before Pontious Pilate made the good confession. "I charge you to keep the commandments unstained "and free from reproach "until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. "And this will be made manifest at the proper time "by the blessed and holy sovereign, "the ruler of rulers and Lord of lords "who alone has immortality "and dwells in unapproachable light, "who no one has ever seen or can see, "to whom be honor and eternal dominion, amen. "As for the rich in this world, "charge them not to be haughty, "nor to set their hopes on uncertain riches, "but on God, who richly furnishes us "with everything to enjoy. "They are to do good, "be rich in good deeds, liberal and generous, "thus laying up for themselves "a good foundation for the future "so that they may take hold of the light "which is life indeed." This ends the reading of the second lesson. Now we'll have a reading from the gospel according to St. Luke. "There was a rich person clothed in purple and fine linen "who feasted sumptuously everyday. "And at the gate lay a poor man named Lazarus, "full of sores, who desired to be fed "with what fell from the rich person's table. "Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores. "The poor man died and was carried "by the angels to Abraham's bosom. "The rich person also died and was buried, "and being in torment in Hades looked up "and saw Abraham far off and Lazarus in his bosom. "And the rich person called out, ""Father Abraham, have mercy upon me and send Lazarus ""to dip the end of his finger in water and cool my tongue, ""for I am in anguish in this flame." "But Abraham said, "My child, remember ""that you in your lifetime received your good things, ""and Lazarus in like manner evil things. ""But now he is comforted here, and you are in anguish. ""And besides all this, between us and you ""a great chasm has been fixed ""in order that those who would pass ""from here to you may not be able, ""and none may cross from there to us." "And the rich person said, "then I beg you, father, ""send Lazarus to my parents' house, ""for I have five brothers, so that he may warn them, ""lest they also come to this place of torment." "But Abraham said, "They have Moses and the prophets. ""Let them hear them." "And the rich person said, "No, father Abraham. ""But if someone goes to them from the dead, ""they will repent." "Abraham answered, "If they do not hear Moses ""and the prophets, neither will they be convinced ""if someone should rise from the dead."" This ends the reading of the gospel. (organ music)

- (choral singing)

- Preaching is always a privilege, and it is a special honor to stand at this pulpit today, even though substituting for Kenneth Goodson is a challenge that none may meet. In appreciation of the vision and the support of the Duke family, which has nurtured this university and enabled it to come of age, I welcome the opportunity to offer my own sincere, if inadequate gesture of gratitude, reflecting as it surely does your own happiness at the opportunity of participating in this special service and this gathering in the chapel today. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen. (clears throat) It surely can come as no surprise to you that the world I grew up in is gone. A childhood without radio, let alone television, in a house in which the doors were never locked and a disposition to speak to strangers, these are characteristics of a life that I no longer know, perhaps even of a life no longer known by anyone. And yet there are values from those days which are still guarded and cherished. I am speaking of tradition. Every institution has its traditions, and every family has its quasi-sacred rituals for holidays, for anniversaries, for birthdays, and nowhere do we see the strength and the power of tradition operative and any more binding than in the church, where newcomers and visitors are kindly but firmly reminded, "but we always do it this way." For

tradition is information that is passed along. It is belief and custom that is transmitted from one generation to another, not by that which is written down, but by word of mouth and by example. Now tradition is a very special word, and it connotes a very special idea. It is not to be confused with heritage. The heritage is conglomerate and indiscriminate. By inheritance, we are heirs of Attila the Hun as well as of St. Francis of Assisi. All the past is our heritage, all that lies behind us, all that we have passed through, all that we have known. The tradition, on the other hand, is highly selective. Here is the wisdom of the ages and the values that are passed along, not because they're inscribed upon paper, but because they're written in our hearts and demonstrated by attitude and behavior. Here is information that is the key to understanding who we are. Let me illustrate; our heritage is war, and the sometime bitter strife that divides brother from brother and separates parent from child. Our heritage is war, civil war and international war. But the tradition, our tradition is peace. For it is peace that we believe in even while we are fighting our wars. Or again, our heritage is slavery, but our tradition is freedom. For it is freedom that we recognize as value even while we are rationalizing the slavery which we have affected and which we tried to preserve. So when we begin to look toward the future, we must always sort out the difference between heritage and tradition. And in so doing, we become aware of those special values which we try to recapture, to re-understand, to reaffirm. Now this is a part of what we mean by remembering into the future. Standing as we always do on the razor's edge of possible destruction, we lament the lost world that is gone and behind us and endeavor in remembering what there used to be, try to identify ourselves with that which was good and right in the days now passed and so structure for ourselves a future that is different from the one which seems threatening to overtake us. We are like the captives who sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept when they remembered Jerusalem, that city on a hill which was now desolate and forsaken, overrun with brambles and briars and become the lair of foxes. On special occasions, and this is a special occasion, we remember the lost past. We remember the world that we grew up in. And we long to actualize it again for the future, not in its forms, but in its values. What then is our tradition? We have the right and the necessity to ask. The answer is, I think, simple. Simple, but not easy. The very walls of this sanctuary where we are gathered symbolize and point to the value and the shape of our tradition. The fact that we have come together in this place and at this hour speaks to the vitality and the shape of the tradition that we honor. Our tradition is protestant. That is, it is one of protest. Consider what that word means, or more correctly, what the word at one time meant and what it could mean again. When we speak of protest today, we are likely to think of folk marching with placards, occupying buildings, obstructing procedures, blocking entries, conflicting with discipline, and that is all negative. But that is wrong to think in that way, for the word is actually a positive one. Remember your days in that tedious high school Latin class. The "pro" in "protest" is like the "pro" in "the pros and the cons." It is from protestare, to testify for, to take a stand for, to be in favor of something. And that's where the term came into popular use, because certain German princes protested for, that is they testified for their right to choose their own religion. So in asking what the protestant tradition is, one is asking what were the protestants for? And also asking the implied question, is there then for us any value left in the tradition for which we can be? The answer begins with a statement so disarmingly brief and so old-fashioned, that to many it seems outmoded and of interest only as a novelty. For the protestant tradition begins with an affirmation of the Bible as the authority, the ultimate authority in matters of faith and practice that is a source of knowing what we should believe and what we should do. Is this then what the Bible is, we ask in shocked disbelief, a pharisaic rule book that frustrates self-expression and a creed that takes no account of what has happened in the laboratory and the library in these past 2000 years? Not

one bit of it, for the Bible is not a book of science. It is not a book of history. It is not a book of systematic theology, even though all these disciplines are components of the whole. The Bible is a book about people. It is about lost sons and the fathers of lost sons. It is about brave women who resisted the power of tyrants even to the point of killing some of them with their own hands, about Jael driving a tent spike through Sisera's skull, about Judith separating the body of Holofernes from his wicked head. It is about also faithful though frightened women who when they were deserted by craven apostles, waited bravely to see how their wandering teacher would die on a cross. It is a book about men and women who were happy or sad, successful in achievement or miserable in failure. It is a book about the human situation. That is, it is a book about us. For actually, it is a book by and about people who came face-to-face with God, and as a result of that encounter could never, ever be the same again. And when we read their accounts and their reactions to that meeting with the eternal, quite rightly we say, "but this could have happened to me." And then, and then in delayed reaction, we say, "but, dear God, this has happened to me. "This is my story. "I am the prodigal who has wandered "into the far country of my own sinful will. "I'm one of the mob who cried out, "crucify him."" And in the reflective light of the experience of those individuals who have met God, then we understand a little better some chapter of our past, some aspect of the present, some prospect for the future. And so the Bible becomes for us the ultimate authority of faith and practice. For the characters whose stories are written there become for us those who shape our creed. Their actions become our actions. Now no sooner do we understand ourselves than we become of an obligation. And if in the protestant tradition, we have the privilege of reading the Word, then we find in so doing an obligation that is laid up on us. For we not only as protestants believe in the bible, we believe in the priesthood of believers. Again, what this means is simple, but not easy. For it means that I am my neighbor's keeper, and my neighbor must keep me. I am priest to all, and all are priest to me. You see, there is a radical democracy about the kingdom of God, for the ground is always level at the foot of the cross. The most unbelievable thing that I have ever read in the New Testament about Jesus is that he looked upon the multitudes and was moved with compassion. I look upon the multitudes, I am moved, but God forgive me, not always with compassion. People get in our way. They arrive there first. They take the best places. But if every moment of time is equidistant from eternity, then every moment in time and every individual in time is potentially transparent to the everlasting mercy of God. Every individual then is potentially the saint whom I must recognize and assist in escape from the body of this death which holds us all prisoners. I must be priest to everyone, and I must accept the ministry of all. It is for this reason that I must found schools and I must go to school. It is for this reason that I must build shelter for the homeless, and that I must leave the security of my own place to go out and serve and minister to others. It is for this reason that I must open hospitals, and for this reason that I must seek the healing of soul from others. You see, everything that degrades and dishonors human life, degrades and dishonors God. And I must, as priest to all, increase my own capacity to give and to bless, not that I can bring the kingdom of God in or ever shall. That is God's work. But in the priesthood of believers, I must acknowledge that I come from a tradition which believes not simply that God is or that God is somewhere, but that God is everywhere, and I must act accordingly. And then finally there is grace. For protestant stand for not only the authority of the Bible and the priesthood of believers, they stand for salvation by grace. That is another way of saying that they believe not only that God is love, but that God is grace. They believe it quite as much as they believe that God is love. I do not have to save the world, but because God is grace, I am not supposed to. I am not Atlas, that I should take the whole world upon my shoulders. I do not have to support the world alone. But believing in grace says that God will save. For no

man had mercy on Cain. God had mercy on Cain. And in the end, the kingdom does come, not through my effort, but because God is grace. Remember a journal entry from a Puritan voyager who was lost at sea. "It is now the fourteenth day since we have seen the sun. "The sails are split. "The masts are broken. "The rudder is washed away. "No man knows where we are, but God knows, so all is well." It is just such a crisis as this in which grace can work and grace does work. For the believer protests his confidence in grace that knows no barrier. Does not history testify to the truth of this? The kingdoms of the caesars have always turned to dust and ashes. Call the roll of them if you can remember their names. Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane. These imperial sealers, caesars, dead and turned to clay can, as the doggerel would have it, stop the chinks and keep the wind away, but no more. For their empires have long since vanished. First-time visitors to Paris usually go to the tomb of Napoleon, and surely it is impressive, the dark sarcophagus, the eternal flame, the monument to a ruthless murderer, but the empire hardly outlasted the emperor himself. It was already splitting at the seams before it was finished. Now a few folk bother to go several hundred yards beyond the Invalides to see the memorial, modest, to Louis Pasteur. Yet I say to you that the sun never sets on the benediction which Pasteur bequeathed to subsequent generations. For in the end it is the fearless daring, the terrible meek who do inherit the Earth. It is the kingdom built on the hot temper of Peter, on the instability of the Magdalene, on the doubt of Thomas, on the dullness of Philip, on the conceit of John, on the arrogance of Paul. It is this kingdom of the Gallilean, built upon human flesh, that has outlasted the best that the caesars can do. The faithful who protest carry no placards, but they bear in their bodies the stigmata of the cross. What we have said is the protestant tradition takes one back to the Bible, and in recognition of the priesthood of believers, sets one to the business of living as if the kingdom had already come. And no amount of frustration can bring the faithful to despair, because the God of grace is grace. And finally it is God's way that will prevail. It was in the 12th century that Peter of Blois pointed out that we are all of us dwarves standing on the shoulders of giants. By their grace, he said, we see further than they. And our memory of the ancients lets us understand and gives us fresh ideas to their life. Some of the weeping captives by the rivers of Babylon were able to project what their prophet said into the future, and those who did indeed remembered into the future, not seeing clearly what was to come to pass, but seeing the light of God shining upon whatever happened, illuminating and transforming, seeing the highway leading back again into the city of David, Jerusalem. The world that we love and that we have lost is not lost nor ever will be, so long as we can take its values and remember them into the future. But all this is utter madness, you say. And we remind ourselves of the dictum of the way who would instruct us that if the meek ever do inherit the Earth, it will be the only way by which they come into possession of it. So let me put it to you this way in an oblique illustration. Upon the possibility of moving into the future with the faith of the past, I give you a bit of legend which comes not in documented form, but which is like the content of many legends, truer than true. The site is the execution of Joan of Arc. The fires have died down. The ashes are cooling. The crowds have dispersed and gone away. And there are left only at the stake two soldiers, one a case-hardened old veteran of many campaigns, the other young, starry-eyed, a dreamy, actually, a dreamy man. And it is he who speaks first. "But there was something about her, "her eyes and her face and her faith in God." "Then you're as mad as she is," said the old man. "Perhaps," said the dreamer, "but the world needs a few madmen now. "See where the sane ones have gotten us." (organ playing Our God, Our Help in Ages Past)

- ♪ Our God, our help in ages past ♪ ♪ Our hope for years to come ♪ ♪ Our shelter from the stormy blast and

our eternal home ♪ ♪ Under the shadow of thy throne ♪ ♪ Thy saints have dwelt secure ♪ ♪ Sufficient is thy arm alone and our defense is sure. ♪ ♪ Before the hills in order stood ♪ ♪ Or Earth received her frame ♪ ♪ From everlasting thou art God to endless years the same. ♪ ♪ A thousand ages in thy sight are like an evening gone ♪ ♪ Short as the watch that ends the night ♪ ♪ Before the rising sun. ♪ ♪ Time like an ever-rolling stream ♪ ♪ Bears all its days away ♪ ♪ They fly forgotten as a dream ♪ ♪ Dies at the opening day ♪ ♪ Our God, our help in ages past ♪ ♪ Our hope for years to come ♪ ♪ Be thou our guide while life shall last ♪ ♪ And our eternal home ♪

Nancy: The Lord be with you.

Congregation: And also with you.

- Let us pray. Oh, eternal spirit, the alpha and the omega, creator of the universe, our refuge and our shield, we lift our spirits unto thee. Mysterious indeed is this universe into which without our asking it thou hast ushered us. We stand in awe before the mystery of thy creative powers completely beyond our abilities to master or to comprehend. Thy ways have not been our ways. Neither have thy thoughts been our thoughts. Yet thou hast not forsaken us, even as we have passed through the shadows of unbelief. In thy mercy, grant us thy light and thy truth. Hear us now, gracious God, as we pray for all thy children everywhere, for forgiveness and healing, for courage, for faith, for hope in times of despair, for endurance in the midst of trial, for compassion in the midst of bitterness. Hear our prayers for the needs of others this day, for the homeless, the destitute, the handicapped, the sick, and the dying, especially those patients and families in Duke hospital including our beloved Bishop Goodson and for those who care for them, for Mother Teresa on her road to recovery, for the hungry and for all those who seek to feed them. Let us pray for all victims of violence, even in their own families, and for those who inflict harm upon others. Let us pray for those who govern the nations of the world and for those who seek to bring peace to conflict-ridden peoples. Let us pray for refugees throughout the world, for those families who have been separated because of government intervention or warfare, for all who continue to pray for reunions with loved ones, and for those German families who at long last are being reunited East with West. Let us pray for women and men who suffer for the sake of conscience and for those Chinese students who continue to speak out against human suffering in their own country as they gather at our nation's capital. Let us pray for all who suffer as a result of natural disasters, especially those victims of Hurricane Hugo and for those responsible for providing desperately needed relief. Let us pray for all who live in institutions surrounded by people, yet lonely beyond words. Let us pray for those whom we have known and loved who have died in the faith that they may be a glorious memory to us and a source of renewed communion with all the saints. O ever-living God, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. We trust in thy eternal goodness and power to save. Grant us hope which will rise above despair and patience to endure the strain of waiting as we look forward to the day when we shall gather in harmony around thy heavenly throne. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and forever, amen. With thanksgiving for the greatness of God's mercy, let us offer our gifts and ourselves unto God. (organ music)

- (choral singing) (organ playing Doxology)

- ♪ Praise God from whom all blessings flow ♪ ♪ Praise God all creatures here below ♪ ♪ Alleluia, alleluia ♪ ♪  
Praise God above ye heavenly hosts ♪ ♪ Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ♪ ♪ Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,  
alleluia, alleluia ♪

Nancy: O God, the source of all life, with glad hearts we thank thee for thy unwavering goodness and care, that the seasons unfold in predictable succession, that day follows night, that we are born into families and communities where tradition helps us know who we are. We thank thee for this university and for those who laid its foundations, and we ask for ourselves that even as we accomplish more than they ever envisioned, we might be the servant community that thou wouldst have us to be. This we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, who taught us to pray with confidence

Congregation: 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 kingdom, the power, the glory forever and ever, amen.

- And now go forth in peace and be of good courage, hold fast that which is good, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit, and may the blessings of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be with you all now and forevermore. (organ music)

Choir: ♪ Amen, amen ♪ (organ playing Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart) ♪ Rejoice, ye pure in heart ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks, and sing ♪ ♪ Your royal banner wave on high ♪ ♪ The cross of Christ, your king ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice give thanks, and sing ♪ ♪ Your clear hosannas raise and alleluias loud ♪ ♪ Whilst answering echoes upward float ♪ ♪ Like wreaths of incense cloud ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks, and sing ♪ ♪ Yes, on through life's long path ♪ ♪ Still chanting as ye go ♪ ♪ From youth to age, by night and day ♪ ♪ In gladness and in woe ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks, and sing ♪ ♪ At last the march shall end ♪ ♪ The wearied ones shall rest ♪ ♪ The pilgrims find their heavenly home ♪ ♪ Jerusalem the blessed ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks, and sing ♪ ♪ Praise God who reigns on high ♪ ♪ The Lord whom we adore ♪ ♪ The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ♪ ♪ One God forevermore ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks, and sing ♪

- (choral singing) (organ music)