Enclosed please find two copies of the readings and songs used for the Ecumenical Memorial Service on May 4, 1975. Because of the rain and cold, the service was held in a classroom on the third floor of Taylor Hall and was attended by about 150 people.

The service was designed by Rev. George Gaiser, Rabbi Gerald Turk, and me. Rev. Gaiser and Rabbi Turk led the service.

The readings and songs were typed by Mrs. Virginia Bradley of Arts and Sciences.

NVD/vb

cc: Center for Peaceful Change
Rationale: We gather this morning bringing with us the specificity of our own beliefs and the unique way in which each deals with our common tragedy. It is the hope of the contributors that in such a way all of us might join our separate voices in a corporate recognition of grace, that faith which says that out of human suffering comes renewal, out of death new life.

Opening song: "Morning is Broken"

Morning has broken, like the first morning.
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning.
Praise for them springing fresh from the Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlight from heaven,
Like the first dew fall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Spring in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning.
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise every morning.
God's recreation of the new day.

* * *

We open with a thematic parable from "Jewish Ways in Death and Mourning" by Maurice Lamm

Imagine twins growing peacefully in the warmth of the womb. Their mouths are closed, and they are being fed via the navel. Their lives are serene. The whole world, to these brothers, is the interior of the womb. Who could conceive anything larger, better, more comfortable? They begin to wonder: "We are getting lower and lower. Surely if it continues, we will exit one day. What will happen after we exit?"

Now the first infant is a believer. He is heir to a religious tradition which tells him that there will be a "new life" after this wet and warm existence of the womb. A strange belief, seemingly without foundation, but one to which he holds fast. The second infant is a thorough-going skeptic. Mere stories do not deceive him. He believes only in that which can be demonstrated. He is enlightened, and tolerates no idle conjecture. What is not within one's experience can have no basis in one's imagination.

Says the faithful brother: "After our 'death' here, there will be a new great world. We will eat through the mouth! We will see great distances, and we will hear through the ears on the sides of our heads. Why, our feet will be straightened! And our heads - up and free rather than down and boxed in."
Replies the skeptic: "Nonsense. You're straining your imagination again. There is no foundation for this belief. It is only your survival instinct, an elaborate defense mechanism, a historically-conditioned subterfuge. You are looking for something to calm your fear of 'death'. There is only this world. There is no world-to-come!"

"Well then," asks the first, "what do you say it will be like?"

The second brother snappily replies with all the assurance of the slightly knowledgeable: "We will go with a bang. Our world will collapse and we will sink into oblivion. No more. Nothing. Black void. An end to consciousness. Forgotten. This may not be a comforting thought, but it is a logical one."


The believing brother exits. Tearing himself from the womb, he falls outward. The second brother shrieks - startled by the "accident" befallen his brother. He bewails and bemoans the tragedy - the death of a perfectly fine fellow. Why? Why? Why didn't he take better care? Why did he fall into that terrible abyss?

As he thus laments, he hears a head-splitting cry, and a great tumult from the black abyss, and he trembles: "Oh my! What a horrible end! As I predicted!"

Meanwhile as the skeptic brother mourns, his "dead" brother has been born into the "new" world. The head-splitting cry is a sign of health and vigor, and the tumult is really a chorus of mazel tov sounded by the waiting family thanking God for the birth of a healthy son.

Indeed, in the words of a contemporary thinker, man comes from the darkness of the "not yet," and proceeds to the darkness of the "no more." While it is difficult to imagine the "not yet" it is more difficult to picture the "no more."

Our tragedy focuses attention on the nation's tragedy. Corporate anguish is well illustrated in "I have died in Viet Nam."

I have died in Viet Nam.
But I have walked the face of the moon.
I have befouled the waters and tainted the air of a magnificent land.
But I have made it safe from disease.
I have flown through the sky faster than the sun.
But I have idled in streets made ugly with traffic.
I have littered the land with garbage. But I have built upon it a hundred million homes.
I have divided schools with my prejudice. But I have sent armies to unite them.
I have beat down my enemies with clubs. But I have built courtrooms to keep them free.
I have built a bomb to destroy the world. But I have used it to light a light.
I have outraged my brothers in the alleys of the ghettos.  
But I have transplanted a human heart.  
I have scribbled out filth and pornography.  But I  
have elevated the philosophy of man.  
I have watched children starve from my golden towers.  
But I have fed half of the earth.  
I was raised in a grotesque slum.  But I am surfeited  
by the silver spoon of opulence.  
I live in the greatest country in the world, in the greatest time  
in history.  But I scorn the ground I stand upon.  
I am ashamed.  
But I am proud.  I am an American.

The harsh cry of the prophet is put in perspective by Paul Tillich in "Shaking of the Foundations".

How could the prophets speak as they did? How could they paint these most  
terrible pictures of doom and destruction without cynicism or despair?  It was  
because, beyond the sphere of destruction, they saw the sphere of salvation;  
because, in the doom of the temporal, they saw the manifestation of the Eternal.  It was  
because they were certain that they belonged with the two spheres, the changeable  
and the unchangeable.  For only he who is also beyond the changeable, not bound  
within it alone, can face the end.  All others are compelled to escape, to turn  
away.  How much of our lives consists in nothing but attempts to look away from  
the end!  We often succeed in forgetting the end.  But ultimately we fail;  
for we always carry the end with us in our bodies and our souls.  And often whole nations  
and cultures succeed in forgetting the end.  But ultimately they fail too,  
for in their lives and growth they always carry the end with them.  Often the whole  
earth succeeds in making its creatures forget its end, but sometimes these creatures  
feel that their earth is beginning to grow old, and that its foundations are  
beginning to shake.  For the earth always carries its end within it.  We happen to  
live in a time when very few of us, very few nations, very few sections of the earth,  
will succeed in forgetting the end.  For in these days the foundations of the earth  
do shake.  May we not turn our eyes away;  may we not close our ears and our mouths!  But  
may we rather see, through the crumbling of a world, the rock of eternity and  
the salvation which has no end!

Our community which was forced to come to grips with tragedy and despair was  
the New Testament Christian Church.  Their victory is indicated in this reading  

That same day two of them were on their way to a village called Emmaus, which lay  
about seven miles from Jerusalem, and they were talking together about all these  
happenings.  As they talked and discussed it with one another, Jesus himself came  
up and walked along with them;  but something kept them from seeing who it was.  He  
asked them, 'What is it you are debating as you walk?'  They halted, their faces  
full of gloom, and one, called Cleopas, answered, 'Are you the only person staying  
in Jerusalem not to know what has happened there in the last few days?'  'What  
do you mean?' he said.  'All this about Jesus of Nazareth,' they replied, 'a prophet  
powerful in speech and action before God and the whole people;  how our chief priests  
and rulers handed him over to be sentenced to death, and crucified him.  But we had
been hoping that he was the man to liberate Israel. What is more, this is the third
day since it happened, and now some women of our company have astounded us: they
went early to the tomb, but failed to find his body, and returned with a story
that they had seen a vision of angels who told them he was alive. So some of our
people went to the tomb and found things just as the women had said; but him they
did not see.'

'How dull you are!' he answered. 'How slow to believe all that the prophets
said! Was the Messiah not bound to suffer thus before entering upon his glory?'
Then he began with Moses and all the prophets, and explained to them the passages
which referred to himself in every part of the scriptures.

By this time they had reached the village to which they were going, and he
made as if to continue his journey, but they pressed him: 'Stay with us, for
evening draws on, and the day is almost over.' So he went in to stay with them.
And when he had sat down with them at table, he took bread and said the blessing;
he broke the bread, and offered it to them. Then their eyes were opened, and they
recognized him; and he vanished from their sight. They said to one another, "Did
we not feel our hearts on fire as he talked with us on the road and explained the
scriptures to us?"

* * *

Our own struggle for life out of the suffering we have known is indicated in
"A Lovers Quarrel with the World".

O Lord, we love this country.
And because we love it,
We pray for the courage to quarrel with it,
As did the prophets of old,
And as do the men of conscience today.

Give us the courage to quarrel
With the worship of success and status,
With the belief that people are less precious than property,
And with the myth that in missiles there is real safety.

Give us the courage to quarrel
With the idolators who say:
"My country-when it is right,
My country to be made right,
Whenever it is wrong."

Give us the courage to quarrel
With those who believe we can afford
For a journey to the moon
But who claim that we cannot afford millions
To abolish poverty here on earth.

Give us the courage to quarrel
With a society that spends more on cosmetics
Than it does on charity,
More on cigarettes
Than it does on cancer research.
Give us the courage to quarrel
With those who find it easier to condemn Communism
Than to practice the teachings of Democracy.

Give us the courage to quarrel
With those who dump surpluses
And who pay farmers not to plant,
While human beings starve
Here and around the world.

Give us the courage to quarrel
With those who can appreciate the patriotism of a soldier
But who cannot understand the courage of a conscientious objector.

Give us the courage to quarrel
With all the forces within our society
That dehumanize, that profane, and that separate men.

But let our quarreling, O Lord, not be destructive.
Let is be out of love, not envy.
Let is be in order to correct and improve -
Not just for the sake of tearing down.

Let us be counted among those
Who alleviate pain by sharing it.

Let us be counted among those
Who are not satisfied with the status quo
But who yearn and work for a better world.

May we bring into this world,
A bit more truth, a bit more justice,
A bit more love
Than there would have been,
If we had not loved the world enough
To quarrel with it -
Out of a vision of what it ought to be.

May our prayers and our deeds be pleasing to You, O Lord,
Whose lover's quarrel with the world
Is the history of mankind.

* * *
In that spirit, we sing together, "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?"

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone, young girls picked them, everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone, gone to young men, everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young men gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young men gone, gone to soldiers, everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone, gone to graveyards, everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone, gone to flowers everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

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The judgment of history on the myopia of man is made specific in this reading from a sermon of Helmut Thielicke preached the Sunday after the liberation of Stuttgart in World War Two. Because that judgment is so specific it is also general enough to be applicable to us.

May not the cause of this frightful and yet miserable collapse lie in the fact that this talk of "dangerous living" was only a phrase, pure claptrap, in the sense that the real dangers of life were not seen at all, that it was possible, for example, for people to think that the only dangers consist in what a nation assumes in its military struggle and what it risks (historically and biologically) in its gigantic attempt "to gain the whole world"?

And all the while the truth is totally different. The one and only danger was, and always will be, that it might "lose its own soul":
- that its men, for example, could think that they themselves were making history, and actually did make it - this was one of the losses the nation's soul sustained - whereas they are only blind horses led of God;
- that this people should consider itself a chosen people, whereas the fist of God is already raised to dash it to the ground;
- that in its temporal tasks it should disregard the Eternal and in its faith in itself fail to see its guilt and need for forgiveness;
- that it should imagine that it believes in God, whereas it is the victim of the wiles of the devil and his shimmering soap bubbles;
- that it should proceed with fanatical energy to solve economic, social, and political problems and in solving these problems overlook or simply ignore the fact that first and foremost it needs a Redeemer, who would set straight the deepest basis of its personal life, that basis which is the only one upon which we can act.

I ask, are not the real dangers of life right here - those dangers of which our nation was utterly unaware and on which it was so hideously shipwrecked - shipwrecked in the very years and moments when it thought it could play the game of "dangerous living" and carpenter together a world view, which, with all its ridiculous affirmation of life and its befuddlement with "strength through joy," blinked the real and the most terrible danger: the danger that there is such a thing as a devil who can lead a man about by the nose in the midst of all his idealism, and - that there is a God, upon whom we can wreck ourselves, because he will not be mocked.

Can one understand at all the tremendous catastrophe that has now befallen us unless it be from this biblical point of view?

Who could be so deluded as to think that this terrible collapse was caused by the dwindling of our power potential or by the superior strength of the enemy or similar factors? All this is true, of course, but they are only the external manifestations of a far more basic fact, that we did not calculate the factor which is "God" in our plans and therefore fell victims to megalomania;
- that we violated the commandments of God and therefore got tangled in the towrope of our own unpredictable and brutal instincts;
- that we ignored that monumental call, "I am the Lord your God, you shall have no other gods before me," and hence were landed in a giddy ecstasy of power worship which brought the whole world into the field against us;
that we ceased to trust ourselves to the miracle of God's guidance and therefore
put our faith in miracle weapons that never came;
that we no longer knew that God is in heaven and man is on earth and therefore
could not help but lose all sense of the real proportions of life and consequently
were also stricken with blindness in the purely external spheres of political and
military relationships.

* * *

Reflecting on the nature of the species indicated in such a history, the
author asks "What is Man?"

Tell me not man is a beast.
Compared to man beast is angel.
Do beasts build crematoria?
Do they hurl children into the fire?
Do they take pleasure in death?
Tell me not man is a beast.

Tell me not man is a beast.
He is more than an angel.
He is word of an Isaiah.
He is outcry of a Job.
He yearns for new worlds.
Tell me not man is a beast.

Tell me not man is a beast.
Compared to man beast is angel.
Do beasts use napalm on each other?
Do they torture prisoners?
Do they kill their own kind?
Tell me not man is a beast.

Tell man is a beast.
He is more than an angel.
He is willingness to help.
He is ability to fast.
He is a creature that can cry, confess, and change.
Tell me not man is a beast.

Tell me not man is a beast.
Compared to man beast is angel.
Man robs, wrecks, and ravages,-

But unlike beast and unlike angel,
Man can begin again.

So tell me not what man is,
Tell me instead what man can be.
Tell me what you would be,
And then I will know what man is.

* * *
What man can be is told in First John, Chapter Four.

God is love; he who dwells in love is dwelling in God, and God in him. This is for us the perfection of love, to have confidence on the day of judgement, and this we can have, because even in this world we are as he is. There is no room for fear in love; perfect love banishes fear. For fear brings with it the pains of judgement, and anyone who is afraid has not attained to love in its perfection. We love because he loved us first. But if a man says, 'I love God', while hating his brother, he is a liar. If he does not love the brother whom he has seen, it cannot be that he loves God whom he has not seen. And indeed this command comes to us from Christ himself: that he who loves God must also love his brother.

Now we need to become very specific regarding our tragedy. This is a memorial service——

We memorialize here the people, the event, and questions. On May 4, 1970, four students from our University, Allison Krause, Jeff Miller, Sandy Scheuer, Bill Schroeder were killed and nine others seriously wounded close by. That alone is tragedy, a tragedy of human life cut short or maimed and potential unfulfilled, sufficient to bring us here to pray. Time though dims the memory of human tragedies.

But we also memorialize the event. On a warm spring day, surrounded by the renewed life of the season, human emotions were such that one group of humans set loose metal with such speed as to tear apart the flesh and bone of other humans and caused lives to end.

Many of those who witnessed the event looked up to a God Whom we cannot see and asked, "Why?" And then we turned to our neighbor whom we can see and asked, "Why?" And then we looked inward and asked, "Why?"

The questions and the answers are worth remembering. We memorialize the event to bring those questions and answers to our minds again. And today, on the same day, in the same place, we look again at man and at ourselves in the presence of God.

Remembering those students, we pray the Jewish Mourner's Prayer in Hebrew.

Magnified and sanctified be the name of God throughout the world which He hath created according to His will. May He establish His kingdom during the days of your life and during the life of all the house of Israel, speedily, yea, soon; and say ye, Amen.

May His great name be blessed for ever and ever.

Exalted and honored be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He, whose glory transcends, yea, is beyond all praises, hymns and blessings that man can render unto Him; and say ye, Amen.

May there be abundant peace from heaven, and life for us and for all Israel; and say ye, Amen.
May He who establisheth peace in the heavens, grant peace unto us and unto all Israel; and say ye, Amen.

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And our service concludes with a close parallel as we sing together that familiar petition for renewal, The Lord's Prayer.

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 debts, as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and forever.