

Chapel Echoes...

An Interpretation of 'The Lord's Prayer' - Bergendoff

By Ruth Kumata

The Lord's Prayer, which we repeat regularly but too often in mechanical fashion, is one of the finest statements of the place of God in a Christian's life as well as being a fundamental all-inclusive prayer which the Lord Himself taught us. Dr. Bergendoff, in the chapel meditations last week, began a series of talks showing the significance of each of the parts of the prayer.

"Our Father who art in heaven . . ." are the first words in the prayer. There are many strange conceptions of the location of heaven, many of which are undoubtedly carry-overs from childhood impressions. Is our Father way off in the distant skies at some unattainable height which is called heaven? Astronomy shows us that there is nothing but space and planets and stars up there, and thus some come to the conclusion that the Scriptures are false and that there is no God. But is there anyone who said that God was among the stars? Is heaven a geographical location at all? It is not. God makes heaven; where God is, there is heaven. When we go to heaven, we enter into a state of being close to God even here on earth. God dwells in that place which is holy because He dwells there. Thus, when we pray to God, we do not need to pray aloud as if God were far away from us. He is as close to us as our thoughts will let Him be. ". . . pray to thy Father who is in secret . . ."

"Hallowed be Thy name . . ." it

continues. How do most of us begin our own prayers? Isn't it with some form of the first person—I, my, our, etc.? The first thing, then, that we need to know in order to really pray is the one to whom we address our prayers. Some of us have such crazy notions of God that it is no wonder that our prayers are crazy. The first petition gives us the correct concept of God. In the same way that one connects very closely the name of a person and the person himself, God should be very closely connected with His name. That name is a hallowed one, and each time we pray we should come to know more about the meaning of God through it. The tragedy is that too many people do not have that reverence for the name of God. It is not then the "I" or "me" or "us" that gives significance to our petitions, but it is the name of God and the right attitude toward that name.

"Thy Kingdom come . . ." we pray in the second petition. Here again we seem to have some queer notions of when and where the Kingdom should be. The Kingdom is not some utopia which is way off in the unearthly distance. Christianity is a coming of the Kingdom daily; today is as important as the day of the advent of Christ will be. As evidence of this we need only look at history. The concept of the Kingdom of God has been the only unifying force in history. It is the only thing that includes all races, all peoples, all times. It is the only thing that has given meaning to humanity.

Other kingdoms have been built up by force and have been scattered, but the Kingdom of God withstands all; for Christ's kingdom is in this world but not of it. It is an inner kingdom. The Kingdom of God is where Christ has taken hold of hearts and where those hearts have made manifest His glory.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven . . ." the prayer goes on. "Are there not many people who think of life as being completely controlled by some unknown fate? Many today think that nothing they can do will change the course of their lives. There is nothing farther from the truth. Life is explained, rather, in the clash of many wills. For there are many wills, many in conflict with God's. It is up to each one to make a choice between God's will and other wills, and it is not always easy. Christ Himself prayed for the will of God in Gethsemane. Daily prayer is of the utmost importance in making the right choice, a choice which is not between wills of equal advantage but a choice between slavery to other wills and service to God's. Where the right choice has been made and God's will is done, there is His kingdom now as in eternity.

"Give us this day our daily bread" is the following petition. The significance of this petition lies in the fact that it follows "Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done . . ." "It is to be considered in context, not torn out of the prayer as many have done. Too many are working and fighting for bread alone as if it were the only thing that mattered, when in reality nothing matters without God. "Seek ye first the kingdom . . . and all these things shall be added . . ." We don't have to tell God that we need bread. He knows. It is true that the church's one great defect has been that it has dissociated the spiritual and material life, but it is also true that throughout the Lord's Prayer and throughout the Christian message the Kingdom of God comes first.

Ratify Student Union Constitution; To Vote For Officers Today

Augieites last Thursday in Student Union unanimously ratified a student body constitution, newly-drawn up during the past six or eight weeks. Augustana has had student government in the past but not a unified type such as this which gives real power to the collegians.

A week from today, Thursday, April 29, voting will take place from 8:00 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. for student body officers, the Pep committee, the Program committee and the Student Union Building committee. A week of campaigning before the election will be observed, so that students have an opportunity to become acquainted with candidates for all offices.

Students who head the governing body of the college next year and each subsequent year must be dependable, capable persons who will be exercising powers never before allocated to students in the history of Augustana. We ask each student on this campus to consider the candidates carefully before he votes on Thursday. We also caution you to realize that these offices are not popularity rewards. These offices carry with them tremendous responsibilities, and in addition to popularity their executors must have many stable qualities.

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It's Hard To Believe - -

That any choir member would be glad to translate this column for any interested monotone. . . . That if choir tour was a dream, facing the pros is a nightmare. . . . That in spite of the usual cheerful atmosphere enroute, Ted "Digger Odell" Snyder managed to inject a "grave" note; just consult "Digger" about his new layaway plan or method of straightening one out. . . . That, while on the subject, anyone could have been as pleased as "Digger" was when Kenny Baker included "Black Is the Color—" in his concert at Riverside. . . . That China may have its inflation problems, but have you ever eaten in a dining car on Einar's allowance? . . . That Ruth Anderson was heard to exclaim while viewing the Montana canyon below her: "Wouldn't it be awful if two trains periscoped in this trellis?"

That it rained in California. . . . That some people were surprised. . . . That "Gute Nacht" sounds better in one key than in three or four, but the midnight serenade was nice anyway. . . . That Elmer could shrug his shoulders so artistically when directing "Jingle Bells" . . . That, speaking of "J. B."—and "kling klang"—and Harvey—did you know that "Old MacDonald had a sleigh?" . . . That we didn't have to sleep on square wheels, but trying to handle a cup of coffee on the L. A.—Fresno trip made us wonder if said wheels hadn't managed to join the party. . . . That Pat Foley's lateral lisp—lisp, that is—could be so infectious; note Mr. Veld, for example, after the applause for "What Can Life Be But a Shadow", stage-whispered "Shay, thish ish shure a schwell crowd, isn't it!" . . . That Marian Fredrickson—now of U. of Arizona—is as unpredictable as ever; wouldn't you know that our Tuscon friend would be at the Riverside concert? . . . That the Jenny Lind "witches" finally found a "cranny in the rocks" from which to call, at Red Rocks Amphitheatre. . . . That a phrig could phrig the phriggers; Mary Jane Coddington and Loisee Anderson put out good money for 35 copies of the "Oregonian", planning to clip out the critic's tribute from the Portland news and then to sell the shorn copies to the Wennerbergers. Too bad they bought the wrong edition, wasn't it, fellas?—"he who laughs last" and all, y'know!

That Johnny Pete sang the praises of Kansas all the way from the coast to said state and then slept through most of it. Wait 'til the Chamber of Commerce hears about this, Johnny! . . . That Jack Kellett had a "hair-raising" experience while standing on his head on the diving board—in a negative sort of way. . . . That somebody in the front row of the audience smiled, once. . . . That we could exalt anyone to the "Bravo!" stage—but we did in L. A.! . . . That those perpetual bridge games really "cent" some people. . . . That "Good night, Lael!"—"Goodnight, Henry!" was heard from the vestibule as we turned in one evening. Who was chaperoning whom? . . . That one morning we actually got to sleep!

That in Salt Lake there's a house with seven kitchens—conventional kitchen, Mr. & Mrs. Kitchen, and the four little Kitchens—don't blame us—blame the busdriver of our S. L. C. tour. . . . That Mr. Veld's biggest worry on the last morning was whether or not anything had happened to his new hat. Wonder how long that will last? . . . That getting dressed in an upper berth could be so intricate. What a pastime! Keeps you in trim gymnastically while endangering the lives of passersby. . . . That Portland really "rose" to the occasion. . . . That sailors have girls in every port, but Waldo has uncles. . . . That Frisco's critic was amazed that 64 first rate soloists could blend so beautifully. Ahem, harumph. That's us, kids! . . . That we'd do it again if you'd persuade us—C'mon—twist our arms! . . . That, seriously, we'll never forget it—and that's not Hard to Believe!

- - But Yet It's True

Crowd Puts Up Even Money for Victory With Kusch at the Bat; He Pops Up

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Beta-nine that day, The score stood two to five with but an inning more to play. So while the sun was sinking fast the game drew to its close. It was a bitter blow for all the backers of the Bos.

A few got up to go, but in the other hand the rest Stayed with that hope that springs eternal in the human breast, They thought, "If only Kuschman could get a crack at that, We'd put up even money now with Kuschman at the bat."

Then from the maddened onlookers went up a joyous cry. It roared 'cross seventh avenue 'fore it began to die. It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat, For Kuschman, mighty Kuschman was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Kuschman's manner as he stepped into his place. There was pride in Kuschman's bearing and a smile on Kuschman's face. And when, responding to the cheers, he nobly smiled and waved. No stranger in the crowd could doubt the Bos' team had been saved.

A hundred eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt. Fifty tongues applauded as he wiped them on his shirt. Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip, Defiance gleamed in Kuschman's eye, a sneer curled Kuschman's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air, And Kuschman stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there. Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped. "That ain't my style!" said Kuschman. "Strike one!" the umpire said.

From the sidewalk black with people there went up a muffled roar Like the beating of the storm waves on the stern and distant shore. "Kill him, kill the umpire!" shouted Schryver from the stand. And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Kuschman raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Kuschman's visage shone. He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on; He signaled to the pitcher and once more the spheroid flew, But Kuschman still ignored it and the umpire said "Strike two!"

"Fraud!" cried the maddened fifty and the echo answered, "Fraud!" But one scornful look from Kuschman and the audience was awed. They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, And they knew that Kuschman wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Kuschman's lips; his teeth are clenched in hate. He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate; A silence grips the multitude; they let their voices drop. All nature stops to listen to that feeble little plop.

But does Kuschman get discouraged? Nay, he hurtles toward the base, And grim determination may be seen on Kuschman's face. In a tribute to his greatness the crowd lets out a cry— But that lowdown dirty shortstop went and caught our Kuschman's fly!