

August 19, 1973

Call to Worship

The heavens tell out the glory of God,
the vault of heaven reveals his handiwork.
One day speaks to another,
night with night shares its knowledge,
and this without speech or language
or sound of any voice.

Their music goes out through all the earth,
their words reach to the end of the world.

August 19, 1973

Announcements

1. Greetings and Registration *Holtz*
2. The Pastors' Retreat ~~this week~~
Sign on the card if you can keep
a couple--Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
nights, three breakfasts, Thursday
evening dinner.
3. Rosebud on the piano in honor of
Sonya Ann Holtz, a daughter born
to Dale and Jeannette Holtz
(Jeannette DeVelde)
4. The People's Service
Sermon by Pastor Fredrikson--"Big Babies"
5. Prayer Service Wednesday at 7:00

Time of Study

⑥ Clay Meldeband

Ezekiel 47:1-12

He brought me back to the gate of the temple, and I saw a spring of water issuing from under the terrace of the temple towards the east; for the temple faced east. The water was running down along the right side, to the south of the altar. He took me out through the northern gate and brought me round by an outside path to the eastern gate of the court, and water was trickling from the right side. When the man went out eastwards he had a line in his hand. He measured a thousand cubits and made me walk through the water; it came up to my ankles. He measured another thousand and made me walk through the water; it came up to my knees. He measured another thousand and made me walk through the water; it was up to my waist. Another thousand, and it was a torrent I could not cross, for the water had risen and was now deep enough to swim in; it had become a torrent that could not be crossed. 'Mark this, man', he said, and led me back to the bank of the torrent. When we came back to the bank I saw a great number of trees on each side. He said to me, 'This water flows out to the region lying east, and down to the Arabah; at last it will reach that sea whose waters are foul, and they will be sweetened. When any one of the living creatures that swarm upon the earth comes where the torrent flows, it shall draw life from it. The fish shall be innumerable; for these waters come here so that the others may be sweetened, and where the torrent flows everything shall live. From En-gedi as far as En-eglaim fishermen shall stand on its shores, for nets shall be spread there. Every kind of fish shall be there in shoals, like the fish of the Great Sea; but its swamps and pools shall not have their waters sweetened but shall be left as salt-pans. Beside the torrent on either bank all trees good for food shall spring up. Their leaves shall not wither, their fruit shall not cease; they shall bear early every month. For their water comes from the sanctuary; their fruit is for food and their foliage for enjoyment.

Exile in Babylon

- Twenty five years Dream of Home
- The Year Have Not Dimmed the Vision
- Especially the House of God where he had served as Priest.

The City Spread Out before him

- The Glory of the Lord.
 - Great Stream of Water flowing from the Altar.
 - One into the Light - Given him Given Life.
 - The River of the Spirit
- Our wounded ones.
Our Ancient ones
A long quiet slumber

(2)

Come from The Heights

- And Alone Can Give The Power
- So Much On This Level.
- Some Great Meetings Transformed
By Prayers.

Come from The Temple

- The Courts of the Lord.
- The Chancel - With All of Its
Altar Cornings and Aisles -
The Instruments the Lord Plans
to Use.

The Waters Deepened

- Shallow - Then Knee Deep - Then
Deep enough to swim in
- Within 6 miles and a half.
- Keep in the Blessings - Keep
basking back for Renewal.

Everything shall live wherever the
Living Flows

- Trees - Life.

" If anyone is thirsty let him come to me.
Whoever believes in me, let him drink.
Streams of living water shall flow out from
within him. "

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

August 19, 1973

Eight-thirty o'clock

Organ Prelude--"Prelude in F Major"

Charles Villiers Stanford

The Chimes

The Call to Worship

The Invocation and The Lord's Prayer

Processional Hymn--"Holy, Holy, Holy".....107

Concerns of the Family

Quartet.....Victor Balla, Elmer Garness,
Les Hash, Harold Wingler

Receiving Our Tithes and Offerings

Organ Offertory--"Andante Religioso"

(Fourth Symphony) Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Doxology and Prayer of Dedication

Unto Thee, O Lord, do we offer the gift of
our hands and the loyalty of our hearts.

Accept us with our gifts, we pray, in Jesus'
name. Amen.

Music.....Ray Hildebrand

Reading of the Holy Scriptures--Ezekiel 47:1-12

The Gloria

The Sermon--"Life from the River"

Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson

The Call to Prayer

Our Prayer for the Family of God

The Response

Hymn of Dedication and Decision--"Come,

Thou Fount of Every Blessing".....111

The Benediction and Response

Moment of Silence

The Chimes

Organ Postlude

The radio broadcast this morning over KELO is
sponsored by Weatherwax's.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

August 19, 1973

Eleven o'clock

Piano Prelude. Joan Balla
Welcome. Pastor Fredrikson
Singing. Pastor Balla
Prayer Pastor Balla
Quartet. Victor Balla, Elmer Garness,
Les Hash, Harold Wingler
Sharing among People Pastor Fredrikson
Hymn Pastor Balla
Announcements. Pastor Fredrikson
Offering Pastor Fredrikson
Quartet
Introduction of Ray Hildebrand..Pastor Fredrikson
Music and Witness. Ray Hildebrand
Pastoral Prayer. Pastor Rogillio
Scripture--Ezekiel 47:1-12 . . Pastor Fredrikson
Message--"Life from the River"..Pastor Fredrikson
Invitation Hymn
Closing Prayer Pastor Fredrikson

Friends, it's an amazing thing when you've been tired and parched and dry to get water. We all know it. Many of us who were awake last night for the short time the rain lasted, just lay there, I'm sure, with gratitude and thanked God that once again refreshing had come. Marvelous thing. When people, and by the way when we were in Wisconsin when we drove from Minnesota into Wisconsin it was just amazing because it was just like coming to from a place where someone had taken a knife and just driven it into the ground, because on one side it was green, and on the other side it was parched. And the second or third night we were there it was just marvelous to hear the rain start to fall, and for most of the day it came down, gently, and people were just all full of smiles and gratitude. When you live in the desert, like this man had done, and did, water takes on a tremendous meaning, and it's an amazing thing, but it can be understood that in the vision the main thing about it was the stream of life that came flowing out into the wilderness. Here you are in captivity, a long way away from home and year after year goes on and you wonder if anything is going to happen, and your memories are back there, and you can close your eyes and visualize what it's like. It's marvelous that we can have memories like that. For twenty-five years it goes on and he remembers the ruins and reports come down to Babylon about jackals and wolves, and wild animals and beasts inhabiting the place where once upon a time men lived. But all the time he has the longing that somehow someone's going to get back and start to rebuild and redo, but how do you keep that alive in the midst of that kind of captivity? The amazing thing, as I understand Ezekiel who, in many ways is an enigma, strange man, was the visions that came from God to keep him alive. Many of us live that way. It's not that you want to be sucked out of life and get up there some place where you have no touch with it, it's the fact that you need some power and vision in life to live by and with, right in the midst of it. Jesus said "I'm not asking you, Father, to take them out of the world. I'm asking you to give them victory over the world." And the reason that Ezekiel can live with some kind of fresh creativity and power^{is}/that God keeps His touch on him. Because He knows that he is a leader of men, and that this man who hears God is going to be able to pass it on to the others, and share with them the fact that God is still alive and at work. So here's this vision of the stream that comes down out of the temple right by the altar. It's amazing how much detail is given here. The direction it flows; the

side from which it comes, and starting with a trickle and moving on out until finally it becomes a mighty rushing torrent, so great that no man can even swim across it. And everything on each side starts to show life, trees begin to grow, and there's foliage and greenery on every hand; there's life there. I just want to say, as we come--strange, and almost terrifying as it is--to a time near the end of summer, just three or four things about this. It comes from on high. James Stewart has written about this vision. And he says there's just no question about it, it's the stream of the Spirit; that God's life as it pours out among men, this is the meaning of it. As this is given, that's where life comes. And he says that always comes from on high. And I just want to make a point of the fact that so much of what we do is horizontal, we manipulate this way, we try to make it work somehow on the human level, and there's much we can do that way. But there's something needed beyond it, we all know that, we've sensed this in Ray's songs this morning, we've felt it in being with each other. We are not just a group of people gathered, on a horizontal level; there is something vertical; there's a dimension from above; and the stream of life that comes into the affairs of men as in the vision, that life that comes among us has to come beyond and above us, into the place where we are. And the amazing thing, I just want to say secondly, is that it comes out of God's house. I know the church has been through a tremendous lot of malignment, and much of it it deserves. We've been weak and vacillating, and we have been taken up with too much small stuff, and we have at many times not shown love, all of that, and we're weak and fallible, and anyone of us can look around the room and pick out, you know the room's full of sinners just like I am, but the amazing thing is that in and out as the centuries come and go, this seems to be the agency, the organism, the body which He uses. And when the church is true to itself, and this is what Ezekiel remembered about that place back there--he'd been taught by it, he'd been given life by it, he had known about God out of it, and this is why the stream comes not just from above, it comes out of the Sanctuary, it comes from the place where God is. What a marvelous thing it would be if people were to say that out of this particular church, and I'm not speaking now in some narrow ego-centric way, but out of that church life comes, like a river, because it's people have known the power of the Spirit. I really hope and pray that as you come to church Sunday after Sunday this is something of our prayer, that I'm not just coming to be

to sit on the outside, to be entertained, and this kind of thing, but I'm coming to enter in, to drink of it and to be a part of it, so that the life that goes on will be shared out of a corporate body among the people who yearn in their parched lives for it. There's something else about it, the further away you get the deeper the river gets. Now, there's something very meaningful about that. You know, it's an amazing thing when you have the story recorded of Jesus turning the water into wine, the man comes and he says, "Why did you bring out the best last? Why didn't you serve that first?" That's the way we are-- we bring out the best and if it runs out then we get down^{to}/the stuff that isn't quite as good, we have to hurry back into the pantries and kitchens, and it gets less and less, and less, but with God it's the opposite. It starts with a trickle and it becomes a current, a torrent. It's like the Mississippi, you get up into Minnesota and you get to Lake Itasca; it has small beginnings, but you get down^{and} /cross it at any point, and going over into Wisconsin and it's a torrent. This is the way it is with the life in God. I sense this in my own life. This week at so many points which has been filled with the grace of God, with people, in so many marvelous ways, it has been at times like very very deep power. Lucille Mogck is here today, her daughter, Lola, was married yesterday. Two miles out of town at a lovely farm the guests gathered and of course they hoped mainly that it wasn't going to rain and it didn't, and it was lovely. There was a trumpet and a harp that furnished the music. And the Spirit was there and as we were there the wind, the music that we felt during the wedding service was the wind, and it was one of those places where you sensed the depth of the water. Some of us gathered at home last night and at the close of our time together there was prayer, a great hush in the room, and deep praying--the torrent. My friends, this has to be said over and over again, we need to go back to the source to renew our lives over and over again, to walk in that life and to be a part of it. The last thing I want to say to you is that when this starts to happen, this stream that flows through the desert, that Ezekiel saw, when this starts to happen everything around it starts to turn green. A person who has this life in him, this water in him, whoever he touches is affected by it. This is why, at the great feast day, Jesus stood up and said "If anyone is thirsty let him come to me. Whoever believes in me let him drink. Streams of living water shall flow out from within him." The one who has tasted the water is the one who becomes the one

who shares. And everything around him starts to bear fruit. There's a loveliness and a power and a life about it. May it be that way for all of us. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

God's Plan for Man

- In Jesus Christ
- No Plan for Man Outside Christ

The Image Mosaic

- In Sin And Rebellion

What Happened In Christ

- All That Man Could Be Was In Him

God So Loved Us That His Only Son

Went To Pay For Us To Be Restored Into
The Image of His Son

Romans 8:29

II Corinthians 3:18

When God Had In Mind For Us

John tells us this. He was an old man.

And he had needed a whole lot of his

John 1:14-18

- ① Tree of Grace: God blessing his love on us
- ✓ The woman taken in adultery
 - ✓ Jesus forgiving the thief.

② Tree of Faith

- Faith Alone God

- Faith Alone hope John 12:24,25

③ hall of kempere

^a - "The One Who Sent Me," John 13

④ hall of glory

Water into wine John 2:11

Jesus the glory

One of his full name we have received.

First Baptist Church

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

August 26, 1973

Eight-thirty and Eleven o'clock

"Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and I am life. If a man has faith in me, even though he die, he shall come to life.'" John 11:25

LET US RAISE A JOYFUL SONG TO THE LORD

Organ Prelude—"Cantilene" (Third Symphony) *Louis Vierne*

"Adagio" (Third Symphony) *Louis Vierne*

"The Lord is in his holy temple;
let all the earth be hushed in his presence."
Habakkuk 2:20

The Chimes

The Call to Worship

The Invocation and The Lord's Prayer

Processional Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" 252

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Concerns of the Family

*Hymn of Worship—"Fairest Lord Jesus" 261

**Music Barbershop Chorus

LET US COME INTO HIS PRESENCE WITH THANKSGIVING

Receiving Our Tithes and Offerings

*Organ Offertory—"Adagio" (Third Symphony) *Charles Marie Widor*

**Offertory Solo *Byrean Blacksmith*

Doxology and Prayer of Dedication

With grateful hearts we bring our gifts to You, O God, for we are reminded anew of Your great goodness to us. Help us ever to remember that the gift for which Your Father-heart most fondly yearns is not the gift of our silver and our gold, but the gift of our own selves, in glad and loving surrender to You; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*Solo *Byrean Blacksmith*

**Music Barbershop Chorus

LET US THROW OURSELVES AT HIS FEET IN HOMAGE

Reading of the Holy Scriptures—John 11:1-6, 17-20, 32-44, 25

The Gloria

The Sermon—"Some Thoughts on Dying" *Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson*

LET US KNEEL BEFORE THE LORD WHO MADE US

The Call to Prayer **Barbershop Chorus

Our Prayer for the Family of God

The Response

FOR HE IS OUR GOD

Hymn of Dedication and Decision—"Christ the Lord Is Risen Today" 239

The Benediction and Response

Moment of Silence

The Chimes

Organ Postlude

First Service Only **Second Service Only *Ushers May Seat Latecomers*

The radio broadcast this morning over KELO (1320 AM at 8:30, 92.5 FM at 11:00) is sponsored by **Miller Funeral Home.**

Call to Worship

O praise the Lord.

O praise God in his holy place,
praise him in the vault of heaven,
the vault of his power;
praise him for his mighty works,
praise him for his immeasurable greatness.

John 11:1-6, 17-20, 32-44, 25

There was a man named Lazarus who had fallen ill. His home was at Bethany, the village of Mary and her sister Martha. (This Mary, whose brother Lazarus had fallen ill, was the woman who anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped his feet with her hair.) The sisters sent a message to him: 'Sir, you should know that your friend lies ill.' When Jesus heard this he said, 'This illness will not end in death; it has come for the glory of God, to bring glory to the Son of God.' And therefore, though he loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus, after hearing of his illness Jesus waited for two days in the place where he was.

On his arrival Jesus found that Lazarus had already been four days in the tomb. Bethany was just under two miles from Jerusalem, and many of the people had come from the city to Martha and Mary to condole with them on their brother's death. As soon as she heard that Jesus was on his way, Martha went to meet him, while Mary stayed at home.

So Mary came to the place where Jesus was. As soon as she caught sight of him she fell at his feet and said, 'O sir, if you had only been here my brother would not have died.' When Jesus saw her weeping and the Jews her companions weeping, he sighed heavily and was deeply moved. 'Where have you laid him?' he asked. They replied, 'Come and see, sir.' Jesus wept. The Jews said, 'How dearly he must have loved him!' But some of them said, 'Could not this man, who opened the blind man's eyes, have done something to keep Lazarus from dying?'

Jesus again sighed deeply; then he went over to the tomb. It was a cave, with a stone placed against it. Jesus said, 'Take away the stone.' Martha, the dead man's sister, said to him, 'Sir, by now there will be a stench; he has been there four days.' Jesus said, 'Did I not tell you that if you have faith you will see the glory of God?' So they removed the stone.

Then Jesus looked upwards and said, 'Father, I thank thee; thou hast heard me. I knew already that thou always hearest me, but I spoke for the sake of the people standing round, that they might believe that thou didst send me.'

Then he raised his voice in a great cry: 'Lazarus, come forth.' The dead man came out, his hands and feet swathed in linen bands, his face wrapped in a cloth. Jesus said, 'Loose him; let him go.'

Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and I am life. If a man has faith in me, even though he die, he shall come to life; and no one who is alive and has faith shall ever die.'

Some Thoughts On Dying

The Wedding of Monica Green
And The Visit With Joanne Smith

Some Helpful Thoughts on Dying
- Not Morbid But Realistic

The Work of Elizabeth Kubler-Ross.

- In the Lincoln Hospital

- The Dying Patients

"Please Let Them Now"

Death Is A Fact

① My Own Father - 62

- Week before my Air Service As a Captain

② My Brother - 21
At the End of his College Career.

③ My Air Immigration

④ My Own Struggle At Times.

(2)

From June 1 to 6 Jan

- An Embarrassment - An Aloud - "Like King"
- The Unconscious says "No"

I cannot face my own death

- The Steps Through Which People Pass

① Denial

② Anger

③ Bargaining

④ Depression

⑤ Acceptance

~~All our other fears
- Now out of this!~~

- The Anguish In John's Account.

Lazarus Rising and John Weeping

- The Anguish In The Garden

And John Shouting Back

(3.)

Do Our Age Live to Death! New Vulgarity.

- We will live talk alone to.
- Or we have long debates "Should we do them."
- We talk about overcoming death
 - Organ Transplants
 - Freezing Bodies.
- We cannot face the fact that we are not omnipotent.

Death In Awful Isolation

- In strange surroundings
and Gadgets and Technology.
- People trying to save a life.
But we concerned about the person
- Just awful loneliness.

(4)

① Then I Hope

- Not In Verbalizing or Surface Concepts
- Not in forms or rituals
- But In A Real Presence.
- The Healing of My Deeper Self.
- If I Have Hidden Angers Here
I Begge Not To Be Telling Glibly
About Going Home

② Then I A Community

- Someone There Who Will Listen
on Whom I Can Vent My Feelings.
- The Little Girl in The Chicago Hospital
The Interaction with The Nursing
Supervisor.

③ The Celebration of You or My Living In Church
Gardens -

THE PEOPLE'S SERVICE

7:30 P.M.

We invite you to be with us for this family service. We will sing and share and pray together and hear a message by **Pastor Fredrikson** entitled "The Fullness of Christ." There will be a duet by **Nancy Evans** and **Dorothy Norman**. Bring your friends, and let us celebrate together in the name of Christ.

THIS WEEK

MONDAY, August 27—

1:00 p.m.—Junior High-Senior High Time Youth Room
7:00 p.m.—FCA Youth Room

TUESDAY, August 28—

9:30 a.m.—Women's Bible Study Library
10:00 a.m.—XYZ Parlor
12:00 noon—Men's Bible Study YMCA
7:00 p.m.—Church Calling Conference Room
7:00 p.m.—Junior High Bible Study Room 216

WEDNESDAY, August 29—

6:45 a.m.—Women's Bible Study YMCA
1:00 p.m.—Junior High-Senior High Time Youth Room
7:00 p.m.—Prayer Service Chapel
8:15 p.m.—Diaconate Parlor

THURSDAY, August 30—

6:30 p.m.—Senior High Bible Study Youth Room

FRIDAY, August 31—

6:45 a.m.—Men's Bible Study Smitty's Pancake House
1:00 p.m.—Junior High-Senior High Time Youth Room

THE STAFF

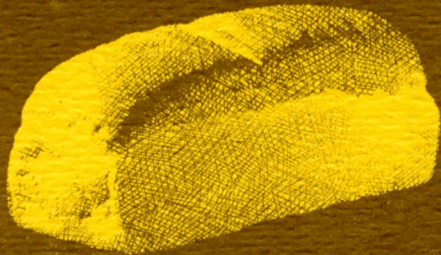
Roger L. Fredrikson Senior Pastor
Victor E. Balla Associate Pastor/Minister of Music
Byron L. Rogillio Minister of Christian Teaching
Margret Swift Interim Director of Christian Education
Stephen H. Haas Church Business Administrator
LeeDel Howard Pastor's Assistant
Alice Cooke Christian Education Secretary
Larry Evans Receptionist/Financial Secretary
Maynard H. Berk Organist
Lois Harchanko and Marlys Kroon Directors of Children's Music
Howard Nelson Head Custodian
Frances Ehlers Assistant Custodian
Moses Saleh Assistant Custodian

Bits of Bread



A little bit of Daily Bread from
Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson

If you want the whole loaf...



Dr. Fredrikson will send you the
complete sermon, from which
Bits of Bread was edited. Write to:
Bread / 1401 South Covell
Sioux Falls / South Dakota
57105

Please indicate sermon
title and number
Thank You

August 26, 1973

Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson

John 11:1-6, 17-20, 32-44, 25

I have a feeling the message will start heavy, but I hope it will end in a shout of triumph. I'm not speaking on death because I feel morbid or because of any particular crisis. I want to be quite frank and say that I think we need to help each other in the way we die. I must confess that there are times when I get all sweaty in the hands and I have a lump in my throat wondering about my own death, which I must pass through alone, as you must--as I was born alone; as you have been born alone. I suppose this is triggered by the fact that, as Monsignor McEneaney has said, "The vulgarity of our time is not that we talk about sex; it is that we cannot talk about death." I believe that. I think that one of the great hush, hush topics, even among people who call themselves Christian, is the fear that we seem to have to discuss the meaning of death--not in morbid terms, but in the fact that this is one of the great mysteries of all human existence.

This is very fresh on me, because yesterday I went to Minneapolis to marry Monica Conley. Monica's father is the administrator of two of the hospitals in which Baptists have some deep interest called Mounds-Midway. Monica was our college daughter, and we loved her. While she was here at the college, she met Glenn Jansen. Monica made her commitment to Christ in this church and was baptized here. We had a beautiful service last night in one of the great chapels. After the wedding there was a reception. I no sooner had walked into the reception hall when JoAnn Smith came running to greet me. JoAnn Smith is a Sioux Falls College graduate, the wife of Gordon. They met here and came to love each other and were married.

Late last year this great, strong woman was given a month to six weeks to live, but she is still alive. And she said in the course of our conversation, "I'm kept alive by drugs, and it's a strange existence. I come to this wedding, and it is a traumatic experience, because I know that tomorrow if they took the drugs away I would undoubtedly die. So that everything I look at, I look at through the eyes of death." And yet we spoke of hope. She said, "I have discovered anew the providence of God with His marvelous power." I bring this to you because at times we have prayed for Gordon and JoAnn Smith. I trust we will continue to do so.

Now let me just move on to say that some weeks ago McKennan Hospital had a woman whose name is Elisabeth Kubler-Ross speak to all those who were interested in coming to a seminar at Holiday Inn Downtown. She spoke about a study that's been going on for almost eight years with people who are dying. For the last two and a half years it's been with children who have terminal illness. She is a psychiatrist--a very beautiful personality and a very sensitive woman, not at all given to a kind of egotistic talk, humble like a child. She said, "It took me five and a half years to come to the place emotionally where I could deal with dying children." Some of the most moving things I ever heard in my life were spoken by that woman at this

seminar. On one hand I felt the pain of death; on the other hand I felt the lift of my own faith. She spoke about our being afraid to speak to each other about the fact that I have a terminus in this life; my existence in this world some day will come to an end.

She said four seminary students had come to her some years ago and asked if she could help them in writing a paper about dying. And so they went to one of the great hospitals in Chicago to ask if they might not visit with such a person. The amazing thing was that as they went from floor to floor no one on that staff--physician, nurse, administrator, no one--spoke of anyone they knew that was dying. She said, "This utterly amazed me. And then I came to understand that it was not the patients that were in trouble; it was the people trying to help the patients, because they were afraid of death. And ever since then," Dr. Kubler-Ross said, "I've asked myself about my own freedom in relation to my own dying."

Finally she thought of a doctor who had been at one time a minister--a Presbyterian pastor. He said, "If you go on such and such a floor and in such and such a ward, you will discover an old man who is near his end." "So," she said, "I went to see him. No sooner had I come in and said to this man in his eightys, 'I want to visit you,' than he responded, 'Please sit down, now.' But I said, 'I'll be back tomorrow; I'm going to bring four students with me.'" She said, "When I came back the next day he was too weak to talk and less than an hour after our visit he died. That was the last time," Dr. Kubler-Ross said, "I failed to listen to someone who was dying. Because of all the things that dying people want, I am convinced after studying over five hundred cases, it is to know that someone is near. I'm not alone."

Dear friends, I do not need to speak of this as a fact, do I?, that I am dying. I suppose the first time this came to me deeply personally was when my father died. He was sixty-two. He was just standing on the verge of getting Social Security. My mother took him to Minneapolis, and we discovered that he had cancer. Thank God, he lived only a month. He was never operated on. I remember in the last time I had a rational conversation with him he said, "Roger, the veil between this life and the next is very thin." I've never forgotten that. And I thought about my own death then. I suppose the second time was when my brother was killed in an automobile accident. That was four years later. It was one of those things that almost brought my mother into the pit of despair, from which I thought she'd never come again.

And may I say as I look over this congregation, I am deeply aware of that fact. I know that some of you, when you come to church, have a struggle to get here because you are used to sitting next to someone that once was your mate, someone that you loved. Now you come alone. And whether or not we talk very easily about going on to the next life, the fact of the matter is that one of the basic realities of existence is the mystery of death. While on the one hand I live with the fact of life, on the other hand I live with the fact of death.

This is something I see very powerfully in the scripture that we have read for today. Because Jesus, I am convinced, is not play acting when He stands and sighs deeply within Him. It is not just because of unbelief. Jesus does not shrink from death in the garden of Gethsemane simply because He's going to carry the burdens of the sins of mankind. There is the basic fact of humanity in His shrinking from death, which I am convinced all of us, when we think about it, do.

Now there is a second thing. I refer now again to Dr. Kubler-Ross. This not only is a fact, but it has fear in it. I've already spoken of that a bit, but let me say something more. May I say it this way? Death is an embarrassment. It is an absurdity. Because I want to live.

I once conducted a funeral for an alcoholic in Ottawa. His name was Abe Lantz. I tried to help him and failed. He was found by the sheriff in a draw in his car. He had run a hose out of the tailpipe into the car. The car had been there seven days. His color had changed; he was almost green. And there was a book by the window-- a paperback. The name of the book was I WANT TO LIVE. Death is an absurdity. There is something deep within me that wants to live. But something in me keeps saying, "You're going to die." And Elisabeth Kubler-Ross says, "It is impossible for the subconscious to admit that I am going to die." This becomes my conflict. And the deepest fears that I have that I can speak of--they may be anger, they may be envy, they may be jealousy, it may be fear of people, it may be fear of darkness--grow out of the deeper fear. For the last question I have is, "If I die, am I going to live?"

And this is why in all of these interviews Elisabeth Kubler-Ross said they have discovered that people pass through five stages. First of all is denial. "Oh no, it can't be." And there have been people who have avoided the topic for weeks after being told by their physician they are going to die. Then there is anger. Anger with God. I have talked with some very deep Christian people who have said, "Why did God do this to me?" Don't be afraid to do that, because let me tell you, God can handle it. The worst thing I can do it to shove it down inside of me instead of letting it come out. That's why I need someone near me when I have to say, "I've been let down. I didn't expect this."

Next, says this doctor, comes a stage of bargaining. "If I'm good, or if I do this or that, maybe I can get out of this." And it becomes a time of trying to work the thing through in some kind of bargain. Then comes the awful depression from which some people never go. Then some people, she says, come into a beautiful time of acceptance. Marvelous thing to see a person who's moved through the stages and says now, "I've got all the barnacles off, and I'm ready to move in." But I want to say, with all the mystery of death and all the reality of it, I was not meant to die. I was meant to live. That's why there's the dichotomy in it.

Now let me just say a third thing about this. And this is where Christian people have to become different, I think. Our age has almost made a fantastic game out of running from all this. We do it with technology. We do it by saying we're going to freeze people and put them away someplace, and maybe fifty years from now we can unthaw them. Do you know there are societies that are collecting bodies for this now? We do it by having big debates. When someone is going to die, we say, "Are we going to tell them, or aren't we going to tell them?" "The question," says Dr. Kubler-Ross, "is not are we going to tell them or are we not going to tell them. The question is, how are we going to tell them?" So that there is something about us that is a game--we're running from it. And I think Christian people need to say that we know that this is one of the facts of life. If our faith is worth anything at all, it has realism in it. We can look death right in the eye, with all of its fear and its haunting reality, and we do not need to run from it. But may I say that many times you will find in the way people speak about the body at the funeral, and many other things, an evasion of the real issue--which is that John died, or my dad died, or whoever it is.

Now just one other thing before I turn to the positive for a few moments. It is this. Something awful has happened in the way people die by the way we take them out of their homes and have them die in strange places. Now I know we can't pick folks up and haul them back home to die. But in this book Dr. Kubler-Ross speaks beautifully about her own awareness of a death in Switzerland. An old neighbor was dying, and he was dying at home. He gathered the children and the neighbors and he spoke to them. She says, "As a little child I was not spared anything, and in that I learned something very deep." I covet for us the fact that when someone in our number dies, they do not need to die alone. That even though there are tubes, and it's all antiseptic, and there are strange nurses, and a doctor that I may never have seen before, that I am not alone. There is someone here that I love, that cares about me, that is with me at that time. So there is the fact of dying, with all of its mystery.

Now let me come to the other side. How can there be such a healing within that it is not for me an absurdity, but in the end it becomes for me a friend. I want to use the word hope. The great thing that Jesus gives us is hope. I'm not speaking of this glibly now, because I have found many people who chatter on the surface about how easy it's going to be to go home with God, but haven't even had the courage to make up with their own families. If I have fears that have never been dealt with at this level, all my talk will not have much meaning in it. There's a world of difference between someone who has tried to fight the battles of human existence and found Christ in that, and who then speaks about hope, and the person who's talking glibly, but lives scared, with a kind of chattering teeth, at his daily existence. Listen. Hope is not something I stick on at the end. Hope is something I live in today.

Many of you know there was fog in Minneapolis this morning. Mel Conley was at the motel at 6:15 to take me to the airport, and we could hardly see through the fog to get there. When we got there they said we probably would not be leaving until 9:30 or 10:00. So I thought, will it be Victor or Byron? And I thought today maybe it ought to be Byron. So at twenty-five minutes to seven the phone in his house rang. And thank God that he shared beautifully about the meaning of gifts in the first service.

Well, finally an amazing thing happened. They told everybody to get on, and then we sat there awhile longer. Finally at 8:30 we left. It was a shallow fog. We must have lifted only three to five thousand feet, and we were into the sunlight. I speak now, when I speak of hope, of the reality of knowing that in the midst of death there is also the light. And when Jesus moved toward Lazarus, He knew that. I can say it a thousand ways, but it always comes out the same. What Jesus has really done is to say, "If you dare believe, beyond this fog you will find the sunlight." What Christ does for us in our lives is to make us aware of this. When that starts to come into the depths of us, down into that area where the fear of death is, the fear begins to be removed. Because "perfect love casts out fear." When that love begins to move in, the power of life is stronger than the power of death, and a man starts to live triumphantly.

And when a man like Dietrich Bonhoeffer walks to his death, knowing that he is going to be shot by his own countrymen as he stands against the wall, and people in the cell can say, "He walked out of his cell like a country squire to meet the new day," this is not play acting. When the Apostle Paul says, "For me to live is Christ; to die is gain," he is saying something profound that we ought to live in every day. "For me to live is Christ"--that's the present. "To die is gain"--that's the future. To lay hold on it now, to know it at the center of your life as you move about all the dilemmas that we live in--the struggle with the kids, the worry about the job, the terrific burden of the economic thing, all of these things--is a great thing. You see, we think if we can somehow manipulate it out there, we've got the answers. But the deep answer is found when a man knows that life, and this is why Jesus says to us so profoundly, "I am the resurrection and the life. If a man believes in me, he will never die." And that life begins to seep into him until it becomes the contagion and the power of a kind of creative living. That's the power of the Spirit, and when that happens we start to be a community.

I want to tell you that if you come to your death first, and I can be there, I want to be at your side. Like I'd want you at my side. When we pray on a Wednesday night, "God be with the six or eight people, whoever they are, in the hospital, or be with this particular family who lost a loved one," this is not something we're doing to go through little exercises. I get tired of this being shoved to the edge of church life all the time. What does it mean to be a community? To belong to each other. That somehow Lazarus knows that Martha and Mary are going to be there, welcoming the Lord. It's

going to be a community. So that I am not going to die alone, even though I pass through the veil alone--that I am going to know that I am a part of a body. I am passing out of the life of the church that is struggling in its life of battle in this world into the church that is triumphant--which has won its battles and is now in the midst of all God's saints.

Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, down here at the Holiday Inn, told of a girl six or seven years of age in one of the great Chicago hospitals--the ideal patient, but she was going to die. She was under oxygen. Not a word was said, until one night at two or three o'clock in the morning. The buzzer rang, the light went on, and the nurse walked in. And when she zipped open the oxygen tent and leaned low, the little girl said, "If a fire starts, will somebody get me out of here?" And she responded by saying, "We don't allow people to smoke cigarettes, so there won't be a fire," and zipped up the oxygen tent. "But as she walked out," said Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, "she had what we call in the hospital a gut reaction. And that was, 'I didn't answer her question. But I haven't got the courage to talk to that girl about her dying, because that's what she really wants to talk about.' She did a courageous thing," said Dr. Ross. "She called her nursing supervisor. And that nursing supervisor came across the city, went in and zipped up the tent, and said, 'Can I talk to you about the fire in the hospital?' For forty-five minutes to an hour," said Dr. Ross, "the little girl just poured out all that was in there. And this nurse was able to put her arms around the girl and assure her that she was loved. And in that reality, even though her mother did not understand, the girl died."

Dr. Ross said, "We can know about techniques, and the latest way of doing things; it can be all white and starched. But I want you and I need you." And tremblingly we hold each other's hands. And to know that life everlasting has somehow come near, so that we do not need to die alone--even though I die alone--is a great, great assurance. This is why I think every service we have when someone goes home to be with God should be an instructive service. I don't think we should gather here morbidly. I think we ought to say certainly we know that death is a tragedy; of course we know it's man's last enemy; of course we know it comes like a thief in the night--that's the absurdity of it. We also know that it becomes a door by which a person can say, "To die is gain. In my Father's house are many mansions."

Many of you remember Veral Gardner. She had left instructions for her funeral. As nearly as we could we obeyed the instructions, and it was a celebration. I remember the night Duff Wessman died. They called and said, "The angels are singing, because Duff just walked in." And I remember at Bob Olson's funeral when we sang a simple gospel hymn. A throng of people--many of whom had never sung the song before--stood and sang it together. I think, dear friends, when you and I go the last word ought to be one of celebration, because the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and even in the midst of our dilemma He's broken our last enemy, and in that faith I can be healed and live with power and joy and victory. And this is why JoAnn Smith and I could greet each other in the name of Jesus Christ raised from the dead, knowing that someday we will meet again. My dear friends, what does it mean to be members one of another? At least we will help each other die, because we have helped each other live. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

August 26, 1973

"Some Thoughts on Dying"

Dr. R. L. Fredrikson

I have a feeling the message will start heavy, but I hope it will end in a shout of triumph. I'm not speaking on death because I feel morbid or because of any particular crisis. I want to be quite frank and say that I think we need to help each other in the way we die. I must confess that there are times when I get all sweaty in the hands, I'd be a liar if I didn't tell you this, and I have a lump in my throat wondering about my own death, which I must pass through alone, as you must, as I was born alone, as you hve been born alone. I suppose this is triggered by the fact that, as Monsignor MacAninny has said, "The vulgarity of our time is not that we talk about sex; it is that we cannot talk about death". I believe that. I think that one of the great hush, hush topics, even among people who call themselves Christian, is the fear that we seem to have to discuss the meaning of death. Not in morbid terms, or in hung-up terms but in the fact that this is one of the great mysteries of all human existance. [#] This is very fresh on me, because yesterday I went to Minneapolis, this is the day off for the week, it was not Thursday it was Saturday, to marry Monica Conway. Now Monica's father is the administrator of two of the hospitals ⁱⁿ which Babtists have some deep interests, called Mounds Midway. He is a very very wonderful man. Monica was our college daughter and we loved her. I guess we could say she is no longer our college daughter. As many even know while she was here at the college she met Glenn Jansen. They'll be coming back this week for Glenns last year at Sioux Falls College. Monica made her committment to Christ in this church and was

baptized here. So I felt ~~maybe this was the one wedding out of~~
~~town that I ought to respond to in conducting.~~ We had a beauti-
 ful service last night at eight o'clock in one of the great
 chapels, I was amazed at this building, and I must say full of
 the Spirit, it was like a party. After the wedding was over
 there was a reception. I no sooner had walked into the recep-
 tion hall somewhat late because the marriage certificate in
 Minnesota is more complicated to fill out than the one in South
 Dakota, when Johann Smith, Gordon's wife, came running at me to
 greet me. Now many of you may not know Johann Smith she^{is} a
 Sioux Falls college graduate, the wife^{of} of Gordon. They met here
 and came to love each other and were married. Late last year this
 great strong woman Johann was given a month to six weeks to live,
 but she is still alive. And she said in the course of our con-
 versation, which must of lasted a half hour to forty-five minutes,
 "I'm kept alive by drugs, and it's a strange existance. She said
 I come to this wedding and it is a traumatic experience, because
 I know that tomorrow if they took the drugs away I would undoubt-
 edly die. So that everything I look at, I look at through the eyes
 of death." And yet we spoke of hope, she said, "I have discovered
 anew the providence of God with its marvelous power." I bring
 that to you because at times we have prayed for Gordon and
 Johann Smith. I trust we will continue to do so. ^{HP} Now let me
 just move on to say ^{that} some weeks ago McKennan Hospital had a wo-
 man whose name is Elizibeth Coopleras speak to all those who
 were interested in coming to a seminar at Holiday Inn Downtown.
 She spoke about a study that's been going on for now almost eight
 years with people who are dying. For the last two and a half

^{it's been}
 years with children who have terminal illness. She said, this is
 a psychiatrist, a very beautiful personality and a very sensitive
 woman, not at all given to a kind of egotistic talk, humble like
 a child. She said "It took me five and a half years to come to
 the place where I could deal, emotionally with dying children."
 Some of the most moving things I ever heard in my life were spoken
 by that woman at this seminar. On one hand I felt the pain of
 death, on the other hand I felt the lift of my own faith. And she
 spoke about ^{our being} ~~this fact that~~ we are afraid to speak to each other
 about the fact that I have a terminis in this life. My existence
 in this world some day will come to an end. She spoke of this
^H she said because four semenary students had come to her some years
 ago and asked if she could help them in writing a paper about dy-
 ing. And so they went to one of the great hospitals in Chicago
 to ask if they might not visit with such a person. The amazing
 thing was that as they went from floor to floor no one on that
 staff-physician, nurse, administrator, no one-spoke of anyone
 they knew that was dying. She said, "this utterly amazed me. And
 then I came to understand that it was not the patients that were
 in trouble, it was the people trying to help the patients, because
 they were afraid of death. And ever since then, Dr. Cooperassaid,
 "I've asked myself about my own freedom in relation to my own dy-
 ing." ^H Finally she thought of a doctor who had been at one time
 a minister. She thought maybe he'll help me and lo and behold
 he did. He was a Prespiterian pastor, had been a Prespiterian
 pastor. He said, "if you go on such and such a floor and in such
 and such a ward you will discover an old man who is near his end."
 So, she said, "I went to see him. No sooner had I come in and said

to this man in his eightys, that 'I want to visit you,' that he responded, "please sit down, now." But, ~~she~~ she said, 'I'll be back tomorrow, I'm going to bring four students with me.' She said, "when I came back the next day he was too weak to talk and less than an hour after our visit he died." That was the last time, Dr. Cooperas said, "I failed to listen to someone die." Because of all the things that dying people want, ~~she said that I am convinced after studying over five hundred cases, five hundred and twenty-three I think it is, if there is anything that people who are passing on, who are dying want it is to know that someone is near. I'm not alone.~~

Dear friends, I do not need to speak of this as a fact, do I?, that I am dying. I suppose the first time this came to me deeply personally was when my father died. He was sixty-two. He ~~had~~ ^{was} just standing on the verge of getting social security. My mother took him to Minneapolis and we discovered that he had cancer, thank God, he only lived a month, ~~he~~ was never operated on. I remember in the last time I had a rational conversation with him he said, "Roger the veil between this life and the next is very thin." I've never forgotten that. And I thought about my own death then. I suppose the second time was when my brother was killed in an automobile accident, that was four years later. It was one of those things that almost brought my mother into the pit of despair from which I thought she'd never come again. And may I say as I look over this congregation, I am deeply aware of that fact. I know that some of you, when you come to church, have a struggle to get here because you are used to sitting next to someone that once was your mate, someone that you loved. Now you come alone. And whether or not we talk very easily about going on to the next life,

~~some of us do that~~, the fact of the matter is that one of the basic realities of existence is the mystery of death. While on the one hand I live with the fact of life, on the other hand I live with the fact of death. ^{HP} This is something I see very powerfully in the scripture that we have read for today. Because Jesus, I am convinced, ~~this~~ is not play acting when ^{He} Jesus stands and sighs deeply within Him. It is not just because of unbelief. Jesus does not shrink from death in the garden of Gethsemane simply because He's going to carry the burdens of the sins of mankind. There is the basic fact of humanity ^{and} His shrinking from death, which I am convinced all of us, when we think about it, do. ^{HP} Now there is a second thing ^{about} ~~about~~ this not only is ~~it~~ a fact, I refer now again to Dr. Cooperas, but it has fear in it. I've already spoken of that a bit, but let me say something more ~~about it~~. May I say it this way? Death is an embarrassment. It is an absurdity. ^{Because} I want to live. ^{HP} I once conducted a funeral for an alcoholic in Ottawa. His name was Abe Lance. I tried to help him and failed. He was found by the sheriff in a draw in his car. He had run a ^{hose} pipe out of the tailpipe into the car ^{and} the car had been there seven days. His color had changed; he was almost green. And there was a book ~~by the door~~, by the window, a paperback. ~~It~~ ^{was} ~~said~~ I want to live. ^{That was} the name of the book. Death is an absurdity. There is something deep within me that wants to live. But something in me keeps saying, "you're going to die." And Elizabeth Cooperas says, "It is impossible for the subconscious to admit that I am going to die." This becomes my conflict. And the deepest fears that I have that I can speak of, ~~they~~ may be anger, they may be envy, they may be jealousy, ~~it~~ may be fear of people, it may be fear of darkness, ~~these fears~~ grow out of the deeper

fear. For the last question I have is, "If I die, am I going to live?"

And this is why in all of these interviews, I don't want to spend too much time on this because there's a hope that I want to come to not easily and glibly because I will never understand the hope because I have never walked the way of despair., and learned the way to break into hope. She said that the people they have studied have passed through five stages. First of all denial. If I'm told by my physician I'm going to die, Oh no it can't be. And there have been people that have avoided the topic for weeks after being told, days after being told. I can't face it, and there'll be all kinds of other talk but basically a denial. Then there's anger. Anger with God, and I have talked with some very deep Christian people and thank God they could say why did God do this to me?. Don't be afraid to do that because let me tell you God can handle it. The worst thing I can do is to shove it down inside of me instead of letting it come out. That's why I need someone near me when I've got to say I've been let down. I didn't expect this. Next says this doctor comes a stage of bargaining. If I'm good maybe I can get out of this, if I do this maybe I can get out of it and it becomes a whole time of trying to work the thing through in some kind of a bargain. Then comes the awful depression from which some people never go. Then some people she says come into a beautiful time of acceptance. Marvelous thing to see a person who's moved through the stages and says now I've got all the barnacles off and I'm ready to move in. But I want to say with all the mystery of death and all the reality of it I was not meant to die I was meant to live. That's why there's the dycodimy in it. # Now let me just say a third thing about this. ~~It is,~~ # and this is where Christian people have to become differ-

ant, I think. Our age has almost made a fanatastic ^{game} gain out of running from all this. We do it with technology. We do it by saying we're going to freeze people and put them away someplace, and maybe fifty years from now we can unthaw them. Do you know there ^{are} is socities that are collecting bodies for this now? We do it by, ~~you know, when someone dies~~ ^{having} we have big debates, we say, "are we going to tell them, or aren't we going to tell them?" "The question," says Dr. Cooperas, "is not are we going to tell them or are we not going to tell them. ^{the} the question is, how are we going to tell them?" So that there is something about us that, ~~you know~~, is a game, we're running from it. And I think Christian people, ~~and this is one of the reasons why I'm speaking to you about this to-~~ day, need to say that we know that this is one of the facts of life. And ~~if~~ ^I our faith is worth anything at all, it has realism in it, and ~~we~~ ^{we} can look death right in the eye, ~~with~~ ^{with} all of its fear and its haunting reality, and we do not need to run from it. But may I say ^p many times you will find ⁱⁿ the way people speak about the body at the funeral, and many other things, an evaision of the real issue ~~which is that John died, or my dad died, or whoever it is.~~ ^p Now just one other thing before I turn to the positive for a few moments. It is this, ⁱⁿ something awful has happened to the way people die by the way we take them out of their homes and have them die in strange places. Now I know we can't pick folks up and haul them back home to die. But in this book Dr. Cooperas speaks beautifully about her own awareness of a ~~first~~ death in Switzerland, ^p an old neighbor was dying, and he was dying at home. He gathered the children and the neighbors and he spoke to them. She says, ^p as a little child I was not spared anything, and in that

I learned something very deep." ~~You know~~ I covet for us the fact that ~~in a way~~ when someone in our number dies, they do not need to die alone. That even though there are tubes, and it's all antiseptic, and there are strange nurses, ~~for some of them~~, and a doctor that I may never have seen before, that I am not alone, that there is someone here that I love, that cares about me, that is with me at that time. So there is the fact of dying, with all of its mystery. ^P Now let me come to the other side. How can there be such a healing within that it is not for me an absurdity?, but in the end it becomes for me a friend. I want to use the word hope. The great thing that Jesus gives us is hope. I'm not speaking of this glibly now, because I have found many people who chatter on the surface ^{about} on how easy it's going to be to go home with God but haven't even had the courage to make up with thier own families. If I have fears, ~~let me put this down so that we understand this, if I have fears~~ that have never been dealt with ~~here~~ at this level, all my talk ^{may well} that ~~way~~ not have much meaning in it. There's a world of difference between someone who has tried to fight the battles of human existence and found Christ in that, ^{and} who then speaks about hope, and the person who's talking glibly, but lives scared, with a kind of chattering teeth, at his daily existence. Listen, ^H hope is not something I stick on at the end. Hope is something I live in today. ^P ~~The parable of it was and is~~ many of you know that there was fog in Minneapolis, terrific fog, ~~and thank God that Byron shared beautifully about the meaning of gifts in the first service. We could hardly see through the fog to get to the airport.~~ Bless Mell Conly ~~he~~ ^{there,} was at the motel at 6:15 to take me to the ^{port, and} air terminal. When we got there they said we probably are not going to be leaving until 9:30 or 10:00 this

morning. So I thought, ~~who~~ will it be Victor or Byron? And I thought
 you know, I think ~~rightly~~ today maybe it ought to be Byron. So ^{at}
 twenty-five minutes to seven the phone in his house rang ~~about five~~
 times and I said sit down Byron, guess what? ^P Well finally an amaz-
 ing thing happened. they ^{tried} ~~said~~ everybody ^{to} get on, and then we sat there
 awhile longer. ~~and~~ I stepped up to the men in the cockpit and said,
 you know, "We have a Babtist service in Sioux Falls," ["]well["], they said,
 "if your Lord can lift the fog, we'll get you there. But if He can't..."
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 of hope, of ^{the} that reality of knowing that in the midst of death
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 knew that. I can say it a thousand ways, but it always comes out
 the same. What Jesus has really done is to say, "if you dare believe,
 beyond this fog ^{there} ~~is~~ the sunlight." As we lifted through that
 stuff it was just like you wanted to get up and down the isles and
 shout hallelulah because you knew there was sunlight. What Christ
 does for us in our lives is to make us aware of this. When that
 starts to come, ~~how should I say it~~, into the depths of us, down
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 saying "he walked out of his cell like a country squire to meet the

new day," This is not play acting. When the Apostle Paul says, "for me to live is for Christ; to die is gain," He is saying something profound that we ought to live in every day. "For me to live is Christ," that's the present, for "to die is gain" that's the future. To lay hold on it now, To know it at the center of your life as you move about all the dilemmas that we have to be in, the struggle with the kids, the worry about the job, the terrific burden of the econmic thing, all of these things. You see, we think if we can somehow manipulate it out there, we've got the answers. But the deep answer is found when a man knows that life, and this is why Jesus says to us so profoundly, that "I am the resurrection and the life. If a man believes in me, he will never die." And that life begins to seep into him until it becomes the contagant and the power of a kind of creative living. That's the power of the Spirit, and when that happens then we start to be a community. I want to tell you that if you come to your death first, and I can be there, I want to be at your side. Like I'd want you at my side. When we pray on a Wednesday night, "God be with the six or eight people, or nine or ten or whatever they are, these folks in the hospital, or be with this particular family who lost a loved one," This is not something we're doing to go through little exercises, and I get tired of this being shoved to the edge of church life all the time. What does it mean to be a community? To belong to each other. That somehow were Lazures ^{know} goes that Martha and Mary are going to be there, welcoming the Lord. It's going to be a community. So that ^{I am} we are not going to die alone, Even though I pass through the veil alone. That I am going to know that I am a part of a body, there are members. I am passing out

of the life of the church that is struggling in its life of battle in this world into the church that is triumphant. ^w Which has won its battles and is now in the midst of all Gods saints. ^P Elizabeth Cooperas, down here at the Holiday Inn, told of a girl. ~~I think she~~ was six or seven years of age, in one of these great Chicago hospitals. The ideal patient, but she was going to die. ~~Not a word was said~~ she was under oxygen, not a word until one night two ^{at} three o'clock in the morning. ^T the buzzer rang, the light went on, and the nurse walked in. ^P and when she zipped open the oxygen ^{tent} and leaned low, the little girl said, "If a fire starts, will somebody get me out of here?" And she responded by saying, "We don't allow people to smoke cigarettes, so there won't be a fire," and zipped up the oxygen tent. "But as she walked out," said Elizibeth Cooperas, "she had what we call in the hospital a gut reaction. And that was, 'I didn't answer her question. ^P But I haven't got the courage to talk about ^{to} that girl about her dying, because that's what she really wants to talk about.' She did a courages thing," said Dr. Ross. "She called her nursing supervisor. ^P And anytime you call a nursing supervisor at two in the morning, you've got to have courage, I'm quoting Dr. Ross now nurses, or nursing supervisors... And that nurse, ^P bless her she ~~said~~ came across the city, came across to the hospital, fortyfive minutes later. Went in and zipped up the tent, and said, 'Can I talk to you about the fire in the hospital?' For forty-five minutes to an hour," said Dr. Ross, "the little girl just poured out all that was in there. And she was able ^Q this nurse was to put her arms around the girl and assure her that she was loved. ^P And in that reality, even though believe it or not her mother did not understand, the girl died." ^P Dr. Ross said, and she's a woman of techniques, "we cannot know about techniques, we cannot know about

~~and~~ the latest hospital way of doing things; ~~it~~ it can be all white and starched. But I want you and I need you." And trembling ^{if we} they hold each others hands, ~~and to know~~ that ~~a~~ life everlasting has somehow come near, so that we do not need to die alone—even though I die alone—is a great, great assurance, this is why ~~and with this I'm going to close~~, I think every service that we have when someone goes home to be with God should be an instructive service. I don't think we should gather here morbidly. I think we ought to say certainly we know that death is a tragedy; of course we know it's man's last enemy; of course we know it comes like a thief in the night, that's the absurdity of it. We also know that it becomes a door by which a person can say to die is gain. In my father's house are many mansions." Many of you remember Verl Gardner. In some ways a kind of strange different woman, she walked all over this town, a maiden lady passing out home literature. She died and she had left instructions for the funeral. We were to have the funeral late enough in the day so that the working people could come. A men's quartet was supposed to sing and no one was to go to the cemetery no one except the people who were to take the casket out. ~~Then~~ we were to go down stairs and we were to sing hymns and eat sandwiches and drink coffee and that was the way she had written it out. As nearly as we could we obeyed Verl's instructions. A quartet sang, we ate our sandwiches and drank our coffee. I did go with the men from the mortuary to put the casket and the body in the ground. But let me say I've thought about it many times because it was a celebration. I remember what happened the night that Duff Wessman died. Gena Johnson called and said Duff has just walked in and the angels are singing. And I remember at Bob Olsens funeral when we sang

a simple gospel hymn about Jesus how a throng of people, many who had never sang the song stood up and sang it together. I think dear friends when you and I go the last word ought to be one of celebration because the Lord God omnipotent reigneth and even in the midst of our dilemma He's broken our last enemy and in that faith I can be healed and live with power and joy and victory. And this is why Johann Smith and I could greet each other in the name of Jesus Christ raised from the dead knowing that someday we will meet again. My dear freinds, what does it mean to be members one of another at least we will help each other die because we have helped each other live. In the name of the Father, the Son, And the Holy Spirit. Amen.

^a He Took ... And Blessed ^a

Jesus Took Bread

- A Scrap of Bread And a Glass of Wine
- Whatever Do I Have to Give Him?
 - Something Nice All Biked Up.
 - Or the Utter Truth of My Life.
- The Word - The Emotional ups and downs
- My Sexual Self
- The Bread And Wine of Life

And Blessed It

- Never Life to Him.
- How Contrasted With Others
 - The House of Love - Water Well
 - Before Him I am Supper =
Wishes Their Bel.

2.

- The Woman Taken In Adultery
- The Cross.

One of All This A New Thing

- A New Government
 - This Is My Church
 - "This Is The Blood of the Covenant"
- The Sacred Thing Shall Not Happen.
- The Way of the Lord Is The Most Common Thing.

We Come To To Them

- Come To Us
- Share With Them.

The Stop at Hamilton

- Where is going on there
- Were not here to the kindness but to the help.
- Clarence Satman and Will Keenman

Then Jennie Sherman

- All these years at the same place.
- "This is the way where we have both made"
- "We still also know how to live."

The Fourth Person - Also the Winner

Call to Worship

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

The Call to the Lord's Supper

The Blessing of Our Work

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us,

yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

--Psalm 90:1-2, 17

And whatever you do, in word or deed, do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him.

--Colossians 3:17

The Passing of the Peace

Put on then, as God's chosen ones, holy and beloved, compassion, kindness, lowliness, meekness, and patience, forbearing one another and, if one has a complaint against another, forgiving each other; as the Lord has forgiven you, so you also must forgive. And above all these put on love, which binds everything together in perfect harmony.

--Colossians 3:12-14

Matthew 26:26-28

Now as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke it, and gave it to the disciples and said, "Take, eat; this is my body."

And he took a cup, and when he had given thanks he gave it to them, saying, "Drink of it, all of you; for this is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins."

Gordon J. Smith

September 2, 1973

Welcome back
to Roxie

Concerns of the Family

1. The People's Service
Ken Sieck, Roxanne Lee,
Mike Cady
Solo by Lori Blount
2. Crusade for Christ at Trent Baptist Church
September 2-9
Services at 8:00 each evening
3. Next Sunday is Launch Sunday
We still need a couple for sixth grade,
one person for 4-yr olds,
one person for first grade
4. Pancake Day at The Firehouse
Sunday, September 9, 7:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m.
Tickets available in the lobby

Barrell James

Left

Marlin Beckman - plumber (at Morrell's)

Jan Haas - county auditor's office

Bob Kinsley - postman

Barbara Hubble - art teacher

LeRoy Kruse - real estate

Carol Johnson - wife and mother

Palmer Long - farmer

Right

Maury Paulsen - advertising

Sharon Mork - hairdresser

Peter Peters - science teacher

Melanie Sorenson - nurse

Hugh Robinson - lumberman

Justine Watson - librarian

Ron Sheard - Morrell's (loader)

First Baptist Church

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

September 2, 1973

Eight-thirty and Eleven o'clock

"Our Lord and Saviour, we pray that Thou Thyself wilt remind us of Thy suffering and death, wilt remind us again and again, in our labor, in our joy, and in our sorrow, of the night in which Thou wast betrayed." (Kierkegaard)

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

Organ Prelude—"We Bless Thee, Jesus Christ Our Lord"

"Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring" *Johann Sebastian Bach*

The Chimes

The Call to Worship

The Invocation and The Lord's Prayer

The Bringing In of the Gifts of Work

Processional Hymn—"My Master Was a Worker" 500

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FILL BRIGHTEST HOURS WITH LABOR

The Blessing of Our Work

The Call to the Lord's Supper

The Passing of the Peace

The Greeting of New Members

WORK THROUGH THE MORNING HOURS

Receiving Our Tithes and Offerings

*Offertory Solo

**Offertory Anthem—"Earth and All Stars!"

The Sanctuary Choir

Earth and all stars! Loud rushing planets, O victory! Loud shouting army Sing to the Lord a new song! Hail, wind and rain! Loud blowing snowstorm, Flowers and trees! Loud rustling dry leaves Sing to the Lord a new song! Trumpet and pipes! Loud clashing cymbals, Harp, lute and lyre! Loud humming cellos Sing to the Lord a new song! Engines and steel! Loud pounding hammers, Limestone and beams! Loud building workmen Sing to the Lord a new song! Classrooms and labs! Loud boiling test tubes, Athlete and band! Loud cheering people Sing to the Lord a new song! Knowledge and truth! Loud sounding wisdom, Daughter and son! Loud praying members Sing to the Lord a new song! He has done marvelous things. I too will praise him with a new song!

Doxology and Prayer of Dedication

**Unto Thee, O Lord, do we offer the gift of our hands and the loyalty of our hearts.
Accept us with our gifts, we pray, in Jesus' name. Amen.**

WORK WHILE THE DEW IS SPARKLING

The Serving of the Bread

Solo Victor E. Balla

The Serving of the Cup

Hymn—"Just As I Am, Without One Plea"

**Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!**

**Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!**

WORK, FOR DAYLIGHT FLIES

Reading of the Holy Scriptures—Matthew 26:26-28 (RSV)

The Sermon—"He Took . . . and Blessed" Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson

The Gloria

WORK TILL THE LAST BEAM FADETH
Receiving of the Fellowship Offering
Hymn of Dedication and Decision—"Renew Thy Church, Her Ministries Restore"
**Renew thy church, her ministries restore: Both to serve and adore, Make her again as
sail throughout the land And as light from a stand. 'Mid somber shadows of the night
Where greed and hatred spread their blight, O send us forth with power endued.
Help us, Lord, be renewed!**
**Teach us thy word, reveal its truth divine; On our path let it shine. Tell of thy works,
thy mighty acts of grace; From each page show thy face. As thou hast loved us, sent
thy Son, And our salvation now is won, O let our hearts with love be stirred. Help us,
Lord, know thy word!**
**Teach us to pray, for thou art ever near; Thy still voice let us hear. Our souls are
restless till they rest in thee, This our glad destiny. Before thy presence keep us still
That we may find for us thy will And seek thy guidance every day. Teach us, Lord,
how to pray!**
**Teach us to love, with strength of heart and mind, Everyone, all mankind. Break
down old walls of prejudice and hate; Leave us not to our fate. As thou hast loved and
given thy life To end hostility and strife, O share thy grace from heaven above, Teach
us, Lord, how to love! Amen.**
Concerns of the Family
The Benediction and Response
Moment of Silence
The Chimes
Organ Postlude
First Service Only **Second Service Only *Ushers May Seat Latecomers*
*The radio broadcast this morning over KELO (1320 AM at 8:30, 92.5 FM at 11:00) is sponsored by
Stewart Hairstyllists.*

THE PEOPLE'S SERVICE
7:30 P.M.

We invite you to be with us for this time of singing and sharing together.

OUR 10-10-10 STEWARDSHIP

Offering Last Sunday	\$2,965.67
Offering Needed Last Sunday	\$5,745.00

Offering Needed Today, and each Sunday through December 31, to fulfill our Annual Budget	\$5,899.41
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THIS WEEK

MONDAY, September 3—Labor Day, Church Offices Closed.

TUESDAY, September 4—

9:30 a.m.—Women's Bible Study	Parlor
12:00 noon—Men's Bible Study	YMCA
3:15 p.m.—Junior Girl Scouts	Youth Room
7:00 p.m.—Church Calling	Conference Room
7:00 p.m.—Junior High Bible Study	Room 216
8:00 p.m.—First Baptist Study Club	3105 O'Gorman Drive

WEDNESDAY, September 5—

6:45 a.m.—Women's Bible Study	YMCA
4:00 p.m.—Children of God	Fellowship Hall
4:00 p.m.—Junior Choir	Room 15
7:00 p.m.—Prayer Service	Chapel
8:00 p.m.—Sanctuary Choir	Fellowship Hall
8:15 p.m.—Church Council	Parlor

THURSDAY, September 6—

12:00 noon—A.B.W. Board Meeting	Parlor
1:00 p.m.—A.B.W. General Meeting	Fellowship Hall
6:30 p.m.—Senior High Bible Study	Youth Room

FRIDAY, September 7—

6:45 a.m.—Men's Bible Study	Smitty's Pancake House
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