

anything remotely adequate, remotely representative. My rooms have stood year after year, cold and empty. No horses stamp in my marble stables. Owner after owner has either lost the means or lacked the stature to walk through my halls as one who belonged in them. Either princes of the Church have lived—for poverty—in my servants quarters; or mean little men, awed by massive ceilings and lofty walls, lonely and uneasy in these trappings of greatness, have camped like mice in my most splendid chambers. I have been a dream to which man has never been able to live up.

And meanwhile, the seasons have come and gone. The snows of winter have sifted in onto the huge rafters of the garret; in spring, year after year, the blossoms of the fruit trees in the upper garden have fluttered down onto my window ledges; on countless days the faint showers of midsummer have swept over the hill and cooled the hot tiles of my roof; in autumn dead leaves have blown in whirlpools in the court-yards; the winds have screamed through the archways on the long black nights. The bells of the nearby churches have rung the hours for centuries. The cobbles of the street outside have echoed for untold days with the footsteps of men, marching in triumph, fleeing in terror and despair, or trudging obscurely, mechanically, up and down the hill.

All this I have seen. It has remained this way for centuries. It will remain this way for centuries to come. Nothing has changed very much; no one has lasted very long.

And now you come, clothed (apologies to my childhood friend Shakespeare) in a little brief authority; you tinker around like the rest of them; and you dream your dreams of putting me to use; and yet you are intelligent enough to know that you, too, are here only for a day, that you and all you stand for will soon be gone; but that I shall stand on, superior to those that created me, a monument to man's folly and inadequacy, a mockery of his endeavor.

—George Kennan, American diplomat in eastern Europe during the Cold War era, in *Sketches From a Life* (1989)

We celebrate the Lord's Supper weekly—and in a circle, at the end of worship. A word of direction is given, and with this everyone stands and moves to the walls. The cup is passed in two forms: in a chalice and then in small individual cups. You are free to choose.

And as this is the Supper of the Lord Christ, please listen to the instructions we give as to what qualifies a visitor to participate. **But whether you intend to take communion or not, please join us in the circle.**

Old Orchard Church

July 7, 2013 — 10:15 to 11:50 a.m.



Great Seal of Russia



Seal of U.S. Congress



सत्यमेव जयते

National Emblem of India



Seal of Ukraine (1918)

Do you want to have no fear of authority?

Do what is good and you will have praise from the same; for it is a minister of God to you for good.

But if you do what is evil, be afraid...for it is a minister of God, an avenger who brings wrath upon the one who practices evil.

—Romans 13:3-4—

Celebrating Jesus Christ, Lord of Ministering Magistrates

The Lord reigns on high,
The Lord is worthy to be praised;
Righteousness and justice are the foundations of his throne.
He who makes angelic spirits to serve him,
Raises up human magistrates to do his bidding.
For the sake of the world he raises them up:
To punish those doing evil,
And protect those doing good.

Bless the Lord for his kindness to the nations—
For governors and prime ministers,
For town councils and presidents,
For judges and lawmakers:
All are given for justice and to promote what is good,
That the peoples may flourish and the earth be refreshed.
All are called to be wise and fair;
All will answer one day in the Great Judgment;
All serve the citizens they govern;
All are subject to the crucified, risen, ruling, King Jesus.
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Alleluia!



Scripture Readings

Old Testament Lesson: from Psalm 72

New Testament Lesson: Romans 12:17– 13:1-7

Christianity in Ephesus, Christianity in St. Louis Series Sermon

“Living as Light in the Lord in the Civil Order”

Ephesians 5:1-17

Ron Lutjens, senior pastor, preaching

Until the Kingdom Comes

The following letter to my sister was written from Prague during a brief official visit to that city in 1940, during the war, when I was stationed in Berlin.

December 7, 1940. Prague

Dear Jeanette:

This letter may arrive before I do....

I have written so many formal things about this part of the world that I think I...am entitled to indulge just once in the “stream of consciousness” stuff. I even wonder whether it isn’t possibly the only proper approach to this dreamy, poignant place, which has a thousand tales to tell and proves nothing at all, unless it be the incorrigible vanity and tragedy and futility of all human endeavor. In all the history of Bohemia there have never been any clear issues, any complete victories, or any complete defeats.

I know no place which makes more mockery of the present—no place where one is more conscious of the transience of one’s self and one’s own generation and of everything that is being done.

The consulate general was closed several weeks ago. I am more or less responsible for the arrangements made for the custody and preservation of the property, which belongs to the government, and I have come down for a day or two on a tour of inspection. I walk around the premises of the old palace that once housed our legation, give orders for the repair of a retaining wall in the garden, decide what shall be planted next spring, make plans for the disposal of the old, unused Renaissance wing, ponder the condition of the wooden frames of the three-thousand-odd windowpanes. All the time I am conscious of the fact that all this has been done hundreds of times before, over the ages, by innumerable counts and cardinals and custodians and architects, that each time it was done, it seemed important to the people who were doing it, that they had some sort of plans for the utilization of the great structure, and that they hoped that it would be possible to utilize the place in a way commensurate with its’ power and dignity. And all the time I feel that the old building is laughing skeptically at me and musing:

Man built me as a framework for great doings, for lofty decisions, for the exercise of power. I was to symbolize his strength and his grandeur. And yet in all the centuries of my existence there have not been five years in a hundred when he was able to fill my walls with