



# BONHOEFFER

Honors Church

Howard Performing Arts Center

20 October, 2012

11:30 a.m.

 J.N. Andrews  
Honors Program

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Introit

Mrs. Debbie Jeroncic & Dr. L. Monique Pittman

Flute Sonata, No. 2, Siciliano (J. S. Bach)

Welcome

Ioana Danci

Responsive Invocation

Seth Stacey and Congregation

Excerpt from “Morning Prayers”

Lord Jesus Christ,

**You were poor**

and in distress, a captive and forsaken as I am.

**You know all man’s troubles;**

You abide with me

**when all men fail me;**

You remember and seek me;

**It is your will that I should know you**

and turn to you.

**Lord, I hear your call and follow;**

Help me.

**Amen**



**On Singing**

Isabel Stafford

“Speak to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs” (Eph. 5:19). Our song on earth is speech. It is the sung Word. Why do Christians sing when they are together? The reason is, quite simply, because in singing together it is possible for them to speak and pray the same Word at the same time; in other words, because here they can unite in the Word. All devotion, all attention should be concentrated upon the Word in the hymn. The fact that we do not speak it but sing it only expresses the fact that our spoken words are inadequate to express what we want to say, that the burden of our song goes far beyond all human words. Yet we do not hum a melody; we sing words of praise to God, words of thanksgiving, confession, and prayer. Thus the music is completely the servant of the Word. It elucidates the Word in its mystery. (*Life Together* 59)

**Hymns from the German-Lutheran Tradition**

“Praise to the Lord, the Almighty”  
“Lord, Whose Love in Humble Service”  
“Now Thank We All Our God”  
Praise Team and Congregation

Praise Team: Afia Asamoah (vocalist), Paola Caceres (vocalist), Patrick Knighton (vocalist), Archie Wheeler (piano), Michael Hess II (violin)

**The Life of Dietrich Bonhoeffer: A Testimony**

Dr. Ante Jeronic

**On Christian Community**

Sarah Gane Burton

Because God has already laid the only foundation of our fellowship, because God has bound us together in one body with other Christians in Jesus Christ, long before we entered into common life with them, we enter into that common life not as demanders but as thankful recipients. We thank God for what He has done for us. We thank God for giving us brethren who live by His call, by His forgiveness, and His promise. We do not complain of what God does not give us; we rather thank God for what He does give us daily. And is not what has been given us enough: brothers, who will go on living with us through sin and need under the blessing of His grace? Is the divine gift of Christian fellowship anything less than this, any day, even the most difficult and distressing day? Even when sin and misunderstanding burden the communal life, is not the sinning brother still a brother, with whom I, too, stand under the Word of Christ? Thus the very hour of disillusionment with my brother becomes incomparably salutary, because it so thoroughly teaches me that neither of us can ever live by our own words and deeds, but only by that one Word and Deed which really binds us together—the forgiveness of sins in Jesus Christ. When the morning mists of dreams vanish, then dawns the bright day of Christian fellowship. (*Life Together* 28-29)

**Costly Grace**

David Thomas

Costly grace is the treasure hidden in the field; for the sake of it a man will gladly go and sell all that he has. It is the pearl of great price to buy which the merchant will sell all his goods. It is the kingly rule of Christ, for whose sake a man will pluck out the eye which causes him to stumble; it is the call of Jesus Christ at which the disciple leaves his nets and follows him. Costly grace is the gospel which must be sought again and again, the gift which must be asked for, the door at which a man must knock. Such grace is costly because it calls us to follow, and it is grace because it calls us to follow Jesus Christ. It is costly because it costs a man his life, and it is grace because it gives a man the only true life. It is costly because it condemns sin, and grace because it justifies the sinner. Above all, it is costly because it cost God the life of his Son: “ye were bought at a price,” and what has cost God much cannot be cheap for us. Above all, it is grace because God did not reckon his Son too dear a price to pay for our life, but delivered him up for us. Costly grace is the Incarnation of God. (*The Cost of Discipleship* 45)

**Special Music**

Suite for Solo Cello #1, Prelude (J. S. Bach)  
Erica Evans

Those who believe all things and hope all things for the sake of love, for the sake of encouraging and helping others must suffer and endure. For the world takes them for fools, perhaps even for dangerous fools because their foolishness may even provoke malice into exposing itself. But only when malice comes to light can it ever be fully loved. Therefore love endures all things and is radiant and happy in this suffering. For this suffering and endurance make love greater and greater and more and more irresistible. Love that endures all things gains the victory. Who is this love if not the one who bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, and even had to endure all things all the way to the cross? The one who did not insist on his own way nor seek himself, the one who did not allow himself to become bitter, and who did not keep a record of the evil deeds perpetrated on him and thus was overwhelmed by evil? The one who even prayed on the cross for his enemies and in this act of love utterly overcame evil. Who is this love Paul spoke of in these verses if not Jesus Christ himself? Who is meant here if not Jesus? (*A Testament to Freedom* 247-48)

**“Who am I?”**

Re’Jeanne Greene and Alaryss Bosco

Who am I? They often tell me  
I would step from my cell’s confinement  
calmly, cheerfully, firmly,  
like a squire from his country-house.

*Who am I? They often tell me  
I would talk to my warders  
freely and friendly and clearly,  
as though it were mine to command.*

Who am I? They also tell me  
I would bear the days of misfortune  
equably, smilingly, proudly,  
like one accustomed to win.

*Am I then really all that which other men tell of?  
Or am I only what I know of myself,  
restless and longing and sick, like a bird in a cage,  
struggling for breath, as though hands were compressing my throat,  
yearning for colours, for flowers, for the voices of birds,  
thirsting for words of kindness, for neighbourliness,  
trembling with anger at despotisms and petty humiliation,  
tossing in expectation of great events,  
powerlessly trembling for friends at an infinite distance,  
weary and empty at praying, at thinking, at making,  
faint, and ready to say farewell to it all?*

Who am I? This or the other?  
Am I one person today, and tomorrow another?  
Am I both at once? A hypocrite before others,  
and before myself a contemptibly woebegone weakling?  
Or is something within me still like a beaten army,  
fleeing in disorder from victory already achieved?

*Who am I? They mock me, these lonely questions of mine.  
Whoever I am, thou knowest, O God, I am thine.*

**Special Music**

“How Great Thou Art”

Kristen Abraham and Archie Wheeler

There shall be peace because of the church of Christ, for the sake of whom the world exists. And this church of Christ lives at one and the same time in all peoples, yet beyond all boundaries, whether national, political, social, or racial. And the Christians who make up this church are bound together, through the commandment of the one Lord Christ, whose Word they hear, more inseparably than people are bound by all the ties of the common history, of blood, of class, and of language. All these ties, which are part of our world, are valid ties, not indifferent; but in the presence of Christ they are not ultimate bonds. For the members of the ecumenical church, insofar as they hold to Christ, his word, his commandment of peace, is more holy, more inviolable than the most revered words and works of the natural world. For they know that whoso are not able to hate father and mother for his sake are not worthy of him, and lie if they call themselves after Christ's name. These brothers and sisters in Christ obey his word; they do not doubt or question, but keep his commandment of peace. They are not ashamed, in defiance of the world, even to speak of eternal peace. They cannot take up arms against Christ himself—yet this is what they do if they take up arms against one another! Even in anguish and distress of conscience there is for them no escape from the commandment of Christ that there shall be peace. (*A Testament to Freedom* 228)

**The Road to Peace**

Samantha Snively

How does peace come about? Through a system of political treaties? Through the investment of international capital in different countries? Through the big banks, through money? Or through universal peaceful rearmament in order to guarantee peace? Through none of these, for the single reason that in all of them peace is confused with safety. There is no way to peace along the way of safety. For peace must be dared. It is the great venture. It can never be safe. Peace is the opposite of security. To demand guarantees is to want to protect oneself. Peace means to give oneself altogether to the law of God, wanting no security, but in faith and obedience laying the destiny of the nations in the hand of the Almighty God, not trying to direct it for selfish purposes. Battles are won, not with weapons, but with God. They are won where the way leads to the cross. Which of us can say he or she knows what it might mean for the world if one nation should meet the aggressor, not with weapons in hand, but praying, defenseless, and for that very reason protected by “a bulwark never failing.” (*A Testament to Freedom* 228)

**Hymn: “A Mighty Fortress”**

Praise Team, Brass Quartet, and Congregation

Bernardo Martinez, trumpet; Michael Momohara, trumpet; Archie Wheeler, trombone; Erik Vhymeister, horn

**“Stages on the Way to Freedom”**

Travis King, Lindsey Weigley, Givan Hinds, and Allie Chacko

*Discipline*

If you are drawn to seek freedom, learn first of all  
to discipline yourself and your senses, lest desires  
and your members lead you hither and thither.  
Pure and chaste be your body and spirit, totally under control,  
and obedient, seeking the goal which is set for them.  
No one experiences the secret of freedom, except by discipline.

*Action*

Choose and do what is right, not what fancy takes,  
not weighing the possibilities, but bravely grasping the real,  
not in the flight of ideas, but only in action is there freedom.  
Come away from your anxious hesitations into the storm of events,  
carried by God's command and your faith alone.  
Then freedom will embrace your spirit with rejoicing.

### *Suffering*

Wondrous is the change. The strong active hands  
are bound now. Powerless and alone, you see the end  
of your action. Yet, you breathe a sigh of relief and lay it aside  
quickly trusting to stronger hands and are content.  
Only for a moment did you touch the bliss of freedom,  
then you gave it back to God that he might gloriously fulfill it.

### *Death*

Come now, highest feast on the way to everlasting freedom,  
death. Lay waste the burdens of chains and walls  
which confine our earthly bodies and blinded souls,  
that we see at last what here we could not see.  
Freedom, we sought you long in discipline, action and suffering.  
Dying, we recognize you now in the face of God.

**Spiritual: "Give Me Jesus"**  
Praise Team and Congregation

### **Scripture Reading**

Monica Hamilton

Luke 21:28

"And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads,  
for your redemption draweth nigh."

### **Sermon**

Dr. Ante Jeroncic

"Come, O Rescuer"

London, First Sunday of Advent, 3 December 1933

### **Responsive Prayer**

Allegra Stennett and Congregation

### **Excerpt from "Morning Prayers"**

O God, early in the morning I cry to you.

**Help me to pray**

And to concentrate my thoughts on you;

**I cannot do this alone.**

In me there is darkness,

**But with you there is light;**

I am lonely, but you do not leave me;

**I am feeble in heart, but with you there is help;**

I am restless, but with you there is peace.

**In me there is bitterness, but with you there is patience;**

I do not understand your ways,

**But you know the way for me.**

O Heavenly Father,

**I praise and thank you**

For the peace of the night;

**I praise and thank you for this new day;**

I praise and thank you for all your goodness

**And faithfulness throughout my life.**

You have granted me many blessings;

**Now let me also accept what is hard**

From your hand.

**You will lay on me no more**

Than I can bear.

**You make all things work together for good**

For your children.

**Restore me to liberty,**

And enable me to live now

**That I may answer before you and before men.**

Lord whatever this day may bring,

**Your name be praised.**

**Amen**

### **Closing Hymn**

**“By Gracious Powers”** (D. Bonhoeffer)  
Praise Team and Congregation

### **Invitation to Fellowship**

Dr. L. Monique Pittman

The J. N. Andrews Honors Program and the Honors Officers would like to thank all readers and musicians, special music performers, ushers, Dr. Ante Jeroncic, Mrs. Debbie Jeroncic, Dr. Keith Mattingly, the Howard Performing Arts Center staff, Ms. Maria Sanchez-Martinez, and all Honors Scholars and friends. Thank you for being our blessed community!

*With Gratitude,*  
*Ioana Danci, President*  
*John Abn, Vice President*  
*Archie Wheeler, Spiritual Vice President*  
*Samantha Snively, Public Relations*  
*Afia Asamoah, Social Coordinator*  
*Kristen Bishop, Secretary*  
*Allie Chacko, Academic Affairs*  
*Seth Stacey, Academic Affairs*  
*Dr. L. Monique Pittman, Sponsor*

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# Praise to the Lord

1

Psalm 103:2-5  
 Joachim Neander (1650-1680)  
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863 (1827-1878)

LOBE DEN HERREN 14.14.4.7.8.  
 Choral Book for England, 1864  
 Harm. by Wm. S. Bennett

1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre -  
 2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won - drous - ly  
 3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work and de -

a - tion! O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy  
 reign - eth, Shield-eth thee un - der His wings, yea, so  
 fend thee; Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here

health and sal - va - tion! All ye who hear, Now to His  
 gen - tly sus - tain - eth! Hast thou not seen How thy de -  
 dai - ly at - tend thee. Pon - der a - new What the Al -

tem - ple draw near; Join ye in glad ad - o - ra - tion!  
 sires e'er have been Grant-ed in what He or - dain - eth?  
 might-y can do If with His love He be - friend thee.

## Lord, Whose Love in Humble Service

423

F B $\flat$  Am $^7$  Dm F B $\flat$  F

1 Lord, whose love in hum-ble ser - vice Bore the weight of hu-man need,  
 2 Still your chil-dren wan-der home - less; Still the hun-gry cry for bread;  
 3 As we wor-ship, grant us vi - sion, Till your love's re - veal-ing light

F B $\flat$  Am $^7$  Dm F B $\flat$  F

Who up - on the cross, for - sak - en, Worked your mer-cy's per - fect deed:  
 Still the cap - tives long for free - dom; Still in grief we mourn our dead.  
 In its height and depth and great - ness Dawns up - on our quick-ened sight,

F C Dm C Dm B $\flat$ maj $^7$

We, your ser - vants, bring the wor - ship Not of voice a - lone, but heart;  
 As you, Lord, in deep com - pas - sion Healed the sick and freed the soul,  
 Mak-ing known the needs and bur - dens Your com - pas - sion bids us bear,

C Dm B $\flat$  F Gm $^7$  Am Gm $^7$  F

Con - se - crat - ing to your pur - pose Ev - 'ry gift which you im - part.  
 By your Spir - it send your pow - er To our world to make it whole.  
 Stir-ring us to ar - dent ser - vice, Your a - bun - dant life to share.

# Now Thank We All Our God

559

*Martin Rinkart, 1636 (1586-1649)*

*Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858 (1827-1878)*

NUN DANKET 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

*Johann Crüger, 1647 (1598-1662)*

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voice,  
2. O may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us,  
3. All praise and thanks to God, The Father, now be given,

Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world rejoices;  
With ever joyful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us;  
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in highest heaven,

Who, from our mothers' arms Hath blessed us on our way  
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when perplexed,  
The one eternal God, Whom earth and heaven adore;

With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.  
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.  
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ever more.

THANKFULNESS

# A Mighty Fortress

506

Psalm 46:1

Martin Luther, 1529 (1483-1546)

Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1852 (1805-1890)

EIN' FESTE BURG 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

Martin Luther, 1529



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,  
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,  
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.  
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.  
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth;



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He, Lord Sab - a -  
The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we  
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y



power are great; And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
oth His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.



## Give Me Jesus

*American Negro Spiritual*7.7.7.4.Ref.  
Arr. by Alma Blackmon, 1984 (1921- )

1. In the morn-ing when I rise, In the morn-ing when I  
 2. Dark mid-night was my cry, Dark mid-night was my  
 3. Just a - bout the break of day, Just a - bout the break of  
 4. Oh, when I come to die, Oh, when I come to

rise, In the morn-ing when I rise, Give me Je - sus.  
 cry, Dark mid-night was my cry, Give me Je - sus.  
 day, Just a - bout the break of day, Give me Je - sus.  
 die, Oh, when I come to die, Give me Je - sus.

*Refrain*

Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus,

You may have all this world, Give me Je - sus.

Arrangement copyright © 1984 by Alma Blackmon.

CONSECRATION

## By Gracious Powers



1 By gra - cious pow'rs so won - der - ful - ly shel - tered,  
 2 Yet is this heart by its old foe tor - men - ted,  
 3 And when this cup you give is filled to brim - ming  
 4 Yet when a - gain in this same world you give us  
 5 By gra - cious pow'rs so faith - ful - ly pro - tec - ted,

and con - fi - dent - ly wait - ing come what may,  
 still e - vil days bring bur - dens hard to bear,  
 with bit - ter suf - fering, hard to un - der - stand,  
 the joy we had, the bright - ness of your sun,  
 so qui - et - ly, so won - der - ful - ly near,

we know that God is with us night and mor - ning,  
 Oh, give our frigh - tened souls the sure sal - va - tion,  
 we take it thank - ful - ly and with - out trem - bling  
 we shall re - mem - ber all the days we lived through  
 I'll live each day in hope, with you be - side me,

and ne - ver fails to greet us each new day.  
 for which, O Lord, you taught us to pre - pare.  
 out of so good and so be - loved a hand.  
 and our whole life shall then be yours a - lone.  
 and go with you through ev - ery com - ing year.

Text: Dietrich Bonhöffer (1906-1945);  
 tr. Fred Pratt Green (1903-2000)  
 Tune: *Paris Antiphoner*, 1681;  
 harm. John B. Dykes (1823-1876)



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 O QUANTA QUALIA  
<http://www.hymnary.org/hymn/WAR2003/75>