

Editor's Note

~~Commitment, Faith, Resistance, Justice~~

**Editor's note:** This week the Faculty Focus column features the text of Dr. D. Ivan Dykstra's eulogy to Rev. A.J. Muste, former alumnus who died recently. Dr. Dykstra, professor of philosophy and chairman of the philosophy department, delivered the eulogy during Wednesday chapel.

By Dr. D. Ivan Dykstra

'Tis a proud privilege indeed to have the opportunity to say something new about A.J. Muste. My credentials, I know, are inadequate; but my debts are very great.

My memories of A.J. go far back. I cannot indeed remember a time when his name was not an honored one in my father's house. What he (and Gandhi) wrote we read at family devotions as commentary on what the New Testament might mean for our times. Later, as a student in seminary, I plunged fresh from seminary into a war-committed parish in a war-committed world. It was A.J. who saved my day, simply by being a living demonstration that under even those conditions, particularly under those conditions, Christian preachers have a relevant, healing thing to say.

**BUT TO HAVE ENTHUSIASM.** A.J. is to know, too, that no words could add to my regard for his stature. Fortunately, one need not search for words with which to praise; one needs only to describe, for in his case to describe him is to praise him.

Let there be, then, but a few words, but write these words close to the heart of them about Muste.

and do not leave any of them out, they ought to be

The first word is commitment. He more than most men I know has that, to be sure, more than the committed, and unconsciously committed. What sense of you are now leaving his reading books by Kierkegaard, Sartre, Husserl, the personality of A.J.

There was a difference between him and me. There was a difference between him and his church.

Then they were "out," the alone, in absurdity, the odd ones, and therefore the hitting ones.

And no church is interested in commitments then. His church talked war, but Muste talked peace. His church involved the soul, sanctified it, but Muste lived it.

He was "out" because

whole man, act and word were

no mystery about it and no fan-

tasms about it, so that all he did

was to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be

A genetic accident? Maybe. A

miracle? A miracle? And children of the God who

made this continent, especially in

the last two thousand years, are

willing to stake everything on the

parson or the prophet? Not me.

Or caring much just where

it all is? Well, well, well,

terrible you know it is.

And then there is the

other side of the coin.

But there was more. The other

side of the coin.

That other side was

A.J. simply knew that was so.

or the Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

Richard Nixon's, or the

the commitment was that there was

no mystery about it and no fan-

tasms about it, so that all he did

was to be done, to be done, to be

done, to be done, to be done, to be