

# THE SEMINARIAN



TRINITY - JUNE, 1944



# THE SEMINARIAN



"Est autem ecclesia congregatio sanctorum, in qua evangelium recte docetur et recte administrantur sacramenta."

## THE STAFF

Editor: Matthew I. Wiencke

Associate Editors:

B. Franklin Levy

Paul E. Morentz

Illustrators:

Edgar S. Brown

Francis W. Jones

Circulation Manager:

J. Victor Murtland

"The Seed is the Word of God...Some fell by the way side...some upon a rock...some among thorns...and other fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit." The cover of this issue of the "Seminarian" represents in symbol the Parable of the Sower and the Seed. It illustrates the true character of the Trinity Season: Growth in Christian Life.

Just as we may seek to understand the meaning of a growing life in Christ from its counterpart in the world of nature — seed nourished by fertile soil — so we hope this publication may indicate and express the growth of young minds in the study of theology. To this policy we are committed: the free and honest expression of students engaged in the training of the Seminary and maturing under the influence of the Word of God.

One may ask, What stimulates creative writing in the field of theology? What are the well-springs and guides? We call attention to three. Good writing calls for clear thinking. So many people put up with not knowing what they think, but even more seldom attempt to put thought into writing. If clear thinking is capable of faithful literary expression — and we believe it is — then let the discipline of writing be the test. Not only clear and honest thought, but careful study underlies sound writing. In the Word of God we possess a rich source common to all Christian writers and teachers. And to this source we may bring the witness of the Creeds and Confessions of the Church, the expression of mature and gifted minds whose contributions are woven into the very life and faith of the Church. But reason is not enough. To thought and study we must add the fruit of religious experience. Great writing comes of prayer and meditation. The eye of faith interprets not in terms of a "mess of pottage," but sees beyond to visions of "heavenly ladders."

Official Organ of the Student Body of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia. Issued Monthly at 7301 Germantown Avenue, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania. Vol. IX. No. 1.

"He must increase, but I must decrease."

Greatest and last of that "goodly fellowship of the prophets," St. John the Baptist, spoke these words. It is not without significance that the Church remembers the Nativity of the Herald of Christ in these last days of June. For with the passing of the summer solstice, the days begin to shorten, the light of sun recedes hour by hour until the rising of that greater Sun, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

A fanciful interpretation of this Day, perhaps; yet there is no discounting the life and message of the Baptist, in whose life humility so combined with fearless conviction.

John the Baptist stands where every true Prophet stands. He teaches us a lesson in orientation; he sets forth the true proportions of every spokesman of the Gospel. The principle of his life, "He must increase, but I must decrease," so applies to the heart and marrow of all preparation for the Office of the Holy Ministry, that we are led to look further into its significance.

If St. John could resolve his life purpose into one single direction, and if, for example, the rich Christ-filled life of St. Paul stemmed from the same source, should not such a principle guide us?

What has this to say to us who are aspiring to the prophetic role in the Office of the Ministry? It can mean that nothing is so important as this increase through the power and means of God's grace.

Now in the course of these brief years of Seminary training, if our emphasis lies in this direction, we are led at once to the Means of Grace. Such a principle holds us first to the diligent study of the Word of God. And because the light of the Gospel has at times shone in its true brilliance, and again been darkened by false teaching, the Lutheran Church, when true to its genius, has laid much stress upon pure doctrine. Such a quest for the pure teaching of the Word of God stands at the heart of theological study.

Likewise the Sacrament, as the Incarnate expression of the Word, bestows the same grace. We are standing here with John the Baptist — God-ward, receiving of His increase. Here is a Sacramental Life that grows with our diligent reception of this Gift.

In the light of these Sources: the direct study and daily life in the Word of God and the sacramental life in the Word Incarnate, how surely do all other pursuits recede to lesser place, the numerous by-paths we follow in our attempt to become practical!

John the Baptist turned directly to the Source of all life. Another of his spirit sang, "I will heartily lay me ahold on the greatness of God!"

Where are we turning?

O R D I N A T I O N :  
S A C R A M E N T   O R   C E R E M O N Y  
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Light from the Lutheran Symbols  
and Confessional Theologians

by  
B. Franklin Levy

"I now commit unto thee the Holy Office of the Word and Sacraments; I ordain and consecrate thee a Minister of the Church: In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

These words are quite familiar to most of us. Not too many days ago some of our friends heard them. In not too many days hence we shall ourselves hear them. Perhaps now is the time to ask ourselves, What is the meaning of ordination? An inquiry into the significance of this occasion should be profitable, and can afford a subject for lively discussion in future issues of The Seminarian. As a beginning it would be well to consider the stand of our Lutheran Symbols and Confessional theologians.

I

Very few of us will disagree with the first sentence from the quoted section of the Order for Ordination: "I now commit unto thee the Holy Office of the Word and Sacraments." The Confessions and theologians are unanimous in declaring the Ministry to be of divine institution. The following is a selected sample:

1. The Augsburg Confession: "That we may obtain this faith (the faith that justifies before God), the office of teaching the Gospel and administering the Sacraments was instituted."

2. The Apology of the Augsburg Confession: "The ministry of the Word has God's command and glorious promises...The Church has the command to appoint ministers, which should be most pleasing to us, because we know that God approves this ministry, and is present in the ministry."

3. Leonard Hutter, 1563-1616, University of Wittenberg: The ministry of the Church has been established certainly not by man, but by God Himself."

4. John Gerhard, 1582-1637, University of Jena: "The ministry of the Church is a sacred and public office divinely appointed."

5. Rev. Prof. F. Pieper, Synodical Conference: "The ministerial office, that is, the office of the preaching of the Word and the administration of the Sacraments, is not of human ordinance, but of divine institution."

6. Rev. Prof. P. L. Mellenbruch, Wittenberg College, Ohio: "The office of the ministry is divine in origin and will continue along with the Church till the end of time."

7. Rev. Prof. A. G. Voigt, Lutheran Seminary, Columbia, S. C.: "This ministry (of the means of grace) is of divine institution."

8. Rev. Prof. H. E. Jacobs, Lutheran Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.: "It (the office of the ministry) rests upon a divine institution."

## II

The second sentence, however, may connote differing opinions. But first let us ask, Is ordination a mere ceremony? In the interests of one view the following may be quoted:

1. The Apology of the Augsburg Confession: "If ordination be understood as applying to the ministry of the Word, we are not unwilling to call ordination a sacrament."

2. John Gerhard: "The belief of our churches is this, that ordination may be called a Sacrament, if the word be received in a wide sense."

3. Prof. A. F. C. Vilmar, University of Marburg: "The Apology permits ordination to be called a Sacrament because ordination is an order of God and has great divine promises....Ordination remains a sacramental action, i.e. an action in which not man but God does something for the redemption of the world, so that this action is a condition of redemption (and does not depend on men, whether they wish to carry out this or omit it), and in fact it is of the first rank according to the standard of apostolic practice and the institution of the Office through Christ Himself."

4. Martensen, Bishop of Seeland, Denmark: "Although the Lutheran Church has not ventured to propound a dogma regarding priestly ordination, owing to a certain fear of the hierarchical principle, the faith nevertheless exists within her pale that ordination is more than a mere ceremony."

## III

Continuing in the same spirit it is only natural that we should ask, Is ordination necessary? The following give a definite answer:

1. The Smalcald Articles: "As the ancient examples of the Church and the Fathers teach us, we ourselves will and ought to ordain suitable persons to this Office."

2. The Appendix to the Smalcald Articles: "It is necessary for the Church to retain the authority to call, elect and ordain ministers. And this authority is a gift exclusively given to the Church."

3. Hollazius: "The necessity of ordination is ordinate, for the sake of good order or decorum, and because of the divine command."

4. Vilmar: "Confirmation, absolution and ordination one can call sacramental actions (sacramentale Handlungen), i.e. such actions which are preparations and conditions of the power of eternal life which is to be imparted by God and go out from God, and therefore they are not to be omitted by man."

5. Theses composed by Dr. Haas, Offermann, and Mattes: "There are a number of reasons why it (ordination) cannot be dispensed with: (a) Because of apostolic usage and institution it has always been the established order of the Church, since the days of the apostles. (b) It is the orderly and official publication to the Church of the preceding vocation, and sets on it the stamp of the approval and confirmation by the whole Church. (c) It is a witness to the one who has been called that he rightfully and lawfully holds his office, and that all the promises God has made concerning it will apply efficaciously to his own ministry. (d) It is a protection of the Church against false teachers, and a testimonial to the congregations of the moral fitness and doctrinal soundness of the one who has been examined and obligated to the Confessions. It must never be forgotten that ordination is a commissioning to preach a certain body of doctrine confessed by the ordaining communion."

#### IV

Finally we may question, What actually happens at ordination?

1. Gerhard: "We do not deny that, in ordination, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, necessary for the discharge of the duties of the ministry of the Church, are conferred and increased."

2. Vilmar: "The laying on of hands (which is even now undertaken with justification, in the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost) gives the Holy Ghost in all reality, gives the ability to forgive sins or to retain them, and to carry out the actions of Christ as His actions by means of the preaching of the Word, the administration of the Sacraments and the governing of the Church."

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(In keeping with the immediate interest of Ordination to Seminary students, the "Seminarian" invites further discussion upon this topic and the following article on the Call.)

## A CALL OR THE CALL?

by

Paul Morentz

One of the subjects which runs periodically through the bull sessions is the nature of the "call." Opinions are advanced and debated, usually to no conclusion. Here is one more opinion.

First of all for my favorite, a definition. THE CALL is that means, manner, method, or experience by which an individual comes to the conviction that the Christian ministry shall be his life work. Having stated our premise, let us see what THE CALL means to the "average" layman.

Some laymen (and some clergymen) are of the opinion that THE CALL comes as the voice in the night as it did to Samuel, or a voice at noon-day as it did to Paul. No voice — no call. Many of our good people are apt to look aghast if you hint that you have not heard "the voice." But then, perhaps you have heard it.

Some feel that THE CALL comes as it did to Isaiah (6:1-8). That the mystical ecstatic experience is requisite to a genuine call to the ministry is the opinion of many of our people. Many would question the value of your consecration if they knew that you had not had a vision of even one angel. If, however, you are one of the fortunate few who have heard the roaring of the wind, and have seen the blinding light of the true glory, and have felt the searing touch of the fiery coal, then you may read no further; this article does not apply to you.

Some church people (and many outside the church), possibly from bitter experience, have the fond opinion that whenever a man is unfitted by ability, disposition, or temperament for anything else, God automatically calls him to the ministry. Somehow it seems incredible to them that anyone who can possibly do anything else, or who can possibly earn a living any other way should ever enter the ministry. This conception is held more widely than most churchmen would care to admit.

The source of these conceptions in modern times can often be traced to the orthodoxists' worship of form (not to be confused with the form of worship) and their quest for objective reality in religion. If a church allows its people to believe that a man becomes a superman by the laying on of hands and the repetition of the proper words, why should they not look for an equally mysterious — and objective — call to the ministry? If a minister persistently enforces his authority with the Common Service Book in one hand and the Occasional Services in the other, will people not look for the special words that indicate a man's call to the ministry?

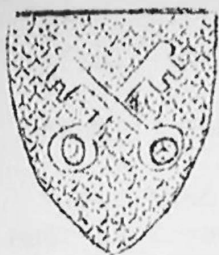
The New Testament does not picture a ministry composed of men called to a holy profession ministering to other men of less holy professions. On the contrary, the Church was a joint enterprise in which each of the members shared in the functions. That no one man was the sole representative of God in the congregation is clearly evident in the fourteenth chapter of I Corinthians. Distinction among members was to exist only insofar as each member was doing that work for which his native abilities best fitted him (Romans 12:4-8). It is this conception of the Church as the "communion of believers" which Luther correctly saw and preached. "A communion of believers, period, nothing more, that is the mark of the true Church.

In such a church all men who are members are called to proclaim the good news. God has called each one of them to be a Christian, and, as such, it is incumbent upon each to proclaim the Gospel. It is not the spiritual minister and his nonspiritual people; it is not the sole repository of grace; it is not a legal organization made into a holy institution. It is the Communio Sanctorum; it is that which is Christ's body on earth; it is that which shall never die.

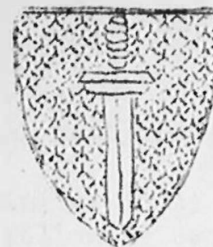
What does this mean to us in a modern industrial society? Shall we forsake the office of the ministry and return to charismatic prophesying? Not at all. As Paul indicated a division of spiritual labors according to fitness (Romans 12), so Society has divided all labor in the interests of efficiency. To those of the communion of believers whom circumstances have made most capable, the communion offers opportunities for special training. This training is not given to the selectees to provide them with special faith, special sanctification, but to give them techniques with which they may better serve the spiritual needs of the other members of the communion. So the communion calls each man to service in the way in which he is best fitted to serve the needs of the communion. So some are called as doctors, some as barbers, some farmers, and some dog-catchers—each to his skill and the need of the communion.

When you step into your pulpit and look at the expectant faces of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, remember, though God called you to be a Christian, these people called you to be their minister—preach accordingly. When you would retire into your ivory tower, remember, the communion needs the uses of the training it gave you or it would not have called you. When you stand before the altar, remember, you are not there to bring God to these people; God comes to each of them without your help. You are standing before the altar as one of the communion leading the communion in its worship and edification. Serve them, not yourself; they called you.





THE  
F I S H E R M A N



by

Richard H. Weiskotten

(Editor's Note: On June 29 the Calendar of the Church honors an illustrious pair of Apostles, SS Peter and Paul. We deem this an appropriate occasion to publish the following excerpt from a short novel based upon the life of Peter and written by Richard Weiskotten in conjunction with studies in the New Testament. The novel deserves reading in its entirety, but lack of space obliges us to offer this selection, which comprises the last scenes in the life and work of the Apostle.)

Prologue

It is about the year 66, and Peter has been arrested and imprisoned in Rome with Paul. Two friends, David and Joseph, have just arrived in Rome. They, too, were the sons of Bethsaida fishermen and grew up with Peter. In their youth, when everyone was anxiously awaiting the Messiah, David and Joseph enthusiastically accepted a man who claimed to be the Deliverer, and were later sadly disillusioned when they discovered he was not. As a result, they have been sceptical ever since and, in spite of Peter's pleadings, they will not accept Jesus until they "are sure." Once, over twenty years ago, they almost accepted Him, but before they were baptized they went to Caesarea with Peter; when they saw that Gentiles were to be baptized too, their Jewish exclusiveness made them turn away once more. David's son, Samuel, found this to be no stumbling-block, however, and, baptized by Peter, he has become a zealous apostle.

Hearing that their old friend was in prison, David and Joseph have made the long trip to Rome in the hope that there might be something they can do for him. Shortly after their arrival in the city, they happened to meet Samuel on the street and he has taken them to his rooms where they can rest after their long journey.

"Ah, Samuel, it is good to see you again," said his father when they were comfortably seated. "Imagine meeting you like that on the crowded streets of Rome. But tell us, what are you doing in Rome?"

Samuel shook his head and sighed. "It's an unfortunate affair. Two of our great leaders are here in prison."

"Two?" questioned Joseph. "Peter, we know about, but who is the other?"

"Paul, the man I've been travelling around with."

"Paul? You mean the man from Tarsus? And you've been with him?"

"Yes, that's the one. I haven't exactly been with him, at least not as much as I would have liked to have been. I've been following behind him on his trips and taking over some of the duties he couldn't attend to. But I'm surprised he is so familiar to you."

"We've been following your religion," answered David, "even though we don't accept it. But tell us about Peter. We heard he had been arrested and that's why we came here. We thought perhaps there would be something we could do for him while he is imprisoned so far from home in a strange city. And also -- we wanted to see him once -- well, you've been here longer than we have; how does it look to you?"

Again Samuel shook his head. "Bad. I'm afraid this time --," he left the sentence unfinished and gazed moodily at the wall.

"How long have you been here?" Joseph finally asked.

"For many months now. I started with Paul on a trip he took to the West after his last imprisonment here two years ago, but then I came back to carry on some of the work he had started here. Except for small trips to nearby towns, I've been here ever since."

"Then you must have been here during the Great Fire!" exclaimed David. "Tell us about it!"

"Yes, I was here in the city at the time; I had just gotten back from a short trip to the South." He paused as the scene seemed to come back to him. "It's hard to find words to describe it. The terror, the horror, the unchecked flames -- anyone who lived through it will never forget it."

"It started at night, right down here in the Circus Maximus between the Palatine and Aventine Mount. It spread rapidly and there was no stopping it once it had gotten started. For six days and seven nights it raged; homes, shops, magnificent buildings -- all were destroyed. Thousands of people were left homeless and forced to take shelter among the tombs and the monuments to the dead, and no one knows how many were burned alive or buried in the wreckage."

The two old men were silent and thoughtful; the news of the fire had spread far and wide, but they had never before heard an account of it from an eye-witness.

"Does anyone really know who started it?" asked David. "We've heard that Nero did because he was offended with the deformity of the ancient buildings, the narrow passages, and the crooked streets."

Samuel laughed mirthlessly. "Offended, was he? The people were more offended to find out that he was to blame for the fire. No, I guess no one can really prove that he was to blame, but it looks like it. And I wouldn't put it past him. He's young, but some of the things he's done already -- first he had his wife exiled, then he had her head brought back to Rome. And not only his wife, but he had his own mother assassinated. And when he heard rumors of a revolt among the people, he threatened to poison the whole Senate, let loose wild beasts in the streets, and consume the city by fire. No, I don't think it's any great injustice to say that he carried out the last of those threats."

"But you spoke of the anger of the people when they suspected him," questioned Joseph. "How did he get away with it?"

"Oh, he's as clever as he is ruthless. He was on the spot for a while, but he found a way out. He's always hated us Christians because our purity condemns his own vices, so he very cleverly succeeded in fixing the blame on us and arousing the people against us."

"Yes, we heard about that when they told us Peter had been arrested. But how can Peter be suspected of having had a part in it; he wasn't even here."

"That doesn't make any difference," answered Samuel. "Paul wasn't here either, and he was arrested before Peter was. He was still in the West, but he was immediately seized and brought back to Rome. The fire just provided a starting point for a war against us. Paul was the chief figure in the West, so they arrested him. Peter was another obnoxious leader who has been forming communities of hated Christians in the East, so he was next. They even brought his wife back with him."

"Elizabeth?"\* questioned David. "In prison too?"

"Yes, they say she has been doing a great deal to spread the Gospel among the women, so --."

"Peter and Elizabeth both! But you've been here a long time, Samuel, and know the situation; tell me, do you think there's any hope?"

Slowly, the younger man shook his head. "No, I'm afraid there's none whatever, particularly for Peter and his wife. Paul, you know, is a Roman citizen, so of the three he would be the most likely to receive leniency. But even he was condemned the other day."

"That! He's been condemned already?"

Samuel nodded his head. "He was tried before Nero himself in the imperial palace on the Palatine Hill, and the sentence of death was passed

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\* legend has it that the name of Peter's wife was Perpetua, but for the sake of euphony I have taken the liberty of changing it.

upon him. He -- is to be executed tomorrow."

"And what of Peter, and Elizabeth?" asked Joseph.

"I don't know. The three of them have been closely confined and I haven't been able to see them at all. But I have become acquainted with one of the guards and he has promised to let me speak with Paul through the bars of his cell tonight. I think I can persuade him to let you come with me. -- But look, it's dark already; I hadn't realized how the time had passed. We must hurry to get there before the guard is changed."

In silence, they descended the stairs and hastened along the dark and deserted streets. They had almost reached the prison before any of them spoke.

"Do you think Peter will receive any trial at all?" asked David.

Samuel shrugged. "Who knows? He's not a Roman citizen like Paul, so he certainly won't be heard by the emperor. He's only a hated and despised Jew, and he'll probably be dealt with swiftly. Now quiet, here's the prison."

The guard was willing to admit the two others with Samuel, and he turned his back while they made their way toward the low window of a dungeon.

"Paul! Peter!" called Samuel in a low voice with his face to the bars, "can you hear me?"

There was a slight sound in the darkness within and two tired, haggard faces appeared at the window.

"Ah, Joseph, David," exclaimed Peter, "once again you visit me in prison. I was wondering whether you would come this time, too, my friends; I was praying that you would, so that I might see you one last time. And now you have come -- and just in time, too."

"Just in time? You mean --?"

"Yes, I will die tomorrow with Paul. The emperor thinks it will be very spectacular if both of us die on the same day."

"Then you have had a trial?"

"Call it that if you like. I was taken before the prefect of the city today and had the sentence of death passed upon me. Tomorrow at dawn I will be taken out and crucified."

The plainness with which he spoke surprised the others and made them silent. There was really very little to say.

"But there isn't any reason for you to worry, Peter," said David. "God has delivered you from prison before; surely He will do it this time, too."

Peter shook his head. "No, my work is almost finished. This time—but David, you spoke almost as if you believed in the power and might of God!"

"I do believe, Peter, and I'm sure Joseph feels it, too." He looked at his comrade, who silently nodded in agreement. "It has taken many years, Peter, but at last you have convinced us. Any man who can face death as calmly and quietly as you are doing, must have the true God within him. At last we believe that Jesus is our Saviour."

Peter reached a thin hand through the bars and clasped those of his friends.

"This time," he said, "I know you really believe it. My only regret is that I will be unable to baptize you. Samuel, you must do it. You should feel honored, David and Joseph, to be baptized by such a worthy young man, and you particularly, David, since he is your son. Paul has been telling me of the fine work he has done." He paused for a moment, and then continued with a note of joy in his voice. "Two of my closest friends have at last been brought to salvation! Now my work is really finished, and I can die with a glad heart."

Again the mention of the coming day brought silence. The minutes slipped past and Samuel was beginning to glance anxiously about him; the guard would be changed in a few minutes and they would have to leave. Then David voiced a question that had been on his lips but which he had hesitated to mention.

"And Elizabeth?"

Peter lowered his head and an almost inaudible sob caught in his throat. "Tomorrow. The arena."

"Come," said Samuel in a low, husky voice, "we dare not stay any longer. Goodbye, Peter, Paul."

"Goodbye, Samuel. Never forget what we have taught you; it is you who must now carry on the work which we have started. Trust in God and He will bless you and your work. Goodbye David, and Joseph. Be strong in the faith which you now have accepted. God be with you."

The three figures disappeared into the darkness and, after gazing after them until they were swallowed up in the night, the two prisoners wearily seated themselves on the damp floor of the dungeon. They were alone again.

Paul motioned through the window toward their departing friends.

"They feel sorrier for us than we do," he remarked.

"I guess it's always harder to see a friend go than it is to die yourself."

"I suppose we've gotten used to being in prison and facing death. Do you have the same strange feeling that I do, the wish that they would hurry and the feeling that you will almost welcome it?"

Peter nodded. "It's not strange. I know that in a short time I will see the Lord again, so naturally I look forward to it."

"Perhaps I'm looking forward to it more than you are. I've never seen Jesus; I only heard His voice. That seems so long ago," he mused, "and yet how it has changed my life since then! I have only one regret - my life before I heard His voice."

"We both have our regrets, Paul, but they need not worry us. The memory of one night in my life is probably stronger than the memory of all those years in yours. But they should not trouble you. I was forgiven for my awful sin, and certainly God has forgiven you too. You have repented, your life shows that, and God has forgiven you. We can meet Him with joy and confidence."

"Yes, that makes all the difference in the world. We aren't going to death, but to life, life with God where there is no pain or sorrow."

Peter nodded, and for a long time they were silent. Then the tramp of marching feet interrupted their thoughts and they got to their feet to look out the window. Around the corner of the building came a squad of soldiers, marching slowly so the bent, grey-haired woman in their midst could keep up with them. They passed only a few feet from where the two men stood with their faces pressed against the bars, and as the group came abreast of the window, they hesitated for a moment as the woman faltered in her step and looked at the two faces in the semi-darkness. Peter stretched out his hand, but he could not quite touch her.

"Elizabeth," he cried softly, "oh, remember the Lord! We shall soon be together again, my dearest one."

The soldiers resumed their measured tread; they quickly disappeared from sight and all was quiet again. Peter's hands clenched convulsively, and in his tired eyes there appeared the old flashing of fire. For a moment he stood thus, then his hands slowly relaxed and as his white head bowed, his lips moved silently. "Forgive them!"

Paul put his arm around his companion's shoulder and helped him sit down again on the cold floor. "It won't be long now," he said, "They'll be coming for us pretty soon. You know, Peter, I almost envy you and the way you will die."

"Envy me? What do you mean?"

"As a Roman citizen, I will die by the sword. But you will suffer the same death that Jesus did; you will be crucified just as He was."

"No, not quite the same," answered Peter. "I am unworthy to suffer as He did, so I have requested that I be crucified head downwards. The authorities are only too glad to grant that request; they think it signifies more mockery than the other."

Again the sound of marching feet was heard outside the window. Stiffly, the two men rose to their feet and silently clasped each other in their arms. As the door was thrown open and a brusque order given, they parted and made their way outside. There, they grasped each other by the hand for a brief moment.

"Goodbye, Peter."

"Goodbye, Paul; we shall soon meet again."

Paul was surrounded by one detachment of waiting soldiers and led away toward the road to Ostia that led out to Aqua Salvia. Peter watched him disappear in the semi-darkness, and then he was marched away in a different direction. They crossed a bridge over the Tiber River, and on the way passed near the arena where the roars of the hungry beasts could already be heard. Blindly stumbling along the road, Peter was escorted to the heights on the Vatican Mount, where they entered the courtyard of a military barracks. Here they halted, and Peter was led forward.

Before him in the growing light of day, he saw a cross, and beside it there seemed to stand a figure in a long white garment. Peter's memory stirred within him, and he glanced upward at the sky. Yes, it was beginning to grow light in the East, closely resembling another morning he remembered. And the brightening streaks of light seemed to hold the same promise that other day had brought. With his eyes still gazing upward, he seemed to hear a voice from the figure beside him. "He is risen!" And with it, came another voice. "I go to prepare a place for you with my Father, that where I am, there you may be also."

The growing light in the sky rippled across the heavens and seemed to resemble the ripples and waves on the Sea of Galilee. He felt his feet swaying beneath him and the cold spray dashing in his face. The swaying increased as the murmur of the sea rose to a roar. Bigger and bigger grew the waves, and louder and louder became the roar. The stars disappeared as the sun sent its first rays over the boiling lake and the howling wind swept down over the surrounding hills. And still the waves grew larger and larger, sweeping everything before them, and, catching him in their grasp, lifted him higher and higher, until the roar gradually subsided and was left far, far below.