

FORUM LETTER

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Let us dance with the angels

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God on earth, God among us! No longer the God who gives his law amid flashes of lightning, to the sound of the trumpet on the smoking mountain, within the darkness of a terrifying storm, but the God who speaks gently and with kindness in a human body to his kindred. God in the flesh! It is no longer the God who acts only at particular instants, as in the prophets, but one who completely assumes our human nature and through his flesh, which is that of our race, lifts all humanity up to him. . . .

Look deeply into this mystery. God comes in the flesh in order to destroy the death concealed in the flesh. In the same way as remedies and medications triumph over the factors of corruption when they are assimilated into the body, and in the same way as the darkness which reigns in a house is dispelled by the entry of light, so death, which held human nature in its power, was annihilated by the coming of the Godhead. In the same way as ice, when in water, prevails over the liquid element as long as it is night, and darkness covers everything, but is dissolved when the sun comes up, under the warmth of its rays: so death reigned till the coming of Christ; but when the saving grace of God appeared and the sun of justice rose, death was swallowed up in this victory, being unable to endure the sojourn of the true Life among us. O, the depth of the goodness of God and of his love for all of us!

Let us give glory to God with the shepherds, let us dance in choir with the angels, for "this day a Savior has been born to us, the Messiah and Lord." He is the Lord who has appeared to us, not in his divine form, in order not to terrify us in our weakness, but in the form of a servant, that he might set free what had been reduced to servitude. Who could be so faint-hearted and so ungrateful as not to rejoice and exult in gladness for what is taking place? . . . Let us celebrate the salvation of the world, the day when humanity was born. Today Adam's condemnation has been lifted. We shall no longer say: "You are dust, and to dust you shall return," but "United to him who is in heaven, you shall be lifted up to heaven." — Basil the Great, Bishop of Caesarea, *Homily for the Birth of Christ*, in J. Robert Wright, *Readings for the Daily Office from the Early Church* (Church Hymnal Corporation, 1991), 42-43.

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On being counter-cultural



To what degree is a Lutheran high school a counter-cultural institution? Why offer an expensive alternative to public schools? Is it so we can hand down our faith, and customs informed by that faith, to another generation? Do those customs show?

My very first ever reaction to high school girls' volleyball was, quite literally, to avert my eyes. I was at our local Lutheran high school early for a meeting, before anybody had begun to arrive for the volleyball game, when several girls walked out of the women's restroom toward the gym in long sleeve shirts and what I thought was spandex underwear. I thought perhaps I had stumbled into somewhere I wasn't supposed to be. Maybe they had converted this hallway into a makeshift locker room. But the spandex-clad girls didn't even notice me trying awkwardly to notice something else.

"Don't get me started . . ."

Later during the game I asked one of the dads whose daughter was playing in the game what the deal was with the uniforms. "I know, don't get me started. But don't worry, you get used to it," came the response. "That's just a volleyball uniform. No different than a swimmer's outfit," was another response. True, I guess, but I understand why swimmers wear tight little outfits. I'm not sure I see why in volleyball. The only remotely plausible explanation I heard for why they didn't just wear regular shorts was that you can't let even your clothes touch the net, so form-fitting spandex shorts keep you from losing points. Except that the shirts aren't so form-fitting and are generally much closer to the net. It seemed clear to me that our Lutheran High girls wore short spandex with nothing over it because that was just the standard volleyball uniform. Why be different?

As predicted, I got used to it. Far be it from me to be the prude who objected to a bunch of middle-aged men watching teenaged girls playing sports in their underwear. I experienced a slight relapse into prudery when my own daughter started playing high school volleyball. "I know, don't get me started . . ." I told someone who asked about the uniforms. But for the most part I just went with the flow.

Full Muslim dress

This year in the first round of the state volleyball playoffs our Lutheran High Blazers hosted the Salaam Stars, from a Muslim school in Milwaukee. Such a thing is a novelty in Green Bay. The buzz was that these girls played volleyball in full Muslim dress, head-coverings and all, with only

their faces showing. Wisely, our principal spoke during chapel that day about being gracious hosts, respecting other people's customs, and not mocking or gawking. And sure enough, the Salaam Stars played volleyball (to put the best construction on what they did; to be fair, it sort of resembled volleyball) with no skin showing but their faces. They even wore their knee pads over long, loose pants and somehow never got penalized for having their pants entangled in the net. And to our credit, nobody in our fan base made them feel uncomfortable about wearing clothes over their underwear.

Possibly due to our superior uniforms, we crushed them on the scoreboard. Out in the parking lot after the game I thanked several of the Salaam girls for making the trip and congratulated them for playing a good game (which was a lie, but what can you do?) and they were extremely gracious, happy and confident, thanking us for hosting and so forth. Apart from their inability to play volleyball, they seemed like a quality group of girls who weren't in the least bit self-conscious about their different outfits. I realize they had certainly been coached about being gracious guests the same way our school had been coached about being gracious hosts. But still. They were high school girls who seemed to be very confident and happy despite not getting to play volleyball in their underwear in front of total strangers. Something had to have been wrong with them.

Christian freedom

The interesting thing is that the near universal reaction to the game among the local Lutherans I talked to was not incredulity at the Salaam Stars' uniforms but that we need to re-evaluate our own uniforms. Not that we want head scarves and so forth, but trying not to mock the visitors' customs meant taking a fresh look at our own customs from their perspective. The influx of cultural outsiders brought more objective, less familiar questions. Why were our girls dressed like that? Why did we have to wear the uniforms just because they were the "normal uniforms" when other people felt no such compulsion?

Christian freedom means just that — we can wear whatever we want. The issue isn't a matter of law. The issue is what we think is the best thing for our Lutheran girls' volleyball team to wear. Surely there is some good alternative between what they

were wearing and what we were wearing. Is it really so important that we look like the other teams in our conference? Do we really think showing off every contour gives us a competitive edge? Does modesty really mean absolutely nothing to us?

Patriarchal oppressor?

I know, I know, I can already hear the objections. There goes the conservative, patriarchal, reactionary LCMS guy praising radical Islam's oppression of women. Save your stationery, the tedious and misguided letters write themselves. "There was a time when the synod opposed dancing . . . This isn't the 1950s . . . yada yada yada." Yawn. I'm not suggesting that our girls should wear Islamic dress. I'm merely asking whether a sense of sexual modesty and decency is a part of our faith or not. I know we can wear whatever we want to play volleyball. We can wear Victorian hoop skirts or play buck-naked as far as spiritual freedom goes. But what do we want to wear, and why? If we're too conformist to wear something different than the other schools in our conference, then our Christian freedom is

merely another name for slavery to the world.

Obviously the issue goes beyond volleyball. Why do we operate Lutheran schools at all? Are we a counter-cultural alternative? If so, we could learn something from people like the Salaam Stars, who have more practice being counter-cultural in America. Furthermore, since for us it is a matter of freedom and not of law, we are more accountable for the spandex than they are for the Islamic volleyball uniforms. They were just following the dictates of their religion. We were choosing in freedom what to wear. And we chose short spandex. If that is the best choice, so be it. I'm no volleyball expert; I simply want to know that we're choosing it deliberately in freedom and not just going with the flow. And whether it is volleyball uniforms or something more important, I want Lutheran schools to be places that cultivate young people who are happy and confident to be unapologetically counter-cultural in ways that show, and perhaps even people whose sense of modesty and decency senses something wrong with our culture.

— by Peter Speckhard, associate editor

Among the LCMC

by W. Stevens Shipman



If nearly 1,000 people traveled from all over North America and even Australia and Myanmar to Dearborn, MI, October 6-9, expecting to devote themselves to the business of Lutheran Congregations in Mission for Christ (LCMC), they might well have felt cheated by the 17-minute business meeting. Of course, last year's meeting was longer because of bylaw amendments the group was considering. That one took a full 40 minutes.

LCMC is intentionally not like traditional denominations. They describe themselves as "a first century church for the twenty-first century," and define LCMC in their constitution as "an association of congregations." Pr. Mark Vander Tuig, the "Service Coordinator" of LCMC (as close as they get to a bishop, president, or general secretary, but really more of a full-time motivator), described the "DNA" of the group as comprising four points: authority of the Word of God; diversity in expression

(with reference to A.C. VII); congregations as the front line of ministry; and "in mission." "It ought to be the question in every congregation," he declared, "how are we in mission for Christ?"

Really a nice group of people

This was the thirteenth "annual gathering" (the language is deliberate) of LCMC. Participants were reminded that they were in a strongly Muslim area and they needed to be alert to their witness to the staff of the hotel. Servers received a standing ovation as they entered the dining area, and most people thanked them for their work. One waitress remarked to me, "This is really a nice group of people."

Pr. Kip Tyler, chair of the board of trustees and senior pastor of Lutheran Church of the Master in Omaha, Nebraska, noted in conversation with me that most of LCMC has moved beyond the pain and anger of leaving the ELCA and that they are focused

instead on the future. While there were moments when ELCA was referenced, these were rare. However, when the delegation from Saving Grace Lutheran Church in Eau Claire, WI, was introduced as a new congregation, loud applause erupted, since these were the “exiles” from Grace Lutheran after a nasty legal fight [see “A tale of grace (not),” *FL* March 2012] in which the synod essentially excommunicated those who had not joined the minority wanting to remain in the ELCA.

Not just the ALC reborn

The theme was “The Grace of Giving,” and yes, it was about stewardship. But it was definitely not about sending more money to LCMC. In fact, Vander Tuig described the needs of LCMC as “few but necessary,” and his advice was: First invest in your community, then establish a direct relationship with a missionary, mission agency, or new ministry, then pick a project and support it, and last on the list should be LCMC, sending no more than 10 or 20% of your benevolence. The budget adopted for 2014 calls for another full-time position, so an increase of about \$100 per congregation will be needed.

Reporting on LCMC needs to capture the spirit of the gathering, since business is so minimal. There may be lessons there for more traditional denominational groups. Most of the real business is conducted by the trustees, but since LCMC is an association, the congregations are not bound in any coercive way. LCMC is much more than “the ALC reborn,” as I have heard it described. It is indeed a “new Lutheran church” in many ways, and they have some things to teach other Lutherans. The flat structure of LCMC frees and empowers congregations to do mission, without diverting resources from local ministries to support an unwieldy organization.

Following Jesus

Keynoting the event on the first full day (Monday) was Pr. Kyle Idleman of Southeast Christian Church in Louisville, KY. He spoke of his own realization that in his desire to please congregational members, he had failed to call them to discipleship. “Church is not a Dr. Phil session,” he said. “Instead of seeing people as lost sheep who need to be found, we see them as customers we need to sat-

isfy.” Jesus too often becomes “an asterisk to the message” we deliver to people. He asked, “What have you left behind to follow Jesus?” “While our hearts want to follow Jesus, our lives are aligned around other things,” which is why we fail to live up to what we say we believe. “Idolatry is whatever keeps us from following Jesus,” he taught. The challenge then is to move from the general to the specific without becoming legalistic. By the end of the presentation, most of us knelt to confess our own sin of trying too hard to please while failing to make disciples.

Tuesday’s keynoter was Chuck Bentley of Crown Financial Ministries. He noted that all people are already generous; the only question is whether we are generous toward ourselves or toward God. Using 2 Corinthians 8 as his text (LCMC folks cite the Bible a lot, and not just verses taken out of context), he stressed that giving money away is the highest use of money. Paul describes the Macedonians as first giving themselves to the Lord. A recurrent theme was that God owns everything. As wealth increases, so does responsibility. Bentley suggested that our spouses do not want us to be “a little bit faithful.” Faithfulness is total or it is not faithful. We need to be “all in” for Jesus.

Bentley believes that our spiritual problem is primary: we need to recognize that God owns everything. Only then can we deal with the financial problem, for which there are practical tools. “Money does not solve financial problems; what you believe about money solves financial problems.”

Praying for one another, non-liturgically

It was refreshing to be part of a national church gathering that seeks to challenge and empower participants for service instead of assuming that they hold the power to resolve the Israeli-Palestinian conflict or are required to address every current political issue. Prayer was central to the gathering. Speakers were uplifted in prayer as they were introduced, and the group was serious about its praying. One Bible study leader began by heeding a request to pray for a woman undergoing brain surgery at that time. Vander Tuig laughingly noted that while he had a hard time even using the word “tradition,” it is an LCMC tradition at their closing Communion service for the laity to pray for pastors (who remained seated while people laid hands on

them) and then to reverse the roles. Even the prayer for pastors, though, was explicit that pastors have a different function but are not superior to other Christians.

Of course, given its roots among opponents of the full communion agreement between the ELCA and the Episcopal Church, one would expect LCMC worship to be a bit, well, challenging for us with more liturgical proclivities. While the closing service was a pretty basic LBW service with a few interesting twists (the cantor singing the Preface Dialogue instead of the presider, for instance), and of course no Eucharistic Prayer, the rest of the week was almost exclusively “contemporary” music. The opening worship betrayed no connection with the classic structures of Lutheran liturgies. Vestments were rare, seen only at the closing service.

Pet peeves

A pet peeve of mine is the use of contemporary music in such gatherings with only the words projected on a screen. Very familiar hymns that an assembly can sing with enthusiasm unify a group in a wonderful way. But much contemporary music is rather difficult, and those of us who read music are unable to lead because, of course, we aren’t shown the music. Hence singing was tentative at best, and an opportunity was lost.

This is not an argument against the music,

which was generally chosen with rich, meaningful texts (focusing more on the work of Jesus than my reactions to the work of Jesus), and the musicians were highly gifted. There is certainly a place for this type of music, but when it is the primary genre it diminishes the role of the congregation — strange in a group that prides itself on uplifting the priesthood of all believers. Vestments, too, serve to minimize the person and accentuate the function or office, and liturgy gives the people a way to participate in worship instead of watching somebody up front worshipping for them. Our world is full of interesting contradictions, and LCMC is not the only group that fails to make such connections.

Lutheran Congregations in Mission for Christ is now probably the fourth-largest Lutheran group in North America, reporting 706 congregations in 41 states plus 116 outside the United States. If those who came to Dearborn take home what they heard, LCMC will increasingly be a force to be reckoned with in North American Lutheranism. And they really are a nice bunch of people when they come together!

W. Stevens Shipman, Jr., is a retired ELCA pastor, now serving as Director of Lutheran CORE. He has previously been our correspondent for different conventions and events. He and his wife live in Dillsburg, PA.

Visitation: an Advent meditation

by William C. Weedon



Ours was always a quiet home. God had not blessed us with children, and after many years together, a husband and wife learn to carry on conversations without words. A look and a look back can speak volumes. Yet we did talk. Sometime at night, after the lamps were put out, I’d stretch out beside my old Zechariah and say: “tell me the promises again.”

You see, he was a priest. He knew the Sacred writings of Torah and the Prophets. And he loved to recite the promises about the Coming One, the One who would make all things right again for a world where so much has gone wrong. He’d begin whispering them to me: “To us a child is born, to us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his

shoulder.” “And you, Bethlehem Ephratha, are by no means least among the tribes of Judah, for out of you will come a Ruler who will govern my people Israel.” “His dominion will be from sea to sea, from the river to the ends of the earth.” “The wolf shall lie down with the lamb.” Oh, he could go on forever; he knew them all. He’d long ago stored them away in his heart, and he loved nothing more than to repeat them. They were his prayer, his hope. He was one of the Zedek — the righteous — who looked for the salvation of Israel.

Something had happened

When he came home from doing his priestly duty that year, he didn’t need to tell me he couldn’t

talk. One look told me something had happened. His eyes were full of excitement and hope like I'd not seen in him since he was a young man. I thought he might have a fever. It took a while to get the whole story out of him. I think he was a little ashamed. It was not like him – questioning the word of one of the Lord's angels? That was not like my husband at all. But still, the promise was staggering. We were to have a child? Now? And our child was to be the one that the prophets had foretold? The one to prepare the way for the Lord, the Messenger sent before the Lord's face? The fulfillment of all things was now? In our lives?

When I first felt the little one move in my womb I could do nothing. I stood still and tears streamed down my face. Then laughter and joy. Our God – He comes up with the craziest ideas! Old ladies carrying little babies. Our God, the God of the universe, He promises the impossible and then He makes it happen. No good trying to wrap your mind around His ways. His goodness is beyond our thinking, His love beyond our dreams.

Summersaults of joy

Five months our house was mostly silent. Zechariah watched impatiently as my womb began to swell. And there were days he'd lay his hand upon it and we'd look into each others eyes and one would start laughing and the other crying. Five months of silence in the house and then one day, a miracle greater than our little boy's conception came running up to the door.

I heard her voice. She was calling a greeting: Shalom, Cousin Elizabeth! And that is when it happened. My little one was doing summersaults in my womb – summersaults of joy. And the Holy Spirit came upon me and I saw the whole thing. My eyes were opened like they'd never been opened before. All the past seemed like a dream, and in shock and awe at what I had seen, I stood to my feet.

Mother of so much more

She came to me, a look on her face, a questioning look. She thought no one knew. I let her know different right away. "Blessed!" I cried. "Blessed are you among women!" And blessed indeed, for no other woman would be both Virgin and Mother, and not just the mother of a miracle baby like my own.

The mother of . . . The mother of so much more. I can barely bring myself to say it even after all these years. "Blessed is the fruit of your womb." Ah, that was the heart of it. She walked into my house and it was as though the Ark of the Covenant had arrived, and hidden in the Ark, the beating heart of my God taken flesh. The Messiah, the One about whom all the promises centered. The One God who told Abraham he would bring blessing to all the families of the earth. The Serpent Crusher. The One to lead us back to Paradise. He was in my house. In her womb. His infant heart beating beneath her heart. "And why is this granted to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" The look on her face! The child melted. I held her as she wept. It was a fearful secret she had been hiding. But here it was safe.

I pulled back from her and gave my old goat sitting in the corner a proper look. I pointed to her and said: "Blessed is she who BELIEVED that there would be a fulfillment of what was spoken to her from the Lord." My old goat, my Zechariah, he laughed and laughed his silent laugh, agreeing with me. She had believed, and she was blessed.

And then she opened her mouth again and spoke – a hymn of praise to the One who had chosen her in love, and she foretold how every generation from that day to the end of time would remember and join in calling her blessed. Ah, the poetry of her song and the fire of her words that day!

Blessed among women

She stayed with us for the next three months. How we talked much during those days – our house was silent no more. The last months are never easy, certainly not for old women. And she was there to help me through those hard days and to share our joy when the little lad revealed his face. She saw her divine Son's fore-bearer: our John! And then she left; she went home to meet her Joseph and to face whatever it was that God willed for her.

There are those who think she is a almost a goddess – but they are being foolish. There are those who think that she is just an ordinary person like themselves – they are just as foolish. You must think of her as the Holy Spirit taught me that day she came to me: blessed among women, blessed in the fruit of her womb, and blessed above all in believing the Words of her Lord.

You can't go wrong if you follow her example, you people who live in the time of the great fulfillment. You can't go wrong if you also learn to say to God: "Let it be to me according to your Word" and if you learn to trust every promise God makes you, no matter how impossible, how shocking, how unreasonable. You can't go wrong if you open up your heart and your life and give space for the Child of Mary to come and live in you, bringing you the joy of presence. It won't mean an easy time in

this world — how she found that out! — but it will mean the joy of a life that death cannot bring to an end. For it will be God's life, the life He reaches us all in His Son, the Child of Mary, the Mother of God. Blessed be He! Blessed be He forever! Amen.

The Rev. William C. Weedon is Director of Worship and International Center Chaplain for the Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod.

Omnium gatherum

Theological questions and answers • In the October issue, I puzzled about a line in an *ELW* Eucharistic prayer: "Your Son, the firstborn of the new creation." I said it didn't sound right to me, but I wasn't quite sure why. Several people have taken a stab at helping me understand the problem. Victor Gebauer explains that "without further explanation, this articulation seems to locate the existence of 'your Son' only in the new age, contradicting the Son's existence before all creation, possibly even clouding his creedally affirmed equality with the Father. As you know, however, the biblical concepts of 'first fruits' and 'first born' are closely linked, in some OT contexts virtually interchangeable. The writers of the eucharistic prayer, therefore, may have fallen into a potential theological confusion when thinking about Jesus as the 'first fruits of the dead' (I Cor. 15:20-23), i.e., the first fruits of those raised from the dead in the promised age to come. Nonetheless, if my surmise is at all correct, *ELW*'s use of 'first born' is an inappropriate, misleading substitution for 'first fruits' as used in 1 Cor. 15." Karnig Kazanjian believes that "'the new creation' implies that there was an old creation and if there was an old creation without Christ, then that would be subordinationism or [even] Mormonism. Certainly, Christ has been removed from the Godhead and we are also now faced with dualism which then negates that the Holy Spirit comes from the Father and the Son." John Engelmann suggests that "the idea of ongoing creation is an idea used in ELCA circles to justify homosexual activity." I appreciate the responses; probably I'll go with Pr. Gebauer's explanation for now. But it's nice to know that *FL* readers care enough about theological nuances to ponder and critique a problematic liturgical text.

Resource for hymn geeks • I admit that I'm kind of a hymn geek. As a pastor, I seldom chose a hymn for a service without learning something about the hymn's authorship and history, and my library contained several volumes of "hymnal companions" and other hymn reference books ("contained" because, alas, in retirement I had to divest myself of most of them). If you share that passion, you might be interested in a new online resource called *The Canterbury Dictionary of Hymnology*. Conceived as a replacement for the classic *Dictionary of Hymnology* published by John Julian over a century ago, the online dictionary contains articles by an interesting array of scholars — mostly British, as you might guess from the name, but some Americans and others as well. As you also might suppose, the dictionary is perhaps a little heavy on Anglo-American hymn traditions, but there is a generous amount of space given to others as well. The articles include biographies of hymn writers, notes on individual hymns, and more subject-oriented pieces (e.g., "Lutheran hymns and hymnals," contributed by Paul Westermeyer). Obviously the advantage to an online resource is that it can be (and will be) continually expanded and updated. Indeed, there's a little bit of a "Wiki" flavor to this, with each article giving an opportunity for readers to suggest a correction or addition (which will, of course, be reviewed by the editors). It looks like an interesting resource for church musicians and pastors. For a U.S. subscriber, the annual fee is around \$88. You can learn more and sample *The Canterbury Dictionary of Hymnology* at www.hymnology.co.uk.

Online communion? • Just when you think things can't get more bizarre . . . *The Wall Street Journal* re-

ported on a brewing controversy in the United Methodist Church, with whom the ELCA has a full communion agreement. Seems there is some experimentation with, and advocacy for, offering “internet communion” – with at least one church in Texas already doing this, and another in North Carolina proposing to start it. There would be an internet worship service, and at the appropriate time, the viewing participant would be invited to come up with their own bread and wine (well, grape juice – these are Methodists) and consume them after the pastor has done a virtual consecration. This all led to a confab a few weeks ago in Nashville with denominational staff, bishops, professors, and other interested parties; after two days of discussion, the group urged the United Methodist Council of Bishops to call for a halt in the practice pending further study and discussion. The Rev. Steve Sidorak, head of the UMC’s Office on Christian Unity and Interreligious Relations, made a very strong case that this practice would jeopardize the UMC’s ecumenical partnerships, and presented expressions of concern about it from leaders of some of those partner churches, including the ELCA. “To our ecumenical partners,” he told the United Methodist News Service, “we would become not only a stumbling block but also a laughingstock.” It seems there were also negative reactions from global Methodist churches. We can perhaps take some comfort in knowing that ELCA officials expressed concern about this, but we might also be forewarned that this discussion may be coming down the pike for Lutherans as well. The arguments made for the practice – inclusivity, evangelism in a digital age, keeping up with the times,

catching the latest cultural wave, etc. – are not unfamiliar among us.

Centennial celebration • Get out your party hats! 2014 will be the centennial of the American Lutheran Publicity Bureau. To celebrate, the ALPB will be offering lots of festive possibilities, including the issuing of a large commemorative medallion. You can mount it on your wall, hang it around your neck, send it to your bishop for Christmas. The ALPB’s executive director, Fred Schumacher, would like to hear from those interested in purchasing the medal in order to determine how many of them we should produce. More information, along with pictures of the obverse and reverse of the medal, can be found at www.alpb.org/100th_medal.pdf. Use the “Contact the ALPB” link on the home page to express your interest to Pr. Schumacher.

Congratulations • Congratulations and best wishes to *FL* associate editor Peter Speckhard, who has just accepted a call to St. Paul’s Lutheran Church and School in Munster, IN.

Oops • In our report on the 2013 Churchwide Assembly, we said the newly elected ELCA Secretary, Chris Boerger, was formerly bishop of the Southwest Washington Synod. Turns out that should have been the Northwestern Washington Synod. So I am informed by a pastor of the Southwest Washington Synod, who apparently didn’t want to claim him. But it does make one wonder why one of those synods has the -ern suffix, and the other doesn’t. Local autonomy: it’s a wonderful thing. – *roj*

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