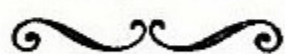


ulus out of that experience after I had been graduated, for vagrant seeds kept sprouting after long dormancy, and I suppose it was 25 years after graduation that I acquired anything like a comprehensive grasp of what it all meant. I could not get away from it if I wanted to. Living at Los Angeles, I encountered an enthusiastic Lindsborg club with nostalgic reunions of intense fervor. On the beach at Puget Sound, near Seattle, a dozen of us had a Bethany gathering and sang the old songs at dusk. At the Yale Club in New York I have lunched with the executive of a great economic service institution who was once a football team-mate. At Apache, Oklahoma I met the fabulous Charlie Clancy, who played a smashing halfback on the same team, and is now a wealthy rancher. Here in Oklahoma City I have met a devotee of Birger Sandzen's art. From Minneapolis to New Orleans and from Boston to San Diego I have heard from a thousand tongues the saga of Lindsborg. These are but random items out of a four-decade post-graduate course in humanity, and the end is not yet.

Perhaps these observations will lamely suggest rather than actually tell what I am trying to say—namely that Bethany College, during forty years—under the guidance of Ernst Pihlblad—has remained a vital force in my life rather than a chapter that is finished and laid aside. I have no idea how he did it, for the ways of a college president are a mystery to me. I knew Dr. Swensson only one year, but to me he lives and at the latter day shall stand. I knew Dr. Pihlblad forty years, and he was hand in hand with his predecessor and mentor. They live, and they keep striding forward over the hills of infinity, "gentle men unafraid," having performed and maintained a miracle on the Kansas plain, where the haze of the Smoky Hills rests like a benediction upon the graves of my father and mother and the great silent congregation of the valley.

ELMER T. PETERSON.

(Associate Editor, *The Daily Oklahoman*, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.)



## The Sermon

A great and good man in Israel had fallen, the greatest of woman born. His disciples heard the sad news, and were heartbroken. The sacred writer sums it up in a few words: "And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus".

So here in our midst a great and good man has fallen. He was a loving father, a devoted grandfather, a good, loyal, true friend of us all. The departed has for almost a half century ranked as the foremost citizen of this city, community and state. Coming here in early youth he became instrumental in building up the city, the church, and the college, established here a few years previously.



His superior knowledge and discriminating judgment soon caused him to be entrusted with many important offices both in the city, state, and in the church. For many years he served the Bethany Church as assistant pastor and for almost half a century he served Bethany College as teacher, vice-president and president. Everyone who knew him well thought well of him and put the greatest confidence in him. Now he lies stricken. What a shock to his family and hundreds of friends. The sons and daughters are sorely stricken. They are heartbroken. But what can they do? What could the disciples of John do? They could do and did two things.

First they did something for the dead body. They took it up, they bore it away and they buried it. And so the sons and daughters and many friends of the late Dr. Pihlblad have gathered here today. They have come with heavy feet, with aching hearts, and with tear-filled eyes. But what can they do? They cannot call him back. And I would fain believe, that they would not, even if they could. They can do only what John's disciples did. They can take their last sad look. They can take up the body. They can bear it away and follow it to its last resting place in God's acre. As for as the body is concerned, we can only take up the old bitter cry of that servant of old: "Let me bury my dead out of my sight."

But we bury it not as those who have no hope, for our hearts and minds are set on Him who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. We lay the body to rest in the cool and quiet grave, knowing that it shall rise again and be fashioned like unto Christ's Glorious body. And so, while we bury the body with heavy hearts we sorrow not as those who have no hope.

The disciples of John had buried the body. What more could they do? Nothing more for the dead. But something for the living. They went and told Jesus. Beautiful, blessed words. So simple, and yet, how rich and great with comfort. You sons and daughters and many friends of Dr. Pihlblad and Bethany College, are wondering about a great many things these days. Many a question has arisen in your heart and mind. I would like to say something in answer to your questions of these last few days. There is one more thing you can do. "Go and tell Jesus".

Dr. Pihlblad was a good and great man because he had a great Saviour, not because he had such a great faith. A few weeks ago he preached from my pulpit. He told the story of a woman who had acquired the reputation of being a woman of great faith. This woman had been asked the secret of her great faith. She replied, "I am a woman of little faith but I have that faith in a great Saviour." Your father and friend had faith in a great Saviour, a great and glorious God, who could do great things. To Him nothing is impossible. He asked great things from God, he expected great things from God, his God never failed him. He believed in God, loved God, trusted God and talked things over with God. You can do what the disciples of



old did. You can go tell Jesus about the happenings of the last few days. Talk it over with Jesus. Tell Jesus about it and the same God who was a great helper in need, a strength and stay in the days of sorrow and tribulation of your parents, will be your strength and stay and hope.

Talk it over with Jesus, and you will find that everything He permits is well-done and for our good to those who love God. All of God's doings are for the best. Trials, tribulations, and difficulties are all for good.

If it were not for these truths what would life be after our funerals? If we had to return from our funerals to our empty homes, to face the stern realities of life, to take up anew its burdens and to have no one higher than our helpless, earthly friends to go to, how could we bear it? Go and tell Jesus! Oh blessed boon! Go and tell Jesus! He will listen. He will grant solace. He holds out hope. He can comfort better than a mother who soothes and stills the sobbings of her fretted child.

Go and tell Jesus. Then you can again take up life's burdens, with hope and strength and renewed courage. You will find that you still have so much to live for, life will have a new, fuller, richer meaning to you than ever before. Talk it over with Jesus, and you will sorrow not as others who have no hope.

The ranks of those whose counsel was prized in the affairs of this city, this college and this state are fast being thinned. Greater responsibilities are now daily falling upon the rising generation. "Go tell it to Jesus". We need not despair. His Word and Grace shall never fail this institution, and with it shall come every necessary gift for the upbuilding of the kingdom of His Son among us. This institution will go forward under new leadership, to new heights, if you will talk it over with Him. He will lead us. "He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

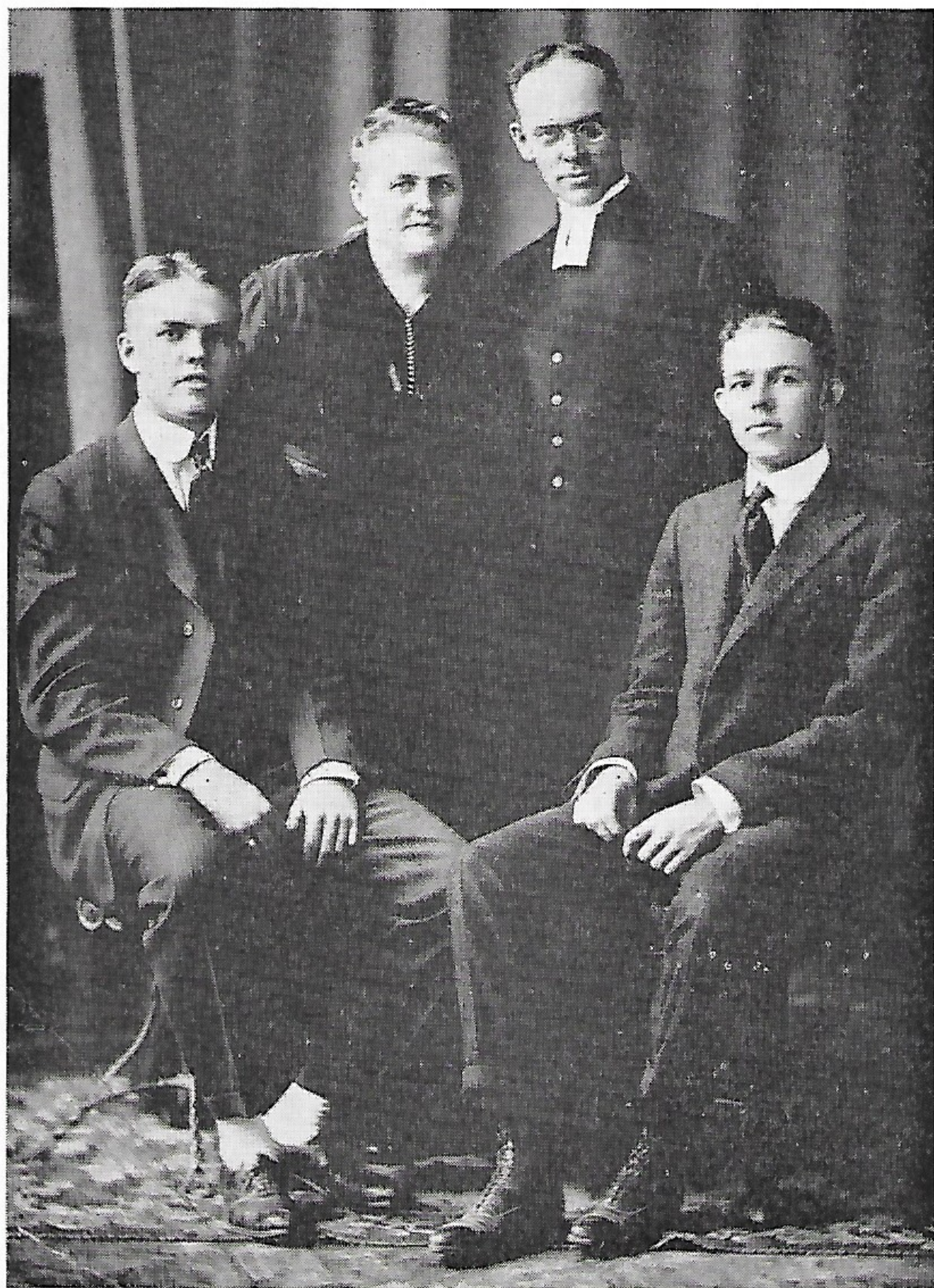
Go and tell Jesus, and He will lift up your hearts and minds to eternal joy and peace, peace that the world cannot give, neither can it take it away. You also will be good and great in the measure that you are able to receive of His fullness of grace and truth.

Go and tell Jesus. You will then find that the grave is not a dark, hidden, terrible thing. It is just a part of the path that leads to the many mansions of the Father's house. Peace and rest are there. It is the door-way to home. He has now entered. He knows now what it means. What he throughout a long life has preached, is now to him a reality.

Be faithful to your great trust. Hold fast without wavering the profession of your faith. Fight the good fight of faith. Run with patience the race that is set before you.

By the death of your dear father and our friend, God speaks a warning word to each and every one of us. Let us talk it over with





The Pihlblad Family, Dr. and Mrs. Pihlblad,  
Terence and Helge.



Him. You will then learn the good purposes He had in view in permitting this sadness to befall you.

And now may the God of all grace and mercy, the God of all comfort and consolation, console your hearts with His heavenly grace and mercy. May He strengthen you with His help, and give you after days of mourning, days of sunshine and gladden your hearts in all things and when the hour of your own departure is come, may He be your staff, your comfort, your guide, your life, your all.

Remember your dad as a fine and splendid leader in church, state, and in the educational field, if you will. But remember him especially, as a follower of a great Saviour. Remember him, as a true Christian friend and father. Remember him, as a truly great Christian gentleman.

*Grant us thy peace, O Lord,  
Throughout our daily life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
And when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal Peace."*  
AMEN.

DR. PAUL ESPING.

(Bethany '10, Pastor, Messiah Lutheran Church, Kansas City, Kansas.)



## The Obituary

Dr. Ernst F. Pihlblad has gone. "His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou has been faithful over a few things; I will set thee over many things, enter into the joy of thy Lord." Matthew 25:21.

It will be impossible to evaluate fully the rich and varied life of Dr. Pihlblad in a brief resume. I find it the most difficult task ever assigned me to give a brief summary of one of the truest friends that you and I ever had. Dr. Pihlblad's life story will never be fully written with pen and ink, but it will remain inscribed deep in our hearts and souls. He has left sacred memories with us that shall linger until we meet him in Glory. We have gathered this afternoon from near and far to pay our respect to a man we loved. The sentiment of this vast congregation is well expressed in the words of our Lord: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Dr. Pihlblad looked forward to many more years of usefulness and association with his friends. However, he realized that his strength was failing and that his days on earth might be numbered. The last time I visited with him, he opened his heart and mentioned among other things that he felt that his life work was nearing its close.