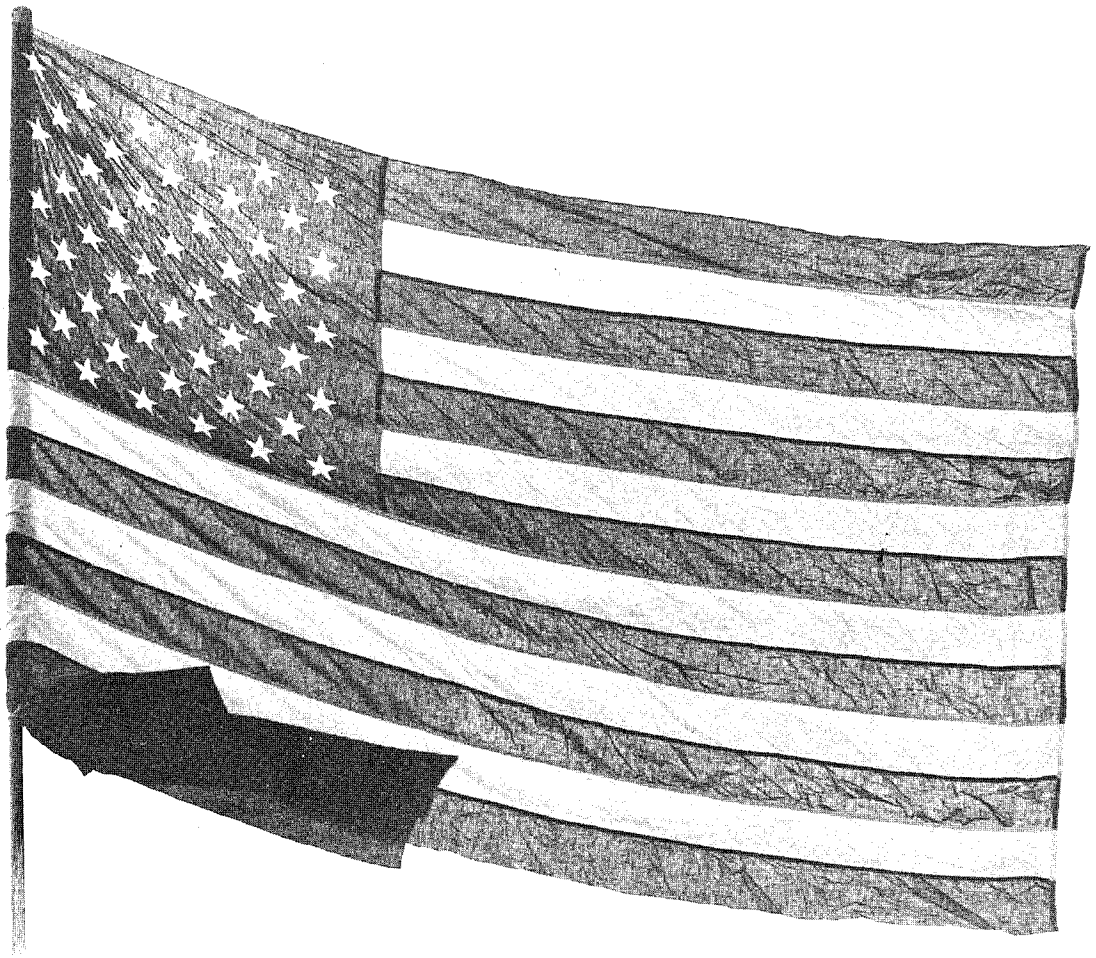
ADLAI EWING STEVENSON 1900/1965

ADLAI EWING STEVENSON/THE SERVICES AT BLOOMINGTON

JULY 19, 1965



THE SERVICE AT ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

Blessed are they who cherish the sacred memory of those who walk with us no more, having achieved serenity in the knowledge that bereavement comes only where love abides.

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Out of their sorrow shall come understanding; through sorrow they are joined with all who live. STANTON COIT.

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Here in the presence of death, we must continue to sing the song of life. We must raise our eyes from the valley of the shadow, to the sunlit heights.

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We must go from here strenghtened for the ascent, better able to bear our burden and lighten the load of others. ANON.

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The dead are not dead if we have loved them truly. In our own lives we give them immortality. Life is ever lord of death. And love can never lose its own.

Creative Spirit, source of all life and love, we lift up our hearts in praise and gratitude for the noble ideals, the lofty thoughts and consecrated deeds so grandly embodied in the mind, the heart and the will of Adlai Ewing Stevenson. He has left us with a glorious and supreme heritage; a heritage that has greatly enriched and ennobled the lives of all mankind for all time. His consistent and courageous and sacrificing commitment to the truths that make men free, the acts that liberated their spirits and ours, has served to make this a finer and

nobler world in which to live. He has left us a glorious heritage that cannot be diminished or taken from us except by the death of idealism in our own minds, fear of change in our hearts, and paralysis of our wills.

In our prayer and in our memorial service this morning we not only gladly pay high tribute to the courageous words and brave acts he has so self-sacrificingly given to his country and the peoples of the whole world, but we would here make this prayer and this memorial service a sacred act of consecration. An act of supreme devotion to the high ideals and the lofty purposes he so conscientiously and consistently and bravely battled for.

This we must do, consecrate our minds, our own hearts, and our own wills, to all those truths, known, or yet to be made known, that make the minds of men free. If freedom and justice and righteousness are to be a continuing and vital force in our lives we must dedicate ourselves to those ideas that promote justice and righteousness in our land and throughout the world.

This we must do so that the penetrating wit and the profound wisdom of this servant of man shall continue to be a never failing source of inspiration and courage for our battles for truth, freedom, and justice.

This we must do that he shall not have lived in vain and that the people of the entire world shall be able to realize all their capacities and all their potentialities for greatness and goodness.

This we must do not only for our own security and enrichment, but in order

that the children of this world, and their children's children, shall live safely and richly in a world of peace and plenty.

Now in Quaker fashion let us for a moment retire into the sanctuary of the Inner Temple and there commune with our noblest aspirations and highest hopes.

KENNETH G. WALKER

> *Virtue then is the moral strength of a man's will in his obedience to duty: and this is a moral necessitation by his own law giving reason, inasmuch as this constitutes itself a power executing the law. It is not itself a duty, nor is it a duty to possess it, but it commands and accompanies its commands with a moral constraint.*

. . . If Emanuel Kant was right—if indeed the "essence of morality is to be found in the motive from which an act is done" and all motives subsequently boil down to one, that being that "a man is moral when he acts from a sense of duty"—if Emanuel Kant was right; then I believe he would have bestowed his highest accolade on Adlai Ewing Stevenson, because in Governor Stevenson's work we can see reflected, his sense of duty.

By all standards which are mortal, his work is done. Adlai Stevenson has come home. He has come home to a community which proudly has called him

"our own." He has come home to rest, and by all mortal standards his work is done. He regarded his own work at times in a lighter vein. He noted once that "In youth, everything seems possible; but we reach a point in the middle years when we realize that we are never going to reach all the shining goals we had set for ourselves, and in the end, most of us reconcile ourselves, with whatever grace we can, to living with our sense of partial failure . . ." Absent from his words, yet implicit in his daily activity, is the fact that he never stopped trying to attain the goals of youthful idealism . . . this was indeed, no ordinary man. And perhaps in the outpouring of tribute and reminiscence which has been the keynote of the last few days, this was pointed out almost by accident. A classmate at University High School remembers him as not the kind of guy you would invite to play baseball, and what his fellow student was really saying, was this was no ordinary man.

In the three years he spent as a student at University High—in the years which followed at prep school, at Princeton and Harvard, in Bloomington as a Pantagraph reporter—in the years which followed in preparation, youthful years, formative years—we sense no polished greatness, no sense of missions accomplished or goals fulfilled. We sense instead a struggling, a coming to grips with life, a searching—a process which his friend, Mr. Joseph Bohrer, called growing. Bohrer said, "He was one of the few men I ever knew who kept growing. All of his life he continued to improve as a human being. What an inspi-

ration to all of us. What a marvelous legacy Adlai Stevenson left for you and me. What an example of continuity—of doubt and purpose, of questioning and searching and growth he set for our generation—and if you will permit me one personal observation, I cannot help but suspect that Ambassador Stevenson felt very much at home with my generation—very much at home with the commitment and dedication and activity that characterizes the college student of the 1960's . . . because he left us a legacy of the inner struggle, the inner dedication I see in today's youth. But he left us another, even greater legacy. . . .

Somewhere in the 15 years between age 13 and age 28 he passed from student to teacher. There are times when the line is fine, when it is semantic only. His lessons are filled with the strength he found in the poetry and polemics, the discussion and the dissertation of the past. While he told us that he was no historian, he drew heavily on history and his words are spiced with the words that went before him—with the words of Dante and Virgil, of Tocqueville and Keats and John Adams, of Frost and Charlemagne and Richelieu, and as the timeless student finds strength in past words, we can find strength and inspiration now in the words of Adlai Stevenson, the teacher.

"For the nation's purposes" he said, "always exceed its means and it is finding a balance between means and ends . . . that makes (this) such a speculative business . . ."

. . . and again:

"We cannot insure the security of the Republic by insuring the insecurity of its intelligence. Nor can we cope with our difficulties successfully in absolute of right and wrong, black and white, or by exploiting the public appetite for simple solutions and prompt and inexpensive results."

. . . and again:

"(the) quest for truth is the essential purpose of all education." At some time and some place, the student and the teacher, the quest for truth, the rejection of the simple and the absolute, the sense of duty—all merged in Adlai Stevenson, and the resultant was greatness.

But all standards are not mortal, and his work is not finished and he would wish it said to the youth of the world keep searching for the truth, continue with the work, remember your duty . . . carry on, carry on . . . carry on . . .

JERRY JOHNSON

"To say Yes to life is at one and the same time to say Yes to oneself.

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"To be free—to be able to stand up and leave everything behind—without looking back; to say Yes.

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"Night is drawing nigh
For all that has been—Thanks!
For all that shall be—Yes!

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"Yes to God; Yes to Fate; Yes to yourself.

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"I don't know Who—or What—put the question. I don't know when it was put. I don't even remember answering. But at some moment I did answer Yes to Someone—or Something—and from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a Goal.

These are the words of Adlai Stevenson's friend—Dag Hammarskjold, whose life, he wrote, had meaning because he had said Yes to the call to public service, to the service of mankind.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson said Yes. He had said Yes to the service of his state, Yes to his country, Yes to the colossal tasks of the United Nations in the endless, almost hopeless, search for peace. He said Yes to the calls of this community, this university, to all education everywhere, wherever men and women were

dedicated to the cultivation of the intellect. He said *Yes* to his wonderful family, his forebears who did so much to build Bloomington-Normal and its culture. Most important of all, he said *Yes* to himself—his talents—his own commitments —his complete demonstration of the character and life of the truly cultivated man.

Adlai Stevenson's affection for this community never wavered. Speaking once in Bloomington, he responded to his introduction by saying:

"There has been a lot of flattering talk on the theme 'home town boy makes good.' It ought to be the other way around—'good home town makes boy.' "

His sister reports that an Eastern friend told her, "Whenever your brother says 'Illinois' he gives it such a special, loving sound that I find myself feeling wistful because I didn't grow up there." He was of the fifth generation of his family to live in Illinois, to live here in Bloomington and Normal. He belonged here—and always knew it. He answered Yes to his family and his dearest friends here.

There are many in this community and in this audience who knew Adlai better than I—but none who respected and admired him more. While I knew him on the tennis court, in the gracious hospitality of his sister's home in Bloomington, and in the Governor's mansion at Springfield, I knew him most in the years he served the state. For in 1948 he answered *Yes* albeit with humility and self-doubt, to the service of the people of Illinois.

This service covered all the interests of the commonwealth. To each his answer was Yes. This was especially true in regard to education.

In the first legislative session of his administration there was established the Illinois School Problems Commission and before he left office, state aid to elementary and secondary schools had doubled while constructive re-organization had reduced the number of school districts by half. In his second legislative session the Teachers College Board was established as an autonomous and non-political agency. Meanwhile a study was made by the United States Office of Education, at the request of the Governor, which pointed the way toward effective coordination of all higher education.

His commitment to education was both broad and deep. In a Commencement Address at Tufts College, Adlai Stevenson said:

"I would begin with education: in high schools imaginative enough to check delinquency and give youngsters a sense of zest and opportunity in life, in college education available to all who can profit by it, in refresher courses and Sabbatical leaves for teachers, in adult education recalling people at every level of attainment to a deepening of their knowledge." And again:

"We look, finally, to the free university whose function is the search for truth and its communication to succeeding generations. Men may be born free; they cannot be born wise. Only as that function is performed steadfastly, conscientiously, and without interference does a university keep faith with the great

humanist tradition of which it is a part."

Ten years ago Mrs. Browne and I journeyed to Chicago to hear Adlai speak to the National Education Association. At dinner, before going to the Stadium, we saw an acquaintance, an official of the N.E.A., so absorbed in reading a manuscript that he neglected his dinner. He had an advance copy of Adlai's speech. And he came to us with his eyes shining to announce, "This is the greatest thing since Horace Mann." Yesterday I re-read that speech. It was a bold and forthright statement. Yes to education and to the service of the state.

There came a time when Adlai Stevenson was impelled to say Yes and offer himself as a candidate for the highest office in the nation. He had already served many years at the national level in Washington and on important foreign assignments.

The American presidency is the depository of enormous power. When it is vacated, as President Truman did vacate it in 1952, a vacuum results, a tremendous power vacuum. It needed to be filled, and, under the two-party system of this nation, it needed the right person to answer Yes. When Governor Stevenson gave the welcoming address to the 1952 Convention it was apparent that he was that person. He said:

"As Governor of the host state to the 1952 Democratic Convention, I have the honor of welcoming you to Illinois . . . Here on the prairies of Illinois and the Middle West we can see a long way in all directions. We look to east, to

west, to north, and to south. Our commerce, our ideas, come and go in all directions. Here there are no barriers, no defenses, to ideas and aspirations. We want none; we want no shackles on the mind or the spirit, no rigid patterns of thought, no iron conformity. We want only the faith and conviction that triumph in free and fair contest." Here, too, he said: "Self-criticism is the secret weapon of democracy and candour and confession are good for the political soul."

He was a great believer in national humility, modesty, self-examination, and self-criticism. When the Senior Class of Notre Dame gave him their Tenth Annual Patriotism Award, he stated his understanding of patriotism.

"What it (patriotism) means to me is a sense of national responsibility which will enable America to remain master of her power—to walk with it in serenity and wisdom, with self-respect and the respect of all mankind; a patriotism that puts country ahead of self; a patriotism which is not short frenzied outbursts of emotion, but the tranquil and steady dedication of a lifetime. The dedication of a lifetime—these are words that are easy to utter, but it is a mighty assignment. For it often is easier to fight for principles than to live up to them.

"It is not easy to be a patriot these days—not because it is difficult to love one's country. The difficulty lies not with love, but with loving one's country in the right way."

Loving his country in the right way, Adlai Stevenson yearned for it to grant

equal rights to all its citizens. Speaking in Richmond, Virginia, in 1952, he said:

"So long as man remains a little lower than the angels, I suppose that human character will never free itself entirely from the blemish of prejudice, religious or racial . . . But I do not justify the unjustifiable, whether it is anti-Negroism in one place, anti-Semitism in another . . . The political abuse of the problem of discrimination, the exploitation of racial aspirations on the one hand and racial prejudice on the other . . . is both a dangerous thing and a revolting spectacle in our political life."

He loved his country in the right way when he asked: "Are we the pure-souled defenders of freedom when Negro citizens are anywhere denied the right to vote, or to equal education, or to equal opportunity? Can we be surprised if, abroad, friends with sadness and enemies with delight observe the inequalities and injustices which still mar our American image?

In 1960, President-elect Kennedy asked that Adlai Stevenson serve his country and the world, humanity with all its fears, with all the hopes of future years. And, of course, the answer was Yes. And thus began the most difficult but most meaningful commitment of all.

Adlai Stevenson was no stranger to the United Nations. He had been one of the architects at its creation; he had helped prepare for its first meeting in London and had been senior adviser to the U.S. Delegation at that meeting. He served, under appointment by every president since the United Nations was cre-

ated, as an American representative in one capacity or another. As the United States Ambassador with cabinet rank, he became not only the spokesman of this country but the voice of peace and reason for all the peoples of the world.

Adlai Stevenson's devotion to peace and world order was life-long. The first time I personally heard him speak was on this topic—in Bloomington—even before the United Nations was established. In the introduction of his book on the United Nations he wrote:

"We Americans can be proud that the ideals of the United Nations spring chiefly from our own tradition—the same belief in the equality of all men, before God and before the law, on which the American experiment was founded. Today what was once a Western ethic, even a white man's ethic, has become virtually universal. Peoples long divided by race and political subjugation, with all the lingering resentments that flow from that condition, now meet in a community of equals at the United Nations. And that sense of community, of interdependence, of common peril and hope, fragile though it may be, weighs heavily in the scales of peace in this dangerous world."

He also believed in the necessity of a personal commitment to this cause. He said:

"The sense that something more is required of us than a happy acquiescence in our affluence is, I believe, more widespread than we know. The thousands of young people who volunteer for the rigors and discomforts of the Peace Corps,

the uncomplaining reservists, the growing body of students with a passionate concern for world peace and for the end of racial discriminations . . . are the hidden motive forces of our Republic." He saw that they, too, answered Yes.

Through all this Adlai Ewing Stevenson answered Yes to himself. He lived —he affirmed his existence as a person. And this brings me back to his friend Dag Hammarskjold.

When Hammarskjold died, Adlai Stevenson told the General Assembly of the U N, "I doubt if any living man has done more to further the search for a world in which men solve their problems by peaceful means and not by force than this gallant friend of us all. Indeed he gave his life in a mission of peace, a mission to persuade men to lay down their arms that reason might prevail over force."

A few days later, speaking after the funeral service at Uppsala, Stevenson said:

"Today, with the soft touch of autumn on the Swedish landscape, we have felt sorrow and joy in abounding measure—the sorrow of our loss and the joy of the eternal, everlasting spirit.

"It was fitting that today the nations among whom he mediated with such skill and devotion should have gathered at his grave to pay a last tribute to Dag Hammarskjold.

"But the outpouring of grief was not just in Uppsala; it was everywhere.

For when he died young people and old cried in New York, people who never knew or saw him. I saw it with my own eyes, and what was true in New York was true in all the streets of the world. Uppsala was the world today, for he was a hero of the community of man, and he is gone when we need him the most.

"It would be good for the world to remember of him that his great strength was not demonstrative or overbearing, but quiet and profound. He wrote: 'We have all within us a center of stillness surrounded by silence.' His was no mere mind of strategems and devices. He was possessed of poetic and philosophic vision."

These two friends, Stevenson and Hammarskjold, shared this depth of personal religion. The words Adlai used in eulogy of his friend are precisely those we would use in eulogizing our friend today.

But we need not speculate. Adlai Stevenson recorded his own personal commitment as follows:

"What do I believe? As an American I believe in generosity, in liberty, in the rights of man. These are social and political faiths that are part of me, as they are, I suppose, part of all of us. Such beliefs are easy to express. But part of me, too, is my relation to all life, my religion. And this is NOT easy to talk about. Religious experience is highly intimate and, for me at least, ready words are not at hand.

"I am profoundly aware of the magnitude of the universe, that all is ruled

by law, including my finite person. I believe in the infinite wisdom that envelops and embraces me and from which I take direction, purpose, strength. First to my mind there springs these words of the 27th Psalm, my favorite:

> 'For in the time of trouble (the Lord) shall hide me in his pavilion . . . He shall set me up upon a rock . . . I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.
>
> 'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.'

"Yes," Adlai wrote, "I believe in and have experienced His goodness in the land of the living. And I have found no rocks of certainty or safety but His. "And if doing is part of believing," he wrote, "I find a great design in the simple counsel of the old prophet, Micah: 'To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.' "

Adlai Ewing Stevenson—citizen of Bloomington—but statesman for all the world.

RICHARD BROWNE

THE SERVICE AT THE UNITARIAN CHURCH

God of all, transforming spirit ever rising in the midst of life and in the hearts of men, persuading us, consoling us, and binding us to one another, our days are black with sorrow. Our father, brother, friend, trusted leader, kindred spirit, Adlai E. Stevenson, is dead. His voice is silent. And more than that for those assembled here he looks at us, he touches us, he walks with us no more. His wisdom and his wit, his deep concern for everyone, great and small, his design to serve the building of a world of freedom, peace, and justice—all of these are with us still. The well is full. He left it so. But the water is strangely altered. Halted, humbled by this loss, a diverse people, bringing many faiths that we would hold as one, we turn to thee that we may accept his dying, be freed from bondage to despair, and see again the glory which makes life sweet among the living even with their dead. Amen.

ROBERT REED

O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

— Isaac Watts

The Readings from the Old Testament
Micah 6, Psalms 90, 130, 23

The Readings from the New Testament
First Corinthians 15, Romans 8, Second Corinthians 4, Revelation 21, 22, John 14

MARTIN D. HARDIN, JR.

Readings from Governor Stevenson

Here, on the prairies of Illinois and the Middle West, we can see a long way in all directions. We look to east, to west, to north and south. Our commerce, our ideas, come and go in all directions. Here there are no barriers, no defenses, to ideas and aspirations. We want none; we want no shackles on the mind or the spirit, no rigid patterns of thought, no iron conformity. We want only the faith and conviction that triumph in free and fair contests. (From the "Welcoming Address", July 21, 1952.)

I have Bloomington to thank for the most important lesson I have learned . . . that in quiet places, reason abounds . . . that in quiet people, there is vision and purpose . . . that many things are revealed to the humble which are hidden from the great. (From the court house square in Bloomington, Ill., on the evening of Sept. 15, 1948.)

I think that one of our most important tasks . . . is to convince ourselves and others—that there is nothing to fear in difference; —that difference, in fact, is one of the healthiest and most invigorating characteristics without which life would become lifeless. Here lies the power of the liberal way; not in making the whole world (adopt our ways), but in helping ourselves and others to see some of the possibilities inherent in viewpoints other than one's own: in encouraging the free exchange of ideas; in welcoming fresh approaches to the problems of life; in urging the fullest, most vigorous use of critical self-examination. (From a letter, to Senator Maurine Neuberger.)

We travel together, passengers on a little space ship, dependent upon its vulnerable reserves of air and soil; all committed for our safety to its security and peace; preserved from annihilation only by the care, the work, and I will say the love we give our fragile craft. We cannot maintain it half fortunate, half miserable, half confident, half despairing, half slave to the ancient enemies of men—half free in a liberation of resources undreamed of until this day. No craft, no crew can travel safely with such vast contradictions. On their resolution depends the survival of us all.

ROBERT REED

The very presence of this company speaks more eloquently and more tenderly than anything that we can say or sing. But here in the community and the church of his childhood, and of life-long associations, we pay to Governor Stevenson our most intimate and final tribute, recognizing also the lasting bereavement of all mankind. Many of those who have loved him the longest, and most dearly, are with us and each in the privacy of his own thoughts offers his own prayer; yet the larger company at Washington's National Cathedral bowed as reverently in his honor, and statesmen and the common people alike, the world around, have taken him to their hearts, and will mold his memory into their own images of the best life and prophecy of America in the twentieth century.

Adlai Stevenson was destined by his heritage and his own nature for public service. And although in moments he shrank from that role, he also thrived upon it. It was at once a bitter cup that he had to drink, and the elixir of life that lifted him to the fulfillment of his own powers. He may not have thought that he had accomplished enough, for there were bitter disappointments, public and private, and yet unmistakably he was called to greatness; and the God that shines in the firmament of the heavens was radiant in his person and resonant in his voice. Not either ancient Israel or modern New York could produce a more articulate spokesman for justice and the right. If Winston Churchill could turn a phrase as well, it was not to liquidate the empire, but to keep the past upon her throne, whereas Governor Stevenson undertook the tougher task pri-

marily of persuading a nation to minimize its sovereignty and to merge its hopes and fears with those of other nations. In his own words his attempt was "to defrost a . . . segment of the opaque window through which we see others and others see us," and thereby to increase understanding and fraternity among men. He added very recently that change is not the great enemy of man, but violence is that enemy. If political success is to raise the level of the national debate and of the world's dialogue, to make truly qualified people feel more at home in public life, and to influence one's country and mankind for good, then he achieved political success emphatically and dramatically. We shall remember his combination of greatness and goodness.

We salute him for his modesty and his ambition, for his ability and his affability, for his wisdom and his wit, and for his failures and his successes. His mind was extraordinarily free from prejudice, and subservient to the truth. If at times he was deliberate in the making of decisions, it was because he sought the moral context for the workable answer. He was a philosopher and a politician. All men counted with him, but none too much. He was an American, but he died in England. He was a Democrat, but his family newspaper, of which he was a principal owner, is independent and has been at times Republican. He was a Unitarian, but in our nation's capital his flag-draped casket lay fittingly before an ecumenical Episcopal altar. In the climax of his career he was an ambassador to the United Nations, with strong convictions of his own, and with an unflinch-

ing fidelity to his country and his president. If there ever seemed to be contradictions in his life, Emerson's explanation is applicable, "to be great is to be misunderstood." He was not "just" an American, or "only" a democrat, or "exclusively" a Unitarian, or "solely" an ambassador. He was also always the universal citizen. His patriotism was intense, but it had no bounds. His politics were both personal and purposeful. And the cardinal principles of his religion were freedom and human dignity. My colleague, his cousin, Robert Richardson, reminds me that their great-grandfather Jesse Fell would be very proud to have us say that the Governor was truly Lincolnesque in his idealism, his integrity, his compassion, and his humor, as well as in his love of the State of Illinois. He was a devoted son, and brother, and father, and grandfather. He was a loyal friend. And he was a servant to all the children of men. In that "distant day when nobody rattles a saber and nobody drags a chain," his name will shine with an ever-increasing lustre.

He understood not only democracy and communism, but likewise the "moving forms and shadows of a world revolution." He was not cowed by complexity, but kept his eye on the goals that he knew to be worth every effort that could be bent in their direction. He believed in a better world that we ourselves can, and must, create, here and now. Characteristically, a decade ago, with his friend Albert Schweitzer and Prime Minister Nehru, he was a prophetic advocate of a nuclear test ban treaty. "How beautiful upon the mountains are

the feet of him that publisheth peace." G. K. Chesterton once said that if we only had more visionaries among our statesmen, we might get something really practical done. Adlai Stevenson was that kind of a statesman.

Though there was a poignancy in his life that matched the hungers of his heart and the sensitiveness of his being, he had a faith that was greater than any problem or peril or defeat. And he was able to say with Esdras "Great is the truth and mighty above all things."

"The memorial of virtue is immortal because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it, and when it is gone, they desire it. It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards."

DANA MCLEAN GREELEY

Above the broad prairies rose the fragile vessel of a human life striving to realize the fullness of itself. Day by day his greatness grew from small beginnings hardly recognized by those close by steadily to become a giant among men everywhere. He stood among us as a beacon light unwavering for kindly relations among men, for words that took men seriously and enabled them to see more clearly, for gentle humor yielding a better perspective on things, for reason, conscience, and self-criticism, for personal integrity, for freedom and for justice, and for steadfast service to peace among men.

Shall all of this be lost with the sudden coming of his death? Dare we not instead believe that one so much involved in life as our beloved has long since won his place in the enduring heart of Being! Dare we not believe indeed that his being lies within us still as a gift received by us from him, as surely as the grief we feel today because he has become so deeply a part of us! Dare we not believe that even such as we may learn more greatly to express the qualities that we have found so dear in him! Dare we not believe that the greatness of this man like the glory of the illustrious sons of man before him will continue to lead us on! O Thou Lord of Being-Without-End made known to us supremely through one another, teach us as he was taught that human life is sweet and purposeful even though it shall be lost, show us that we, too, may be confident of the ways of goodness if only we will give ourselves to doing good, and encourage us to serve more fully in ourselves the virtues disclosed in him. *Amen.*

ROBERT REED

Not in vain the distance beacons.
Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever
Down the ringing grooves of change;
Through the shadow of the globe we
Sweep ahead to heights sublime
We, the heirs of all the ages,
In the foremost files of time.

Oh, we see the crescent promise
Of man's spirit has not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration
Well through all his fancy yet;
And we doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns.

Yea, we dip into the future,
Far as human eye can see,
See the vision of the world,
And all the wonder that shall be,
Hear the war-drums throb no longer,
See the battle flags all furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world.

— TENNYSON

May each of us live as a binder together of those who are divided, an encourager of those who are friends, a peace maker, a lover of peace, impassioned for peace, a speaker of words that make for peace. (FROM BUDDHIST WRITINGS)

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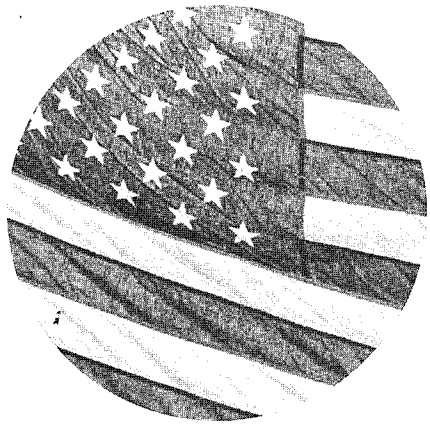
The Lord bless you and keep you!
The Lord deal kindly and graciously with you!
The Lord bestow his favor upon you and grant you peace!
(FROM THE TORAH)

Amen.

The choral introit and benediction were sung by the Children's Choir of the First Unitarian Church, Chicago.

THE SERVICE AT THE GRAVESIDE



From Mrs. Ives' Diary

"It is October 28, 1948, and only now a few days and the gubernatorial campaign is over. On October 28, 1809, was born a little girl in Iredell County, North Carolina. She was christened Eliza and her father was Adlai Ewing. His wife was Sophia Wallis.

They took this child, when she was six, in company with their cousins over the mountains, through the valleys, across the streams, to Western Kentucky and this little girl, when she was ten years old, joined the Presbyterian Church, the church of her fathers.

She married another emigrant from North Carolina, from old Iredell—John T. Stevenson. The tobacco crop was frosted that year of 1852. All the gains of the family were lost. So she, this Eliza, now the mother of seven children, with her oldest son, Adlai, driving, and with a baby in her arms, set out to follow her husband who has preceded her to Illinois.

There they found their kind, the Ewings who had gone there ten years before. And they made a home in Bloomington. In six years the husband was dead and the son Adlai took over the responsibility of his mother and her family.

A heart-breaking sadness chokes me often in the fall when the trees come again naked before the sky. The ground emerges again black and heavy. The sky is wide and clear and strong. A sense of reality emerges. All adornment and

artifice is gone. The outline of the land is clear and all around me are my own.

If there is any one moment that I am part of this place, it is now. If each generation breaks with the past, then it is true each generation goes back at some time to the past.

I love our cemetery; I love this sacred spot. I see this name cut in the stone —Adlai E. Stevenson, born October 23, 1835, and I know full well that had it not been for him and his mother, I should not at this moment stand here, listening for the answer that will come to us on Tuesday, Election Day. Now only the black birds croak to me and the last golden leaves fall from the giant trees. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." This is what we have!

A few yards away from this spot are all the beloved Quakers, the Fells and the Davises. Jesse Fell, born in 1809, spent much of his vitality in pursuit of this same thing, good government, better elections.

I am glad Adlai chose this path; I am glad the web of his life is woven in this pattern. I feel his destiny to serve comes through working with mankind, for mankind. As I drive home, on the horizon a haze gathers into soft redness, then dusk and finally darkness."

MARTIN D. HARDIN, JR.

After the Lord's Prayer, the flag was removed from the casket by members of the Illinois National Guard.

The time has come when we must at last be parted from the one we love.
We commit his body to the keeping of the Earth which bears us all.
We are glad that he lived.
We are glad to have seen the warm look of his eyes.
We are glad to have felt the touch of his reassuring hand.
We are glad to have heard his encouraging words.
We are glad to have laughed at his stories.
We are glad to have shared his causes and followed his leadership.
We are glad for his friendship and love and devotion.
And now we take leave of him.
This beloved ground shall cover him as it has those gone before him.
His body is at rest at last.
And we would keep as well his spirit that is within and all around us still.
We would be worthy of it.
Thinking thus of him let us go forth in quietness and peace to renew our lives lovingly with one another.

PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace,
Where there is hatred, let me so love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
Where there is sadness, joy.

Oh, Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled as to console;
To be understood, as to understand;
To be loved as to love
For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
It is in dying, that we are born to eternal life.
Amen

ROBERT REED

May the Peace of God which passeth all human understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away, which to be known must be felt, be with you Adlai this day and forever. *Amen.*

ROBERT D. RICHARDSON

The photograph taken in Bloomington of the flag draped for mourning was by T. Mike Fletcher

Kenneth G. Walker is Minister Emeritus of the Unitarian Church, Bloomington

Jerry Johnson is a student at Illinois State University

Richard Browne is the Executive Director of the Illinois Board of Higher Education

Robert Reed is the Minister of the Unitarian Church, Bloomington

Martin D. Hardin is Associate Minister of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Buffalo

Dana McLean Greeley is President of the Unitarian Universalist Association

Robert D. Richardson is Associate Chaplain at the Boston State Hospital

The Children's Choir is led by Christopher Moore

The organist at the Unitarian Church is Jerry Alber

Office of Information
Department of Adult Programs

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