



The Pilgrim

*“All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side”*

—PILGRIM’S PROGRESS

O. P. Kretzmann

April, 1938

---

**Litany for Good Friday — 1938**

Lord, have mercy.  
Christ, have mercy.  
Lord, have mercy.  
Christ, hear us.  
Christ, graciously hear us.  
God the Father in heaven  
Have mercy on us.  
God the Son, Redeemer of the world  
Have mercy on us.  
God the Holy Ghost  
Have mercy on us.  
Holy Trinity, one God  
Have mercy on us.

By Thy Suffering and Death —  
By the hurt of Judas’ treachery  
By the pain of Peter’s denial  
By the sweat of blood  
By the agony of soul  
By the robe of purple and the crown of thorn  
By the bite of the whip and the lash of the scourge  
By the Way of the Cross  
By the nails and thirst  
By the blood that stained the Holy Rood  
By the travail of Thy soul  
By the riven vine and the trodden winepress  
By Thy expiring cry

## THE CRESSET

By Thy triumph in death  
O dying Redeemer, hear us.

From hardness of heart and darkness of soul —  
From coldness of mind  
From trampling Thy blood on the way of sin  
From driving the nails again  
From crucifying Thee anew  
From forgetfulness of Thy great sorrow  
From the loneliness of life without Thee  
From greed and ambition  
From the lust of the eye and the pride of life  
From the burden of remembered sin  
From the cunning of men  
From the confusion of ignorance  
From hate  
From a jealous heart  
From the last sin of unbelief  
O living Redeemer, deliver us.

For the heart of man today, afraid —  
For the sick of body to ease their pain  
For the sick of mind to lighten their gloom  
For the sick of soul to bring them forgiveness  
For them who weep alone  
For Thy Life in every broken heart  
For the soul that knows not Thee  
For all who make known Thy way upon earth  
For all who love Thy Holy Name  
For all Thy Church in all the world —  
Thou King of Principalities and Powers, of Thrones and Dominions  
Thou Lord of Cherubim and Seraphim, of angels and archangels  
Thou Prince of Peace and Glory, of Kingdoms and Empires  
O dying and living Redeemer, hear us.

## THE CRESSET

### Nostalgia

This month the remainder of this column is being written far away from books — on trains and ferries, in railroad stations and bus stops, beside mountains and rivers... This ought to please several readers who have complained that the Pilgrim cannot see life because of his lamp... All right... I am now beside a lamppost on the edge of a little town in Western Oregon — and the pencil moves in obedience to the rhythm of life in an American village at late dusk... Everyone who is compelled by time and circumstance to live in the monstrous cities our age has built must feel at times a nostalgia for the small town at twilight... The shadowed succession of dusk and dawn — the wind from the hills as night comes down and the stars burn cold — the lights in the little church for choir practice — the belated boy running home for supper in the house across the road — the barking of a dog — the moan of wind in pines — the water tower black against the drifting stars — all the strange world that lies between twilight and darkness, and the night whispering of simple, honest things — of faith and hope and peace and rest... In it is man's compass and his joy and grief... It may be that here lives are lived in ignorance of the heights of possible human experience, but surely there is less shame and degradation here... In a few moments shadows will dance on the dust of the road and moonlight will dream on the roofs of little houses... Like the tolling of the Compline bell I hear the simple lines of Monk Gibbon:

These going home at dusk  
Along the lane  
After the day's warm work  
Do not complain.

Were you to say to them  
"What does it mean?  
What is it all about  
This troubled dream?"

They would not understand  
They'd go their way  
Or if they spoke at all  
They'd surely say:

## THE CRESSET

“Dawn is the time to rise  
Days are to earn  
Bread and the midday rests  
Dusk to return,

To be content, to pray  
To hear songs sung  
Or to make wayside love  
If one is young

All from the good God comes  
All then is good  
Sorrow is known to him  
And understood.”

One who had questioned all  
And was not wise  
Might be ashamed to meet  
Their quiet eyes.

All is so clear to them  
All is so plain:  
Those who go home at dusk  
Along the lane.

### **Farewell to Hallelujah**

Shrove Tuesday... At Vespers today — or at the services last Sunday — the church sang the last Hallelujah and Lent began... From time immemorial the Hallelujah has been omitted from the services of the church during the season dedicated to the remembrance of the Passion of our Lord... The last Hallelujah dies away in chapel and cathedral and while the echo still lingers among the rafters, the violet paraments of sorrow are placed upon the altar... It will be Easter morning before the Hallelujah is heard again... There is wisdom in this... It is another and profound difference between the Church and the world... The world never willingly abandons joy... Her votaries hang on to happiness with all the strength they have — until,

## THE CRESSET

inevitably, it is taken away from them... They have forgotten that the line of life must sometimes go down into the darkness of sorrow... It is never easy, but it is a great deal better to go down willingly than to be driven down like a slave. To give up joy by the strength of Him Who gave up heaven is a part of the way by which joy and heaven will return... Easter can come only to the heart that has known Lent...

The shadow which clings to alt] earthly good when it is seen in the light of faith is inevitable... Be cause of this the Christian view of life *appears* so much darker than the pagan — checkered with a darkness the more intense the brighter the light of faith shines upon it... But the farewell to Hallelujah, though necessary, is only temporary... It springs from the strong compulsions of the dust from which we came and the stronger compulsions of the everlasting mercy which lifted us from that dust... When all is said and done, Christianity is a religion of deeper gladness just because it is a religion of deeper fear and greater sorrow... The Cross remains the world climax of divine and human sorrow, ineffably distant and ineffably close, the sorrow of sin and the pain of man's long and lonely separation from God... So it is good that our Hallelujahs are silent for a little time... In their stead appear the crown of thorns, the drops of blood, the way of mourning, the five wounds, and the sound of our hands driving nails... And on Easter Morn our returning Hallelujahs will say that our Lord arose and ascended into Heaven, that He is now the King of Glory, Who has given us a share in both His suffering and His victory, in His passion and His power, in His former pain and His present peace.

