Augustana Pilgrimage
Thursday, April 28, 3 p.m.
Created by Paul Rohde and Janet Blank-Libra

Stop 1: Old Main
Fanfare: Quintet

Paul:
Welcome to the sesquicentennial pilgrimage. We’re grateful that you have come. We’ve learned a lot about Augustana in planning this. . . not least, we’ve had intensifying appreciation for Augustana as a gift. Today we’ll walk the length of campus, stopping to listen, remember, celebrate. We will anticipate both what Augie is becoming and what our living, working, and learning here calls us to become.

Janet:
Our thanks to all who participate. As it goes every day here, many, many people bring their gifts and themselves as gifts to help us see, learn and interpret. It takes scholars and teachers, staff and support, athlete and band, rousing cheers and quiet contemplation to lay any claim to all that Augustana is. At least once every one hundred and fifty years, we think it’s a good thing to go for a walk, to see, remember and give thanks!

Paul:
Logistics: we have two golf carts for any for whom the walk is difficult. . . or you may negotiate a seat on or next to one of them when we stop. [Let’s have each golf cart carry a half dozen chairs or so.]

Paul:
*People pray together:*
Lord God, you call us your servants to ventures of which we cannot see the ending, by paths as yet untrodden, through perils unknown. Give us faith to go out with good courage, not knowing where we go but only that your hand is leading us and your love supporting us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

Ivan:
To go on a pilgrimage is to admit there is more to see than we have yet seen. It’s to believe and trust that there are gifts all around. It’s to walk together, helping one another see things we might otherwise have missed, gifts we too often breeze by without noticing they are filled with the Augustana spirit.

This campus from top to bottom includes art and artifacts that recall gifts and givers--people persuaded that faith seeks understanding, that learning is essential to living, that an education is both call and skill to serve our neighbors.

Sandra:
Our pilgrimage today is by no means an exhaustive exploration of these gifts. To name them all would take 150 years or more. We hope it will be evocative. A pilgrimage is a way of walking—attentive, intentional, alert, aware, open to surprise, eager to be blessed. We’re practicing such walking today.
Students for six generations have been on pilgrimages from adolescence to adulthood. The college itself, once known as the “college on wheels” moved from Chicago to Paxton, IL, Marshall, WI, Beloit, IA, and Canton, SD. In 1918 we merged with the Lutheran Normal School. Old Main and East Hall became home to Augustana.

It’s appropriate to begin here at Old Main to appreciate that every corner of campus has its layers. Old Main is the oldest building on campus. Its pink quartzite quarried here in Sioux Falls ties it inextricably to the treasures of the earth right here in South Dakota.

Paul:
If these stones could speak. . . . This building has been classroom and office building, art studio and Chapel. The bell has rung the beginning of semesters; the touchdowns for the football team, and undoubtedly for one or two pranks. We won’t mention names, but Carl Grupp officed here.

Already here we begin to see that there’s more to see than we often notice. Old Main reflects gifts of the earth, persistence for and change across decades, prayers, proclamations, pondering, persuasion. All the things that happen all across this campus, all across Augustana’s history. We begin by remembering.

Janet:
In the poem “The Layers,” Stanley Kunitz writes of the importance of remembering the past as we contemplate the future. The words of this poem—“Live in the layers, not on the litter”—came to Kunitz in a dream. His words speak of mystery, of life’s sorrows and joys, of the reality of change and the importance of transformation, which has the power to lead us into wisdom. Always, though, always, says Kunitz, there is something essential that remains at the core of who we are, that directs us inward and then onward. Through joys and sorrows we know that from it we must not stray. And so, as we celebrate this 150th year at Augustana College, we ask these questions: What is it that holds steady at the core of Augustana? What abides amidst all the changes?
Sandra Looney:

The Layers

I have walked through many lives, some of them my own, and I am not who I was, though some principle of being abides, from which I struggle not to stray. When I look behind, as I am compelled to look before I can gather strength to proceed on my journey, I see the milestones dwindling toward the horizon and the slow fires trailing from the abandoned camp-sites, over which scavenger angels wheel on heavy wings. Oh, I have made myself a tribe out of my true affections, and my tribe is scattered! How shall the heart be reconciled to its feast of losses? In a rising wind the manic dust of my friends, those who fell along the way, bitterly stings my face. Yet I turn, I turn, exulting somewhat, with my will intact to go wherever I need to go, and every stone on the road precious to me. In my darkest night, when the moon was covered and I roamed through wreckage, a nimbus-clouded voice directed me: "Live in the layers, not on the litter." Though I lack the art to decipher it, no doubt the next chapter in my book of transformations is already written. I am not done with my changes.
Angelus, directed by Lisa Grevlos, and Collegiate Choral, directed by Russell Svenningsen, sing the Norwegian National Anthem while standing in the Augustana garden between the Administration Building and East Hall.

Stop 2: Ole

Ivan: Peter Eide designed this concrete Ole in his Viking ship, and to him we owe a debt of thanks. Peter was born to Palmer and Esther Eide in Sioux Falls in 1936 and was graduated from Augustana with an art major in 1966. Since Ole’s dedication in 1967 he has held the helm, kept Augustana on course. In the memories of countless students he sails forth into places unknown. Ole reminds us of who we are to be as he connects us to Peter Eide, to Augustana as community and neighbor, and to his presence here as a steadfast work of art. Inscribed in his rugged surface and in the ship that has provided him passage for 44 years are ideals to which we give voice and being through our actions: commitment, resolve, passion, mindfulness, tenacity, devotion, love. Go the distance, Ole says.

Sandra: The power of the spirit vibrates deep in the body, is embedded in our muscles. Do you hear it? Ole calls us to stretch the body, set free the spirit. This energy, this spirit bears witness to our being a community that stretches itself in sports, names itself in rituals, and extends itself in service. Ole calls us to join our athletes, our dancers, our cheerleaders, his fans to fill the campus with the resounding, reverberating school spirit that echoes across the decades.

FIGHT SONG: First time (Spirit Squad led by Maren Larson; Corey Hermanson as Ole the mascot, Augieholics)

Janet: The words of St. Symeon, a Christian monk and a poet, point us toward serving Christ through utterly expansive embodied joy let loose on earth:

_We awaken in Christ’s body as Christ awakens ours, and my poor hand is Christ, He enters my foot, and is infinitely me. I move my hand, and wonderfully my hand becomes Christ, becomes all Christ – for God is indivisibly whole, seamless in Godhood. I move my foot, and at once God appears like a flash of lightning. Do my words seem blasphemous? Then open your heart to God and let yourself receive the One who is opening to you so deeply. For if we genuinely love God, we wake up inside Christ’s body where all our body, all over, every most hidden part of it, is realized in joy as Christ, making us utterly real._

And everything that is hurt, everything that seemed to us dark, harsh, shameful, maimed, ugly, irreparably damaged, is in God transformed and recognized as whole, as lovely, and radiant in God’s light as we awaken as the Beloved in every last part of our body.

FIGHT SONG: Second time
**Stop 3: Owls**

*Sandra Looney:*

An excerpt from Rich Bowman’s Convocation Talk September 2007—
“Where Shall Wisdom Be Found?”

*Created over two decades ago by legendary Augustana art professors Palmer Eide and Ogden Dalrymple, this sculpture is entitled “Hindsight, Insight, and Foresight.” The citation at the base of the sculpture is from the biblical book of Proverbs and counsels "seek ye wisdom and gain understanding." Or in a more contemporary translation: "get wisdom; get insight.”

*This counsel from the wisdom of teachers of ancient Israel suggests that wisdom is different from knowledge. Wisdom leads to understanding or insight. Wisdom is not merely the accumulation of facts and theorems, the acquisition of dates and experimental data, or the recitation of information without appropriate interpretative context. Unlike knowledge, wisdom leads to a deeper, more profound understanding of both human nature and the nature of our world. It offers insights into relationships between people, relationships between humans and their environment, and relationships between all aspects of creation and their Creator.*

*The owls’ creators intentionally placed the sculpture next to the Commons in the center of the campus to encourage us to ponder the greater purpose of a college education.*

*Sandra:* There isn’t a day go by that we shouldn’t pause, and, as the poet Mary Oliver says, “put ourselves in the way of grace.” As we stand before these owls, we stand before a gift. On this day, we can be caught in the groundswell of the artists’ creative flow. Look carefully and see carved into the concrete form of the owls the energy and wisdom of the artists whose work reminds us that through hindsight we grow in wisdom, through insight we come to wisdom, and with the foresight born of these we go confidently into our future.

*Ivan:* Any work of art is more than the sum of its whole. Its truth can only be known in a moment of encounter. When we stand before this statue, we place ourselves in the center of possibility. Shall we walk on by or shall we give the gift its due? The writer A.A. Milne offered to us Christopher Robin and Pooh, who remind us to take time to see, to remember that we’re never alone, and to acknowledge that we’re always on the way to . . . somewhere. Eide, Dalrymple and Augustana send us to the owls to see ourselves on the way to wisdom.
House at Pooh Corner

Christopher Robin and I walked along
Under branches lit up by the moon
Posing our questions to Owl and Eeyore
As our days disappeared all too soon
But I've wandered much further today than I should
And I can't seem to find my way back to the Wood

So help me if you can
I've got to get back
To the House at Pooh Corner by one
You'd be surprised
There's so much to be done
Count all the bees in the hive
Chase all the clouds from the sky (Chase all the clouds away)
Back to the days of Christopher Robin and Pooh

Winnie the Pooh doesn't know what to do
Got a honey jar stuck on his nose
He came to me asking help and advice
And from here no one knows where he goes
So I sent him to ask of the Owl if he's there
How to loosen a jar from the nose of a bear

Help me if you can
I've got to get back
To the House at Pooh Corner by one
You'd be surprised
There's so much to be done
Count all the bees in the hive
Chase all the clouds from the sky (Chase all the clouds away)
Back to the days of Christopher Robin and Pooh

It's hard to explain how a few precious things
Seem to follow throughout all our lives
After all's said and done I was watching my son
Sleeping there with my bear by his side

So I tucked him in, I kissed him and as I was going
I swear that the old bear whispered "Boy welcome home"

Believe me if you can
I've finally come back
To the House at Pooh Corner by one
What do you know
There's so much to be done
Count all the bees in the hive
Chase all the clouds from the sky (Chase all the clouds away)
Back to the days of Christopher Robin
Back to the ways of Christopher Robin
Back to the days of Pooh

-- Performed by Mark Braun, academic dean
Stop 4: The Chapel

Ivan:
We won’t say it’s the number one question, but we’re venturing that “how’s the food?” easily ranks in the top 5 for most Augie students. At first blush it’s a question for the commons, of course. But to think only of the commons is to miss food and its importance all over campus: ramen noodles softened in popcorn poppers, coffee pots on every corner, lefse and krumkaka. Do you want your popcorn caramel, cheddar or salt?

Food: the surest ticket to draw a crowd. Because we are hungry people and while we hunger for bread, we hunger not only for bread. We hunger for belonging and for celebrating. For meaning and hope. For Christian faith, food is sacramental a very sign of the presence and goodness and generosity of God.

Food: the surest ticket to draw a crowd because we are so hungry and because eating is so good. And whether its in the commons or the cubicles or the chapel, if we pay attention food will remind us that life is sacred, the earth is bountifully fruitful, farmers and bakers and chefs abundantly creative, and the sharing of food unites us. If we listen to the promise of Scripture, we hear that God feeds all who are hungry, we remember the stories of Israel set free and Jesus’ life poured out, and we gather strength and hope to believe we live toward a feast.

Scripture: Feeding of the 5000 [chapel president, covenant award winner, area pastor.]
Reader: Kim Hibma

Communion--Paul will preside: The sacraments at the center of faith remind us that Jesus is present in bread and Words of promise, in one another and Christ’s life poured out among us, in remembrance and in hope.

Words of Institution
Lord’s Prayer

Distribution of Communion.
Walkers sing “Beautiful Savior.”
Stop 5: Statues

**Sandra:** How shall we claim both the fragility and resilience of life? What on this campus helps us know that grace comes from brokenness? What promise gives us the courage to face our brokenness, individual and collective? How shall we speak both the willful and unintentional ways we hurt one another? How shall we then live the hope of redemption?

Over the course of four J-terms Steve Thomas invited the four people whose busts once stood here on pillars of stone—plinths—to sit as models for sculpting students. The busts that stood here were permanently installed in 1994 and were the work of Steve Thomas, who worked alongside the students. The four were his heroes: J. Earl Lee, Clara Chilson Lee, Ogden Dalrymple, and Earl Mundt.

**Ivan:** These emeriti faculty came to class each morning for a couple hours during one of four interims and sat on a rotating platform in the middle of the sculpting room. As the morning passed, the platform rotated, and with each rotation sculptors beheld a new perspective of the subject. As the artists sculpted, they interacted with the faculty member and chiseled into their work the personality that they experienced in the subject.

A handful of years after Steve Thomas’ busts were installed vandals came in the dark of night and destroyed them.

THIS PLACE seems a fitting one to quietly acknowledge the shadows of our stories, the brokenness that mars not only pictures of people, but people themselves. It would indeed be a sentimental telling of the Augustana story, the human story, were shadows and brokenness not acknowledged.

We invite you into a moment of silence to remember brokenness.

*The silence ends with the telling of the stories.*

**Ivan:**

*Earl Mundt,* 32 years in the drama and speech department, opened each class with a diaphragm exercise. Students stood in a circle and, facing each other, projected their voices: “Bah bay bee boe boo.” Each student would then do the exercise individually, step confidently into the circle, look at his or her classmates and say: My name is [insert name of speaker], and I am terrific.” Earl Mundt changed Steve Thomas’s life. See and feel his presence in Steve’s work with students today.

*Ogden Dalrymple* served the community through his work as a sculptor. A humble man with a joyous soul, he personified, says Steve, six important characteristics: grace, dignity, humility, faith, hope and charity. He was a world-class swimmer and a well-read man. In your mind’s eye you might see him as big man in a plaid shirt, walking to campus, determined to change the world one sculpture at a time. See him at work with his partner in artistic pursuits, Palmer Eide, who resisted being commemorated in a bust. Together, they created the Muse of Music, the Creatures of Creation on the back wall of the library, the Owls, and the Bears.
Sandra:

*J. Earl Lee* was a highly accomplished pianist who performed before royalty yet retained tremendous humility. He continues to hold the record for longest-serving faculty member: 60 years. See him in his living room playing piano for Herb Krause, Augustana’s writer-in-residence and J. Earl’s good friend, who coaxed J. Earl time and again into letting him be an audience of one.

克拉拉·希尔松·李的肖像揭示了她严肃的一面和轻松的一面。她是一名出色的辩论教练和一位威严的法官，她不需要花哨的装饰就能取胜。想象一下她与她的辩论队一起，吃着花生酱三明治，他们乘车前往目的地和命运：洛杉矶和全国冠军。

Paul:

The promise of redemption is that while brokenness is part of the story it does not end the story. We invite you into a litany of gifts that have persevered through the ages—they may be the names of people—living or deceased, or customs, practices or convictions that persevere and help us know God’s redeeming of our story.
Stop 6: The teepee and the green

**Janet:** Grounded in Christian faith, we listen and welcome the witness of neighbors. Called to serve this region, Augustana recognizes the importance of our relationship with the people who first lived here. Native neighbors have come to Augustana to study. Chapel-led groups and students representing Augustana classes travel to visit reservations, to meet our neighbors and to serve. We stand alongside the Center for Western Studies. Established in 1970, the Center moved into its current home in 2001. Through the Center, Augustana connects itself to the people, creatures, and landscape of the Great Plains. Limestone, roughhewn and polished, durable, clothes the building inside and out in the colors of the prairie. Harry Thompson, director of CWS, says the teepee was Jeff Hazard’s creation—a way to express Augustana’s relationship to the Native community.

Our Native neighbors remind us that we are but one of God’s many splendid creations. We stand here, between the teepee and the green, to be aware of our connections to all of our neighbors and all of creation. As one among many, we seek to find our place. This is beautifully articulated in words attributed to Chief Seattle (Si’ahl), leader of the Duwamish tribe:

**Susan Schrader:**

> Will you teach your children what we have taught our children? That the earth is our mother? What befalls the earth befalls all the sons [and daughters] of the earth.

> Every part of the earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every meadow, every humming insect. All are holy in the memory and experience of my people.

> We know the sap which courses through the trees as we know the blood that courses through our veins. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters. The bear, the deer, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the dew in the meadow, the body heat of the pony, and man all belong to the same family.

> This we know: the earth does not belong to man, man belongs to the earth. All things are connected like the blood that unites us all. Man did not weave the web of life, he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

> [http://www.csun.edu/~vcpsy00h/seattle.htm](http://www.csun.edu/~vcpsy00h/seattle.htm)

**Mary and Karla Abbott:**

**Four-Direction Prayer**

Creator, It is I.
Thank you for today’s sunrise,
for the breath and life within me,
and for all of your creations.
Creator, Hear my prayer, and honour my prayer.

As the day begins with the rising sun,
I ask, Spirit keeper of the East, Brother Eagle,
Be with me.
Fly high as you carry my prayers to the Creator.
May I have eyes as sharp as yours,
so I am able to see truth and hope on the path I have chosen.
Guide my step and give me courage to walk
the circle of my life with honesty and dignity.

Spirit keeper of the South, Wolf,
Be with me.
Help me to remember to love
and feel compassion for all mankind.
Help me to walk my path with joy and love
for myself, for others, for the four legged,
the winged ones, the plants and all creation
upon Mother Earth.
Show me it is right for me to make decisions
with my heart, even if at times, my heart becomes hurt.
Help me to grow and nurture my self worth in all ways.

Spirit Keeper of the West, Brown Bear,
Be with me.
Bring healing to the people I love and to myself.
Bring into balance the physical, mental and spiritual,
so I am able to know my place on this earth,
in life and in death.
Heal my body, heal my mind and
bring light, joy and awareness to my spirit.

Spirit Keeper of the North, White Buffalo,
Be with me.
As each day passes, help me to surrender,
with grace, the things of my youth.
Help me to listen to the quiet, and find serenity and comfort
in the silences as they become longer.
Give me wisdom so I am able to make wise choices
in all things which are put in front of me,
And when time for my change of worlds has come,
Let me go peacefully, without regrets, for the things
I neglected to do as I walked along my path.

Mother Earth,
Thank you for your beauty,
And for all you have given me.
Remind me never to take from you
more then I need, and
remind me to always give back more than I take.
Stop Seven: Gilbert Science Center

Sandra: Our walk helps us to see—see Augustana and learning, gifts and givers. Our scientists remind us that education is daily about seeing. Listen in as Arlen Viste, Jennifer Gubbels, Karel Vander Lugt, and Gary Earl call us to see with scientific eyes.

Arlen Viste
Augustana’s natural sciences are at home here in the liberal arts curriculum of Augustana. No matter our location—Gilbert Science Center, Madsen Center, Humanities, the Visual Arts Center, or the Elmen Center—we share in common a powerful dedication to knowing awe, beauty, insight, process, perspective, challenge.

To give brief witness to the span of study, let’s reflect for a moment on the powers of 10 perspective in space and time. A famous video by Charles and Ray Eames uses telescopes, moving by powers of 10 to see a couple on a beach, then their city and their continent. It keeps moving to see the earth and finally the galaxy. Hubble telescope images on your program celebrate this long view. Then the perspective reverses, and we zoom in until we arrive back at where we began—with the couple on the blanket. The camera meets skin and then zooms inward, through tissues, cells, organelles; zooms inward until we arrive at the instructions for a human being—DNA molecules. The span is as dramatic in time. The age of the universe is perhaps 13-14 billion years. At the other extreme, the Planck time—named for the founder of quantum theory—is about 43 powers of 10 shorter than one second. As individuals and as Augustana we live in a mid range of size and time: somewhere between atoms and stars.

Jenny Gubbels
On your program is a picture of some cells interacting. The two larger cells are cancer cells, and the smaller cell with the green dots is an immune cell attempting to kill the cancer cell. As a scientist studying cancer cells, I’m always asking questions and trying to find answers about things I cannot see with the naked eye. We have derived all kinds of methods to “see” what the cells are doing, but they involve difficult and tedious processes, and we have to do such work with cells separated from their true environment—our bodies. True gratification never comes, all of my questions are never answered, and each question leads to many more. This may seem frustrating, but I take solace in that I envision heaven as a place where I can walk across the surface of a cancer cell, see it interact with the bodies’ immune cell, and sit back and watch what happens. Such knowledge will most likely be a power of 10 more complicated than I envision it to be now, but I take comfort in the fact that even though my experiments here will never be perfect, and my pilgrimage for answers will never be complete, someday I’ll know.

Karel Vander Lugt
When I came to Augusta in 1968 Gilbert Science Center was only three years old and quite impressive. Why is a science center important to the life of a church-related college? Or you might ask why would someone (such as myself) choose as their life’s work the teaching of science? And, why would a student choose or be required to take a course in science? Of course there are many answers for each of these questions, but one I particularly like is found in the book of Job where it says, “Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God.”
That is basically what we do in GSC- we pause, we stop, we take the time to study, to examine, and to think carefully about nature. And we acknowledge that nature didn’t just happen, but that nature is a most wondrous work of God.

Would it be too strong to say that doing and studying science is a form of worship? My experience has been that the deeper one goes into any aspect of nature the more intricate, complex and amazing God’s handiwork becomes.
Gary Earl:
As a chemist, I have spent my entire teaching career trying to get people to think of chemicals and chemical reactions at the atomic and molecular level; not an easy thing to do for people used to working with things at the size of their usual surroundings. These atoms and molecules can hardly be seen even with the best magnification available. Yet we envision pairs of electrons attacking positive features such as protons, carbons of carbonyls or even Lewis Acids such as AlCl3, thus giving a mechanism by which reactions can occur at the molecular level. Hopefully these models will allow us to then envision drug molecules and their receptor sites or even these foreign molecules being metabolized and thus detoxified. More importantly, perhaps these methods will help us to predict viable molecules to be synthesized for new polymers, household and personal care products or for medications or therapy.

Ivan:
Will humankind ever finish the pilgrimage that is science? Probably not. And that is all to the good, for the journey is a fascinating one ready to reward the traveler who wishes to know the depth of his or her humanity.

ROCKET! -- by Drew Alton, physics

Conclusion

Ivan: Unanswered questions seem a fit ending to our pilgrimage, because each day these questions are the beginnings of Augustana’s calling. Our pilgrimage ends here, but scientific experimentation, the hopes of a remodeling of Gilbert, the promise of training and research to engage the mysteries of cosmos and cells alike draw us toward new beginnings. Before we end, we glance over our shoulders at Bergsaker and Solberg to remember those beginning steps of each freshman class, those halting, tentative, courageous and faithful leaps to the beginning of learning, growth, community, service and faith. Even now, as this year’s first-year students reel in what has no doubt been a whopper of a first year, they turn toward beginning again in September.

Sandra: The words of T.S. Eliot, in “Little Gidding,” help us come to our conclusion: “What we call the beginning is often the end. And to make an end is to make a beginning. The end is where we start from. We shall not cease from exploration and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time.”

So we return to where Augustana students begin—to know where we start and know it again even 150 years later for the first time. We shall not cease from exploration. The experiment of Augustana will continue. Questions call us: What are the gifts of the liberal arts for a twenty-first century world? How does one integrate critical thinking and faith? How does one balance heart and head in the search for knowledge and wisdom? How will we be the best possible stewards of the gifts entrusted to us and the life that unites us? How then shall we live?

Paul: Rituals will call us—like always, like never before—to cheer and sing, to eat and remember, to receive and extend the gifts we have been given. We hope this little walk helps us see, receive and live these gifts. When St. Paul wrote to his friends in Philippi he gave us words for remembering legacies and the people who have lived them: “I thank my God every time I remember you, constantly praying with joy in every one of my prayers for all of you, because of your sharing in the gospel from the first day until now.”
Janet: And Paul’s words in Philippians continue with a hopeful promise. “I am confident of this: that the one who began a good work among you will bring it to completion by the day of Jesus Christ. . . And this is my prayer, that your love may overflow more and more with knowledge and full insight to help you to determine what is best so that in the day of Christ you may be pure and blameless.”

We hope the pilgrimage has helped you hear the legacy—of learning and community, of wisdom and faith, that we are called to continue. Thank you for coming! Please join us as we conclude the event by singing the Augustana alma mater, written by Richard Svanoe in 1936.

*Choirs sing Alma Mater.*

*The End*