

# Class of 1964 Fiftieth Reunion Memorial Service

Rollins Chapel  
Dartmouth College  
Saturday June 7, 2014

The Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, III '64

## WELCOME

Welcome. I want to begin by acknowledging our organist, Christopher Lundell, and Dee-Dee, Jennifer and Lori of the alumni office for their help. And a special thanks to our class glee club members under the direction of Steve Ward for leading us in song.

I also want to say what a treat it is to share the pulpit with Roger. The last time we saw each other was five decades ago in the bull pen at Red Rolfe field.

Of the pitchers in our class, three of us – Roger, Bill Dubocq and I – went into the ordained ministry. And, while not formally vested, Scotty Creelman certainly exercised a special ministry of his own. Why so many of us? I can think of a couple of reasons.

In the bull pen we learned **to pray**, and we prayed a lot - that whenever Coach Lupien called upon us we would not let our team down or embarrass ourselves. The second reason is probably more to the point in my case – I have been **doing penance** ever since for too many bases on ball!

For decades this building has been hallowed space. Not because it is the home of one particular faith, but because it is dedicated to the sacred ground that unites us across our religious or secular divisions.

In his convocation to the freshman class in 1903 President Tucker expressed it this way:

...a man does not get very far on his way in the midst of the stern and often disturbing facts of life without feeling the need of drawing upon such resources of the spirit as are in him. It is the presence or absence of this deeper sense of things which determines not only a man's personal happiness, but in a large degree, his power over others.<sup>1</sup>

We gather today to acknowledge and tap into the *deeper sense of things* in ourselves and each other.

- We recall experiences that were formative as we came of age, including the seasons of wonder captured so eloquently in Franklin McDuffee's song... "the sharp and misty mornings...the crunch of feet on snow... the long cool shadows floating on the campus... the long white afternoons, the twilight glow..."

---

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Nading Hill, ed. *The College on the Hill: A Dartmouth Chronicle* (Dartmouth College, 1964), p. 292.

- We think of certain mentors – wise, caring and sometimes irreverent guides who challenged us to pursue our lives with passion, competence and character.
- It was here long ago where we caught a vision of who we might become, and, on the days that evoked the best of our instincts, we dreamed of helping make the world a better place from our positions of privilege.
- In our service today we remember our companions who have died -- 107 of the 806 of us who matriculated -- 35 since our last reunion -- including two more since the service program was printed... **Fritz Zeller** in March and **Mike Bloom**, one week ago today.
- We honor their wives and families, including Ginny Aaron, Joanna Creelman and Jeanette Hannah who have joined us this weekend.
- We hold in our hearts those who are ailing and those unable to be here.
- We mark the passing of our own youth, as we hand the baton to those graduating tomorrow.
- We celebrate our contributions to Dartmouth and the wide, wide world beyond.
- And, we take courage for the challenges and choices facing us in the coming years.

Welcome to our service.

Classmate Bob Bartles has written a poem for our reunion which we will sing as our opening hymn. The tune is *America the Beautiful*. Let us stand as our glee club members come forward to lead us.