

Kommareck, Virginia
July 24, 1948

Dear Jochen,

The desire to write you has been dogging me, but I have been waiting for a scratch on some tinder to make the spark, some definite occasion. The scratch came yesterday when I had a strong longing that you and pastor Ed. Steimle might get together and get to the bottom of just what the church at Cambridge is. The remark of your acquaintance concerning it really disturbed me. I even used it impersonally in a sermon with the thought, how horrible if this were true. It is either a slander, or a truth. If it is a truth, then the church itself is an attack on my Lord and on my life. Getting to the bottom of this is important for me, and I believe for you.

In the second place, I am your pastor, and I have need to communicate with you. You are part of me and I of you. One of the best ways I could possibly keep us alive would be for me to bring you and my fellow pastor together; the three of us are members of the Body of Christ. Perhaps you might have an opportunity to richly handle together spiritual things. In a round about way I have confidence in Ed. Steimle. It might be misplaced. However, his father was one of the strong sound leaders of our church; Steimle has had a wider education, and is recognized for a good mind; he surely has had a rich student life sharing experience. Therefore, willy-nilly, I am going to act as your pastor, doing as any pastor might, and write my colleague asking him to look you^{up} and visit with you. I am asking you also, to let me be your pastor, to accept this Betreuung, and to plumb this man; not critically, but searchingly to find the Word of God in him. The most important of his qualifications for friendship would be that he hastaken the yoke of Christ upon him.

Another thing that has been on my mind is your paper on Mistache. You startled me with your last sentence, look on this soul and shudder. Here for me was the essay, but it needed elucidation. What did you mean? It took my mind back to our own friendly wrangling in which I used the term "Berausung". This is our scourge, this idolatry, this "Unbelief" which is a Berausung with a thought, with a philosophy, with a culture, with an art, with a detached power of man or nature, even with a religion. In this self-induced stupor or suicide we receive the "Logos", the Living Word of God, or the Word of God in living in vain. It is Christ or insanity. He is the sobriety the actuality of life. Well, here I am preaching, but I am a preacher, you know. *die Jachenflek, Herr Pastor?*

Another thing that has crossed my mind is your location of yourself. What if medicine were not enough? Is there a possibility, perhaps, in medical missions? Schweitzer seems to be living in two worlds and bringing them together to the glory of God and peace on earth. - *Er will doch mal Steimle besuchen!*

Yesterday morning I went at 5:30 with the girls from KTS to pick blackberries. I enjoyed it, and am looking forward to and thinking of the time when we can climb a couple of these hills together as proposed.

We are looking forward to spending the evening with your papa and mama. Your mama has even promised no profane a thing as Apfelkuchen.

If you have an extra line or two up your sleeve send them to me please when you have the chance.

your pastor

André Ludwig

January 1911