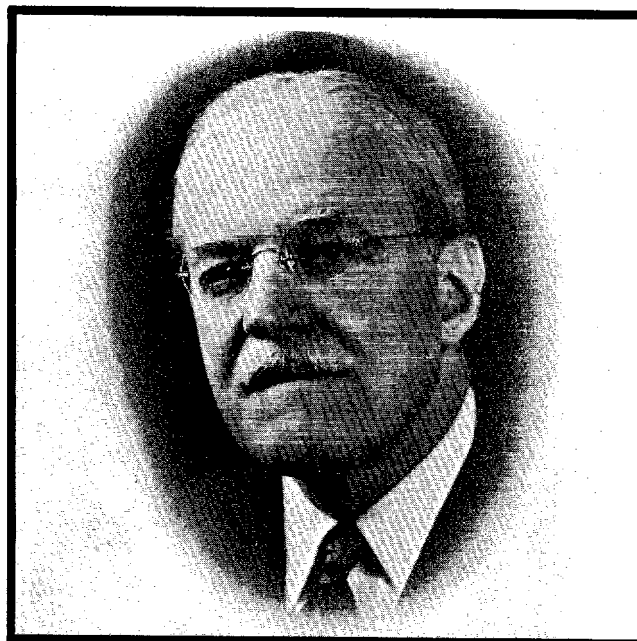


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— IN MEMORIAM —

Allen Welsh Dulles

1893—1969

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SERVICES FOR
The Honorable Allen Welsh Dulles
FEBRUARY 1, 1969

GEORGETOWN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
RUSSELL C. STROUP, D.D., *Minister*

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"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." The eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.

LET US PRAY:

Our Heavenly Father, in Thee is our refuge and strength, our ever present help in time of trouble. With calm assurance we come to Thee. In the silence of this hour speak to us of eternal things, that through the inspiration and comfort of the scripture we may have hope and be lifted above our darkness and distress into the light and peace of Thy presence, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen. [Lord's Prayer.]

Hear the words of the Old Testament written for our comfort and inspiration.

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord will preserve thee from all evil. He will preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forevermore.

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begot us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdom, men renowned for their power giving counsel by their understanding, leaders of the people by their counsels and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people. Wise and eloquent in their instructions . . . all these were honored in their generations and were the glory of their times. There be of them that have left a name behind them that their praises might be reported . . . and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore. The people shall tell of their wisdom and the congregation will show forth their praise.

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit and whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there. If I make

my bed in the grave behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea the darkness hideth not from Thee but the night shineth as the day. The darkness and light are both alike to Thee . . . Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

LET US PRAY:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, receive to Thyself Thy servant Allen. He fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith. In the noble tradition of his fathers he has served Thee, as he has served his country and free men everywhere, in war and peace, with singular wisdom, unfailing integrity, and dedicated devotion. Because he lived and labored our lives and liberty are more secure. For this, for him, our heartfelt thanks. May the work of his hands be established and the nation he loved be preserved. Raise up men of his stature to carry on his leadership in the uncertain years which lie before us. Grant to them and to us all, his character, his courage, his convictions and his great good humor. Comfort, in Thy great mercy, all who mourn for him: his wife, his children, his sisters and the many, many friends who knew and loved him. Grant us the assurance which nothing can shake that love is eternal and life is immortal. Give us a faith which will not falter however tried by mysteries we may not understand. Help us to know that behind all mysteries is Thy mercy and that nothing shall be able to separate us from those we love who ever live in Thy love through Christ our Lord. Amen.

TRIBUTE

We are here today to do honor to our friend, Allen Welsh Dulles. Only yesterday he walked our ways, all energy, enterprise and sage counsel, savored by wit and sparkling speech welling from the springs of his own spirit.

Since our initial shock we have had time to reflect on his life in all its amplitude. In all our grief we still may feel that the manner of his going suited the splendid whole of his life. There was for him no wasting decline, no helpless lingering on. His time had come and God was merciful. Allen Dulles went quickly to the world beyond, that unknown world for which I am sure, he was as prepared in faith and spirit as he was ever prepared for the life he lived among us.

He lived fully to the end. Just the other morning, his desk in the sunny workroom on Q Street still was covered with papers and books that had occupied him until he left for the hospital on Christmas Eve. The work of an Allen Dulles is never finished. Indeed we may take joy in believing that where he has gone there is also need for the good watchman he was and is.

For it is as a splendid watchman that many of us saw him, a familiar and trusted figure in clear outline on the American ramparts, seeing that the nation could not be surprised in its sleep or overcome in the night. In the middle of his arc of life, our world had grown small. The oceans which once guarded our continent had been compressed and telescoped by new technologies compelling Americans and their allies to look to new techniques in the craft of intelligence for timely warnings. It fell largely to Allen Dulles to perfect a new kind of protection, to further develop the Central Intelligence Agency, to inspire its people with conscience and meaning, along with the techniques and intellectual discipline that national security demands in our modern world.

But Allen Dulles was much more than a watchman. He was the least passive of humans, the most active and open of men. He stood in full view and was ever accountable in our good society. At home and in far places he pursued the truth which alone can set men free.

Let us understand each other: Allen Dulles' modesty would resist an eulogy. The thoughts of your minds and hearts are his finest tribute. We are here only to be reminded of the values that gave moral and political coherence to his life. He was a life-long Presbyterian, the son of a preacher and a Christian in the noble meaning of the word. He was educated in the classics and in the law; he grew up in a world that included a maternal grandfather who was Secretary of State under President Harrison, an uncle who was Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson, and an older brother who was Secretary of State under President Eisenhower, and a sister who worked in the Department of State under four Presidents. He was thus bred to a patriotic tradition based on moral law; a civilized man in the Jeffersonian tradition. With all this there was something more. A foreigner put it perceptively, after an evening at the house on Q Street. "I am not altogether a stranger to the English language," the visitor remarked, "but it was not until I met with Allen and Clover Dulles in their house tonight that I have finally understood the meaning of your word 'patrician'." So he, with Clover, was marked with grace, the grace of humbleness and civility.

For a certain time of our lives, the Cold War has frightened us all. Allen Dulles alerted us to our danger and brought forward the facts that we cannot ignore. We cannot pretend that the danger is over and done with. The furious rhetoric of our times, allied with a prevailing cynicism, has made many among us lose sight of the issues that really matter.

With Allen Dulles, what counted always were the central elements of the liberal tradition—liberty under law, conscience, the sovereignty of principle, the ideal of self-government, the creation and protection of democratic institutions—in short the preservation of human values.

Allen Dulles began his public life as a Wilsonian Liberal. To the end he believed with Wilson that Americans were "destined to set a responsible example to all the world of what free government is and can do." He lived by this belief and he, himself, never bent to compromise.

Allen Dulles' faith, public philosophy, and life itself, were all of a piece. This being so, he could move from the law to diplomacy, and on to intelligence, from private life to public life and back again, in a manner devoid of conflict. Men everywhere knew where Allen Dulles stood. This is what has made his many colleagues a band of brothers. His associates have shared with him a faith that Americans must persevere in pursuit of universal human ideals: the conviction that the striving cannot be safely ended until all men are free. When he made his formal farewell some seven years ago, having dwelt on the challenges ahead, he said to his colleagues, "You can count on me, I shall always be with you."

Perhaps we can now find it in ourselves to say that we shall always be with him: to say that for us, as for him, patriotism sets no bounds on the wider pursuit of truth and the defense of freedom and liberty. His love of the American land went beyond the temporal and the political. He loved the look of the land, its inner meaning and mystery. At the last, the man who gave so much strength to others needed support for himself. Clover had that strength and she gave it freely. It was a lovely thing to see.

What can you and I give to such precious people? Perhaps only what Walt Whitman, in his famous song of elegy, wanted his countrymen to give to another great American:

*"For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—
And this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim."*

NEW TESTAMENT LESSONS

Rejoice in the Lord, always, and again I say rejoice. Be anxious for nothing but in everything with prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your request be made known unto God and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus, our Lord.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, pure, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise,

think on these things. Those things which you have both learned and received and heard and seen in (him) do and the God of Peace shall be with you.

And He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it and on either side was there the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there was no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it and His servants shall serve Him and they shall see His face and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle neither light of the sun for the Lord God giveth them light and they shall reign forever and ever. Amen. Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.

LET US PRAY:

Remember Thy servant, Allen, O Lord according to the favor which Thou bearest unto Thy people and grant that, increasing in knowledge and love of Thee, he may go from strength to strength in the life of perfect service in Thy Heavenly Kingdom through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

O Lord support us all the day long until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done, then in Thy mercy grant us safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

HYMN No. 111 — O GOD, OUR HELP, IN AGES PAST

And now may the Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and grant you that peace which the world cannot give nor take away. Amen.