

IN MEMORIAM



EDUARDO CHIVAMBO MONDLANE

1920 - 1969

PRESIDENT, MOZAMBIQUE LIBERATION FRONT

PRESIDENTE, FRENTE DE LIBERTACAO DE MOCAMBIQUE

RAISI, FRELIMO

ORDER OF SERVICE

At St. Francis House Chapel

1001 University Ave., Madison

March 15, 1969

1:00 PM

Dedicatory Music Notes:

Prelude

Piano Concerto No. 4, Second Movement

Ludwig von Beethoven

For anyone acquainted with the life of Beethoven, it is a well known fact that his life was beset by struggle from within and without. This movement seems to illustrate so fittingly the struggle of man's trials. It demonstrates conflict and this movement of the concerto seems to penetrate the very soul of turmoil. It is non-violent, often pleading in supplication. In dialogue fashion, dialogue between the strings and the piano, the movement opens with rough, angular phrases in unison; the soloist replies in quiet commentary, in smooth adulation. At first the strings, which can be likened to the conflict of universal struggle of man, are commanding and dictatorial, with the piano, which can be likened to A MAN, becoming ever more winning and the outbursts of the orchestra correspondingly less fierce. The struggle between the two forces continues and the movement ends in peace—its resolution of struggle not clearly defined.

Symphony No. 2 in C Minor, "The Resurrection Symphony,"

movements four and five.

by Gustav Mahler

Mahler's music was often rejected in his own time, but he was confident of eventual recognition. "One need not be present when one becomes immoral...my time will yet come," he once wrote jokingly to a friend after some bad reviews.

Contrasted to the rejection of Mahler's music in his own time and during the period between the two world wars, this poses a question:

what has turned the tide? Perhaps his own statement helps answer the question, "People do not yet understand my language."

Sometimes creative artists seem to have a gift of prophecy that makes them outcasts in their own time, for though he lived in a relatively "easy" period, Mahler seems to have sensed in the early years of our century the imminent upheaval in our civilization.

To Mahler, music has a spiritual quest for the inexpressible. "If I can shape an inner experience in words, I certainly could not write music about it... My need to express myself musically and symphonically starts only where the dark emotions begin, at the door leading to the 'other world,' the world in which things are not separated by time and place. A symphony is like the world. It must embrace everything..." This symphony is nothing less than a complete theology transmuted into musical terms. It speaks of the human condition—of man's ultimate redemption by being acceptable to God. This is religious music in the highest sense, even though the musical forms and the literary texts used are secular.

The first movement (which we will not hear today), in Mahler's own words, contains "the gigantic struggle of a colossal man with life and destiny, to which he succumbs again and again, and in his death..." The implied question is: Why has he lived and died? Is all life only a great, terrible mockery? The composer gives the answer in the last movement.

In the fourth movement, "Urlicht" ("Primal Light"), the symphony concerns itself no more with one individual but with the total human condition. In a hushed mood of almost ecstatic reverence, the also voice intones a mystic poem from the German folk poetry collection, Des Knaben Wunderhorn:

O Röschen roth!	O rosebud red!
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Noth!	Man lies in greatest need:
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein!	Man lies in greatest woe!
Lieber möcht' ich in Himmel sein.	If only I could to heaven go.
Da kam ich auf einem breiten Weg;	Then came I upon a broad road;
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt' mich	There came an angel, and he
abweisen;	would bar my way;
Ach nein! Ich liess mich nicht	Ah no, I would not be turned
abweisen.	back,
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder	I am of God and shall return
zu Gott!	to God!
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein	Beloved God a little light will
Lichtchen geben,	lend me,
Wird leuchten mir bis in das ewig	And onward to eternal blessed
selig Leben!	life will send me!

In transfigured tranquility, the soaring melody speaks of the passionate quest and faith of the God-seeker.

This is abruptly followed by a shattering transition to the tumultuous fifth movement which the composer describes in a letter dated 1896:

"It starts with the cry of the dying, and now comes the solution of the terrible problem of life, at first as faith and church shaped it in the beyond. A trembling moves over the earth. Listen to the roll of the drums and your hair will stand on end! The Great Summons sounds. The graves open and all creatures emerge from the soil, shrieking and chattering teeth. Now they all come a marching: beggars and wealthy men, common people and kings, the church militant, the popes. With all of them the same dread, shouting and quivering with fear, because none is just before God. Between it again and again—as if from the other world—from beyond—the Great Summons. Finally, after all had cried out in the worst turmoil, only the long-lasting voice of the death-bird from the last grave. It also becomes silent at last.

The prevailing mood is indeed one of chaos, despair and inexpressible anguish. Yet, at the moment of deepest abjection, a mystic transformation takes place. Hushed, like an intimation from another

world, the chorus softly enters the silence after the death-bird's plaintive song has died away:

Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n wirst du, mein Staub, nach kurzer Ruh!
 Unsterblich Leben! Unsterblich Leben wird Der dich rief, dir geben.
 Wieder aufzublüh'n wirst du gesät!
 Der Herr der Ernte geht
 Und sammelt Garben
 Uns ein, die starben!

The words are from "Resurrection" by the 18th-century German poet, Klopstock. But to the original text Mahler adds the following words of his own, sung by the chorus and the soprano and alto soloists:

O glaube, mein Herz, O glaube: es geht dir nichts verloren!
 Dein ist, dein, ja dein, was du geseht!
 Dein, was du geliebt, was du gestritten!
 O glaube: du wardst nicht umsonst geboren!
 Hast nicht umsonst gelebt, gelitten!
 Was entstanden ist, das muss vergehen!
 Was vergangen, aufersteh'n!
 Hör' auf zu beben!
 Bereite dich zu leben!
 O Schmerz! Du Alldurchdringer!
 Dir bin ich entrungen!
 O Tod! Du Allbezwinger!
 Nun bist du bezwungen!
 Mit Flügeln die ich mir errungen,
 In Liebestreben werd' ich entschweben
 Zum Licht zu dem kein Aug' gedrungen!
 Sterben werd' ich um zu leben"
 Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n wirst du, mein Herz, in einem Nu!
 Was du geschlagen
 Zu Gott wird es dich tragen!

You will rise again, yes rise, my dust, after a short rest!
Immortal life will He who called then grant;
The seed that you have sown will bloom again!
The Lord of harvests goes forth
To bind the sheaves
Of those who died!

Believe, my heart, believe: you have lost nothing!
Everything you longed for is yours, yes yours!
Everything you loved, for which you struggled!
Believe: You were not born in vain!
You have not lived and suffered in vain!
What has been must pass!
What has gone will rise again!
Stop trembling!
Prepare to live"
O pain, all-penetrating one,
I have escaped you!
O death, all-conquering one,
Now you are conquered!
With wings I have won for myself
In fervent love I shall soar
To the Light no eye has seen!
I shall die to live!
You will rise again, yes rise, my heart, in a moment,
And be borne up,
Through struggle, to God!

In a final hymnlike melody of grandeur, with organ and deep bells augmenting chorus and orchestra in a veritable sunburst of sonority, the music strides up, reaching for the heavens in a sublime vision of the eventual salvation of mankind.

The above comments on Mahler are, in part, those of Herbert Reid.

Response (please remain seated)

- Leader: Kyrie Eleison (Lord have Mercy on us)
- Guests: Kyrie Eleison
- Leader: Christe Eleison (Christ have Mercy on us)
- Guests: Christe Eleison
- Leader: Kyrie Eleison
- Guests: Kyrie Eleison

Pastoral Prayer (composed in 1962)

Excerpts from Janet Mondlane's letters

"People by Jule Styne, Bob Merrill.

"You'll Never Walk Alone, " by Lerner-Loewe

(These two songs are dedicated to their marriage, their "teamwork, " and to Janet, the widow.)

Last letter from Dr. Eduardo Mondlane,
to the Whitakers, December 1968

"Stout-Hearted Men, " by Sigmund Romberg

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Father Lloyd, Chaplain of
St. Frances House, S. T. M.

.....

Rev. Roger Knight, Minister of United
Church of Christ, Congregational

.....

read by her sister, Delores Whitaker

.....

sung by Ilona Kombrink,
Arthur Becknell, pianist,
sung by David Astor,
John Wright Harvey, organist

.....

read by his sister-in-law, Delores Whitaker

.....

sung by David Astor
John Wright Harvey, organist

Excerpt from Come Sweet Death: "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"
written by Dr. D. D. Napier, Dean of the Chapel,
Stanford University

"I Know that my Redeemer Liveth,"
"The Trumpet Shall Sound," from The Messiah, by G. F. Handel

"The Lord's Prayer," Mallotte

Those who wish as individuals or as groups to participate in a newly
formed Fund From Americans for the Education of Mozambican
Students, " please contact Delores Whitaker, 5821 Dorsett Drive,
Madison, Wisconsin 53711 (233-6464).

Conversation and get-acquainted session will be held in St. Francis
lounge immediately after the services. We welcome all!

For those who would like to join in a Dutch-treat dinner following the
get-acquainted period, we can meet at the University of Wisconsin
Union, on Park Street by the Lake, in the cafeteria—between 4:00 -
6:00. A room is reserved for our privacy.

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read by Rev. Wandile Kusi

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taped Dec. 20, 1964, by Madison
Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Ilona
Kombrink, soprano; Raymond Michalski,
bass; Donald Whitaker, trumpet.
sung by Dale Gilbert,
John Wright Harvey, Organist

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The Whitaker and Johnson families thank so many, many people for their time and energy in facilitating and making possible this Memorial Service. Our thanks go to Father Lloyd who offered use of St. Francis Chapel; Robert Armstrong of the N. U. Press who assumed the responsibility of inviting friends unknown to us; other relatives who helped with invitations; Wisconsin State Journal and Capital Times for newspaper invitation; those whose musical talents inspired you today; and so many others who in all sincerity have wanted to help. Thank you

February 20, 1969

Dear Pete, Don, Cindy, Sandy,

Surely you will want to have this moment of Eduardo's funeral here in Down Salaam. There has not been a single moment when those of us who admired him have found any cause of regret for the life he led. We were so proud to accompany him in his life. All of us here will continue the work which he did so brilliantly, with devotion and love.

As for me, Eduardo lives forever. What we have can never be lost just because one of us dies. We lived within each other and absolutely nothing, certainly not death, can pull us apart. I shall stay here to live and work with the Mozambican people who are my closest friends.

The children are well and strong. Of course they are sad, but their faith in the life of their father has stood them in good stead and Eduardo walks beside them still, with the shining eyes of love for them that will remain with them.

All my love,

James

FUNERAL SERVICE FOR DR. EDUARDO C. MONDLANE

at Azania Front Lutheran Church,
Dar es Salaam
on Thursday, 6th February 1969 at 3:30 p.m.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," Jesus told his disciples. Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane was a man with this love. One may protest, he did not lay down his life, it was taken from him by a foul, cruel and dastardly deed, and this, of course, is true. But the deed could not have happened, had not this brave man, by his own free act, offered his life for the sake of his people, and, in a larger sense, for the sake of the redemption of the soul of mankind from the degrading slavery of the patterns of the past. He had all the qualifications to have been a great professor and scholar. He had position, security and salary enough to maintain his family comfortably. He had the ready made rationalizations at hand "I can do more for my people by presenting their case from a position of recognized academic achievement than by descending to the hurly-burly of revolutionary action." But he chose to heed the call of his people to lead a united Mozambique Liberation Movement. He made himself the lightning-rod to draw the wrath of the Portuguese usurpers of his homeland, and lived bravely and courageously in the shadow of death and danger. He knew the peril in which he walked, he knew the subtle lies and propaganda insinuated to disrupt his movement and to make enemies of those who should have been his friends, he knew that any day might be his last - but he gave himself to the cause in which he believed. He laid down his life - as a life, to be lived fully, openly, courageously, dedicated to the truth that man was made for dignity and self-determination - and in laying down this life to be lived, he laid it open also to the possibility of death. He laid down his life for his friends. Greater love hath no man than this.

I had thought to spend some moments today outlining his life, especially those parts of it before his days in our midst here, but David Martin in yesterday's "Standard" told the story as well or better than I could do. It is a glorious and inspiring story, one that will inspire other sons of Africa for decades to come.

Now, suddenly, with the story not yet over, with victory not yet won, he is gone. The strength, the joy, the zest for truth, the faith in the triumph of right he imparted to the struggle are with us only in memory. His wife, who made his cause her own and followed him far from the land of her birth to give all her talents to the service of the cause, is left cruelly bereaved. His children, the son who, though not yet 12, spent his Christmas holidays in his first military training to prepare to help free the homeland he has known on only one brief visit, and the two daughters who have inherited their father's zest for life and joy in living, are left fatherless. Bereaved, and fatherless, but not forsaken, for the gifts he gave them are planted forever in their hearts, and will be a tower of strength to them always.

To his comrades in arms in his own movement and those that share the struggle in Angola, Guinea-Bissau, Zimbabwe, Namibia, and South Africa, remains the task to take up the banner he has so willingly dropped. In the heat of the struggle you will see again his strong face and his clenched fist and hear his cry "Viva FRELIMO. Viva Mozambique. Independencia ou morte," and it will give you strength to go on. Your enemies think this act will divide you. It must strengthen you instead. To him, as to the comrades with whom we soon will lay his body to rest, and those in simple graves in the soil of their homeland, death came before liberty, though in one sense a man is truly free once he gives himself to the cause of freedom. But one day, because of these men, all men of Mozambique will know freedom, and for this we work and pray.

But great and important as the vision of a free Mozambique is, that was not the limit of Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane's dream. I said before that he was a son of Africa and the hope of an Africa united, enlightened, and free was his also. Had freedom come to Mozambique as early as it did elsewhere in Africa,

or had this brutal tragedy not taken him till victory was won, I am convinced that he would have stood a worthy brother to his neighbours and friends, Presidents Nyerere and Kaunda, as one of the outstanding philosopher-statesmen of our age.

Yet even this was not the limit of his vision. He was truly a citizen of the world. He transcended the barrier that divide men in our age, understanding and caring for the peoples of east and west, while hating injustice wherever it occurred. Men of such vision are peculiarly vulnerable in our time. Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy, Che Guevara, and now Eduardo Mondlane. But the American poet prophet, Carl Sandburg, once wrote:

"The strong men keep coming on.
 They go down shot, hanged, sick, broken.
 They live on fighting, singing, lucky as plungers.
 The strong mothers pulling them on ...
 The strong mothers pulling them from a dark sea,
 a great prairie, a long mountain.
 Call hallelujah, call amen, call deep thanks,
 The strong men keep coming on.

From somewhere, the strong men will keep coming on - for Mozambique, for Africa, and the world. We do not underestimate our loss, but we need not let it plunge us into despair.

Finally, behind all this was another, and still wider, view - a view he did not often have occasion to articulate, but which was at the root of the radiant life we knew - that this fallen world we know, in which deeds like this can happen, was ultimately in the hands of a just and loving God. For him, this conviction came to him by way of the Christian faith, and he frequently was called on to speak to great gatherings of the Christian Church. Because of the second great FRELIMO Congress, held in the homeland last July, he had to decline an invitation to address the World Council of Churches in Uppsala which was meeting at the same time. He knew that this conviction would come to men of many faiths, Muslim, Hindu, Jewish, Buddhist, but for him it came through Christianity, as revealed in Jesus, the revolutionary carpenter of Nazareth, whom Christians call the Christ, who chose these words from the Jewish scripture to characterize his work: "To preach good news to the poor, proclaim release to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty those who are oppressed." This strange yet compelling man, who called himself the Son of Man, and whom Christians call the Son of God, once said: "The kingdom of God comes by violence, and violent men take it by force." I do not wish to enter here into the long debates that have surrounded this passage, except to say that there have been many who, like Dr. Mondlane, filled with a burning love for the oppressed whom Jesus loved, and seeing justice long delayed and the cruel yoke harsh on the people, have been willing, against their natures, to become violent men, and to seek to seize the kingdom by force, trusting in a gracious God to rework the deeds they saw as necessary, into a larger pattern of justice and right. His was a faith inspired by love, inspired by truth, inspired by justice, inspired by one who, speaking of the false peace that acquiesces in injustice so commonly advocated by comfortable men today, said: "I have come not to bring peace but the sword." But beyond the sword was always the vision of the higher goals, of justice, righteousness, truth and love, and violence was but a regrettable but necessary means to these higher goals.

President Nyerere has rightly said: "There is not the slightest necessity for people to study metaphysics and decide whether there is one God, or many Gods, or no God, before they can be socialist. It is not necessary to decide if there is an after-life, or what kind, before you can be socialist. These questions are important to man, but irrelevant to socialism." Eduardo Mondlane shared this position, and so was able to work whole-heartedly with men of many faiths and philosophies and world views toward a common goal. He did not wish to let his faith impede the work. I mention it here because to be silent about it

would be to falsify the whole picture of his life, and because we are met to commit his spirit again to the God who made him and gave him to us. That he had this faith may be a help to others who feel some inadequacy of incompleteness in their revolutionary commitment, but we all together, whatever our faith or world view, can but give thanks to "whatever gods there be" for this life, and leave this room committed afresh to carry forward with our lives that for which he was called to give his. Praise be to God, who gives the victory, even the victory over death.

Edward A. Hawley