

of a member is conducted in the church. The body, however, remains in the home. The service is the regular church service with the lesson drawn from the life and death of the departed Brother or Sister. After the service the entire congregation, including the children, are permitted to go to the home to view the remains. Then the plain casket is placed in a light open wagon and the little procession proceeds on foot down the flower-bordered street to the cemetery. At the side of the wagon or behind it are the pall-bearers, the family of the deceased, and the relatives, who are followed by the Elders, the school children accompanied by their teacher, and the members of the Community. There is no service at the grave save a hymn and a silent prayer offered by the entire congregation with bowed heads as the body is lowered into the earth.

There is no outward mourning for the dead. Indeed, the faith of the Community teaches that death is but "the blessed release of the spirit" from the pain and suffering, the sorrow and trouble which is the lot of man during his "pilgrimage on earth". The unencumbered spirit passes beyond into "a blissful eternity" where other souls will join it as they in turn are "freed of their burdens".

BROTHERS ALL

Amana's simple doctrine of "Brothers all as God's children" is maintained even in death. In the cemetery there are no family lots, no monuments.

The departed members of each village are buried side by side in the order of their death in rows of military precision, regardless of birth, family, or spiritual rank. The graves are marked by a low stone or white painted head-board with only the name and date of death on the side facing the grave.

“Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity”, quoted Gruber to his little congregation two centuries ago. Eloquenty the simple, silent, clover-scented Amana cemetery with its incense-breathing hedge of cedar speaks of the many sacrifices of personal ambition, of material prosperity, and of individual pleasures dear to the human heart made and suffered by those who have endeavored to “remain true”, to “believe faithfully”, and to live together in unity. In the center of that quiet solemn place the men whose wealth made possible the establishment of the new home in the West sleep beside their Brothers who had naught to give to the Community save the labor of their hands. And beyond, resting beside the least among them, lies the great-hearted Christian Metz, whose head-stone reads simply: CHRISTIAN METZ 24 JULI 1867. The rest — the loving tribute of his followers — is graven upon the heart of every member of the Community.

Two generations have passed since that gifted Brother was “recalled from the field of his endeavor”. One by one the “still living witnesses” have joined the silent Brotherhood in the cedar-bordered

lot, and a newer generation with less of the austere spirit and more of the ways of the world have quietly accepted the call to service. The casual visitor notes the changes and asks: "What of Amana in the future?" Were Amana simply an experiment in communism one might venture an opinion as to its permanency. But the *real* Amana, in spite of modifications in the distinctive life which characterized the Community in an earlier day, is still Amana the Church — Amana the Community of True Inspiration.

The Community to-day is a living history of all of the work and character and ideals that have been associated with it in the past; and when we look into the faces of the splendid young men and women to whom it has been handed on as a precious inheritance, when we hear the chant of the "primer class" as it floats out of the vine-covered school window, we know that in spite of external modifications and adjustments, in spite of the occasional "emblem of vanity" and "worldly amusement", in spite of the inevitable "black sheep" in the fold, much of the beautiful spirit of "the old defenders of the faith" still pervades the Community. The history of mankind teaches that "religion often makes practicable that which were else impossible, and divine love triumphs when human science is baffled."

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