Having had the experience of meeting my young architect on an airplane, I continued for several weeks under its spell. I found, in fact, that my clairvoyant friend's observations about the church, delivered so casually and almost naively, grew in importance to me until they nearly became an obsession.

It was during this period, when my mind could turn to little else but would automatically revert to our discussion of futuristics, that I had a strange and wonderful dream.

In the dream, I found myself transported to a seminary campus several decades hence, visiting with the future ministers and teachers of the church my architect friend had envisioned.

As in most dreams, what is reasonable and what in fact exists stood in no opposition to each other. Nor shall I, in relating what I can remember of the content of that dream, be at any pains to separate them. I shall simply report, as adequately and accurately as I am able, what I saw and heard on that unusual campus.

I should say at the outset that my impressions of the campus itself are rather hazy. Although I saw many things in clear detail, items of panoramic magnitude were often less than precise. I distinctly recall, however, a constant sense of amazement at the aesthetic pleasure afforded by the general environment. There was a feeling of tranquillity everywhere, in the buildings as well as on the grounds, though not of idle tranquillity, for much seemed to be happening at all times.

I believe there was a very agreeable use of space in the buildings, so that I never experienced a feeling of either crowdedness or loneliness. Often I begin to remember green plants growing indoors, providing a sense of freshness and serenity, though when I try to focus on them in any particular setting I am unable to do so. The same elusiveness occurs when I attempt to recall the plush carpeting which I associate with the rooms and hallways. The moment I concentrate on it, I become unsure and wonder if the floors were not hardwood, brought to a beautiful, clear sheen, with occasional rugs of bold Danish or modern Persian design.

My guide through the extraordinary campus (I confess that even he came and went according to my mode of perception) was

Dr. Killinger is Professor of Preaching and Literature at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. He has performed consultant services for Army chaplains and is in demand as a speaker, writer, and conference facilitator.