how were their educational expenses defrayed? I remembered
the high proportion of students in my day who had to work at
some financially gainful employment in order to support them-
theselves and their families.

"Oh, they may work in our local parishes," I was told, "and
many in fact do. But not in any remunerative arrangement.
They are supported on a pro rata basis, according to the size of
their families and any other special needs, by the World Church
Seminary Fund. It isn't a grand salary, by any means. Like
military pay, it isn't enough to attract many persons not seri-
ously interested in the style of life. But it is adequate, is given
with no strings attached, and offers the freedom necessary for
anyone to become a better servant of the church.

"While here, a person's primary commitment is to life as a
student. Hence the student lives in common housing and re-
ceives a nominal allowance. Student families are even given
special training for they will be engaged in the same problems
and situations. Couples are expected to receive special marital
therapy, and children too are exposed to carefully designed
programs leading to fuller self-understanding and general
awareness. Everything conceivable is done to assure a fuller
life-style for those who will try to communicate such a style to
other persons. It is all seen as part of the mission of the church."

I heard these last statements of my host with a somewhat
troubled consciousness, for I had the feeling that the dream was
coming to an end. I think he said other things which I wish I
could recall, but the sense of interruption was predominant. It
was as if I had been tuned into one radio wavelength, and
another were beginning to gain the ascendancy over it.

With a desperate effort to hold on, I thanked my host for his
extraordinary kindness to me, and assured him of my genuine
pleasure in all that I had seen and heard. I did not hear what he
said in reply. His lips moved, I am certain, but at this point the
other wavelength took over completely.

I woke that morning to a day of remarkable luminosity,
though with a sense of some disappointment that what I had
witnessed had been only a dream. Later, after a light breakfast
and an animated report to my family of what I had dreamed, I
carried my heavy briefcase down the familiar old corridor of my
seminary. Somehow what had been familiar now seemed
strange to me. I thought of the video consoles and the happy,
enthusiastic seminarians at work in the pleasant rooms of my
nocturnal imaginings. Wistfully, I placed the briefcase by my
desk and began to review a lecture I was scheduled to give at
nine to a class of men and women who were counting the days
until they were out of seminary and more or less permanently