

1970



Baccalaureate
New London Community
Senior High School

Sunday, May 17, 1970
High School Auditorium
8:00 O'Clock P. M.

Baccalaureate

Processional	JILL EDWARDS JULAINÉ TOTEMEIER
Invocation	REV. GERALD M. ROSENBERGER United Methodist Church
Hymn	AUDIENCE "God of Our Fathers"
Scripture Reading	REV. GERALD M. ROSENBERGER
Prayer	REV. GERALD M. ROSENBERGER
Music	MOTET CHOIR "Unto Thee, O Lord"
Sermon	"THE MENACE OF UNREALITY" Acts 16: 1-14 Rev. James Edwards, First United Presbyterian Church
Hymn	AUDIENCE "Battle Hymn of The Republic"
Benediction	REV. GERALD M. ROSENBERGER
Recessional	JILL EDWARDS JULAINÉ TOTEMEIER



Class Flower

Daisy Pom Pom



Class Colors

Golden Bronze and Mahogany



Class Motto

"We live in the best of all possible worlds; we will make it better"



Honorary Junior Class Ushers DORANN SCHELLENGER
DONALD ANDERSON

In Charge of Programs at the Auditorium Doors:

Main Floor, Northeast Door Brenda Cole, Elaine Strawhacker
Main Floor, Northwest Door Rebecca James, Norman Krier
Second Floor, Northeast Door Jerry McKinnon
Second Floor, Northwest Door Robert Dameron

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God of Our Fathers

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy Throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide, and Stay,
Thy Word, our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

Refresh Thy people on their toil-some way;
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd;
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.