

EDITORIAL
ONLY
COPY

¶ finally have to invent words to point to the uniqueness and the
fantasticness of being alive in the 20 C. It seems to me these days that the times
you and I live in, by that I mean the 70's are an accumulation, ^{spread in the} ~~a dispersion of~~
series of events that transform human consciousness. The first of these events
as I look across at the whole of history seems to me, the first event that sticks
out above all the others, is the event that got done when a bunch of scrubby Israelites
got it said in history that the Lord our God is One...The Lord our God is One. That is
to say that the reality ^{that} to send you a hurricane and little babies is the One, is the
same; the Reality that sends you rain and plagues is One; that you have not to ^{do} deal
finally with many realities but with One Reality, that gives you life and takes it away
again, The Lord Our God is One. And Him alone do we serve. The second great event
occurred in and around the Jesus of Nazareth. Who standing in that position ^{said} says that
theres one Lord said that there's one Word that gives human life the possibility of
going on in the face of that One Lord. And that that Word had to do with the radical

total unconditional stande that this Life as it is is Good. Period. Not that some of
its good and some is not so good. Not ~~xxxx~~ ^{it} is good some of the time and other times its
not so good This life as its given is redeemed. This life is whole. This life is
good. Now it seems to me that the third event is even now happening within us. And that
is the dawning of the awareness that we live ing one world. We stand before One Lord.
We live out of One Word, We live in One World. That is to say that the destinies of the
peope of the earth is one...that there ~~is~~ not longer possible to sit in your end of the
boat and point out casually to your Indian colleague that his ~~end~~ end of the boat seems to
be sinking. Its no longer possible to to have a casual relationship to that. If his end
of the boat goes down the whole ~~boat~~ ^{ship} goes down. We live on the space ship earth. and
for centuries nations and cultures of people were sort of cradels ^{led} comfortably in isolation.
NOT any more..the six ^{great} inventions of humanness are just jammed up against one another in
such a way that the last camel driver, the last peasant in the Philippines knows that this
earth is one and that its peoples will make it or break it together. I call that ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{our} ~~our~~ ^{time}
dawning of consciousness. It's a given in our time.

And its ~~won't do~~. The Renaissance won't do. Or you could go back to that
off of Europe
funny little island, /the British Island, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and point to what those people did
across the face of the earth. And its a time like this but not as great. Go to Egypt
and look at the pyramids and see what kinds of ^a fantastic corporateness what kind of
fantastic body of people was created there that was like this. We'll see something
in the future far beyond the ~~fx~~ pyramids, I believe. That's the context and that's *really*
what we'll be dealing with these, this week end.

The way it comes is something like this. ^{In our} ~~our~~ time is dawning, a kind of
inescapable consciousness. In our time there is a yearning and a grasping after a
depth authenticity. In our time there is a kind of unprecedented human fulfillment.
And finally in our time there is becoming visible once again an awefull ~~league~~ league.
And that kind of code language that we used to talk about this inescapable consciousness
^a
is/Universal Benevolence. That's a *depts* authenticity *that we* we talk about as
profound integrity. And this human fulfillment is Endless felicity. Finally the
awefull ~~ed~~ League is nothing other than the religious life grasped afresh for our time.

Or if you wanted to put all this under a canopy, you would say to use the traditional language that all of this is talking about a love for God. We are people all of us who are alive in 1973 who have been loved by God rather fully and fantastically and what we're going to be dealing with these couples of days is what does it mean to blive out of love for God, what does it mean to respond? What does it mean to embody and to give oneself to these processes as they go on in human life. Or if you prefer more traditional poetry. this is talking about the merciful. Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy; that's universal benevolence. This is talking about blessed are the pure in heart for they shall, MyGod, SEE GOD! Blessed are the peacemakers, ~~for they~~ the problemless makers, for they shall be called Sons of God. Blessed are those who suffer persecution for the cause of right for the Kingdom of Heaven is there's. That's what we're talking about for the next couplex of days.

Let me read you some poetry ..it comes from a play called Antigone.

There had to be one man who said yes, Somebody had to agree to captain the ship she'd sprung a hundred leaks, she was loaded to the water line with ^cgrime ignorance, poverty the ~~what~~ wheel was swinging in the wind; the crew refused to work and were

looting the cargo; the officers were building a raft ready to slip overboard and desert the ship. The mast was splitting the wind was howling the sails were beginning to rip. Every man jack on board was about to drown and only because the only thing they thought of was their own skin ~~his~~ and their cheap little day to day traffic. Was that a time do you think for playing with words like yes and no...was that a time for a man to be ^{weighing} ~~playing~~ with pros and cons like wondering if he wasn't going to pay too dearly later one, if he wasn't going to lose his life ^{or} and family or his touch with other men. You grab the wheel! You right the ship in the face of a mountain of water; you shout an order and if one man refuses ^{to obey} you shoot straight into the mob. Into the mob I say the beast is as nameless as the waves that crashes down on your deck; as nameless as the ^{whipping} wind the thing that drops when you shoot may be someone who poured you a drink the night before; but it has no name; and you, braced at the wheel, you have no name either. Nothing has a name, except the ship and the storm. Its easy to say no, to say yes you have to sweat and roll up your sleeves and plunge both hands into life up to the elbows. It's easy to say no, even if to say no means death.

All you have to do is sit still and
wait; wait to go on living wait to be
killed. That is the coward's part.

Now, let me read some other poetry:

Think of him who submitted to such opposition
from
~~the~~/sinners that will help you not to lose
heart and grow faint. In your struggle
against sin you have not yet resisted
to the point of shedding your blood.
You have ^{not} forgotten the text of scripture
which addresses you as sons and appeals
to you in these words, "My son, do not
think lightly of the Lord's discipline
nor lose heart when he corrects you,
for the Lord disciplines those whom
he loves he lays the rod ~~the~~ on every
son ^{when} he acknowledges; you must endure it
as discipline; God is treating you as
sons; can anyone be a son and not be
disciplined by his father? If you
escape the discipline, it must also
ensure you must be bastards and no true
sons, discipline, no doubt is ^{never} pleasant
at the time ~~at~~ even seems painful. But
at the end it yields for those who have
been trained by it, a peaceful harvest
of an honest life.'

So ^{of} our time this morning first in a talk I'll

give then in a seminar on this first dimension of what it means to have love

for God and I'm going to talk about that in four main ~~areas~~ arenas:

Universal Benevolence is a process in ^{human} your life that begins when there's ^{an} external occurrence and includes a kind of internal happening in the midst of that external occurrence ^{from} which there are ^{attempts or} escape patterns but which finally leave a man with the existential demand, or the demand of his own existence. I don't know how you experience living these days; I find that my consciousness seems super charged as opposed to a few years ago; little things that happen seem to flood my consciousness. Not too long ago we were over in a little New England town called Agawon, in western Mass. We were over there talking to local churchman about coming to a weekend that had to do with the future of the church and: you have to understand that Agawon is a little New England town that looks like what is always on your Thanksgiving ~~bulletin~~; it has trees that turn in Autumn and so forth has little churches with the steeples; its every body's image of a little town in New England, which is a little town anywhere.

we were talking to people and someone made an aside like "We're not going to have a hallowe'en next year". That aroused my curiosity and so I asked why not and they said, the last two three years the number of razor blades found in the apples and the number of drugs found in the candy and the number of incidents of vandalism ^{had} it just got to the point where it was intolerable and that's why they were just going to have a party down at the school. Now that's an insignificant thing, who cares whether they have halloween or not. And yet my consciousness begin to throb I mean if primal is gone in Agawum, is there primal community anywhere? Its like it dawned on me for the first time: that people are not related responsibly to one another ^{at all} any more anywhere. That life is shoved up against life without glue just a press of body against body and ^{if} we have a little breathing space there seems to be less violence but only because there's more space.

My mind began to go/family covenant, what's going on there? When this happens, just everything seems to sink in on you. Phase 4, economics, the sinking dollar the collapse of the political institution comes in on you , the latest tragedy in

India, drought, comes into it because you can't keep it out, everything flows in that's the experience of Universal Benevolence it happens to lucid people it doesn't happen to unselfconscious people; or better put, your lucidity is no protection against this kind of happening. Once you get clear about life there's this subtle idolatry about life. Once you understand how life works, looks like life would be different Somehow I'm in charge because I understand it. ^{as yet} Then what happens to you is that life begins to move in on you and you stand there and watch fascinated you are helpless to stop it. It occurs to you that universal benevolence is a caving in of that ^{subtle} idolatry. Its a ~~ex~~ experience of not being in charge; its a rather crushing kind of experience. You know in cartoons and so forth they have this illustration where this crane is lifting its face up to some tenth floor of some bldg and the rope snaps or something and the crane falls down and almost lands on some guy walking along. You've all seen that ^{here} What happens ~~its~~ is that you're walking on the sidewalk and not the ~~roof~~ but the whole damn crane falls down on top of you whomp ...I mean the sky falls on you. ~~We need to~~

~~xxx~~ when you discover one of those little flaws like there's no halloween

in Agawan anymore or like ^{of youth} oen week I was talking to a youth whose got himself

a job making phone calls for a benefit circus and they gave him a page out of

the phone book and he was to call everybody on there. What rocked him was

that he discovered you could just count on a given page out of the phone

book you could depend that there'd be 15 or 20 people whose response would be

"Oh, I don't think we'd be interested. We don't go out much anymore". And

you dont want to ask anymore questions because these are people who are telling

you "My life is over, it's just a matter of time". Sometimes they're older people

sometimes they're not. As I say, I had a solution once...this kid reflected on

the phone to the next guy...how tragic that was and the response was

"call somebody else, who cares?" I CARE I CARE when the sun works across the

country you've got those people who are already there it's just a matter of time

it's like that crane just comes down just a phone call does it. I think of

Jesus when he heard about John the Baptist. that teaching had never struck me

before the way it does now when the word came to him that John the Baptist had been

beheaded he says he went off to pray and he set face toward Jerusalem. Infact some versions say, "His face was like flint." That's universal benevolence.

That was the ~~w~~external event that occasioned your decision to take your care and shove it into history. Now from that time forward you've got that crane on your back wherever you go or ~~wha~~whatever you do; it only takes those little blips or gliches to reveal to you that its there.

Now the interior side of that there's an experience of
of having your being flipped. It's like all of us have an internal establishment or a system of obligation. You've got your relationship to job, to your family to your wife to the church, relatives...All these relationships and youve spent all your time ^{servicing} ~~servicing~~ them and you write a letter every six months if that's ~~what's~~ ^{the relative} necessary to keep them in the web. Or maybe you put it off until Christmas time and do it with Christmas letters...and you've spent all your time servicing them...I experience it like bubble gum and baling wire you know, you parcel out your being...all these obligations...your'e there busin~~y~~

keeping them going and then something happens, something like a bullet, something says GET RID OF THAT HOUSE, YOU DONT NEED THAT HOUSE: you know: GET RID OF THAT CAR YOU DONT NEED THAT CAR. And you say, Why, why, I need that house, I need that car GO BUILD THE EARTH. The shocking thing about that is that you discover you want to go build the earth If so, ^{what} ~~if~~/you do is what any rational self-conscious person would do you try to build the earth and keep your house and car and family and the and the whole schmear. That's when this boring in begins to happen: it intensifies your maintenance activity; you become phrenetic trying to keep all these things going; at times you watch whole chunks blip off into oblivion. And sometimes you go to a council and your whole stomach is churning because your trying to protect a little ~~exe~~ sector over here for free time. And this boring begins to go on, boring in, boring in boring in, it doesn't stop....."YOU'RE FAMILY'S NOT A MISSIONAL FAMILY, ITS NOT GOING TO LAST FIVE YEARS...DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT:::YOUR LOCAL CHURCH IS NOT GOING TO CHANGE IF YOU DONT MAKE A RADICAL CHANGE ABOUT YOUR LIFEany, my god, it begins to zap in here ~~ex~~ and you experience internal ^{gizzard} ~~miser~~ as just going

schoooo ..in to....it's like ~~Job~~ huh, you have a perfect universe there

you have ~~children~~, cattle, sheep and a good wife and a fine family and cousins

respected
by the dozen and a ~~good~~ man and elder in the church I mean you have it perfect an

the only strang alien intrusion begins to tear you up...First word comes in that
a tower falls down on all your children; word comes in that a plague got all your
cattle, and your wife leaves and your good health turns to treacherous boils.

And its one by one by one of those relationships of obligation begins to shrivel

up and you discover what's been there all along but what you couldnt see because

of your internal relationships that there was only one relationship that matters,

~~HE~~ JUST ONE and thats your relationship to the Mystery that gives you life and

takes you out of being, that all that matters; thats the only relationship there

It's like Francis
is. ~~if I experience~~ ,,go oup and down the road he says if there's only

one thing I can't stand...that's lepers and the next thing you know you hear a

bell: a lepers bell, coming down the road and his companion said: ^{that's} ~~Th~~ no

problem, let's just take another road and Francis knew better he said every road

we go from here on out will be lepers, til I embrace that reality. And as you

remember he embraces that leper, kisses him on the lips and he turns into

Jesus Christ. Every time you deal with one of these relationships it turns

transparent to the Mystery, ^{It} is the occasion for you to love God to love that

which gives you your life and sustains you in being. And finally an unbelievable

possibility dawns on you and that is that after a lifetime of being motivated

by this for awhile and that for awhile and ~~being a~~ something else for awhile;

and after being motivated by this something ~~for awhile~~ and that something ~~for~~

~~awhile~~ ^{the other something} and it suddenly dawns on you that this one care, this one concern is

enough for your whole life...nothing else is this one thing is enough

to make your life more meaningful more filled more rich than anything. Oh,

but its risky to put all your eggs in one basket, what if it away.

total darkness. And yet you discover amazingly you love God, you

do care to build the earth. you experience yourself like a man in a blizzard

with the heater out and all he's got is this one flame that's all there is and

so you rip up furniture and throw it in there; ~~an~~ you rip the panneling off the wall and throw it in there, you rip out the fireplace and throw it in there, you rip the 2x4's off the wall and throw it in there...you stuff the whole house into that fire, only to keep it burning that's all you care about it to keep that fire burning...to build the earth, to serve mankind. And a man does wild things because it means that you never again have to collapse. I have found that/collapses are very intentional. For years n ^{my own experience of} now one of my structured times=for collapse was the family night and on Monday evening when my family wanted a husband and a father they got a collapse Not a husband and a father because I'd already decided that Monday night was my time for collapse...I've earned it..I mean I've been on my feet for six days now.

Sunday afternoon was one of those times. Well doggone you in

this happening in your interior is the midst of ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ you and me can live out of collapses anymore.

We don;t need them . It's possible to be a spirit man 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year...all you gotta do is be present to that flame ~~let~~ that ~~be~~ your concern. Now there are some escape patterns as you can well imagine there

are some attempts to escape but You finally cannot escape because you see you've

been mortally wounded and the kind of definance that's here is entirely here because

you have already lost. Nevertheless it is possible to be ^{zombified} ~~defiant~~. And there are

two kinds of zombis, one kind of zombi looks sort of like a porcupine just a ball of

spines and sharp pointed things...that's called a belligerant zombi and anyone that

comes near, ^{that zombi} your don't even have to touch, just come near that zombi...and zap he

throws out one of his darts. And you know that people a year or so ago had the

sweetest ^{just} disposition have become ~~the town's~~ meanest women and

kind of a objectless viciousness. You find people whose humor used to be kind of

delightful suddenly has barbs in it. You ^{decide} could study your own humor has barbs in it

and you can't figure out why. And the kind of zombie here, in order to protect himself

from any more of this kind of consciousness, he decides to alienate himself from the

OTHER period. If the other never touches my life I'll never have any more of this

consciousness. He doesn't know yet the malignant zombi who is all gone inside...he

thinks there's something inside left to protect.

The other zombi looks something like this all his ^{dark} ~~barbs~~ face him...that's the
benign zombi knows he's all gone inside but he decides that ^{his no} ~~his no~~ will take the
form of the refusing to go along with it...its something like, alright the Mystery's
got me I'm headed for the six foot hole but By God the Mystery's not going to get my
passion. That's mine and I'm going to keep that from the Lord of History. Even so
the benign ~~k~~ zombie has a kind of pleasant veneer ^{all the time} /he's a nice guy. but he's all
gone ~~ax~~ inside. And there's a kind of introspective paralysis that goes on here.
Its sort ~~f~~ of like the benign zombie is the guy that when he experiences this
crush on him there's a little voice in his head that says, what you need is some
time off by yourself. And any time you hear that you know that it comes from a
character with pointed ears and a tail. That's Satan himself. I mean your
very problem is that you can cut off from those who can bear the word of
possibility in your life...you listen to a voice that says you'd better get off
by yourself and put things back together and rest up a bit. Things will look
better tomorrow. NO, NO, NO THE ONLY possiblity you have in that situation is
corporateness, corporateness...more intense corporateness than you've ever

dreamed of you're drive to it. But that voice says...you need to get off by yourself
awhile and thnik about it. And finally both of these become a spiritual death.

Because they become set in a block of ice, frozen in inauthenticity or maybe they

become framed as a kind of speciman board so that generation after generation of

a human life that ~~xxxxxx~~ refused to be its be, of a human life that refused to

life the life that was given to ^{it} ~~xxxx~~ ^{they}. There/~~we~~ are I think of THEY SHOOT HORSES

DONT THEY, how many of you saw that movie, finally at the end of that the zombi

had somebody ~~xxxx~~ pull the trigger...its spiritual suicide finally. The order that

the Myster will not get my passtion. Now that doesn't get you out of the question

or the existential demand...the demand is to decide between life and death. Its

like in 1776 Geo Washington out in Valley Forge keeps sending out these dispatch *sent out 1776*

in there you know dispatch # 576, dispatch # 577 and finally a phone call coming

in which the janitor answers...and a voice says, ^{"Is} ~~xxxx~~ anybody there, does anybody care?

You know how many they finally got down to there at Valley Forge, thirteen! Thirteen

that winter in Valley Forge...oooooh it'd been easy to give up just imagine...what if

Geo Washington had decided that he didn't care anymore...if there wasn't anybody there at Continental Congress to answer the phone what in the world was he doing out there fighting a war...instead he ~~xx~~ decided to recruit...and you know the rest.

Its a question of life and death, take your pick. There's a twist on it because the situation is a little different...its like waking up one morning in an airplane and its a single airplane..your'e the only one in it; youre the pilot and you become aware that there's no landing gear on this airplane and you become aware that its bombs are bolted to its fuselage; you become aware that you have no parachute ; you become aware that you're over the ocean and looks like you don't have a lot of gas; you become aware when you try to move your feet to get a little more comfortable that they are spiked to the floor and it dawns on you , "I am a kami-ka-zee pilot". Now that's the situation in which you decide life or death...I mean your death is obvious; one way or another.. Talk about care structures means of grace; talk~~x~~ about enabling someone to follow through on a decision he'd made about his life...that's fantastic, isn't it. The option of life is to decide

to go through with it. To go through and die your death...that's the life

decision on behalf of all history, not just the Japanese people, on behalf of

all mankind.

O-10 on B- has Possided
Adventure
Illustration
1968 Chicago
never seen - all over the world
Jesus - garden
stay awake
second death
question

I tell you that the only life there is in our time is life to the globe. One of the fantastical

things happening ~~in~~ in our time is that there are people who are working in local communities and local churches who are there because they understand that it is not the most convenient

place to be not because they just happened by circumstances of history to find themselves

there but because who have decided that they are ^{Spelling} ~~comma~~ ^{cosi} pilots, they've decided that

that's where the globe needs them and as soon as the globe needs them somewhere else, they're

ready to go, now that's all life there is. That poetry I read at the beginning about that

ship, that's ^{coming} ~~come~~ true. How many of you saw The Poseidon Adventure? I think that's

curious that that got made at this moment in history. There's the boat going along just

fine everybody's ~~walking along~~ ^{actually} being responsible, just like walking along the sidewalk and

then all of a sudden this tidal wave comes ~~along~~ and the universe is turned upside down.

I mean the whole universe is turned upside down and there the people are in that ballroom

standing on the ceiling which ~~used to be~~ ^{is now} the floor and they've got a decision to make and one

guy's got a plan. His plan is to go up, basically, there are some ^{other} ~~other~~ elements in it. It

seemed like the surface was that way, as opposed to the bottom of the sea and they had a

piece of data that said that the steel of the hull was one inch thinner towards the stern.

Now sitting in the audience, I experienced that as being as ~~very~~ fairly flimsy escape plan, but

the choice was obvious; either sit down and wait for the end or decide for life even if

life is only going up as fast as possible,. The choice is simple--life or death and as you

know he had a hard time talking very ~~many~~ ^{many} of those people out of ^{just} sitting down and ~~just~~

waiting for the end.

I'll never forget the story one of my colleagues tells about 1968 on the West Side of Chicago. When the word went out around the country that the rioting was beginning, this guy got a phone call from his aunt and she said Bill you come home ~~fix~~ right away

He said [?] I can't do that he said, "I can't do ~~xxx~~ that. The fires that are beginning here are going to be burning all over the globe." And his Aunt who is about

70 ^{said} some, ~~my lord~~ ^{maybe it won't} "I know, but ~~what will~~ happen here in about a weeks time?" You see that's

just sitting down in the bottom of the boat and waiting for it to cave in or it's Jesus

at Gethsamene, & the decision is life or death and the life in that situation is to stay

awake, stay awake. He had the ~~disciples~~ ^{disciples} you know, ~~and~~, they got this big decision to make about

what ~~xxxx~~ we're going to do. He says you wait up and I'll be right back. He goes back
guys
a few minutes later * and they're sound asleep. He wakes them up and goes back. They say
he was sweating blood that night, comes back and they're asleep. You notice how sleepy
people are these days , it's like you can't keep your eyes open. That's the weatherman
at the station of Universal Benevolence. You can't bear to see what you see and you fall
asleep. But finally the ~~xxxx~~ decision is, there's your death. The lucid man knows that's
or
there, tht's it. The question is -- is it death ~~or~~ life tht I move toward or our Fathers
in the Faith called this the second death and they call this eteranl life. That's the
unavoidable question.