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time which consciousness is so searing one can almost not bear it, it's so painful. And it's a time in which man struggles to get images that will allow him to hold his consciousness in a way that he experiences that consciousness as meaningful, as making sense. We're going to engage ourselves in a four session course that's going to deal with that kind of a struggle. In our time together we're going to seek together to discover what the manifest meaning is in that kind of intensification of painful consciousness that what it means to be a 20th century human being.

Our four sessions that we're going to have together are going to deal with issues that are part of that kind of struggle. And the first that kind of thing/we're going to look at this morning is just the inescapability of consciousness, or what is that inescapable consciousness that is the consciousness of men at this moment in history. What is that consciousness that just is inescapable? And then we're going to look at the way in which one might

relate to that consciousness, or what is depth authenticity? What does depth authenticity as a human being look like when you relate to that inescapable consciousness? And then we're going to look at what that begins to act itself out as, or how it ~~begins to manifest~~ is that it manifests itself as human fulfillment. And then what it looks like when there are those in the world who decide to live out of their depth authenticity, and who experience in the midst of that human fulfillment. We're going to talk about the awe-full league of people who live that kind of life. Or to use other poetry that we might find helpful, that inescapable consciousness we're going to talk about as universal benevolence. Or that depth authenticity we're going to talk about as profound integrity. Or that human fulfillment we're going to talk about as endless felicity. And that awe-full league we'll talk about as the religious life. And all of this that we'll be looking at this morning, and this afternoon and this evening, and tomorrow morning, one might say that what we'll be looking at is the time of the great resurgence. Or it's become clear that you and I live in a time of great resurgence. ~~It's become clear~~

that you and I live in a time of great resurgence. It's become clear of the

kind of conversation ~~that you and I~~ we had a few moments ago at breakfast

and the kind of data that began to come out there of caring for the world that's

going on, the ~~the~~ kind of signs of care, the kind of signs of participation, the

way in which you and I experience the burden of the world just laid upon our

shoulders. All of that has to do with resurgence. But more than that there's

a kind of bubbling of the spirit that's taking place at this moment in history.

And it reminds you of other kinds of moments in history when there's been a kind

of breakloose, a bubbling forth of the spirit dimension of existence. The other

day I went to the store and was going through the checkout line and as I came to

the cash register I noticed that the girl who was working the check out. . .

cash register, was singing a song and that is a little unusual because I'm not

used to bumping into checkout girls singing songs in supermarkets. And I listened

a little carefully to what she was singing and I said, "Now what is that you're

singing?" And she says, "It's an old song that has to . . . that's about there

may not be a tomorrow." And I thought, my Lord, that's kind of strange she's

singing ^{this} a song ~~about~~ there may not be a tomorrow. I said, "Why are you singing

that kind. . . that song?" And she said, "Well, because it's true." There may

not be a tomorrow. And my mind got to whirling of those moments when consciousness

was just breaking loose, and people began to sing. And they say/^{that}there was a time

in which people. . . the spirt began to bubble and people began to sing on

streetcars, they began to sing as they went to work and came home from work in

the evening. And there have been great moments like that through_{out} human

history. And it seems that this moment is such a moment of great resurgence in

our time.

Or another way if you want to talk about all that we're

going to be talking about together in this time is to use something like the

traditional language of our ancient fathers when they talked about love for God.

What is making itself manifest, what is bubbling forth, ~~what~~ is happening in out

time is the manifestation of love for God. We want to talk about how it is that

you self consciously participate in that resurgence. How it is that you selfconsciously participate in that bubbling forth.in our time. Another sign of resurgence. . .or many signs of resurgence have to do with contemporary literature, and I want to share a piece of poetry from a play called Antigone which was written by a French playwright, Jean ~~Knif~~ Ahnoul, and this is a little bit of the dialogue in that play. "There had to be one man who said yes. Somebody had to agree to captain the ship. She had sprung a hundred leaks. She was loaded to the waterline with crime, ignorance, poverty. The wheel was swinging with 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 skins 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 ~~being~~ playing the pro's and con's wondering if he wasn't going to pay too dearly

latter on, if he wasn't going to lose his life, or his family, or his touch with other men? You grabbed 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 nameless as the wave that crashes down upon your deck is nameless as the whipping wind. The thing that drops when you shoot may be someone ^{who} ~~that~~ poured you a drink the night before, but it has no name. And you're braced at the wheel, ~~and~~ you have no name either. Nothing has a name except the ship and the storm. It is 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 is easy to say no even if saying 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."

And then to use a little poetry from, again our most ancient fathers. "My son, do not think lightly of the Lord's discipline, or lose heart when he corrects you. For the Lord disciplines those who he loves. He lays the rod on every son whom he acknowledges. You must endure it as discipline. God

is treating you as sons. Can anyone be a son who is not disciplined by his father. If you escape the disciplined by his father. If you escape the discipline in which all sons share, you must be bastards and not true son. Again we pay due respect to the earthly fathers that discipline us, should we not submit more readily to our spiritual Father and so attain eternal life. They disciplined us for this life according to their likes but He does so ~~that we~~ for our true welfare that we may share His holiness. Discipline, is no doubt is never pleasant, and at the seems time painful, but in the end yields to those who have been trained by it, a peaceful harvest of an honest life. We ~~go~~ began by talking about 20th century lucidity and when that 20th century lucidity, the bottom has been blown out of that, when 20th century lucidity has manifested itself in all of its' depths, it means that a man has come face to face with the reality that life is tragic, that life is just filled with sheer tragedy and yet in the midst of that when that lucidity is radical lucidity it's the lucidity that that very tragic life is the very givenness of his existence of his meaningful existence, that that there is meaning in life's existence givenness and

that what it means to be human is to live in the freedom of being able to ~~live~~ ~~live~~ live

that givenness and to expend oneself ⁱⁿ ~~as~~ ~~mean~~ meaningful ^v ~~location~~ as history demands

That doesn't necessarily ~~mean~~ mean simply a self-consciously religious person but

rather it has to do ^{with} those ~~ik~~ kinds of people who ~~h~~ have just experienced ^{tom} ~~ten~~ both of

lucidity and have struggled with what it means to be human in our time and it's to

those people that that kind of happening ^a happens that we're ~~tl~~king about, it's ~~liek~~

^{when} sooner or later, lucidity becomes intense a man begins to experience something that he

experiences as a weird kind of ~~sh~~ppening in his existence and ^{maybe} ~~trying~~ to get ahold of that

it would be helpful to rehearse to ourselves, back during the 60's you ~~remember~~, ^{you} ~~a~~ ^{hand I} ^{experience}

radical kind of new possibility breaking out all over the place, we experienced a

breaking out of new hopes~~m~~, new slogans, new movements, It was the time of the great

civil rights movement, it was the time of ^{great} new images like, the ^{new} great frontier, the ^{great} new

society, the war on poverty, there were images breaking loose everywhere of a new world

and there was the lucidity of radical new possibility both in the establishment and the

disestablishment, there were visions and hopes and dreams ^{throughout} ~~but~~ the 60's. But then

something began to ~~sh~~happen, they began to crumble. I think probalby the beginning for most people, and those of you who are ~~form~~ from a different nation ~~tan~~ than this one can still probably fill in your own illustrations herex, but for many people aroud the globe, I think the ~~assix~~assasination of Kennedy began to crumble that kind of a hope, that kind of a dream, and when the other Kennedy and Martin Luthr King was assassinated or when the urban world and all of its; hopes were rebuilding went up in flames and the reaction of city and scoiety to that, the kind of external collapse evertwhere across society on the heels of a catching a glimpse of radical possibility. Everything was coll~~apsing~~^s and one still experienced it and as we've entered the 70's that has just been intensified everywhere you look the s structures of society are collapsing ~~rapidly~~ radically, the energy crisis, a couple of years ago we never dreamed that we'd be facing the kind of energy crisis that we're facing so very soon, or obviously the impact of Watergate, and all that that's doing to the understanding of political structures and what's happened there in terms of collapse, or

how you take ~~the~~ movies, have just picked up on the whole shift and themex of the 70's of the collapse of society, Movies like Hospital which reminds me alot of Cook County Hospital

and an image there of radical collapse of social structures or a movie like ~~a~~ Save the

whole business kind
Tiger, radical collapse of the understanding of society, ~~for the~~ or The New Centurians,

radical collapse of what it means to be a policeman in our time, you could go on and on

about the external collapse that's ~~happening~~ happening, but that's not really the

happening that I want to talk about, what I want to talk about is the way that ~~happening~~

is mirrored in your life and my life and every lucid man's life in our time. In the

midst of that kind of external collapse, there is mirrored inside our being an internal

collapse that's taken place and that kind of internal collapse has come to us as rather

shockingly, just as the external one came rather shockingly in the face of radical

possibility, so it is that you and I have experienced something like we ~~ah~~ have ~~grasped~~

our lives as significant ^{or grasped our lives} as lives that have been allowed to live out of the Word, ~~that~~ to be

~~we~~ men of faith or to live authentic existence and maybe we spent a whole lifetime just

beginning to become a novice in that arena, and you begin to sense ~~that~~ that you're beginning

to get ahold on what it means to be a human being, you're ^{really} ~~just~~ beginning to be a man of

faith, and you begin to sense that there is ~~a~~ a little power in you, there is a little

possibility in you, you're getting ahold ^{of} ~~so~~ something that's really great and you're

experiencing a new kind of confidence and a new kind of surety about your own existence and

suddenly in the midst of that something happens you experience that kind of interior collapse

that is almost inexplicable for it's occasioned by the every day kind of mundane happening,

sooner or later that kind of happening happens to ~~xxx~~ every man with consciousness and it happens

in the most mundane kind of situation it may simple be nothing more than looking at the design

of the woodgrain on a table or it may be just noticing a few pieces of paper ~~f~~ blowing down

the street or it may be something a little more on the dramatic side like a death in thy family

or a truck runs over your child, or back to the more mundane. This past year I was teaching in

our Academy on the West Side, I had finished a lecture one day and walked down the stairs going

to the basement going toward the kitchen and I ~~was~~ was feeling pretty good because I had given

what I thought was a pretty ^{good} ~~good~~ lecture and I felt like the Academy was going pretty well

finally and that things were really looking good and as I came down the bottom of the stairs

and started to step off the stairs, a big rat, came across the ~~floor~~ floor in front of my foot

well, I stepped back and let the rat pass by and then went on, but something happened to me in

the m the midst of that. It was like, it wasn't just because it was a big ugly rat, but it was like that rat became for me in that moment a flaw in the universe.

It came to me in that moment as just a flaw.in the universe. My mind started

whirling. I was remended of the fact that we were on the West side of Chicago,

and that there were rats on the West Side of Chicago. And that reminded me of all

the inner cities in the world, and that reminded me of all the innocent suffering

in the world. And just in a flash from onemoment in which I was just on top of

the world, the nextmoment I was just literally crushed. I felt the whole weight of

the world bearing down and I could ~~hardly~~ just hardly stand it, because the burden

was just so great. It's like that kind of a happening, happening happens to you

and it's like the sky falls in on your head. Or it's like you experience the

whole world is just sort of set down upon your shoulders, and you had it just

weighting you down, crushing your existence. It's as though you experience a

100 ton crane that you know construction crane just dropped on your head when that

happens to you. The whole world just comes crashing down upon you. I suppose it's

sort of like this: When we were setting up for the summer, some of us were moving some desks, and about four or five people it takes to really get under one of those desks and a group of us had a hold of one and it got away from us and almost fell on one of our colleagues. And rather frightened me, probably not as much as it did him, but I got to whirling on an image of that. . . That this kind of experience is something like you've got a hold of a 5,000 ton safe, and that 5,000 ton safe you and four other guys have got it, that's a ton a piece, and you and all of a sudden those other four guys turn loose, and you've got that 5,000 ton safe, and you look down and there's a child underneath. It's that kind of experience. It's like you've got the world on your hands. You've got all the innocent suffering on your hands. You've got the destiny of mankind on your hands. You've got the crushing weight of overwhelming responsibility on your hands. It's that kind of happening. And you know in the midst of that what happens to you is that your whole way of grasping after your life is radically shifted.

You know what we do. We assume that our lucidity is that

which is going to somehow afford us some kind of protection. It's like I know the way life is. I know that life is tragic. And I can get up and make a great talk about the tragedy of existence. And somehow there is a very subtle illusion that begins to develop within me, that because I am a lucid man. . . because perhaps I am a religious man, huh?, because perhaps I am a dedicated man, because I am perhaps a missional man, that ~~so~~ somehow there is a little security in that. That I am a little bit protected from the way life is. And when this ~~like~~ kind of happening happens to you, when you experience this kind of event, interiorly, you collapse.

Well, what happens is you come up against your own fragility. You come up against the sheer arbitrariness of the mystery. You come up against the fact that you've got no more security with your lucidity. You understand the word, Huh? You're a great man of faith, but you've got no security in that, for the way life is is still the way life is for you. And your life is fragile. And in that kind of experience you begin to experience that creation and you are one. That you and all creation share that fragility, share the arbitrariness of the ~~my~~ activity of the mystery in

existence. And so in that there is care which has borne you.

And I say bearing you . . . It's like it's always been there, but it's given birth. Care happens to you.

I suppose you might talk about it like this, that you have a kind of interior montage in which you have images that hold together for you your lucidity. And those are images of lucidity which give you a sense of orderliness, that you know what life is about, that you have confidence in how you relate to life. And those images serve you well, to shore your life up.

But then what happens is, it's something like a kind of alien image intrudes upon that montage of interior images and comes like a kind of whirlwind and slices through your being, causing a radical kind of cleavage in your interior being.

It's like a tornado whirls through your being and all those images are thrown to the wind, and cannot get themselves back together again. It's a like all of your images. . .

It's sort of like a set of dominos. One image

comes in and it's an alien image, and it tips over all the other images inside

your consciousness. And when that happens to you what you experience it like is that all your relationships die. I mean they lose their meaning. Your relationship with your spouse dies, or your relationship with your kids dies, or with your colleagues dies. Or there comes a kind of, I'm not talking about a destructiveness between you, I'm talking about a kind of interior distance happens to you. A kind of death occurs in those deeply meaningful relationships that you have that are precious to you.. And it's ~~as~~ ^{that} as though everything/you've ever experienced as meaning is gone. And everything you've ever experienced as a way of understanding what life is all about is just gone and your memory seems to be filled with fog and you cannot even remember. And that's particularly true that when that happens to you there is such radical pain that occurs, such radical sense of suffering that happens to you that you cannot even remember a time that you were in joy. You cannot even remember a time when you experienced . . . that you were living in the word. You cannot even remember a time when you experienced that life was beautiful. You just experience that all of that's gone. And whatever gave you pleasure, whatever gave

enjoyment before is just gone. And your courage is all gone. All your strength is gone. In fact, all your strength seems to be being used constantly against you. It's like you know you're ~~lying/in~~ lying in bed and it isn't just that you don't have the strength to get up, it's like all your strength is being used to hold you down. It's like all of your courage is dried up, and all of your affections, and all your values, and all your relationships no matter how precious they are, are just crumbling inside. And you know that can happen and you still can put in a pretty good day. But it's like all that's going on inside in the midst of it. The emptiness inside that nothing can fill, no matter how many trips to the icebox, ~~that~~ nothing can fill that kind of emptiness. It's just there.

Now this alien image, now that's not just any old alien image that breaks in upon you in that kind of happening. It's not just any image that crumbles all your ^mimages. It's an image of the mystery of life itself. But it's not an image simply of the mystery of life itself, for you've bumped into that image before, that's a part of your interior montage. But it's

an image that comes to you as radically alien as an image of the presence of the mystery. The constant, ever, inescapable presence of the mystery. It's like

what you encounter is that there's no where ~~to go~~ that you can go to get away

from the awe. No way to ~~escape~~ the mystery anywhere. A song on the radio, you

~~listen~~ to a conversation at a coffee counter, you walk down the hall and you

look at a crack in the floor. Everything turns to awe, mystery is everywhere,

dread, fascination are impacting you at every moment and everything becomes ~~transparent~~

~~transparent~~ transparent to that kind of encounter. And boy when that happens you know you

say, well I going to get away from this and you go to bed and you get attacked by

the awe while you're in bed. It's just everywhere, every experience is an

encounter with the mystery. And so it comes to you like, I can't stand it. I mean

I cannot stand anymore awe.- I cannot stand anymore mystery. It burns me.

It consumes me. Nobody could possibly stand that much awe and that much mystery.

And so you try to structure in time every day to collapse. You've got to structure

try to
in time every day to/at least get some distance, get some reflection. And all the

time that you do that you're just assaulted, assaulted, assaulted by the mystery.

And what that finally comes to you as . . . it comes to you that all of creation

is transparent to the mystery. So that when you encounter your neighbor, you

encounter your neighbor in God. When you encounter God, you encounter God in

your neighbor. That that is one reality. That in the midst of life you are

encountering God in your neighbor and your neighbor in God. Men of the east

have a saying or a way of talking about the all in all, or the one in all.

And what that gets said is that you. . .when that kind of consciousness breaks

in, that kind of interior whirlwind occurs, you no longer have this relationship and this

relationship, and this relationship, and this relationship. What you have

is you have one relationship. Every relationship is finally a relationship with

the one. Every individual relationship melts away and in the midst of all

the particular encounters, you experience that as just a relationship with the

One, with the One. That is you experience the mystery. . .you experience the myster

of your own existence, of the existence of every man, of life itself, and there is

born in you^f in that encounter and in that relationship what you might call

universal benevolence. Or there is born in us a the radical caring for the world.

The radical crushing weight of civilization. The just the indicative the thereness

of our showedupness as responsible for life. And every relationship becomes

transparent to that responsibleness to life. And then what hits you, and this

is where that universal benevolence just rips you apart when you experience it is,

that you experience that it's always going to be^f that way. That there never is going

to be a time when you are going to not encounter the mystery in every experience

of life. That there's not going to be a time to come when you're going to be free

from encountering the mystery in every expereince ^fog life. And therefore, there's

not ever going to be a time to come when you're not going to experience just the

crushing 10,000 tons of earth and people and suffering just crushing you, crushing you,

crushing you. And it comes to you, I can't stand it. I cannot stand the weight. I

cannot stand the awareness, I cannot stand what it does to my physical body. I

cannot stand what it does to my nerves.

When I was in high school, I played a little football, and I remember one particular game that we played, there was a guard on our team that was usually pretty good. But this ~~particular~~ night he collapsed. It was one of our more important games, too, if I remember. And they had a big 200 pound full-back that started running over this guard of ours. And I was playing linebacker and so the first time he came through the line, I tackled him. Now I wasn't as big then as I am now, and when I hit him, I knew I'd hit something. Well the very next play they ran right over that same guard again and I tackled him. And eight times they ran the same play and they gained about five yards every play running right over that guard and every time I tackled him until my head hurt and my shoulders hurt and my back hurt and I could hardly get up off the ground. And the ninth time they ran right over that guard again and came through and when they did, I stepped back, and let it pass by. When it comes

to you I just can't take anymore, I just can't stand any more it's all it's all

that I can stand

You, in the midst of that however, have something strange shown to you, and that is . . . even in the midst of your collapse, you don't have to be your collapse. Even in the midst of having all your courage and faith ~~not~~ seem to melt completely out of existence, it is possible to put on courage and faith, to create the style. And boy when that hits you. . . that is. . . you see. . . that's. . . there. . . you've never had any better excuse ~~to~~ collapse in all your life. You never had a better excuse. I mean there never was a better time to collapse. And it hits you, and that excuse is just ripped away, and you see you don't ever have any excuse to collapse, even when you've collapsed inside. And boy that makes you angry. That's when you get angry. That's when it just rips you apart.

Some of you have read some of Herman Hesse and in his book Journey to the East he tells the story of a character named H.H., which probably has some relationship to his own name, but tells of a strange kind of journey he takes, and all through this journey to the east there's this servant

named Leo. And H. H. only discovers in the very end of the book that that servant is really the leader of that whole band that's on the journey, and that he is the

servant who's been caring for him on his journey, and that that man is the leader. And in the very last scene of that book, why H.H. sees two little figurines, and they're kind of like wax figurines, and one of them looks like

the other himself and ~~one of them~~ looks like Leo the servant who's the king. And what he

sees is, he sees H?H. melting away and he sees Leo becoming more and more. And he

sees very clearly that the time has come in his life when he no longer is to be

the one who's on the journey that somebody else takes care of. The time has come

for him to become the Leo, or the ~~time~~ time has come for him to become the one who

cares for somebody else's journey. The time has come for him to no longer

be preoccupied with his own spirit journey. The time has come for him to pick

up ~~the~~ ^{spirit} burden of every other man's/journey. And it's that kind of happening

that is the happening of universal benevolence. And when that happens, there's

no escape. ~~That~~ is there's no escaping the crushing weight. There's no escaping

the awe that's there. NO way.

And yet there are two ways I suppose you'd have to say of escaping, though maybe a better way to put it is all the ways you ever had of escaping anything before, don't work anymore. That all those doors have been closed to you. There has been some kind of fateful cleavage. There's been some kind of horrifying events open up behind you and there's no going back to the ways in which / you used to escape. What you see is that you have really only two kinds of escape, and I

think they're really one, and that is that you can become . . . well call them both a zombi. That you can become a malignant zombi or you can become a benign zombi. A malignant zombie, that is an angry man. That is a man who has turned outward in every direction in his anger, for he is a mortally wounded human being. He knows that he will never be the same again. That the care of the world and the awful marking of his being by the mystery itself has so happened to him that

there's no escape, except the escape to live the life of the angry man. You know, I've encountered colleagues lately who just say mean things all the time. And I

don't mean that they're addressing the Christ word to me. I mean they're just going around saying mean things all the time. There's a . . . it's easier to recognize in your neighbor isn't it, than yourself? But the other morning, I woke up, and I do have difficulty waking up in the morning, and so as I was really beginning to come to consciousness, all of a sudden I went into just a horrifying tirade at my wife. And I just began to fuss and complain and finally I just said to her I said Millie you may be a great spirit woman but you are sure a lousy wife." And , but you see, my anger had absolutely nothing to do with her, she just happened to be in the way at the moment. I mean it could have been anything, a chair or a table, or a coke machine that doesn't work, or whatever. That just whatever happens to get ~~it~~ in the way becomes the object, because your anger is objectless. Your anger is just, well it's finally just anger at life itself. And Anger that you've had dumped upon you that kind of consciousness

anger that you've been marked for life. And so you go through life just destroying this situation or that situation or some other situation, anything

that might get in your way. And what's happening is that your really trying to kill the mystery, your trying to kill the awe. Your trying to kill the crushing demand of the world and the weight of the suffering of mankind upon your shoulders. You're trying to kill all of that, and . . . but all you can shoot at is your wife or your kids or your colleagues, or the people in your church or

flip tape

let you know where you're wrong, and you just go through life that way. Or taking potshots at every situation at their neighbor. That's a kind of relatively self-conscious and sometimes I would say intensely self-conscious apostasy. This one, however is probably not the most dangerous of the two, because there's a subtlety here in the benign zombi. By that I mean that benign zombie is one who is turned in ~~on~~ upon himself. And ~~g~~ it's as though he withdraws into himself. In the initial stages I think the benign zombi starts out by pouting.

That every occasion beocmes an occassion to pout. Or every little thing that happens becomes an excuse not to pick up his life, or not to do some particular thing. There's a great line there in the movie Butterflies an Free where Goldie Hawn says to this blind ~~line~~ young man she's talking too, she says, "I would have gone to college at U.C.L.A., but I couldn't find a parking place."

Now that's begining at least to be a benign zombi. That anything can become just an excuse not to go on, not to continue, not to participate in life. There's a kind of oh an experience of which you withdraw into yourself and you say something like nothing is going to get to me anymore. Nothing is going to get to me. And you can create the air of kind of external obedience, in which you know, you go through the motions of obedience, but you never really give yourself to anything. I've found myself lately, you know, around here we do those things where you write commentaries stuff on scripture and ~~things~~ like that, I find I can write three whole pages and never give myself to an inch of it, never give my being to it. Or I can come up with an answer to some question that a colleague asks and never give myself to

that answer one bit. There's a kind of withdrawing into the self in which you don't give yourself to anything. You cut yourself from what's there. You do not risk finally. You do not want to bear, you do not dare ^{can} ~~bare~~, you do not think you can stand to bear the real suffering and humiliation of existence. And you know there are different levels of that I suppose, but what happens is you begin to notice those symptoms in yourself. You begin to notice that your beginning to turn into a zombi. That your beginning to. . . That the life is going out. . . That you've become the walking death. And you notice little signs of it here and there and when you do, look out. Because what ^{can} ~~could~~ happen is that you can get frozen in your zombihood. And that is what our fathers in the faith called ^{the} /second death. Or that is spiritual death. You can become just frozen in your ~~zombihood~~. That is there's no way out/ ^{finally.} There's no ~~return~~ return. I suppose you'd have to talk about that in terms of when you have the kind of consciousness that you have about your own care about ^{the} /the mystery of existence itself that impacts you in everything at every moment and you see that there's no way out of that save zombihood there

can be a very self-conscious attempt to choose death instead of life. And that takes a lot of forms I guess. One form is psychosis. I was just rocked in the spring quarter at the Academy at just how many people wanted to go crazy, and a few of them made it. And fortunately a few of them made it back in time. But it's something like what happens is that you ^{you know} ,/and the reason I know this is I've toyed with it myself, that you begin to see that there's no way out of this thing except maybe to go crazy. And then maybe that's a way out. But you look out cause you can get frozen, or you could get yourself in so deep that you can't get yourself out. No way. No way back finally. Or there's just literally suicide. There's just literal suicided. And at whatever case what you see is, you see the future, and what you see is that there's nothing in your future ^{except} but awe and dread and fascination and care and responsibility and crushing weight, pain, suffering. Care. And you think I cannot stand a life like that. I could not possibly live a life like that. And so you cut off your future. You kill your future. You refuse to have it, and commit spiritual death, maybe even physical

death. And sometimes you know you can trick yourself. There's self-deception that operates. And that self-deception tells you that you're really not in danger.

And it keeps shoring you up all the time that you're becoming frozen in zombihood.

Again, I remember that image in Journey to the East where one of their company left the journey and went home.all angry. And then he tried to find his way back. And he would go to a town, he'd just missed them. Go to another town he'd just missed them. And all his life he was looking for the way back to the journey and he never found his way back. I mean when you begin to sink into zombihood there is no assurance that you'll ever find your way back to life.

And that means that what you're up against is just an unavoidable kind of question and it's not an abstract question at all. It's not some kind of intellectual question. It's the kind of question that life in the midst of these radically intensified self-conscious moments asks you. And it's something like this: Will

you have life, or will you have death. And there is no third option. Not even the option of delay. For to delay is to choose death and not life. And the answer you give

is not some answer you give with your mouth. It's the answer that you give to that question with your concrete life. ~~If~~ In all your concrete relationships. This is the final kind of profundity of your existence. That you respond to that question as a local church pastor, huh?, as a Catholic sister. You respond to that question as so and so's wife and such and such a person's father. In just every givenness, ~~if~~ every concretion of your life, you answer the question, will you have life or will you have death. And all of history, you know, is at stake in your answer, because your being is marked. And you will be, you are, and you will be a sign for all mankind. And you'll either be a sign of life or a sign of death. And boy that takes concrete forms, you know. You'll be a sign of life as a religious order, or you'll be a sign of life as a teacher, or you'll be a sign of life as a business executive, or you'll be a sign of life as someone who works ~~on/a~~ in the production lines, or you'll be a sign of life or you won't be in all its concreteness. And what hits you is that there's absolutely no reason for choosing life instead of death. And there's absolutely no reason for choosing death instead of life. It's just

sheer raw decision. And it's the only decision you've got left. No other decisions are really there. Life ^{or} ~~and~~ death in the concreteness of your existence. Life or death.

Perhaps some of you have seen the Poseiden Adventure. Just shocked by how movies have picked up on this whole struggle of our times in a fantastic way. It's like, in that movie, you know, the ship is sailing along pretty good, Oh they've got a few problems, but sailing along pretty good having a great New Year's Eve party. And this tidal wave comes along. And it's nobody's fault the tidal wave comes along. There isn't anything anybody could do about the fact that the tidal wave comes along. The tidal wave just comes along and turns the ship upside down. And the passengers who survive that first impact have got there existence on their hands in a ship that's upside down and there's no way to go out through the deck because the top is down. And the escape possibility of going up and going through the propeller shaft isn't a very good one. It's a couple of inches thick or something, and inch thick or something, but it's the only chance at life.

And there were those who decided to sit there in the bottom of the boat turned upside down, and die. And then there was another scene where there was a group of people following somebody through the passageways and it was just clear every one of them was a zombi. They'd just chosen to die. And just a small band of people ~~had~~ decided to live, and there was one particular character, who, I think it's interesting they decided to use a clergyman for that role, a kind of wierd clergyman, and but he just kept demanding, kept insisting that life was important. No reason for it, just that it was. He just kept insisting that it was. That life was important. That it was worth going after, rather than sitting and waiting to die, or instead of taking some stupid futile turn. And though ~~their~~ chances were not great, there he was deciding to chose life. And in a rather dramatic final scene, he expends his life to break open the last possibility ^{for the} ~~of~~ release of six people from that boat. But in the midst of all of that you see, in the midst of just seeing that you've got that simple choice of life or death and there's no reason, what happens to you is you just ask What's life all about? What is life all about?

And thinking about it you know what life's all about. Life is all about mystery,
As you've encountered the mystery. And life is all about consciousness, oh you've
got consciousness and you know that ^{that's} what life's all about. And that life is
care. That it's the burden the weight of the world, constantly and everlastingly
and totally and radically and unconditionallly, on your shoulders. That that's life,
That's what it's all about. And when all that hits you, it hits you too that what
life is all about is happiness, peace, tranquility. That that life of mystery, and
consciousness and care, is a life of happiness, peace, tranquility. And so you
have to decide whether you a whether you chose death or whether you chose life.
And that's the question you're given.

A year ago, some of you may remember this, we were setting up
for the summer program and we'd been up late all night or so and something always
wierd happens to me just before the summer program starts. I'm sure there's something
going on there. But I climbed up on one of these chairs with rollers on it to hang
a piece of decor and kicked it out from under me and broke my arm. And it wasn't too

serious. It ~~wasn't~~ was just a sort of a hairline fracture, but I mean it was painful.

And that wasn't really so significant in itself, but yet something happened to me

in the midst of that. The pain of that fracture reverberated through my whole being

with the burden of just the pain of being human or being a creature. And I experienced

just
I think/all the pain in the world running through every vessel of my body. It was

a wierd thing, I don't know quite how to talk about it now, but boy I'll tell you this.

I started plotting ways to get out of this outfit. I don't know why ~~htat~~ was my

response, but I you know, I tried to figure out some way, some escape hatch, some

route. And what I was after was not getting out of this outfit. To hell with that.

But just what I was after was getting away from that consciousness, getting away

from that pain. And it was like when it hit me where would I go, where would I go

to get away from the pain of consciousness. I mean when that kind of care takes

over your being there is no place you can go to get away. No place you can go

to get away. And so you just have to decide whether you're going to become a

zombi or you're going to become a resurrected man. Either way you're dead. Do you

see that? But ~~either way~~ you've got the choice. Are you going to live the second death, that is are you going to be a dead, dead man, or are you going to be a dead man ~~htat~~ that's very much alive?