

Just thirteen weeks ago George Holcombe stood at this particular point and said, "It is going to be a hard quarter," and it was a hard quarter. But in some ways it was not as hard as I had anticipated, and perhaps not as hard as George anticipated. But it was a hard quarter.

We stand now looking at another quarter, and it seems to me that this quarter is going to be a hard quarter, but it is going to be a hard quarter in a different kind of way. This quarter is going to be something of a whirlwind. This quarter is going to be something of a tornado holding the kinds of things that usually happen in the spring around this country and this outfit. We will move into a time of picking up speed, and into the whirl of anticipation of the Summer. Thirteen weeks from now we will be nothing but a whirling storm you can hardly see. Yet, the speed and force generated in that is going to be overwhelming.

I began to reflect on what is going to enable me to move with that storm, to be a part of that tornado. In the midst of that, I began to get the drift that I would probably be moved; and I immediately screamed, "No! No! I don't want to move!" I had found myself a nice fine room that was fairly large (a little larger than some, at least) and secure; besides, I had my own bed set. Interiorly, I just said, "No!" Then I began to count up how many times I had moved. In the last five years I decided it was thirteen times. Now that is not just packing your toothpaste and going on a two-week journey; but thirteen times I have had to reclaim some space some place. I wanted to scream, "No! I don't want to move, as much as I like those people on the sixth floor." Yet it was what was demanded.

When I began to reflect on that, it pushed me over against our struggle with the category "space." During these last few weeks, it occurred to me that claiming my space is just crucial. Now in one way, I have never been one who found it difficult to move. I think Doris finds it much harder than I do. She says it is because she is the one who has to do all the moving. Nonetheless, I have never found that very difficult.

It became clear to me that is going to be our situation for the rest of our lives. I would long to have some place I could call my place; though there is a sense in which I do call Chicago my place. But in another sense, the rest of my life is going to be spent having to move--every two weeks, or every two months, or two years--each time having to recreate the chaos and to shape some form there in space. That is just who we are going to be. Therefore, the category of space is so crucial if you and I are going to live in the kind of stormy whirlwind life we have before us.

I began to wonder about how I claim the space where I find myself. I decided that it is in at least four ways, and perhaps five.

First, I have to have space to live; that is, delimited space. Now a few years ago I used to think I had to have six or eight rooms for a family of four, two of them preschool-age children. Now that is all changed. Still, I have to have space to live--a delimited space that is my space. That space gets claimed one way or another. It is an interesting thing that Doris and I have been married almost eighteen years, and the whole time my space has always been on the left side

of the bed, and Doris' is on the right. I cannot remember a night where that was not the space arrangement. I do not know how we decided that; we certainly never decided it self-consciously; but that was my space.

I claim space to live in various ways. There are the symbols we had when we were on the move a lot in the British Isles. We soon discovered we needed to make a mobile décor kit. Then we could, if we were someplace for one or two nights in a motel or hotel room, in a guestroom in somebody's house, put up symbols of the movement. To remind us of who we are, we put pictures up before where we were going to be sitting or sleeping. That was just our way of delimiting our space; we had space to live. I also have some things that I carry around with me that are just personal things that help identify my space; not Doris' space, but my space.

Not only do you have to have space to live, you have to have space to be. This is the invisible space. Pushing through on the experiment of claiming invisible space is just crucial. It is the solitary space I have, where my brooding, my praying, and my struggle with my interior being goes on; where I sit and read silently to myself out of the hymnbook, or whatever. That is the invisible space, and it is crucial.

I not only have to have space to live and space to be, but I have to have space to roam. Roaming space is, in one sense, identical to my being space; yet, it is something different. Unless I have space to be, I have no way of claiming space beyond myself. If I have no solitary invisible space, I have no way to relate to all of time and all of space. That is, I am adrift. I have no point of orientation to claim the whole of history, the whole world as mine. From my invisible space, I have roaming space. In North Africa, we visited an old Roman city that existed many years before Christ. I now dialogue with that place. It is possible for me to have space to roam, and be with those masses of yellow men who are re-creating China with those red banners always going before them as they wander around in those massive work units. I have the possibility of going back to the Battle of Tours, and being there with those from the West who said a "No" to the Moors and began to drive them back, in order to give ourselves space to create that which we call Western civilization. I have to have space to roam. But I cannot roam unless I have my own space to be. It is as if this is a spiral downwards. I have to have not only space to live, or delimited space, but space to be, that is invisible space, and space to roam that is expanded space.

I have to have space to breathe. For me this is different from any of the others. I have to have interior space. In terms of my meditative council, I am beginning to be clear about how the ancients talked about their "heart", or in some cultures their "viscera", their "guts", their "bowels". It is as if you have to have space in here. That is the interior space. It has nothing to do with reflecting; it is opening up, a way to have an enlarged being or a self. This is the hardest to talk about.

I am convinced you do not have that unless you have the other three spaces I mentioned earlier. You and I are called upon to be those space creators to serve all men. We are called on to be those who take into ourselves anything that comes --to take the "humiliation." The last two weeks that word has come to mean something to me. Now, it is having great meaning. We are to be the humiliated ones. That is going to be our load. There is no space to be humiliated unless there is

great space in here. There is no space to give unless there is great space in here. I do not know how to talk about it other than that. If you do not have room to move in your interior being, you are caught; you are trapped, destroyed.

That also means that (and I am not sure this is a different kind of space; probably it is the same one, but a different dimension of it) you have to have space to die. And that is intimately related to humiliation. I used to think you chose where you will die. You do not choose where you die; you just choose that you die; or choose that you die in a style. I started to step off a curb one day in London, and I came just so close to not being here anymore! I was still oriented toward looking right first, stepped off the curb, and a giant lorry went by from the left. That is stupidity; but I would have been dying my death in the mission. I do not mean anything grandiose. If there is no interior space, you do not have room to die because you live in fear about having to claim life. You live in fear of having to grasp it, or get hold of it some way, rather than having room to be; room to die, that is.

Well, these are perhaps unclear kinds of images, especially as I near the end, for I get very fuzzy when I talk about interior space or space to die. Yet, I am very clear about the first three, and I am very clear that that last one is dependent upon the first three. We are claiming our space for the next three months: space to Live--delineated space; space to Be--invisible space; space to Roam--expanding space; space to Breathe--interior space; and space to die. Amen.

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