

Global
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THE SPIRIT TALKS

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Institute of Cultural Affairs

OUR TURN AT BAT

This is going to be a wild and destinal decade. I've been back two weeks from Africa and one of the portents of this destinal decade is that two days after we got back we learned that we are going to have a baby. This is no big thing except that we've been working at it for eight years. So this is no normal pregnancy, but it's been eight years coming; this is going to be one hell of a kid. We're convinced that it happened because we were sent to Africa, which has the highest fertility rate in the world. It's over eight and climbing, and that Mystery came upon the mystery of our family in our struggle to have a child for eight years, and those two mysteries had a happening which is called life.

It seems to me that the globe is having this same thing happen to it. I mean there are a lot of mysteries floating around these days, and it just grabs your attention and won't let you tear away. For instance, in this nuclear discussion that's going on, it just blows my mind that the developing countries have bombs. What is it going to do to us for the next twenty years to have that kind of stuff floating around? And when Israel bombs Iraq, bombs a nuclear facility, it is awesome to think what that means for the next twenty years, for our lives and for the planet earth.

And then there are the attacks on public figures, attacks on presidents and queens and poets and even the Pope. My mother-in-law said she didn't mind the rest of them, but she just couldn't see how someone would dare to do something like that to the Pope. The Queen of England had the most difficult time, with three near misses, one of them from a guy who pointed a gun at her. It was lucky they were blanks. You can imagine the scare she got when she was being chauffeured down the road and somebody tossed a package into the car through her open back window. Although it nearly frightened the life out of her, it turned out to be only a well-wisher giving her a present. Then there have been the riots going on. There were eight solid days of rioting in England. These are the sorts of things that are going on. The Prime Minister was on the radio yesterday and made this statement that the veneer of civilization is very thin.

What comes to me is that the currents of history are going rampant. We're moving into the time toward the end of a century and it's frightful. The three waves that have been talked about--the first wave of agrarian reform, the second wave of industrialization, and the third wave of the post-industrial--make us come to grips with the fact that we live in a limited universe. Those three waves just kind of rock you back and forth across the planet earth and where I come from all three of them are happening at the same time. It's just a wild phenomenon to find this kind of polarization, to find these dynamics riding back and forth against each other.

I've been reading in the newspaper about California and about the fruitflies that they have had out there. Governor Brown was refusing to spray because people were marching outside his door saying, "We do not want any more chemicals dumped on this planet." And 50% of all the fruit in the United States comes from California. That kind of polarization, that kind of struggle is experienced in these wild currents of history.

Someone said, and it really struck me, that it is an "end of a century" pressure. People experience the fact that it is an end of a particular moment. I know how they talk about this in my part of the world: "We're going to have health by the year 2000. We're going to have water by the 90's; literacy by the 85's." People experience the fact that you've just got to decide. It's almost like an ethical posture; that an ethical collapse will occur unless we deal, at this point in time, with what is happening in the universe.

One of the startling experiences in Africa is an African bus. In Nairobi you stand in a huge lot and the buses come in. There are 300-500 people waiting for a bus and most of them can't read. When the bus comes there is a sort of riot with people climbing in windows and over each other through doors to try to get in first. When the bus is jam-packed, the conductor comes, announces where the bus is going and everybody gets off. When the next bus comes, exactly the same thing happens again, and everybody jumps on that bus. It's just awesome. I couldn't believe it and missed my bus the first time, just in awe at this tremendous mass of bodies trying to get on the bus. But this is the kind of times we are in. This is the kind of pressure that is beginning to build. Who's going to get on the bus? And how are we going to get on the bus?

I thought it was extremely appropriate that we had Regional Consults this year. I also thought it was extremely helpful after you got over having one of them. They did, though, come as an offense. A Regional Consult was not the first thing you wanted to do after you had your whole year laid out and a thousand things to do. But it did embody a dynamic that has been building over the last six years. It was a fitting capstone to five years of struggle with how do you build the planet earth? How do you use all the resources, engage all the people in building the earth? It was a sign of maturity and of confidence that, after a long struggle of figuring out what it means to do human development, we were willing to sit down with other people and seriously dialogue about how to go about the job.

I was very impressed by the Chicago House when I went there. In their collegium room they have one solid wall filled with cards of people who were interviewed. This was a massive wall of opportunities, of possibilities. The regional consults did articulate the dynamics that they have there. And Fifth City, with its sophisticated Training, Inc. and beautiful shopping center, just struck awe in me. The shopping

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center has always looked good, but in the past the area around it seemed pretty grim. This time it all looked good. The grass was cut, the guys were playing frisbee in the front, and there was even one of those plastic bus-waiting areas. It was extremely impressive.

The four sectors is where we've got to win. It is the arena history is pushing the movement to articulate. I had the opportunity to go to a Ford Foundation meeting in which they had one of their international directors. He wanted to have a conference on health, with all these government people, and he invited the Institute to participate in it. He went around talking to these guys about health and right in the middle of it, he stopped, and he said, "You know, what we need is some kind of intermediary organization which is able to help the village leadership and provide supportive systems for their projects. I think that's the major contradiction." He went around and he asked each of those government ministries in that room, "Is that what you would be willing to support?" And they said, "Yes." I wanted to say, "That's us, that's us!" It really struck a note, that that's our job, to be the vehicle to help these four sectors to coagulate, to come together.

We spent last year trying to decide that it was all right for us to receive a grant from one group of over a million dollars over the next three years. The problem was that it would go directly to the village. We spent an incredible amount of time trying to figure out what to do if people were to start receiving \$15,000 a month for three years. Do you know what that would do to a village? That could destroy a village, so we kept putting these guys off. Finally we figured out that with this new cluster dynamic it would probably work. We're going to try it in October with the first one, and have now formally accepted the grant. They were desperate to figure out some way to get this money down to these villagers. They had no way to do it and were tired of having all the difficulty that went with trying to do something in the rural.

Lately we spent some time with the World Bank, and they have asked us formally to be on the negotiation team with the Kenya government. One of them said to their staff that we were the "missing link." He's convinced that we have something that is going to make the difference in what they're doing in Kenya. He even sent the whole Kenya negotiating team to the Regional Symposium. They had a fantastic experience. But I think all four sectors are ready. The government guys are being incredibly pushed by history about how to produce in the last twenty years of this century, and they experienced it themselves that this is the way.

Now this is the situation that our times are. What is being called for in these times is the Movement. It is a profound time and it is our time. The ordering dynamic of history is being called for. We've been waiting a long time and now history is so tilted

that it is our time, although that may be hard to believe. It's the time of building, of putting stakes down, stakes where we are going to build.

I remember the first real baseball game I played in my freshman year. I weighed 107 pounds and I was the last man on the baseball squad. It was the last game of the season, had been going for fifteen innings and the coach had used everybody else on the team up. I only got on the bench that day because the guy who usually suited up went off to play in the band. It was so late it was getting dark, when the coach came over to me and said, "Why don't you go in and pinch-hit?" I looked around and said, "Me?" I couldn't believe that I was being asked to go out to try to hit the baseball. I went out reluctantly, telling myself I was only a fill-in, and didn't even see the first two pitches. It was ridiculous. Why didn't the umpire call the game because of the dark? I could barely see the pitcher. The third ball I just decided I was going to swing. I saw him vaguely out there winding up and he threw this ball at me, and I swung as hard as I could. I hit the ball! I couldn't believe it; I hit it really hard. The ball just took off and I was just standing there, watching the ball. I couldn't believe that I'd done it, that I had hit this ball and it was just gone.

I think that's our experience too. It's getting awfully late and there are not many people left. Most of them have played and been substituted for. Many of us aren't even supposed to be here. We're just substitutes for those who've left and gone to take a shower. Most of the players who are left don't know much about what they are doing. They seem like pretty light-weight people. But there isn't anybody else. That's all that's left in the old ball field. And it's our turn. It's our turn.

You know, it's really hard to believe that that's the situation. We've got some real missional paradoxes that we are facing. For one thing, we are trying to figure out who we are. A man from the Royal Danish Commission on Development came to Kenya recently. We did a site visit with him and afterwards he said, "Your problem is that you don't know who you are." We started talking about "those who care," and he said, "Don't give me that stuff; there are no people like that." We mentioned "transestablishment." He shot back with, "Show me someone who's 'transestablishment,' I'd like to see these folk. There's just nobody like that in history."

That's a real problem and a paradox. You can't very well tell people we're the hidden remnant. I thought the man from the World Bank had the best way of putting it. He said, "What you need to do is just decide you're going to be the World Bank. Since you're nobodies anyway, it doesn't make much difference to you. Take the four sectors and just be whoever you're working with at that time. You guys work from the bottom up, and we'll work from the top down."

There is another paradox that we have. We have this first and third world strategy paradox. It's not so clear what human development looks like in the first world. In the third world the paradox is with the movement. We've got thousands of people, but how to take them and make them into an iron core movement in six months to a year's time is overwhelming. How do you take the poorest of the poor and have him decide to give his life away? It's a paradox.

There are a lot of different missional complexities. What is the human development strategy that's going to win? How do we honour the local and at the same time be global? How do we hold the secular and be the religious? I don't think there is any simple solution.

The Institute and the Order are fragile and yet ready. We hold the tensions which make up this movemental ordering dynamic. The yin-yang is a great symbol for us, particularly as we move into this Council. We're not out to destroy those tensions; it's holding them in being that allows us to be about the task that we need to be about. We're all clear that it is late in the game, and somebody at the end of the bench has to come up and hit--and it is our turn.

VOCATIONAL JOURNEY CHART

Screen for Socio-Spirit Exercises

THE DYNAMICS			I	II	III	IV
EVENTFUL ENCOUNTER	PROFOUND ADDRESS	A INTRUDING EVENT	CONFRONTED BY HUMAN PAIN	BESIEGED BY INCLUSIVE CLAIMS	ASSAULTED BY SHEER ABSURDITY	ENGULFED BY INFINITE OBLIGATION
		B EVOKED CONSCIOUSNESS	EXPERIENCING SEIZURE OF LIFE'S CARING	ENGAGING UNJUST UNIVERSAL SUFFERING	SUFFERING DOUBT-FILLED SOLITARY SACRIFICE	MAINTAINING FANATICAL TRANSPARENT CARE
	PROFOUND DESPAIR	C OVER THE HUMAN STRUGGLE	SELFHOOD AUDITED BY VOCATIONAL AUTHENTICITY	INTERIOR DISCIPLINE EXPOSED BY OVERWHELMING DEMANDS	VOCATIONAL INTEGRITY EXTINGUISHED BY FRUITLESS EXPENDITURE	ELECTIONAL CERTITUDE UNDERMINED BY UNWORTHINESS
		D ABOUT THE MYSTERY'S DEMAND	DETERMINING AUTHENTIC SIGNIFICANT EXPENDITURE	EFFECTING HUMANNESS IN UNIVERSAL JOURNEY	BEARING THE OFFENSE FOREVER	BEING MYSTERY'S SUBMISSIVE INSTRUMENT
INTENTFUL RELATIONSHIP	PROFOUND DECISION	E SEDUCTIVE PLATEAU	CREATING INSULATED LIFE OPTIONS	SEGMENTING LIFE INTO PRIVATE OBLIGATIONS	CONTROLLING COVENANTAL CLAIMS	YEARNING FOR HISTORY'S RESPONSIVENESS
		F DESTINAL LEAP	ACKNOWLEDGING MYSTERY'S CLAIM	ACTUALIZING PERPETUAL REPENTANCE	WILLING VOCATED HUMILIATION	EMBODYING CREATION'S COMPASSION
TRANSFORMING DECLARATION			I AM THANKFULLY CAREFILLED	I AM AWE-FULLY EXPENDED	I AM WONDROUSLY CHOSEN	I AM BEING'S TRUST

THE VOCATIONAL JOURNEY

I want to talk a bit about the journey of life and to give a few images by way of context. The first comes from Nikos Kazantzakis, a Greek author, and his image is simple. He says, "We come from a dark abyss and we return to a dark abyss." James Baldwin, a black man in the United States, said in a way that same thing in different words. He said, "life is birth, death and struggle." It is increasingly evident that our task as this body has to do with stating the significance of what happens between those two dark abysses, stating the significance of that struggle that goes on between the birth and the death. Each individual has his or her own articulation of this significance as does each clan, each community, each religious tradition, each nation, each type of worker, and, I suspect, each time of life. But the wonder of our time, the wonder of this twentieth century, is the shock that along with these many life situations we are at the same time a global village. We are people who find ourselves not only living out our individual, community and national stories, but at the same time struggling to invent common ways of describing this journey, common ways of talking about the significance between the one dark abyss and the next dark abyss, common ways of dialogue about the struggle that we experience.

The intent of this talk is to share with you a model of the spirit journey which the Panchayat has researched and experimented with over the past six months. This is intended as a working model from which, over the next few years, to develop practical tools for commonly articulating this journey from one dark abyss to another dark abyss.

The second series of images that I have come from one John Donne, who wrote a book about life's journey called Time and Myth. He says this:

A person's vision of time is a lonely and foreboding prospect. It's like daybreak at sea. Dana describes that in Two Years Before the Mast: "There's something in the first grey streaks, stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around you, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, of melancholy foreboding which nothing else in nature can give." One's vision of time is like that at first. It is daybreak that reveals the horizon of one's life, that suggests the boundlessness and unknown depth of time encompassing one's life. It fills one with loneliness, dread and melancholy foreboding. This loneliness is like Ahab gazing into sea and sky, saying, "Let me look into a human eye. It's better than to gaze into sea or sky. Better than to gaze upon the mystery." Looking out over time, one feels alone, gazing into an inhuman expanse, into something that far exceeds one's lifetime. One longs to look rather into a human eye, to see the vast expanse reduced there into tiny human dimensions. The experience there is that of unmediated existence. There is nothing human to stand between one and the unknown, and here the unknown takes the form of the immense ocean of time.

Our attempt at this time is to create an image of this journey, this ocean of time in which we live, that we can use as a tool in our work. This is not for our own selves, by any means. It has to do with the twentieth century, the way that the revolutions of the twentieth century have changed our consciousness as people all across the earth. It is as if there has been a failure of society's tools to hold its own consciousness as we confront the changes that have happened around us. It is as if every language, every series of images and symbols just doesn't quite hold the radicality and the seriousness of what is happening across the earth. You encounter social structures across the world which seem to have been invented yesterday. There is a new regime, a new independent nation, a new structure for doing that, a new way of seeing this health issue, and even as you operate from day to day you find yourself in the midst of a kind of dramatic instability that our newness of structure, our newness of insight have created. I find sometimes even my own subjectivity--what I like and don't like--seems to be new every time I turn around. Something that came to me as appropriate last month or last year shows up this year as really inappropriate, really not what I care for. We find ourselves ethically in this time operating with a kind of existentialism across the world that functions more as an individual than a social ethic. We find ourselves judging and making decisions out of our personal rather than our corporate screens, just because our corporate screens seem to be in such a great flux.

Daniel Bell, in a book some of us studied this past year, talks about art as being in change in this time, as unable to articulate a common sense of the values of a society. Art has tended instead to be the expression of one person or another rather than something that a society shares in common. It is as if there has been an erosion of the commonness, an erosion of the covenant that we operate out of as societies and as the world. We have the experience of that commonness, and yet the covenant that we operate out of as people of this time, as people of a particular nation or community seems to be up for grabs. You notice time and time again in communities people saying, "Well, I'll see whether this community or this nation is really suited to my own ends, and then if I decide it is suited, I'll engage in it. If it doesn't seem suited to what I'm interested in, then far be it from me to participate in it."

This covenant is also a struggle.

In our own Order we experience this in our discussion of journey. We find ourselves with subjective reference points for what the journey is. From one place to another, there are different ways of talking about the journey that one goes on. We have talked for many years about taking care of one's self as the only way to get along, and that has been true, yet you find yourself feeling that this now seems to have run its course. Each one taking care of himself doesn't bring off the kind of teams that we have brought off in the past year or so, and you realize that something new is coming.

There is a sense of "un-markedness" in our forms of relationship with one another. There is an unmarkedness in our Order classes. What does it mean to mark being and working with this body for six months or for twenty years? Are there any differences in those? How does one in six months learn anything from someone who has the experience of ten or twenty years? How is that objectified? I guess that

is where we experience this social individualization of ethics.

We ask ourselves the question of vocation. I suppose today vocation is just a demonstration, a manifestation of the ethic that one operates out of. When you show up as a corporate body like this and talk about vocation, you are really asking what is the corporate ethic that we wish to demonstrate? What is the corporate ethic we wish to manifest as we operate across the world?

You see around the world all kinds of inventions of stability, inventions of ways to go in these times. One ethical way you can go is to try to refurbish an old approach. There are some who say that in the United States the return to patriotism and older ways of operating our economy is a rebirth of the creation of significance in this country. That is a struggle for a kind of ethic to operate out of. Another way to do it is to try to elaborate on a piece of life that seems to work. You have seen people who take something like physical culture and elaborate that into a whole ethical system--a whole life's vocation. You see people who elaborate upon service of one kind or another--a whole ethical system in which everything relates to that one piece. Another way that ethical systems are being created today is simply to get a whole lot of people to believe what you believe, to have enough troops in your group or rally to be able to stand up to anybody who says that life is any other way.

Traditionally, in this body, we have said that what we understand by ethical operation has to do with the context of a decision. It has to do with the context of vocation. That has been our concern and is very much our concern as we gather in this Council and as we think as houses and as individuals and communities across the world about where we stand. As we have talked about that context over the years, we have talked about it in two ways. The first way, we have said, is that we understand ethics in today's world to be based on the most comprehensive, inclusive context available to a person--that no matter where you live or what you do, responsible action has to do with taking into your decision just as much of the care of the earth as you can get into that decision and thinking that through; in so far as you are able

The second aspect of context we have talked about has to do with the relationship which one takes to that whole world that one is including in one's decision. We have said that we recognize ethical decision-making and ethical operation to take place when a person stands in the relationship to all of life, or receiving it as given--receiving it as something worthy of being thankful for, whether one personally comprehends what on earth it's for or not, but receiving it as just a gift of life itself. We said that it is with those two components that we understand an ethical operation to operate.

From there, we as the Panchayat began to do some research this year. Because of the style of traveling that we did, we found ourselves with the time to do research. We decided to do five research papers. You may have noticed, we wrote a letter to the Houses and said we were writing five papers, and then we sent you four. The fifth paper began to be a paper about the forms of the Order and our vocational journey. Now, there's a fine paper written, but when we came to edit that paper we said, "Good grief! This is much more than one paper or one little concern among others. This is very much an underlying issue in our common life." That particularly came to us because nearly every second letter we received this year said, "We need

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some way here in this country to create a framework for journeying the new young people who are coming in. What do we say to them is the journey?" We got letters talking about covenants. How do we hold our regional team accountable? What is the question we ask our regional team in our place? We got letters about pluriformity. What is the profound basis of the human journey on which we create different forms? We don't want a Disneyland of social forms that one might choose from among. We want to recognize the depth struggle of people when we deal with pluriformity. We also got letters about training, one after another, and people came in with questions and issues about training that had to do with the common basis on which to create a curriculum. We did a program over here but what is it based on? How does this relate to somebody else's training program? As these questions arose we found ourselves creating this Journey chart.

The first thing you may notice is that it looks like a progression from 1A down to 4G, and you might say to yourself, "What an interesting journey. You start with 1A--'Confronted by Human Pain'--and then as you go along through life, you finally end up dying at 4G--'I Am Being's Trust.'" Well, this chart does not operate that way. It is not at all a linear journey that is being described. You could probably die "Confronted by Human Pain" and never deal with "I Am Being's Trust".

Or, if you are more of an existentialist you might find yourself thinking, "It's like a color quad or a map. You can show up anywhere, according to what your state of being is that day." But this chart is not like that either. This chart has to do with a journey of consciousness and you may jump from place to place on the journey of consciousness, but you never go back. The virgin state does not come back again. One moves in one's consciousness in a certain kind of way.

Dharmalingham had a tremendous image of this phenomenon when he described being in a taxicab in India when a man with no hand put his stump into the window of the cab in order to ask Dharma for money. Dharma said that the first time that happened to him, it was a shock of awareness about the kind of pain and struggle that exists in India. But the sixteenth and the thirty-third time that it happened to him as he lived in Bombay, a different kind of consciousness came. That event happened again and again but it was a different awareness when it came after the first time.

Look at the chart first vertically, from top to bottom and then horizontally, from left to right. It talks about the journey in two ways. From top to bottom we are talking about the event of the journey--the journey in the moment. This has to do with the posture in which one stands toward the comprehensiveness in his living. It has to do with the fact that one has always arrived, is always in the midst of the journey. One is not waiting for some time in the future to arrive on the journey. The horizontal direction has to do with the time of the journey, the life-long journey in which one shows up always on the way, in which the struggle has to do with the whole world, the comprehensive.

Let me try to first describe the dynamics of this journey vertically, then tell a story to illustrate it, and then walk through the boxes. We will start on the left, going from the top to the bottom:

There occurs in the moments of living an event or series of events which can evoke a new consciousness. This new consciousness occasions

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despair over one's human struggle and about the Mystery's demand. In this despair, one struggles between marking time in some necessary but seductive plateau and making a destined leap--a "nevertheless" decision which is resolved in a declaration of one's new being.

Now my story. Once we were visiting the city of Calcutta at a time when we were doing a kind of community development work there that was called the Primal Community Experiment. As we were walking around the site of that experiment, there were people in many parts of that community living on the street. The comment was made by someone who was taking us around, "You know, most of the people here only need to learn about 600 words in the course of their lives." I filed that along with other data and went on through the trip; somewhere during the course of that day "600 words" started to explode in my imagination. I began to realize that most people who speak only one language have thousands of words to draw upon. People on the Subcontinent who speak at least two languages have thousands of words to draw upon. I began to think about what it would be like to live in a universe that needed only 600 words. I began to think about how one could conceive or be able to grasp what a symbolic person like Gandhi had been saying in India.

I found myself addressed by those people, but increasingly addressed by the fact of the program that we were conducting there. This was a management training course that had to do with providing planning skills for business men. I kept thinking to myself, "We need somehow to design this course so we can teach it to these people on the street." The more I thought about it, the more ridiculous it became, the more hopelessly impossible. I said to myself, "We have no program to meet this need, and yet we keep saying that we're caring for people here." It was like standing there exposed, helpless, and in the midst of that finding oneself and all our staff struggling with what our options were to deal with the gap we saw between what was needed and what we were providing at that time. We found ourselves having to acknowledge over and over again, not only the Mystery we confronted in the contradictions and problems there, but also the Mystery in the fact that the program we had created wasn't about to meet these, and finally the Mystery in seeing that we would have to recreate that program. We found, not while I was there but a few years later, that question beginning to be resolved in a new kind of decision, a new posture in that country. The declaration was the Maliwada Human Development Project. We said to ourselves, "We see this new direction, and it is the direction we intend to take." We then put ourselves on the line out in Maliwada, not really seeing the shape of the new future but insisting that it take form through us.

PROFOUND ADDRESS

First of all, one's journey is grounded, one's consciousness is occasioned, by events--things which occur in time and space--intrusions which life makes upon one's life. Boulding describes an image which calls into question one's "map" of the world. It is an alien image, being addressed by one's own name, whether in the rustle of a leaf on a tree, or by being directly called into question, or even only reading a phrase in a book.

Sometimes such an event evokes a new consciousness. Most often, an event offers

a new image and is simply blocked. But sometimes it happens that a new picture simply shows up. You are walking down the street, you look into the eyes of a stranger, and radical care for the world simply descends. You are inside a new universe and experience a paradigm shift, an utter shift in your own most personal scheme of living.

PROFOUND DESPAIR

This shift is just an offense. You have to create, piece by piece, how to live in this new universe. This is to say, new consciousness throws one inescapably into despair, puts one into a new struggle, a wrestling. It's a battle to the death--it's consciousness or me. This is despair in the human sense. It's despair over myself, my work, my family, over time, troops, frame, and so on. It is the "if only" despair. There is no escape.

But in the midst of this despair, there is a genuine crisis. Sometimes there's a knothole, a window in this inescapable despair over one's new consciousness, in which the struggle really becomes a struggle with life itself. You are struggling like mad with yourself, your colleagues, community or whatever, and you suddenly see right through it. An immediate issue turns historic, a local issue turns universal, right before your eyes. The despair is over the Mystery itself.

PROFOUND DECISION

Receiving of the despair that one has takes place in actual social relationships. Look across the chart from Seductive Plateau: I indicate my receiving of the life I have and of the despair I experience in the life options that I take. I indicate it in what I do with my private obligations and with the claims of my covenants upon me. I indicate my decision about what I will do with my life in the relationship that I take, how I deal with history and the willingness of history to respond to me. And yet those practical things are very hard because you make a decision to have the life that you've got and then try to put it into structural form. But that is a lot harder than an internal decision. Structural form includes economics, children, food, heat, wives and husbands, it includes ways to spend one's time and money. It gets very complex, and these structural forms of the decision can themselves become a plateau. You see people spending fifteen years trying to get life organized just right in order to embody the decision they have made about the direction they want their life to take. And yet it's in the midst of that struggle with the structures of one's life that one finds oneself making a destinal leap, genuinely deciding to have the journey and the new consciousness that one has.

TRANSFORMING DECLARATION

Transforming declaration is a funny thing. We are hard-pressed to get really consistent marks for what this declaration is. Sometimes it's a statement: "Here I Stand." Sometimes it's the beginning of a new strategy, a new direction. I think in a local situation it can be the beginning of a new campaign. The characteristic of this declaration is that one places one's self, as it were, on Death-ground, in a place where one's whole life is at risk over the new decision which one has made.

That declaration can be a symbol just as often as songs, poetry and books are written as a way of marking a new consciousness that has come, so that you don't go back, so that you don't forget it, so that it's a part of one's life. I know some people who have literally changed their names when they took on a new consciousness. It was a declaration that fresh consciousness had come and been received and would be lived with, a way of saying, "This is a new being that you see here. When you see me, you see this consciousness that has already happened and doesn't have to happen again."

When these things have happened, it's as if this is all there is to the journey. All there is in living is dealing with consciousness, despair, decision and declaration. That is all that ever happens in life, and I suspect, all that any of us will ever know about journey. It is in the light of this address, despair, decision and declaration that one goes from youth to adulthood to elderhood with a place to stand in relationship to the new that comes to them. There just isn't anything more. At the same time, however, one is always on the way through time in one's journey. One is always showing up encountering the radically new demand on one's consciousness, and that relates to these dynamics from left to right.

Now again, I'd like to describe the horizontal aspect of the chart, then tell a story and then talk about these boxes. What I've been talking about takes place in moments of living. What I want now to describe occurs in the course of living, over the years, not in a flash.

There occurs in the course of living the relating of one's self in some posture to the events of one's life situation. This relationship is the decision to employ the consciousness one is given in some way. Initially, this relationship is to the question of the use of one's life (Roman numeral I). In and through that relation is raised the question of the significance of living itself (Roman numeral II). In and through that relation is raised the question of one's utter expenditure or one's death (Roman numeral III). In and through that relation is raised the question of historic election (Roman numeral IV) The questions arise helter-skelter throughout life, but the taking of a life posture toward these questions is the unfolding temporal journey of living.

In the past few years, I've found myself many times working in projects and villages, and the last in which I worked was in Peru. I was struck over the course of the first eighteen months of that project at the way all the people in that village changed in their relationship, not only to the project, but to Peru itself and to themselves. There was no way to really capture or document this that I could see, but I found consciousness changing in the village as a whole as meeting after meeting took place. During the initiating Consult, the question for people had to do with, "How can we do this project?" People would come up and give witnesses about their lack of education and their unpreparedness to do this. Others would come and talk about their very special skills that made them, unlike the rest of the village, prepared to do this. The question had something to do with what it meant for that village to change, and people raised that question again and again in

different ways. As time went on we began to do work that was heavily oriented toward the nearby city of Lima, and as people would go to Lima to represent the village, their comments began to deal with the relationship of this village to the nation as a whole. What difference is Azpitia Village going to make? What difference is our spending all this time and effort going to make? This was a new consciousness that happened.

As more time went by there was a new recognition of things in the village that were never going to get done: electrification was estimated at something like \$200,000. It seemed absolutely out of this world! As you talked to people in the village, they spoke more about the long-term change that was taking place, the long-term journey of change in the village. There was, some people said, a new maturity, a new grasp of what was possible and what was not possible. There was a new appreciation for those who, although not especially competent, continued to stand through it all, those you might call spirit people. As still more time went by, there came a fourth kind of awareness, the sense that, over and over again, this reconstruction would be taking place. I recently got a letter from a leader in that village who talked about being on a journey of renewal, not of his village or of his country, but a journey of renewal of the earth. That was for me a very strange letter because I realized that yet again a new kind of awareness was breaking loose across that village.

This is the dynamic of being always on the way. This is the dynamic of the context of the whole in the midst of one's journey. This first column (Roman numeral I)--you could call it green, for that matter--has mostly to do with Selfhood. At some times in life a person shows up, in the midst of dealing with all kinds of issues, concerned primarily with the question of selfhood. This is reflected in the "Victory Song", I think: "if you would a winner be"...It has to do with the you and the me. I remember reading a book about the journey that talked about getting beyond the tangible things like the lizards and snakes of this world, to where one can begin to be in service to life itself. This is the point of dealing with those lizards and snakes, of dealing with this world and struggling to answer the question, "What is the self that I am?" It is the "Who Am I" question. When John Dunne talks about the struggle for some kind of mediation in the midst of the long vista of time, I think he is talking in this arena.

I like to call this second column red, and it has to do with Sociality. It has to do with influencing humanness as a whole in what one does. The despair here has to do not simply with engagement in life--"Who am I, what shall I do?"--it has to do with the experience of showing up inadequate to that which one sees as necessary. You see it when someone goes on a development call and says, "I just can't do this job; how can I get what it takes to do it because this is what I will be engaged in?" This has to do with a time in which one is mostly concerned with the effectivity, the authenticity, the depth of one's engagement. It's the time in Fifth City, for example, when you see one financial scheme after another, and all the while realize that the underlying job is to develop leadership. Some people might call this a spirit job in that community, and yet it takes financial scheme after financial scheme to do it. That is the struggle here.

I call the third arena blue. The song that says, "When I see my life ever is

tom, and loved ones violated" has to do with this. The experience here is of absurdity. A colleague of mine described this well when he spoke of going back to visit his home town. He was a person who had worked in a church there for many years and had brought that church from an insignificant endeavour to a very powerful and influential community. When he went back to visit, he went out for a walk one morning and passed this church. The cross was falling down on top and the door was on one hinge. The trees that he remembered planting and the landscaping had gone to weeds, and there were stones and trash all around. He said that he realized then that the fifteen years in that place were just spent, they were used. He found himself asking, "What is this journey about? What is this for?" When the absurdity of life occurs, this is struggle of the third arena. It has to do with the question of vocation that comes with new teeth to it, when one finds the initial "being able to accomplish things" of that vocation gone. One sees that expenditure is as much for nought as it is for something, that it is just a passing thing, like all things.

The fourth arena I think of as yellow. It has to do with Transparency. It has to do with that song, "This earth is not my home, I am a stranger here". It has to do with one's election, with the struggle with history. There is a point in the journey in which people experience, in the midst of being engaged, a waiting, a longing to see what history is going to do about it. One waits and looks and longs for even a little flicker of seeing something actually change. There is a time when that is one's primary concern in living, when one is overwhelmed by it. We had lots of Regional Consults this year, and a strange thing happened. Correspondence and phone calls kept coming in about the third part of that Consult--the Assembly. People kept saying the procedures for the Assembly are wrong. Brussels rewrote the procedures and Chicago rewrote them, and different places locally created their own. And yet, no matter what procedures were used, the response kept coming, "These procedures are wrong." It began to be very curious. Then we began to see that when you sat with all the vision of the region hanging on the walls around you, with all the reflections of people from across the whole region, and facing all the mandates upon this place for all of history--you began to say to yourself, "Well, I can't think of any procedure that would be very helpful to you. I can't think of any workshop that finally, ultimately would be right." What was going on there was a terrifying decision in the midst of the kind of times and context in which we work.

We are really in no hurry with this chart. But we need your reflections, over the next few years, from House to House and from place to place, as we revise, rework and think through a way of talking about the journey.

THE POTENTIALITY OF THE FUTURE

THE
NONRATIONALITY
OF
COMMUNITY

THE
AUTHENTICITY
OF
RELIGIOUS
LIFE

THE
DISORIENTATION
OF
EXPENDITURE

THE
COMPULSION
OF
AUTHENTICITY

THE MEMORY OF THE SPIRIT

THE MEMORY OF THE SPIRIT

The Assault of Spirit

Recently, I received a letter from a colleague who was obviously a faithful follower of the Long March of Care. This is a paragraph from this letter.

...Work takes ages to do. Even the work that I'm assigned does not get done. Everything takes twice as long or longer. Work continues to pile up. I work twenty hours a day and more and still have mounds and mounds of undone work. Every time I think of the work or even walk into my room where it's piled up, I realize how weary I am. I don't want to get up in the morning because it only means more work undone. I think maybe if I stay in bed there will be less work to do tomorrow. I find that I can no longer bracket small anxieties. The pitchers are gone again. Who on earth stole them this time? Even when we tie them up they walk away and I'm tired of chasing them. I'm so weary I just get angry whenever anyone complains. I fall into accusing my colleagues and God and myself. I think nothing is sustaining me, yet I am alive and keep moving. I think of songs like: "Why does the sun keep beating"; "Why does the sea run to the shore?" and, "I don't know why." This sense of weariness, ineffectiveness and deception make me wonder why I do this work anymore. Even listing victories sustains me for about ten seconds. There is nothing that I do that is fulfilling any more. I have no passion that lasts for more than 10 minutes.

This is an awesome body of people, and this week we want to experiment with taking our work on Hope Beyond Hope and the New Religious Mode another stage, particularly in terms of finding screens for interpreting our more recent pain. Somebody said last week, "Well all these reports are fine stuff, but when are we going to be able to talk through the pain and the anguish?" So these are going to be talks on the incarnation or the embodiment of hope to pick up on last year's theme of Hope Beyond Hope.

Somebody wrote an article in Time magazine that said something like this: "The world today seems to be rolling inexorably towards the abyss of insanity." Now I know that we live in a time of resurgence but I'm trying to come a little at the spirit malaise. I don't think the world is simply somewhat unsettled, or disoriented, or that it's just being dark-nighted or long-marched. Sanity, that is, the grasp of reality and a relationship to that reality, just seems to be spiralling inexorably out of control on the road to "bananas".

I was crossing the road the other day to DeMar's Restaurant. It was fairly early in the morning, and all of a sudden I saw this man coming up behind me real fast, and he shouted, "You're going to go to hell!" I said, "What did I do to deserve that?" Or you look at the eyes on the faces of the people in Uptown, and you read about the workmen on that ITT building in New York where they started throwing their construction tools and material off the twentieth floor onto the streets below. They just went "bananas", all of a sudden. Or the riots in Brixton, or Miami, or Bristol, or Beirut. Or last month in Bombay some people just ran amok for no apparent reason and destroyed all the street stalls along about 500 yards on one of the main streets in Bombay. Or you look at a man like Gadhaffi, who someone said is apparently clinically insane and yet he ranks as a world leader.

People are opting for all kinds of mystery religions: astrology, bio-rhythm, Transcendental Meditation. My brother-in-law took TM up about three years ago; he went stark bonkers and is still trying to come out of it. Or you look at the Rajneesh folk in Pune in India which was the big center for Maharishi Mahesh. Five thousand folk lived there in the Pune ashram, mainly alienated Europeans and particularly Americans, clad in their saffron robes and living in a big compound. A couple of months ago Maharishi put a full-page ad in one of the Bombay papers and said, "Now I am about to make my final, final declaration. The declaration that can be made only in silence." One week later he'd packed up his millions and made off to the United States; the Rajneesh have lost their hero and are in a state of acute letdown and disorientation.

Or, look at the Moral Majority or this whole thing on creationism that's going on in the USA--a sort of flight back to the thirteenth century. I was sitting in the lobby of the Oberoi Hotel in Bombay about a month ago writing in my journal, and I saw a great big round, roly-poly man with a round, shining face. I looked at him, and he looked at me, and he started to come over to talk to me. He said what do you do and I said, "I work for ICA, a non-for-profit organization; we do socio-economic development in the villages, and we are particularly concerned with the human factor." Now those were the last words I said because he went into this kind of blank verse oration. He started off with the human factor and went to town on that and then he went on Gandhi, the various spirit religions of India, and how he had been involved as a Freedom Fighter, and how life is Mystery and Consciousness, and finally he got to where the KGB were pursuing him. He was looking out the window and said, "See those folk over there? They are KGB and they are watching out for me!" Well, by that stage three-quarters of an hour later, I said, "I am getting out of this. This guy is going, going, going!"

The world is going insane--insane in the sense that it is getting out of touch with reality. The issue is something like this: the assault of the 20th century and the future shock of the 21st century

are coming at us, both at once, like a locomotive, breathing down people's throats, and it's driving people up the wall. People are aware of the objective situation. They are assaulted and they're fairly self-conscious about the kind of searing lucidity that it is to live in the 20th Century. They would like to sort their way through this assault. You know Kierkegaard's classic theorem about the self: that the self is a relationship that relates itself to itself and in so doing transparently grounds itself in the power that posits it. I think what's happening in this century is at this level. There's plenty of interpretation going on. Scads and scads of emotional turmoil going on. What's happening is that this response here instead of looping around like this and transparently grounding itself in the power that posits it, is transparently grounding itself in the ether and turning into atomic steam. I think that's what you see going



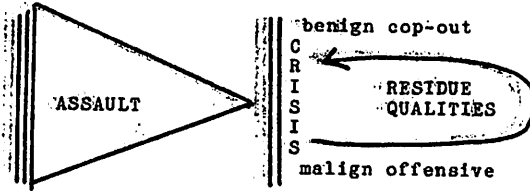
on in places like Uptown and ITT in New York and Brixton, Bristol, and Jamaica. There's a desperate need of a new secular-religious mode that interprets and relates affirmatively and in depth to this vortex that's going on as good, and allows people to take a relationship to it, to put practical form on this relationship. It's at this level that the insanity is happening.

Now a new religious mode is life and death. It is life and death to the structures of society, it's life and death to local communities, it's life and death to ourselves. Without this new religious mode or new spirit, structures are just going to dissolve through either chaos or terminal boredom. Society will revert to barbarism. Communities will break up and go to hell. Without it we ourselves will dissolve and spend forever in limbo and never quite know how we got there. There is no new social vehicle without a new religious mode.

Life is a decision about your relationship to your life, which is grounded in the power that posits it. And life, reality, or God, if you like, of course comes at us these days like one of those F-15 fighter bombers. You know, the ones with the heat-seeking rockets. I mean He is really going after people. And what's happening is an assault! If you read that book The Third Wave, you see what kind of

assault the 21st century is, let alone the 20th century, and we haven't even dealt with that yet. An assault, as we know from Kierkegaard's model, results in a crisis. As someone pointed out to me once, whenever we encounter one of these crises, or existential crises, ten seconds before it appears we are already running. I mean all of us. Even the best of us. We are already running, simply because this thing is no joke.

We run in two main ways: what we used to call omission and commission. That first is more like the benign cop-out. The second is something like the malign offensive. Of course there's an intense struggle involved here, and the resolution of that struggle or coming through that struggle, in some cases takes years and years and leaves



a residue. Or there's a transformation that goes on there in the midst of that struggle, a sort of continuing transformation that leaves a residue, and we're going to refer to that as the qualities. You've got to understand that in a dynamical sense.

Now this spirit thing is no joke. It's the coming of revolution into your life. It's a whirlwind, Kazantzakis says. It's hearing the Cry. When we do the HDTI in Maliwada, folks really have a great time. You know we use a lot of drama, and you know the part in "The Cry" where it says "Help me"? Those students are not satisfied with "help me". They go something like: "H-H-E-E-L-L-L-P H-H-E-E-E!" And after they do that about ten times, the job is almost done; you just do a little reflection on that. This is like the experience of being run over by a Sherman tank. It's an invasion of an alien image. It's something so gut level at first, you hardly know what's happened to you. It's like an interior Mount St. Helena's explosion. Or it's having the rug whipped out from under you. Kazantzakis talks about the lightning stroke. When this lightning strikes, it leaves you in the middle of the road as charred embers. It's no joke. His next line, if you remember, after that is, "and I rejoice."

Spirit is not about having bright ideas. It has nothing to do with new or cute ways to be virtuous. Virtue, we know, is often a solid block to spirit. It's not related to certain practices like worshipping the sun or the sunrise, or wearing medallions, or being generous, or reading the Bhagavad Gita or Yoga. It's not moral progress,

it's not being merely excellent or merely competent or merely professional or merely slick. It's something a thousand miles deeper. We talked about it in July 1972 as a Big Think, a Big Feel, and a Big Resolve that are all spun around together.

I remember the first train ride that I took from Bombay to Aurangabad. I'd heard a few things about Indian trains but you know hearing about them is nothing like the experience. There were a few of us traveling together to do a school in Maliwada. It was time to get on the train, so we went to the station and got all our baggage handled. We were waiting for the train and all of a sudden the train comes in, and about 5,000 people try all at once to get onto our carriage. I just stood there paralysed. I'd never seen anything like this before, and I stood there with two suitcases while people poured on. My colleagues poured on, and I just stood there. I remember reflecting, "This can't be real."

Fortunately, one of my colleagues shouted, "For God's sake, get on, get on!" I said, "Get on where?" They said, "Jump, JUMP!" So I jumped in the little passageway there between the main compartment and the toilet. There must have been fifty-five of us crammed in that space, but eventually we wedged our way into the compartment. I thought things might be better there. But there must have been about seventy-nine people in that sort of dog-box compartment. All you could do was stand. There was no room to sit down, even on the floor. All you could do was stand and try to constrict yourself. So after a few minutes of this, I remembered someone's story of sleeping in the luggage rack; I looked around and up above is about a seven-inch wide luggage rack. I said, "Well, here we go," and I managed to clamber up there somehow and lie down. The rack was within seven inches of the roof. Of course all the hot air rises to the roof, so I lay in my rack and I thought, "I am going to suffocate to death." A voice inside said, "Well, don't panic." So I just lay there and contemplated the eternal verities and went to sleep.

But you know that your response to that is: "This is life? This is life? No one ever taught me about this at school. I could die here. I really could just suffocate to death." I remember reflecting on that. I'd heard about the masses, but I realized that I had absolutely no idea what the masses were until that moment. I mean it was masses. Pushed up against you, groping in your back pocket, groping in your side pocket, reaching for your bag. I mean masses, and breath, and onions and masala being burped up. I mean the MASSES! I think that was one of the most marvelous experiences of my life. I think that was a spirit experience, painful as it was.

Now we've been doing this new religious mode for a long time. I want to take us on a quick trip through our common memory. Way back in the 60's I think, we started working on the new religious mode, and

I guess our courses were the beginning of that. The impact of those courses were preparing us for the formulation of this mode. Then in 1970 we got out the charts and went through them and what a rocking experience it was. The Solitaries: Meditation, Contemplation, and Prayer. The Corporates: Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. And the Journeys: Knowing, Doing, and Being. We were irrevocably changed after those talks that July.

In 1971 it was the Psalmist, and it was the time of socio-spirit. In 1972 it was the Other World, the Fast and the Watch and the Ball. In 1973 it was Love; we had to clean love up, so we started appropriating the ontology of love, and that was the summer of the cabaret. In 1974 we moved into the Dark Night and the Long March, and John of the Cross. From 1975 you remember those triangles on Profound Consciousness: Faith, Hope and Love. In 1976 there was a radical shift that went on around here, and it looks like this. (see chart p. 7)

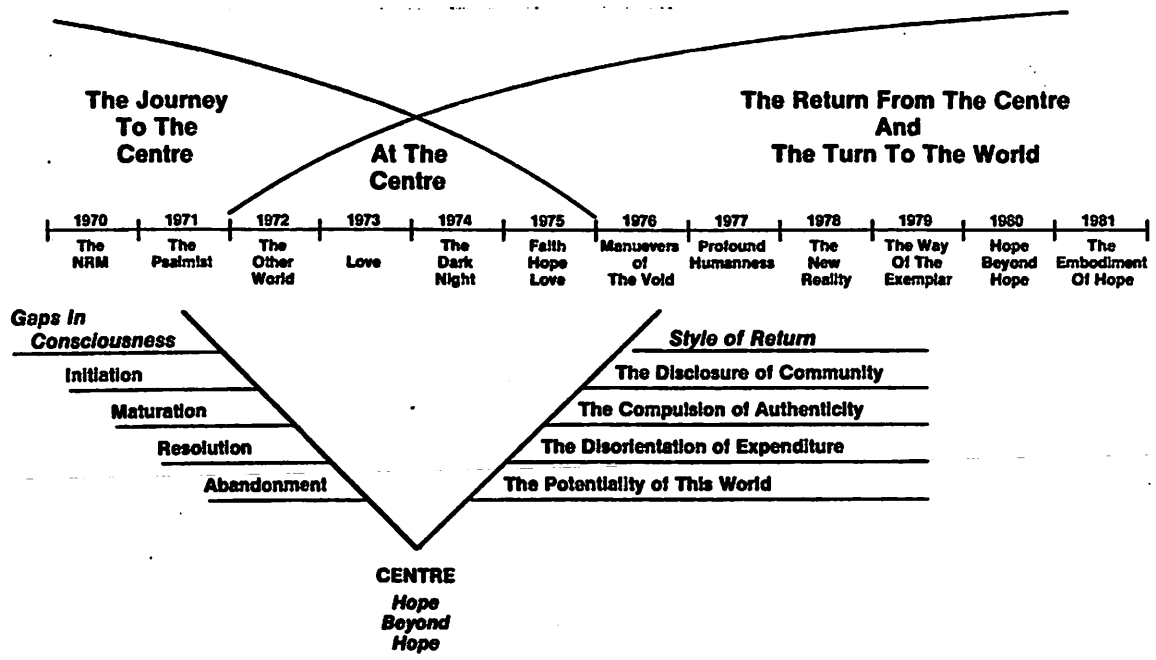
You can see there is an overlap between the Journey to the Centre and the Return from the Centre. In the point at the bottom we were either at the Centre moving to return from the Centre, gibbing at the Centre, or, preparing really for the Turn to the World--which is also associated with The Return. Then in 1976 we did a shift to Sun Tsu or the Maneuvers of the Void. That was something radically different. I still remember trying to give one of those lectures. In 1977 there was a new kind of chart, with unusual words on it: Profound Humanness. I think this represented the onset of pluriformity and the beginnings of practically putting form on Transpondanity. In 1978 we did the New Reality and in 1979 the Way and the Exemplars. In 1980 we did Hope Beyond Hope.

Now this has been quite a trip, and what we want to do with this set of four lectures is to take this theme and push it. We talked about the journey to the center under four categories, and we said what was important here was the gaps, the gaps in consciousness. And if I remember rightly the first gap was called Initiation--the shock of awakening, a wrenching experience of waking up to reality. The next one was Maturation, or growing up in the world of spirit. The third was Resolution, we talked about it as passing through the veil and new resoluteness and consciousness of care. Fourth was Abandonment, the desert, darkness, apostasy--and then the centre, or Hope Beyond Hope.

That was quite a journey. This week we want to try to capture particularly images of the Return. We have, of course, already returned. We've been on the return for quite a while. But what would it mean to start talking about the style of the return or the style of the returning one, the style of embodied hope or the embodiment of hope? We're going to talk about that under four categories. Our second talk will be about The Potentiality of This World, or Gogarten's category of "doom." The next day we're going to deal with

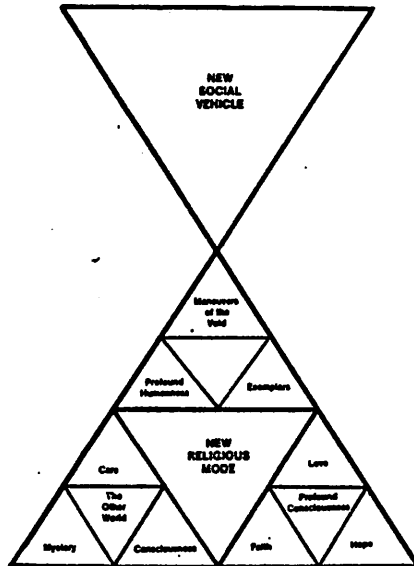
THE JOURNEY TO AND FROM THE CENTRE

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the Disorientation of Expenditure--the Absurdity of Accomplishment might be a better title. Then the Compulsion to Authenticity, and finally the Nonrationality of Community. I myself have found these very helpful categories.

Now, I just want to tell a few stories. Take the classic image of this July and also the last twenty years. At the top is the New Social Mode; at the bottom is the New Religious Mode. At the heart of this is The Other World, Mystery, Consciousness, Care, Tranquility. In 1974 we came at it under the rubric of Profound Consciousness as Faith, Hope, Love. Since then we have emphasized the stylistic residue of this experience as Profound Humanness, the Exemplars, and the practices of its occasioning as the Maneuvers of the Void.



Now we talked about the Other World being the Big Think, the Big Feel, and a Deep Resolve. How are we going to get the world, how are we going to get the four sectors to appropriate this kind of tool? We used to do spins on the Other World, not for the sake of reminiscence but for the sake of reminding us of the power of this. I'd like to do a little spin from the River of Consciousness, State of Being No. 25, which is called Beyond Morality. Remember the way we used to

do these spins? We used to take that state of being down to the next level, get out the images, the accompanying feelings and the indicative resolves, and just spin them.

I want to talk about another transportation situation. I was assigned to teach the school in Sevagram. I was late and was told that if I didn't get there the next day, I was going to be in deep trouble. So I just had to catch a bus that night. Now the evening bus didn't come. The next bus was at 5:30 the next morning. I slept that night on the bench in the bus station together with all the other local men. I was determined to wake up at 5:00 so that I could get to the front of the line. That was very important, particularly since I didn't have a ticket yet. Well, I woke up late, and when I awoke I saw about fifty people lined up, most of them schoolboys waving their special certificates because they were going on vacation. I said, "I'm a goner. I've got to get to the front of that line." I remembered all the things that mother told me about equity, and egalitarianism, and taking your turn. I remembered all the times I had chastised people in Indian bus lines for jumping the queue. I said, that's never going to get me on this bus to Wardha. Well, I was in a fix. I said, there's something radical got to happen here. I decided to gang-bust that line! Now I had never done anything like this before, so I suddenly got very nervous and really startled at my own presumptuousness. I walked straight up to the front of that line and stood in front of all the schoolboys, and I said to the man who was handing out tickets, "I want a ticket to Wardha." He looked up from his ticket satchel and looked me in the eye. I said again, "I want a ticket to Wardha." He said, "You bloody British, you're all the same!" I said, "Please sir, I'm not British, I'm Australian." I just needed that ticket, and I was rather shocked at my audacity. I said, "I really do need the ticket," and he looked and looked at me, and finally reached down and gave me the ticket. So I was on the bus.

Well, that was a shock to me. A simple thing, yet I had never done anything like that in my life. It was a kind of moral outrage, and I started to get intrigued at my own audacity. It was like breaking through a police barricade. I felt as though I had crossed the Rubicon for the first time, or like those Blues Brothers crashing through that store in their police car. I'd just broken through the barricades. In a strange way, the bus conductor must have realized that: at lunch time he beckoned to me and took me to a cafe and brought me lunch. Afterwards as I reflected, it just seemed like the way life is: audacity, more audacity, and still more audacity. Or, freedom is a leap in the dark. Be the leap! Morality is a good servant but a bad master, and if you are going to serve the world, love danger, when necessary.

Well, that's a little spin through crossing the river. The next four days we plan to look at Hope Beyond Hope as the Style of the Returned One, subtitled the Incarnation of Hope. We're going to talk through taking on the doom of this world as possibility; the absurdity

of accomplishment; the compulsion of authenticity; and the rejection of this world as states of being which anybody who is on the return experiences. We're going to talk about the anguish and the glory of someone who is in the process of deciding to be the chosen one, spending his life in care. For spirit is no joke although it does have its humorous moments. It will take all you have, and all you are, and it will churn you up and spit you out; it will reduce you to charred embers. It will raise you up and demand that you go through it just one more time, and one more time, and one more time. And, of course, finally it's nothing and it's everything. It's the key to the new social vehicle. There is no authentic new social vehicle without a new religious mode just as there is no new religious mode that is not developed out of the need and struggle to create a new social vehicle.

THE POTENTIALITY OF THE FUTURE

Standing here, facing the large earthrise at the end of the Great Hall, one is assaulted by the potentiality of the future. The new spirit mode is coming into being. The New Religious Mode is going to be life and death for the social structures in local communities and for ourselves, for without it we will fall apart, break up or go into limbo. It doesn't take long to decide what kind of future you want. Limbo doesn't sound like the potentiality I want but that possibility is also there.

My colleagues and I are going to be talking this week about this symbol. We have been talking together about the globalis dynamic and the localis dynamic and where they come together in the middle which is the regionalis dynamic. That same symbol holds what we are going to be talking with you about these mornings. The new social mode, the new spirit mode and the new stylistic mode. The new spirit mode is an image or a metaphor that enables one to live in authentic relationship to the final mystery, to the depth and greatness of one's life. It is the residue of the same kind of experience the first ape who became conscious had. I don't know whether he said, "My God!" but whatever he said he marked it some way, making a symbol for himself--maybe a big slash mark on a tree. The historical religions in our time are the stored-up residue of religious and spirit modes that history created. The tension we stand in is honouring those old images and creating the new. These talks are about the style of the returning one, or one returning from the center of life itself, the centre of being.

I want to read a bit of poetry about the potentiality of the future before I begin talking with you. This is familiar to many of us.

On the oily surface of the pond, from time to time a snout thrust upward, took in air with a queer grunting inspiration, and swirled back to the bottom. The pond was doomed, the water was foul, and the oxygen almost gone, but the creature would not die. It could breathe air direct through a little accessory lung, and it could walk. In all that weird and lifeless landscape, it was the only thing that could. It walked rarely and under protest, but that was not surprising. The creature was a fish.

In the passage of days the pond became a puddle, but the Snout survived. There was dew one dark night and a coolness in the empty stream bed. When the sun rose next morning the pond was an empty place of cracked mud, but the Snout did not lie there. He had gone. Down stream there were other ponds. He breathed air

for a few hours and hobbled slowly along on the stumps of heavy fins.

It was an uncanny business if there had been anyone there to see. It was a journey best not observed in daylight, it was something that needed swamps and shadows and the touch of the night dew. It was a monstrous penetration of a forbidden element, and the Snout kept his face from the light. It was just as well, though the face should not be mocked. In three hundred million years it would be our own.

There was something fermenting in the brain of the Snout. He was no longer entirely a fish. The ooze had marked him...It is here that strange compromises are made and new senses born. The Snout was no exception. Though he breathed and walked primarily in order to stay in the water, he was coming ashore.

He was not really a successful fish except that he was managing to stay alive in a noisome, uncomfortable, oxygen-starved environment...

It is interesting to consider what sort of creatures we, the remote descendants of the Snout, might be, except for that green quagmire out of which he came. Mammalian insects perhaps we should have been--solid-brained, our neurones wired for mechanical responses, our lives running out with the perfection of beautiful, intricate, and mindless clocks. More likely we should never have existed at all. It was the Snout and the ooze that did it.

....They are there still in the ooze along the tideline, though no one notices. The world is fixed, we say: fish in the sea, birds in the air. But in the mangrove swamps by the Niger, fish climb trees and ogle uneasy naturalists who try unsuccessfully to chase them back to the water. There are things still coming ashore.

The description of the mass of people on the train in India was very graphic. You could see the masses of people on that train that pushed, shoved, grabbed, and took whatever and that thrust you into the midst of the tragedy of the world. In that situation you see the masses, the wretched of the earth--those doomed to die. That situation wakes you up, takes you, grabs hold of you and just jerks you into the center of life and burns you. You want to shut your eyes. In the movie, The Raiders of the Lost Ark, when everybody wanted to look, the hero told the girl not to look because he knew she would be burned as the others were being burned. When you see things like the boat people; the refugees of the world; Kampuchea; the eradicated ones of the world; in Africa, the starving ones of the world; and villages cut off all the way around the globe, the pain drives you to the center.

Now, I am going to talk about what it is like to come back from the centre. I suspect that everyone in this room has the same experience as I. You are driven back from the center by the sheer potentiality of the world. It drives you back to care. The possibility of what is out there is almost overwhelming. It seizes you. It is like the stump of an arm that comes in the window of your taxi in Calcutta. The first time that beggar's hand comes in the window you have one kind of consciousness, the tenth time it happens you are at another level of consciousness. There is a different relationship every time. Sometimes, you just get angry because you know the possibility of what that person could become. Sometimes you are angry with yourself because you haven't been able to do something fast enough or big enough to take care of it. You are angry with them because they hadn't seen the potentiality of their own lives. You are angry with society because the structures have collapsed and there is nothing to care for these people but you are seized by the potential that is inherent in everybody, in every situation, in every life, seemingly unlimited.

Everyone longs for the new that is coming into being. If you look at the printouts from the Regional Consults you are overwhelmed by the potential of every region. I couldn't finish reading my copy. I got through a couple of pages. It was just too much. Let me read a few mandates from the front page of this printout: Futuric Berlin Images, Creating Social Mythology, New Human Story, Human Potential Release, Symbolizing Global Harmony, New American Ethic, New Defining of the Family, Demonstrating Global Responsibility, Human Dignity Development. People are longing, longing for the new, longing for the possibility, and are willing to work for it. That is overwhelming. Time after time after time as the house packets came in the mail this year you got the same kind of images of the happening of Regional Consults. The reports in this Council are full of the same potential.

Several times when it was time to eat lunch or have dinner I felt like I had just been run over by one of those great big machines that smashes down the road when they are flattening out the road-bed. Only I was flattened by the possibility. Some of you couldn't talk fast enough in the given time to get everything reported. It was clear you couldn't absorb any more possibility. If there had been any more potentiality or possibility we would have been melted like those guys in the movie.

People are looking for the new world, the new humanness, new meaning in life, new community and new structures. In villages and in cities, whether in the South, East or the West, the Consult results are indicative of the millions who are searching for something more-- a new hope, integrity in life, ways to be effective and get their say into history, something that makes sense out of the chaos or gives form to it. In the midst of shifting around and nothing being secure the question heard over and over is, "Who are we? Where are we, the citizens of planet earth going?" This is a global phenomenon. Residents of villages and cities are searching for a profoundly human life. They call for it in the mandates. They hunger for a glimpse of it. They demand new images. Yet, at the same time, they hesitate to step out and bring it off. This year I suspect that you found yourself once again on the journey of stepping out ahead of those who are hesitating and declaring the profound, being the profound, claiming promises of the new.

People are searching for something that holds life together. The old patterns are gone and new ones are being created. The demand is for new images that will allow everyone to live with all the plural-formity. Something finally has to make sense. In just a few weeks' time a President, a Queen, and the Pope were shot at. In Rome someone said, "A president maybe, the queen--well, she sort of asked for it with no security, but the POPE! It's like killing God." Nothing finally makes sense any more. Nothing holds it together. Every day we opened the newspaper this year in Europe there were riots-- riots in Berlin, all over Germany and in England. It wasn't just the disenfranchised, or just blacks, or just in the ghettos. It was youth, period, across the board. They were screaming for some way to be creatively involved in society. Everybody wants to be effective.

How do you be effective in a relevant way? In this country you can go to any bookstore and find a book on how to do almost anything well, often with little or no money. There is a proliferation of people trying to tell people how to do things well. At the same time millions of people are cut off from their creativity. Some of these people just sit all day--wasting a human life. Youth, elders, women and minorities--more than half the world's potential--are unable to get their input and creativity into history. The power of all those people is overwhelming. A recent article in a development journal pointed out that the third world and the first world want something

new to come into history, both are working for that.

But the joke is it isn't going to be anything that any one of us thinks it's going to be. It's going to be something that comes out of the push and the shove and the creativity of all of those people and communities coming together. It will happen when all that creativity that's being wasted, that's lying latent in the local communities is hooked together and creates the new that is coming into being.

People are looking for meaning in their lives. They are looking for meaning in just very ordinary, everyday kinds of situations--family, work and community. Lots of mandates from the Regional Councils underscore this drive, for example: search for meaning in the place where I work. Training, Inc.'s logos and quote is a powerful one: "It is no longer enough to make a living, work has to make a life." That is what people are looking for. People are struggling to know what to honour, what has meaning and, what not to honour because it no longer has meaning for the world.

Another way to say that is: who are friends and who are enemies? Isn't it amazing when you listen to the news or read the newspaper that some event happens in the world and suddenly all the nations seem to be re-aligned in a way that never made sense before. The old has gone out of being and something new is coming in. How do you know? Somebody says that the issue of the next 25 years is deciding what or who is God and what or who is the devil. How do you know? Khomeini has decided that almost everybody is his enemy. Begin, I think, has decided that anybody who has the possibility to attack is his enemy. Some of us who grew up thinking all Communists were enemies and now there is a whole group of them in the middle of the French government. If you live in Italy, some of your best friends and colleagues are people you would have formerly labeled "enemies". It doesn't make sense. How do you know who is your friend, who is your enemy, what's to be honoured and what's not to be honoured? In Star Wars every time Obiwan Kenobi showed up so did Darth Vader. Where do you stand? People are looking for what to give meaning to and they are looking for something to make sense out of life.

Everybody is crazy, nothing makes sense. The old static ways of thinking no longer work. Brand new things have happened. The whole economic system of the world is an example of this. No one knows what happened, how we got in this situation, or how to get us out. Currencies zig-zag all over the world. The dollar goes up and down and, there are all kinds of dollars--petro-dollars and Euro-dollars (I always wondered if I could go to a bank and find out what one of those looked like.) The economy is out of control. Everybody is going crazy about it and nothing makes sense any more.

While I am experiencing the assault of the 20th century I know that if I look back over my shoulder I will see the 21st century coming right on that third wave. I want something to be sure. I think I have it all figured out, and then I turn around and look at the wall. Somebody stole the big picture. What am I going to do? I don't know what to do. I don't know how to make sense out of anything anymore. It is all gone. If you step back, in the last century and try to use those images, they don't work anymore. You are cut off from the past and the future.

Last year living in Hong Kong we experienced the city just being inundated by refugees. There were boat people, and other refugees. They'd arrive in Hong Kong and they were cut off. They had left their native countries and could not go back. Yet no one would take them in. There they were, left with only the present. There is something missing in the context. What is the big picture that makes sense out of the present? What gives you a context to dialogue with questions like: "What does it mean to be in covenant today?" and "What is a responsible decision?" Italy has had 48 different governments since World War II. The government literally shifts overnight, sometimes two or three times in one year. When they can't find a way to arrive at a consensus they just disband the government. They are splintered. At first I thought they hadn't caught on to the fact that other nations had fairly stable governments that sometimes lasted years and years. But when you talked to people, one of the first things they tell you is that what is wrong is that we don't know how to make decisions. Just look at the government and nobody up there can decide anything. My internal responses were: well, if you know the issue why don't you do something about it, and I have a method that will help you. But it doesn't quite work that way.

Last December the earthquake in southern Italy killed thousands of people. People were buried alive and no one could rescue them. For a while much of the globe's concern was focused there. The generosity of the globe just flooded Italy. As we sat there in Rome overwhelmed by the reports on the magnitude of that tragedy we wanted to be able to do something. We wanted to respond. Our imaginations were consumed with what was possible. In the middle of all that I was shocked by a newspaper article. Thirteen years ago there had been another earthquake of about the same magnitude. And there was still a bill pending in parliament dealing with the temporary housing for some of the victims of that earthquake 13 years ago. It was there because they had never been able to come to any kind of decision about it. Now that is the tragedy for me. I mean it was a tragedy within the tragedy--the question of what can you do; you can't do anything.

The other day someone in our guild gave a witness. I wish everybody could have heard it. She talked about teaching school. There was one little boy who always entered the classroom like he was sliding to first base. If you have ever taught school, you've probably known someone like that. One day this little boy decided that he was

going to go out on the window ledge. He climbed out of the window and stood on the ledge and yelled, "She's throwing me out of class!" All the kids were whispering, "Hah, Mrs. Harris, what's she gonna do. She can't do anything." At the same time she was standing there thinking, "What am I going to do, what am I going to do? I can't do anything. He's not going to listen to me." She couldn't do anything, she knew she couldn't do anything. But she had to do something. So she went over and said something like, "We need you back in your seat before the bell rings." Then she went back and started teaching class again. So what happened? Well, with all that freedom on his hands the boy decided to come back, sit down in his chair and finish the class. She didn't do anything except hand him his freedom.

She told another story about somebody in one of the projects who was terribly angry at one of the auxiliary. He had him cornered in the pumphouse. He had a big rock in his hand and was screaming, "I'm going to kill him, I'm going to kill him." She walked by on her way to school. She didn't want to get involved but they saw her and she thought, "Oh, oh, they see me. They know I am part of the project so I've got to do something. But what can I do. I can't do anything about that. So she went over there and said, "What are you going to do with that rock? What's that rock doing in your hand?" And he said, "I'm going to use it to kill him." She really knew she couldn't do anything then, so she said, "Well, that's interesting, now he is assigned to do this water project. If you use that rock and kill him, we are going to have a situation on our hands. We are going to have to decide what to do about this water project." And she just walked on off to school. She said she wanted to look back, but she didn't dare. They told her later that the man muttered something about something, enough to be able to save face, and put the rock down and went off about his business. Now, she didn't do anything but hand that man his freedom. I think that's all we can do.

People are looking for what it is that is going to give their life significance. They are looking for destinal significance, that which is beyond who they are, what they are going to do and how do they be. The question is, why are we here at all? There is a poster back in one of the offices about Jamaica. It is the one that says, "We are more than a beach, we are a nation." Somebody said they have that one on TV. There is another TV commercial that tell an entirely different story. In this spot an oldgrizely, grey-haired man says, "Come to Jamaica. We do things the old way." Jamaica has to decide what their story is. What is the significance of who they are. The United States has that same question. What is its role? It doesn't matter whether you live here or you live anywhere else. If you are a citizen of this nation you ask that question. You could ask that same question of this Council. What is our destinal significance? Why are we here, anyway? Finally, the mundanity of the situation is the only thing that we have been given. It is the only thing that we have. The story that we tell about that is the gift of our times

to us. The future is coming like lightning toward us. Where do we start to create that future? Where would you begin? It needs to be something that human beings experience no matter what village or city they live in, no matter what language they speak or how old they are. Every person is related to other people. Every person is a particular age. Every person on this planet showed up either male or female and every person has a way to talk about being related to life.

You experience that the world is ready to create the new. People are waiting to create the basic stuff of life, their relationships to other people, the family, the community and the world. The potentiality is there. All we have to do is just utilize the gifts of all in restructuring this society. You begin to spin and dream about, "Wouldn't it be great if..? Or what if, we really had a society that was really based on all the insights of all, and was shaped by the gifts of all? And what if we had a story about how life was lived in the fullness of time."

In those Regional Consults you sensed that people were just ready to leap into that kind of a future. There seem to be two basic reactions to the potentiality of the region. There was the fullness of those who were ready to leap. And there were those who were really scared by what happened to them there and were backing off.

I sense the same hesitation in myself, I am not always so willing to jump out there and stand in the creative tension of being female over against male. I am not always so ready to jump out there and be 45 years old. Nor am I always so ready to stand out there and declare, "I am the greatest." I'm just not! I sense a hesitation in myself at times but at the same time I feel a great sense of creativity surging forth, wanting to come out. And I wonder why I am postponing this job, or why are we waiting in this arena? We have everything we need to move forward. Why are we postponing it?

You look around the world and you wonder, why can't the Muslims get it together? They have a fantastic opportunity right now. The whole world is watching. Khomeini is a powerful symbolic leader. Yet you wonder why he is not rushing toward the future. Why is he rushing as fast as he can to the time of earlier generations? You wonder if his relatedness to the rest of the world is that sociality will be on his own terms. At one point during this year the state of Georgia woke up to the fact that half of the state is owned by the Arabs. That new image blew their minds. Some of the results of this new awareness is a rise of the Ku Klux Klan membership and more money in the Moral Majority's pocketbooks, and Reagan was elected president. People want to reduce their relatedness down to what they can handle. Reduced sociality is evident in Italy today. In the hills, one village does not relate to another. They are located within a stone's throw of each other. Yet, if you move or travel from one village to the other you are an outsider. That is not peculiar to Italy

because I have seen it in India.

When we work with a village in a project, we take the village by the shoulder, so to speak, and turn this way and say: "Look, there is the future. That is what you are going to have to deal with. Look out there if you want to make it in the 20th century." What would it mean to reclaim the future, to reclaim the relatedness that all of us are? What about the boat people? I have images that some of them are still floating out there somewhere in the ocean if they haven't sunk or been shot at. What would it mean for the world to take responsibility for them? Now one nation shoves them off their shore and they drift to the next nation. And that one shoves them back into the ocean.

People are not ready to claim their age. They are not quite sure what phase they want to be in. We all know the absurdity of people acting much younger or much older than they are. The world itself doesn't always believe in the gifts of all the phases. Structures and individuals cut off half of the resources: youth and elders.

This morning's witness pointed to a kind of openness to life, and that Betty Compton and some of our other elders have the willingness to always be open; continue learning new skills like the computer. Part of the reason that is true is that this group is open to all of the gifts that Betty Compton has to offer and there is a two-way street there. What would it mean to reclaim that possibility in all situations?

There is another great transition going on. Here I am talking about the relatedness to oneself or the particular form of willing to be the self you are, either male or female and creating the future out of that tension. It won't work to try to get rid of it. We find all kind of ways to get rid of it; we step back out of the circle of tension. Sometimes you feel like you want to have another to be in tension with. You look around and there isn't anybody--the creative strength of the other is missing. That is true for both women and men. Where is the power of the creation that comes when both are present? The danger in our times is that the tension is being collapsed. What would it mean to reclaim the power of the tension, to commit your sexuality to the future. This can happen when both men and women are concerned about the future and work as partners to create the new that is being called for. This is the kind of future I would like to reclaim. Many people in the world step back from the future and reach into the past. They grab past meanings and past images that they hope will make some sense out of today. We are cut off from the future, we aren't about the past, we can grab hold of it.

Another sign of this is the interest in the occult, the black magic sort of thing or transcendental meditation. It is an attempt to grab hold of the mystery in life, but a rather superficial attempt.

There is enough mystery in the every day of life that you do not have to go looking for it. But people seem to want to have a handle on it. Drugs are another attempt to grasp the mystery. In the first instance, the morality of drugs is not the issue, it is the fact that this is a cheap way to assume heightened consciousness without having to assume the responsibility for living in heightened responsibility. What would it mean to claim the rationality of the future? What would it mean to decide that the story that you have about yourself, about your company, about your community, about your agency is one that is tied, lock, stock and barrel into the future and to the whole of society? What would it mean to claim that? You sense that people are ready to do that, but then they step back.

Where people are experiencing pain is in the possibility inherent in ordinary situations. This year, the pain for me was in the village of Termine. The cooperative had been working for several years and held great promise for the future. About a year ago it found a brand new market. Everything was set and ready to go. When we arrived in September the cooperative had been slapped with an incredible payment due to the National Pension Plan. Now the pain that happened was that I wanted to say, "Why didn't you know something about it?" and they were saying, "Why didn't you tell us about this." This was a bill not to the cooperative but to each individual family and was retroactive for about three years. It was based on the assumption that the cooperative was an artisans' guild making lots of money. This meant a higher rate for payment to the pension plan. There was deep pain in that village because of the debt.

Every meeting that they held was structured with the hope of getting some objectivity out on the board about what needed to be done, and how it was going to be implemented. Every meeting seemed to have the same format. The meeting might start in an orderly fashion, but after a few minutes some man came crashing through the door and screamed at the top of his lungs. They everybody jumped up and for 20 minutes we didn't know what was going on. There was a great deal of noise. The meeting was blown but we still had to stay there and figure out what was going on because it made a difference to the future of that town. Then the women were almost ready to pick up the possibility of a new direction and move with it. Then one of the men made a decision on their behalf without even telling them that he was going to make that decision. The women got over that and then they jumped on him and that was another 20 minutes of screaming.

People realized their potential was not being used. Those women wanted to be a part of the push and pull of making the decisions, of figuring out what in the world was needed. Yet they stepped back and wanted the ICA to do it all. Back and forth and back and forth. Riskin the future and then stepping back.

This isn't anything new. We have all experienced this. On the one hand you are ready to run back and hesitate but then you find

yourself driven to reclaim the future and to recreate the situation. I want to describe this as reclaiming the sacred in our time. You find yourself claiming prophetic promises for the future. You are seized by the potentiality of the future, not carried away by it. You are clear that you are always going through a struggle to create, catalyze, say yes, and be ground out; to create, catalyze, say yes to the future which stomps on you, to create, catalyze and say yes. What you are about is finding ways to open up the future, make every path new, fill the present full of meaning for everybody. That means the man who stepped on the women and wouldn't let them make a decision. That means the people who won't let the boat land in their Nation. All those people in the region are being driven to reclaim the whole of creation that they live in, every time they show up at a meeting, being obedient to the times.

I had a dream. I dreamed I fell down a well. I could see the light at the top. There was no way to get out. I knew I was going to die. Then I saw an underground river. I didn't know where it led but I knew I had to get out of that hole. So I elected to swim. I took a great, big, deep breath, dove into the water and swam. After I did that there was this light at the end of the tunnel. This dream came at a time which was one of the biggest crises of my life.

That dream has always been a symbol for me. More recently I discovered the promise is not that I am in the dark and there is light way out there which I hope I can reach before I run out of breath. The promise I have been experiencing is that there is darkness all around and I am the light. That's weird. That's wild, but when you experience yourself that way, you are the one. There is no one else. You are the one that is light in that situation.

There is no certainty, but taking on that job creates something beyond certainty. That is what happens to us in this council as we make the hard decisions we have made as we struggle through the pain of building consensus and being the global dialogue we are, and as we prior the globe. We are doing that on behalf of everyone who comes after us in this Order--those whose names we will never even see on the assignment board much less be able to pronounce. That is when we find ourselves in the position of being light, opening up new worlds, pioneering on behalf of the future.

Another image that held the experience this year was the end of the movie, Space Odyssey:2001. The guy just sort of zipped through space. He didn't know where he was going, he wasn't in control and he was being transformed. Or, the experience of this year is like sending out some scouts (all those people at Regional Consults); when they come back they report, "Boy, there is a land of milk and honey out there! But there are also some giants." And you find yourself saying, "We'll take on the giants because we are going after the milk and honey." You know you are scared that you are going the wrong

way. That happens but you are still going.

When you decide to recreate or reclaim the sacred which makes life whole, you take on the sign of repentance. Our council this year has been for all those communities and people who are fractured because they can't make decisions. We have taken on that ourselves, have passed through it and sense a unity with all that is. You sense that history is your colleague, you honor the past that brought you here and you leap forward into the future. You are excited about that. You honour all of time. You decide to recreate space that is healing, space that holds the wholeness of life, space that transforms humanness. You create that. You decide to honour all of space. You honour the relationships that you have. That means giving some distance to them. You don't have to beat up on people, you honour them. You don't have to agree with them, you honour them. That, in the midst of creative tension and in the midst of pluriformity, there is honour.

You find yourself stopping the world for people. You want to create that experience so that when the world stops, they can get a little glimpse of the wholeness, the holy, the sacred and the profound. It is in deciding to recreate the sacred and to tackle those forms of humanness that are foundational and it is in filling those full that we will find that the void of our times and the void of who we are will be filled full too.

THE DISORIENTATION OF EXPENDITURE

These talks are about the authenticity of religious life. That is the one thing that we will be talking about throughout all of these talks. The talk the other day was on our memory as this community of the profound spirit dimension, and the talk yesterday was on the sociological ground in the 20th century that assures that religious life is not pure mysticism. Today's talk will be on the Disorientation of Expenditure, this noon we will have the talk on the Compulsion of Authenticity and then tomorrow morning, the Nonrationality of Community. I believe the notes and questions that you have sent in have focused for us the fact that the returned ones have only one struggle, the struggle to willingly will the religious life. Back on the wall there, we have Kierkegaard's figure, which is really the basis of the new religious mode and of our artform method. The self is in a relationship that relates itself to itself and in so doing transparently grounds itself in the power that posits it. The power that posits it is the mystery which is manifested in our times and in our selves--yourself, myself, society, social situations, and community.

What is happening today is that people are separated from their times. There is a disrelationship that comes as rage, psychosis, irrational outbursts, killing and riots. How do you make sense out of that? How do you make sense out of the interior response, the internal Mt. Saint Helena that you and I have going on within us? You can say it is good, but that leaves undone the homework necessary to build the story, to get the story out, about what is going on in our times, in society and in yourself that is grounded in the way life is. Save we do that, people will be jumping out of windows and suffering from terminal boredom. A story is needed for the decisional response to be made that grounds us in this transparent power, which relates us to reality through the covenants, always through covenants with the ground of being, with your particular community, you particular era.

Ninety percent of the confusion of our times is because people aren't deciding about their lives. This is a refusal to return from the center. I can't imagine why anyone would want to stay at the center, but the refusal to return from the center is the refusal to covenant with our times, to be the self one is, to take society seriously, and to take responsibility for one's community. That is why there is an Order, to begin to put order into these relationships. I am going to talk about the disorientation of expenditure; the sub-title is, "When is the question of religious life raised?" By the disorientation of expenditure, I mean to say that life is about doing, and there is no way for anyone to avoid that. Today a new kind of consciousness --a new orientation--is happening to those using themselves up to bring off the world.

I think the last talk I gave was in RS-1, ten years ago. The only way that I can remember how to start is to do some poetry. This is Dag Hammarskjöld, whose plane came down in the northern part of Zambia back in the early 60's:

Never let success hide its emptiness from you,
achievement its nothingness, toil its desolation,
and so keep alive the incentive to push on
further that pain in the soul which drives us
beyond ourselves. Do not look back and do not
dream about the future, either. It will neither
give you back the past nor satisfy your other
daydreams. Your duty, your reward, your destiny
are here before you.

Something has happened to me this year that has had little to do with any one event, but rather with a number of events, if not a number of years. I was in LENS this past week, I might add, and it hurt. This past year, all of your dreams were within range of coming true. For the first time in a long time, for me, the year seemed to be falling into place. The annual appeal, which we did in the fall of last year gave us a research opportunity, so we put together a document using the social process triangles and the whistle points as screens. This gave us a platform on which to stand and hold the nine points of critical concern in southern Ontario. Whenever we would go out to talk with somebody about what was in the document, about disengaged youth or disintegrating family values, they would respond, just come alive.

That document served to focus our programmes for the year and provided an indicative for the Regional Consult in April, which then focused on a heavily urban area with representation from the urban communities all over southern Ontario. The Consult itself produced a mandates chart that was nothing short of comprehensive. In fact, the title on the thing was Wholistic Societal Objectives, which gives you a clue of how close the participants were to having the whole thing within their grasp.

One of the priors, commenting about the value of the Symposium, said that we didn't have so much that was new, which was true, but that people were excited about having the whole thing in front of them. They saw that all of it was there, all the massive issues, and they saw that it could be dealt with. I suspect that our hearing the reports from around the world created the same fullness of vision, where you got a grip on how to resolve things. In talking to the people from Zambia, you sense that the nation could literally do that four-year plan produced by the people at the Assembly. This was a year to

experience being bathed in the potential of humanness. At the same time you experienced this fullness of vision and set out to realize the fullness of the vision, you encountered perpetual change. There was a professional consultant who sneaked into our training workshops, so we ended up training him. Actually, he had been doing it for several years, but he didn't tell us so we trained him to do one of our workshops and at the end of this thing, after the Symposium, he was excited. He had a five-year plan whereby he could figure out all the key organizations, institutes and corporations and do Symposiums all across southern Ontario, on into the sunset. You could hardly keep him in his seat. About four weeks later, at the Assembly, he dropped by in bluejeans and was gone. The vision had shifted between the Symposium and the Assembly and was radically, totally different. New values had come into play, a more specific focus here, an emerging new value some other place, a lost troop, all illuminating the inadequacy of the previous vision. This is the experience throughout the world.

In Canada this past year, the government decided on a vision of Canada, or a Canadian Constitution, as the next necessary step for dealing with the issue of national identity. Just as it seemed possible for Trudeau to pull this off, the temporality of the vision was revealed and things began to fall apart. Seven of the provincial premiers took it to court and the North American Indians brought in a new dimension of innocent suffering, and the thing began to crack. Someone fell out of the structures; someone is always falling out of the structures. Whenever you engage yourself, new data comes in; vision is always perfect until you engage.

Just when I thought I had my mind around the situation in Zambia two years ago, we shifted the project and some of the Shantumbu community staff to Kapini because of the ongoing guerrilla warfare near the Rhodesian border. We had planned a LENS expedition, and the pedagogues arrived from Chicago. The road that goes south to Salisbury was off limits for it led to the infamous Chirundu Bridge, heavily guarded with mines, and there was always sporadic gunfire going on there. The small town on the Zambia side had long since been vacated and was pretty well shot out. The road goes south, and then it veers to Livingston and our first LENS was down that road and about 100 miles away. Just as you cross the Kafue River there is a turn, and the driver, for whatever reason, missed it. So here we were with three white faces out there in the middle of the night. My first awareness that the vision of LENS at the Training Centre had gone drastically awry was when the Land Rover wrenched to a halt, and somebody stuck some torches and a couple of guns over the back end of the Land Rover and demanded that we get out. We could hear the footsteps and the whispers as they marched us up to this wall of an old, abandoned gas station which was already full of bullet holes, and we stood there.

My first thought was that this was a bad time to have our Rhodesian colleague along. My second thought was that this is not a game. (It seems that should have been the first thought.) This is for real. Life is for real. My death is for real, and there isn't one moment that is not a moment of particular risk.

In order to take a relationship to your vision, you need to commit yourself to the model that's been built, and the risk is in the fact that all models are temporal. Anyone who has worked in the less developed nations knows that there is no romanticism in engagement. You may like this or that or do something that you more or less like to do. But every last fibre of romanticism is pounded out of you over and over again. It's just life and death and risk.

Now let me tell you about the Lakeview Condominium--in beautiful downtown Mississauga. We had built a plan which had the makings of a fine event. Our main advantage was that we had our president on the Board of the Condo, and everything else was what you might call a vulnerability. With our media history we were a bit gun-shy. Sure enough, at the second meeting of the steering committee this man dropped in and started asking all those questions that you can smell miles away, before they get asked. In fact, I developed a permanent twitch in my neck from cringing over the last year. Then the Condo itself had a terrible history. The lobby had been fire-bombed earlier because of a debt which nobody wanted to pay. There were gangs of youth outside, petty crime and drugs. On top of this, it was the first big forum that we had done, and somebody from the condominium had invited radio, newspaper, and television reporters. The mayor was coming, and the final thing was that this was our pivotal tactic for the whole year. Not too smart, maybe, but it was what had to be done to move us off dead centre. We knew it was risk, as is every moment in every decision when you simply decide to move ahead. There is no alternative to doing except to die, which could happen in either case.

Just a drop-in becomes a whole blow-out of another universe. I had a casual meeting set with a lawyer friend in the Lusaka hotel, which is usually the worst place for privacy. He had amazing contacts, and with him, this time, was the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Uganda, who Amin had kicked out. This was when the war with Amin was raging. I felt very uncomfortable about the whole thing. The lawyer, a friend of ours, enthused about our work, and within a minute, the Minister of Foreign Affairs promptly invited the ICA to reconstruct Uganda. Do I take that as an affirmation? Anyway, the unsolicited invitation was one I was sure we were not prepared to take. I found myself in a preposterous situation, a dream world, and disoriented in the midst of that.

Working in Lorne this last year got us all clear that the plan we had for that community and the plan that was emerging were not

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the same. We were also made aware that when you inject human development, new life, into the situation, families and people will be destroyed. When the new self-conscious leadership emerged in Lorne, the old was ripped out of being. There was a final burst of futility there in April of last year. I was told that the crowd had gathered outside the auxiliary house, and the staff prepared itself to leave. The police could no longer guarantee their protection. The crew made its way quickly to the car, waving their last good-bys, piled inside, revved up the motor, and ground to a stop. Someone had forgotten to put gas in the tank. You would have thought that if there was one thing that we could do right without mucking it up, would be to get out of the project.

It breaks in on you that your ultimate alliance is not with either end of the paradox of the vision, its temporality or its fullness, but finally, your ultimate alliance is with the crimson line. It is with the perpetual revolution. Every day you get a chance to recreate your family, your community, your job. Your life is finally always a new life. It's funny that you should laugh because the assault on your perception of vocation begins with just that kind of laughter. You end up looking ridiculous. Your expenditure is disoriented, with no hope of being otherwise. You try to get your act together, and it comes off as some kind of comedy of cares. I remember picking up a colleague in Tulsa a number of years ago, to do some teaching. We tried to spiff things up a bit before the pedagogue arrived; make sure that there wasn't anything to complain about. We got the car in shape, the house in shape and I was quite well dressed. When we picked him up, he got slowly into the car, looked around it and said, "If you want to ground your humility, you sure have got the right car." That's indirection.

During LENS this past week, one of the conversations was on our work space and making it human. When you asked what we could do in this regard for our ICA offices in the houses, replies started coming back: we could move the beds, put in some office furniture, and put the ceiling back on to cover up the pipes from the toilet.

In Toronto we decided that we would all do self-support this year so we got a job handing out flyers in the streets of Toronto for a local theatre group. Sometimes we'd vary a bit and run door-to-door in residential areas. I'm not sure why it was, because I have done the circuit to the dustbins in the Lusaka market to get our evening meal, but somehow this activity of moving from downtown calls on corporations to handing out flyers on the street in my old raincoat was humiliating. You stand there, wet in the cold, freezing rain, with the flyers all sticking together, handing them out like you were asking for alms. People would stop out of sympathy. One guy grabbed our intern thinking he was a thief. He didn't stop talking about that for weeks.

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In the midst of all the doing of this past year, you begin to raise questions about your usefulness. "What is the significance of my role? What am I here for?" A lot of people have been asking that this summer. Or, "I don't have a role, I don't have a career designated to me in this outfit as an Area Prior or whatever, so there is no sense in me engaging. I'm trapped and I'm going nowhere. I've got to make my move before it's too late." Whatever charisma you think you had your experience as gone, stolen, left behind in Africa. All there is is this gnawing at your innards, the experience of functional uselessness.

While talking about my church conference this year, I was informed that I could retire after twenty years. That gives me only nine more years of useful service. I wondered about my retirement, so I went to check my pension and I found out that I didn't have any. You begin to experience self-doubt in your engagement, in everything, in your engagement with your family, in your engagement with your job, in your engagement with your colleagues. God takes away all covenants and gives them back relativized. One of the house members willingly confessed that he had spent hours literally on his knees this year to maintain his orientation with his colleagues. I went into three weeks of personal silence myself, to try and grasp what was happening and then found excuses to delay my arrival back here in Chicago for a couple of days and took a pilgrimage back to my college after eighteen years, Albion College in Michigan. I slipped in the side door of this huge chapel, the place where I got engaged, where I got pinned. Before a packed house of twelve hundred empty seats I implored those walls to reveal the truth that had sent me forth. I literally did that. And then, from an empty pew, I went and sat down. I demanded that Martin Luther King and JFK and JWM, whom I had encountered there, speak to me again. Now you know all about these things, you know what happens. Silence. All I heard was those characters in the balcony rolling marbles down the aisles whenever speakers used the words, Jesus Christ. But it called me out again, filled with self-doubt. And then you look for a way out.

I would like to share a letter in confidence from a colleague who left this year and who was more effective than I was.

Something very destructive was happening to me. I am speaking basically about my physical condition. I guess when a person gets to be a certain age, and I believe this happens several times throughout one's life, they begin to take a hard look at where they have been, where they are headed. For me, this is one of those turning-point years. For the last sixteen years, in one way or another, I have dedicated myself to serving others. I regret none of it and in fact, owe my life to it. It is not a bitterness I feel and never will, but a profound

love for all the joys, struggle, pain and change I have experienced as a human being. Strangely enough, there has been something missing or neglected. It is difficult to find the right word here because it is something I am seeking to discover. I feel now that the best thing for me to do is to begin working on the solution. It is only when I can make significant changes in myself that I will be of much help to anyone else. I know this all is not fully understandable, especially given the great need in the world. I deeply struggle with whether or not the circumstances of my decision were correct but that, I suppose, is the nature of my life.

I didn't know what to tell him. How could I tell him there are no such categories as failure and success? The disorientation of our moment is a description of life. These categories of failure and success just don't exist. Kipling talked about them as the imposters. All you have is your one and only life which you are now expending and you have no choice about that. But you want to escape from this transparentized doing when you see it coming. Your first response is that you are going on as normal. Just keep going with a kind of survival mentality, acting as though nothing had happened. I don't see a thing.

It is at times like these when I have this giant urge to fill every moment with some kind of activity. I asked one colleague to bring his squash racket so I could take it back to wherever this year. You want to join a sports club, build additional maneuvers, grab at some opportunistic programme--anything to avoid the pain of reflection. You refuse to appropriate what life is telling you, which is what happens in reflection. You don't want to find out the truth. You out yourself off from the perpetual education life is giving you. It dawned on me this June that people in the house had either stopped giving contexts to things, or they were making them very short. I experienced a loss of memory. This was horrible. I was forgetting the context at the moment when I was being assaulted. Pushed to the edge of my doing, my memory seemed to fuzz out. I even experienced a refusal to learn or pick up a new context. Sometimes the house packet would lie unopened for days.

I quickly took stock, even had an indirect conversation with a doctor regarding my ailment and I didn't have the language I needed to talk with him about transparentized doing. It's a funny thing, I even went and got a book by Jung on how to read your dreams in an effort to find another door into my being. Nor did we have, when I was there, the kind of language we needed in Zambia. I remember the context one day being carefully laid and the next day everybody would show up as if they had never heard of the context. We said, "There

is no money. You will have to build this yourself, using your own resources. The goal of this project is self-sufficiency." Their question to us that day was, "Where is our salary?"

This only happens in the midst of success. You have to see that they had been assaulted by God, they were not just forgetful. Otherwise, I-thou becomes me-him and he is a dummy. It is great to see the work that is being done there now. Because we won't come to terms with the perpetual education that life is giving us, we retreat to primary integrity. I already know what to do, damn it. I will just pharisaically use this method, and it will come out all right. After the assault of Regional Consults, I worriedly asked one of my colleagues if she knew where this whole thing was going and when she said, "Yes, of course," I got even more worried and disoriented.

(Now, these are all disguises of despair, yet they haven't fooled any of us. There are more. "I am withdrawing because I'm not clear." This often comes as, "I didn't understand, so I didn't do it," rather than, "I am disrelated from life." The lure of inertia sometimes takes the form of regularized sick days. I myself manifest the search for motivity. Maybe I can find some motivity if I take a little discontinuity or if I get a little special food, or if I take a little visit home or if I take in a little movie; and usually they have to wake me up to take me home afterward. After saying all of this, you have to ask yourself why doing is valid at all? What is the purpose of doing?)

I've been doing some thinking on this, in the amount of time one has to think around here and there are just four quick things which I see that make doing irreplaceable in the scheme of being a human being. One is laying foundations. Everything is the same after these Regional Consults but everything is transformed. Someone said before our Symposium, "If no one shows up at the Symposium or the interviews, the recruitment alone through the four-sector interchange screen has changed the consciousness of Ontario."

The second one is releasing the human courage to build the earth, to take charge of history, to have courage. The third one is to build the vehicle for that courage, which is covenant. And the key there is covenants through corporateness, covenants in teamhood, primal communities, familyhood, nationhood. It occurred to me that all the vehicles that have freighted history and brought in the new, are covenants, and that it is through those that the obligation to God and neighbor is met. Fourthly, you are a place of revelation where people experience re-relatedness to all the past and all the future. You decide to be that place when you decide to be the exemplars. Your words and deeds light up the way. They light up the way that is beyond doing, that is the transparentization of doing, and people see not you, but what doing really is. Some believe and follow, some do not, and they try to kill you. Thomas Merton gets hold of this well

for me:

Hence, we cannot find the depth of our own being by renouncing all activity. If we renounce activity we can relapse into a certain darkness and peace, but it is the darkness and peace of the flesh. To go out of ourselves is to act at the very summit of our being, not moved by our own nature, but moved by God who is at once infinitely above us and who yet dwells in the depth of our being.

I think we all know we are being challenged to take our doing to a new level, to take it beyond accomplishment to 24 hour a day catalysis and catalysis doesn't mean sitting on your tail, it means working harder. Before we worked primarily in human development projects. These days we are being asked to be demonstration of authentic living that is beyond accomplishment. Before, setting up the demonstration project was our task. Now we're being asked to be demonstration of developed humanness. We are being asked to be demonstration of primal community. This is where disorientation is transformed.

THE COMPULSION OF AUTHENTICITY

I was in Kenya this year, my fourth year there, and I think it was only after I came back that I felt that I had cheated the auxiliary. I have one advantage over anyone else in Kenya. There is no auxiliary who has not gone through training by me and as a result, if they are missing anything everyone knows exactly whose fault it is. When I see them again and they say, "You never told us that," I know very well I did. In fact, I did eight weeks of pedagogy on "that." I knew that something was missing and for the last two years I have had questions of what has been the problem of the auxiliary.

That problem has to do with the question of God. I have no problem talking about God as the mysterious power, the limits or any of the other ways we talk of God. But what I think I cheated the auxiliary on this year is that I did not talk about the reality of God--not another word for God, but the reality of it. That is, that everything is taken out of being, and you have no choice about that fact. Your only choice is to say "yes" or "no" to it. I was so concerned about what language I would use to ensure that everybody would believe that we were not a pious group or evangelists or trying to convert them to anything, that I stupidly left out the reality of it. That is the first part of my context.

Secondly, I think we had some discussion on whether or not we were going to talk about religious life in front of this Council because of the Muslims, Hindus and all those who do not identify themselves with an historical religion at all. We decided that the word "volunteers" just doesn't make it to describe the journey we want people to go on. I have no problem seeing why our auxiliary would leave. The problem I had is why in the world they would continue to stay. The journey we ask them to go on is truly a journey that burns you completely and totally up, unless you know that you are being driven by whatever it is that takes everything out of being and gives a new beginning.

My third point of context is I did not live in a religious house this year. I didn't realize that until I visited the Houston Religious House at the beginning of this summer. I was in the training school in Africa, and if I was not in the training school, I was in the bus going to the village to train a guild or I was seeing an agricultural officer, but I never was in a Religious House. By that, I mean a house that had a daily ritual of any kind, secular or otherwise, a house that had team structures. I was in a training atmosphere that did not have the marks of a religious house. Now the training school has its own rituals but it is not a religious house. I discovered what we have always known, that only the Word sustains us. Symbols don't sustain us, they remind us of our decision--but only the Word

sustains us - the Word of a new beginning.

The fourth point of my context is that we have no new gimmick to help us through this year. This year will be the same as last year - the hard work of transforming lives.

Yesterday we were told about the memory of our spirit, the common memory of who we have been in history and the only image we are really operating out of. We don't have twenty-five different spirit screens, we have only this one, which says that everyone goes on a journey starting in the world (which is the only place we can start), where we experience the centre of being that is consciousness, and we make a decision whether or not to return to this world. That is what yesterday's lecture was about, the spirit journey we have been on as the Order: Ecumenical, The Institute of Cultural Affairs, or whatever face you know us by. The second talk was about what it means to see suffering and say it doesn't have to be that way. What we have seen is that it is possible for human beings to be transformed. The third lecture, on The Disorientation of Expenditure, was about achievement which never lasts. Because we know that achievement doesn't last, it is therefore, not what sustains us. The lecture tomorrow, the fifth one, is about what it means to submit to your fate as a religious.

I am not sure but I think the lecture on The Potentiality of the Future is in the Buddhist tradition. It looks to the story of Gautama who goes out on a horse and sees the suffering of the world and decides, when he sees the sick and poor and dying, there has to be some significance to it. He was not necessarily going to do something about it, but he did have a vision of what it means to be the religious. The vision comes only after the walk among the suffering. The Disorientation of Expenditure was in the Hindu tradition. There is a Hindu quotation about "acting without fruit of action." What does it mean to decide to take your ethical stance? What is your ethical posture when you know that your expenditure is not going to last? The fifth one is in the Muslim tradition and it has to do with submitting to your fate. The nonrationality of submitting to your fate gave me the image of the finality of saying, "This is what it is, and I stand before God saying Allah seven times a day." This is what it means to be a community of believers who have nothing more to offer than to stand before God.

This leaves for me the Christian tradition for The Compulsion of Authenticity. I think this has to do with the story in which Jesus, the hero in it, decided he had achieved all he was going to achieve and had to face Jerusalem. This is the story of facing Jerusalem. Another way to talk about that is in the triangle (the authenticity of religious life). As we talked about expenditure, we were talking about our knowing and our doing. Today my talk is going to be about our doing and our being, and the one tomorrow about our being only.

I want to rehearse the journey. What drives you to the centre of being, where you become conscious, and what pulls you back to the world? I was called into the faculty women's dormitory this last year and told politely that one of the women teachers was sick. I went in and it was obvious that the woman was having a miscarriage and having a miscarriage because of a self-induced abortion. She almost died before we could get her to any kind of medical facility. Something happened to me when I took her to the hospital, because what occurred to me was that I had caused it. I had given a context on what we were going to be as the ICA in Kenya, and one thing we were not going to be was a home for unwed mothers and pregnant women. I had given that context out of our corporate stance in Kenya on what we were going to do with all the unwanted babies that were being born and this was her choice as to how she dealt with that. I went to the centre of being. It was different going to the centre of being this time than any other time. This time it had nothing to do with guilt, but with sheer consciousness that it was out of my freedom that I decided to lay that context, and it was out of my freedom that this happened, and, furthermore, I would do it again.

That consciousness and daring to stand in the centre of freedom is something I've never really believed until this year. I never really understood what "absolute freedom at the centre of being" meant. Later, I asked the woman (and the man she was going with) why they didn't get married. And again it was because I had given a context on how serious marriage was, what the covenant of marriage is and what it means in our outfit. They said they were not ready to take that step because they did take it seriously; and I am sitting there again plunged into the centre of being because I did that. One thing that my freedom caused was the pain of those I was working with, and there was no escape from that freedom, and there was no escape from that particular consciousness.

We have always said that we don't give advice or suggest particular ways because it takes away the person's freedom. To give advice is to decide, "I know what you should decide and here it is." We offer alternatives. We train people to make appropriate responses but we don't give advice because to do so means they have an excuse for the rest of their lives for that decision. When that occurred to me relative to this woman and this man, I was plunged again into the centre of being, into my consciousness of what freedom is.

I lost some weight this last year, and my stepmother was buying me some clothes. After I explained that we only wear blue, she said, "Kaye, do they allow you to wear blue jeans in this ICA?" That started her off on all her "do they allow's." "Do they allow you to take days off for vacation? Do they allow you to smoke? Do they allow you to drink?" It occurred to me, as I was plunged down into the centre of being again, that there was really not a good way to answer her, and I blurted out, "No one allows me anything. I write the rules of my

Order," even though that was not quite what I meant. But it occurred to me that this is exactly what I mean when I stand in the centre of consciousness. I do write the rules of this Order. Now, I allow Management Centrum to make decisions for me, but I write those rules, and that is my total and complete freedom. I have never felt so keenly as I have this year that there is nobody else, and I guess it is because that is the way it is. Nobody tries to give me any advice anymore. I thought maybe they were scared of me, but I think it is more because it is clear that I make my own decisions, even though I listen to my colleagues. I stand in total freedom and that freedom has been experienced in a painfully different way.

There is a stillness at the center. I find myself being assigned to go places, and, appearing at the bus stop, I realize I don't have to get on that bus to go to the village of Kitandi. Not only will nobody know, they probably don't care. I probably could get up a good excuse, and I really don't need an excuse. I can just say I decided not to go, and most people wouldn't question me. I really don't have to go, and my freedom comes back to me again, and I am plunged back down into the centre of being, where I am totally conscious of what it means to have the world in my hand, that world of freedom.

A colleague was talking with me recently about how we have always protected freedom of others. He said that he knew somebody in this outfit who wants to be the next ruler, the next king. I asked, "Well, did you really call them into question, really beat them up? What did you do?" He said, "You understand, that is their decision. If they want to be king they can be king, but they are not going to be my king." That is the stance of authenticity or the stance of integrity we have always taken. When some very good colleagues of ours who have been in the Order for twenty years left, I really thought they were rotten for leaving. But Joe and Lyn Mathews took them out to lunch and talked about what kind of job they were going to be able to get in Texas. It shocked me again how they could possibly talk to these people. But one thing that we have always stood for is the protection of that freedom. If somebody else wants to do what I think is ruining their life, finally, it is their decision and we protect that freedom. This year the centre of being did not come to me as the dark night, as despair. That is all past memory. The centre of being came to me as sheer freedom.

What brings you back from the centre and pulls you back to this world? Traditionally, we have talked about the "brothers doomed to die." You hear those who are suffering, and you decide not to stay in the center. We've also talked about the fact that, having seen the transformation of people's lives, we are pulled back by that promise. This year, when I am at the centre, I see the pain I am going to cause if I continue to demand people take their freedom.

When I was in Charlottesville several years ago, one of the young men whose family was against the ICA came into the living room of the house and started crying. He was about eighteen years old and he started crying that his brother and sister-in-law were refusing him entrance into their house. His parents had said he was going to have to find another home, his friends were not speaking to him, and he was begging the ICA to please leave Charlottesville because he could not stand the decisions being put upon him. Well, what I know is that, for the rest of my life, I am demanding that people take their freedom, and that plunges me back into the centre of being.

I know that this has happened in other places relative to brides and bride prices. We have had at least one young woman whose bride price went up because she was trained by the ICA--an international organization. Just about the time we were going to make her one of our major teachers, her parents forced her to get married because she could now get a much better marriage. You sit there and you say, "Was it worth training her for two years, only to find out that my training is going to enable her to be sold?" The reason this became such an agony this year was that there is another seventeen-year-old woman that we are training. She is the finest young lady in terms of a teacher that I have ever seen, and I am more than tempted, in fact I want to tell her to defy her family. I want badly to tell her to decide not to be sold into slavery with respect to a marriage that she does not want, just because she is afraid to say no to her family. I want to tell her to decide to say that "No." What holds me back is knowing that if I make that decision for her, I make her the same kind of slave, for she is then a slave to what I have decided for her life. She wouldn't have taken on her own freedom, and that plunges me back into the centre of being. The question I ask myself is whether I want that burden? And this is my vocational decision to return. When you stand at that point, the world stops and you have to make a decision. I can stay in the centre, which is insanity, because trying to hold on to a mystic experience when you hear the cry of others doomed to die, tears you apart. Or I can live a lie and pretend that my eyes were never opened, I don't have any freedom, or that there are no cries to hear.

This goes back to my context about cheating those auxiliary. I tried to pretend to the auxiliary this year in Kenya, that really they were volunteering for two wonderful years in which they were going to be trained and would understand methods that would help them in Kenya. But that is not true. Kenya will die if those auxiliary do not decide to be a part of the development process that demands freedom of their people. That is the reason that I am recruiting them to work as auxiliary in the village. If they don't do it, or someone like them, Kenya is going to die. It has nothing to do with wanting a few extra troops. It has to do with my authenticity and my original decision to be a part of this Order. This world is going to die unless there is some way that people receive their freedom--and that means hearing

the word about life.

Now I want to talk about what it means if you have said "yes" to being on this journey. I will write down the marks of being the religious because this is a religious journey. Although it is religious, it is not pious. Therefore it is addressed to people who do not consider themselves religious. Anybody whose eyes have been opened and who cannot escape the consciousness of his freedom and experienced being driven to respond is who I mean by the religious. This does not happen to you casually. You did not sit in your room and decide to be the religious. Something happened to you and your eyes have been opened, and you said "yes" to what you saw, and something happened to you, and you can no longer escape the consciousness of your freedom; and you said "yes" to that. And again, something happened to you, and you were driven to respond.

The title of this lecture I think comes from H. Richard Niebuhr, whom I am paraphrasing a little: "Whatever others may say, declare or talk about, we, the religious, can only confess, as those who live in history, that through our history a compulsion has been placed upon us and a new beginning offered us which we cannot evade." Another word that we have used for this new beginning is "incarnation," that new birth which can happen in any stable, any village, any urban centre, any family. This new beginning claims our integrity and drives us onward.

After his heart attack one colleague of mine questioned whether or not he should start anything else because, after all, it's quite likely he will never get to finish it. He concluded that when you look at the earthrise, what you realize is that when we have taken the burden of the whole world on our back we never are going to finish. What it means to stand in integrity is the walk itself, the way. The journey that we are on is the fulfillment of our destiny.

To get back to my original image of Jesus facing Jerusalem, I think that Jesus set into motion whatever was needed through his disciples and then decided to walk toward Jerusalem to show us how to let go of our task and die. Similarly today, because the world is so complex and ever changing, all that we are doing in our task is to set into motion what can be done and then moving on. We certainly will not see the success of what we have done.

This next part I am not very sure of. I do know that authenticity comes when I realize that I have decided not to escape from my conscious-

ness, and I have decided to be driven to respond. But there are four concerns that I have concerning the question of maintaining our authenticity. I know that there is a question because this last year I was ashamed of being in the ICA. I thought there was something wrong with us, that we were falling apart because we had not cleaned the village when visitors came or we found ourselves yelling at the auxiliary or students or other unintentional things that we didn't use to do. The four concerns have to do with authenticity relative to decision, relative to our work, relative to our strategy and relative to our symbols.

These past two quarters I have been assigned to take training to the villages themselves. I don't know why every village chosen was either at the bottom of a mountain or at the top of a mountain, which means you have to walk it either way. It is not true that Kenya and Africa are full of forests; they are full of hills, and very long ones. I have to make a decision about my being every time I go to a village because I have to walk anywhere from five to twenty kilometres up one of those hills. When I arrive, either hitchhiking or on one of those glorious buses, at the bottom of a hill, there is never anyone, of course, who has ever heard of the village I am looking for. I don't even know if I am heading in the right direction, although I have written instructions. Next I say to myself, "You know that the auxiliary didn't get your letter saying you were coming; even if they did, I bet you anything they didn't contact the district agricultural officer and so there is no seminar relative to our local frame. They probably had another argument with the village and the headman, so nobody will come to the seminar even if we do have one. Probably the whole auxiliary is out on a strike anyway, and if I do get up there, I know that one of these days they are going to say, "Kaye who?" when they see me. It is a very lonely decision at the bottom of that hill to decide that you are going to go ahead and climb it.

But even that is not the decision relative to authenticity, because I know that when I do get to the top of that hill and am exhausted, they are going to want to take me to the demonstration agricultural farm which is five kilometres that way and to the headman who is six kilometres this way, and to everybody who is important in the village, who all live three to five kilometres away from each other. I am so dead by the time I get up to that village that all I want to do is go to sleep, but I won't be able to because the auxiliary all live in a one-room hut, and you all go to sleep at the same time on the same floor and you all stay awake at the same time. So before I even start up that hill, I have to decide to put my being into that situation or I don't climb the hill. It is a great temptation, a true decision at the bottom of that hill, and you thank God for all of our pedagogical training. Then, when you get up to the top of the hill and say, "Hi! I'd love to see the farm," and "Yes, let's go see the

headman," and "What have you been doing?" and on and on, and on, you realize you are not faking it. This is not a fake face you are putting on. It is the old wisdom that when you put passion into something, more passion comes out. Part of what it means to decide to be authentic relative to your decision is once again putting your being into it.

The second concern is authenticity relative to work. We had a colleague who left the Order in Kenya two years ago. She said, "I did not join this Order to be so inefficient at everything that nothing happens. If I wanted to be inefficient I could have stayed in my own work. I didn't have to join the Order to do it. Furthermore, it is a filthy place, and I am not going to stay," and so on. Well, she returned this year, and the inefficiency level is the same as it is around the world. I asked myself why she returned. I haven't talked to her about this, but I think she returned because she found that what she thought was the ICA's fault was the world's contradiction.

I have been reading about Japan, about how its special greatness has been due to its always having been an isolated country, with one race, one culture, one understanding of common sense. Now Japan is experiencing the assault of the 20th century--it is no longer isolated--and, as a result, is falling apart like every other nation. I remember when the Order used to be small. We fit around one table, had a common mind and a common stance, and everybody was intentional; we were a cohesive people. Then, one day, we decided that we were going to be global. We started first by sending out religious houses in 1968 to North America and Kuala Lumpur. We decided that we were going to be global and be assaulted by the 20th century, and as a result our cohesiveness that was so fine when we were not global, is gone.

It is not an ICA disease to be assaulted by the 20th century and to experience non-cohesiveness. That is what is happening in the world. If you use religious language, that is what is supposed to be because God has sent the 20th century to shake us up; we have no choice about being interrelated, about being global, except, of course, to lie to ourselves and return to a world that does not exist. I think the reason this woman came back had to do with experiencing the fact that the 20th century world that we live in is demanding that we open new doors wherever we go, and that is what is happening in our particular outfit.

Authenticity relative to work, I think, means once again being authentic about the homework that we have to do. I experience having to do much more work in the theoretical than when we were in our so-called "knowing" period. I have to do much more work in the theoretical to know what is going on. I have to create new symbols, new rituals, create new curriculum, new language. Because we have decided that achievement is not the goal of our life doesn't mean you have less achievement. It means I work twice as hard as I have ever worked

before, because achievement is creating visible signs for people to see what is possible. The demand is for effective signs so that people can see the possibility of living with a changing world they can participate in.

I got very upset over someone's lecture the other day who made the statement that we weren't after development in a village. It might be a by-product, but we weren't really after development in a village; we were after motivating everyone. I wanted to get up and say, "That is not true and has never been true. We certainly are after development in a village. We are after creating a New Social Vehicle. We are after changing the time structure in that village, the meeting structure, the relationships, how they meet together and everything about what it means to be a people. What we are about is human development." I discovered that of all our common memory decor, we don't have up the organizational chart or the programmatic chart. That upset me because one of the ways in which people in our human development projects see what it means to have a transformed community is by identifying themselves with a guild--a guild that demands professional quality or standards--and with a particular programme (not that that guild or programme is going to last). This is what gives them a vehicle for participating in that community that they do not have in simply an awakening event.

The third concern is authenticity relative to strategy. We are in the process of dumping military terms like "failure" and "victory," I think, primarily because in Kenya our auxiliary lie when we ask them about victories. We have one who has named the same victory for the last six quarters and keeps presenting it as a new victory because they all know they are supposed to have some kind of victory, whatever that means. I don't want to know about their victories; I want to know where they put their passion this past quarter. For some of them, it has meant being able to do nothing for three months but put their passion into getting permission to open up a road. That is what I want to hear about, not that they did twenty-five tactics. I want to know where it is they died in the village so that new life could come.

Two years ago I was assigned back to Kawangware. I almost died when they told me I was going back because we had started all these programmes, and I heard they had dissolved. One colleague, trying to be helpful, said, "Don't worry; you were sowing the seed and somebody else has harvested that seed. Go back, and it will be a brand new world." Well, I went back and I didn't see any harvest. All I saw was the ruins of all those programmes and things we had created, and I was in despair. Now, I can create a victory story over anything, like all of us, and that is not what I wanted. I wanted to know what we are doing in human development projects when I fall into despair every time I go to a human development project. It never lives up

to my expectations, even if I reduce my expectations. How do you talk about strategy?

I think our authenticity relative to strategy has to do with the crimson line. This may be totally wrong, but I had to go back and re-read Kazantzakis. In Report to Greco, he spends all of his passion trying to find out what the face of God looks like for this generation. You may remember he is climbing this mountain, which I identify with. He is climbing up this mountain working, knowing, being, everything to try to find the face of God. He finally, after blood, sweat and tears, makes it up to the top of the mountain, and he reaches out to grope for the face of God. But he discovers there is no face; so he begins building the face out of his own being. That image informs what our strategy is. It never was to build Kawangware. It was to build the face of God, although Kawangware is where we were going to build it, to give people a visible sign of what it meant to respond to the eternal, to the profound. When I got that clear, I began to see the transformation that happened in Kawangware--not the victories, mind you, not how it was a great success--but I began to see the transformation.

The last one is authenticity relative to symbols. I have a pride of achievement. I keep looking for things that have lasted. I do have one. I am probably the only remaining member of the only experiment this Order has ever had of a two-person house made up of two single-family units. That was Russ Campbell and I in Darwin in 1969-70. I think some of you remember that, and it was a great team. I was wearing the red and black colors of Fifth City, (those were our colors in those days). I wore a suit all the time, and Russell had hair down to his elbow, wore tires for shoes, a hippy suit and carried a guitar; I carried all the curriculum and the notes in our two suitcases. We walked all over Darwin, one Puritan and one hippy, at the two-member house. I really don't know how that assignment of the two of us got together, but we were there for twelve months being Darwin.

We had no house, so we had mobile decor. In those days, we didn't have all the symbols we have now. We had a reds, the double X that said if you die, you live; we had a small iron cross; we had the Ur images, the world grid and a full Guernica, all rolled up on sticks, so wherever we went we just put up our decor, and that was the house. We had Daily Office every morning in a deserted church somewhere with two aboriginals and a Singapore I.T.I. grad. Since he was against our doing a House Church which looked like formal religion, we had fish, bread and wine at a restaurant every Sunday and did the secular House Church. We had collegium in Woolworth's because they allowed you to buy a cup of coffee and sit at their table all day long. We did self-support every night from six to twelve by mopping the floors of the local hospital. We sent in our

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check to Sydney every week, and every week Sydney sent the check back to us so we could eat. It was a symbol, and every Sunday we called Sydney and gave our external and internal reports and named our contradiction. Sydney would ask, "Have you been faithful to the rule of the Order this past week?" and Russell would say "No and Yes", there would be absolution, and we would hang up.

The great thing about that was that all of this was symbol. It wasn't just the symbols we carried around with us. The whole thing was a symbol that the two of us were out to do something with the Aborigines. That was our assignment: "You are to do something with the Aborigines, and you are to find twelve strong Aborigines; they are not to be young, they are to be older, like forty." I appreciate that this year, because while the young ones will listen, they finally are not connected to community, and you want someone connected to community. "You are to write a curriculum on Aboriginal heritage and to do something in music." So Russell would play the guitar and get them there, and I would write the curriculum and teach them. It was a great team. What I remember out of all that is not any residue of accomplishment, but that I lived out of symbols that reminded me that I was part of a community which had sent me to do a task in history; and all of those symbols reminded me of this.

We have created many symbols since then, and the ones I live out of this year include a few of the old ones but a lot more of the new ones. We are still creating those symbols. My authenticity is to maintain the symbols, not because they operate on a one-to-one basis where, if I miss Daily Office or Daily Ritual, all of a sudden I lose my spirit. It doesn't work that way. The symbols work as a swirl in your life until your interior resources are always available to you because you stand faithful to those symbols, but it is the whole swirl of symbols and it works in an unusual way. One of the major symbols we give our auxiliary is their assignment. I think they might be here too. This is one way we do get the religious question asked, although they don't know it. The last question they get in the school is, "Auxiliary, are you ready to take any assignment, to go anywhere, to do anything, at any time, with anyone?" That stops their world because they have just been working with these other tribes that they don't particularly like and it is probably "with anyone" that gets them more than anything else. It has become their symbol of whether or not they are going to pick up their task. Their answer, by the way, is not, "I'll try", but "Yes", and there is no discussion allowed on it. It has to be just "Yes". I don't know where I am assigned this year, but it is still going to be a symbol of obedience to me to say "Yes" to that symbol and to that assignment, not because I want it or I don't want it, but because I know I am going to have to put my being into creating something new, even if it means going back.

The other charts on the board are very easy. How is it that we give away our Authenticity or give away our freedom? I want to look at some unhelpful language you and I use in giving away our freedom and authenticity and some possibly more helpful language from our last ten years.

The first has to do with excuses. Bonhoeffer is still correct: we appeal to men, circumstances and principles. I think that the unhelpful language that I keep falling into is that I keep asking the question, "What went wrong?" which automatically tries to locate the blame somewhere. Far better is to ask, "Where was the struggle?" or "Where is the contradiction?" or "Where are people being assaulted by the twentieth century?" There are many forms here.

The second has to do with achievement, and the unhelpful language is to ask, "Just what did we achieve in this session or this village?" which gives your freedom over to some goal-oriented activity rather than the dynamic world we live in. I think the better terminology is something like "Where do we go from here?" I think this is Joe Slicker's favorite. I'm always expecting him to call me into question for something, and he almost invariably starts his conversation with, "Where do we go from here?"

The third has to do with certainty and the unhelpful question is, "Are we certain this is the way we want to go?" The phrase we have used that is more helpful in the twentieth century is, "Is this appropriate at this time and place?" I find that more helpful than "Is this responsible?" because I can say something is responsible but it still perhaps is not all that appropriate.

The last one deals with temporality and asks, "Will this last?" The answer is "No". I think the new phrase is something like, "What door will this open?" Probably my greatest love in a project is doing literacy classes. I think I like literacy classes because if you shape the language, you shape the concept, and it is particularly the concept of freedom that you can get across. I find myself constantly in sin--that is constantly selling my freedom, giving it up. That song "Morning of Freedom" is all about this: no one to blame, never excused; always inventing, ever becoming; beyond morality, right or wrong. The last verse of that song has to do with protecting your freedom. And this has to do with the poetry of authenticity. I think I put up that title because I would like to be known in history in this Order for creating new poetry. Nobody has ever given me any credit for any yet, but I am still working on coming up with something like the Other World Charts or the New Social Vehicle, language that will change our images forever. They keep giving me lectures to help me in this, but I haven't quite made it yet.

Now this is related to the question of how you talk about

being the "religious" rather than being "a volunteer". Here I came up with four words. The first one is entrusted. Our authenticity is that we have been entrusted to give others their freedom. The image I have lived with for years is that we are after giving the word of freedom to the last fat lady, and that we will not rest until the last fat lady hears the word of freedom. In fact, we called it evangelism for a long time. It's the only thing we have ever been after. Being the religious is not like being a volunteer. We have been entrusted with that task of giving others their freedom.

The second is the word claimed. I was trying to get a word that does not mean I sit around and decide something, but I find myself claimed by history, by the crimson line, claimed by the communion of saints, the meditative council. I don't have language to say what I am claimed by except that I belong to a family of people who have lived in history forever and who have dared to say that they are going to open new doors of freedom. There is no one phrase adequate for that. I don't know if this is right, but we have always said that the great religions all started with a particular event about which a story got told which created a community. I keep asking "What is the event in this century that is forcing people to strive for a new religious understanding? Was it the earthrise? What is the event and the story that is going to be told about what it means to be religious in the 20th century?" Whatever it is, I know that part of it is that we have been claimed by those people who are always looking for a way to stand before the profound.

The third word is scarred--having a scar. Being scarred, I find myself very touchy about certain things. I think that is what it means to be scarred. Things happen in spite of me and in spite of my motives. I used to be known as a quite good RS-1 teacher. The reason I became quite good is that Joe Mathews told me in public one time that I would never be a teacher, that I wasn't serious about being a teacher and would I please stop bothering him. To spite Mathews, I went and memorized all the RS-1 papers and did all of the background theological work and did these 4x4's, until I discovered that I knew this course backwards and forwards. It always comes back to me that I learned RS-1 out of sheer hatred, rage and spite. You know it really shouldn't happen that way. But then somebody will come up to me and say, "You know what you said to me in the hallway, that really addressed my life; it changed me forever." Meanwhile I am just dying to tell them that I told them that because I thought they were the most obnoxious human being that I had ever met, and it was because I was out to destroy them that I said that word. There are some very nice things that I have said to people and nothing whatsoever has happened and times I have been extremely sincere about something and nothing whatever has happened. There are people that I have trained well who have become the strongest human beings in the world because of that; and of course they collapse or run off with the money. And there are very weak people

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whom you would not pick in a million years, and they become the giants, but you still can't stand them. Well, all this goes to say that God is in control.

You and I are not in control and have been scarred by that. We have been scarred by the fact that, in the center of being, we experience our freedom to decide anything--but that doesn't alter the fact that God controls the course of history. Remember that RS-1 little ritual, "Who decides the will of God? I decide the will of God. Who directs the course of history? God directs the course of history." I hated that little thing. I'm beginning to realize how much it has touched my life this year. I do not control what is going to happen, no matter how good or bad my intentions are or anything else; finally, I have to stand before what is, not what I would like it to be.

My last word is driven. I don't know how else you talk about being the religious except that we are driven to be the religious. It is not a casual encounter or a casual decision. I find myself in the middle of some village, and I say to myself, "Nothing is ever going to happen here. Why am I still here? Why don't I quit?" Then somebody comes up and asks a question, and I find myself responding out of the depths of my being; I discover that I am driven to be the religious. This is something that is more than my making a decision, it is my being driven to be the religious.

We believe, in this particular Order, in this particular year, that we are going to go back to the same work that we came from, regardless of where we are assigned. But we are going to be called this year to intensify our experiment on what it means to be a profound human being, which is to say, to stand before God.

We fooled Joe Slicker this year, which is a very hard thing to do. We fooled him on his sixtieth birthday. We altered the time schedule of when the council would meet by a week in order to get the whole movement there. As a result, we had to incur Slicker's wrath when we told him we had changed the time schedule. Anne and Joe happened to have their wedding anniversary the day before his birthday, which was handy because we pretended we were going to have a drink with Joe on his wedding anniversary. We took him down to this little mud-wattle house by convincing him that this was a wedding anniversary celebration. Meanwhile, the auxiliary was slaughtering a goat and cooking it for his real celebration. In the house were all the old members of the Order, and we did this surprise birthday party. Then, when he thought he had had his birthday party, we took him down to Kamweleni House where the other 200 members were waiting, and we had the real birthday party. All in all we fooled him two or three ways.

But part of his ordeal in this first pre-birthday party was that some of his colleagues made him give speeches on the meaning of his life. I never would have done this to him. He had to make about thirty

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speeches, and the last question that was asked was something like, "What do you want to see before you die?" His answer was, "Before I die, I want to know that the world is aware that a religious order has come into being."

My authenticity has to do with this particular covenant that I have chosen; it is not simply to be a religious in the abstract but that this religious order comes into being so that all people everywhere know what it means to stand before God.

THE NONRATIONALITY OF COMMUNITY

One of the questions all of us giving these talks have struggled with is what context are we standing in as we give the talks? For me it is helpful to stand in the context of the cultural revolution of the 20th century. We keep raising the question of what is the event that marks the shift in our century? What is the happening? I read "The Event and the Story" by Knox again. The question is not whether what we hoped and dreamed for when we woke up to consciousness is going to happen, it already has happened.

The course Cultural Studies I (CS-1) holds much of the context. It is in the scientific, urban and secular revolutions that the context of our times is set. Humanness is forever changing. In the scientific revolution the struggle is with the image shift from the victim to the creator. I still find myself totally assaulted by the computer. The very encounter with it does something to my gizzard as a human being. The scientific revolution and its victory symbolizes the wrestling match with the ever unfolding complexity of life and is rapidly changing what it means to be human across the globe. In the urban revolution the transition is from localized to globalized consciousness in terms of time, space, relations and rootage. This profound shift has happened across the globe and it is awesome. Even more profound is the shift in the secular revolution from authority in terms of where certainty is grounded to authenticity where certainty is grounded. These three revolutions by their very nature redefine humanness and raise a fourth revolution which is the ethical revolution. You remember in the CS-1 course, the section on contextual ethics is not only the individual but the corporate. Thus in that course there is always the component of community reformulation because to be an ethical human being involves both the solitary and the corporate.

A colleague came back to the room where I was working yesterday and said, "What's happening is (and he walked around for a long time, smoked his pipe, looked out of the window, pondered, brooded and then he said)..What's happening is--or the edge of the 20th century is in the shocking fact, that the secular has revealed itself as the religious." The hole that is at the centre of everything, but which is hidden has finally opened up in the secular revolution. The whole consciousness of humanity is wrestling again with the religious. Now they are one thing. They are heads and tails of a coin.

I saw the movie "China Syndrome" in a drive-in in Kingston. When the secular falls through to the religious or the religious falls through to the secular it feels like one of those atomic reactors in that movie. When the elements are placed in unique relationship to one another the reactor starts vibrating, and quaking shaking, steaming, and rumbling the earth. That is what is going on in the globe

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today.

These five talks that we have been creating are another attempt to articulate what's happening in the globe. The first one, "The Memory of the Spirit" had to do with the sociological role and profound function of depth human consciousness which grounded that in our own memory as this community and the insights into these dimensions, both in our own creations and those of the globe. Then, the second talk "The Potentiality of the Future" rehearsed the sociological indicative which is the ontological ground out of which we avoid becoming some kind of mystical joke. There is a cartoon on one 8½ x 11 paper somebody passed around earlier this summer in summer prep. It had all of the things you could do which would be held under the rubric of cheap consciousness, bargain basement consciousness. The assault of 20th century awareness has out-stripped old modes and the capacity to freight the ultimate significance of the experience of life itself. The struggle in the world today is because the cultural revolution has won. Now the question is are we going to embody what this revolution has revealed? That is the ethical question. "The Disorientation of Expenditure" dealt with that ethical question or what happens to a human being that raises the question of religious vocation. In the fourth talk, "The Compulsion of Authenticity" the subject was the freedom that grounds the possibility of religious vocation. Today the title of this talk is "The Nonrationality of Community" or the historical imagery that gives form to the religious vocation. What are the images that can be lived out of in the perpetual revolution that is this task.

I want to read a poem that summarizes my experience last year. I suspect it might summarize your experience of this last year.

I was so weary of the world,
I was so sick of it,
everything was tainted with myself,
skies, trees, flowers, birds, water,
people, houses, streets, vehicles, machines,
nations, armies, war, peace-talking,
work, recreation, governing, anarchy,
it was all tainted with myself, I knew it all to start with
because it was all myself.

When I gathered flowers, I knew it was myself plucking my
own flowering.
When I went in a train, I knew it was myself travelling by
my own invention.
When I heard the cannon of the war, I listened with my own
ears to my own destruction.
When I saw the torn dead, I knew it was my own torn dead
body.
It was all me, I had done it all in my own flesh.

I shall never forget the maniacal horror of it all in the end
when everything was me, I knew it all already, I antici-
pated it all in my soul
because I was the author and the result
I was the God and the creation at once;
creator, I looked at my creation;
created, I looked at myself, the creator:
it was a maniacal horror in the end.

At last came death, sufficiency of death,
and that at last relieved me, I died.
I buried my beloved; it was good, I buried myself and was
gone.
...I am dead, and trodden to nought in the smoke-sodden
tomb;
dead and trodden to nought in the sour black earth
of the tomb; dead and trodden to nought, trodden to nought.

God, but it is good to have died and been trodden out,
trodden to nought in sour, dead earth,
quite to nought,
absolutely to nothing
nothing
nothing
nothing.

For when it is quite, quite nothing, then it is everything.
When I am trodden quite out, quite, quite out,
every vestige gone, then I am here
risen, and setting my foot on another world
risen, accomplishing a resurrection
risen, not born again, but risen, body the same as before,
new beyond knowledge of newness, alive beyond life,
proud beyond inkling or furthest conception of pride,
living where life was never yet dreamed of, nor hinted at,
here, in the other world, still terrestrial
myself, the same as before, yet unaccountably new.

I, in the sour black tomb, trodden to absolute death
I put out my hand in the night, one night, and my hand
touched that which was verily not me,
verily it was not me.
Where I had been was a sudden blaze,
a sudden flaring blaze!

So I put my hand out further, a little further
and I felt that which was not I.
it verily was not I,
it was the unknown.

Ha, I was a blaze leaping up!
I was a tiger bursting into sunlight.
I was greedy, I was mad for the unknown.
I, new-risen, resurrected, starved from the tomb,
starved from a life of devouring always myself,
now here was I, new-awakened, with my hand stretching out
and touching the unknown, the real unknown, the unknown
unknown.

Now, this talk is not about a couple of things. One of the things it is not about is an institution. It is about a dynamic in history that emerges, disappears, emerges and disappears as history goes along. Secondly, it is not a proposal about something. It is a statement, a description of a reality going on that my colleagues and I are attempting to name. That reality is not necessarily Christian, Buddhist, Taoist, Islamic nor Hindu. It is the hole, the discontinuous at the centre of all of those. It is the nothing around which all of those rally as they come and go out of being in history. I want to give you two subtitles to this triangle. Subtitle A is God is Bringing Into Being a New Religious Order In Our Time. Subtitle B is How the Last Fat Lady Will Have the Possibility of Profound Vocation.

This talk "The Nonrationality of Community" has four points. The first point is The Happening of Religious Corporateness. The second one is The Struggle of Vocational Submission and the third point is The Tensions of Purposeful Integrity. The Pioneering of Religious Life is the fourth point.

The times have called forth the new religious and the times are what is the grand indicative that calls us into history as the symbol of the mystery itself. It is intruding on our lives. Earlier we talked about Kierkegaard's model and the current spirit edge in terms of the spin-off. This is a small cartoon in yesterday's paper. The scene shows an office with two partners and one patient. "Mr. Parnell, how do I handle this application? It asks does anyone in your family suffer from insanity." And the patient put down, "No, they are all under medication." What intrigues me about the book Person/Planet is the image that the times illuminate the setting for the monastic paradigm. There is something that goes on in history that burps forth that response--time and time and time again throughout civilization, it appears. In the east, in the south and in the west, across the globe across the historical religions, across the cultures Roszak talks about the monastic paradigm as a model of creative social disintegration. Creative social disintegration, a time in which society is building anew. On what bridge does it pivot into the future lest it pivot off the edge of the abyss?

Rozzak talks about four things that the monastic paradigm holds in tension; things society is calling for which have become polarized in life for human beings. Social responsibility is experienced as a

civic command instead of a release of your own being in lucidity and care that means humanness. Spiritual purity, the consciousness of the deeps of life is in tension across the globe with social responsibility. Solitary personhood is in tension with authentic conviviality. When the monastic paradigm emerges, it holds the tension and allows society to work out again the ways, the styles by which these tensions can be held creatively.

I did some homework on a description of the founding period of a religious order. A reflection from Nigg and others is that when an order comes into being its focus is its prophetic vision. That order is a happening in history, not some great big old monolith. Its focus is a prophetic vision that is from the center of being and impossible to do. Somehow what happens when this dynamic starts to crank up in history--God starts to crank it up--is the Word, the self-consciousness about the fact that life can be lived and it is consciousness about the fact that if life is not lived it is missed. That Word, that self-understanding was somehow released from the institutional malaise of it. This was true in the emergence of this ordering dynamic whether it be in the east, the south or the west.

The journey is a journey of spontaneity and simplicity. With it is the residue of an emerging community who were seized by the vision which was called forth out of history. Those who identified with the vision transformed their solitary and corporate lives to take a relationship to that vision's fulfillment. During this period, what held people together was a combination of the vision symbolized by whoever was chosen to be "founder" and the radical consciousness of the Word which called every human being to live their life. Those two, the vision and the Word, held the community together. The community was its values, its beliefs and its symbols--nothing rational. That is a part of the reason this title is "The Nonrationality of Community."

I am not talking about how anybody sat around one day and said that we ought to do "X". I am describing what is going on. It has to do with a subtle distinction between community and corporateness in terms of this consciousness of being a religious people. It is not good or bad, it is just different, like some of us have different size feet. I have 11 1/2 but it depends also on what kind of a shoe I am buying. Community and corporateness are not the same thing. A religious community is a community like many other kinds of communities, associations, organizations, agencies. The world is full of communities. No one escapes being a community. As soon as there is more than one of us, there is community. In a community your commitment is to a common project. It is to a specific endeavor and it is full of contractual expectations however conscious or unconscious. In religious corporateness there is a commitment of common lives, there is a covenantal reality. There is a history-long and world-wide context. There is self-conscious accountability/absolution and relationship to God and neighbor and self as a rehearsal of the struggle.

At this time in history we are experiencing the crisis of our corporate maturation. We are experiencing the crisis in our strategic direction. These are not problems. I was so excited when I found out that was the crisis we were supposed to have I didn't know what to do. I thought that was tremendous. Then there is a crisis in missional legitimization, which is easy to ground in some particular places around the globe. How do you get permission to do the vision? It isn't because you want anybody to like you or agree with you. You do a deed to change all of history. All are called to build the earth as community. But not everybody is called to be radical religious corporateness. That is not the way God designed the universe. The fourth is the crisis of futuristic polity. Everybody has questions about polity structures. That is normal. Whenever your old man or old woman dies this crisis sets in. Individual vocation is the fifth crisis that happens when a religious community matures.

For a long time we've talked about postponing our nervous breakdown. I woke up this past year and discovered I was having a nervous breakdown. Nobody asked me whether I should or whether it was the right time. It was going on. My nerves were shot, I was frenzied with possibility, psychotic, overwhelmed with possibility, with victory. I always thought God would break me down through a continual series of gigantic rocks blocking the path, or the different exits you can take to keep from deciding to be the responsibility of the religious in history. I woke up to just how badly I wanted to get out of this possibility.

I immediately realized that, in the first instance, it has nothing whatsoever to do with this group of people except it has everything to do with this group of people. I showed up in a little seminar in my hometown, Cleveland, Ohio. It was a chance to be away from the 600 kids in the youth program I was responsible for in the middle of Hough in Cleveland. I just said yes. I didn't even have to be recruited. I thought I was going to a really great retreat along with the whole Sunday School class and teachers. Well, I ran into three pedagogues. As far as I am concerned ever since that first moment I ran into this group people have been trying to get my gizzard. I appreciate it. So at least I thought I could return the favor.

For the first time since my father's mother died, I cried tears last year--real, genuine, honest-to-goodness, no Hollywood promotion tears. I got beat to my knees, bloodied and the question became, am I willing to submit to this again? The only thing that dreads me and you about any assignment is what if it comes off? If this comes off I will be ruined! I will be up 24 hours a day, running around like mad. I have to orchestrate all this stuff if it gets going. Am I willing to submit to this one more time? The submission comes in the midst of an experience of the corporate trust being undermined, is in your own being. Several people have talked about that as the Institute of Cultural Affairs being out to get the Order.

A colleague made a comment that I found to be creatively disturbing. He said, "I always thought that most of my life there was a conspiracy after me and that it was conspiracies that were ruining the world. But you know what I discovered? I discovered that it is not conspiracies, it is simple stupidity on the part of all of us. Most of the world's problems would be solved if you could eliminate stupidity." That never seems to go away. It becomes operational doubt. If I really send a letter, will anything come back? Will anybody ever read my letter? Will anybody send me the materials? That is operational doubt. If those people do this Community Forum will they ruin the car, will they destroy the frame, will they... that is operational doubt.

Ideological doubt happens to you when the intellectual assumptions that you spent at least, self-consciously, 28 years getting into history all become doubtful as if they are 1000 years old. Then everything starts to get re-examined. In preparation for the Council there was a perpetual re-examination machine in operation--a dragon's breath producer, fog. You asked a question and the sound of a foghorn came back. Fog! Doubt! You asked somebody what time it was and they said, "I don't know, I don't, I...." It was incredible. This was true about the most mundane items.

Ethical doubt..this is just one community along with a lot of other communities so why don't I have another community? Is this what I ought to be fashioning with my life? Is this a relevant response? Of course, it is a relevant response, otherwise you wouldn't be trying to run from it. Doesn't that make sense? People don't run from things that aren't worth it or relevant. People don't run from things that aren't there either. People have been going around saying the world is falling apart, I'm bailing out. We are not an Order, we don't exist. I do know one thing. You cannot have a problem with something that doesn't exist. You cannot leave something that is not there. That just seems simple to me. But I experience the same doubt. And then, there is absolute doubt, absolute, unconditional, this-is-not-going-to-work doubt. I am certain of it. When I first saw that assignment board my stomach dropped to the other side of the earth. It is still there. Everytime I look at it I have a crisis of workability. You know all that is is God coming after your gizzard. That is all doubt has ever been. It is a great gift.

The assault this year was on our individual self-confidence. Somebody says, we need someone who can make three marks on the board. Everybody says, who me, not I, I couldn't possibly, I haven't been trained. I have never been a prior. You ask, "Where are the napkins?" Somebody answers, "Who me, not I, I haven't been trained." Or, I don't understand, give me a context. It has to do with your mind getting messed around by the Mystery who is after you, not somebody else. It used to intrigue me in RS-1 in the Niebuhr seminar when people would ask: Well, who out there is the church? Who are you going to root

for today, team number one, team number two, or team number three. That is not the question. The question is what are you going to do to be that dynamic in history? It is not a question about somebody else, or about some other structure or organization or group. It is a question about your life. That is all it has ever been a question about.

Kazantzakis says the mind seeks to order all things and experiences the great void, and the heart seeks to find essence in everything. I discovered last year that when the shuttle was launched out of the U.S. someone stole the essence of it all. During the night when they were in final preparation someone loaded it on the shuttle. They left it up there somewhere. Meaning. People say they are leaving because they are not capable. They just healed 17 blind people, caused 34 crippled people to walk yet they say, I am just not capable. I am not good enough. Well, of course none of us are good enough. That is part of consciousness. And hope. I was sleeping comfortably with hope as a pillow in my arms. Somewhere between midnight and 3:45 AM, as the police report would say, it was stolen.

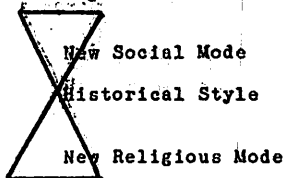
This year in Kingston the elections took place. We were going along doing our Human Development Project like we were supposed. The election started expanding in terms of its violence and impact throughout the nation. We had tremendous news conversations about what was happening in the elections, what was going on, what was the depth spirit problem of this nation, what was the economic contradiction, what was the political contradiction, where are they culturally blocked, what was their futuristic gift? Those were tremendous collegiums.

Then one day about 8:30 PM one of our colleagues in Woburn Lawn informed us that in the next one minute and 30 seconds we should all walk two miles straight up the hill to the top of Blue Mountain if we wanted to stay alive. Period. Those things weren't news conversations any more. They were my life. Our whole house spent the night getting up this hill. It was like an instant poverty game except it was real. You had one minute and 30 seconds to get everything you thought you could carry two miles up a mountain. We spent the night up there covered with bushes, rocks and trees. Some of us perched like birds on the side of the mountain. For the first time in my life I identified with a bluejay. I was cramped. The other problem was that nobody would speak to you. You laid there and heard gunshots and glass breaking and said to yourself, well, will they get us before the night is over? Even if only one person got hurt how in the hell will we get out? We are at least three miles up from nowhere. How will we ever give anybody any information? How will anybody ever know? And you realize maybe they won't ever know. Maybe what is happening is just the way life is. We experienced the ambiguity of the future.

After that we dilly-dallied. Should we do more impact in this nation or should we hide back? What should we do? How long will this last, was one of our questions. You ask yourself, "How far will we go? How far will we try to stretch ourselves across this globe? When you see the assignment board or read the Global Order Report, it is both burden and possibility. They are twins in this situation. The question, "How will we hold together?" keeps gnawing at your being. Then, if we do hold together, who will be around anyway? You experience that that is a decision. The automatic pilot stops working and you have to wrestle with your will, your volition relative to your vocation. That is why that vocational journey chart work is on target. This has to do with confessing to your fate which is hard to do. Or, as Mohammed would say, Allah wills it. Letting go, I like that line "Let life go, do the one deed, from the Korean Song The Way of the Earth. It is confession of your fatedness. It is to give in to possibility, not to doom. Don't be misled. It is the crisis of whether you are going to give in to possibility, not to destruction. It is the question of open eyes and a joyous heart. It is passion relative to our knowing, doing and being, not simple blind obedience or wild blind freedom.

You look around the room and say boy-o, we are just a bunch of nobodies and that is true. It has always been true about every single folk, wherever they are, whoever they are and whatever they are doing. Our corporateness is divine, not ideal. It is grounded in the dialogue and encounter with profound reality, the unsynonymous, God, the mystery of life that whips and tears and brings to be and not to be. Our corporateness is spirit reality as opposed to human reality. It is a reality of choosing self-consciously our life, inventing self-consciously our life. Without submission it is impossible to give meaning to your life because you haven't acknowledged that which is necessary to give meaning to. This is the awesome struggle.

We have some tensions we are wrestling with. They have to do with integrity and singularity of purpose. The creation of God's face is our task. That is a perpetual task that every human being engages in. In the New Social Vehicle or the New Social Mode all the goods, all the decisions and all the gifts are our bottomline. In terms of the New Religious Mode it is a profound sense of reality. It is a grasp of profound consciousness that releases depth human creativity, profound style and profound corporateness that cares for humanness. It is engaging humanity in the creation of the face of God and the meaning of their lives. The center of that hourglass between the New Social Mode and the New Religious Mode is Historical Style.



It means standing in integrity and bringing off society's participation in creating the face of God for our time.

Our Master Strategies are designed to do one thing, that one thing is the appearance of historical style, the demonstration of style that assumes responsibility for history. Everything is fluff until you get to historical style. Everything is interesting conversation until you get to this question. It is the appearance of the declarative in history. The 20th century is producing its own fog. The reason that we experience fog is because we are 20th century human beings. In our engagement in the world, in the structures, in villages, we have taken their tragedy on our backs. That is given to us, that is not a virtuous choice. It is the appearance of manifestation and formation. This singleness of purpose is in the tension "in but not of" the world. The world has its own images of hope. Its hopes, what it is longing for. At the same time that we participate in the world we enable it to grasp its dreams, hopes and visions. Our question is "what deed is God requiring?" It may not have anything to do with what people want. What is necessary for history? What is going to make the difference? You cannot sell your soul to anything you have done relative to answering that question because as long as you live you are going to have to answer that question. It is the only way to have integrity. Yet you have to bet on every model you build with your life or you do not have integrity. It is being passionately engaged. This is not abstract gobbley-gook. This is not sitting on the mountaintop reading. This is being in the situation where the rock that crushes and the bullet that kills are not ideas. It is where the fat lady lives. At the same time you must be detached, for it is not our relationship to the fat lady that is critical in history. It is the fat lady's relationship to the mystery of her life that is crucial in history.

There is the tension within public visibility. Many people have visited Woburn Lawn. When I got to Ivy City I found out that there had already been 4000 site visits there. Public visibility brings its demands and relationships. At the same time we have to remember that we are accountable to God for the world.

There is a tension between changing structures and changing lives. We must always stand in that tension. Our heresy is being passionately engaged in the world, or it is reflection. No, it is being passionately engaged in the world and reflecting upon that engagement. It is both/and--not either/or. Either it is the Symbolic or the Extended Order. No, it is both/and. Either it is the Order or the ICA or the Ecumenical Institute. No, it is both/and. Either it is the developing or the developed nations. No, it is both/and. To stand in these tensions is what is required in terms of our integrity as we forge our lives in history.

The 20th century is a turning point in civilization. Remember the image of a rocket this nation sent to the moon. It got in trouble and couldn't turn around, so it had to go around to the dark side of the moon. The hope was that gravity, the pull and push--the push of the moon and the pull of the earth would flip it, yank it back into orbit around the earth and then it would land. That is the kind of turn that we are in. Recently somebody asked me, where are we? Are we on the dark side of the moon? Yes, we are on the dark side of the moon. However, you can see the earthrise.

What does it mean to pioneer in this dimension? When we talked about caring for those who care or the coming of the new reality, or the exemplars and the art of maneuver, I believe we were dealing in this dimension of pioneering in religious life. You have to remember that Roszak image of the creative synthesis that enables society to move through its creation of this next New Social Vehicle and New Religious Mode. In addition remember those tensions of social responsibility, spiritual purity, polity personhood and authentic conviviality or collegiality. I am proposing that we take the future seriously. That is the only proposal I have. It is the tradition in history. The monastic paradigm is already tested and demonstrated.

It goes all the way back to the time of the desert and began in North Africa/Middle East (NAME) and spread east and west throughout the globe. It shows up in all the globe's world religions in one manifestation or another. It is a movement. It is a happening in history. It is the desert all the way through teaching. The journey begins with the focus on contemplation, the liturgical, standing before the Mystery. The next phase focused on teaching and grasping the ordering task. For the last 100 years there has been a focus on service. All of those focuses are right. The challenge at our moment in history is what does it mean for an Order to wrestle with doing all three of those focuses profoundly and simultaneously? We have literally gone through the bottom of teaching, contemplation and service. Something new is being required in all those arenas.

The attack of the 20th century on the image of religious vocation has produced a crisis and is calling forth a brand new image. This is what we are describing when we talk about pluriformity. Pluriformity is like the elephant and three blind men. Each one felt a different part of the elephant. One had the tail, another had the trunk, and the third one had a leg. They were all trying to describe the whole elephant from that perspective. The result is fog. You are not even sure you have an elephant which would be good to know in that situation.

If we were going to do an imbalance triangle on teaching, serving and contemplating, the imbalance would be service. Service is the tyrant; service in terms of our strategic emphasis these last six to nine years. The Turn to the World was really an intensification of service. It is the contemplative dynamic that has collapsed. Our

Our singing is an example. You can give speeches about how you ought to sing and 30 seconds later you will find yourself sitting there staring at the earthrise and not singing. Teaching has become the ally of service. Now it seems what is emerging in the next four and 20 years is carving out the Movemental, Extended and Symbolic Order, and carving out what the next emphasis is in terms of the teaching, the service and the contemplative. By emphasis I mean, if you are already doing service at 100 miles an hour then you have to figure out how to do teaching 100 miles an hour and contemplation 100 miles an hour. I am not talking about letting up on service. It is an intensification of all of those dynamics.

There are three key dynamics. There is the Religious House. The second dynamic that seems to be key is the Regional Team. The third is what I am calling Temple Eventfulness. It is doing events. It is happenings that enable people to grasp the profound dimension of their expenditure in teaching, service, and contemplation.

The next question is what are the keystones for the next 20 years. I came up with four. Pluriform Covenant. In the next 20 years we have got to pioneer in what that means. Maybe it is just ways to talk about it. Maybe we never write anything down, but being clear about what is not written down. This has to do with norms and customs. How do we operate? What is our style in history? We are not supposed to know that already. We are supposed to spend the next several years figuring all that out anew. What is the Founding Mythology? This has been a red hot arena.

Two years ago somebody said if I hear the word story one more time I am going to SCREAM. I am sick of hearing everybody say that the contradiction is our story. But it is still an issue. It is not a problem it is just what we have on our hands at this moment in our life. What is that story about who we are in history, our role. What is our uniqueness as this body of people in history? What is the genius of why God brought this body of people into history and still is bringing it into being as a movemental dynamic?

What is going to be our futuric Rational Structure? What is the relationship between the Order and the Institute? We have to figure these out in order to take the future seriously, not in some subtle way, trying to take ourselves seriously, which is the danger in this arena. What is our Futuric Polity?

Another large arena asks the question, "What is the immediate practical research that we could globally and locally do this coming year?" There are four categories under that. One is study. We must study the times that we are in. I read The Third Wave, The Cultural Contradiction of Capitalism and several other books like Person/Planet. I had my universe exploded again just like the first time I took CS-1.

All I could say was WOW! If this is half true, what am I going to do? If only 15% of the future is being described and comes true, what would we do to care for this world? That is the question. Also we need to study the cultural pole of the social process--to focus on it and discern the edge in terms of the historical religions.

Then we need to study our common memory. Only a people can have a common memory. We need to rehearse our understanding of the contentless Word out of which the creativity of every human being, Ur, nation, male, female, young old has life or no life. There isn't anything Christian about the Word. I think that Christian bigotry is one end of the rubber band and the other end is Christian liberalism. The only symbolic issue in the classical RS-1 course is the Christ, that particularly grounded self-understanding of selfhood over against the other historical religions. People need a way to take a profound conscious relationship to the fact and experience of their lives. That is the only reason I ever drove up from Cleveland, Ohio. I got a chance to have a profound glimpse of my life and that is true for every human being.

We have to study the declarations, speeches and writings of Joseph Wesley Mathews. We have to get inside of his insights and those of all the other guys and gals on whose shoulders we stand. What was the insight into humanness that drove our colleagues from Austin to Evanston to Fifth City, to the world. I just find that incredible. You know, we tell that story of seven families, zip, zip, zip. Every now and then that seven families story opens up and a hole appears. We know that all those people were ordinary human beings. What happened? What is the wisdom out of our past. We have to be on top of it. We ought to take our Ur images course out again and work on it. How are we going to enable that gift that people are to be released into the creation of the future?

Then there are some things that we have experimented with. One of them is the shape and form of the Movemental and Extended Order. Benedict, a monk, had a tremendous insight which I want to pass on to you. His first insight was that there is an ordering dynamic in history. Secondly, the ordering dynamic includes the Symbolic and Extended. There are those who live in a Religious House and then there are those who live in relationship to a Religious House. Those who live in that relationship are extended and movemental. You have to remember that because you cannot live in relationship to something that isn't there. Then, we have experimented with house modes. Relative to symbology, singing has got to be grasped self-consciously as a part of our symbology and it has to be grasped in its fullness.

We have got to wrestle with how we beckon new members. The last fat lady has to be dealt with. Do you know how many villages 2,000,000 is? Do you have any idea how many villages that is? Now add the urban. How are we going to do it? I do not mean ad infinitum, on into the

sunset. This world needs that to happen now. It isn't just our good idea. That is what drives me to this pioneering in religious life.

There are practical things we have to ponder. One of them is corporate exercises. This retreat construct and many different forms of retreats that people have done across the globe all year will inform us. The writing that people have done across the globe all year is another exercise. The Watch. I found that the Fast didn't work for me last year. It came as an irritant like a mosquito. I think this is the year of the Watch--staying up all night to get it communicated that you are watching. You do not have all the answers and that is what it means to be a human being. Many exercises on the next 100 years, exercises on the emerging shape of the Religious Houses are some of the suggestions. We are not deciding anything. We are just reflecting. I told my wife that if I go to one more meeting where we have to make a decision, I am going to turn these tables upside down. That is presumptuous. Reflection is a part of decision-making. It is not something over there, off the side.

Then, our missional learnings--we have to discern what we have learned. It is incredible what we have learned since our turn to the world. We need to do PSUs (Problem Solving Units), conversations and whatever else will help us discern what we have learned. It will not be easy. Next, we have to look at priorship acceleration. How do we practically accelerate the capacity of all of us to build the future of this Order, and movement and task in history?

Lastly, we have some things that we have to figure out how we more creatively guard. The classes of the Order, which have to do with the individual and the grasp and sense of vocational decision in the context of this body of people. We have to find a way to rehearse that what I am doing with my one and only life is significant. Every individual is the concern. Then, the elders of our community, of our body. How do we profoundly honor the people whose shoulders we are standing on? Families. How do we recreate the imagery of our families as mission. The North American maneuver may be one clue. It is not just a matter of those Religious Houses or the numbers. We have to have many more ways to come at that. What are the emerging forms. We do not have to answer any of these questions in terms of having some immediate answer. We just have to struggle with our lives that we might take the mission seriously. One of the dangers in this arena is holding the tension between seriousness/unseriousness. How do we figure out in a new way how all of us, every single individual takes the Order seriously/not too seriously without taking themselves seriously/seriously. It seems to me that is a part of what we are struggling with as a group.

A comment was made at the end of the Global Priory meeting that really did something to my consciousness--and I have a hard head as several of you know from first-hand experience. There were three

categories: the great prayer, the great promise and the great command. The great prayer is that all may be one. That every human being may grasp the uniqueness of their one and only life in history. The great promise, that greater things shall you do. And the great command, that you shall love one another. Now, I know there are several people who don't have blue on. I experience in my own being under the rubric of taking care of yourself that there isn't any reason at all for me to have on blue. I can put on purple, sky blue or whatever, and I will survive because that is not what sustains me. It is the Word that sustains me. However, under the rubric of loving one another or caring for one another the blue is life and death. Can you imagine the crisis of a soccer team when it walked out of its locker room to go onto the field and nobody could tell which team was which?

We need to listen to one another. Not be so sure that we know who is talking to us when one another are talking or what they have to say. We should poke fun with one another, and the reason for that is that we are worth poking fun at.

CONTEXT FOR THE RETREAT

There are two things that I am supposed to do in this talk this morning. One is to try and give a larger context for the work we have been doing on the vocational journey during this Council and the second is to introduce you to some of the experimental exercises of the vocational journey. Someone said to me yesterday that trying to do this with this group is like taking a sixty-five year old circus dog who knows every trick in the book and trying to hold its attention and get it excited by teaching it to sit up and beg or jump through a ring or something like that. Anyway, you have on your plates a picture of six exercises that we are going to be walking through, looking at, acquainting ourselves with today and tomorrow and I'll come back to that in a little bit. I want to try and locate them for us so we understand what they are and why we are working with them this summer. This is a poem by D. H. Lawrence that is called Terra Incognita meaning the unknown land or the undiscovered world. I want to read that poem.

There are vast realms of consciousness still undreamed of
vast ranges of experience, like the humming of unseen harps,
we know nothing of, within us.

Oh when man escaped from the barbed-wire entanglement
of his own ideas and his own mechanical devices
there is a marvelous rich world of contact and sheer fluid
beauty
and fearless face-to-face awareness of now-naked life
and me, and you, and other men and women
and grapes, and ghouls, and ghosts and green moonlight
and ruddy-orange limbs stirring the limbo
of the unknown air, and eyes so soft
softer than the space between the stars.
And all things, and nothing, and being and not-being
alternately palpitant,
when at last we escape the barbed-wire enclosure
of Know Thyself, knowing we can never know,
we can but touch, and wonder, and ponder, and make our
effort.

As a group of people, I suppose the one thing that marks us as much as anything else is that we are a people who have been consumed with the image of life as a journey. This has been back from the very beginning but I've noticed in the last several years this has become more consuming. Life is a journey. We find ourselves talking about the journey of training. We find ourselves building walls of wonder to find out what has been the journey, the profound journey of the twentieth century. We find ourselves talking about the journey of the Order: Ecumenical. Since I have come to Chicago I've had about six or seven different pictures of what our journey has been as an Order during our history shown to me. We have the journey of the classes, the interior classes of the Symbolic Order and the journey of a community. What is the journey a community goes on? We find ourselves talking about the journey of vocation; the work we did on the Way several summers ago was concerned with the

Journey. And it seems that the key insight that keeps coming back to us every time we look at the journey and begin to brood in this arena is that the key to journey is the encounter with spirit. That is finally what journeys people in any dimension.

You think back to the reports that we heard at the beginning of Council. Almost every report said in some way, spirit is key, spirit is key. And I found myself saying, what is it that we are saying is key when we say spirit is key? What are we pointing to with that kind of language? And it is hard because the language that civilization uses has collapsed on us. Even our own language is collapsing on us. And yet, we are convinced that spirit is key.

Kazantzakis illuminates this. In one of his writings he says that finally in any human being's life there are only three important questions or three important issues that a person deals with. One is the issue of identity, self-understanding. One is the issue of life thrust or the issue of vocation and the third is the issue of style or how I act out my life. Back in some of the first work that we were doing in teaching courses we took those and said there are only three important questions. It is the question of Who am I? What do I? How be I? It seems to me that these questions, not as questions I ask, but as questions life asks are key to getting a hold on what we mean by a spirit encounter.

Several years ago on the West Side, shortly after I was married, I was assigned to teach in an RS-1 course somewhere in southern Illinois. There were several foul-ups. We could not get a rental car so it was decided at the last minute that I was to fly down there in one of those little piper cubs. We had this schedule of when it was supposed to leave and my wife drove me to the airport. Traffic was very heavy on the expressway that night so we decided to take a little back road and when we left the Institute we had plenty of time. But there was an accident along the road and traffic was backed up and if we didn't do something dramatic I was not going to make this flight. So my wife just decided to be risky, floored the accelerator and we got there five or ten minutes before the plane. I grabbed my bags and materials and I ran clear down to the end of the concourse and when I got down to the plane they had closed up the door and the plane was just getting ready to pull away. I ran back to the man at the desk and said, "Listen, I have got to be on that plane. I've got a course I've got to teach and I've got the materials." When he said, "I'm sorry" I tried the tactics that many of you have used. "Now sir, what would it take to get me on that plane?" He said, "There is nothing that can get you on that plane." I did everything I knew but they would not let me on and it left. Driving back to the West Side we had the radio on and the news came over the radio that there was a plane flying to southern Illinois that crashed and everybody in it was killed. Now, I don't know how you talk about an experience like that but I realized that, my God, if I had been five minutes earlier to the airport I would have been on that plane and something like an interior chaos just kind of broke loose in me, having run up against the raw objectivity of the way life finally is in the deeps for every human being.

When I joined the Order I did not have good motives. I joined the Order because I wanted to teach RS-1. That was the only reason and I'll tell you after I heard about that crash I was not sure I ever wanted to go out and teach again. I'll just sit on the West Side.

How do we find ways in our time, language to talk about the significance of these encounters, the experience in our lives when we run headlong into the objectivity of spirit. When you visit the spirit realm it is as objective and practical as getting on the el and going to downtown Chicago. We've used words, you remember, out of Kierkegaard to talk about how you recognize this kind of experience. It is an experience of dread, of just terror. It is an experience of fascination. It is kind of like, well my goodness, isn't this interesting that I almost am not here? Yes, it is interesting but at the same time it is terrifying. This last year in Kapini we were doing a Human Development Training School and in the midst of the school there was one evening we had a major misunderstanding between the faculty and the school. More correctly, between me and the school. We talked it through and even after I thought that things were all settled, within the next three days I found that the village had had a meeting and decided that I was to be thrown out of the village along with James Kumamwa and John Chitengu. The only thing John Chitengu and James Kumamwa had done is they stood beside me in the discussion but there were physical threats. Suddenly we found ourselves thrown out of this village. My children had been asking all year in Africa, "Why are we here? What are we doing here?" I had this self-talk, "We are here because we are a family who cares and we have decided to be those who serve the villages of the world. That is why we are in Africa." They understood in a simple sense. Well, after this event, I wanted to say, "I am not sure I care about any village," but then I'd step back and I'd say, "But I do." It was confusion in which interior chaos broke loose.

I cannot count the number of times that I have packed my bags and unpacked them, deciding I am getting out of here. I am getting out of this whole business. I would say, "No, that is just the dark night of the soul," and then I would unpack and then some other minor thing would happen. I would get on the phone to Chicago saying, "Change my assignment" and then I would pack and unpack several times. During this period I divorced my wife at least five times and she will tell you that is true and she doesn't even know about three of them. I mean an interior kind of confusion and chaos breaks loose when you encounter the realm of the spirit. When we say that spirit is key we are talking about the kinds of events that occur in the midst of mundane everyday life that happen in an individual's life, in the life of a community and in the life of a group.

I do not like surprises but I got a big surprise when I was told to do this talk by my prior. Now, this should not be a problem for me. I have taught in about eight or nine Academies but I panicked and I said to myself, maybe I could just disappear and no one would notice. Then I realized I would have to go up to my room and pack my bag and somehow come down in the elevator and people would see me. I even thought maybe I could lock my prior in a closet so she couldn't tell anyone. Anyway, it is these types of experiences and allowing people to reflect on them which finally, profoundly journey people or journey communities.

There seem to be two key insights on the basic dynamics of the journey. There is an existential dynamic of the journey and there is an essentialistic dynamic of the journey. As you talk about the existential, the journey of humanness is forever flowing, forever changing. It happens over and over again to people, these encounters with the spirit. We've sometimes talked about the journey like an electric grid. One day your life is bubbling over here and another day it is over there and it just

kind of bounces around. You experience various kinds of encounters in your life. We've always known these to be dynamical.

This summer we have taken the unfamiliar essentialistic approach to the journey. Due to its unfamiliarity we have had to emphasize the dynamical, the more existential to cut over against moral progress on the journey or substantialistic approaches to the journey. The essentialistic understanding is like talking about the journey as 'once and for all' while the existential happens over and over again. Another way to talk about this essentialism is that a human being journeys through life, but there are points of no return, in terms of consciousness that a human being reaches or rather that life drives you to. There are points of no going back.

You remember John Donne's little myth of the man going to the top of the mountain looking for the meaning and significance of life, trying to find God and he painfully climbs this mountain, step by step by step and he gets to the top and there is a gravel pit. God is not there. Meaning is not there. Significance is not there. And so he goes back down the mountain. That man can never again climb that mountain with that same quest. That is what I mean by there are points of no return. There are points of no going back to a time of spiritual naivete.

We have done a great deal of work and created various road maps to allow us to talk about the journey. The "Assault of Spirit" lecture the other day began this and I want to lay out a different design because I believe that this is the foundation, the most important picture of the journey we have created. It is kind of the classical model and you begin with a question like how does one get started on a spirit journey, on a profound journey in the midst of life? We have mapped this out to say there are at least four doorways through which a human being passes in the beginning of the journey and these are doorways of new awareness. They are doorways in which the objectivity of the spirit encounters a human being and it is like you want to image that the part outside this circle is like the realm of spirit unawareness, sleep, unconsciousness. Then you discover that life is structured in such a way that it encounters people with the objectivity of the way life is and something happens. There are at least four modes of this initiation in which a human being gets shoved into the realm of the spirit. One doorway to the spirit realm is depth sociality where a human being experiences himself in a profound dialogue with history itself, with the past, with the present, with the future and with his own life related to history. A second mode of initiation is through the doorway of profound freedom in which a human being encounters the raw creativity that life is. A third doorway is radical detachment when a human being finds himself shoved up against the reality that everything, everything passes out of being; the final contingency that is underneath every part of life. A fourth initiation to the spirit realm is through historical engagement when a human being finds himself shoved into life at the point of his action having an effect on history. He finds himself shoved into life over against historical contradictions.

Now, I suppose for a good many of us in this room the doorway that we entered was through depth sociality. Many of us came into contact with the spirit realm first in a conscious way when we took some course, CS-1 or RS-1 or Imaginal Education and a dialogue with our times was released within us. All of us have seen people enter by this doorway here in the midst of a Town Meeting when profound creativity

just takes over a group. It is just like taking off. Something happens that breaks through the unconsciousness, the spirit sleep and people find themselves newly aware of the mystery and the depth and the greatness of life. For me, one of the shoves in radical detachment was the death of my grandmother. Maybe it is the death of a good friend, the death of a loved one that shoves you through this doorway into the spirit realm.

Relative to historical engagement it was very interesting in Kapini as we circuted the twelve villages of the expansion project that these young guilders from the project were clear that their task is building the future of the nation. An incredible kind of transformation has taken place in them and I believe it is because they have been shoved through a doorway into the realm of the spirit.

We can use classical ancient language to talk about this road map and about these four doorways into the spirit realm. For Depth Sociality we use meditation; for freedom, prayer. For Radical Contingency we use poverty and for Historical Engagement, obedience. We are clear that there are at least four doorways by which a human being begins the journey and enters the spirit realm and then life itself intensifies consciousness and a person does not just stay at the point of initiation. Life itself continues to shove and continues to intensify your experience and a new realm of experience begins to open up two more doorways and these are the doorways that I talk about as doorways of growing up, reaching maturity in the realm of the spirit. Through here you become at home or become familiar with the realm of the spirit. We talked about this as the maturation.

Maturation I believe represents one of those points of no return. When somebody has encountered and been initiated to the realm of the spirit there is no going back to saying, well I really didn't have the experience that I had. I really did not see what I saw. You either mark time there or you move ahead in terms of the maturation. One doorway to maturation occurs when a human being struggles with what is the one thing my life is about in history. Another doorway is the encounter with the final mystery and a decision to live one's life in relationship to no thing but the abyss. One of the points in my life when life intensified consciousness to the point where I moved ahead occurred right after I was married. The morning after our wedding I will never forget waking up a little bit unaware and looking over and there was a strange woman in bed with me. I did not know this creature. It is like I panicked and my sense was that I was going to run. I reached down and I felt my hand and there was this ring on it and my experience was, "How did that get there?" and suddenly I realized that I had gotten myself into something that was for life. In that kind of experience you see that the relationship with the abyss is one of marriage, of no escape and a human being finds himself willing to struggle with that experience.

My experience of the spirit realm relative to the single thrust was an early one for me. In my third year in the Order I didn't think things were going the way they should be going. I went to talk to Joe Mathews about this and told him that I thought I should probably go do something else. I thought maybe he would wring his hands and say, oh, please don't go. But all he said was, "Well then, go. But remember that the mystery will hold you accountable whether you are in the Order or

out of the Order, it makes no difference." Finally, there is no escape. Finally, we account for our lives. Finally, we stand before all of history. The classical language we've used for this is chastity. This life is about just willing one thing, serving the mystery, serving God and through this doorway we talked about contemplation. It is those kinds of encounters, that grow you, a community or a group that you are working with, up in the realm of the spirit.

Life encounters you with events, with happenings that intensify consciousness and again there are two more doorways that you pass through. This dimension of the journey we've talked about as the resolution. At this point in the journey it is a crisis of decision for a human being about resolution. A human being finds himself saying, will this consciousness intensification never end? And life says, no and you find yourself saying, am I going to continue to put up with this? Am I going to stay on this absurd journey? And you find profound temptation to go do something else. It's not worth it. The doorways here are the doorways of knowing and of doing. The bottom falls out of your knowing and the bottom falls out of your doing and neither of them make any sense and you find yourself profoundly struggling with what decision have I made, anyway?

About five years ago I had not been feeling well and I went to the doctor. It was discovered in the midst of a series of tests that I have Hodgkins Disease. That is a form of cancer that gets into the lymph system of your body and I don't know how to talk about the happening there in terms of just what that did to me. My first response was something like I'm having a bad dream. I wanted to say to the doctor, you tell very bad jokes. This is not funny. But it was not a joke. I had cancer. My second response was "This is an inconvenient time to get cancer." The Academy was in the process of being set up and I was running an ecclesiola and had a heavy lecture load and seminar load. "This is an inconvenient time. If you have to get cancer let's not have it in Academy," and it was just an anger at the unfairness. I was not even thirty years old then and I was already gazing at my grave. What does this mean? What does this mean when a young man discovers something like this? And the fourth response was something like, "Am I doing with my life, whatever little bit of it may be left, am I doing that which really needs to be done?" It was like a major turning point in my own journey. The bottom fell out of every self story I had. The clarity on my vocation went up in smoke. I found myself saying, well maybe in the few years that I have left my family and I ought to just go off somewhere and be together. Encounters like that shove human beings to the edge of the cliff and you decide. Standing at the edge of that cliff or the edge of that abyss the last doorway opens and you decide whether or not you are going to continue the journey and this journey is into Being itself. We have titled this particular leap in consciousness abandonment. Abandonment, where you find yourself committed to be on the journey until death, no matter where it leads you. And one of the places it leads you to return is the center of being. You enter the journey and then the center of being sends you back out. Being itself reminds you that four billion people die and never live and have never had the chance of experiencing the profound journey of life and you are sent back to lead others on that.

I had a very strange experience of this this last year at our office in Lusaka. I left the office because I had to go to the bathroom and as I was sitting there

just kind of thinking I looked down on the floor and there was a little bug, an ant or something, crawling across the floor having extreme difficulty walking. It was crawling along and then it would curl up and as I sat there and watched it I realized that this little bug was in the process of dying. It just absolutely was not able to walk anymore. It would get up and try a little bit and then it would kind of curl up and I don't know why but I know as I sat there brooding on that bug it was like an abyss opened. I saw myself as the bug. I saw through myself as the bug to every human being as a bug and you think I'm crazy don't you? It was like hearing a call almost. Now, this is a little embarrassing to talk about because when you are going to the bathroom you are not really supposed to have religious experiences but it was there in the midst of going to the bathroom. Being itself, the being of my life, the being of every life was standing there before me.

This classical model is a roadmap of the journey. The journey is a journey to the center and the return to the life of service. The initiation is an initiation to awareness of the Other World in the midst of this world. The step of maturation, it is like profound humanness. Humanness lives in relationship to no thing but the Other World. That is maturation in the realm of the spirit. The external and internal qualities of profound humanness appear because you are living in relationship to the Other World and the resolution I believe it is something like the struggle we've done with the Dark Night of the Soul and the Long March of Care. It is like humanness radicalized in service to civilization. Abandonment has something to do with the exemplifying of humanness. The clarity that my life is a window for other people to the deeps. I am the way. I am the truth. I am the light. You want to see what humanness is, look here. I mean, it is that kind of intensification of the journey.

The journey to the center and the return to the life of service is a once and for all experience. Once a human being has made this journey they are never the same. There is no going back to a time of free journey and yet at the same time it happens again and again and again not in a circular fashion. It is like a spiral. It seems to me that there are at least three spirals to the center. In each of these journeys to the center you have the initiation, the maturation, the resolution and the abandonment. The first journey is the journey that we have talked about as the journey under the mode of justification. Justification has to do with the struggle, with the grasping that your life is a gift, an incredible gift. It is accepted. It is received, broken as it is. The fact of acceptance is a happening in which your life is given back to you and when that happens to a person a journey to the center begins that involves initiation and maturation and resolution and abandonment and return to the life of service. This experience of justification asks the question, "How do I live as the accepted one that I am."

In the midst of the journey in justification, you used to think that, boy, this being a revolutionary is great stuff. But the four billion people stand before you and the return takes place. The return to the life of service is very strange because this return although it is a return is a turning of your face outward in service to humankind but at the same time it begins a second journey to the center that I call the second spiral. This mad, whirling swirling experience of journeying to the center of being we talked about under the mode of sanctification. This is the experience of the profound burden of having decided to be one who cares for

those four billion people. It is like the weight of the world is on your shoulders. When a human being has made the decision it is like the decision doubles back on you, you begin initiation, maturation, resolution, abandonment once again. The struggle here is something like the will to continue because when you are struggling with the need and the weight of the whole world your experience is something like everything I do is not working. I sure am tired. It is the experience of weakness, of ineffectivity, every place you turn. History has laid you on an anvil and is in the process of beating you into an effective instrument of service but it doesn't feel good. It is a painful journey and the decision to say yes to continue the journey to return launches you on the long march of care to the Dark Night and that decision, that very decision to be one on the long march while it is the return it is also another journey to the center of being.

I call this the third spiral. Now we have not done any work in this arena yet but in terms of the classical models of journeys as you look through history this would be what you might call glorification. Glorification has to do with the profound embodiment of transparency, when your life itself becomes a sacrament in the lives of other people. It is like walking into the room and the Other World happens to everybody. You almost go psychotic thinking about it but there is a dimension of the journey that is a beyond justification and sanctification and yet justification and sanctification are there again. My very living is not my own. It is for the Other World.

I am sure it is almost like there are not three separate journeys to the center. You might say that the mystery itself is in every dimension journeying you deeper and deeper and deeper, claiming more and more of your life to be of service for humankind. Now I believe that we as a group are experiencing ourselves in this second spiral of sanctification and that we are at the point of the resolution. That for me is how this vocational journey chart makes an incredible amount of sense. If that is true then the work that we have done this summer on the vocational journey is probably the most important work of the whole summer in relation to our own equipping ourselves to be of service.

Now, there is a danger here as you know. One danger is to forget that although we can talk about our corporate journey, finally every human being stands as an individual, as a solitary before God and answers for his life and the question that God asks you when you stand before God is "What have you done with my creation? What have you done with society? What have you done with history?" And so there is a corporate solitary dimension at every point of the journey.

Now all of this has been a context in terms of these next two days. I have got four conclusions to this talk and one is a conclusion that talks about socio-spirit. We've talked about the experiments that we have been doing during the Council as socio-spirit exercises. In the midst of our work we are going to be encountering the spirit. The New Religious Mode, a new mode of grasping the profundity of life is the foundation of the new society and I believe when we begin to talk about the socio-spirit it is that reality that happens when sociological mode and the realm of the spirit bang into each other at the center. I like to

draw a circle there and call it not the New Stylistic Mode but the Socio-Spirit Reality and finally, the stuff of socio-spirit reality is vocationed human beings. It is the religious. It is that upon the back of which history itself rides. The religious, the secular religious, who have been seized by the spirit and have decided to shove that seizure into the building of society.

Now the second conclusion is in relation to the vocational journey chart which is trying to get hold of the journey that a people go on that creates this vocationed presence in society. The first column of the chart is where you discover that your life has been claimed. You find that radical decision about your life and death is being required by history and the second column has something to do with just being driven by that claim. I call it my historical engagement. That third column she talked about as being scarred or marked. You remember back in the days when you used to talk about putting a notch in your ear as a mark of the religious. Well, it is not that kind of mark that is being talked about here. You are scarred by history, the mystery marks you. Destinal election is what that third column is about. And the fourth one has to do with the vocationed presence or being entrusted. I have been entrusted with history and yet I believe what we are struggling with in this chart is the journey through those kinds of categories that creates a socio-spirit servant force or an X-factor in society, the religious presence.

The third conclusion has to do with spirit exercises we have already experienced in the Council and we are out to try and push a new depth and discover some new dimensions to those exercises. There are others that come at the vocational journey from a whole different angle in order to open up a different kind of dialogue with the vocational journey. What we are trying to do is discover practical tools we can use back with our regional teams, with our houses, to lead people on a profound journey that will burp up the religious presence in society. There are different modes for each of the four columns of the vocational journey chart. There are different kinds of exercises and there are different levels of exercises. Later on we are going to pass out to you the recommendation of twelve exercises that we may in all of our houses experiment with next year.

The last conclusion has to do with the new mythology. Back in 1971 we had this inclusive myth triangle up with proposals all over but there were very few that landed in inclusive myth. We are very close to a possible breakthrough into mythology. There are four dimensions, four elements out of which the new mythology emerges. One of those is the sociological, a new picture, a new inclusive picture of sociality. In tension with that is a new grasp of anthropology or a new grasp of just what humanness is in its cultural manifestation. We've done work on things like the male-female ontology, the work on the life phases, rationality. We are just fooling in that arena. The transparency was another one which is probably the Other World. The missing link that we talked about there was the historical and how we begin to talk anew about history as journey. That humankind has been on an incredible journey and just maybe this chart is going to push us and this work on vocation is going to push us in that missing link dimension of allowing the new mythology to emerge. What a time to be alive and I find myself saying whoever dreamed that we would be part of something like this.

The Door ways to the Spirit

JOURNEY to
the Centre
of Being

**RADICAL
DETACHMENT**
ultimate
contingency
(poverty)

I.
INITIATION
to the spirit realm

**SINGLE
THRUST**
willing one
thing
(chastity)

**HISTORICAL
ENGAGEMENT**
necessary
direct
(obedience)

JOURNEY
of the
Return to
perpetual
service.

II. **RESOLUTION**
to be a spirit person

**TRANSPARENT
KNOWING**
declaration

**TRANSPARENT
BEING**
presence

**TRANSPARENT
DOING**
action

ABANDONMENT
to the journey discovery

III. **MATURATION**
in the spirit

**FINAL
MYSTERY**
inescapable
abyss
(contemplation)

**DEPTH
SOCIALITY**
historical
dialogue
(meditation)

**PROFOUND
FREEDOM**
raw
creativity
(prayer)

