

## THE RESURRECTIONAL MAN

The first word of the twentieth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John is "BUT." Some Biblical commentator once said that that was the largest "but" in history.

But, on the first day of the week, Mary of Magdala arrived at the tomb, very early in the morning, while it was still dark, and noticed that the stone had been taken away from the tomb. At this she ran, found Simon Peter and the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and told them, "They have taken the Lord out of the tomb and we don't know where they have put him."

Peter and the other disciple set off at once for the tomb, the two of them running together. The other disciple ran faster than Peter and was the first to arrive at the tomb. He stooped and looked inside and noticed the linen cloths lying there but did not go in himself. Hard on his heels came Simon Peter and went straight into the tomb. He noticed that the linen cloths were lying there, and that the handkerchief, which had been round Jesus' head, was not lying with the linen cloths but was rolled up by itself, a little way apart. Then the other disciple, who was the first to arrive at the tomb, came inside as well, saw what had happened and believed. (They did not yet understand the scripture which said that he must rise from the dead.) So the disciples went back again to their homes.

But Mary stood just outside the tomb, and she was crying. And as she cried, she looked into the tomb and saw two angels in white who sat, one at the head and the other at the foot of the place where the body of Jesus had lain.

The angels spoke to her. "Why are you crying?" they asked.

"Because they have taken away my Lord, and I don't know where they have put him!" she said.

Then she turned and noticed Jesus standing there, without realizing that it was Jesus.

"Why are you crying?" said Jesus to her. "Who are you looking for?"

She, supposing that he was the gardener, said, "Oh, sir, if you have carried him away, please tell me where you have put him and I will take him away."

Jesus said to her, "Mary!"

At this she turned right round and said to him, in Hebrew, "Master!"

"No!" said Jesus, "do not hold me now. I have not yet gone up to the Father. Go and tell my brothers that I am going up to my Father, and your Father, to my God and your God."

And Mary of Magdala went off to the disciples, with the news, "I have seen the Lord!" and she told them what he had said to her.

In the evening of that first day of the week, the disciples had met together with the doors locked for fear of the Jews. Jesus came and stood right in the middle of them and said, "Peace be with you!"

Then he showed them his hands and his side, and when they saw the Lord the disciples were overjoyed.

Jesus said to them again: "Yes, peace be with you! Just as the Father sent me, so I am going to send you."

And then he breathed upon them and said, "Receive holy spirit. If you forgive any men's sins, they are forgiven, and if you hold them unforgiven, they are unforgiven."

But one of the twelve, Thomas (called the twin), was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples kept on telling him, "We have seen the Lord," but he replied, "Unless I see in his own hands the mark of the nails, and put my finger where the nails were, and put my hand into his side, I will never believe!"

Just over a week later; the disciples were indoors again and Thomas was with them. The doors were shut, but Jesus came and stood in the middle of them and said, "Peace be with you!"

Then he said to Thomas, "Put your finger here--look, here are my hands. Take your hand and put it in my side. You must not doubt, but believe."

"My Lord and my God!" cried Thomas.

"Is it because you have seen me that you believe?" Jesus said to him. "Happy are those who have never seen me and yet have believed!"

Jesus gave a great many other signs in the presence of his disciples which are not recorded in this book. But these have been written so that you may believe that Jesus is Christ, the Son of God, and that in that faith you may have life as his disciples.

Now I want to go off on one great big long tangent, and it is going to be on the resurrection. If any of you have heard me on this tangent before, feel perfectly free to leave. This is a tangent to the subject I was assigned to, "The Auxiliary" (it has been so long since I have talked on a subject that I was assigned that I feel virtuous in remembering that it was and publicly stating it). These days I am deeply persuaded that only the tangents in a speech are worth listening to. That ought to be refreshing to the people who come to RS-I courses and listen to those lengthy over-cooked lectures that are pattered about all over the nation and world.

When I came back from visiting the ITI's overseas--Len Dresslar was with me--and we looked carefully at our work in South East Asia, East Asia, and Australia, and particularly Pacifica, dealing with certain contradictions, the last stopping place was Tahiti--we didn't really need to go there but Len is younger than he looks and romance still lingers deep within him. We were about to catch the plane home and I had been for about 18 months or two years so deeply racked by the death urge, that I got ready; I prepared myself to have it come to the manifest level and begin to tear me up a little. For the death urge covers every fiber of your being and is present in all that you think and say and do, but it is at the moment when an external situation where death is dramatized that the death urge rises to the interior surface of your being and not only tremors you but shudders you a bit. I understand that sometimes those great birds of the sky fall. I read the newspapers and also I don't like to talk about the subject, but I've got a sneaking idea that I'm a pretty good statistic. You don't like to think about that, but how often have you beat the rap when someone else didn't? Anyway, I usually at that time begin to sense how deeply that death urge is in me, in hoping that this time that plane will go down with me. It's terrible to be travelling with someone you like when that comes over me. But on the way to the airport, I became aware of the fact that I wanted to come back to Chicago. One manifestation of the death urge is that every time I get away from here I don't want to come back to this outfit--that's the death urge--as I think you can understand. I was taken by sudden surprise when I became aware on the way to the airport that I wanted to come back to Chicago. That meant that I wanted to live.

Now, once you are afflicted with the death urge, there is never any cure for it. You have to be clear of that. Now what does this mean that in the very midst of the death urge I was experiencing an overwhelming propensity to live? Well, I came back. If I were to be honest in making the statement to the Order, I had to say something about this. Perhaps it was the most important thing of all the important things that we perceived. I didn't know how to interpret it. I tried, very feebly, by saying that there were lots of troubles in the situation out there. You see, the death urge only comes when there is sheer possibility. Are you clear about that? When there is just overwhelming fullness of life is only when the death urge strikes, and here I was struck with the life urge which only occurs when you are faced with utter death. That's when the life urge comes. Now, as I tried to say to myself there is possibility

over there - therefore you would expect the death urge to be there---but there I was with the life urge. But we had problems--good Lord - problems in Japan, Korea, and problems in Taiwan, problems in Manila, Singapore, Darwin, and problems in Bangalore, problems in Samoa. So I thought that the life urge comes with the whole thing falling to pieces out there. Well some of my colleagues were bright enough to know that though that was a noble try that didn't do the job in interpreting that. Now that forced me to take a much deeper look into the propensity toward life and the propensity toward death. Let me go back and try to get ahold of this.

It seems to me that the life urge is present when things are passing away. When you are faced with death - some of you young ones may not be aware of the fact that not only have you not lived one moment as a religious being in any thing but the desert but neither has any body my age or older if there be any in this group. We are all frustrated religious because we have been living in a desert-- I mean in a desert -- all our life -- we have been living in the midst of death. The fascinating thing about that is that that has produced a life urge. I like to think back a few years ago in the theological seminaries - that was a lively moment in the midst of the church experiencing its collapse. We were hanging on with our fingernails - we were driven toward life --Every urge within us was to hang on. The whole existential school of philosophy was a drive toward of life in the experience of the death of Western civilization. Now when that understanding is radicalized so that the death becomes first of all your death and you see that you have nothing ahead of you except your death. That the moment you came out of your mother's womb you were headed no other direction than toward death. I mean that death has won in every single case and by golly I am a hunk of death. That's radicalizing it. Then the other side of the radicalizing -- after you particularize it, you universalize it----and you have some phrase such as Paul's in which you become aware of the passingness of all things, or that everything is contingent--everything. That's radicalizing death. In terms of the experience of transparency---you begin to see that when the paper begins to get brown from a match being under it, the transparency has not taken place--until you bump up against the cruciform principle which is the understanding that if you do not die your death, death is going to die you. Death wins. You have but two choices. One is to allow yourself to be sucked down the sewers of the nether world, or you take your death and expend it, as I like to put it, in the breach of history. That's the cruciform principle. When that happens, that's what I mean by experiencing transparency at the core of life out of the life urge. Isn't that interesting, the transparency of the life urge is to decide to die.

The death urge comes, as I say, only where there is sheer possibility. This began to be really conscious in me when it began to appear that --- maybe - or - perhaps --- there was a chance that the renewal of the church might come off. Oh, I tell you, I yearn for those days five years ago, ten years ago, twenty years ago, when the established church was just like a great big mean stone wall about thirty feet thick. And your job and my job was to tap a hole in that. Sometimes in our little pettiness and weakness we cried about what an awful hard job we had. I'd like to be back there now. For when the day comes and you break through the other side -- (Maybe tomorrow we can report on how the upper brackets of the establishment have taken this whole tactical scheme, and I mean they've broken loose) I say, I'd like to go back when that wall was there, because now you've got to build. It's sheer possibility. It's almost--- to exaggerate a bit -- you can have any kind of a form of the historical church you want for the next thousand years if you go out and build it. Do you hear what I'm saying? Then it is I want to die. Then it is I want to crawl back through that hole and start chiseling and make it grow bigger, or something like that. The death urge.

What does transparency mean here? First of all, you have to radicalize possibility. If you do it in terms of yourself, you begin to understand that when we have said in our time that man does not have freedom, he is freedom, (if you keep that in your mind) then you understand that that is creativity, so you can never say that I have, or he has or she has creativity, they are creativity----- Oh, this is an aside. But I suppose that the equivalent to weeping over lost souls in our day like unto the way they wept over the souls who had not heard the gospel in the nineteenth century, those upon whose shoulders you had wept over the fact that there were men dying who had never heard the gospel, our tears are the same tears, but to put it in our language, we're beginning to understand (perhaps we've become this sensitive) we weep over the fact that there would be one human soul who has come into this world who would not get his creativity --- I mean his being would not get out into history. I wonder, you slobby sentimentalists who have fallen for the psychologism of face to face relation of sentimentality, how do you get your mind around that conception of what it means to love.

I say that the particularization is when you realize that you are just one ball of creativity. I mean, that's all you are, from the time you came from your mother's womb. You are, as Thomas Aquinas put it, potentiality, that you are possibility. It isn't that you have possibility, but you are possibility. Then it is that you grasp what it means to be alive. I've often used the illustration that ten thousand years ago two genes might have gotten mixed up and might not have made it. But, here I am, I made it. I made it. I MADE it. I have myself one glorious opportunity of living one glorious life. I made it. I made it----I made it. I'M ALIVE. I LIVE..... That's the radicalization in terms of the particular. The universal side of that you've heard a billion times.

History is going somewhere. It's not going in circles. It's going somewhere. It can be bent. I mean, history is created. You're going to make it or you're going to choose not to live, is what I'm trying to say. You have these songs -- do you believe them? The future is open -- I mean it's open. The future isn't there, it's going to be what you stick there. This is the universalizing of the radicalizing process. That's the burning of the paper.

Then when you become aware of the fact that you are going to live, or you are going to decide to live. And the one who lives, to use Biblical categories, does not live. Only the one who decides to live, I mean to LIVE. (I'll come back to put some more content on this later), is the one who sees not the cruciform principle, but the resurrectional principle. I have tried to go off on a tangent now to be sure that we don't have anybody go out of here as a romantic.

I am deeply excited these days by the forty days of the resurrected Jesus. What a story. Those were the most painful days of his life. A colleague here had been mean tempered in working with us and with his friends and colleagues. So some of us got together and hatched up a little scheme of where we take the gall away from him. Now he's one of the meekest guys you've ever met. You can see that his wife doesn't look so haggard as she used to and his children are beginning to blossom. And, oh my, how much easier its been around here since all this. Anyway he has a rip there in his stomach - they had to rip him ten inches ( I looked personally). Then they put a hole down there about an inch below that where they drained him. It was really rather clever, and pretty nice. Now, he insists that, when he's around, nobody tells any really funny stories because it just tears the heck out of his stomach when he laughs. Anyway, he is

pretty disciplined and barely chuckles at all this rich humor that's been going on around here.

Now let's get back to Jesus. Here was this guy with nail holds here in his hands and in his feet, and with that slit in his side. And they broke his legs. And he had the crown of thorns. And they beat him on the back. Now that is what walked around for forty days. Do you have that picture?

I tell you, every time I think of that grave clothes business, I sort of writhe empathetically in pain myself. How in the wide world could he dare, with that cut in his side and with those hands that must have hurt like anything, and those legs, to go through the pain of unwinding himself from those grave clothes. And then he stopped and went through the added pain as he was getting out of that tomb, of folding up that napkin that was over his head. That just rather rocks me. I can't stand pain. That's one thing I can't stand. And I wouldn't have bothered with that napkin. I would have just gotten out of there, as quickly as possible.

Do you understand that what I mean by the resurrectional principle is the cruciform man. If you do not know what it means to be the cruciform man, then you might as well not pay any attention to what I mean by the resurrectional principle. Only a man who is crucified is raised from the dead. You find a lot of romantic people - - this comes in the form of criticism - - who say "You people aren't happy enough." Can you imagine - - - two broken legs and a ripped side, and then going around with some asinine Christian smile on your puss? This is not the resurrection. It's not a sense of life in the first immediacy. The second immediacy sense of life is always on the other side of crucifixion-- and this crucifixion goes on at the same time as the resurrectional principle operates. It isn't as if, yesterday I was crucified, and if you give me forty days, I'll get back on my feet again and then life will be all right. No! Luther, you remember, used a phrase, "the babe in a manger was really the man on the cross." The resurrectional man is the cruciform man.

This is what's breaking out today. You wonder what is this experience of walking three feet off the ground that you have when you read the scriptures? Have you found that there is a new sense of I-ness coming among people - lo, - this one - and - lo - that one. There are no categories yet about how to talk about it. This is an amazing thing in an age that has lived all of its life in the desert. Life is beginning to come.

I think that you can hardly carry on a conversation with a taxi driver without beginning to see that there is a new kind of bubble in life that he doesn't know what to do with, but he knows that something is happening in our time. I like to say that the dams are breaking loose and the spirit is beginning to flow. Could it be in our lifetime that the Holy Spirit is going to visit this planet? This is the kind of thing that goes through my mind.

Now let us look for just a moment at who this resurrectional person is. I've been trying to fool at it in a somewhat subjective manner. The dance, I insist that life itself is a dance. Anybody who is trying to make life a dance is a fool. What has happened is that life is a dance and we have got it smothered with a blanket. If you pull back the blanket just a little bit, then it will begin to operate as a dance. The way you experience this is that this dance is down inside..... I've often said that all my life I've experienced a dancing inside. It doesn't have anything to do with whether you feel bad or whether you feel good, whether you're in despair or whether you're not in despair. There is a dance in there. And what is happening in me, and I sense, in other people, is that this dance is getting loose.

The external side of that dance is the prowess in turning matter into spirit, of being able to take every life situation and wring the spirit out of it. A few years ago, the way it was for me, was that I would take only certain situations to call forth the eternal meaning that God had planned in them from before the foundation of the world. But now what's beginning to happen is that that going-onness can happen in every single everyday situation that I bump into. In every encounter with a person that matter, that's ensoi, becomes turned into spirit, that's poursoi.

This is what you mean by the awe. Reading the Bible is but a rehearsal of the experience of the awe, that enables you to exist in the awe in every relationship and every episode of life. And you probably are astounded, as every man is, to discover that awe is not something down inside your body, but awe is something that you are inside of. That's why you talk about it being so thick you could cut it with a knife. Do you understand that? Have you watched it in your meeting rooms? Have you seen this rather fantastic experience when somebody, to use my jargon, gets to spinning -- and the awe becomes present then with this one? Then it spreads until sometimes you can experience that the cloud of awe is over the whole room.

Now I had a fantastic experience this morning. I had tried to hide from people, and keep them out of where I was trying to do a little work but I wasn't always successful. My colleague, Shinn, bulldozed his way in and just flopped down in a chair. I was irritated like anything. The trouble was that he brought awe with him. Now I don't know where he got it. But he hadn't gone on three minutes before I was caught up in it. Then he let loose, and he was spinning out gems he never even knew he possessed. Do you know that experience?

Now what I was learning--maybe Shinn learned it long ago ---was that when you talk about presence in the world you are not talking about some ethereal business; you are talking about bringing that awe. It's almost as if the function of the resurrected man is . . . .Oh, let your mind go back to that fellow Jesus. I'll get back to my colleague a little later. Think of those forty days. I remind you: when you become a resurrection man, you only have forty days to live. And even if you live to be ninety-two, that's just forty days, a very limited time to be a resurrected man.

Go and read the stories at these appearances: awe, awe, awe, awe, awe. And then with the help of the form critics in the last century, you can understand that that fellow Jesus at the beginning of the Gospel was the resurrected man. You wonder who that character is who comes up and beats the pants off the Pharisees, and then here, and then there, and then there? The thing that astounds me is that the early Church was so shocked, not by what this man said, but by his way, as they called it. They called it the Jesus way. They gave a name to it, "The Jesus Way." I want to call it "The Resurrection Way." If you want to understand what the concretion is on the resurrectional principle go back and read the gospels again. And if you read them out loud, so that you won't pay any attention to what he says but what he be's, maybe you'll get what's going on.

Let me get back to Shinn now. He was probably aware of this, but I became aware of it with a new kind of power. In one sense, our job is only to be in the awe in such a way that the last fat lady can participate in this reality, which is life and life abundant, which is humanness to the core. There's no magic here. There's nothing ethereal here. There's no abstraction here. The awe is the concretion of the concretion of the concretion of your own life. I've always been irritated with people who attempt to interpret charisma psychologically, as if somebody's personality was charismatic. No, that's not right. I say that's not right because I have believed that one answer to charism comes out of having

the guts to stand in the desert day after day after day, while this comrade and that one and that one fall. That's charisma, which is nothing else than deciding that you are going to live your life out of the Word of Jesus Christ. You wonder where Slicker gets his charisma? You know very well where he gets his charisma. He doesn't only teach RS-1, he lives it. The other side of charisma is the awe. Here is the secret of the awe. The awe is something you never control. It is the mystery, and is present only when you are related to the Mystery, I mean to that final irrationality that will fit into none of man's rational or moral patterns. I mean God. This means the power of the awe is never your power or my power. It is the power of the Mystery. And this takes lives which are upside down and makes them all over again.

Shinn rocked me this morning when he said that he has perceived that it is the weak man and not the strong man who has this divine power. One thing is clear to me. Charisma has nothing to do with whether you are the symbolic head, or the cleaner of the toilets. It respects no position. Why, I see it in young ones, sometimes like that. If it isn't there in you, Maggie, it's because you do not live before the Mystery. I tell you, we have taken this as sort of a Sunday-schoolism, that you are supposed to acknowledge, obey, and live before God. Living before God is right, and the life of one who does not live before God is death, a living death. There's no preterea here. That's the way it is and was and always will be, relative to being a human being.

I've often said that the Gospel of John has three themes woven into the pattern, the style, of the eschatological hero. He goes around saying absurd sayings. If you don't believe it, read it. He goes around doing absurd deeds. If you don't believe it, just read it. And he goes around claiming preposterous claims. "So you have been hungry all your life? I'm the bread. So you have been seeking for the door? I am the door. So you have been thirsty? I am the water. So you have been looking for the way, have you? I am the Way." No wonder they electrocuted that character.

This life is a life of transparent knowing. Do you notice there is something almost fanatical about this life? There is something that's odd? He just goes about willing one thing, knowing one thing, doing one thing---and Be-holding one vision. The way John deals with the doing is that he has Jesus go through walls. That's transparent doing. Yes, I mean he goes through walls. That's his business. He goes through walls.

If I had time I would pull this back into service. When a man has been at the center of being he's the man who is a dead man. He is the cruciform man. Only he returns. But the only reason he returns is that he hears the cry of - what is it - brothers doomed to die. His whole life is nothing but service. I'm no longer ashamed of that word. Sacrificial service. No more does he want anything for himself, no longer is he out to make a name for himself, no longer is he bound by the morals of success or work. He is here only to serve. And his service is the radical service of making the effort to release the creativity that every human being is. It is out of that and out of that alone that new social vehicles are built. I have a secret. The secret is that only resurrectional men have built the new social vehicles that have made history history.

My last word is that the renewal of the Church at every time in history has not come with the cruciform principle--but mark you, that has to be there. It has come when the new life has come out of the deeps of humanness that have been opened up by men who have become dead men and lived again for forty days, and the floodwaters of God's people have flowed anew.

Do you want to know what I think an auxiliary is? . . . . .