

You and I find ourselves in an age we call the Age of Resurgence, at the time when life begins to vibrate again and begins to tingle and begins to glow and you and I have experienced possibility of beginning to surge here ~~and~~ there and everywhere. But that resurgence that comes as first tingle and glow at the same time comes as intense pain, the prick of needles and the burn of fire in the midst of the tingle and the glow.

And it's almost like you and I are wanting to say to ourselves, "Let me back to the age of whatever it was we had before." And in the midst of trying to struggle with this age of resurgence, we've discovered we've had to dialogue with it through the word

"Sanctification," the word that our Fathers created to talk about a state of being.

of people who are lucid about life. And a state of being, and yet a state of being ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ a series of a state of beings on a journey . We've played with the two words "Sanctification" and "Justification"---I say we've played with them; we've played with them very seriously---yet, we played with them. That is, we've tried to fit content in these

classical terms out of our past but content out of the twentieth century, and to hold that, as many of you know, we've used a picture something like this. It talks about the interrelationships. It's not like these are two radically separate things, justification and sanctification, to use the old worn phrase, they're two sides of the same coin. Or that they're inseparable. You run into one and there's the other and it's constantly like you're in one of these strobe lights situation where your perception of reality is a continuous beeping on and off of light and darkness. And the reality you're looking at hasn't in one way changed at all, and yet it seems in a totally different light, through the strobe light or the absence of it, something like that is going on, an electric spark dancing back and forth between these two ways of talking about our lives. And as you recall in RSI, we common, human described the universal/experience of just being shoved over against radical complete contingency. And I am a contingent human being. And it's inescapable. All men are shoved over against their contingency. And then in the midst of that, being

thrown against contingency, a strange lucidity breaks in, and ~~this~~ is a radical kind of lucidity~~a~~ of seeing that that's the way life and it's always going to be that way and deciding to live that kind of life and then that issue and a strange kind of freedom, but you talk about that freedom as almost a trans-rational kind of freedom! ~~It's almost-~~ It's not a freedom of my figuring it all out and then just being that kind of freedom. It's a radical decision, it's a happening in life, and ~~its~~ as we know, we're talking about one reality here, and not three, the contingency, and the lucidity, and the freedom, Our Fathers talked about that three in one. When we move over into Sanctification, it's not unlike this and yet you have to start aoff by saying that it's groundd in this reality, it's grounded in the Word in Jesus Christ. that says that your life is forever loved, loved of God, it's loved of creation. There's nothing that you can ever do that can separate you from that eternal acce ptance, that grand cosmic "yes," over your existence. And what we're moving into in talking about Sanctification is nothing separate from that. This is

not washed away or eroded away in any way, but this morning we talked about Universal Benevolence. ~~Universal~~ Universal Benevolence, that when one is lucid about life and sees the way it is, I mean sees through the whole, he sees that he has the whole world on his back, or that he has the demand to love God, to love the way it is, to act on behalf of the way it is and that is no sweet thing. That is burden. I like that picture that Don drew this morning, that enormous rock. He called it a crane, but when he got it drawn, it didn't look much like a crane; it looked like a rock. . . . a huge rock on your back, just there forever and forever, the whole of creation. This afternoon, we want to talk about Profound Integrity, and then this evening, we'll be turning to the category of Endless Felicity, and as you recall, when we dealt with RS-I and justification, we had another section in there we called the church, or the decision to be those that are responsible for all that is. that body of people in his story, and we're going to wind up tomorrow morning here by talking about the religious life in the church. Now to

see the relationship here, a obviously you've already noted this, these two poles are the Father, or as we've talked more loosely, the God pole of justification and sanctification. These two poles here are the Son, or the Wrd pole of Justification and sanctification and these two poles here that join in the middle are the Spirit pole I'm talking about these realities. Now I think that gives us some way of feeling where we're going. Some of you have been involved in seeing this kind of chart before, and some haven't. For me this is an extremely helpful way of holding this.

Well, we want to turn now to look at Profound ~~Integrity~~ ^{Integ-ry} Integrity. Before we do that, I want to read a little bit of poetry.

Profound Integrity comes in four ways, and these four ways I want to talk about this afternoon. The first is that there is a visitation, and then secondly, it's an event, and then thirdly, it requires a decision, and you can tell me the fourth one. Hm? A story.

it's a
Strange, these are familiar words, aren't they? And familiar thing, a familiar occurrence among us that I want to describe this evening, because it's something that just goes on in our lives and it 's there, and we're just describing it. A strange visitation takes place, it's a kind of second death that happens, an additional death/^{to the one}that ~~got rid of~~ that you thought got rid of all the deaths for all once and for all. But there is a second death that comes and it comes right in the midst of everything being perfect and right and whole and clean and pure and walking down the street in the joy and the exhilaration of the Word, the one who is already lucid about life and has decided to life- live out out of the life that's been given him and one of my colleagues talks about it as a sort of inevitable pigeon, a dead pigeon that you just sort of stumble ~~kon~~ as you go down the

street. Another way of talking about it, another one of my colleagues, wrote a poem around here somewhere, you've probably seen it. It talks about, "There was a rock. In the middle of the road that you just came upon, a rock in the middle of the road. And how that dead pigeon comes, comes in many, many ways. I can remember about 18 months ago, where we were living at that time things were going extremely well the courses were coming off well, not only in numbers, but address to the people, ' the movement was building up in the British Isles and things were really going fine. and one evening my younger daughter and I went down to the hospital to visit my wife. She's -g She had gone in that morning to have oral surgery, and to have two impacted wisdom teeth taken out. And she was expected to be released the next morning. And we walked into the hospital room, actually a large ward, and walked up beside this bed. and it was like a total stranger there. And a terrible shock came. And Because there was my wife, Doris, you know, with. . .totally out, and with her face blue sort of

from her lips and chin, all the way down into her chest, and with bruised lips and blood there on the pillow and it was just a shock! to see that swollen face, and distorted face, but more than that, I tried to rouse her, and found you know it was impossible to rouse her, and this was in the evening, and the operation had been in the morning, and I could get only a few jumbled, distorted words out of that conversation. And my daughter, beside me, was even more terrified than I was. It was just a terrible shock. And she just wanted to leave the room immediately, to get out of the room and go, go, "let's go." And what happened there was a strange visitation. They because ~~call-it~~ in the midst of that several things happened to me: first of all, I was confronted for the first time, with the possibility of my wife's death, actually what had happened there, was that the anesthetist had overdone his job, and she had some complications from that and had to stay in the hospital four extra days, and they thought they were never going to get her back into some sort of clear consciousness. But I was rocked

by the fact that my wife just one day might not be here. And I had to come to terms with that. But that wasn't the issue at all. I immediately saw that that wasn't my wife, it was every wife of every husband that possibly. . .but it wasn't that, it was that the whole of the world became shifted around, and I saw my responsibility was not for my wife, or my daughters, or for my denomination, or for the United States, or for the British Isles, but the whole of suffering mankind, exploded into that situation, and I saw the really real for the first time in this kind of context, I mean. You'd seen the really real before, but here it was again. the really real, all of the children of the world, all of the pains and the sufferings of the wars, and the people, the millions that have died in the wars past and the untold numbers that will die of starvation as we move into the 21st century. And that was dropped. That rock, that fantastic burden, that Ron pictured this morning something like this. There on my back. And there it was. And it would never be the same again. Now, that's an ontological shock, I mean it's a

radical shock, because you see that life is just totally impartial to you. You thought all along that somehow that you've heard the Word in Jesus Christ, to use our phrase that your life is received, that it's totally good, and it is, and you thought that nothing else could budge you or jar you or ~~dy-~~ or startle you in life and then life continues to be impartial. It just continues to be impartial. You know, I heard once upon a time that it just rained on everybody It just. . . . it just continues to be impartial, just radically impartial. And that's a shock. Life continues to be a situation where the Awe breaks through when I don't expect it, and in the kind of visitation that I'm talking about you become clear that your eyes have been set open forever, that from then on, from then on, no matter where you go, the Awe will break through. No matter where you go, the Mystery will come. It's like you bend over to light a cigarette for a lady, and her face turns. . .the Awe. You go down to the Pickle Barrel to have a friendly drink and you sit down and look at a pile of peanut hulls. . .the awe is there. You decide to go and

stroll along the beach, to enjoy a sunny summer afternoon, and a motorcycle back-fires, and the whole of life comes to life light, and you see through, and it's like when we talk about the hole coming, burnang in life, it's like permanently burned there from then on, ~~and~~ ^{to} where you see through every situation, you see through the bottom getting of it, and there's no way. You're just doomed forever with that kind of a shock. And, well, when it becomes clear that that's the way it's going to be, oh, that's a shock. You're cast out of yourself. It's almost like you're continually living, looking at yourself living. You're continually living looking at yourself looking at life going on. The double, triple reflection is constantly there. You're see through in the midst of life. And you know that it's going to be that way forever. You're responsible. You see it all. ^{That's a visitation.} There's nothing escapes. That's the visitation. And I mean, that visitation is an offense. It is a radical offence, because it's like there you're thrown into the necessity of walking out into the abyss. Now we've talked about strolling over the abyss, you

know. And that's fun, to talk about strolling over the abyss. And that's right. But the abyss here is a different kind of abyss. It's always there, because you always see through the holes/ Then an old piece of wood is transparent, and it screams of life with its gnarledness and its pain, its grandeur. There's no escape. And the offense is. . . first of all, it's kind of a great kind of humiliation, and by humiliation I mean that I can never show up again as having achieved, or having come off. Whether I come off or don't come off, I show up that way. I'm humiliated. When I talk about walking over that abyss, or going over the abyss, the abyss here is not vacant. It's filled. It's filled with my own weakness, with my own despair, with my inability to pick up. Even in the midst of my own great achievements. How this came most powerfully to me, I think, was, oh I guess 2 years ago now. . . over two years ago, two and a half years ago. One of my colleagues in the house that had been put, in one sense, under my care, and concerned for, and ^{to see that he was} nurtured, and brought along in his journey, and dealt with

and I, oh, I was very pleased with the way he was going. You know, there was great success. He was coming out of his hiding, and coming out of his retreat and it was fine.

Until one day, the final day of a PLC we were teaching, where for the first time in several months he had given a lecture and had done some seminars in that PLC, and had done well, and that morning, during the final day of that PLC, I began to see something happen to him, and he began to change before my eyes, and during that day alone, one day, he spiralled to just great engagement and lucidity and to irrationality and almost hallucinations. And one, he watched it go through the day, through the day.

And by the time we'd gotten home from finishing the meal, he was talking about all kinds of strange, weird things. Now you see, you can say one thing. You can say "Well, now that was his decision to or whatever. That's true.

But that doesn't do for the man who has eyes to see. If it's the . . . the radical humiliation of your colleague just collapsing before your eyes, and you're screaming

you're enticing, you're doing everything you can possibly do to call back to

consciousness. And, no movement. Just continual. It would be the same, just the

other way around. You know, if you achieved, the humiliation would still be there.

The other day Carlos Zervigon told about an occasion that happened with him. He said

that during this past quarter they had two courses that he had just said, "These are the

ones that have to come off." And he put every bit of energy, struggle, and work

that he could to see that those courses came off, and I mean, they wrestled and they

fought and they had a battleplan, they blitzed areas, all kinds of things, /and then you know,

couldn't get 10. And those forces collapsed. And he said, "Now I know what

humiliation you know. . .it's humiliation. It's not being able to come off with it.

Then he said, "I gave up. I just quit." And then he said two weeks later, we had

three courses at three different places in the region and they all happened strongg,

without any effort from me. Then, he said, I thought I might know a little bit more

about what humiliation was. But anyway, humiliation of never never being able to do the things to manage. You experience yourself as just utterly weak, as you moving across, out of bed. Utterly weak. The weight of the telephone. Just to get it up to make a call. And you experience yourself as in chaos as to what you're going to say even, though you've said it a thousand times. Deciding to ring a doorbell, and it's like you're lying in the gutter at the street corner, as you struggle to try to be in the weakness that's there. We know that. We know that kind of weakness. And in the midst of that, there's a strange kind of cruel hatred that comes along, a warfare begins to mount between you and that reality that's there ~~tha~~ in life that gives you that kind of situation. I mean it's a warfare. It's a strange hatred. Because you know, you see the point of all of this is, you know that you're under the Word, and the offense is that the Word pronounces your failures all right. The ~~m~~ humiliation of that. Your weakness, your despair, and the Word is still there. And it's like

the hatred begid- to well up and your out to destory than , theproblem is it's facelss it's

it's not there
objectless and I mean you're in mortal battle against that ~~xxx~~Taht offense has come. You

and Ron
remember the preacher, ~~who~~ mentioned the Poseidon Adventae this morning and you know I forget

~~xxx~~ they guts name, but you know the one who lead them along, ~~wh~~ was the a better

name, anyway ~~h~~ there he was and every time he turned to lead them some new direction ~~xxx~~ there

was a barrier put in his way, a seemingly insurrmountalbe barrier and he'd~~x~~ run up against tath

and have to wrestel through and fight it and lat least two or three times he stopped and said

~~g~~~~x~~"God damn, why are you blocking me?" and shake his fist as he spoke to tthat mystery to that

which he encountered, that hatred ad finally tat little speech he gives, address he gives before

he hangs onto that valve for the last time, it's like he's doing battle ~~xxxxxxx~~ with that one who put

the inseparable blocks and alway humiliates him, he dives into the water to find a way out

~~xx~~ and gets caught and a woman, ~~x~~ had to dive in and free him and drag him up and push hi m out

nad the humiliation of all, she died of a heart ~~x~~attack, strange hatred,

warfare with that one who going on and the offense is tat there is ~~jxx~~ just ceasleaa never

ending suffering an it's a namless suffering. It's not lie you have some disease, not like
you know

you have some disease that you have some pain ~~tah~~ ~~----~~ ~~----~~

tranqilizers to deal with or something else. No, it's a ceaseless, just ongoing suffering,

suffering, suffering of the world and suffering of yourself because you see everyone knows

the world is and that the world is suffering and that he suffers with it and

there is nothing he can do about it. I find it interesting to carry on conversations with

the people here about the situation in Northern Ireland. People say why can't they decide

to solve their problems and get on with living and I feel the same way, I want to solve that

problem, yet that problem has been there for centuries and centuries and centuries and it's

going to be there for centuries and centuries and everybody who picks up the past of altering

it will be radically humiliated. It'll kill him and he'll be humiliated by it. It just like

he's throwing his blood out on the desert and it soaks it up as fast as it can and it's gone

The depth of the problem that's there. That humanity is suffering in its depths and I suffer^{the offense is} that

a nameless kind of suffering in the depths. Not to get the struggle there you have to see and when I

talked about my colleague, you get sucked into that collapse in your own humiliation and the

suffering of that and then comes the fact that you have to decide to go on ~~xxxxxx~~ you have to

make the decision to move the decision to go out over that abyss, move in and across there is no

way around there ~~x~~ is only across that abyss of humiliation and ~~weakenss~~ and hatred and

suffering. To move across it means you decide ot pick up yourself add ~~xxxx~~ be and what I mean

by picking up yourself ad being there ~~xx~~ is somehting like radical submission, godly, I hate

to use tat word, it reminds me of soem of the evangelists I heard as a boy, but I suppose that's

what I'm tlaking bout, deciding to go ahead and move across the swamp of hum-liation, just

move off ad move on. Even ~~xx~~ if it means just crawling on your beely and putting one hand

out and dragging and one ~~ah~~hand out and dragging and one hand out and dragging. How many of

you watched the Olympics? last year? about late August. I ~~xx~~ just ahppened to be in a

situation where I could see several of the events and I also happened to see that opening

celebration. Rmber ~~x~~that? How many say ~~x~~that? If you didn't it was unbeleivalbe, huge

arean where t he Olympics are carried out, and enormous stands. I don't know how many they

could aeat maybe a hundred thousand and they had the frand entry of the particicpant in the

Olympics and you had there people form all over. I think ~~theyxxhadx~~ 150 some nations were

represented and they'd play the national anthem or at least a song representative of the nation

as they passed by and it was amazing what happened. You'd wathe nad ^{here would be} 6000 Americans or 6000

ans come along, just massive team and here would be 400 Britians. But through that

try waxy, that grand ~~xx~~ march around the arena there, there were half a dozen situations

where ther was only one character represeiting his nation ^{seeing some of} Rememe~~ber~~ those? One participamt

and in some of those instances, he didn't even have a trainer or a coach along to carrythe ^{with him}

flag or whatever there eas just this one guy, one guy, all by himself and ~~this~~ ^{th~~ere~~ere} he had that ~~xxx~~ flag marching

along and I looked at that and the absurdity, just this one ^{lone character} ~~guy marchingxalong~~ and these

thousands of participants form all over the world and you had to guess whathe was--was he

a heavy weight wrestler or a hurdler or 52 mile runner or I don't knw what and you're

puzzled over that, but then you ~~xxxxxx~~just

the audacity. You just wondered

~~hem~~

how on earth does that guy decide to get out there by himself and pick up that flag and march

arond that stasium. It wasn't the burden of hos success that was there, teh whole of his

nation ^{perhaps} , the whole of his race was riding on him ad his success and he probably went out in

the first heat or something, or the first roudn of elimination ~~xx~~ whatever it is. There he was

running off andwatched him go and as you watched him go, you just thought, the absurdity, how

can tat man bear that burden of ^{just} deciding to be the one to go off in this massive thing. And you