

Whenever I start dealing with something like what we're doing with sanctification, I always get nervous. The first time I remember it happening to me was when I was baptised. The second time it happened to me was when we came upon the New Religious Mode Charts. And then the next time it happened to me was when we started working with the Other World. And every time you feel like that scientist that Eisley talked about who knew so much about reality that he felt like he had to have padded boots to walk around all the time because surely he'd seep through the floor any minute. That's the kind of experience that these lectures have been relative to sanctification for me. It's like being thrown over-against just the raw reality of the way life is.

And I guess one way you can start talking about what sanctification is is to just begin to raise the question of . . . Well, maybe the way to say it is . . . the way you can talk about what sanctification is or the way I've said to myself what it is is that it has to do with living in the promises/

Ollison, Joyce

It has to do with living in the promises. And the first four lectures that we've had so far have dealt with that kind of a thing. Sanctification as living in the word. And we're going to switch now into four other kinds of lectures and some of these will sound strangely familiar to you. These lectures have to do with the interior life of the sanctified man or sanctification as a spirit reality. And to begin to wrestle with it in that arena, we're going to be looking particularly at the Other World Charts. again. Some of you have already done this before, but we'll be looking at them in ~~the~~ light of what's happened to us relative to sanctification. Then we'll have another switch and have four other kinds of lectures which have to do with sanctification as it is manifested in history relative to the task and even contemporary situations and probably our vision in terms of how we act out that reality.

Well, just to begin to get into the Other World, I guess you have to say that. . . Well I don't guess that, I know you have to say that every man has some kind of story or mythology that he lives out of that gives his life meaning.

Ollison

And you and I know that. That's not anything new. And what we did when we put together those Other World charts last summer, when we spent the summer trying to get at what was going on there, was beginning to tell ourselves a new mythology.

And it was a mythology that had to do with cosmic reality. as it had always been talked about. It was a mythology that gave me back a new way to talk about

heaven, that gave me back a new way to talk about living in the Kingdom of God. And that mythology deals not just with ^{space} ~~faith~~ in terms of the words like the Land of Mystery and the River of Consciousness and the Mountain of Care and the Sea of Tranquility, but they also deal with time. There's a kind of a kairoticness to those ~~the~~ charts over there. It's like in the midst of successiveness the kairotic moment breaks in blasting open whatever the experience is at that time. So it deals with ^{space} ~~faith~~ and time for me and in that sense, in that kind of way, I'd talk about it as mythology. I also want to talk about the Other World charts or the Other World (you have to be

Ollison

careful I guess not to tie yourself to those charts) but I want to talk about the Other World as an intrusion of. It's something that you don't whomp up. It's something that happens to you and the ahppening is as radical as the way we talk about a Christ happening. It's something that intrudes in your life. It's an intrusion three ways for me. It's an intrusion of awe that just happens in the strangest kind of ways. It may be when you're singing a song. By the way have you gotten into singing ~~songs~~ the songs yet? Yes. You have? Well then, you know what I'm talking about. It can happen when you're singing a song like Some Enchanted Evening and when you've got your ^{whole} being in that song it's like the whole room becomes enchanted. It's like ~~Some Enchanted Evening~~ is no longer a song, it's an awe filling kind of reality that's happening to you. And when you started out singing Some Enchanted Evening, you didn't know whether it was going to ahppen to you or not. It's that kind of just intrusion of the awe. It may happen to you when you are working out just a problem, a mathematical problem. And you know just a the configuration of the numbers sit

Ollison #5

there and glare up at you and awe breaks through. I've never had it happen that

way, but I've heard it said. . . . Some people/^{who}really ^{have} who are experienced

mathematics ~~that/day~~ in that kind of way have said that's true, and I believe it is

true. Or it can be a poem or ^{Psalm}~~song~~, that is when I guess I became conscious of a

way to talk about all of this. In the reading of the Psalms when it's like the

whole universe opened up and a heavenly choir was singing. That kind of experience.

First of all it's an intrusion of the awe for me.

Second, it's an intrusion of eternality. It's an intrusion of the

ever and ever in the midst of the now. Time stops. Time freezes. It's like

all of the past and all of the future converge into the moment and you're standing

before just eternality. It can happen when you are . . . reading a poem again.

When you look at an animal you know out on a . . . I don't know if you see ~~it~~

animals too often in Chicago. But you know when you just behold the city and the

happening of something that's just ^{timeless}~~part of you~~ grabs you. It's like I remember one

time running across a picture of my grandmother and I never knew her. She died when

I was about eight years old. But that picture bore such a stunning resemblance to me of a person I had never even known, I experienced the eternal. And I don't have any way to talk about that at that time, I think I was about twelve or thirteenth years old. I had all of the past and all of the future before me in that moment. And I knew that sometime thousands and thousands of years from now somebody ~~would~~ that was of my lineage would come into being. It was just the eternal right there in the midst of the present.

And the third kind of intrusion is the intrusion of the mystery, the mystery in the midst of the mundane. You watch a leaf falling off a tree, just a mundane kind of happening like that, and a it's no longer a leaf falling off of a tree, it's something that's a wonder to behold. Just holding the mysteriousness of life.. Or maybe it's just a rat. I really one time saw a rat, this was about three years ago, and it was a rat that somebody had tried to kill and hadn't quite succeeded. And I was sitting in another room studying for a program I was in at that time, and there was this rat dragging across the

Ollison

floor. I don't know how, it just caught my eye, and all of a sudden I just became caught up in watching that thing struggle for life. And just in a mundane moment the mystery breaks in. Now it's ^{HARD} had to separate any of those, the awe, the eternality, and the mystery. But I would say that the other World is an intrusion of those three kinds of things. ~~And~~ It's also another way to get at what the Other World is is to talk about it as an "in the midst of reality. You are probably familiar with that ~~phrase~~ phrase, it's on the chart even I think. The Other World in the midst of this world. It's not some esoteric kind of something another that's way out on the edge of life, or you've got to get yourself all ready to have something happen to you. It's something that breaks in in the midst of this world, that happens to you in the midst of the mundanity of life, while you're washing dishes, while you're walking down the street. A baby cries in the middle of the night and
or
the intrusion /the happening breaks loose the mundane and explodes the universe.

And I'd also have to say one way to talk about the Other

World is to talk about. . .is not to forget that that's a rational construct of what

Ollison

that reality is. It's a got all kind of lines and *boxes* and so forth.

In terms of what we've done with it, we've taken ~~the/world~~ the swirl of an experience and pulled it apart and put it on a chart. But you don't experience it like a chart.

It's like in RS-~~I~~ you ^{say} God, Christ, and Holy Spirit and look at it as three realities, three separate realities. But you know that's not the way,

that's not the way you experience it. That's a rational kind of description

or rational picture of what the Other World is but it's not four things spread out.

It's a happening that happens and when it happens all of it happens to you at once. And the happening can happen as mystery as consciousness, as care,

or as tranquility, but it's not four different kinds of happenings.

Now with that kind of image I want to talk about the

land of Mystery today. Particularly. And then for the ~~the~~ next three

days we'll be talking about the other areas in the Other World chart. But

to begin to get a feel of the Land of Mystery and the happening or the occurrence

and I don't guess that you can describe it as anything that is

Ollison #5

the thing for everyone. But whatever the happening is , however the occurrence occurs, it's something that when you encounter the mystery you are reminded of your contingency. You are thrown over against being in the midst of some sort of power that is not you and that your not in charge of/. It's like just breaks in on you reminding you of the everpresence of some other reality. It's an awful kind of encounter. *It!* Maybe it's something like this. Do you remember the first time you lost your tooth? And there you stand there with your tooth out and that's not happened, you become painfully aware that you're going to lose more and more and more. And just that not being in charge of your own life, not being in charge of what's happening to you is the kind of occurrence that the impact of mystery is. It's a, it may be something as mundane as getting trapped on a freeway, when you're trying to get across town in a hurry. n And you get stuck in the ^{you're} midst of traffic and ~~you get~~ reminded that you're not in charge . That you are

not running this show. It's that kind of a thing happens/~~to~~ing to you.

I also want to say that the impactt of mystery is also humility. It's humility

in the strange kind of way, because what you and I like to ^{Tell} ~~call~~ ourselves

whether we admit it or not is that, you know I'm going to go out here and ~~do~~

I'm going to do this. And what happens is poof! No you're not going to do this.

Something else ^{some other} happens, /some other reality you're over against, some ~~other~~ something

is in charge of what's going on.

And it's a strange kind of

humility. The way it came to me was one night over in the Academy in the middle

of the odyssey, in fact, I got a phone call that my son was ill and it was

something ~~in/my~~ that I had not in my least imagination bargained for. That he was

ill and ~~that~~ he was being taken to a hospital. And then communication stopped for ~~like~~

about three or four hours. It was longer than that even. ~~No~~ It's like nobody

knew what hospital, nobody knew where he was going, nobody knew what the situation

was, what was wrong with him, what . . . it was just your son's ill and we're

going to take him to the hospital. Don't worry a and

All of a sudden here's this intrusion this something that I had not been ready to deal with. It's just what what it's all over against is just the radical contingency of my life. Here I am, over here doing this you know fantastic job participating in this odyssey and something like this happens and throws me all out of kilter. I couldn't even get ready to go to the nextt (what do you caãã those things?) sessions whatever it was. *Just* thrown out of kilter by that happening and then after the impact after you begin to realize/^{is}that your trapped. Your trapped. You cannot get away. You cannot get away. You can't tell yourself any story out of your own creation that makes that happening go away or that makes that intrusion less painful, or makes it less humiliating. Though you've got all kinds of language , and all kind a ways to put words together and all kinds of rationalizations. Nothing that you do makes that intrusion go away. And it's like you battle and battle and battle and battle. And you talk to yourself and you. . . But you're trapped. ~~You're~~ You're trapped. You're caught.

Ollison

You're caught like you've never been caught before, and you know you've been caught. It's no escape. No escape. It's something that I'm caught up in and I can't get out of it. It's like you experience yourself as one person overagainst the whole universe and there's no way you're going to win. There's no way you're going to win. For me another description of it might be, have you ever lost control of a car? You're driving you know in charge of the situation and something happens and you're out of the car's out of control and as you wrestle with the car, and wretsle with the car and wrestle withthe car you think, My God, I'm not going to make it, I'm not going to win. I'm not going to win, and all sort of things are flashing through your mind. I'm not going to get this car back in control again. It's a battle. It's a battle. It's a battle to win, but you're trapped. When that happening happens to you, your trapped . There's no way you can get away from it. Yoube angry. You get angry, you get. . .

the movie
Did you see/Pete and Tillie? When ^{their} they're child has died and Tillie runs out into the yard and shakes her fist and says, "You bastard. You bastard." Just a

Ollison #5

^{sense}
The humiliating ~~fact~~ of you're own contingent life that you can't do anything about

what's happening to you. You cannot do anything about it. The mystery has it's way. You are not going to win. You are not going to win. And you get angry.

You get angry.

Well, I didn't have enough nerve to do that. I've always been a little bit ~~sentimental~~ fundamental in my upbringing. I thought maybe if I did something like that I'd get struck down. But I was angry. I was so angry at what had happened to me. It didn't seem fair. It just didn't seem fair. And the more I thought about it the more angry I became, and I cried and I cried and I cried, until it seemed there was no more tears. NOthing else to pour out of myself. It's like you. . .the mystery of. . . Kazantsakis talks aboutit grows savage and you fight, and you fight, and you fight and you ^{begin to} see that you're over against a strength that is like none you've ever seen. It's like none you could ever possibly overcome (?). And you surrender. And that's humiliating.

or
You give in and the tears come ~~and~~ whatever it is for you. You give in. And you

know in that surrender, you know in that understanding/^{that you're not going to win}that you belong to whatever

Ollison

has
that is that ~~/s/got/a~~ hold of you. ~~You/are/in/it/s~~ You are in its hands.

You belong to it. There's no way you're going to get away from that.

And then something happens in the midst of that. It's like you don't

begin to feel like you're so trapped anymore. It's like something happens to your life and your life gets recreated by the mystery in that encounter.

Your life gets transformed by that mystery in that encounter. It's like a

new surge of life starts roaring, or starts bubbling in your being. A new

will to participate in what's going on. A new possibility to stand present

to what's happening. Your life gets transformed in that encounter. Life

gets recreated in that encounter. And you dare, you dare to begin to trust

to trust that what's happening. Not that everything's going to be O.K.

But you trust that whatever happens that which has hold of me will continue

to have me. You trust that you'll not be dropped. You trust that you'll

not be abandoned. You begin to trust that kind of a mystery. SELFhood

begins to escape. And you know it doesn't have anything to do with what

circumstances
the ~~surface/events~~ turn out to be. What might happen latter on. Latter on

Ollison #5

you may not. But in terms of that happening of the Other World~~s~~ and mystery crashing in on your life, in that wrestling with that reality, in that fight in that struggle overagainst it your life gets radically altered by that relationship. And it's like you say to yourself, my God, how frequently I've taken life for granted. How frequently I have ^{assumed} ~~proved~~ that life was always going to be O.K. That kind of transformatin happens to you. And then you find yourself experiencing a new power. And that power is not based on any power that you have. That power is not based on any interior resources that you have. It's a power that's been infused in your being by that whole relationship. It's a power that's happened to you in wrestling with the mystery. It's a power that's a gift.that took place almost without your knowing in the midst of that battle. Stange passion begins to get loose. But it's a passion that's objectless. It's a passion that doesn't seem to have an abject. It's a passion that you can't focus. You know, passion for what? Passion begins to be released, hope gets released, trust gets released. Trust in what?

Ollison #5

Hope in what? Surely ly not in whatever that is that I've been battling with.

surely not. That does not make sense. That doesn't make sense. And yet what

else is there? That NOthing that I've been wrestling with. That NOthing that's had

hold of me is what I trust, is what my passion is released toward, is what I

love. And its like then you become conscious. Or you know that you've been

seduced into that whole affair. That you have been seduced into that whole

relationship. You've been elected

Chosen. But a painfully seduced. Painfully seduced. Youve been ~~spoo~~spoofed.

And your life has one singular adoration. One adoration. One adoratin. And it's

wahtever that is that's got a hold of ^{me} ~~you~~ in this moment. Whatever that is, that's

the focus. That's my adoration.

That song that we sing, "Ah sweet mystery of life at last I've

found you. At last I know the secret of it all." ~~All. The quest.~~ That kind of

love, love for the mystery, love for the mystery. I don't know how to say that

without beginning to sound mystical, and that is certainly not what I'm out to do.

But it's like everything makes sense. Did you see the movie the Miracle Worker?

About Helen Keller? When that water sprinkled in her hand and it happened, it happened.

And here's a Helen Keller who's been battling with this teacher . Who's been just angry about that whole relationship. Here's this woman who's introduced into her life that she never asked for. Here's this woman that shows up in her life. She's just there, and she's angry. She doesn't want to have anything to do with her. She doesn't want to have anything to do with her. And she fights with her and she kicks her and she refuses to participate in that whole educational process and one day some water trinkles ^{has gotten} ~~tinkles~~ in her hand. And her life ~~is~~ transformed. And everything breaks ~~through~~. loose. It's like psychosis. Everything makes sense. You remember that scene where she just stumbles around the yard feeling, touching, wanting to behold everything Muttering the syllable "wa". Just everything broke loose. The whole of the heavens open up. Y!u look at whats happened to you and a strange power surges in your being. A strange love, a strange passion, that gets released not on any one thing, but on everything. It's not aimed at anything that's on this earth. It's aimed

everything that's in this earth. It's that kind of passion that just bursts loose.

Then It's that kind of . . . I want to stop there in terms of this lecture and just take a look at the life of the sanctified man relative to the happening of the mystery in his life. When that happens to him and he becomes aware that he loves the mystery, that he ~~loves~~ loves the mystery, that becomes the screen through which he views his world. That becomes the screen through which he acts out his life. That I am/one who loves the mystery. That I am one who is . . . has his life focused on that one thing that is that nothing that I can never touch. That's who I am. Those are the eyeglasses through which the ~~de~~ sanctified man looks. as he turns his eyes toward the world. That happening is the happening that's internal to his being. And if you take a look at what happens to you when mystery is broken in on your life relative to consciousness, care, and tranquility, remembering it's all one happening it's not mystery happens one day and three or four days later consciousness. No, it's one happening. It's one happening. What happens to your consciousness as a result of mystery breaking in on your life is it becomes. . .

Ollison #5

the context is widened. Freedom becomes something that you've got. It's real freedom. It's real awareness. It's authentic consciousness. Without mystery , without that break loose what you've got on your hands in some sort of inauthentic way to talk about your consciousness. The desert of clarity might be one way to get what at ~~the~~ awareness is like without mystery present in that awareness. Do you remember that? Those of you who've spent years and years and years trying to make sense in out of life, ~~and~~ some educational structures. Probably a lot of us have. You experience yourself in a desert of clarity. Just a dry arid reality until ~~the~~ mystery breaks loose and gives meaning to all that. ~~Until~~ you begin to know God, then all of it makes sense. But without mystery, freedom, awareness, consciousness is inauthentic. It's turned in. It's not something that's released in power and passion. Care without mystery is indifferent, /sterile, ~~it's~~ ^{it's} limited.

When mystery happens, care gets blown out. It's total, it's unqualified, it's all inclusive. With out mystery its restricted, it's sterile. You find yourself caught up in the tread mill of oughts. When mystery happens to you what you know is that

Ollison #5

what caring is about in your life is not something that you ought to do but something that you are. The whole reality gets transformed. Tranquility without mystery is something that you're out to achieve. It's some goal that's way out there. It's significance that's in the future. My life's not significant ~~right~~ now, but one day it will be when. That's what tranquility is. It's something that I'm seeking.

The happy life is to come. It's a senseless kind of striving. But when mystery breaks in on you tranquility is there. Tranquility is at hand. It's not something you're seeking after, it's something you've got on your hands. It's something that you're right in the midst of. It's the stuff of your life. That kind of relationship you begin to see to. . . in relationship to what it means to love God relative to

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all of all of the other realities of the Other World charts. That kind of perspective ^{the screen} comes as ~~freeing~~ through which sanctification gets manifested. That kind of perspective becomes. . . that kind of love of God becomes the focus of your acting out your life.

Then when you throw that land of Mystery column over against those triangles over there, the top part of those triangles, Universal Belevolence blows up

Ollison #5

in the face of the love of the Mystery. The ~~in~~ life, the imposing, crushing, demanding, humiliating reality of life does not go away. It's still there. It's still the same. But when you love the mystery, you see that all of that is a gift. Not ~~just~~ that's it's any less painful. Not that/ it's any less trying. It's not. But what you comprehend is that you're not over against some alien power that's out to destroy you. What you're over against is some something that has sustained you. What you're over against is something that you trust. And so. . . not something that's out to kill you. You remember the D. H. Lawrence poem, what's the name of that? I always call ~~it~~ the knocking poem. Transmitters. What's the name of that thing? What? We are the transmitters of life? Is that it? I think that's not it. Anyway it's the one ~~that~~ where it ends up with knocking, what is the knocking at the door. Song of a man who's come through. That's it. The Song of a Man Who's Come Through. Isn't that an interesting title? The Song of a Man Who's Come Through. His life has just as many demands, just as many impositions, just as many humiliating experiences as any other man. But when life knocks on his

Ollison #5

door it's not something that's out to kill him. It's not something that I need to fear. It's not something that I need to turn and run away from and pretend that I'm not at home. It is something that is a gift from that which sustains you. Though it may be painful, though it may hurt, life becomes not some alien power, but rather gift. Your strength that you experience is not/ longer your strength. It's the strength of the universe. You know that you yourself are a hopeless, helpless, powerless creature. But the strength of the mystery surges through you. My God what more strength could you want. You've got the strength of ten thousand. You've got the strength to pick up that ten ton crane that's already fallen on you, that you already know about. You've got the strength to pick it up and move. It's that kind of thing that the love of God does for ~~the~~ benevolence, universal benevolence. A girl last quarter, when we were getting ready to set up the academy, came home from work one evening and found out she was

Ollison #5

assigned over there. It wasn't last quarter, it was a couple quarters ago and that program, some of you have been in the program so you know, anyway. It was terrible. It was just a massive job to get that thing done. And here she'd come home from work and she was tired, very tired, and felt ill. She said but I knew if I didn't . . . If I said I was sick, somebody else was going to be sick too. She said, I knew if I didn't go a lot of the other people that I associate with weren't going to go either. So I went ahead. And she went ahead and she worked and I mean it was hard work, just unceasing work, work until two and three o'clock in the morning and get up at five and get up at six and plow in the next day for all of day two on Friday, all day Saturday and Sunday until midnight, because she stayed over and helped serve the house Church meal. And she came home and was just exhausted and had felt ill all weekend. Went to her room and there was pinned on her door a note that said you're on breakfast prep. And she, you know, it was the same kind of thing again, well our team only has about three or four people. If I don't show up it just like a overwhelming burden on my team members. And so she pulled

Ollison #5

herself up and went on downstairs and did the prep, went upstairs and took a nap for about an hour or two and got up at four and finished cooking breakfast.

But she said her story all the time was this is going to kill me. It's going to kill me. I'm going to do it, ~~but it's~~ I'm going to do it, but it's going to kill me. I know I'm going to die, I know I'm going to die. And all day long she expected this dramatic keelover. She was surely going to die. She was surely going to die. And she said the strangest thing happened to her. When eight o'clock came . . . seven thirty came and it was time for her to go to work again she was more alive and more awake than she had been in a long time. Now I don't know how long it lasted, but its that kind of thing that happens to you. Haven't you experienced yourself going far beyond what you think you could go? Just far past what you told yourself you could do? And in our moments of boasting you know we so foolishly think that ^{is} all this strength and all these interior resources ²¹⁰²² that keep me going. But no, no when you live in sanctification and that happens to you, you know ~~that~~ it's

Ollison #5

not anything that you've done. It's not anything that you've done.

It's the strength that's been given to you. It's a strength that you are allowed to
participate in, not ^{some} ~~any~~ strength that you have. It's that kind of a reality. And the
demands continually increase. They never get any less. And sometimes you don't win.
Sometimes you collapse. But what you know is that God always wins. And you know
that sounds like a trite phrase, because we say it so often. But because your life
has been defined by that relationship, more and more, that pleases you. More and
more
that God will win, pleases ^{me.} ~~you~~. It's that kind of experience.

I have a colleague that tells me he experiences God laughing at
him a lot these days. Have you ever felt that way? Is like the whole universe was
laughing at you? Well have you ever felt. . . have you ever laughed with it. . . back
at yourself? It's that kind. . . it's not that I'll win. It's knowing that *God's*
going to win. It's like, I remember the first time I got my ears pierced and I
had gotten them pierced one night on the late shift when I was working as a
nurses aid.

And there was these two straws in there but the nurses told me now

Ollison #5

that is
 you get you, you got , get you two, well a pair,/get you a pair of 14 Karat gold
^{studs}
~~starlets~~. You know that's the kind that you stick in. And she said as soon as you
 get home have somebody put them in. And I had this little cousin who was at home,
 who was living with Carlos and I at the time. And you know here she was ~~visiting~~
~~her/aunt~~ fidgeting around with my ear. And oh just the pain of getting that thing
 in. And she got one of them in and she got the other won half in and she chickened
 out. I was screaming and hollaring and she said I can't do it. I can't do it.
 And I thought Oh God I got an earring half in my ear. Carlos worked about ten
 miles away from where we lived. I rushed out and jumped in the car with this
 earring half in my ear thinking it's going to bleed and clot up and I'll live
 for the rest of my life with an earring half in my ear. And I rushed out to
 at
 where ~~he~~ lived. . . ~~to~~ where ~~he~~ was working and says you got to put this thing through.

And it was so absurd. It was so absurd. I laughed. It was the funniest thing.

Can you imagine? This grown woman pannicking ~~like/a~~ on the highways racing down

to get somewhere so somebody can stick an earring in her ear. It's the most absurd
 thing. But you begin to delight in the little surprises that are a part of

Ollison #5

that relationship. You know that you belong inescapably to the mystery which continually wounds you. No Naivete. But you belong in that relationship. And life is open-ended in that relationship. Only in that one. Life is open-ended because life is continually filled with new roles to play, new demands, new surprises. And I don't mean that to sound cynical at all. But that is what you begin to hold as the gift of your life.

And then in relationship to radical integrity. You take a look at what happens to that as it lives and is acted out out of the experience of loving the mystery.* The key word there is radical. It's when integrity that points beyond yourself. It's not integrity that has anything to do with you. It's not even the integrity of knowing that you're loved of God. No it's not that kind of integrity. It's the integrity of responding and it's/^{the}responding out of the same kind of unqualified love that God bestowed upon you. That love for you is unconditional. It's unconditional. I guess they'll never be a time when absolution in House Church or in a gathering like this won't be necessary. When you're just reminded of

Ollison #5

the unconditional. REALITY that love is. Nothing that you alters it one bit.

That love is just irretrievable, you don't earn~~xxx~~ it. Nothing is required of you

just a gift that God has bestowed upon his people. Sometimes men experience the

possibility of love~~/that~~ ^{ing} which they're loved by And it's the same/^{kind of}love what

other kind could it be. It's the unconditional kind; it's ~~xxx~~ not that kind where

whenever times get low/ you know I'm not so sure I love the Mystery anymore;;....

no~~x~~ It's an unconditional love just as well. It's a nevertheless love just as

well. Life is ^{virtually}~~virtuous~~ life is filled with pain. Nevertheless I love God;

Nevertheless, it's that kind of love that's unqualified....not based on any favors.

Your nation ~~xx~~ crumbles around about you that's no, that is no reason not to love God.

Or, you show up born black with a history of 400 years of slavery; that's no reason

not to love God. That love is unconditional...What ^{other kind could of}~~xxxx~~ love~~/you~~ repay with a love

that's so unconditional as that which is ^{bestowed}~~discovered~~ upon ~~you~~.it has no strings attached.

That's integrity....and that's radical integrigy...Any kind of life that proceeds from

that kind of love is not just a life of integrity...it's a life of radical integrity.

It's a life that transforms ~~lives~~ it touches; it's the life that ~~pulls~~ pulls forth

other lives it's the life that releases passion on mankind...the possible becomes

really possible...the future becomes really open your past becomes really approved.

That's the radicality *of whatever*, I don't know if you saw "Man in the Wilderness" but

there was one of the most boring movings I've seen in quite some time...but anyway

~~that~~ ~~there~~ man who had every reason to hate God for the ~~situation~~ *situation* he was given; who had

every reason out of our understanding of *having some* reason ...here he is left out here to die

with his life shattered apart...I don't mean emotionally; I mean physically with an

I mean physically arm over here and ~~an~~ ..and he decides to live; he decides to be a resurrected man and he

spend the rest of that whole movi*e* dragging around the bits of his life; sleeping un*er*

leaves, eating berries off of trees, fighting with wild animals out of wilderness to get

raw meat to sustain his body. He decides to live and he comes upon that company of

people who have left him there to die and ^{an} old Indian walks up to him and whispers

something in his ear and I don't know what he whispered but I'd expect it was somethin

like "You're ^a sanctified man" I suspect it was something like "You have nothing to

pay back in this situation" *you're to be with this company*

and they all turn from him..they just know that he's going to kill them for leaving
out there to die and they're horror sticken and he walks up there and pauses then
keeps walking and they follow him. It's that kind of happening that his life becomes
a happening that when it's shaped by that kind of relationship with the Mystery; when
you battle and come through and made that radical decision to be the one who answers

back to ^{the} love that which has been given you. It's a profound relationship and
its profound and

It's the kind of life that calls forth other lives to begin to live before Wonder,
whether they know it's wonder or not. And you take a look at endless felicity and
the happening of the Mystery becomes mingled with that category and what happens to
you...it's like you discern: I really belong to the inescapable Mystery. I really
belong; I am one with God; I am one with the Mystery. He

side
created out/of lucidity about the Word and ~~smet~~ something happens . You know that no

temporal rela/^{tionship;} can ever be the meaning of your life. But it's like you don't really

know it until you have experieced that kind of dreadfilling reminder and have decided

Answer
~~empty~~ that *"yes"*
to ~~empty~~ *(#)*

you begin to see that all of your life is shaped by that

relationship, that all of your life, even what appears to be unbearable, creates your

life, your life becomes a mirror to every other human being through which the Mystery is manifest. Your life becomes sheer walking Mystery by which men can touch the hem of your garment and life is given back to them. That's poetic but it's almost that kind of way ^{if you} ~~is used to~~ allow yourself to give your whole being to that relationship. It becomes a transforming reality; the problems become no problems; your brokenness really becomes your wholeness; isn't that strange, and you've said it all along, even when living in justification. It becomes really real; it becomes really true

It is all.

The Broken life that I have is the gift that I have to give. /Problems are no longer problems, that's not to say that you don't have problems but everything that happens to you is wonderfilled happening. It's like the little cartoon when Lucy, you know amateur psychiatrist Lucy is a ham-psychiatrist, she goes around holding these personal counseling services and she walked up to Linus, you know who Linus is, he carries around his blanket - he's a really neurotic little kid and she walks up to him and she's got this list; she's been around seeing all the kids in the community saying, "Now here's your list of problems take them and correct them and you will be a perfect human being". She walks up Linus and hands him his problems, his list is so ^{incredibly} ~~terribly~~ long. "Here is your list

of problems, take them and go work on them and correct them and you'll be a perfect human being. " Linus takes his problems and looks at them and looks at them and laughs

and he says, "PROBLEMS, PROBLEMS, THESE ARE MY GIFTS!" It's that kind of transformation ^{that}

happens
to you

You see that there's no situation, no circumstances, no relationship can shape

your life except that Final Relationship , that Final Reality that you're over against

No temporality. The way I like to talk about it is All of my ~~problems~~ colleagues

love me. They don't always know they do. ALL of my colleagues love me and the

reason why I can say that is because I make that decision; they don't. I make that

decision. That's how I relate to them; that gives me permission to deal with some

of them that I don't like.

I'm given permission to deal with ^{it}. You know

it's only that kind of way that enables you to see judgment and mercy is one thing

that you begin to see that what seems to be pain and ~~and~~ what seems to be joy are not

two different, don't come from two difference sources but are from one source. That's

the only way you can allow yourself to stand present to all of life as good. It's like ⁱⁿ

life and death the Mystery is ^{disclosed} ~~exposed~~. And I experience my self getting killed by

my colleagues an awful lot, but that story that they all love me allows the possibility to remind yourself that there's no dichotomy in God's love. That's why Francis could say to Brother Leo after that terrible beating, "This for me is perfect joy". That's ~~really~~ the only reason you can say something like that because you know that reality is given to you by the Lord. It's not two different things. Now mind you I'm no masochist and I don't like pain inflicted on me, and so forth, but that's a way to talk about the stance that what ~~flows~~ ^{flows} out of decisions ~~about~~ ^{to love} God. It's like you see, when I decided to clean a garbage can, it's really unspeakable joy. It

~~to~~
really is unspeakable joy; and the reason is that I've decided it is. And the garbage can doesn't have anything to say about it; it can stink and protest the whole way.

I've decided that cleaning that can is unspeakable joy. That even that is part of the

Mystery that happens in my life. Well, that kind of understanding of Who you're

over against is what sanctification allows us to participate in is what the sanctified

man has going on inside of him...his internal spirit reality. That's only one part of

we've only looked at the Land of Mystery
it, his decision to love God

Let me read you this poem....

"Second Avenue was swarming with nocturnal life;
Shops, and restaurants and stores were open...the place was
charged with real vitality of life; A vitality that's burning
with insatiable hope; a feeling of immediate expectancy.
The overwhelming sense of the thrilling, exciting, the
wonderful things just there withing/touch and may be grasped
at any moment. In this way the street in its nocturnal
excitement its love of nighttime the thrilling expectancy
that night arouses in all of us is closely akin to the
essential life of any street on any Saturday night: in a
farmers, the
Colorado town when the/Mexicans and beet sugar workers come
to life in a or
in; ~~nights in~~ town in South Carolina ~~by~~ the Shenandoah
Valley in Virginia when the farmers and cotton planters
come in, or in a Piedmont mill town where the mill hands
t throng the street and crowd the aisles of the five and ten
sent stores, or of a Pennsylvania Dutch town or any other
towns throughout the length and breadth of the whole world.
Anywhere where people go down town on Saturday night expecting
"it" to happen. Roaming around milling around waiting for
"it. This is it. He knew it, had seen it, lived it, breathed it,
felt its strange and strange nameless thrill, its sharp
throat-gathering excitement, like an ape
10,000 times in his own small town. Yes this was it,
unmistakably itself in its own way. Saturday night here, ~~all~~
every night and all the time. Here was the wild nocturnal form;
the hope that ~~has~~ given life to all our poetry all our prose, all
our thoughts and all our culture. The darkness where our hope rules
out of which the whole of hope we will be conceived. We turned the
corner and there beside him in the corner curb were battered rusty

ash cans, ~~the~~ splintered lathing of a ^{broken} box, the cracklings of a fire, the sharp
and ~~uneven~~ legs, a group of tough street urchins. It was all so quick
so thrilling and so wonderfully complete _____
tenement brick and wild and fitful fire across the urching faces, the whole of
it was there; the whole of it was there. There was nothing more.

Don't like used this
group - we can't say
a group

Poem used in both Ollison and Hahnlecture

Second Avenue was swarming with its nocturnal life. The shops, the restaurants, and the stores were open; the place was charged with the real vitality that is burning with an insatiable hope, a feeling of immediate expectancy, an overwhelming sense that the thrilling, the exciting, the wonderful thing is just there within touch, and may be grasped at any moment. In this way the street in its nocturnal excitement, its love of nighttime, the thrilling expectancy that night arouses in all of us, is closely akin to the essential life of any street- of a street on Saturday night in a Colorado town when the farmers the Mexicans, the big sugar workers have come in, to life in a town in South Carolina, or in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia when the farmers and cotton planters have come in, or in a town Piedmont milltown when the mill hands throng the street and crowd the aisles of the five and ten cent stores, or of a Pennsylvania Dutch town, or of any town throughout the length and breadth of the whole country where people go "downtown" on Saturday night- expecting "it" to happen, thronging around, milling around, waiting for "it".

Well, this was "it". He knew it, had seen it, lived, breathed it, felt its strength and nameless thrill, its sharp, throat-gathering excitement, like an ache there in the throat, ten thousand times, in his own small town. Yes, this was "it"- but unmistakably itself in its own way- Saturday night here every night and all the time. Here was the wild nocturnal hope, the hope that has given life to all our poetry, all our prose, all our thoughts, and all our culture- the darkness where our hope grows, out of which the whole of what we are will be conceived.

He turned the corner, and there, beside him at the corner curb, were a battered, rusty ash can, the splintered lathings of a broken box, the crackling whippings of a fire, and sharp playing, leaping with uneven legs, agroup of tough street urchinsurchins. It was all so quick, so thrilling, and so wonderfully complete- fire, crackle, flame, rusty can, curb, corner, the thrilling fitful red of flame- lit, tenemented brick, and wild, fitful fire across the urchins faces- the whole of "it" was there- and there is nothing more.

Thomas Wolfe.