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Sanctification #5 Doris Mahn Congregation C July 6, 1973

You could image that what we are about in these morning sessions is trying to get hold of the edge of the spirit in our times or discerning how we as people who are the religious people of our time have the possibility of relating to life in terms of the edge of its own depth struggle. And thus we are about, talking about what we have called sanctification, or what the church has called sanctification. These morning sessions and we have got twelve sessions, as you know, and those are divided into three parts so that you have a series of four lectures in each of the three parts

now we have just finished the first four. The one this morning sets us out on the second four of this series of conversations, discourses or whatever they are on what we call sanctification. Now if you talk about the first four as life in the Word, you would have to say that somehow what you are trying to get a hold of of the relationship between what we have talked about as justification to sanctification. And that all we were about in this first four sessions was launching the ship, getting us down the ways and into the water, and in the first instance we were not behind rational constructs behind all that whole business at all. There's a chart over on the wall if you want to look at that a little bit more in depth.

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If you talk about justification as this model over here, humility and if

you call this the Son, <sup>over on</sup> this pole this would be lucidity, and up here on the Holy Spirit pole would vbe freedom. Now, the co relation of that or the corresponding

<sup>Sp</sup> pole on the sanctification are <sup>under</sup> the Father, Benevolence, Universal Benevolence, and

under the Son, Integrity radical Integrity and under the Holy Spirit, Felicity just endless felicity----- we talked in and through these kind of relation-

ships during the past four days and maybe never got it on the board but that is

not what we were out to do. Next week during the last four sessions together

during this period of the day we'll be talking about life in the world or

we'll be setting forth on the voyage, if we launched the ship here, then next week we'll be setting forth. Now the middle four session which begin this

morning and go through Tuesday will be talking about life in the Spirit or

you might say that during this time we are rigging the sails we are preparing

the way by which the wind can move us forth along the voyage and this job this

particular four sessions is going to be a more rational \_\_\_\_\_ maybe that is not the

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the way to put it, but more overtly, more overtly rational job at least we'll

be trying to get inside some of the constructs and we are going to be talking about

mystery consciousness and care and tranquility .All of those, they really, have been in these

four sessions in one way or another pulling them back and forth but this morning

we want to deal particularly with the category of Mystery. If you <sup>pulled</sup> ~~called~~ all four of

those that under Mystery you are talking about is life as wonder I guess and under

consciousness you are talking about life as freedom and under care life as concern

<sup>under</sup> and tranquility life as fulfillment or life as happiness. Well that is...this is ~~is~~ <sup>the area</sup> what we're going to be working on the next four days is the Other World,

The relationship to Sanctification.

I wasn't here last summer and it was an amazing and unbelievable thing as the charts began to come to me thru the mail; the charts talking about the Other

World and I tried to say to myself what in the world this is all about and it seems to me that one to get is said is that in deal with the Other World we're talking about

fascination, or the awe which you're over against in life. Holding the tension

between fear and fascination in the midst of <sup>the</sup> <sup>the</sup> one particular encounter. Talking about the objective

transparency <sup>with</sup> thru which one begins to see life all of it and the particularity

the moment that you see through into the deeps of life into the deeps of the spirit

when you see that it's not just that moment but <sup>any moment and</sup> every moment that has the possibility

well that's what your beginning to talk about with the OW. <sup>of becoming transparent/</sup> But nothing hairey=fair, nothing magic nothing

that  
apart from anything ~~anyone~~ anyone anywhere knows in the midst of his everyday most  
mundane day in and day out existence...or its the other world in the midst of this

world and you dare not ever separate those two in your own consciousness in your own

thinking so always the <sup>OW</sup> in the midst of this world: <sup>the</sup> transparency. But the trans-

in midst of my everyday encounters  
<sup>transparency</sup> the Mystery in the midst of the mundane ~~the~~ eternity in the midst of the

Now for the temporal...not mysticism here; nothing esoteric but what everybody knows

everybody's experienced..just going through life and stamping your toe on the root

of a tree or a chair that gets in your way seeing a spider singing some enchanted

evening, the possibility of every moment becoming an enchanted moment ~~is~~ made alive

to you or it may not happen but everyman experiences moments of transparency of

seeing thru life in its fullness in its reality. What this chart has doen in terms

of the Other World is to try to get hold of that <sup>kind of</sup> reality that's going on <sup>in the midst</sup> and lay that

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in a rational framework so that any man can begin to get hold of it in some kind of handleable so that he has a screen by which he can see all of life in any moment in life and see through it in terms of the wonder and awe that is present in any moment. And that's what that chart is about. It was built out of life itself and then becomes that kind of a way to scan reality, giving you ever and again the possibility of seeing in the midst of life in the midst of this world the other world. The chart itself is nothing, absolutely nothing other than that kind of screen. It's just poetry lines and lines and lines of poetry trying to grab hold of <sup>being</sup> that REALITY again everyman is ever against. Poets have always done this kind of job for us, <sup>therein</sup> have held us over against the edge of our own spirit sensitivity so that in a moment we have the possibility of seeing through and then every after having that possibility again. The artist has done this ...look at that Turner print...all that he's doing is looking at a lake/<sup>down in Petworth</sup> which is about 40 miles South of <sup>from</sup> London...it's a very very kind of every day world. But what <sup>he</sup> you saw was <sup>something started</sup> highly transformed and the artists have done this for us. They have thrown us precisely into the Other World as they perceive it as they grasp it and it grasps them and then in

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moment we have the possibility of becoming a new force of becoming an artist of seeing  
through not just some little mundane puddle down in a southern *Surrey* but a  
fantastic event in the midst of that kind of mundanity. 10 million other people have  
seen that lake but one man when he saw it saw it transparently and ever after we  
have the possibility of seeing in a moment *that way* Well that's what the other world is  
about, trying to grasp the ungraspable wonder that's always available but not simply  
available it just simply comes and impacts us in the midst of life to say that the  
Mystery and that's what we want to deal with/*in particular the whole area of* this morning, /The Land of Mystery  
that's area A on that chart if you've ever worked with it *the Land of Mystery*  
where suddenly in the midst of going on in my life I'm aware that I'm not in  
charge . I'm just not in charge...whatever it is that's in charge is not me  
and I'm over against sheer utter Mystery. in the midst of my life. It happened to  
*last year* *lost her bus money*  
*me/this way* one day: My younger daughter/*one afternoon* and we lived about a mile  
and half from school we were up on the Northern east coast of England at the time  
*it was January*  
and there was snow on the ground so she sloshed home from school in the snow and  
rain. She got home and said, I don't feel very well...I have a head ache. But I

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didn't pay much attention, you know you don't pay much attention to those things. And

through the day through the evening  
she went on /very much alive with a \_\_\_\_\_ she went ~~off~~ to bed, said she

*later on in the evening*  
was extremely tired. about three in the morning or so she came into my room with a

suddenly  
burning fever and/went into a siesure , well, this had never happend before. Nothing

like this had ever happened to her or to anyone in our family. In the midst of that

kind of situation I became perfectly clear that I was not in charge. NOT of her life  
not of our relationship, not of my relationships <sup>to</sup> with anybody or anyother thing that

whatever it is in this universe that's in charge was not me. I mean that was clear to

me once and for all in that moment. It was a fantaxtic happening. I was enveloped

by the Mystery. *overcome with the fear*  
All the *of the fascination*, the wonder, ~~the fear and fascination~~ of not

*that*  
being in charge. Whatever it was, ~~it~~ was not me that was in charge of this universe

Then you see that all of a sudden I began to see all of life in a <sup>whole</sup> ~~brand~~ new way every

moment of it came to me in a new light. I wasn't in charge, not of my future, not of

mychildren's future, not of our family's future; not of that religious house's future

All I was over against was sheer utter Mystery. I didn't ask for it; there it was it

just *landed one night*  
there in the middle of the night one night And from then on everything

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had the possibility of being Mystery. Everything had the possibility of coming to me as wonder and awe and every relationship transformed, transposed, recreated in that moment and everyone had the possibility of being new from then on. <sup>Being</sup> Seeing clear that

I wasn't in charge of Shelly's life gave me the possibility of relating to her in a whole new way. I <sup>mean</sup> ~~know~~ my whole relationship to my family to my colleagues, <sup>to the</sup> ~~my~~ world

I walked out onto my street ~~the same old street~~ same old street there in Teaside, really crummy area, working class England. It was in an area where the slums of Teaside were all being torn down <sup>lay in a daze</sup> It

was that kind of area...there was a laundromat down the street. It was a few doors down. You want to talk about local man, that was where <sup>we met</sup> ~~it was at~~; that was where

<sup>Down the street</sup> we met. It was all transformed, ~~it was open~~, and my relationship to the <sup>people in</sup> the laundromat

was ~~and~~ afresh. The Mystery was everywhere and it was like being seduced

by the Mystery, being enraptured by the Mystery. <sup>Laurence said</sup> ~~(one of SM said,~~ "What's the knock on the door in the

strange night? Three strange/angels" At every moment my life no longer belonged to me or

the people in that Religious House; it's the Mystery alone. Now that doesn't mean that

I didn't go on doing the same kind of things; <sup>it</sup> doesn't mean that for the next month

<sup>ugh</sup> through the seizures of unbelievable kinds of illness <sup>loads of</sup> Shelly had, scarlet fever and

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reactions to medication and hives and

one thing after another that went on endlessly. I didn't <sup>have</sup> happen to deal with great

care <sup>for</sup> with her, but it was recast; it was a whole new kind of relationship, ~~the~~ <sup>being</sup>

clear that or whatever it was in charge was a Mystery and that was what I was over against

it was finally abandonment to that, sheer abandonment to the Mystery, to the claim <sup>that</sup> on ~~an~~

every moment had the possibility of making that claim again You <sup>are</sup> not in charge, Doris.

It was like this man's description of his <sup>going back home</sup> home town <sup>to his</sup> Second avenue ~~was~~ <sup>swarming</sup>

with nocturnal lights, the shops, restaurants, <sup>the stores were open;</sup> the place was charged with real vitality

<sup>a vitality</sup> that's burning with insatiable hope the overwhelming sense that the thrilling, exciting

wonderful things <sup>are</sup> just there within touch and may be grasped at any moment In this way the street

<sup>and</sup> with its nocturnal excitement <sup>It is love of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>place</sup> of nighttime; its thrilling

expectancy that night arouses within all of us is closely <sup>the essential life of</sup> skin to/any street of a

street on Saturday night in a Colorado town ~~with~~ when the farmers, the Mexicans

the best sugar workers have come in to life ~~when~~ <sup>to life</sup> in a town in South Dakota or

in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia when the farmers and cotton planters have come

in or the Piedmont Mill town when the mill hands throng the street and the crowd the

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aisles of the five and 10 cent stores or of a Pennsylvania Dutch town or of any town

throughout the length and breadth of the whole country where people go down town on

*Chonging*  
Saturday night, expecting "it" to happen; ~~foaming~~ around, milling around waiting for

it to happen well, this was it it, he knew it, had seen it lived it breathed it, felt

it's strange and nameless thrill and sharp throat gathering excitement like an ape

*Chin in the Throat*

10,000 times in his own small town. Yes, this was

it but unmistakably itself in its own way, appears every night and all the time.

Here was the wild ~~night~~ nocturnal hope, the hope that has given life to all our poetry

all our prose all our thoughts, all our culture. The darkness where our hope grows

out of the whole of what we are will be conceived. ~~He~~ turned the corner and there

beside him at the corner curb were a battered rusting ash can, the splintered lathings of

a broken box, the crackling whippings of a fire and sharp ~~flaming~~ *flame*, leaping with uneven

legs a group of tough street urchings. It was all so quick, so thrilling so wonderfully

complete: the fire, the crackle, the flame, the rusty can the curb, corner the thrilling

fitful red of flame lit tenemented brick and wild and fitfull fire across urchins faces. *the*

The whole of "it" was there. And there's nothing more. "

\_\_\_\_\_ that time the Mystery suddenly consumes you what ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> does

~~you~~ is to take all your consciousness and transmute it into freedom. It's ~~transmuted~~ <sup>reignited</sup>

it's whirled, becomes savage and its changed and transformed into freedom. Without

Mystery, without mystery life is sterile awareness, a desert of clarity; your life

getting burned to a cinder by lucidity itself without mystery. But with the Mystery

consciousness becomes freedom a whole new arena of relatedness of inventiveness of

deciseiveness of obligation to everything and every moment. First time I every want

to Germany I sat down in the midst of Berlin; now, my name is Hahn now but it was

Schulze before I married but somehow my whole ~~German~~ German heritage had been lost

to me and I never really thought very much about it. We got into Berlin late in

the afternoon and that evening we began to walk down the streets of the Kurfürstendamm.

And I began to watch the people and I watched how they moved and how they related and

I listened to their voices. low and abrupt and MY WHOLE LIFE was SUDDENLY related to

the WHOLE OF THOSE PEOPLE and the WHOLE OF THE PAST and I knew that beyond everything

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that I knew about my relatedness or disrelatedness from my German heritage was one vast mystery, which had all brought me to that moment. And My life was whirled in a whole new series of relationships I could hardly sleep that night and the next day I was madly going around the streets of Berlin....and this isn't my bent at all, my bent is to be as conservative as any German. Charles was angry with me; you know I'd hardly pay any attention to him. He finally went back to the hotel room and I got on the bus and rode across Berlin and got off and walked through the parks and down the streets and got on the bus and went to another place ; I mean life had just been utterly whirled and transformed . Without the Mystery consciousness is mundanity is sterility , a desert of awareness. With the Mystery consciousness is UTTER NEW FREEDOM. A kind of freedom which is given to all bold relationships to all German all the past all the future precisely in the moment, that moment itself becomes whole and there's new appreciation, new compassion, a new kind of responsibility, new motivity. You can't imagine how I raced around the streets of Berlin wanting to drink it up; wanting to know what had happened in the past and during the war and so on. Without the

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Mystery, without the Mystery that kind of relatedness becomes a burden, it's  
care its care that simply becomes a burden its's bureaucratic obedience almost  
you know related in bureaucratic kinds of ways ~~it's~~ it's a treadmill of ~~it's~~ oughtness  
life is and relationships are; it's , well with Mystery all of that care all of  
that relatedness is transformed into service and that's all one care about; not  
serving oneself anymore not serving simply your family; oh, you may serve yourself  
and you may serve your family you may even may serve those in your Religious  
House or those who are your neighbors down the street or whatever the situation is,  
but its service to the Mystery itself which transforms all those relationships into  
new kind of wonder. In the midst of that the burden the overpowering, overwhelming  
the unbelievable treadmill of life of always being under demand of always having the  
chaos break in and whirl your life and make new demands that becomes tranquility.  
And it doesn't matter what's going on in the midst of it, in the center of your own  
being life is tranquil; life is fulfilled, life is happiness; the chaos is still there  
the sickness is still there the brokenness is still there but there's fulfillment.

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Without the Mystery, life is senseless striving. It's <sup>an</sup> unmitigated pain, absurd  
futile suffering. When awe breaks into the midst of that suffering and pain and  
striving and agony, that life is, its transformed. Oh, the same old stuff goes on  
you know, children get sick, you still don't like your colleagues, and you get  
angry but the burden that life is <sup>are</sup> you/overcome/<sup>by</sup> your own weakness, you're aware of  
it but that becomes life and fullness. That is life. No other. No place else.  
That is life full up, running over. That's tranquility. Precisely in the midst of  
the chaos itself, absurd, a strange <sup>absurd</sup> kind of quietness in the midst of that and  
fantastic new power in relationship to all, all that is; I mean it puts all of life  
in relationship and in a new relationship. Without the Mystery life is turned in.  
it's reduced ~~in~~ it's sterile, But when wonder breaks in all of life is given back.  
ALL of it. The same <sup>pain</sup> thing, the same chaos, striving, <sup>the</sup> same colleagues, <sup>the</sup> same family  
and the question is, being consumed by the Mystery, how do you love that Mystery?  
How do you turn that ~~into~~ and decide to live? Self-consciously before it? How do  
you forge out a whole new kind of style? The Church talked about it as a Holy style

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The Other World is a way of ~~tying~~ to get hold of life in its utter secularity with the  
T  
kind of categories that any man understands in the deeps of his being . The Church  
has talked about what I've been talking about with the category of sanctification  
maybe, of relating in the life of the Holy Style of being the perfected one of living  
the whole fulfilled life I have as the Holy life that it is. You can talk about,  
I mean you just aliced what Ive been talking about the Land of Mystery or particularly  
the River of Consciousness or the Mountain of Care and the Sea of Tranquility ~~and~~  
as we've talked about them under Other World categories and there'es almost a one to on  
relationship to what we've talked about as sanctification categories. That ~~is~~<sup>care</sup>, the  
mountain of care, becomes universal benevolence; the burden of life itself becomes  
benevolence; becomes the light burden; but it's the burden and its overwhelming.  
In England you know I could have been over there I suppose, I'm not sure, seems like I  
could over there having just one fantastic wonderful time. You know, as this world  
knows it, its an unbelievable place: this history the magnitude of and depth of all  
that's there; you just walk through the cathedrals on every hand; that <sup>you</sup> go into any

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building and its roots go back to the olden days the fourth and fifth centuries.  
It's an unbelievable land; but being there as I was on behalf of those of us who  
understand that we're out to create a new kind of consciousness of the Mystery,  
and the world that's been given us, finding ways to give people back the WHOLE of  
the real life in the deeps ; well, that was a burden...I mean relating <sup>to</sup> the whole of  
England was a burden. Day in and day out you're walking through the slums of Teaside  
and into your house and going out and doing crazy things like picking potatoes in  
order to get enough pounds to keep you going for the next week, and in the midst of  
that just compounding one thing after another. You see colleagues <sup>all</sup> ~~the~~ way and you  
go through the country and you see fantastic people <sup>with</sup> and fantastic possibilities whom  
<sup>also</sup> have decided to give their lives to some little tiny bitty reduced thing in life; and  
you're called upon to teach courses and to call on other people to recruit courses and  
just because you're clear that life can be some other way than the way it is;;; finally  
it becomes a burden; so overwhelming and the way I experienced it was, I was so angry I  
couldn't stand it; I was angry with you for sending me over there; I was angry because

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there wasn't any money available and here we were a whole crew of people with <sup>advanced</sup> bachelor's degrees not being able to get any job and having to wander out into the fields and do crazy things like picking potatoes and I was angry at Charles; and I was angry at my mother for ever sending me to Sunday School and finally all of life you're just....I decided it just wasn't possible to stay over there and do that kind of job anymore . It was ridiculous and it wasn't even right to expect anybody to do that kind of job. You're all crazy to send two people over there to \_\_\_\_\_ and well, in the midst of that I found myself going down *shouldn't have been going* doing that at all I should have been out recruiting courses, talking to pastors and layman and so on; well, I was going down the street to the green grocers and suddenly in the midst of thinking I cannot, no more, it's too much, I'm pretty frail, I'm not very *big*, I don't, I.....I found myself singing, repeating over and over, I think it's the second verse of Martin Luther's A MIGHTY FORTRESS, "did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing". Did we in our OWN STRENGTH confide our striving would be losing...huh? You see, that's benevolence, that overwhelming burden of life

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itself that is benevolence. I was crushed and that's a gift. I no longer had  
to rely on my own strength; I suddenly was aware of that and new strength was  
available just wildly available. I mean I was living in a whole different relationship  
to life. That is a gift. The crushedness of care of overwhelming burden. That is  
the benevolence of God himself. Nothing less. Otherwise I try to go through on my  
own strength. I do not mean anything magic by that or anything esoteric; I simply  
mean that I suddenly was clear that it was true. My strength was not adequate, and that  
New life was available. You can talk about that ~~xxxxxxx~~ <sup>in various (sociological)</sup> theological ways. I mean I was  
clear that there were colleagues; that all across England there were people who only  
had to decide to snap your fingers or blow like that and the Mystery was available and  
new strength was available for them and that that was the task; that was the task to  
give every man permission to live in the wonder that life is. Over against the Mystery  
Well, this is always God's gift and to stand in that and to create whatever has to be  
created *that is integrity* to be clear that it's not in my strength but in a whole new  
realm of relationships strength that in fact I am in charge then that I am in charge.

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I mean ~~life has~~ <sup>is</sup> given back to me and I am in charge, ~~my~~ life is sheer creativity,  
nothing other than inventiveness itself, that <sup>is</sup> all I am. ~~That's~~ <sup>That's</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>All</sup> I am, is one great  
~~kind~~ <sup>kind</sup> of creativity. And I have the possibility then of creating what it means  
to be myself, <sup>to be</sup> ~~what~~ an authentic life <sup>in</sup> ~~of~~ relationship to whatever it is that ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> in charge.

(~~What~~ <sup>What</sup> that kind of life is all about. That ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> integrity and it's ~~got~~ <sup>got</sup> nothing to do with  
moralism. It ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> beyond the moral. It ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> beyond any kind of categories that this world has  
understood authentic life to be about, or integrity to be about. It ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> creating and forging  
whole new sets of relationships under the sign of Mystery. ~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> this world that life  
may not look very much like integrity at all. It probably ~~won't~~ <sup>will not</sup> even look very moral  
at all in the eyes of this world but <sup>only</sup> ~~in~~ relationship to the Mystery that I ~~am~~ <sup>am</sup> over  
against. What I ~~am~~ <sup>am</sup> talking about is reforging, recreating every single last relationship  
in this moment and for the whole of the future. That ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> what the past relies upon.

Q You may have heard the story of John XXIII ; this is back before he was Pope, of course).

~~but I guess~~ <sup>Early</sup> at the time of the beginning of the second world war ~~and~~ <sup>a</sup> whole host  
of Jewish children <sup>air</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>thunder</sup> ~~come~~ <sup>or so</sup> out of Nazi Germany, ~~600~~ <sup>600</sup> ~~or so~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>They</sup> trying to find a place  
for them to go, and they wanted to take them to Portugal and Portugal said, "We can't receive

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600 Jewish children They're pagans. If they were Christians, we could take them in.

But we couldn't receive that many Jewish children and John, whatever relationship he

was at that point in history, wrote out a certificate of baptism for every single child.

Every single child. Now you see, integrity beyond the morality of this world...that's

an immoral act, isn't it, huh? And Portugal took them in. Radical integrity, radical

rooted in the Mystery itself. Integrated into the deeps of life, created by the winds

of the spirit. Sanctification, talking about ~~fortune~~ <sup>joy</sup>..I don't know how you even use

these categories, receiving, creating taking into oneself the gift of felicity ~~fort~~ <sup>of</sup>

endless felicity a passion for the Mystery rather than attachment to this world ~~where~~ when

every moment has the possibility of infinite relatedness. That is felicity <sup>of</sup> seeing

oneself tied to all that has ever been and all that <sup>will</sup> ~~is~~ every be, to see that this

moment itself is the whole of life, <sup>or</sup> ~~is~~ capsulated and it's just the same old mundane treadmill

life that anybody has ever known, and yet deciding to live it in relationship to whatever

it is that's in control of my life and my destiny and your life and your future. <sup>He</sup> ~~My~~, that'

to live in relationship to a whole new vocationedness. ~~has~~ Be called anew. I heard an

interview with Saben, maybe you've heard this; ~~is~~ He's the one who discovered, invented

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how ever you talk about it, the oral polio vaccine, and now is doing cancer research.

I saw this program on cancer research back a month six weeks ago and you saw this whole  
program, kind of grizzely. One after another episodes of people in research labs taking  
little mice and injecting <sup>them with</sup> cancer cells and watching, you know, it was kind of grim, tabul  
all the results, meticulously day in and day out; feeding the mice so they'd be sure to be  
healthy and giving the <sup>med</sup>medication and then watching and checking it all out on the microsc  
and keeping meticulous....its really a grim kind of existence, once you think about it.  
Well, this interviewer was talking to ~~Sabin~~ <sup>Sabin</sup> and he asked him ...if he ever got weary of  
this kind of work and he said "Of course, it's just as boring as any day on anybody's  
assembly line". and I'm paraphrasing I'm sure but this is for me what he was saying.  
"If the medical research <sup>it</sup> does, lives his life in the hopes of some great break-through,  
then he lives his life in vain and tha's ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> it'll be, just one day after another of  
tedium. The wonder of it is that you have the possibility of seeing that medical  
research all of your breakthroughs and all of your failures contribute to the whole  
<sup>history</sup> mission of medical research. All that's been up this point and the whole of the futuse

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on

rests ~~and~~ the breakthroughs and the failures of injecting mice and feeding them

and looking under microscopes and taking down notes and all of that business."

It's endless felicity ~~and~~ at any moment one chooses ~~to~~ to see it

of relatedness. Well, to see one's life like that is to be Marked by the Mystery forever

like <sup>Jacob</sup> now on "you limp". From then on "you limp" and then you've got scars and they're

deep scars and they're real scars and do not mistake that you're marked ~~to~~ there's no escape. You're marked to be

what? The religious, the sanctified? Perfected people in the midst of the imperfections

of this world. There's no escape, either into secularism, or into mysticism.

The Other World is only in the midst of this world or what I'm talking about is that the

World is always between me and the Mystery. <sup>It is</sup> This world that I encounter...and I've become

aware that I've been chosen...I've been given a new kind of vocation and new eyes to see

the vocation I've been given and the only thing there's left to do is to choose this

lection.

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.