

THE ANOINTED ONE

This quarter, I was looking for a job. I went from agency to agency seeking help but after two months had absolutely nothing to show for it. We needed somebody for a circuit in Nevada. I was delighted to drive to Nevada and work for a week to finish that state. Then I spent a week driving to Chicago to the celebration of Joseph W. Mathews' funeral. I drove back to San Francisco and I still had no job. The day after I got back I went to two agencies with which I had been working. They looked at me and said, "Well, there is still nothing that has come into our agency that you are particularly suited for, but we would like you to come and work for us." I am now managing an employment agency. I was scared to death. I had excellent credentials, such as conference director of the Academy for the ICA, and I had done incredible things in the Marshall Islands, but nothing prepared me to be a manager of an employment agency. But everything had prepared me. I spent the first three days on the job calling companies and asking, "Do you have positions we can help you fill this week?" The third day my boss said, "All right, Judy, the next five people who walk in the door are yours to interview, whether they are good or bad or indifferent, they are yours. And if you place them you will make the commission on them." Some of them were very nice, likable folks, very easy to talk to and I was a little less nervous. But one woman was young and snotty. She was convinced that because she had managed a filling station she could set the world on fire. Why was it I did not give her a \$1,000 per month job today? I was convinced the woman was absolutely unplaceable. I got her out of my office as quickly as I could. That evening my boss talked to me: "Now, Judy, it is not whether you like a person who comes in or whether you want to hire him to work with you day after day. It is whether he is suited for a position and whether somebody else wants to hire him."

That was a reminder of our collegiality. You and I show up joined to all kinds of people in all kinds of situations at all times of our lives. It is possible for every man to be engaged. It is absolutely possible for every man, barring none, to show his care. Alone I am not enough to do the mission. Oh, I wish I were. Every time the folks in our house start acting up I wish I were sufficient unto myself. I wish I could do everything that needs to be done and not have to mess with any other folks. It is one thing to come to council and see people you have not had to work with, but when you get into a care with them for a week we are tearing each other's eyes out. Live in the house together for a year--oh. Put them together in a social demonstration for four years--oh. I wish that I was sufficient.

Collegiality is an art, not something that just happens. It does not happen because of an assignment shett. It happens because you try to make it happen. Collegiality is the art of corporatenes. I have started looking for signs of the blue everywhere I go. People now show up wearing the blue who have never thought to put on a blue shirt. They show up wearing the blue, refusing to limit their care, refusing to limit it to their husbands, their houses, their religious house, their project. They show up refusing to limit their care to anything less than life itself. They demonstraté

that care on elevators, on streets, riding around the corridors of the cities, everywhere you go, people are wearing the sign of the blue. The possibility that is inherent in that situation is the possibility of our lives.

The only focus of our lives is to allow that possibility to show forth. Driving across Nevada (and that is all you do, drive across Nevada; you don't go from one place to another, you just drive across Nevada) we went to a town called Winamucca. We went to Winamucca to do a Town Meeting and found to be the most severely divided town I have encountered. Winamucca is best noted for its whorehouses. When they cleaned up Reno they all went to Winamucca. We just barged in--fools tread where angels fear--that was us. We did a Town Meeting and the people there were so grateful that they could hardly say what had happened to their town that night. They were deeply grateful that someone had come and allowed them to talk to each other when they were beyond that point by themselves. The sense of always bringing forth the possibility is not a naive stance. It is not a pollyanne but an affirmation. It is the affirmation of life abundant that you and I have been given eyes to see as few others have been given eyes to see.

It is incredible for me to realize that it has only been thirteen weeks since I moved to San Francisco. Some of you with new assignments this year are probably experiencing the same thing. Thirteen weeks--that is just one quarter. I have lived a whole lifetime in those thirteen weeks. The whole thing was staged just for me. I have experienced time and time again during these thirteen weeks walking on the edge of the night. I have experienced my life as absolute risk.

The pain and the agony and the demand of the local church are so great that the risk is all I can see. The structures are extreme risk. The colleagues are extreme risk. Social demonstration, whether in the actuation phase of in the planning stage--do we really want to do more? Haven't we got enough on our hands right now? Why would we lay ourselves open to the risks that those entail. Town Meetings just keep coming. We had nineteen this week. It took so much to find colleagues to go. It was not that they did not want to go; it is the sheer practicality of it. Northern California doesn't look so far away on a map but when you start going over the mountains and winding around it is a long journey. In California there were people who had to stay to do a Town Meeting because we could not get anyone else up there in time. That happened in the Marshall Islands but this is California. We could not get anyone up there in time.

Every one of us who lives in a Religious House experiences that the future of the religious houses of this Order is riding upon our backs. Religious Houses will not continue in being just because the Order? Ecumenical has religious houses. That is not going to sustain you or me our colleagues. The future of those houses is riding on us--you and me. We are the ones who have been chosen to go--chosen to go with no purse, with no pack on our back, barefoot, exchanging no greetings on the road, chosen to be the solitary ones on their way, like lambs among wolves. There is nothing

but you and all of life.

Once you say that sort of a statement, fear begins to come cropping up-- it doesn't crop up, it starts running rampant. "Oh, I can't do this. Lord, I have just done enough. If somebody asks me to wake up the youth in our house again, I'll just scream. Enough is enough. I can't do it any more. I swear I don't care." We have collided with the enemy, and the pain of that collision is the pain that you and I experience inside our very being. It is the pain of running smack-dab into the enemy, collision full force. I want to give back my care. I don't want to care. I want to give it back. I don't care if I--it would be great to be a snake and be able to shed it like old skin and just walk off with no care. Maybe I could vomit it up, as if I had the flu or something. Maybe I could just drive my car off the road and everybody else would have to deal with all that stuff. Maybe I could get some terrifically incapacitating disease.

A few weeks ago I went into a store full of posters. You know how posters are these days, sort of fruity, flowers and butterflies and daisies and rainbows and full of quotes that you wouldn't give to anybody you know. But I found one--maybe I'll just put it on a newsletter and send it out to all of you. This quote said, "If you're being run out of town, just get in front of the group and act like it's a parade."

In every situation you are the victorious one. You emerge victorious declaring to all that life itself is the winner. There is no escape. It is our destiny. This last thanksgiving we had a conversation after supper that allowed us to verbalize our thanks for the particulars that we found ourselves caring for, and they got stranger and stranger. People began by saying they were thankful for Maharashtra and all the projects there. It got to the point where one person said, "I am thankful for the space in my room. I am thankful that I have limited space, that I don't have to care for a ten-room house, that I have the space that allows me to function as one who is wholly engaged in the mission." My space allows my passion to show forth; my spirit is informed by that which allows my passion to come forth.

In the Journal of this past quarter, on the first page: "Solitude has no loneliness. Corporateness is not a quality of the herd. A Wise Man never informs me of his wisdom, he only calls me to my own all encompassing knowing. My spirit is insatiable." My spirit is insatiable. I am consumed with the mission. There is nothing that I really want to do that is separated from the mission. Even sending Christmas cards to old friends and colleagues-- the passion that makes me do that is the passion for getting the job done. The passion for the care of every single man, every single thing that you and I really want to do is done for the mission.

The anointed one is a state of being. The anointed one is the experience that you experience only after your death, the death that is freely given, the death that is given in every moment for every man. You and I are the anointed ones. You and I did not choose to be the anointed ones, but you and I were chosen and appointed that we should go and bear fruit and that our fruit should abound.