

· Selected Talks

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WORKING DRAFT

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preface

"We tried to get the established Church to see that it's not about peddling abstract dogma but about awakening men into life and significant engagement in the historical process so that they might truly experience the glory of life through intensification of consciousness and intensification of engagement. The hope that is God's hope belongs to humanity. The joy that is unspeakable is of the Lord. The peace that passeth understanding is yours—on loan from God, of course. I hope it breaks through its provincialism of defending the doctrine of Church members into concern for all humanity—which will save the Church and purify it."

Joseph Wesley Mathews to Msgr. John Egan
October 13, 1977

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The Time My Father Died

Sometime past noon, November ninth the last, our telephone rang. It was for me, person-to person. My oldest sister, Margaret, was calling. "Joe, Papa just died!"

We children never called him Papa while we were growing up. He was mostly "Dad." But in the last decade or so, out of a strange mellowing affection, we started, all seven of us, referring to our father as Papa.

My Papa dead!—just seven days before he was 92. Within the hour I began my journey to my father. I find it difficult to express how deeply I wanted to be with him in his death. Furthermore he had long since commissioned my brother and me to conduct the celebration. My brother unfortunately was out of the country and I had quiet anxiety about executing it alone.

The late afternoon flight was conducive to contemplation. I thought of the many well-meant condolences already received.

"Isn't it fine that your father lived to be 92?"

"It must be easier for you since he lived such a long life."

Certainly I was grateful for such comments. But I found myself perturbed too. Didn't they realize that to die is to die, whether you are seventeen, forty-nine, or one hundred and ten? Didn't they know that our death is our death? And that each of us has only one death to die? This was my father's death! It was no less significant because he was most of a hundred. It was his death. The only one he would ever have.

The family had already gathered when I arrived in the little New England town. We immediately sat in council. The first task was to clarify our self-understanding. The second was to embody that understanding in the celebration of Papa's death. Consensus was already present: the One who gives us our life is the same that takes it from us. From this stance we felt certain broad implications should guide the formation of the ceremony.

Death is a very lively part of a man's life and no life is finished without the experience of death.

Death is a crucial point in the human adventure which somehow transposes to every other aspect of life.

Death is to be received in humble gratitude and must ever be honored with honest dignity.

Together we concluded that the death of our father must be celebrated as a real part of his history, before the final Author that gave him both his life and his death, with integrity and solemn appreciation.

The very articulation of these lines of guidance worked backward laying bare our own inward flight from death. They also made more obvious the efforts of our culture to disguise death. I mean the great concealment by means of plush caskets, white satin

linings, soft cushions, head pillows, Sunday clothes, cosmetics, perfume, flowers, and guaranteed vaults. Empty of symbolic meaning, they serve but to deceive—to simulate life. They seem to say, Nothing has actually happened. Nothing is really changed. What vanity to denude death! All our pretenses about it only strengthen its power to destroy our lives. Death stripped of meaning and dignity becomes a demon. Not to embrace death as part of our given life is finally not to embrace our life. That is, we do not really live. This is the power of unacknowledged death. I ponder over the strange smile on faces of the dead.

To symbolize the dignity of our father's death, the family thought to clothe him in a pine box and to rest him in the raw earth.

I remembered the men of the war I buried. There was great dignity in the shelter—half shrouded, in the soiled clothing, in the dirty face, in the shallow grave. I say dignity was there. Death was recognized as death. Death was dramatized as the death of the men who had died their own death.

A sister and brother-in-law were sent to make arrangements. They asked about the coffin. A pine box was out of the question. None was to be had. The undertaker, as they called him, explained that caskets ranged from one hundred to several thousands of dollars.

Interpreting the spirit of the common mind, our emissaries asked for the \$100 coffin.

"What \$100 coffin?" replied an astonished undertaker.

"Why the one you mentioned."

"Oh no, caskets begin at \$275."

"Did you not mention a \$100 coffin?"

"Yes. Yes. But you wouldn't want that. It is for paupers. We bury only the paupers in the \$100 coffins."

This thought racked the psychic foundations of my sister and her husband. They retreated for further consultation. None of the rest of us, it turned out, were emotionally prepared for the pauper twist. Actually, the tyranny of the economic order over us was exposed. Our deepest emotions of guilt, love, sorrow, regret were all mixed up with this strange tyranny. In short, we could not move forward with our decision until we first agreed to set up a small memorial for Papa that would be used for charity in the little community.

By this time, assuming that no one would want to put his father away as a pauper, the undertaker had placed Papa in the \$275 casket. Having recovered some equilibrium we protested. He was understandably upset by our stand and insisted that we come to his showroom. We all went together, including Mama, who has been weathering the storms of life now for more than fourscore years. Caskets of all kinds filled the place. We asked about the pauper's coffin.

"We keep that outside in the storehouse." Anticipating our next request he hurried on. "No, I can't bring that into my showroom."

In the back I saw a wooden rough box which reminded me of the pine coffin. We

talked, the undertaker and I. He was really a very sensitive man. Certainly he had a living to make. When I offered to pay him more for the other expenses of the funeral, he refused. But he mellowed a bit. He remembered when he lived in upper New York state as a little boy. His grandfather had been an undertaker too. Grandfather had used rough pine boxes out in the country to bury people in. In his recollecting he found a kind of meaning in our decision for the pauper's coffin. He even brought it into the showroom where Mama and the rest of the family could see it.

Immediately it was opened and another mild shock came. The pauper's coffin was exactly like any other coffin—pillow, white satin, and all. Except the white satin wasn't really white satin. It was the kind of shiny material you might buy at the ten-cent store. Everything was simply cheap imitation. We had hoped for something honest. Despite the disappointment, we took the pauper's box. And Papa was transferred to his own coffin.

I did not want to see my father until I could have some time with him alone. Several hours before the funeral I went to where he waited. I can scarcely describe what I saw and felt.

My father, I say, was ninety-two. In his latter years he had wonderfully chiseled wrinkles. I had helped to put them there. His cheeks were deeply sunken; his lips pale. He was an old man. There is a kind of glory in the face of an old man. Not so with the stranger laying there. They had my Papa looking like he was fifty-two. Cotton stuffed in his cheeks had erased the best wrinkles. Make-up powder and rouge plastered his face way up into his hair and around his neck and ears. His lips were painted. He . . . he looked ready to step before the footlights of the matinee performance.

I fiercely wanted to pluck out the cotton but was afraid. At least the make-up could come off. I called for alcohol and linens. A very reluctant mortician brought them to me. And I began the restoration. As the powder, the rouge, the lipstick disappeared, the stranger grew older. He never recovered the look of his ninety-two years but in the end the man in the coffin became my Papa.

Something else happened to me there with my father in his death. Throughout childhood, I had been instructed in the medieval world view. This by many people who were greatly concerned for me. My father, my mother, my Sunday school teacher, yes, my teachers at the school and most of my neighbors. They taught me the ancient Greek picture of how when you die there's something down inside of you that escapes death, how the real me doesn't die at all. Much later I came to see that both the biblical view and the modern image were something quite different. But I wondered if the meeting with my father in his death would create nostalgia for the world view of my youth. I wondered if I would be tempted to revert to that earlier conditioning in order to handle the problems of my own existence. It wasn't this way.

What did happen to me I am deeply grateful for. I don't know how much I'm able to communicate. It happened when I reached down to straighten my father's tie. There was my father. Not the remains, not the body of my father, *but my father*. It was my father in death! Ever since I can remember, Papa never succeeded in getting his tie quite straight. We children took some kind of pleasure in fixing it before he went out.

Though he always pretended to be irritated at this, we knew that he enjoyed our attention. It was all sort of a secret sign of mutual acknowledgment. Now in death I did it once again. This simple little act became a new catalyst of meaning. That was my Papa whose tie I straightened in the coffin. It was my father there experiencing his death. It was my Papa involved in the Mystery in his death as he had been involved in the Mystery in his life. I say there he was related to the same Final Mystery in death as in life. Somehow the dichotomy between living and dying was overcome.

Where is thy victory, O death?

Death is indeed a powerfully individual happening. My Papa experienced his death all alone. About this I am quite clear. I remember during the war I wanted to help men die. I was never finally able to do this. I tried. Sometimes I placed a lighted cigarette in a soldier's mouth as we talked. Sometimes I quoted for him the Twenty-third Psalm. Sometimes I wiped the sweat and blood from his face. Sometimes I held his hand. Sometimes I did nothing. It was a rude shock to discover that I could not in the final sense help a man to die. Each had to do his own dying, alone.

But then I say, death is something more than an individual experience. It is also a social happening. Papa's death was an event in our family. All of us knew that a happening had happened to us as a family and not just to Papa. Furthermore, the dying of an individual is also an internal occurrence in the larger communities of life. Indeed it happens to all history and creation itself. This is true whether that individual be great or small. The inner being of a little New England town is somehow changed by the absence of the daily trek of an eccentric old gentleman to the postoffice where he stopped to deliver long monologues on not very interesting subjects to all who could not avoid him. Perhaps we don't know how to feel these happenings as communities. Maybe we don't know how to celebrate them. But they happen.

We wanted to celebrate Papa's death as his own event but we wanted also to celebrate it as a social happening. Most of all, we wanted to celebrate Christianly. But this is not so simple. The office of the funeral suffers a great malaise in our day. Perhaps even more than other rites. There are many causes. The undertaker, in the showroom episode, spoke to this with deep concern. His rather scathing words disturb me still.

"Funerals today have become no more than disposal services!"

"What of those conducted by the Church?" I ventured.

"Church indeed! I mean the Church," he said.

His professional posture was here set aside. Pointing out that most funerals today are held outside any real sense of Christian community, he spoke of the tragedy of keeping children away from death. He spoke of adults who sophisticatedly boast of never having engaged in the death rite. He spoke of the over-all decrease in funeral attendance. He especially rued the emptiness of the rites because they were no longer understood. And he caricatured the clergy as the hired disposal units with their artificial airs, unrealistic words, and hurried services.

"What we all seem to want nowadays," he said, "is to get rid of the body as quickly and efficiently as is respectably allowable, with as little trouble to as few folk as possible."

These solemn words were creatively sobering. The funeral embodied the full office of worship. We who gathered acted out all three parts. We first confessed our own self-illusions and received once again the word of cosmic promise of fresh beginnings. Then we read to ourselves from our classic scriptures recounting men's courage to be before God and boldly expressed together our thanksgiving for the given actualities of our lives. Thirdly, we presented ourselves to the Unchanging Mystery beyond all that is and corporately dedicated our lives once more to the task of affirming the world and creating civilization.

The point is, we did not gather to console ourselves. We did not gather to psychologically bolster one another. We did not gather to excuse anybody's existence or to pretend about the world we live in. We celebrated the death of my father by acknowledging who we are and what we must therefore become. That is, we assembled as the Church on this occasion in our history, to remember that we are the Church.

In the midst of the service of death the "words over the dead" are pronounced. I had sensed for a long time that one day I might pronounce them over Papa. Now that the time had come I found myself melancholy beyond due. It was not simply that it was my father. Yet just because it was my father, I was perhaps acutely sensitive. I mean about the funeral meditation, as it is revealingly termed. Memories of poetic rationalizations of our human pretenses about death gnawed at my spirit. Some that I recalled actually seemed designed to blanket the awareness that comes in the face of death, that death is a part of life and that all must die. I remembered others as attempts to explain away the sharp sense of ontological guilt and moral emptiness that we all experience before the dead. The very gifts of grace were here denied, whether by ignorance or intent, and the human spirit thereby smothered into nothing. I remembered still other of these meditations even more grotesque in their disfigurement of life—undisguised sentimentalities offering shallow assurances and fanciful comforts. How could we shepherds of the souls of men do such things to human beings? Perhaps after all, I was not unduly depressed.

Coincidental with these broodings, my imagination was vividly assaulted by another image. It was a homely scene from a television western. A small crowd of townsfolk were assembled on Boot Hill to pay last respects to one who had lived and died outside the law. A very ordinary citizen was asked to say "a-few-words-over-the-dead." He spoke with the plainness of wisdom born out of intimate living with life as it actually is. Protesting that he was not a religious man, he reminded the gathered of the mystery present in that situation beyond the understanding of any one or all of them together. Then he turned and spoke words to the dead one. He spoke words to the family. He spoke words to the townsfolk themselves. In each case his words confronted the intended hearer with the real events and guilt of the past and in each case he offered an image of significance for the future. There was comfort in his words. But it was the honest, painful comfort of coming to terms with who we are in the midst

of the world as it is. It impressed me as deeply religious, as deeply Christian. For my father, I took this pattern as my own.

At the appointed place I, too, reminded the assembled body of the Incomprehensible One who is the ground of all living and dying. I, too, announced a word to the assembled townsfolk, and to my family, and to my father.

I looked out at the members of the funeral party who represented the village where my father had spent his last years. They were sitting face to face before one another, each caught in the gaze of his neighbor. In that moment, if I had never known it before, I knew that a community's life is somehow held before it whenever it takes, with even vague seriousness, the death of one of its members. I saw in its face its failures and fears, its acts of injustice, callousness, and irresponsibility. I saw its guilt. I saw its despair. They would call it sorrow for a passing one. But it was their sorrow. Indeed it was, in a strange way, sorrow for themselves.

In the name of the Church, I spoke, first, of all this which they already knew yet so desperately needed to know aloud. And then I pronounced all their past, remembered and forgotten, fully and finally received before the Unconditioned Being who is Lord both of life and death.

I looked out at my family. There was my mother surrounded by her children and her children's children. What was going on in the depths of this woman who had mixed her destiny with that of the dead man for the major share of a century? What of sister Margaret who knew so well the severity of her father? What of the son who had never won approval? Or the son-in-law never quite received. What of the one who knew hidden things? What of the rebellious one? What of the specially favored? What of Alice? What of Arthur? What of Elizabeth? I knew, as I looked, perhaps all over again, that the sorrow at death is not only that of the loss of the cherished and the familiar. It is the sorrow of unacknowledged guilt, postponed intentions, buried animosities, unmended ruptures. The sorrow of the funeral is the pain of our own creatureliness, of self-disclosure, and of self-acknowledgement. It is the pain of turning from the past to the future. It is the pain of having to decide all over again about our lives.

In the name of the Church, I spoke of these things written so clearly upon our family countenance. And then in fear and joy I pronounced all our relations with Papa and one another as cosmically approved by the One who gives us our lives and takes them from us once again.

I looked at my father. And I knew things in a way I had not known them before. It wasn't that I knew anything new. But my knowing was now transposed so that everything was different. I knew his very tragic boyhood. I knew the scars it engraved on his soul. I knew his lifelong agonizing struggle to rise beyond them. I knew his unknown greatness. I knew his qualities next to genius that never found deliverance. I knew his secret sense of failure. I knew things he never knew I knew. I knew the dark nights of his soul. I knew, well, what I knew was his life. His spirit's journey. That was it. It was his life I knew in that moment. It was frozen now. It was all in now. It was complete. It was finished. It was offered up for what it was. This was the difference made by death.

In the name of the Church, I spoke his life out loud. Not excusing, not glorifying most of his life as I saw it then. And then I pronounced it good and great and utterly significant before the One who had given it to history just as it was. Not as it might have been, not as it could have been abstractly considered, not as I might have wanted it to be or others felt it should have been, not even as Papa might have wanted it altered. I sealed it as acceptable to God, then, just as it was finished.

The celebration ended in the burial grounds.

The funeral party bore Papa to his grave. There was no drama in the processional. It was just empty utility. The death march, once explosive in symbolic force, had lost its power. I allowed myself to be swept along in silent frustration. I was sad for Papa. I had pity for those of us who bore him. I grew angry with myself.

The sun had already fallen behind the ridge when we came to the burial ground. It was on a remote New England hillside (they call it a mountain there). I remember clearly the sharp, cold air and how the very chill made me feel keenly alive. I remember also how the dark shadows dancing on the hills reminded me of life. But I remember most of all the clean smell of God's good earth freshly turned.

I say I smelled the fresh earth. There was none to be seen. What I did see is difficult to believe. I mean the green stuff. Someone had come before us and covered that good, wonderful raw dirt, every clod of it, with green stuff. Everything, every scar of the grave, was concealed under simulated grass: Just as if nothing had been disturbed here: Just as if nothing were going on here: Just as if nothing at all were happening. What an offense against nature, against history, against Papa, against us, against God!

I wanted to scream. I wanted to cry out to the whole world, "Something *is* going on here, something great, something significantly human. *Look!* Everybody, look! Here is my father's death. It is going on here!"

The banks of flowers upon the green facade only added to the deception. Was it all contrived to pretend at this last moment that my father was not really dead after all? Was it not insisting that death is not important, not a lively part of our lives, not thoroughly human, not bestowed by the Final One? Suddenly the great lie took on cosmic proportion. And suddenly I was physically sick!

This time I didn't want to scream. I experienced an acute urge to vomit.

A sister sensitively perceived all this and understood. She pushed to my side and gave me courage. Together we laid aside the banks of flowers. Together we rolled back the carpet of deceit. God's good, wonderful clean earth lay once again unashamedly naked. I drank it into my being. The nausea passed.

Mind you, I'm not blaming anybody. Not anybody really, save myself. I just hadn't anticipated everything. I have no excuse but I was taken by surprise, you understand. And I so passionately wanted to celebrate Papa's death with honesty and integrity and dignity—for his sake, for our sake, for God's sake.

We lowered Papa then in his pauper's box deep into the raw ground. Then began the final rites. There were three.

I lifted up the Bible. It was a sign. We were commemorating Papa's journey in the historical community of the faithful. However distantly, however feebly, however,

brokenly, he had walked with the knights of faith, Abraham, Amos, Paul, Augustine, Thomas, Luther, Wesley, Jesus. By fate and by choice these were his first companions of the road. I recalled aloud from their constitution which I held in my hands. The heroic formula from Job is what I meant to recite: "Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return; the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." What came from my lips were the words of Paul. "If I live, I live unto the Lord; if I die, I die unto the Lord; so whether I live or whether I die, I am the Lord's."

I lifted up a very old, musty, leatherbound volume of poetry. This too was a sign. We were ritualizing Papa's own unique and unrepeatable engagement in the human adventure. Papa was an individual, a solitary individual before God. It was most fitting that a last rite should honor this individuality. Such was the role of the volume of hymn-poems. From it Papa had read and quoted and sung in monotone for as long as any of us, including Mama, could recall. The words I joined to the sign were from this collection. The author was a friend of Papa's.

God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm;
Blind unbelief is sure to err, and scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter and He shall make it plain.

The third sign celebrated the fact that Papa was a participant in the total wonder of creation and that his life and death were good because creation is good. What I mean is that Papa was God's friend. My last act was to place him gladly and gratefully on behalf of all good men everywher in the hands of the One in whose hands he already was, that Mysterious Power who rules the unknown realm of death to do with him as he well pleaseth. I ask to know no more. This I symbolized. Three times I stooped low, three times I plunged my hands deep into the loose earth beside the open pit, and three times I threw that good earth upon my Papa within his grave. And all the while I sang forth the majestic threefold formula,

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.
And some of those present there for the sake of all history and all creation said Amen.

The Christ Of History

The Everyman-Christ

The need to "make sense" out of our sufferings and actions is deeply human. Apparently men everywhere and in every time have sensed themselves as pilgrims looking for a way to really live in this world. In the language of the poet, EVERYMAN quests after some light, way, truth, door. More or less awarely, he searches for a bread or word of life. He dwells in hope that some tomorrow will bring a delivering power, an illuminating story, some saving event, a final blessedness. When that day comes, so he dreams, then surely in some way the essence of life and the living of it will be different. All peoples have forged signs and symbols of this human characteristic. For the Hebrews of old, one such image was the coming "anointed one," the Messiah, translated into the Greek as the Christ.

The Messianic hope of EVERYMAN is born out of his experience of the limitations of existence. His encounter with the unknowns, ambiguities, sufferings and deaths of this world discloses his insecurity. This primordial anxiety breeds the Messiah image. Watch him, as he is thrown up against his finitude, become a seeker after some truth which will overcome the unbearable incomprehensibles of life. Watch him search, however subtly, for the justification which will alleviate his sense of insignificance. Watch him relentlessly strive for a peace which will somehow blot out his lucid awareness of the tragic dimension of life. One senses in this spectacle a creature vainly striving to rise above his creaturely limits. Finding his givenness burdensome beyond bearing, he dreams of discovering some other kind of a world. Indeed he already has a different world for he literally exists in his present hopes about the future. Thereby he escapes his actual life in the Now. His very meaning is his anticipation that some tomorrow will render his situation quite different. On that day the ultimate key will come clear; the final excuse for his existence will emerge and true contentment will bathe his being. Then shall he truly live, so he imagines, delivered from this present world of uncertainty, unfulfillment and anxiety. Such a life-quest is an experience, I submit, that all of us are quite privy to. Men dwell sometimes very explicitly, most times quite vaguely, in great expectations of that which will relieve them of the necessity of living their given life in the present situation. This great hope, whatever its form, is the CHRIST OF EVERYMAN.

The Jesus of Nazareth

The New Testament age opens with the Jews, like EVERYMAN, expecting the Christ. Of course, they were doing so out of their concrete historical memory. The Christ-quest is always tied to specific life situations. It was into this particular Jewish yearning, around the beginning of the first century, that one Jesus intruded. It might have been, in an abstract sense, Herman of Hebbbronville or Jones of Smithville. But it was not. It was this fellow Jesus of Nazareth in Galilee. Very little detail is directly

known about this man. But as all of us do, he lived a life and died a death. It was to be sure, *his* life that he lived and *his* death that he died. This is the most important for it was in the midst of these very definite historical occurrences, as they disturbed the hopes of Israel, that the New Testament happening of Christ took place.

Perhaps the core of the issue could be put something like this: a very specific man lived a very specific life and for that specific life, died a very specific death. Somehow in these concretions the deeps of human existence became exposed. A man got born, lived his life, and

experienced death even as you and I do. Yet there was a plus. Not a metaphysical plus, but what might be termed a plus in specifics. I mean he lived a life essentially like that of anyone else, save he seemed to *really* live his. However one chooses to account for it: special mutations of genes, unusual neurotic tendencies, peculiar environmental influences, unique occurrences of lucidity - is all quite beside my concern at the moment. Here was one who apparently not only lived, but *lived* his living. He appropriated his life as an unqualified gift and bore it as a significant mission. The *givenness* of creaturely living appeared to him to be the very meaning of it. Indeed he kept saying that what everyone is looking for is very much AT HAND.

EVERYMAN, here in Jewish guise, was understandably disconcerted by the style of this unknown and everyday stranger. The very point is that Jesus collided with the lives of all he encountered. He invaded, broke into, penetrated their worlds, leaving them painfully unsettled. To the proud he seemed humble and they were threatened. If men hated life, he loved it. To those who hung desperately onto living, he appeared nonchalant about it all. If they thought of life as detachment, he was utterly involved. If their living was a bondage, he was too obviously free. Where men were other-directed, he was independent. When they were confidently selfdetermining, he seemed lost in loyalties. To conservatives he was manifestly revolutionary; he impressed the radicals as a reactionary. Obviously, the life of such a human being would be in jeopardy. When men's lives are audited to the quick, either they must re-do their lives, or destroy the occasion of the audit. Jesus was executed.

Death comes to all men. So it had to come in some fashion to Jesus of Nazareth. The specifics are what concern us. A life that was in some way *really* lived, drove men to destroy it. Let this be said again. Precisely because his living somehow exhibited the way life actually is, men felt he had to be removed. Rulers saw him as a danger to society. The hierarchy feared him as a menace to religion. The strange irony here uncovers a tragic inversion in human history. There is yet another important concretion. The man of Galilee embraced death as he embraced life. Call it the slaughter of the innocent or the miscarriage of justice; call it murder or mistake; call it social expedience or the intervention of fate; however, and whatever, he took unto himself his death without malice as a part of the givenness of his life. Not that he sought death. But when it came, and as it came, he died it as significant. In consequence, there was a compounding of disturbance. His dying as his living, was disquieting.

In some such fashion did the life and death of an unknown, Jesus of Nazareth,

protrude into the history and the hope of Israel, and therefore into the life of EVERYMAN. But this is not yet the end, nor even the finally important aspect of the tale.

The Jesus-Christ Event

In the midst of the happenings surrounding Jesus, some individuals were seized by a radically new possibility for living in this world. Incredible as it was to the many, a few actually raised the question of Christ in connection with Jesus. This moves us to the heart of the matter. To really hear this question is to sense an absolutely unbelievable twist in the Christ symbol. The very life-image of the Jews, their very existence, their very history was cut to the marrow by the question: *Is Jesus the Christ?* Quite understandably, they reacted to it as scandalous. Because it was a scandal, crucial decisions had to be made. Here are the keys to the New Testament Christ-happening: scandal and decision.

The scandal is clearly manifest in the broad picture. The EVERYMAN-CHRIST for the Jews was concretized in the anticipated coming of a mighty king or cosmic figure who would fulfill the corporate dreams of Israel. Patently, such a figure Jesus was not. He came a helpless babe in a feeding trough. He left a pitiful personage on the state gallows. *This* have to do with Messiah? How ridiculous! Indeed, the in light of the sacred hopes, it was blasphemous.

Now the offense of the Jew is the offense of EVERY MAN. The question about Jesus insinuates an unmitigated revolution in human self-perception. The distressing implication is that life is not in the future; it is in the present. It is not in some other circumstances; it is those at hand; it is not to be sought after, it is already given. Obviously this cuts across the notions to which everyman has attached his being. The one who seeks to escape his present situation as meaningless must certainly be outraged by the hint that the final meaning is to receive that very situation. Those who look to tomorrow to solve the riddle will surely feel affronted before the intimation that the ultimate solution is living the Now. This is the elemental scandal in the Jesus question.

The point needs to be underlined. If the self-understanding which broke into history surrounding the living and dying of one Jesus is to be designated by the term *Christ*, then very evidently a radical eruption has occurred in history through a complete inversion of the Christ symbol. This is not just an addition to or an alteration of. The total image of life is disputed. In truth, it is literally turned upside down. That is, the scandal is cataclysmic and universal. Concisely, what we shall call the JESUS-CHRIST mortally assaults the EVERYMAN-CHRIST.

The JESUS-CHRIST fronts man with the awareness that there is no messiah and never will be one, and furthermore, that this very reality is the Messiah. This must not, however, be understood as an intellectual abstraction. It is rather a happening, that meets men in the midst of their living. Indeed the fronting is experienced as death itself. For to receive the JESUS-CHRIST is to put an end to my Christ quest; it is to surrender my very life stance; it means that I must die to my very self. Or better still, my

self must die. The threat of the JESUS-CHRIST is now unmasked as the threat of death. The scandal, as experienced, is that I must choose to die.

The drama of this deciding unto death permeates the New Testament. This is certainly to be expected. For decision is a rudimentary component of the New Testament Christ happening and a necessary consequence of the Christ offense. Those seized by the scandal of the Jesus question could not avoid an answer. One way or the other they had to decide. Life decisions are always compelled by the disturbance of life modes. But the choice was not apprehended as just *another* choice. It was understood as the *elemental* one and this, precisely because the above scandal was the ultimate assault upon the world of EVERYMAN. In short, the great and final divide of all human decisions is located in the strange New Testament question: Is Jesus the Christ?

The response demanded and the only one that could be demanded was a simple yea or nay. There is no possible third option, no middle ground; no perhaps. Not even a delay is thinkable. For not to decide here is still to decide. At any other point, several alternatives, in principle at least, are offered. Such is not the case here. The scandal is either embraced or it is rejected. Though repudiation has a thousand faces, yes, a thousand times a thousand times, all are but some form of re-entrenchment in the EVERYMAN-CHRIST. This extreme dimension becomes clearer when one remembers that for the New Testament people the Christ decision was transparently an election for or against life itself. The negative answer was at bottom a rejection of human existence as it is constituted. The acknowledgement of the scandal, on the other hand, is a full and free affirmation of the significance of the creaturehood of man. When the human situation is nakedly exposed there are but two choices: to affirm life or to negate it.

Perhaps it appears incredible that such fathomless deeps of man and history are caught up in so very concrete a decision. Yet this is exactly the way things are in this dimension of existence. As the search for meaning is always concrete, so necessarily is the offense to this meaning historically rooted. And therefore, the ensuing decision must likewise be grounded in the very particular. Though, at base, the New Testament men were deciding about their own stance and destiny, yet because Jesus was the occasion of the question, externally it took the form of deciding about him: Is Jesus the Christ? What do you say? Is your CHRIST, JESUS-CHRIST? or the EVERYMAN-CHRIST?

One final concern before the summation. The JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT has been depicted at one and the same time as both death and life. This draws together the entire twist. It is unmistakably plain that the early Christians conceived of and experienced this happening as the very fullness of life. They sensed after themselves as the blind who now see, as the deaf who have been given to hear, the bound set free, the maimed made whole, the dead men who are alive. The death involved in encompassing the scandal was discovered to be life itself. There is no addition here, no subtle way out. Any addendum would be a cancellation of the event. The choice to give up our illusions and false hopes and hiding places is the death of choosing the scandal. This very death is life, they insisted. To die is to live. To use their figures, it is like being born

all over again. It is like the healing of a mortal illness. It is like being forgiven a big lie at the heart of our being. It is like a resurrection from a tomb.

The dying to the life-quest becomes itself the very bread of life. Surrender of the demand for final truth becomes quite the truth about things. Capitulation to the secret that there is no way, becomes the very door and way to being. This is the end of the road of self-understanding. There is no beyond it. There is no need. For one can now freely live in his negations, learn in his perpetual ignorance and walk in all his given creatureliness. In brief, the decision to die is at the same time an election to life. The JESUS-CHRIST is life abundant. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be.

Now to the recapitulation: the JESUS-CHRIST is an historical event. It is a radical revolution in the interior history of men proceeding from an absolute reversal in human self-understanding. Originally occasioned by Jesus of Nazareth, it is first of all the experience of an offense. This offense is grounded in an actual disaffirmation of our creaturely phantasms which issues in a new possibility of living our bestowed existence as a great benefaction. It is secondly, the decision to receive the offense and embrace the ensuing possibility as our own. This entails a dying to ourselves as defined by our mirages, which very death is experienced as the very life we were mistakenly searching for. Such is the radical transfiguration of the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT.

The early Christians' pronouncement of it contained an inseparable promise and demand. The demand is to die. That this very dying is life, is the promise.

The Christian Story

Our task is not finished. Any serious dialogue on the Christ symbol must of necessity consider the Christian story, so-called. In and through the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT an historical community broke into time. The church and the event are actually but two sides of one historical occurrence. Those to whom the event happened constituted the church. Like every historical people the church forged a life-apologue or meaning story by which it communicated to itself and to others that the event which created it was rooted in ultimacy. What we have termed the Christian story became therefore, along with the event and the church, an integral component of the total historical complex.

The cosmic tale has a universal and definitive agency. Both the social body and the comprising individuals are contingent upon it. As insinuated above, it is the vehicle by which the interior history is transcendantly grounded, comprehensively appropriated and significantly communicated. To say it again, it freights the universal dimension to self-understandings and life missions. In fact, all intentional being and doing, all self-conscious existence is finally interwoven with one or another cosmic-meaning drama.

Such stories are conspicuously penetrated by the relative and arbitrary: not in their inner meaning but in their form. Yet once the story is devised, there is a certain absolute quality about even the form. In principle, the detail could have been quite different at its creation. And any time thereafter, its basic intent can be expressed in other ways. But once the original dramaturgy is complete, that production is the

prototype. It remains prototypal as long as the historical community remains. The early Christians formulated their classical tale out of the relative stuff of their specific Hebrew memory, the unique world views of their time, and whatever figures emerged from the collective unconscious. It was a work of expansive conception and consummate artistry. Through it the church continued to grasp for themselves and transmit to others the finality of what had occurred in their midst. This is to say, it endured as irreplaceable.

The story is a strange metamorphic tale of two symbols: the cross and the empty tomb. These basic New Testament emblems pervade the drama from the beginning to the end. The truth of the matter is they play the stellar role. Uncommon and fantastic as it may sound, the leading character of the Christian story is none other than the biform symbol, cross and open sepulcher, indicating and embodying the reality of the crucifixion that is resurrection, the death that is life. To say it another way, the principle player is the meaning-word that man may dare to be fully human, living freely among the uncertainties, ambiguities and anxieties of creaturehood, in gratitude, concern and creativity. The hero, in brief, is not Jesus, but the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT.

In brief synopsis, the story develops as a dramatic extravaganza in three sweeping acts executed on two stage levels. It opens on the upper stage representing the cosmic, universal, transcendent dimension of life. It moves next to the historical, temporal, human level on the lower stage. Finally, in the third act the movement returns once more to the cosmic gallery. Each of the three acts is a spectacle in itself. Yet all are bound together into one majestic movement by two transitional scenes between the acts.

The time and place of act one is the beginning of the beginnings. Exciting awesomeness is the overarching mood. The JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT, disguised as a most curious lamb which is alive though dead, is the principle figure on stage. Here, before the foundations of the world, a slain lamb is sitting very much alive on the very throne of thrones alongside the creator. Indeed the lamb is portrayed as the creator himself calling all things into being. Without him no thing that comes to be comes to be. Passing to the third and final act of the play, the scene is very much the same. It is again on the cosmic level with the slain lamb occupying center stage. The difference is that it is now the ending of the endings. All things have passed away. The lamb, alive-while-dead, is once more seated on the throne. This time he is playing the role of the unconditional judge presiding over the finale of history. In sober awe all things come forth to account and no thing is judged save by the judgment of the lamb.

Embracing the middle act are two transitional scenes. Their theatric function is that of getting the lamb on and off the historical stage where the second act is performed. The entrance into temporality of the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT figure cannot of course be like any other entry. Heralded by angelic hosts, he arrives born of a virgin. If the play were being composed today the advent might well have been by way of a space rocket fired out of nowhere. In this case, the lamb imagery conceivably would be replaced by that of a strange little creature from beyond the time-space

continuum. The important point is that the cosmic figure invades history on a mighty mission. When the mission is accomplished he departs the temporal, not, of course, as others do, but through ascending in an effulgence of glory again to the upper level.

In the second act, the interest is in the cosmic mission. The central character is still the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT. Camouflaged in the first and last act as the slain lamb, it is here disguised as a man. In this double concealment the cosmic figure submits to the ordeal of finitude. He meets and straight forwardly engages the twin forces of death and the devil: that is, the temptation to illusion and the anxiety of creatureliness which drives us into the clutches of illusion. He engages the forces of EVERYMAN-CHRIST and destroys their power by boldly withstanding their subtlest wiles. He enters the very den of death and emerges from the grave the unchallenged conquerer. In a mighty invasion, the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT has overcome the hosts of the foe on the plains of history, pushed to the fortified place and bound the strong man, leading humanity forth from its bondage and slavery unto the glorious freedom of life. The sign and power of the cross and empty tomb are engraved for all time upon the fact of history. Cosmic permission to live has been epiphanied. Mission accomplished, the lamb returns to that realm from whence he came, the manifest victor to rule as sovereign lord and only judge forever and forever. What a play!

It must be underscored that this drama is in no sense a web of metaphysical statements. Nor is it an aggregate of religious doctrines to be believed. It is a story. Its task is to hold before the reader, in a comprehensive, precise, and constraining fashion the stance of life. One is moved therefore, not to ask whether the dramatic images correspond to "objective realities" but whether the life meaning they embody corresponds to the way life comes to us as persons.

When it is received as the truth-story it is, the axial point is quite plain. Though the point is singular it peradventure ought to be put several ways. First of all, the JESUS-CHRIST is presented not as just a way of life, but the final and only way. The story announces both the cosmic permission and the cosmic requirement to live after this style. Second, it is clear in the play that the JESUS-CHRIST is the way real life has always been from the very beginning of human existence, and it will always be to the very ending. Third, the JESUS-CHRIST is a removal of the false veils we have drawn over life as it is. It is in no way a superimposition upon life. The transfiguration is a restoration, not a novelty. Lastly, the JESUS-CHRIST tells us nothing we do not somehow know. The meaning of being human is that we were constituted to be human. This is what we were given to be. This alone shall be our judge.

The compendium is this: the JESUS-CHRIST IS LORD in every sense of the word. Every man, it is plain, bows his knee to some life image. Before one or another self-understanding under the general canopy of the EVERYMAN-CHRIST, he utters the submissive word: My Lord. The early church was quite clear about this. She was also transparent concerning the location of her own obeisance and confession of allegiance. Her earliest credal formula: JESUS-CHRIST IS LORD, is an abbreviation of the whole cosmic tale. It is at once a subjective decision and an objective state of affairs. The story of the cosmic Christ: his pre- and post-existence,

his virgin birth and ascension to heaven, his historical life, death and resurrection, are all signs and symbols of this lordship.

In all of this the primitive church was calling upon herself and all men everywhere to live boldly in the JESUS-CHRIST, confidently sure that this is the way things are, ever have been and ever will be. There is but one objective, everlasting unchanging life truth, namely, the living of life as a gift is the meaning of living life. Put it liturgically: the JESUS-CHRIST IS LORD.

The Eschatological Hero

Intimately related to the Christian story yet not synonymous with it, is still another component of the Christ construct. It is the image created by the primitive Christians of a hero of faith or a cultic exemplar. The hero was first etched upon the common memory of the community. In time he became universally public as the central literary figure in the Four Gospels. One must not be misled here. This cultic man is not Jesus of Nazareth. Nor is he the cosmic figure sketched above. Neither is he simply a representative of what we have termed the JESUS-CHRIST happen-ing. One must rather say that the Christian paragon is a masterful artistic combination of them all.

Every historical community has its cultic figures. They are the models of the corporate self-understanding in the collective imagination. Such representations inform the liturgical dramas through which the group recollects who it is. They are the *universal* categories which provide the everyday common sense. They are the generalized other in the conscience that prompts and judges action. They are the master signs through which the active and passive emotions are usefully illuminated. In sum: the archetypal persons are the keys of concretion in the corporate worship dramas, the corporate life styles and the corporate practical wisdom.

It is most understandable then, that the early church was inspired to create such a hero. His paradoxical nature has already been indicated. He eats and weeps and experiences deep struggles of the spirit. Yet he also withers trees with a glance, does disappearing feats and quite actually rises from the grave on page 25 or so of the record. Succinctly, the Christian hero is the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT embodied at the same time in both the temporal Jesus and the cosmic lamb.

This complex of paradoxes needs a closer look. To begin with, the hero is a man of this world, plus or minus nothing. He was born and he died. In between, he is portrayed as experiencing life's gamut of joys and sorrows, failures and successes, knowns and unknowns. Furthermore, he struggles, as humans must, to assume his posture toward his creatureliness. The stance he embodies, however, is not that of the EVERYMAN. He elects to live entirely within the JESUS-CHRIST faith, deciding and acting only in the style of the death that is life. The Christian prototype, to employ a formula, is in the first instance, the historical-JESUS-CHRIST-man.

The other pole of the hero's individuality is likewise a fusion. In this case, the ingredients, like those in the Christian story, are the cosmic dimension and the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT. This is the figure that stills storms, turns water to wine,

casts out demons, and raises up dead men. He signifies the wholly other, the utterly absolute, being in itself. Use any symbol of ultimacy, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, he is it. At the same moment, he is the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT that takes place in time. His own death and resurrection are presented as the master sign. The wonders he performs and the oracles he utters are likewise symbols of the Christ happening. Actually, his total existence is an unbroken nexus of signs pointing to crucifixion that is the resurrection. In terms of our schemata, the archetypal hero is the cosmic-JESUS-CHRIST-figure as well as the historical-JESUS-CHRIST-man.

The picture is still not complete. The whole emerges only after the polarities in the two formulae are totally amalgamated into one. A diagrammatic statement of this amalgamation would look something like this: the cosmic-historical-JESUS-CHRIST-man-figure. Authentic human existence and ultimate cosmic significance coalesce in the JESUS-CHRIST EVENT. Here is the bare skeleton on which was shaped the most remarkable personality in the literature of any people. The paradoxes are made to completely cohere in the characterization of that strange personage who moves through the New Testament Gospels. It is a work of consummate artistry. In one paragraph, he moves from the very human business of dispersing crowds and enjoying a moment alone to his stroll across the lake. Wonder-filling as this is, the reader is not surprised. There is no jarring. The player is exactly in character, so to speak.

In literary flesh and blood, the gospel hero is first and last a man of mission. Being and doing are consolidated in him. His single-minded vocation is exhibited in a two fold activity of living life genuinely, authentically—as a man of faith in the midst of the world—and announcing to all others the possibility of such living. This is patent in both poles of his individualization: cosmic and historical. To use our earlier figure, he walks freely out across the anxious, uncertain, ambiguous waters of life. At the same time, he beckons others to do likewise. On the temporal side, the same pattern is discernible. With utter intentionality, the hero lives as the free man. He humbly opens himself to what is given; gratefully receives himself in what is given; and benevolently involves himself on behalf of what is given. He is liberated to be thankful for life; to love this world of neighbors; to be directed toward the future. This is to say, he is free to live life. And while he is busy living, he simultaneously declares to those about who have ears to hear the good news that they too can live in the freedom of the JESUS-CHRIST-EVENT.

Within the cultus, the name of the hero came to be Jesus Christ. This is frequently abbreviated just to *Christ*. And sometimes, perhaps more of the time, he is simply called Jesus. This is the Jesus of piety. To caution once more, he is not Jesus of Nazareth, but rather Jesus of the holy literature, the Jesus of the liturgical experience, the Jesus of the common life. As such he is the most vividly alive, the most finally significant, the most always present personality in the existence of the cultus. There are, of course, a host of other companions who live in the collective memory. Jesus Christ is the primordial one. The many titles bestowed upon him are indicative of this: Lord of Lords, King of Kings, Son of Man, Son of God. No designation or mark of

honor is too high or high enough to articulate his status for the people who bear his name. This raises a question about the adequacy of the term *cultic hero*. The representational Jesus very obviously is the cultic or prototypal figure of the people who live in the CHRIST-EVENT. Yet the church knew him to be more: not just the cultic hero but the final or eschatological hero. That is, he represents the way things are for all men. He is the paragon of man as Man.

This eschatological hero is then the portraiture of what human living actually is. He is an unqualified delineation of the human style of life. He is a model of faith-filled living. A model is a design of the way things are. It is a construct of the manner in which things are understood to function. In dealing with subjects rather than objects, as in the case at hand, where the model is a personage, perhaps the *exemplar* would be a more fitting term. The Christ hero is a model or exemplar of what is going on where unmitigated human living is taking place.

The terms *ideal* or *example* have been intentionally avoided for fear of distracting connotations. To be sure, since a model is necessarily a totally unbroken and unfragmented representation, it might be labeled *ideal*. But it is not ideal in the sense of disclosing some ought-world of precepts and virtue through which we can escape our humanity. It is not ideal in the sense of some moral goal toward which men strive for the sake of meaning and significance. All this would be merely a subtle form of the EVERYMAN-CHRIST, that builds illusions about the human situation in seeking for truth, perfection and peace.

The Jesus model is the JESUS-CHRIST made flesh. It is a dramaturgical embodiment of that life stance or posture. To follow in the steps of the representational Jesus is not to imitate his words or reproduce his deeds. It is to be and do as a free man in our concretion as he depicted this stance in the concretions of his role. It is to walk out across the uncertain, ambiguous, anxious deeps of my life in gratitude, humility and compassion, with the sure confidence that this very walking is the meaning of life. The Exemplar is an ever present indicative word in the memory of a people, that to live is to live in the Christ event, and an ever present imperative word that continually calls them to it. In this sense, it guides their thoughts and deeds, their words and feelings. It is the context in which and out of which they forge their concrete actions.

The New Testament writers think of their Jesus hero as the pioneer who blazes the way; the elder brother who goes on before; the first fruit of a mighty harvest to be reaped. The followers then see themselves as the second wave of explorers, the younger brother, the latter harvest, yet as embodying the same life, traveling on the same way, participating in the same mission. As he lived his life as the meaning of his life, and announced the cosmic permission for all men thus to live, so the church understands that she can and must go and do likewise. As Luther said, The Christians are to be little Christs.

Common Worship In the Life of the Church

To have a god is to possess a self-understanding, and to be a self is to have a god. Worship, then, is both, and at the same time an honoring of our god and an enactment of our self-understanding.

Christian worship is the portrayal of those gathered as the forgiven ones, the thankful ones, the dedicated ones. This is just who they must grasp themselves to be when God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit becomes their God.

Selfhood and Symbol

Modern men are becoming newly aware that selfhood inescapably involves some kind of self-conscious participation in communal symbols through which one is enabled to grasp or become who he understands himself to be. The questions of who I am or of how I can find meaningful symbols are being grasped as the questions which are prior to all of our queries about life. These issues are indications that the twentieth century is urgently involved in the problem of worship.

A primary emphasis of the church is therefore upon understanding selfhood and worship, and these are but two sides of the same coin. This concern informs and illuminates all other aspects of the program. The members both worship together and study about worship. In order to grasp the inner meaning of worship, one must participate in the activity of worship itself, at least as an empathetic spectator.

In this activity, we rehearse our consciousness of the event that discloses the meaning of our selfhood in our finite situation; that meaning without which men who have seen too deeply and too much cannot live. Here, self-understanding and the symbolic dimension of life converge as our common worship.

Whatever else the Body of Christ is, and whatever else its task may be, it is first of all a body that gathers together to worship God in Christ. Worship is her focal activity without which all other endeavors lose their meaning and all other missions become perverted. Any work which the Church performs in her varied ministries to the world, which does not flow out of the experience of common worship, may be good from one or another perspective, but it is not Christian.

Reflection in this area necessarily makes us the more keenly aware that the worshipping community is a part of the total Church, if for no other reason than as a member of the Common Body of Christ we are participating in the judgement and renewal which God is working among all his people in our time at the point of the meaning and nature of Christian worship. The worship of the Church is only one of the

Reflection in this area necessarily makes us the more keenly aware that the worshipping community is a part of the total Church, if for no other reason than as a member of the Common Body of Christ we are participating in the judgement and renewal which God is working among all his people in our time at the point of the meaning and nature of Christian worship. The worship of the Church is only one of the areas of her life which is under divine assault, but it is a major one and, it might be said, a particularly painful one. Man seems to be more easily driven to re-examine his intellectual life than to question the substance of his worship. Nonetheless, the Church today is questioning and this is the beginning of renewal.

The common worship of the local congregation informs and nourishes the total program: its common study, its life together, and concern for service in the world. Outside of common worship, study together becomes a matter of mental exercises or barren intellectualism rather than a vital effort to understand the faith that is within us and to bring all our knowing and living into captivity to Christ. Without common worship life together becomes but one more attempt to find security in the establishment of a mutual admiration society rather than a common loyalty to Christ through which we become responsible selves in the midst of life as it is; in the absence of common worship, common witness in the world becomes simply the promotion of the Church of the cultural status quo or some humanitarian ideal rather than our pointing to God's love in all dimensions and orders of life.

The Church today is not raising the problem of worship in an abstract fashion but is concretely asking the question of what we as the People of God are doing when we gather to worship. In raising this issue the Church has been made painfully aware of much idolatry. We have come to see that in actuality we sometimes gather together to glorify some psychological state of peace or self-unity, and often our services are ordered to create such states of being. At times we honor some cluster of social ideals and thus shape our services to empower men to realize them. Sometimes we worship some abstract metaphysical concept which serves to delight the mind, or some cosmic force which can be manipulated on behalf of our noble ends. All of these are false objects of worship. The Church, when it is the Church, does not come together to experience peace of mind nor to have its ideals lifted nor its batteries recharged. It rather gathers to understand itself anew before the Word of God in Christ and hence before the God who gives that Word in Christ.

The Word Beyond Our Words

The total Christian service is a dramatic representation of this Word without which mankind is without hope. The Word of God in Christ is precisely where man has no word, there is a Word. The Word of God in Christ is: that just where all of man's words to himself about the meaning of life become vain and empty, *there* is a WORD. The Word of God in Christ is: that just where there is human darkness there is light, just there where there is human loneliness man is not alone; just there where there is human despair there is hope. The Word of God in Christ is that man as he is, in his anxiety and guiltiness, as creature and sinner, is infinitely and groundlessly loved,

received, valued, accepted. This is the Good News by which the Church is continually nourished. It is the Gospel which she delivers to the world. Whenever the Body of Christ gathers together as a church it is to receive and to declare this Word of God in Christ. Whatever worship may be in other religious communities, this is the core and substance of Christian worship.

Queries often arise among Church folk, as well as those outside the Christian community as to why the people of God come again and again to worship or why an individual can't worship Christianly by himself. Such questions are based upon a misconception of the nature of the Gospel. The man of faith lives in God's love for him. But this is something which he never possesses or lays hold upon once and for all. The man of faith is forever and continually dependent upon this Word being spoken to him. Again and again and again he must hear it. Again and again he must gather with others to hear it. Precisely because he does not own it he cannot say it unto himself. He must HEAR it – and this means from another. Only where two or three are gathered together in His name, is Christ the living Word in their midst. We go to church, or gather to worship in order to hear the Word from another, and in order to speak the Word to another. We harken and declare. Our gathering is not based upon a mutuality of feeling or our common needs but upon the necessity of giving and receiving the Word. This is what is meant by the priesthood of all believers. Not that every man is his own priest, but that every man is priest for the other in his declaring the living Word. Or perhaps, to put it better, we all declare the Word to the other one and all the others declare it unto us. We each do our own hearing, and we cannot hear for another, but we can only hear when the other speaks, and the other can only hear when we speak. For just this reason, worship is at the center of the Church. There is no faith in Christ save in the midst of a worshipping body where the Word is uttered and appropriated.

We have spoken of the Church as the gathered community. But the Church is also the scattered community. The Body of Christians assembles for worship and reflection and fellowship, but it also disperses into the world. Neither one or the other, but both constitute the Church. The two are inseparable: worship and witness. We gather to worship and scatter to work. We withdraw to hear the Word and return to the non-Christian world as witnesses – each in his own station, his own situation, his own task. Wherever God has placed us at this time, we are called creatively to cultivate God's good earth, to witness to God's great love in all that we do, to live responsible lives for God's glory. Thus our common ministry necessarily flows out of the hearing of God's Word of acceptance from the Body of Christ. And because we are ever and utterly dependent on the Word of God's forgiveness, we again return to worship. To live in Christ is to live in the decisive awareness of God's love which enables one decisively to live a life of service. To be a man of faith is to serve within the world, but where there is not a gather in Christ's name, there is no genuine going forth in this name.

The Inner Nature of Worship

Why do we worship one way and not another? What is the meaning of our forms of worship? Or, to put this question more precisely, just what is the Body of Christ

doing when she gathers together in worship?

Much attention is being given to this question in all branches of the Church today simply because we are increasingly being made aware of our ignorance here. Few have anything but the vaguest understanding of the Christian worship. Because of this the Church is vitally concerned that each person grasp the internal meaning of Christian worship. While regularly engaging in worship together, he is given the opportunity to understand what he is doing.

To return to the question: what is the Church doing in her act of worship? This is not an abstract but a very concrete question. The meaning of worship in *general* is not the concern here. There are all sorts of worship as there are many different gods to worship and a multitude of self-understandings to be grasped in worship. The question the Church raises, and simply because she is the Church, is the meaning and nature of *Christian* worship. Second, this is not an objective question to be answered by the impartial mind of the scientist in us; it is rather a confessional question which calls for answers from the point of view of involvement. The question is really this: what does the Church understand herself to be doing as she engages in worship? In the third place, this is one of those questions, the answer to which everyone knows until the question is asked. And when it is asked, it necessarily discloses deeper and intimately personal questions as to who our god is and who we choose to be. This means that such inquiry is likely to be painful, for it is likely to call for that self-knowledge before the God "to whom all hearts are open and from whom no secrets are hid," which demands repentance.

The Christian community is that people who have been laid hold upon by that God who is the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ and who through that encounter have come to understand their lives in a certain way. When this community gathers to worship she is dramatically enacting this self-understanding before the God who gives this self-understanding.

There are several implications here. One is that to worship as a Christian is not to be a spectator watching a drama performed by others such as the clergy and the choir. It is to be involved as one the actors. The community as a whole is involved. Functions differ, but the play is a unit and there are no star roles.

Secondly, he who goes to worship in search of "religious feelings" to be experienced or of "religious ideas" to which he can assent has not yet grasped the meaning of common worship of God. Christian worship is the response of the total man precisely because it involves the core of the self. The question put to the worshiper is not how do you feel or what do you know, but who do you choose to be in the light of God's activity in Christ?

A third implication which has particular significance for the comprehension of the inner meaning of Christian worship is that the God that is worshipped and the self-understanding given in worship determine the basic structure or form of worship. If, for instance, the great god nation is worshiped and the worshipers understand themselves essentially as children of the nation, the forms of worship will have a certain pattern. In Christian worship the God in Christ determines the inner structure or the

dramatic movement of the service. Regardless of how radically different Christian liturgies may be on the periphery, at the core they have a common denominator. In the area of thought, though the Church has many theologies, there is one common witness to the Lordship of Jesus Christ. So behind the great variations in worship, be they Methodist, Reformed, Lutheran, Anglican, Roman or Baptist there is a common structure. This means that whenever and wherever the Church gathers to worship, in the east or in the west, in the first century or in the twentieth, in Romanism or in Protestantism, the dramatic act is at the heart one and the same. As God is enabling our age to be more concerned with what historic Christianity affirms than with what any particular denomination believes, so He is opening our eyes to the unity of our worship. In this area as well as in others we are by God's grace recovering our oneness in Christ and beholding anew that we are all a part of a "great cloud of witnesses".

The Threefold Structure of Christian Worship

How then are we to talk of the common structure behind the varied structures of Christian worship? First of all, the order of service of the Body has within it a threefold division. One part has to do with confession and pardon; a second with praise and witness; the third part, with offering and dedication. Neither in their nature nor order are these three parts arbitrary, and whenever one looks amid the endless variety of forms, these appear in one shape or another and will continue to do so as long as men congregate in the name of Christ. This is true because these three divisions, like three acts in a great drama, tell the story of the life of the man who stands before the God in Christ. They present the self-understanding of the people who are encountered by the Word of God. In the words of one interpreter, here is the story of our life embodied in the Christian drama of worship.

In the midst of my sinful attempts either to go on about my own affairs apart from God or to 'worship' God in my own way, God suddenly confronts me with his Word (which, when written down, we call the Bible—when concrete in events, we call Christ), which is the terrifying announcement that I am a sinner and that I cannot worship God in this condition. In the face of such a revelation, I can do no other (if I am to respond Christianly) than fall on my knees and confess myself to be indeed that which I have been shown to be—a sinner before God and man. Without this acknowledgement, I am only an imposter when I try to stand before God and worship him. But for those who confess their sin, he is faithful to forgive. Such forgiveness enables me—nay, commands me—to rise and praise God, to thank him for his innumerable benefits, and to hear with understanding his demands upon me in his Word. But if I confess such faith in such a God, it behooves me—and to offer all such concerns to him who cares for us, and who has assured us today of his care in all the Scripture we have heard.

Tomorrow, of course, I have forgotten that I can trust him, and that he cares for me; I am again attempting to live life on my own terms, attempting to find security in the passingness of life, attempting to avoid the hands of the One who gives both life and death, both Yes and No, both Cross and Resurrection. And as one who has

forgotten, I am suddenly confronted by a Word which declares me to be a sinner, and calls me to repentance and once more I am given his grace to enter another day—and so on, day after day. This is the story of my life.

Just what is this structure behind the structures in Christian services, this common core beyond the differences? In brief, it is the portrayal of life as it is known and lived before God in Christ. It is a story with quite distinguishable movements or themes: guilt, redemption and new life in the community of Christ.

Actually the Christian service of worship is three services in one. It is a service of (1) confession and pardon, (2) praise and dependence and (3) dedication and offering. One may conceive of it as the great drama of our salvation in three acts with a prologue and epilogue.

Christian worship begins with an ascription to God. This is calling to mind which God this drama is enacted before. This activity is the prologue.

Act I: Service of Confession

When we stand before God who loves us in Christ, we know ourselves to be sinful people, and this is where the Church begins. Act One has two scenes. In the first, the community is engaged in repentance.

In some services, an appointed member rises on behalf of all to call the gathered ones to be who they are before this God. This is a summons to leave the world of false worship, pretension and self-sufficiency and to assume responsibility for their sins against God, themselves and their fellow men.

In response to this call, the congregation bows or kneels in general confession. Here the community is discovered unto itself—faithlessly afraid of life, filled with guilt and anxiety, closed toward the future and cut off from fellow beings. In this knowledge they humbly acknowledge their common sin before Almighty God.

The dramatic element in this episode is intense and sweeping. Dead men who pretend to be alive here die together. Faithless men who boast to God of their righteousness together face their lives. Blind men who imagine they can see, together become blind.

The second scene—reconciliation—is an answer to the first. The penitents crying out of the depths are now confronted in one form or another with the Word in Jesus Christ. . . . that God receives men just as they are, forgives them of their sins and rises them from bondage to the past to a new future. Such a word is news to men who know they are dying. It is *good news*, as the congregation together appropriates anew the love and forgiveness of God.

In some services, this declaration or pronouncement is called absolution. In others, comforting words or words of assurance. By whatever name, it is the remembering together God's eternal forgiveness in Christ.

This light of divine forgiveness penetrating the darkness of man's sin completes the movement in Act One. A people dead buried is now raised from the grave. The blind see, the deaf hear, prisoners are released, sick men made whole and the sting of death removed.

Some readers may observe here that they have attended Christian services where no Act One as described here appeared true. Some services do seem to begin with the second act of the drama of our salvation. Actually Act One is performed behind the scenes. In certain instances before the people gather, the priest or pastor rehearses on their behalf the divine mercy. In other cases, the people are supposed to prepare themselves in the quietness of their prayer closet for the service by searching their hearts, repenting their sins and appropriating God's grace.

The Office of Preparation is the necessary beginning of Christian worship. Where it is not present, worship may be going on, but it is not the Christian community which is worshipping.

Act One, then is the rehearsal of crucifixion and resurrection. It moves from unacknowledged sin to confession and from confession to forgiveness. Godly sorrow is transformed to Easter joy. The congregation thus is prepared for the joyous mood of praise and thanksgiving which permeates the second act.

Immediately they break forth in songs as they behold once more that all things are made new. "Lift up your hearts," one may sing, while the rest respond, "We lift them up unto the Lord."

Act II: Service of the Word

If the mood of Act One is basically godly sorrow, the mood of Act Two is joy in the Lord. The players here are those who in the first act were delivered from bondage. Now, like the ancient Israelites on the far shore of the Red Sea, they sing and dance before the Lord. They are the ones who have been crucified and raised again.

That Last Reality, which hitherto they feared as their enemy . . . that One who appeared as the destroyer of all their causes and meanings . . . that One who writes a great NO over all their life, they are now able to receive as their Father. Their hostility toward God, the Maker and Limiter of their life, has been overcome in their repentance and their receiving unto themselves God's forgiveness.

It must be emphasized that honor is not given here to some idea or feeling which may be called God. Nor is it offered to some super-human being which relieves them from the responsibility of historical existence. It is precisely from these false gods that they have been delivered.

The true God which they now worship is that which meets them in life as the one who brings all to be and all not to be . . . the One who is present in every life situation—of joy or sorrow, of success or failure, of birth or death.

At the edge of the desert of life, at the side of the grave of death, these actors raise their hymns of grateful praise to the Lord of Life and Death, strange and glorious sight.

Act Two closes with a mighty affirmation of faith. Whether this be in the form of a proclamation by the whole cast or a word of witness by one member on behalf of the whole cast is not important, perhaps. The important matter is, be it creed or sermon, that it is not an expression of assent to intellectual concepts, but a poem through which the congregated declare that they are, by His grace, the sons of the triune God.

At this point in the service a voice cries out, "Let us pray."

The worshippers now turn to the future tasks of responsibility in and for the world.

Act III: Service of Dedication

The concluding act in the Christian drama of salvation is a great pageant of offering.

There is a double action here which is nevertheless a single movement. The players are presenting themselves unto God—all they are, all they value, all they possess—yet marching into the life of the world for responsible involvement.

In the beginning of the drama, these folks were called out from their idolatrous attachment to the world. Here at its close, they are returning again to the world in obedience to God. Having been delivered from bondage to the world, they are now released for a free and open life in and for the world.

The first scene begins with acts of petition and supplication. The players are not engaged in magical manipulation of cosmic powers, but rather they are surrendering into God's hands their future and destiny. The worshippers have turned their daily cares over to the One whose forgiving presence is everywhere and precisely here in the darkness of the unknown tomorrow.

With their needs in God's hands, they are free to turn their concern outward toward their fellow creatures about them. In the prayers of intercession, whether these are in the form of collects said by all, or litanies read responsively, or pastoral prayers on behalf of the whole congregation, or silent supplications spontaneously interrupted by one or another of the members who lead the group in special intercessions—here as above, the whole congregation is participating. Even when all do not utter the prayers, the "amen" said by all at the end of each is the sign of common appropriation.

The worshippers are here offering up themselves to God by placing in His hands the world which has now become their world and offering up themselves in presenting to God their responsibility in and for their world. In brief, the players, having received themselves and the world as gifts from God, are offering them back again.

Prayers are made for the Church and then for the home and the state, and the economic life, and the educational institutions, and the international structures. The worshippers then turn with particular concern for those living at the far edge or forced out of these natural orders. Intercessions are now offered for the poor and the hungry, the sick and those in prison, for the outcast and those who have lost the kindly light of reason and those who are on beds of death. In this action the community is boldly involving itself in life as it is and daringly entering into the existence of other creatures.

The second scene of the Act of Dedication is the presentation of the offering. Here these worshippers again offer up themselves in offering unto God their worldly possessions. It is an offering that is made, not a collection which is taken.

Whatever is given is but a token indicating that all of our goods are gifts to be used in responsible living in the world. At the close of the procession a prayer of dedication is made signifying that this action is intended for God's glory and the service of the neighbor. At this point the players break forth into a doxology or hymn of praise to

God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, which is a fitting finale to Act Three and the whole drama of salvation.

Act Three is a dramatic enactment of life in the Holy Spirit. It is a life of utter dependence upon God and utter responsibility for the world, a life which expects grace in every future. Such life in the Spirit is a gift to all who rejoice in the Lord through the forgiveness of their sins. After the epilogue, which may consist of a hymn which once again indicates and honors the God we stand before, plus a benediction, the actors leave the stage. They go out to live the lives they have dramatized of perpetual repentance, thankful praise and creative love.

One day - tomorrow perhaps— they will return to rehearse again the drama of their salvation that they may remember anew who and Whose they are.

Thanatos and Eros

(Death-Urge and Life-Urge)

*I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land.
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.*

Who here ever thinks about his own death? I don't want your psychological problems, but rather your sense after that spirit gift of being concerned with your death.

In the ancient Greek understanding of life, there was always the death urge, *thanatos*. And there was also *eros*, the life-urge. Freud, of course, used those terms, though I never thought he pushed it far enough; and I think he did not overcome a sense of negativism. This was not true of the Greeks.

The Greeks knew that the death-urge was just as much part of life as the life-urge. When you read their great tragedies you and I tend to be ashamed of it; which, I imagine, points to a part of our sickness—or that we're one-legged in our humanness. I suspect the Greeks saw this. My guess is that every civilization and every culture, every invention of humanness dealt with precisely this. In one way or another, if you did not have the death-urge, then you did not have the life-urge.

Now, in our time, the whole existential thrust expresses the fact that until you become aware of your death (not any symbolism! I mean the six-foot hole in the ground when you are no more, or beyond which you know nothing at all) you have never lived at all! Your problem, if you are a man of spirit, is to stick your fist through that death-urge. The first aspect of it is just acknowledging it as the fundamental pole out of which you're operating. But it's something more—to put your fist through it, to force it into transparency. That's a bit of a problem. My guess is that in the hymn, *When we all get to heaven, what a day of rejoicing that will be; When we all see Jesus . . .* the church was fooling with this death and life urge.

In our time, you and I are forced to deal in depth here. This is not a moment when history is on the downbeat. Some of you weren't alive when the downbeat was experienced in our time. The bottom was hit in the forties. From the forties on the upbeat was the propensity.

This is when a man like Sartre says that the value of somebody sticking a pin in you or a knife into your guts was that you knew you were alive. The value of your wife telling you to go to hell is that you *knew* you were alive. We're on the upbeat. That little play, *No Exit* has changed the whole course of history. That little play deals with hell, with life after death. A lot of inverted sentimentalists continue to beat their Sunday school teacher over the head, and with them such symbols as heaven and hell, while people who wouldn't be caught dead anywhere near a controversy about a Sunday school teacher are dealing with the problems those symbols in a past age were pointing to. Sartre was dealing with the problem: life after death. What a play!

Hell, or life after death, is the solidification of your authenticity or your inauthenticity. There is the coward in that play. You know, of course, he wasn't a coward. The external circumstances were such that he had to do exactly what he did. But hell doesn't give one good damn about your pretensions and your illusions. That's what Sartre was trying to get said. The man was a coward. He ran when he had to stand. It's very interesting that he chooses the male figure for that. And then he picks out the female. What was she? The murderess and the whore. Of course she wasn't a whore. But hell doesn't give one good damn about my rationalizations or yours. That's the important thing. When you die, you die dead. That's another way of saying what Sartre was saying. You are frozen. Up until the last one-thousandths of a second before that happens, which we poetically call death, (nobody's got the foggiest of what it is, objectively) there is always possibility—there is freedom, not just freedom of will, just *freedom!* I am one big hunk of freedom. As a matter of fact, death would be defined as frozenness—of authenticity or lack of authenticity.

Everlasting . . . eternal—what do those metaphors mean, those great inventions of the human mind? For eternity you're a coward. For eternity you're a slut. For eternity, you are a murderer. That's what Sartre was saying. Once you hear that, to use other poetry, you'd better run to your knees and start praying in one big hurry for fear somebody drops a bomb in that window right now and you get trapped in your crummy "is-ness" for all eternity.

Another one of those interesting things about hell is that you were stuck fundamentally by two things: one was the gaze of another person. (*Oh, the man, Sartre, was smart*). The second thing is a *mirror*, and you must look in it. And all the while the door was open. No one was keeping you there. You were just frozen, that's all. Hell is the one place in which they never need guards.

There's an insight here that has been articulated in many cultures—very clearly in ours—that Being-in-itself makes no distinction between those who go to hell and those who go to heaven. The romantics in life, the ones who don't want to face this to begin with, say, "Oh, there couldn't be a hell in life because God would be unmerciful." You bet! He's just utterly impartial. That's his love. That's what frightens the daylights out of me. He loves me in my slobhood, just as much, but not any more than he loves you in your sainthood. He's just as fond of you trapped down there in the blinkless gaze and the mirrors as the ones in whatever alternative. That is the wisdom of life declared in the Old Testament, but not just in our culture. What it means to be human is that if you sow to the wind, you reap the whirlwind. You are exactly what you thrust. That's the insight held here.

What is heaven? *When we all get to heaven what a day of rejoicing that will be; when we all see Jesus, we'll sing and dance the jubilee.* What is heaven? Who is going to write this play? How would you write it? We are not dealing with moralism. This is ontology.

What does it mean to be *frozen in authenticity*? That old man, Samuel, (*in Kazantzakis' story of Samuel from Report to Greco, p. 269*) had a struggle. One who can't tell God what you know He is, in this or that situation has no authenticity. The

old many says, "NO! Why, if I go and do that, my whole life up to this moment has been a joke, for I made Saul that king." (*Reminds me of clergymen who can't come to terms with the fact that they haven't been preaching the gospel for the 25 years they've been preaching. The greatest burden is that they have to say the last 25 years of their lives were wasted, when in their imagination they were "called."*) Part of that authenticity was, for old Samuel, "KILL ME!" He saw the situation and was coming to terms with it.

This brings us back to the death urge. Whenever that death urge is not there, authenticity is not present. Only when you stick your fist through that death-urge do you understand the life-urge. This life-urge is not the prevalent superficial aspect of your existence. In the depths they are both there . . . This is why these young glowing brides always make me nervous—who want this to be such a happy moment in their lives. They want that to be the moment in which they forget what life is really like, and what they know is going to be on the other side of that glowing moment. I want that bride, as a symbol of myself, to be all aglow. But, as a man of faith, I want her to get her fist through that death-urge. This is what Kierkegaard meant when he said, "Last night I was the scintillating heartbeat of the party, and after that I wanted to go out and blow out my brains." Anyone who participates in the very bottom of happiness finds this death-urge.

I don't know what *going to heaven* is. I would like to suggest it is one who is living in the struggle. Mark you, the moment you abstract authenticity and begin to define it, you are out of the ontological, and into the moral. However else you are going to deal with authenticity, it's going to be in the midst of the struggle of "KILL ME!" You'll remember that the old man, Samuel, went on his mission. But there was an anger at the bottom of his being against Being itself. Only *that* man knows what it means to love being, or to put it in theological poetry, only the one who isn't afraid to punch God in the guts—not out of any virtue but out of his struggle with life—knows what it means to love God. I'd like to tell the story of Abraham, and how he became the friend of God. I'd like to tell the story of Moses, and how he became the friend of God. I'd like to tell the story of Jacob, and how he became the friend of God . . . *When we all get to heaven . . . when we're frozen in the ripping, gouging struggle to be human!*

How will you write a play on that? When you are fooling with hell, don't you yank in that Christ word here too soon. Luther and Calvin both, and me with them, say that if we end up in hell shovelling coal, we're going to shovel it to the glory of God; the Apostles' Creed states that Christ descended into hell, as well as ascended into heaven. Don't get in here too quickly with this Christ Word. How are we going to tell that story? Do you suppose for a moment that the Christ Word was the open door in Sartre's play? That didn't change anything. You sow to the wind, you reap the whirlwind. You find your way out of the struggle through a billion-and-one possible deceits, illusions, and then change.

Yet, you see the burden on Samuel. I DON'T WANT HUMANNESSE, IF THIS IS WHAT IT IS! That's what it means to struggle against Being itself. The one who doesn't hate life, never loved it. The one who does not protest against God will never

know what it means to love God. In hell you have the gaze of the neighbor and the mirror—I tried to find other things for heaven—what are those going to be? It's a little too simple; it's injecting the Christ word in too quickly to say it will just be the same thing. The blinkless eyes will still be there. When the guy in heaven looks into the mirror he doesn't find a saint staring back at him. I don't want to say what he finds. I'm reminded of Revelation: There won't be any Temple anymore. The temple is the gaze of the neighbor. What will he speak? You are frozen for eternity. Do you suppose that's the reason we fear having to live the next year, the next ten years, the next twenty years? I asked a group the other day to consider the question: What are you going to do in the next 20 years? *What are you going to do the next 20 years?* Do you suppose, really, the horror of that kind of question is this business of being frozen for eternity?

Meditation

Without disciplined corporateness the reconstruction of the local congregation cannot occur. You are passe individualists if you think for a moment that you could do this as an individual, or that you could do it in your congregation alone. You're going to do that only as a disciplined body of people across this globe, marching together in step.

But far more true it is that you'll not come off with the sociological reconstruction of the local congregation if you and I do not experience at this moment of our lives something akin to a new birth. We have to find the release mechanism for the pushing out of spirit within us in ways that heretofore have not happened.

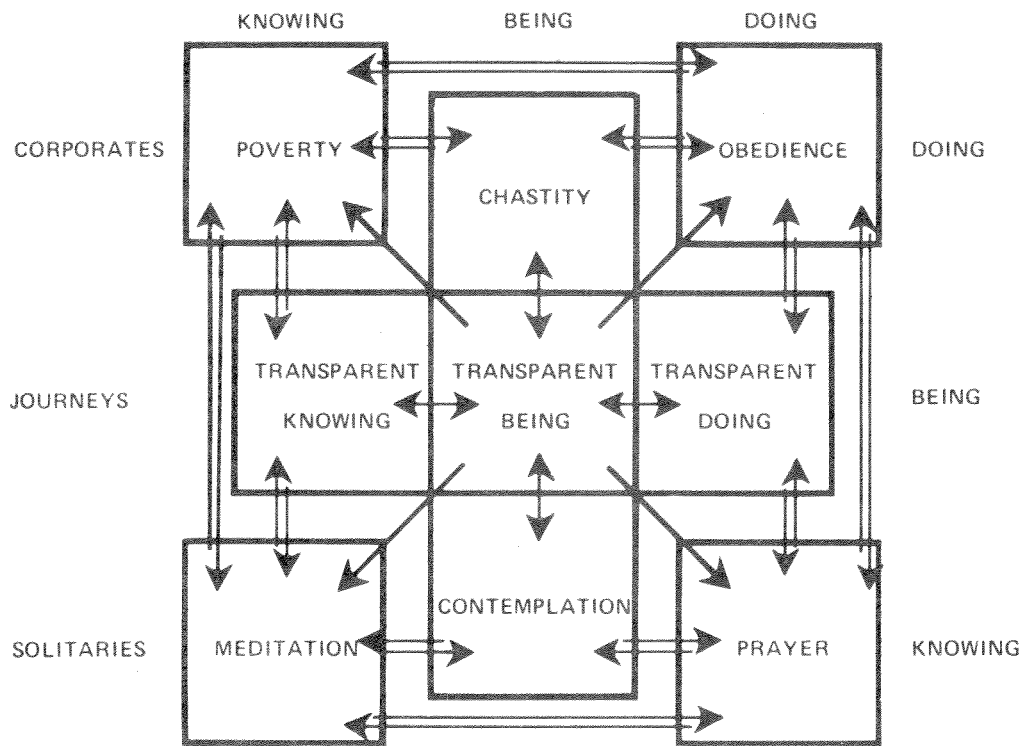
There is nothing very unusual about what I have just said. Whenever there has been a radical revolution in the civilizing process it has been built upon a new breakloose of the spirit. There are many, many revolutions in history that are not what I mean by *radical* revolution. Whenever radical ones have happened, they have been built upon a new breakloose of spirit on finding a fresh way to articulate what it means to pray, what it means to contemplate, what it means to meditate, what it means to be one of poverty, what it means to be an obedient one, what it means to be a chaste one, what it means to know transparently in the deeps, what it means to do transparently in the deeps, what it means —how shall I put it?—to be your being transparently.

When you look back through the stream of history, this is easily discernible. Every social carriage that has been radically reconstructed has been preceded by a breakloose of the spirit springs of life. Think of the great social vehicle of Hinduism. It's not a religion; it's a great social vehicle. Think of how that oozed its way into every consciousness of the East and manifested itself in every social structure. That was preceded by a brand new invention of humanness, if you please, which is finding articulation relative to the spiritual oozes that bubble up from the interior. And so it has been time and again in history.

In these hours together we are trying to get at the bottomless bottom of the new religious mode. The black revolution is waiting, the youth revolution is waiting, the feminine revolution is waiting, the revolt of the non-Western world against the Western world is waiting for this task to be done. And it shall be done! If you and I cannot do it, that will not upset the Lord. And if we choose not to do it, he'll not be upset. He'll just raise up a stone or a stick or a mountain —a little here or a little there — and accomplish it. The times demand it! The one thing that's very interesting about the Lord: he always does exactly what the time demands—that's how we've got being-in-itself by the tail, if we've got guts enough to crank it a little bit.

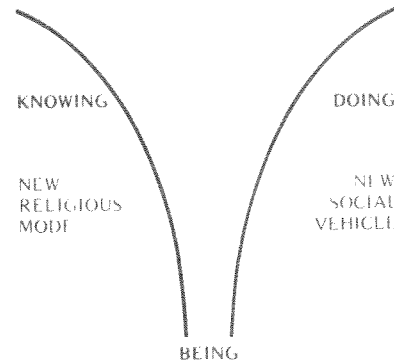
The complexity in the charts which describe the solitary office, as we call it, is overwhelming. I find it extremely difficult to hold in my mind. When the charts are put

on the wall, this is the way I believe they should be put up (see chart). (I find that life is rather exciting when you go around expressing your opinions as long as your guts are in them. I don't care for people who express their opinions and then don't deliver their presence into their opinions. But it's fun to go around expressing your opinions as long as your guts are in them and then allow other people to do whatever they like.)



Here are the charts: this is poverty, chastity, and obedience. This is meditation, contemplation, and prayer. And this is transparent k-knowing, transparent k-being (you have to say it a little bit differently here because you don't mean what most people mean when they use the words know, be, and do; for us they are under the rubric of the intensification of knowing) and this is transparent k-doing. Now the interrelationship of these is tremendously important. You have to draw arrows as are shown in the diagram. This is a dynamic construct and not a static one. If you are to know what you mean by prayer, you have to see its relationship to contemplation and meditation and also its relationship to obedience and to doing.

Those of you who are familiar with some of the graphics of our group know that we began with the knowing pole, which shoved us into the doing pole. Then the bottom broke loose, and that drove us into the being pole of life. Now, being does not exist. Someone said to me the other day that a halo over any spirit man was a brass zero. I like that very much. That is, a spirit man doesn't exist. He is sheer presence, if you please. His being does not exist; there is nothing there. It becomes pretty clear that being is an intensification of knowing, or being is knowing become transparent. And being is the intensification of doing, or it's when doing becomes utterly transparent. Having been shoved into the being pole, we began to try to grasp what the intensification of knowing is. And in our opinion, this illustration shows what the intensification of knowing is.



Now as we begin to move with rigorous seriousness into the sociological or sio-spiritual reconstruction of the local church, we have to move in our own reflection to the understanding of the intensification of doing, and then hopefully we'll be able to grasp something of what is meant by the category "transparent being." And when you begin to intensify the whole right hand side of the chart. Prayer is the knowing on this side. When you begin to think in terms of the way life actually comes, you do not think according to the relations of the horizontal arrows. You think according to the relations of the vertical arrows in the diagram. When you're dealing with the abstractions, which you have to do, you think according to the relations of the horizontal arrows. When you are dealing with practical manifestation, you think with the relations in the vertical arrows. And at this moment I'm concerned with the practical manifestation.

Now, I have to stop and talk a little bit to myself. I'm uneasy, because before I do what I'm going to do now, all of you need what I call "lecture number one," in which we look at just the basic meaning of meditation. What I want to do today is to take that basic meaning and blow the bottom out of it. And so I'm uneasy. I've got to try to do both — give the basic meaning and push it to the depths.

The second word that I have to say to myself because of my overwhelming insecurity is that what I'm going to do this morning has never been done before. I'd like to be in a small group like our collegium in the morning before I start out over 70,000 fathoms of water. But I thought that because this is a research assembly and we've come here to push, you could put up with me and my stuttering which manifests that I

am nervous, and I'll try to put up with your response to it all. So I think that I'm prepared now to start lecturing.

In our day, and I mean this is a wondrous day, man has rediscovered himself in ways that sometimes he just doesn't realize. And I mean *man*, not some asinine religious character like myself; I mean just man on the street, secular man. If I had to say what were the three most important discoveries about himself, I'd say we have discovered sociality in our day as if we never knew it before. We have discovered that a man is in society like a fish is in water -- that there is no such thing as an individual, no such thing as an individual, no such thing as society. Both of these are abstractions. There are only individuals in society and society in individuals. Those of you who want to be gigantic individualists are going to have to learn all over again that only in the midst of corporateness are you an individual, and by corporateness I mean the intentional manifestation of sociality. That's the first think we've discovered.

The second thing we've discovered is that we are freedom. This is overwhelming. It's not that man *has* freedom. That is a degenerated seventeenth and eighteenth century psychologistic understanding of man -- that man has freedom. Today we have discovered that man *is* freedom: he is raw creativity, if you please. Or, to use a phrase from the lecture on prayer, we have discovered that man is act, that man is do, that man is thrust, as Luther would like to put it.

The third thing that we have discovered is that there is a mystery in life. Not the kind of mystery that goes away tomorrow when we learn more; but there is mystery that never goes away. And man is the consciousness of consciousness only when he self-consciously embraces his relationship to that mystery that never goes away. If I were talking on that subject, I'd like to illustrate it for you in the scientific disciplines, in the hippie movement and in the old youth revolts.

Those are the three things that man has discovered about himself. Meditation has to do with the new discovery by man that man is sociality. Contemplation has to do with the discovery that man is mystery; he is his relationship to mystery in the final sense. And prayer is man's grasp of himself as freedom. I am going to deal with sociality, so I'll not deal with all of these at the moment.

Man has discovered, I would say, that he does not exist except in a social nexus. When the Church uses this word, "meditation," it is pointing not to our sociality *per se*, which is the first step, but to our self-conscious embracement of our sociality. That is, not only are you in society whether you like it or not, but society is in you. I remember reading a sermon by Dwight L. Moody. I don't know where he got it, but he said that God got Lot out of Sodom, but he never got Sodom out of Lot. Meditation is the self-conscious embracing of our sociality.

The word is used really in two differnt ways. The first way that you use "meditation" is to talk about a state of being. And that state of being is the self-conscious appropriation of our sociality. The second way you use it is an exercise of contemplation which, whatever else it is doing, enables us to meditate in terms of a state of being.

When you do your solitary exercise and are dealing with meditation, that's nothing. That's a huge joke. And if you can't laught at it . . . It's like going to church

or participating in a liturgy. If that isn't the most asinine thing you know, to go aside and spend thirty minutes going through that great big old play when you know good and well that life is out there! And so what that becomes is a means, the play in worship becomes a living reality in every life situation that you're in. That's what the exercise of meditation is.

I'm not much interested in that point at the moment. I am interested in meditation as a phenomenological reality, as an inward state. There's where I want to begin. But before I do that in some detail, I have to relate to its counterpart in the diagram; and that is poverty. In meditation and poverty we're dealing with intensified knowing; the chart of knowing comes in there too. Then I have to say a word about its relationship to prayer and to contemplation. That will be enough for me to do. In order to do that, I have to fool around a little bit in what I want to come to later, before I'm ready to do it.

Meditation as a state of being in itself, very obviously, is brooding. But brooding never takes place alone. Brooding takes place only when you are conversing with another. And this indicates that meditation is dealing with the community before community, the internalized community. When you use the word, "sociality", you are not talking about the fact that you are among people you can wave at. You are talking about the fact that people are in you. That's what the term "sociality" means. And meditation deals with this. That's why I like to say that prayer is the act before the act. Likewise, meditation is the community prior to the community, if you please.

Now, meditation as a state of being is a dynamic, like all states of being are. There is something going on, brooding, and mark you, this is a relationship with others. Brooding is like making stuff. Yet it's a funny kind of stuff: it's almost pre-stuff. It is almost taking the void and bringing order before order into that void; I call that "pre-stuff", but it's imaginal stuff. It's the stuff, and it's a glob for me, out of which you forge your operating images.

That means then, in relationship to contemplation, meditation mediates the mystery. Maybe it would help you if I just say something really fast: meditation is that which creates God. If you let Tillich come to your mind, you'll remember that he talked about the God beyond God. The God that you and I relate to practically is the God this side of God. Idolatry is when you don't know that. You can bite here and not get any mystery, and you can reach there and not get any mystery. I think that the reason people do not know what it means to walk and talk with God in our day is that they no longer know about the state of being of meditation, which mediates the burning presence of mystery. That's its function, if you please; it literally creates God. Only I mean meditation prepares the stuff, the glob, out of which you forge your images. Yet you have to remember that the mystery itself occasions the meditative process that mediates the mystery. For only when life puts you up against sheer mystery is the state of meditation even possible. It's a polar dynamic as I grasp it.

Now as an aspect of prayer—and this is most exciting to me—sometimes I call this glob an interior montage that is in all of us. Anyway, that glob is the stuff out of which prayers are made. To put that in a more secular way: no artist ever created the miracle of an art piece—that's prayer, if you please—without first engaging in the state

of being of meditation. What I'm trying to point out is that you're dealing with humanness right up to your armpits. You're dealing with what you've been engaged in all your life, whether you were self-conscious or not. This is the stuff that creates the act before the act, which is that which alters the course of history. And history was never altered in any way except through prayer. That's what you mean by the deed before the deed, if you please.

But then what is the relationship of meditation to prayer? It has to do with this finespun glob of pre-images. An image is always practical. The difference between an image and a concept or a construct is that the image is always practical. It has to do with defining myself in the concretions of life. And it's only the pull of action, or the demand for creative expression, that even triggers meditation or allows it to happen. This is to say: nobody ever knew of the state of meditation who was divorcing himself from the practical demands of life.

Now don't get this mixed up with the Religious in history. For although there are many phonies, just like there are non-Religious who are phonies, the Religious are most highly practical individuals. This is to say, monasticism itself was only for the sake of the mission of changing the world, and I mean secular society. I wish that some of the Catholic orders could recover that in our time.

Now I have to relate meditation fundamentally to poverty. Poverty is detachment—I don't want to talk about that—but poverty is a state of being. It has nothing to do with how much money you have or don't have, or what you spend or do not spend—nothing whatsoever to do with how little you eat, or how nice your clothes are or whether you live in a hole in the wall infested with rats. That's not poverty. Poverty is the detachment from the things in life that wish to reduce you to your relationship with them. As long as you have to have children, as long as you have to have your wife, as long as you have to have your country, as long as you have to have your split-level house, you don't know what detachment is, and you have not experienced poverty.

I like to put it something like this. If a person cannot come here to Chicago and live in this place, then he has to come. If he can, then it's not necessary. Unless one is detached in that fashion, this process cannot happen. The last thing you want to do or can do is to brood on the mystery. The last thing that can happen to you is an address of the mystery that desires to become self-conscious. And it is fundamentally out of this stuff that transparent knowing takes place. Maybe that's enough for the broad context, though you can see perhaps two or three lectures just in that area.

I want to deal with meditation under four basic rubrics. I want to talk about meditation as first of all inherent community, second as pristine dialogue, then as ultimate covenant—fanatical discipline—and lastly as incessant warfare. Now, I don't think that that's very good poetry, but it has to be poetry because that's the only way you can talk about it.

Now let's start. We're trying to look at this state of being first this way, and then that way, and then another way, and then still another way, trying to say out loud what we think we see. First of all, meditation is inherent community. Before you ever

become aware that there is such a thing as community, you already have a community inside yourself. And ah, what a community it is for those of us who walk in the way of the Lord. There is Jeremiah, Amos, Mark, Paul and Augustine and Anselm and Thomas, Luther, Calvin, Rauschenbusch, and my great grandmother, and your great grandmother, and then all of those hosts who walked along the way with these giants whose names shall never be remembered on earth. We'll know them only when we all get to heaven. And what a day of rejoicing that'll be when you meet my great grandmother, I meet yours. Now that's assuming a lot.

This is the community that is inside me. The ones that are inside me such as Amos, for instance, are far more real to me than most of the flesh and blood people I come across. I used to make fun of that sentimental image, "He walks with me and He talks with me," but I don't make so much fun of it any more, because Amos and I belong to the same tribe. So, like they do in Africa, we link pinkies and we go down the road walking together and talking together. Sometimes he is mean as anything talking to me, and sometimes he is fantastically encouraging to me. And both of us have a little secret. He knows that I could not be who I am today if he were not with me. And perhaps a more important secret is that he knows that he could not be what he is without me today. Do you grasp that? The things we have done to and for one another are wonders to behold. I tell you that Luther is a part of me night and day—that's one thing about this community: they never go home; they are with you night and day.

Now you have to expand this a little bit, because I just named one group and really there are all kinds of people in your head. During a lecture the other day I was sitting on the floor and was worried a little bit. I heard a voice inside me say, "Hi," and I recognized the voice immediately. It belonged to a little neighborhood lad who is wandering around here these days. I said, "Hi," to him when he addressed me, and I said it as nicely as I could because I am scared to death of that little boy, and I go out of my way never to touch him. But as we went on in our conversation, I said, "I think that the time has come to call the police on you." And he came back immediately, "Kids beat up, windows broken, step up the momentum of stealing typewriters, and whatever else." And you know, he's friendly as anything. He just said that's just the way it is.

Have you ever noticed that in this community inside there's never anyone who is really angry? They don't have to be. They just say it the way it is. Then they love you with it. (This kind of talk in your mind, you are probably aware, is usually with nouns. The verbs are left out. It is high shorthand, and sometimes the words are scarcely there. It's almost like a flash of an image back and forth. You are aware of that.)

And have you ever noticed that even the most demonic people are there? Hitler is in my head, and I can't get rid of him. But he is never demonic. Everything he tells me is like a statement from angels. He just tells me that if you do what he did, what happens is what happened. And he's not mean at that. What he says, I think, is angelic wisdom.

And so with the neighborhood lad. That was angelic wisdom: "Call the police, and that and that and that will happen." And I said back to him, "I think I'll postpone the police a little bit." I became a new human being, and I started listening to the lecture all over again.

Outside that communion of saints I do not know who I am. Mark you, they're all saints. Jesus gave it all, and Hitler is as much loved of God as I am; and don't you ever forget that. And the black neighborhood lad, I think, is a little more loved of God than I am at this moment in history. But I do not know who I am outside of that great communion of saints. Isn't it funny how that phrase "communion of saints" became nonsense because it was not rooted in humanness itself? Everybody and his brother is out looking for koinonia, looking for community, wanting to be accepted. When you dare to meditate, and I mean that as a state of being and not as an exercise, when you dare to be present to this host within yourself, you never have to seek the affection of one other soul in the world. I tell you, I'd like to take most of the silly psychologists who have brainwashed you and me about rearing children and about joy juice being stored up inside you, and just scream this at them.

It's been a long time since there have been giants of individuals. Some fellow we took out to dinner not long ago was intrigued as anything with what we are doing, but he felt he had to say a few words against corporateness. And so we let him talk. What he said was, "Corporateness takes away your individuality." And there I was, sitting across the table. I am an individual, and I am the most corporate character that you could ever find. The individual giant is a corporate man, and he begins his corporateness with community before community. He walks and talks with those within.

The Roman Catholics have forgotten much of their wisdom on saints. The concept of your saint as one who watches over you, your guardian angel, is an example. I wouldn't want to exist in this precarious world without one. And I haven't got just one. I have thousands upon thousands of guardian angels. You'd be amazed at how quickly Luther will move when I get my foot off the beaten path. When he calls me into question, it's really something. I am caught. These colleagues that sometimes stand up like banty roosters and call me into question aren't anything in comparison. I am called into question by Amos and by Gautama the Buddha. They are my defense. I sometimes think that most of my awakened life I have been under attack. Some people thought I was just standing there nude. But no! I have an army that's on my side. Now don't you think that they agree with me. They are the first ones to call me into question. Luther has been beaten to a bloody pulp by me, not simply once, but many times. That's all right. He and the others get up again and we grab fingers and go on again. This is community. And when a person no longer has to go out and find some two-bit character like himself to be pleased with him, then he can spend his time trying to create community wherever he goes. But as long as you have to have community, you can never enable community for someone else. That's what I mean by inherent community.

I'll add just this closing word which I would have said a bit later in more detail. In meditation, this fellowship is not finally with Paul or with Amos. It's with God. Yet there's no fellowship with God outside of the communion of saints. It's meditation as a state of being that enables you to be concretely related to the Mystery that never goes away.

II

What I am trying to do, however poorly, is to analyze human sociality in its depths by using the phenomenological method. I'm trying, as a twentieth century man who has a very particular way of using language, to indicate the not-me-ness, the just-there-ness that I mean to point to with the verbal sign *meditation*. And if anybody intends to stand where I am standing, looking in the direction that I'm looking, at the object that I have my sights on, he will say, yeah. Now he might add that he has always called that "wiggly worm" rather than "meditation". But you see that doesn't bother me a bit, for I'm not interested in words for the sake of words but in signs and symbols that indicate the there-ness that I am engaged in as a human being.

Meditation is **inherent community**. Secondly, meditation is **pristine dialogue**. Thirdly, it is **ultimate covenant**. Lastly, meditation is **relentless warfare**. Or—and I really prefer this—it's a bloody battlefield.

I say meditation is **pristine dialogue**, that is, primeval dialogue, primordial dialogue. It's the dialogue down under all the dialogues that go on in our heads. And, if you remember, I'm insisting that unless a person meditates, he is not a human being. First of all, a person meditates whether he knows it or not. Dialogues go on every moment within our consciousness. But when I use the word "meditate", I mean self-conscious intentionality has been brought into our being relative to those dialogues. That's what I mean when I say that the word "meditation" points to a state of being. It's intentionality relative to the dialogues that finally defines it. Meditation, as a spiritual exercise, is something different. I'm not talking about that right now.

Every man has the dialogue going on. It's very interesting to me that meditation, as it was brought to its fruition in the Middle Ages, fundamentally meant musing, reflecting. That's the way you and I are conditioned to use it. But in the twentieth century, we have become aware of the fact that musing is impossible unless there is an "other". You only muse in relationship to persons who are unsynonymous with yourself. As a matter of fact, the whole reflective process is grounded in that.

Secondly, when you think of musing, you think of an issue about which you muse. Recently, I read a paper that I'd read a long time ago. Gealy's article called "Encounter and Dialogue." The process of the dialogue he describes is something like this: Life reaches up and hits you in the face. That's the encounter. Dialogue is that which takes place in relationship to that, so that the encounter gives you the issue about which you reflect. I want to come back to this and say that you go through the issue, but that dialogue always takes place with an "other". In the twentieth century we are clear about that. In the twentieth century, the fact that there is an "other" is more important than the issue about which you are reflecting. I think it is important to say that.

Now, where do these persons within our being come from? You remember that Adam Smith, who wrote *The Wealth of Nations*, was also one of the ten or twelve greatest ethicists that the Western world has produced. Some of you remember the category he used—that of the *generalized other*. Now think in terms of the twentieth century definition of conscience. By the conscience, we mean an interior dialogue

between ourselves and the generalized other before whom we seek approbation and avoid, if we can, disapprobation. Do you follow that in terms of the philosophy that you're familiar with?

The *generalized other* that is inside you and that you talk with is a montage of the society that you are a part of, represented through concrete individuals. That's what Adam Smith meant by the *generalized other*. In principle, we have a representational figure within ourselves who represents the whole cultural milieu that we talk with. In that sense, all of us who grew up in Ada, Ohio, or in the United States of America, for instance, are pretty much alike. If you grew up in India, it's quite different.

In addition to that, you have your own covey of persons who have directly impacted you, whose names you can spot. Freud got hold of one of these in the super ego, which represented your father. Now I'm not reducing Freud here. That *father* was the whole *generalized other*. But my own particular father is within there, also, talking to me constantly. And your father is, too, in you, but I don't have your father in me and some of you can be thankful that you don't have my father in you. So you have innumerable people within you.

This also includes objects. I grew up and discovered that when St. Augustine said that he went all over the land asking little flowers if the meaning of life was in them, and they all answered back, "No". That was an experience. Trees talk to me! Buber is saying that the tree becomes a Thou which mediates the abstract Thou in the universe, which for me is the Mystery. You know dogs that talk to you, and as much as I despise kittens, I find that some of them have talked to me. That's embarrassing. Lots of these things are embarrassing, because you have people you wouldn't be caught dead with living within you. And I mean they are yacking in there. You can't shut them up. I think that the more you dislike them, the more they insist on being heard.

Most people go through life unselfconscious of these people that are always talking to them inside. Don't you run across somebody once in a while that strikes you as particularly stupid? Some people come across this way to me when they are saying things that were said to them, and they don't have the slightest idea who the person was that said it. These are the ones who are utterly unselfconscious and therefore utterly irresponsible in life until they are conscious of who those voices are.

We have tried to list our saints for two years - I mean those voices in us—and it is like pulling teeth. I'll not go into the psychological reasons, but when you have been asleep for fifty-eight years and you wake up, that is a long time to be asleep! This is why those of you below age twenty ought to break out right now in the *Hallelujah Chorus*, if you are even remotely awake. Because when you get to be my age, oh what a human being you could be, simply because you knew the voices that were speaking to you and you knew the ones you had to say "No" to, and the ones to whom you can say "Yes".

The man of spirit, the man who (to use my jargon here) meditates, that is, brings self-consciousness to this community that dwells within him, becomes a person in that very act. To be a spiritual human being is fundamentally to decide what community you are going to live your life in dialogue with. This means that you begin to recover the names of those voices within you, understanding that every man lives out of some

community. You silly individualists who get ashamed when you repeat an idea that somebody else gave to you! Why how stupid! All you are saying is that you haven't even begun to be intentional about your community, because you've never had an idea that did not come out of a dialogue with others.

If anybody in the room ever knew Richard Niebuhr, I want you to hear carefully: I am Richard Niebuhr. I am so proud that he is my friend and that he dwells within me and about nine-tenths of everything I know he taught me. I would want to stand on the rooftop and with pride. And, oh, shall I talk about Luther? Shall I talk about Paul? Do you think I'm ashamed to take Paul's great ideas? They're mine, for Paul is within me. And I am proud to be his friend. And I think he is proud to be my friend—once in a while. This is intentionality.

Now for the Church. To be within the Church is to decide that the saints of the Church are your saints! To decide to be within the Church—I'm wondering if this isn't the most crucial decision. When we wake up in the Church, the question that we are going to ask somebody that joins the Church is, "Do you, with your whole being, intend to embrace the saints of this community and that dialogue as the one that you fundamentally live out of?"

But then I have to spread this, for the Church of Jesus Christ is nothing. It is a symbol of all humanity. It stands for every human being that ever lived and every human being that ever will live. Do you understand that many of the hosts within my being have not yet been born? You say they don't talk? I wish you could get inside of me. It seems to me that these days they are raising a ruckus more than the ones from the past.

Then you always have a cultic hero. In the case of the Church, that is not a strong enough term. Everybody has a cultic hero who represents the host of the intentional community within him that he intends to define himself in dialogue with. This is why the eschatological hero is the representative of all mankind. Nikos Kazantzakis almost got to this in his book *Saviors of God* when he spoke of the cry of the ape. That cry of the ape is within my being. Jesus Christ is the representational figure that represents every bit of humanness from the beginning and every bit to the end. That is why we call him *the Man*. This means that all of life is dialogical.

The selection of the intentional community is that which gives content to my being. I am deeply persuaded that my freedom is my being, but the content within that is defined by the dialogue which takes place between myself and the selected community in relationship to all the other voices within me. It is this dialogue which finally gives form to God. Do you understand that God is the great Unconditioned. He will not submit himself to anybody's image of Him. Yet He is only present in the images in which you or I, out of the rudimentary dialogue, see Him. The dialogue is that, if you please, which creates God, which brings God near, which makes God a lively thereness in one's life.

This is **pristine dialogue**. It is meditation that finally bends history, for meditation is the stuff out of which prayers are formed, and prayers are the deeds before the deed which make history go this way rather than that way.

Now I want to go over this again under the poetry of **covenant**. Obviously, life is covenant. When you talk about meditation you are talking about the covenant in the depths.

Israel is probably the greatest thing that ever happened in history, relative to understanding that life is covenantal. I suppose you might sum up all of Israel's wisdom on this with these terms, which I got from Richard Niebuhr. There are three important things: One is that a man has to have an object of devotion to glorify, and without that, he is not a man at all. This is another way of saying that all men live by faith, and if it is not by faith in relationship to that God, then it is this god or it is another god. This defines humanness. Secondly, a man has to have a cause to serve. No man can be a man without a cause to serve. And thirdly, he has to have a community to be loyal to. That is the covenantal basis that existed in Israel. I'm talking about that community to which one is loyal.

This is a dynamic covenant. It is always on the move and never stands still. But it is a covenant. I think that it is best seen in marriage. I do not think that Christian marriage is based on love in any form whatsoever. If you don't believe that, go read the marriage service in which the wisdom of the Church has been stated. You are not asked whether or not you love each other. You are asked whether you will promise each other. That is a moral covenant.

This means that in relationship to these saints within my being, I have made a covenant with them. I suppose the quality of covenant is best seen in that old gospel hymn, "Trust and obey, for there's no other way." This is a rigorous matter of obeying. It is almost as if when I disobey Luther, he leaves. It is almost as if when I disobey Amos, he packs up and goes. That is not exactly true. I am going to come back and take that back in a little bit. But the one thing they require is obedience.

But you and I are not going to obey one we do not trust. And trust is not something that is finally born by activities unsynonymous with our own in any case. You see, I just don't show up trusting you one day. That is utterly impossible, because I know things about everybody in this room that they wouldn't dare tell their mothers. (That is another way of talking about original sin.) That is, every time you stumble on your colleague, he is crummy, and every time he stumbles on you, he finds crumminess. There is no trust that is immediate, unless you are naive. For one thing, we know about ourselves and, therefore, about our neighbor is that we are untrustworthy—absolutely. The trust is in the decision.

Within trust is obedience, and that is the guts of it. This is why in the Christian marriage ceremony, when we took the word *obey* out, we didn't know what we were doing. We were trying to overcome the anti-feminine attitude of the Middle Ages, but then we destroyed the whole service in the way we came about it. Now only should they have asked the woman, "Will you love, honor, and obey your husband?" but they also should have asked the man, "Will you love, honor, and obey your wife?" In case you have marriage problems, if you do not obey your wife, you haven't got any marriage. And if she does not obey you, then you haven't got any marriage. That is the guts of trust. And in my house, when my wife says hop, I hop—you had better hop, if you

want any reasonable facsimile of a marriage. That is not moralism, that is ontology. That is the way life is.

Now when you talk about the Church, you have a fantastic picture. When somebody asks where the Church is, do you know where I point? I point to my head and show them. There is Luther and there is Thomas—it's sort of a council. And there Rauschenbusch sits. I have Amos shoved up front in the council in my mind. I don't know where you have him seated, but Gautama is there. And there is a host of others. Of course, there are head priors out of my own life. I happen to know more about Luther than I do about Origen. I don't like John Wesley as well as I like some others, so I put John back a way.

This council sits there, and this is the Church. That is to say, the body—that is a sociological term for me—the body of Christ is within. Or, the Kingdom of God—which is a sociological category—is within. And when some of you cynics say that the Church is finished, I wish they would invent a machine that would just show you this. It is the only live thing in the universe as far as I am concerned. And the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.

This Church, which is the invisible Church, is always set in the visible Church. These are the old cigar boxes with steeples on them. But this Church inside cannot exist without the crummy cigar boxes with steeples on them. Calvin long since said in substance (when you get to know my friends as well as I know them, they let you paraphrase them very liberally) that though the Church is never synonymous with any operating image, it is always within some operating image. And the reason why those structures have to be there is that this kind of council cannot happen unless they're there.

It doesn't make any difference how crummy it is. You should have had my Sunday School teacher. I've often called her with affection, "Mrs. Bigbottom". She was one of the warpedest characters you ever saw, as I look back on it, but she communicated to an eight-year-old boy that God loved him. I didn't have the foggiest idea of what that meant at the time, but some twenty, thirty years later, when I was trying to get out of a foxhole on a beach in Saipan, suddenly what that stupid old fat lady put in my head started to burn, and I was afire with the awareness that no matter how crummy I was or this world was, God loved me, and he loved the world he put me in.

The only Church you have to love is the one that is. To bring that into your being means that you accept responsibility personally for all its sins, for all its crimes, for all its decadence, as well as for all its wonders and all its glory. This is another way of saying, "I am the Church."

You have to have the external or the visible Church. It's as if you have many, many people to feed, and if you don't feed them, they don't keep lively. You see, the external Church in all of its crumminess is symbolism, the factory where symbolism is produced. And my saints within eat only symbols. This is what you mean by the means of grace within our time. Why, why do you read the scripture? As part of spiritual exercises, to feed the saints, if you please, to keep them lively. Why do you go to Eucharist? To feed the saints!

Some character in our midst not long ago, when we were thinking about a marriage ceremony for several couples at once, said, "No! Marriage is an individual thing." When I got to my office I hit the ceiling. Nobody ever was married in the Church singly. The first vows you make are to the Church. When you go to that altar, you have a host of witnesses in your head that you talk with about this marriage. They are there bowing the knee before radical symbols of life along with you.

The reason you have spiritual exercises and the reason you engage in the exercise of meditation, for example, is to feed the saints, to keep them lively, to keep them quick, to keep them dancing within you. Oh, those of you who are tired and weighted down by life—I say unto thee, life is a dance. But the dance of it is the liveliness of the intentional community with whom you dialogue night and day. That is the dance of life.

The fourth point is that meditation is **bloody warfare**. The war is between the demons and the saints. The demons slip in, but the interesting thing about demons is that they never slip in as demons. They come in disguised as angels. One of the best ways for them to get through is to come in as a part of that *generalized other*.

This is to say that the dialogue you carry on with that great communion of saints is never about morality. The saints don't know how to talk about morality. The only language they know is that of ontology. They never ask me, "Did you do this immoral thing or the other?" Can you imagine a pious Methodist growing up in Ada, Ohio, in a Church which had reduced all of the great saints into little petty bourgeois moralists? This means that the demons had become so numerous and powerful that they had destroyed the communion of saints within me and stolen their garments. And they were sitting there as some little pious, moral Luther, some little pious big old fat Thomas Aquinas, and some little old shriveled up moral female called Paul. Oh, you want to know what the sickness of the Church and the sickness of humanity is today? It is that we have mixed the gospel up with the moralism of bourgeois man out of the Victorian Age of the last century.

In the battle within, the saints make war on the demons, which are always disguised as moral angels, to destroy them. Let me mention a few *angels*: "I cannot get up and march with the troops of Jesus Christ, because I have my widdle childwen I have to take care of." That would slip a demon in just like that, wouldn't it? We are so sentimental about our children, we use them as one of the first escapes from having to stand before the Sanhedrin of saints within us. Or they come in with a little petty moral concept of being loyal to your nation. One of the great things of the youth culture today is that they have risen up with the saints to destroy the demons disguised as moral angels, this is what I mean by an *angel*.

This is another way of saying that demons always disguise themselves as the generalized other—the common opinion that morality is being able to stagger by a saloon rather than doing something about the inhuman treatment of the black people of this world. That last is ontology. For it has to do, finally, with your relationship to the mystery in life. I tell you, this is a bloody battlefield. Somebody wrote me a letter just the other day, and took me to pieces because of what she called my neglect of my

children. We had a battlefield, the saints and the demons within my being. For, you see, what she was after was to crush anything beyond a kind of petty bourgeois moralism. Shall I mention some more of these? This is why St. Augustine called the virtues of the generalized other, *splendid vices*. But, I mean, they were vices!

The Christian faith very early understood that its primal categories were not good and evil. The primal categories are sin and faith. Sin has to do with being inauthentic, while good and evil are relative categories in all places. This is why the saints never require anything of me but authenticity. You young ones hearken to that and know who your friends really are. There is only one question you are going to be asked when you get to heaven—if you'll allow me to use that poetry, there's only one failure in life and that's the failure to get to heaven—only one. The only question they're going to ask you is, "Did you live an authentic life?" This is why even at the last moment, with the thieves on the cross, you can become an authentic person. But, brother, when you close your eyes for the last time it's the judgement of God, you're frozen in an inauthentic life, as Sartre says.

This is present in the Lord's Prayer. "Lord, lead me not into temptation." (That word really, I think, is trials.) "Don't lead me into the bloody battlefields within." Then he goes on to say, "But if you do lead me into temptation, then deliver me from the inauthentic." That is what it is concerned with. "Don't let me surrender," is another way of saying it. This is meditation. Recently I pointed out that for the man of faith there is only one enemy. All of the demons who pull you this way and pull you that way, are out to see that you are in good health and get to live to be ninety-two and that you have a lot of grandchildren and a split-level house plus \$20,000! Aren't these splendid vices? You have but one foe—many enemies maybe, but one foe—and that is Satan.

In one way this make it easy. You know where, as a man of the spirit, you have to direct your attention. The only trouble is, Satan seems so big, and he has big old wings and a great big old tail, and he carries that three-foot pitchfork. He is a fearsome thing to have to fight. And there is just one way to do it. And I just did it for you. You name the demon. The moment you are able to name the demon, he is unmasked. And I don't know whether it is like a Martian or something, but when you unmask him, he disappears. And the way you name the demon is that you call it what it is, and the best you can call it is a *splendid vice*. Now, mark you, children are simply wonderful, but if they are the meaning of your life, then a demon, disguised as an angel, will, if he hasn't already, destroy you as a self, the only way you can destroy that demon is to name it what it is. I have nasty names for that, but I'll stick to Augustine's *splendid vices*.

He's unmasked, which is to say the meaning of life is in God alone, and not in any created thing. But when you're out to slay the eternal foe, then this war is never won. Didn't you used to hope that maybe, perhaps, it would at least get easier? I'm sure it must get easier after fifty-eight years, but up to fifty-eight I'll swear it's gotten harder. It's never done—this wrestling to be a self. Isn't it terrible the way we treat the old people, as if the battle is over? No, no. My papa was retired for thirty-five years. Can you imagine that? And we stick them aside somewhere as if they don't need any help in the great battle of Armageddon within their being.

There is a second battle and the second is worse than the first. In the second battle you become aware in the mist of fighting the demons, of God standing off to the side with his hands on his hips just looking. Extremely irritating! But when you're busy with the devil, you don't have much time to worry about God's inhumanity...the Mystery just standing aside. But the second irony is that it's his war to begin with! When you've slain the devil, then you reach out for the prize, the Mystery. But it starts to flee. God starts to run. So you had better be swift of foot, and if you are, you'll get him by the nape of the neck. Now you and I know why he is fleeing. It's because we want to know his name—that is, we want to give him form, we want to give him an image, without which we cannot relate to the Mystery. And the Mystery's essence is: nobody names him!

In the wrestling match of Jacob, Moffatt translates the angel as *the nameless one*. I like that. That is what you mean by the Mystery. God is beyond man's power to comprehend. Every attempt to draw his image is inadequate. This is to say that God is freedom. God is always beyond any net we have thrown over him. But I got him by the nape of the neck. He has to wrestle, and I mean we have it out! By this time, since I have slain Satan, God is over against a protagonist, and we wrestle all night.

Granted, it is a lonely experience, as Jacob found out. It is an experience in pitch darkness, as Jacob understood. It is dread-filled to the point of death. For one secret you know: this one, *the Mystery*, gave you life and one day he will destroy you—give you your death. Ah, what a one to be wrestling with. Finally he gets a hip lock on me, but I hang on and drag him with me.

In the story of Jacob you remember that the way God is able to capitulate is that he turns Jacob's question back on him. He says, "All right, Man, what is *your* name?" And Jacob didn't want to say it because his name was *The Deceiver*. You know he had raped his brother and raped his uncle. He was *The Deceiver*. Finally, the dawn was coming, and Jacob gave in and said, "All right, all right, my name is Jacob. I am this horrible creature that I am." And God said, "No more. Your name is Israel," and that means "One who was in mortal combat with God." (Wouldn't you like that name? Well, that is my name! This is why we are children of Abraham. That is my name.) Then old stupid Jacob says back to the nameless One, "Well, what is your name?" And the nameless One said, "Do you need to ask that?" God named himself when he called me Israel. And at that moment, God and I get up and we are friends.

Now God is first among equals in this situation. And he has a problem on his hands from that time on. Because I am not only *in* his hands: he has me *on* his hands. That is what it means to be a friend of God—that there are times, I am sure, when God regretted ever making me a friend. The end of that story is that on that day, when God puts the knife in me, as the knife goes in I smile, and he winks. Being in itself winks. My victory is that I forced Being in itself to wink at my life. And I am through.

Transparent Being

Grace be unto you and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

I've been working on the lecture I'm going to give this morning for 25 years. (I asked my brother about that the other night and he stated it was 50 years). Sometimes I feel that I've done nothing but prepare what I want to say this morning. I want to read a bit of scripture from the gospel of John.

You must not let yourselves be distressed—you must hold on to your faith in God and your faith in Me. There are many rooms in my Father's House. If there were not, should I have told you that I'm going away to prepare a place for you? It is true that I'm going away to prepare a place for you, but it is just as true that I am coming again to welcome you into my own home, so that you may be where I am. You know where I am going and you know the way I am going to take."

"Lord!" Thomas broke out, "We don't know where you're going, and how can we know the way that you'll take?"

"I myself am the way," replied Jesus. "And the truth and the life. No one approaches the Father except through me. If you had known who I am, you would have known the Father. From now on, you do know him, and you have seen him."

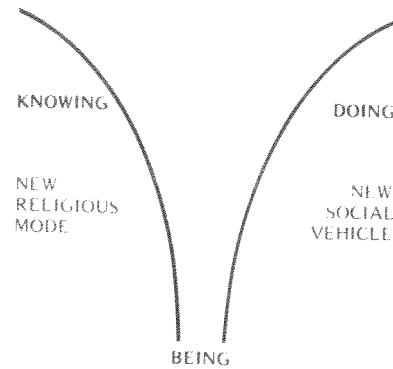
Then Philip said, "Show us the Father, Lord, and then we will be satisfied."

"Have I been such a long time with you," replied Jesus, "without your really knowing me, Philip? The man who has seen me has seen the Father. How can you say, 'Show us the Father'? Do you not believe that I am in the Father? And that the Father is in me? The very words I say to you are not even my own. It is the Father who lives in me that carries out his work through me. Do you believe me when I say that I am in the Father and that the Father is in me? But if you cannot, then believe me because of what you see me do. I assure you that the man who believes in me will do the same things that I have done, yes, and he will do even greater things than these, for I am going away to the Father. Whatever you ask the

Father in my name he will do—that the Son may bring glory to the Father. And if you ask anything of me in my name, I will grant it."

Two years ago when I came back from our first teaching experience overseas something deep had happened to me. And I went into seclusion. Oh, I was around, but the veil was drawn. That lasted almost a year. Then, three of my colleagues got hold of me and beat the daylights out of me. They said they had stood it long enough, that I had to let the water over the dam. I was deeply angry with them, for I wanted no one to touch me.

When they forced me, I went to the board and drew this figure (see diagram). We had dwelt on the knowing side in deeps that shuddered the fibers of our souls, and we had participated in the doing side with the same kind of frightening intensity. Then we had seen the relationship between the two, and just when we had the universe wrapped up, it blew from the bottom! And we were in nothing. This knowing and doing were no longer meaningful to me. The bottom had blown, and in that blowing we had a vision of being, of what it meant not only to *know* your know and to *do* your do but finally to *be* your be.

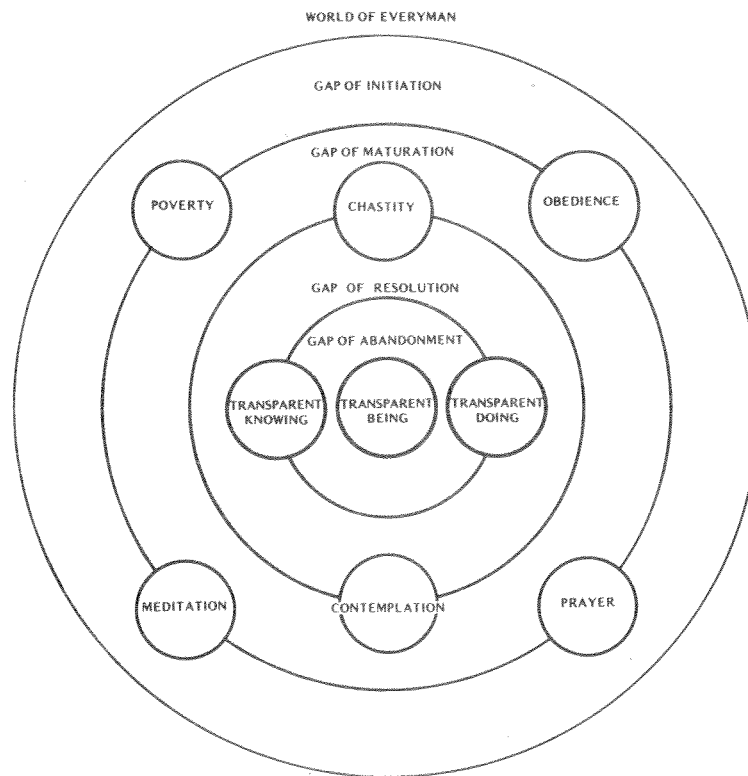


Then we saw that being was simply the radical intensification of knowing and doing, or the radical intensification of intensified knowing and intensified doing. So we began to articulate the intensification of knowing in the new religious mode, and began to articulate the double intensity that comes in doing, in the new social vehicle. And then—and this is *all* I've got to say this morning—the moment that the new religious mode began to get clear, and the new social vehicle began to get clear, it took only a flash for the bottom to blow again. Yes, it blew again, and the bottom of bottomlessness itself blew! And *that* is what is in the center of the charts. And you have to call that the intensification of the intensification of intensified knowing and doing. It is the double zero. It is the *nothing* upon which you and I are grounded. Now we call this transparent being.

Before I start, I have to groan out of myself in abstraction, then, what I mean by knowing and doing three times intensified. For me, just as the act before the act is the key to understanding prayer, so the being underneath any *be* that I can recognize in myself—and that is underneath any manifestation of presence that you can recognize in me—is what I mean by transparent being.

As transparency is to the solitaires, and as the sign is to the corporates, so sheer poetry is to the journeys, and the poetry underneath all poetry, or the story behind all

stories, is what I mean by transparent being. It is *sheer* spirit. It is *sheer* discontinuity. You have to sense the razor's edge of the psychotic abyss, upon which all of us are grounded. Underneath our freedom, underneath our sociality, underneath our detachment, underneath our engagement—all of which are the manifestations of the consciousness of consciousness of consciousness—is the sheer spirit that can be stated only in the rawest form of poetry.



Now the charts are not quite right, yet, but they look something like this. I think I'll put the categories in circles for a moment. Here is transparent being, transparent doing, transparent knowing, and this is chastity, contemplation, poverty, obedience, prayer, and meditation.

The way these are oriented is something, when you begin to think under the rubric of journey, for that's what we're dealing with: the journey to the center of the self, the journey to the center of the universe, the journey to the center of man, the journey to the center of God. That's the journey that brings us to where I want to talk.

little story to tell you. I think that for twenty years of my conscious life I never allowed anyone to touch me beyond this level. Now I don't know just why—maybe I didn't have guts enough to tell what I knew down inside of me. Maybe I was afraid that I would misuse it or other people would misuse it. I don't know.

I remember one time a colleague came into my office. He said he had a problem. And, you know, after you got through the superficialities of it, you knew that this wasn't a problem. It had to do with realms about which the boy knew nothing whatsoever. That fact rocked the bottom of my being. I took him aside and went out on the back steps of the far end of the building. I said, "Sit down. I never said this to anyone before, but I'm going to say it to you." Then I took him by the hand, if you please, and led him through what I have called for years, out of the book of Hebrews, the veil, "through the veil". And this is a moment of great suffering. I have an idea that there are times when he hates my guts, that he wishes that he could have remained where he had been and know nothing about what now he knows about and can no longer escape.

Now, I'm really interested in the innermost gap. It's the race to the center. That's what I want to talk about. What I'm talking about now has nothing whatsoever to do with the Word in Jesus Christ. Then I want to say it has *nothing* to do with anything *except* the Word in Jesus Christ.

The first stage of the journey begins with the hearing of the Word, "You are received. The world is good. The past is approved. And the future is radically open." Then, when you get to the center, the name written on that center was on the thigh of the One in white on the white horse, leading ten thousand times ten thousand. That name is W-O-R-D. Now you keep that in mind, so you don't get lost. You begin with the Word, and you meet the beginning in the end. And it's only after the encounter with the Word that you see that the great Companion on the Way, without which there would have been no way, was the Word.

Now this last descent our Fathers before us have called the *dark night of the soul*, the time in which man experiences his contingency with a force that not only wrenches, but racks his interior being. Language has not been invented extreme enough for the mystics in any culture to articulate what they meant by the gap that they called the *dark night of the soul*. And here nothing but poetry, the rawest poetry, could even begin to communicate. They have hundreds and thousands upon thousands of poetic words to talk about this. I think that they boiled them down into three basic images.

One is the image of the desert. The other one is the image of apostasy, or of dread, or better yet, of Hell. And the third one is the image of blindness, or darkness. Now let's see if we can get our minds around this.

The first image is that of aridity, or the arid desert. The fantastic pain, spiritual pain, in this experience is the double paradox that's present in it. You and I know about arid moments in our lives. We've had them again and again, when meaning in this or that collapses. It doesn't happen that way in this. What I'm talking about happens only when the rains are falling and the verdure is abundant. It happens only when not only are you full of meaning, but there is a plethora of meaning in your being.

Therefore the emptiness that comes is not experienced as a fading away or a seeping out, which is the way we experience aridity on the more superficial levels. You experience it as having been wantonly snatched from you. Filled with meaning, it disappears. The mystics all have been very clear about this. And there's no meaning left, you become, as it were, a meaningless particle of dust, spinning in space itself.

The second image is fearful dread. It comes at the moment when you can point to great *do's* that you've been involved in, at the moment when your lucidity seems that it has never been there before, at the moment when you are more clear about a relationship to the mystery and that you're grounded in God, at the moment when your theology seems to be just dancing for you. It's in that moment that the experience of indescribable dread attacks you. It's not as if there were a collapse. It's as if they'd been attacked before your eyes, and in the attack they disappear. You are left racked with self-doubt in the midst of fantastic confidence. You are left in the midst of no longer being able to sense God's presence at the moment when you have clarity that you'd never had before about the presence of God. You grasp yourself as hurled into apostasy. You doubt God. But you not only doubt God, you see Him, at the moment when He's the Father of All, as the demonic force behind all demonic forces. The atheist to you now seems like a saint. And what you'd better be very clear about is that the spiritual life has been developed as you've never known it before. Why, you could go to the board and talk about universes within, and you could talk about prayer with a power that you never dreamed would ever be given to you. Then in the midst of that fullness, it all becomes a pile of manure. Even this fullness becomes a nothing. I tell you there's a sense of being naked that you'd never thought was possible.

The last image is blindness. It's not only Hell, in which you're cut off from God, but blindness, this comes at a moment when the vision, the cause, is more real than it's ever been in your life. And it isn't as if you get tired and the vision grows dim. It's as if, in the full light of the vision, pitch darkness is dropped over it all. It's almost as if you stand there gazing at the blazing sun in the midst of pitch darkness. And the vision is gone. This is the racking that our fathers called the *dark night of the soul*.

Now for the center. In the midst of that arid desert, in the midst of that burning Hell, cut off from the Father, in the midst of that blindness, you levitate. We were joking recently. I believe that the moment that you and I could be utterly dependent upon the forces in the universe, we would levitate. None of us speak much anymore about the times we've levitated. But I suggested to some that we all have levitated. But we don't speak about this, either—not out of humility, but because in our day we've lost the poetry.

You levitate. For you were standing here and you didn't move, you didn't walk, but suddenly you woke up here—and the darkness is intensified. It is *pitch black* darkness at the center. And as you stand there in that blazing light which is sheer darkness, you see what you cannot see, a figure, the center of the center. And you say, "Aha! Is it a stone? Now that I am at the center of the consciousness of consciousness, what's there? Is it a stone?" And it seems as if you are drawn closer, and you peer at it: it's no stone. The Aborigines in Australia would like to be here this morning. You say,

"Is it a tree, the Tree of Life, maybe?" You're drawn closer, and you peer into the darkness. "It's no tree!" And you're drawn another step, and you say, "It's *nothingness!* That's what ought to be at the center!" And you say, "No! It's not nothingness!" And you come a step closer and behold! It's a man! It could have been naught else. Once you behold it, it is a man! I mean a common, ordinary, dirty, smelly *man*. It could be naught else.

This is what the mystics have talked about in every culture when they have talked about the union of reality with the center of the interior universe. It's a man! Is it Gautama? Yes! Is it Moses? Yes! Is it John Smith? Yes! Is it Sally McGillicuddy? Yes! Is it Henry What-ever-his-name-is? Oh, you bet it is! And so you're drawn another step closer. And you peer, and behold, it is The Man. I mean Jesus. I don't mean Christ. I mean Jesus! You remember when they came to Gethsemane to get him? Jesus said, "Who are you looking for?" And they said, "Jesus of Nazareth." He says, "I'm the man." You get that story? At the heart is Jesus. Not Christ...Jesus. Oh, I don't care whether you want to use other poetry. At the center of the universe is the figure that represents *everyman*, or consciousness of consciousness of consciousness in all of its fullness.

And then—you won't believe what I'm going to tell you now; it's sort of like a Martian science fiction thing-a-ma-jig. For you see, down in the center of that figure of Jesus, a little light glows, in the midst of the pitch darkness that is bright light. And you notice exactly at the same time a kind of circle of light surrounds him, and the light grows stronger, and brighter, and hotter, and you step back, for there's the key: the Mystery shines through a common, ordinary man. Then as you stand there, you hear for the first time in your life. You behold it with your own eyes—what Jesus meant when he said, "I am in the Father (I am in the light of the Mystery), and the Father is in Me."

But you're not through. For you notice a strange glowing in yourself, and you step back up to the figure, and do you know whose face you see within the face of Jesus? Your own unrepeatable, crummy, broken, perverted face. No, that's not quite right. It's the face of that crummy, perverted one who has passed through the dark night of the soul, in which he is stripped of everything behind which he can hide his utter contingency. The same old crummy me, but collapsed into a heap of shaking palsy. The mystics called the dark night of the soul the *time of purging*. But you say that only on the other side. For you know that you cannot behold the meaning of even spiritual poetry, even awarenesses that are rare. It's *your* face. And then for the first time in your life you understand. And because you say, "Now, I have beheld it with my own eyes," you understand the second part of what Jesus said: "Father, as I am in you, and you are in me, so I will be in them, and they will be in me."

What does it mean to have the eschatological hero in your being? There's nothing mystical about this, nothing ethereal about this. Peter said in the midst of transfiguration (no magic in transfiguration), "Let's build three tabernacles." But Peter's not the one who said that. *I* said it. I wanted to stay. And there in the midst of that wonder of wonders, I offered a prayer that I might never go back. But I got sent

out. He did do that for me. Now, I like the word companion, for when he sent you back, he sent you to be a companion for mankind—and *nothing else!*

That reminds me of the great story about Gautama, the Buddha. He experienced what you and I have been talking about, and, therefore, he was taken to Nirvana. At the gates of Nirvana he said, "No! As long as there is one ounce of human suffering upon the earth, even though I am worthy of Nirvana, I will not accept it." And so he returned to walk among men, and he walks to this day, serving suffering humanity, being a companion, if you please, of man.

Now this sending means that you get born all over again in a way that you couldn't even dream you could be born all over again. You are born of a Virgin. That means that you have your commission, and that you have no right except those papers with you. But being born of a Virgin is like what Luther meant when he said, "That babe in the manger was actually a man on the cross." Your commission is so rigorous that there is no possible way for you to avoid your death on the cross.

Transparent being is a state of being that everybody experiences. It's not for the few mystics—I don't even like that word. It's not for the rare ones, though you're going to have the rare ones. I think the Roman Catholic Church through the years overdid the contemplative aspect of this. There will be the rare ones, who can make what I've said this morning sound like utter prose. They are professionals in the sense that they must be signs to the rest of us. But I am talking about a state that is in every man all the time. But then I am saying more. I am saying as I tried to say of meditation, that when we use the term *transparent being*, we are talking about a state of being to which radical consciousness is brought. That's a state within a state.

This happens to us long before we have any images or poetry to say to ourselves that it happened. When you come back, when you come to be the companion, you carry the scars the rest of your life. Night and day, there is a bit of desert, of aridity. The rest of your life, day after day, there's a touch of apostasy, of Hell itself, within the depths of your being. Day after day, for the rest of your life, there's a touch of darkness that never goes away, these are the signs. And then there comes moments when there's a shudder—just a shudder. And then there comes moments when there's just the touch of a glow. And then there come moments in which there's just the touch of the tensing, as when you're having guru conversations—no, as when any life situation begins to bleed its inner meaning, and you remember the journey that you were on and know that you're still on that journey, and know that as long as consciousness is consciousness, there is an eternal return. In the beginning was the Word, and in the ending was the Word, and all along the way you walk with Jesus in whom the Father is and who is in the Mystery. Amen.

II

Grace be unto you and peace.

From God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

Amen.

These lectures are an effort to ground the new religious mode charts in humanness. This job is far more important than renewing a local congregation. Now I didn't put that right. This *is* the renewal of the local congregation. It's going to take you forty years. The work you have to do in this area is overwhelming. I think you young ones are going to be the ones who have to do it, and the younger you are perhaps the better. You don't have to unlearn so much as those of us who are older. And you are immediate to this arena, whereas some of us have to struggle like crazy even to come within spitting distance of it. I suspect that I'm tangentially dealing with the relationship of the gospel to what we've been talking about.

The most important thing for us to remember about this area, I believe, is that it has nothing in the first instance to do with the gospel of Jesus Christ. It has nothing in the first instance to do with Christian theology. In the first part of this talk I attempted to describe the blown out bottom of humanness, or extremely intensified consciousness. When you deal in this area, you have at your disposal only raw poetry. It cannot be done any other way, just raw poetry.

I got an unsigned note in the mail which said, "Mysticism is idolatry." I didn't think that would have been too much to sign your name to. Now I happen to believe that also—if you get mysticism mixed up with the gospel. Now very obviously you make use of mysticism, the poetry of mysticism. The reason why you make use of mysticism is that it's the mystics—what we call mystics—and the mystics alone who have experimented in these deeps. Or to put it another way, anyone who experiments in these deeps gets that tag put upon him.

It's very interesting that in every culture there are those who have set themselves apart to explore in this area. The concept of Muntu, out of the black man's invention of humanness, is the dimension that I was talking about in the first part of this talk. The human sacrifice in the Latin American culture was dealing in this particular area. I do not need to say to some of you young ones that marijuana was used within these rituals. My quarrel on the dope issue and even on marijuana is not a moral one, first of all. It's an ontological one. This is a cheap way to heighten consciousness without having to assume responsibility for living in heightened consciousness. That's the ontological tragedy of this. When this was used in a social context that was highly symbolic relative to the everyday life of a people, this was something entirely different from what the two-bit long-hairs are indulging in in our day. They do not know it, but they are scarring their spirit deeps, and some of them can never possibly recover, even though on the outside they may look as normal as some of you look.

This is obviously present in the Tao out of China. One of the very interesting things about this, which took centuries to be accomplished, is that the ontological and

the practical aspects of the Way were held together. And, in a way, I want to talk about the practical part of it.

But you have to go to India to find the experts of the experts. The term *Upanishad* literally meant the disciple putting his ear up to the lips of the guru. That's interesting, isn't it? Then the guru pronounced into that ear the secret of life. Those of you who are familiar with that culture know good and well what those words were. They were *Tat tuam asi*. You ask, "Guru, what's the secret of life?" And he says, "*That thou art.*" And it's all over. You have the secret: "That thou art."

I have deep quarrels with the mystics on their own ground. The first and major one is that they have attempted to make the journey into a specific experience instead of seeing the dark night and the illumination as what the deeps of human existence are about all the time. You have pretty good evidence that they're wrong about this, for when I, with my poetry, was describing this in the first part of this talk, everyone of you was sitting there saying, "Yes, listen to that. I know all about it." You might have preferred another kind of poetry in order to articulate it, but you knew all about it. When I was describing the illumination, you were saying, "Yeah, yeah." I think that one of the great experiences that we've had in our order is when we studied Teresa of Avila's *Interior Castle* and struggled several months with her to get from Mansion One to Mansion Seven. The shocking thing was that when we got to the end of it, everyone in our group knew what she was talking about. Do you hear that? It's describing what life is, what human existence is, what consciousness is beneath the bottom, or what heightened consciousness is.

My second quarrel with the mystics on their own ground is that they say only the aristocracy can know of this and participate in it rather than seeing that this is a description of an *unstate* of being for every man. To the end of time there are going to be certain individuals set aside who use themselves on behalf of all men to explore these deeps with a kind of scientific thoroughness that most would not care to give themselves to.

I want us to go down into the *beyond the bottom* once again. Remember it's pitch dark in the midst of overwhelming light. You also have to get some image, like utter stillness. This comes again and again in the great classical discussions. To get hold of that I think you have to start out on the surface galaxy. You see, I'm standing on the earth. It's moving like anything, but I don't experience motion with it. So when you get the first glimpse into the galaxy beyond, that galaxy seems as if it's going ten times the speed of light. This is why life becomes intensely frightening the moment a little chink comes in the armor. This is why they have to crucify the occasioner of that chink, and the sooner they do it the more easily they are going to sew up that chink.

If you start out to do this job, you are not going to make friends. You are going to make enemies. Let's be sure we make them for eschatological reasons, not for temporal stupidity.

If you participate in that gap and land on this first inner galaxy (poverty, obedience, meditation and prayer), it doesn't seem to be moving at all. But the moment you get a glimpse into the next galaxy, that seems like it's going a hundred times the

speed of light. Then when you get there, it's not moving (you just test your own experience here). But that center is going so fast that there are no metaphors capable of describing that speed. It is speed beyond capacity. then when you levitate there in the midst of darkness, you experience utter stillness in the midst of fantastic speed—utter stillness.

I don't want to take time to talk about the peace that passes all human understanding. You talk to yourself a little bit about that.

The other thing you're aware of is utter silence in the midst of unbelievable noise. What I think that noise is coming from... You know I had to have a little medial work done on myself recently. Afterward I went away to a suburb outside of Chicago. For three weeks I lived in a house all by myself. The first week I was there I knew that something dreadful was wrong. I couldn't figure it out. After about seven days I became aware that what was wrong was that it was quiet. Then I knew the horrible noise that you live in in the midst of the ghetto, twenty-four hours a day. What I think that noise at the center is coming from is, first of all, the screams, the cries of all humanity that ever lived, live now, and ever shall live. It's the scream of the ape. Then mixed with that is the rawest noise of off-key angels who are rejoicing over one human being experiencing the center of consciousness itself. But in the midst of that noise is utter silence.

I have little patience with people who have been around me and who want to experiment with silence, for I am not persuaded that they knew the ontological meaning of silence. You don't play with these symbols, or they'll burn you alive. You have to deal with the fundamental meaning of them. This has to do, I believe, with the center of consciousness. Any other kind of playing there is dangerous almost beyond description.

In the midst of that blackness and painful stillness and painful silence comes your commission. I have suggested that you'll want to stay. The fascination fights the dread, and if fascination didn't win you and I wouldn't be here. Can you in your imagination think of that first burst of consciousness into history? I always feel it as unconsciousness oozing up through the ooze of life, and suddenly consciousness dawns. The head pops up. And that is the invention of humanness. But the first experience is overwhelming dread, and that's why I suspect consciousness broke into being. Many apes broke into the kind of consciousness I'm talking about and were so frightened by the dread of it they disappeared again. How many times did this happen before what we call man finally stood? But along with that dread was fantastic fascination. It's almost as if the fascination is about the dread itself. And that drew some to stand. Here you and I are. In the midst of that experience comes our commission. We are sent. *Not wanting to go, we are sent.*

I've sometimes described this experience as the primordial colloquy before the foundation of the world, when I received my orders. The commission, when you open it, is ever the same. You are sent back to do nothing but love. That word, *love*, I've fought for twenty years. I have not been able to stand the moan of it because of what the degenerate 19th Century Church did with that category relative to the Christian

faith, which occasioned the Church to baptize every kind of psychologistic sensitivity that's been attempting to engulf and destroy mankind since at least the turn of the century. That's one of the words that I've put out on the clothesline to dry—for a hundred years as far as I was concerned—until it got aired out a little bit. For when you reduce the Christian faith into temporal consideration of one another, you haven't even begun to hear that "God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son."

I get irritated with people who think the Christian faith is reconciliation. By that they mean that if certain people don't like each other, you reconcile them. No, that's the way you destroy humanity. But the gospel has been reduced in it. You bet we are reconcilers. But we reconcile the world to God, if you please. And I want to bear witness again to something that you need witness borne to—that when one is reconciled to God, there isn't any trouble between man and man. The New Testament is shockingly clear at this point. You are sent back with one mission: to love.

Try to get inside Jesus' skin for just a bit. He was sent to *be* God's love. He wasn't sent to *say* God's love. He wasn't sent to *do* God's love. He was sent *as* God's love. His job was to be a zombie, if you please—just walking around being divine love. That was his commission. Now, it's pretty clear what happens to divine love. It always gets a stake through its heart. Always. That is part of the commission. It isn't that he was to be divine love even if it killed him. Divine love is precisely that, if you please.

If you're able to appreciate that just a little bit, then you can understand what the commission of the center is for everyone who dares to visit it. If you don't want this commission, don't get very close to that whirlpool: when it sucks you in, you finally hit the bottom. For the commission was exactly the commission that was given to Jesus—exactly the commission that you are to return as God's love. That's your one vocation. That means that you pinch me if this is my commission and you never find me. For I am God's love in the world. The responsibility that you experience is that you have utter vocation, that you have absolute vocation. You'd secretly laugh, I hope, at anybody who asks you if you were a lawyer, a doctor or some asinine priest of a clergyman. Why, that doesn't even come in the same ballpark as your vocation. Your vocation is to be divine love. This is *the* indicative of your life, which makes clear at every point what the imperative is upon you.

You can put this in a mundane way. I heard somebody say today that everybody in this room has to be great. I want to put it stronger than that. Everybody in this room has to be a great deal more than great, those who are returnees from the center of being itself. One way you experience this is that you can no longer sit around and wait for somebody else to be the Benedict, the Thomas Aquinas, the Martin Luther or the Gautama in our time. Do you know what you have to do? You have to decide that you are it. You cannot wait any longer. Every situation that you find yourself in, until the day nobody finds you anymore, calls for a Gautama. I want to push this further. You cannot sit around and wait for a Jesus. You must become a Jesus. When you see this, you know that the indicative is very clear. You already have your commission. You already have been assigned to be Jesus in history. That's what you were sent back for and for no other reason.

I wonder if I'm making this clear. If anyone dares to experience the raw heightening of consciousness, this is his fate from then on. But when anyone receives a commission at the bottom of his being, he has to make a decision about it. Those of you who know New Testament theology know that there has been a dispute through the ages as to whether Jesus was the Christ before he came or whether he became the Christ, for instance, at his baptism. That's not talking about abstract metaphysics. It's trying to talk about humanness. Jesus arrived from the bowels of being, and when you arrive from the bowels of being, you are sent with this commission. Then you have to make a life or death decision about that. Let's say that it was at his baptism and the time in the wilderness that he made the decision to be what he was sent to be.

I wonder if we are not talking about the roughest decision that anybody has to make. One of the most amazing implications of this to me is that here is the primary hidden principle in any understanding of contextual ethics. My field is ethics and my mind goes there so frequently. There are no norms in any situation. You have to create the norms out of which you forge your concrete act, or decision, if you please. But the hidden principle there is an unlimited affirmation of life. This is the day that love—I don't mean this stuff that comes over pulpits Sunday after Sunday like one bucket of slop after the other, I mean divine love—is the foundation of all contextual ethics. You were sent to do nothing but love this world in an unlimited sense, and all of it from the beginning to the end.

How do you talk more concretely about this kind of love? It is just opening up every future that you meet. That's divine love. It is pronouncing absolution on every past that you meet. It is also filling every present full of the meaning that every present has. I suppose that's what's love is. If you want some other kind of love, it's here by the hundreds. But the human soul has a propensity, a desire, for the *divine* love that is so deep and so broad that it's incomprehensible. I approach boasting just a touch here. I was given a situation in which I had a chance to love the Aboriginal people in Australia. One of the great joys of my life is that I wrote a bit of poetry, terrible poetry, but it said to them the meaning of their past, including the brutality of the white man which is a part of their past. It gave new meaning for them. Then it painted a new possibility of the future relative to the black men across the face of the world. And it laid out the meaning of the present in terms of the demands that are here. That's what I mean by divine love. That's all Jesus did. He opened the future, made new the past, and filled the present full of meaning. That's our vocation.

The tragedy of this is absolute failure. One thing that has annoyed me since I was a young man is when the Methodists wanted to take all metaphors out of the hymnal that seemed to depreciate man, such as "such a worm as I." He is a perpetual failure. He is born failure. But mark you well: that's eschatological failure and not temporal. I become deeply irritated at what I call the "failure mentality" in some of my colleagues. A rather classic example of this is when they would lay out a series of courses for a quarter. Many of them would cancel. Then the next quarter they would cancel. But this failure mentality reached its climax one day when one of my colleagues came bouncing into a meeting with a gleam of joy in his eye, and said, "Statistically this

quarter we have had fewer cancellations than last." I hit the fan, and he'll never forget that I hit the fan. A revolutionary never fails. The reason he doesn't fail is that he accepts the unavoidable failure at the center of his being. Any saint knows that he experiences his sinfulness in depths of which the "un-saint" couldn't even dream. I like to say that the further up the mountain of lucidity you get, the further you can see the valley of sin in your own life. You are doomed to failure.

This is part of the struggle that Kazantzakis talks about. The struggle is to win what you set out to do in the awareness of the eschatological failure at the center of your being. That's the struggle that he is talking about.

I like to think of the new religious mode charts as an electric grid with lights going on. In the image that the Church built of Jesus, all those lights were burning, interrelated at full power. In some people those lights blink. And there are great hunks of them that aren't functioning. That's what I mean by failure.

This, I think, is the key to what our fathers have called spiritual suffering. It's the grave humiliation of knowing that you were sent to be divine love and discovering yourself and unavoidable failure in carrying out the commission. This is the spiritual suffering, it seems to me, at the heart of man.

I want to say just a word about the imitation of Christ. Some of you may remember the book *In His Steps*, published the turn of the century: "What would Jesus do?" Or some of you may remember *The Magnificent Obsession*: "Don't let your left hand know what your right is doing." I tell you, what we did to poor Jesus in the last part of the last century and the first part of this century . . . we made him into something less than an effeminate boy. Somebody told me that in a Buddhist temple around here there was Gautama's picture and Sallman's *Head of Christ*. You can almost see why they picked that, can't you? We have made him into a superficial, bourgeois man, into a superficial, pious, bourgeois man. Sure, you imitate Jesus but you be sure you get clear what you are imitating. The church has seen him as the unrepeatable sign of the center.

Jesus was a man of prayer. That means that he was his own man. I like the illustration of Lazarus. You remember Jesus was going to get him out of the tomb and a lot of people came by to see him do so, and he says, "Lazarus, come out." And Lazarus didn't come out. So he says, "Lazarus, come out!" And Lazarus didn't come out. Then he says, "Please, Lazarus, come out." The people got discouraged, and along about midnight they left. Then Jesus got serious. He says, "Now look, Lord. Either you bring Lazarus out of that tomb, or you're going to have to slay me." Well I mean, the Lord got busy. And Lazarus came out of there like that. This man was his own man. He prayed.

This man meditated. He grasped himself as the federal agent of all of Israel. He was sociality. They called him the second Adam. *A detached man*: here was a character you couldn't buy. *An engaged man*: you remember when the Greeks came to him just before it was all over and said, "If you hang around here, they're going to crucify you. Come on up to Greece, and you'll beat the rap." Jesus replied, "For this cause I came into the world." Shall I go on with contemplation and chastity? He was the

manifestation of sheer being. That's why the Church called him *the man*. There is where meditation comes, it seems to me.

There is one more thing I want to talk about here, that is what I call **imputed being**. I have great trouble with this. You remember the theology of imputed righteousness? We Methodists and Roman Catholics have never shined up to that very much. We like to talk about actual righteousness. Briefly, the great poetry is this: Jesus took all my sins and put them on himself and handed me back all his righteousness. These people saw something in humanness. And when I call it imputed being, I mean something like this: Being takes within itself my unbeing and makes Being out of it, and bestows upon my unbeing sheer Being. This is fundamentally where the Word comes into focus. If you look at your own life you can see that. Here you *be* in the midst of all of your unbeing. It's as if Being takes your crummy unbeing and makes Being out of it and bestows the possibility of Being upon you.

This exemplar stands at the very heart of what I am talking about here. It was within that fluke of history that this kind of awareness came with fantastic clarity. Put another way, it means that the Word is that without which you and I would not dare to make the inward journey. The Word is that without which we would not dare to take the next step. The Word is that which enables us to take the next step. When you say, *All that is is good*, and *All that I am is accepted*, and *All that ever will be is significant*, and *All that ever was is approved*, you are talking about the heart of Being, which we experience as imputed Being—that all of our unbeing is absorbed by Being. All Being is bestowed upon our unbeing at any moment. That's how, it seems to me, the Christ happening is key relative to the categories of the new religious mode.

Little Big Man

I went to see *Little Big Man*. Great theology is in it, and mighty speeches like "It's a good day to die." Of course when you get to be my age, you begin to be suspicious. I went, and I am sorry to report that I too, was sucked in. I, too, was taken in like a naive child. There is something amusing about having been taken in. I remember when I was about 15, I bought a watch in Times Square, and it didn't have any works in it after I got down the street. I swear the one in his hand was running. I felt like a fool. But there was something also rather amusing, even at that tender age. I was ashamed, yet I kept telling people. I was taken in by the movie, but I felt uncomfortable. Later I knew it was a spoof.

It was buffoonery, but it was god-awful serious buffoonery. It was a spoof. The place that I finally woke up is where they were having a stage coach massacre and in the midst of it, our hero began circus acrobatics. He tried to pull a shotgun away from an old man who was so scared he couldn't use it, but was crying, "It's mine, it's mine!" The hero jumped down on the first horse and immediately an Indian appeared on the horse next to him, and they were having a circus in the midst of shooting and arrows everywhere. The hero suddenly stood upon on the horse's back and jumped onto the horse in front, and the Indian looked around as if to say, "Well, I can do that too," and with bullets flying and yelling and screaming, the Indian stands up on the horse and jumps ahead too. The hero is going to show that he can do it so he stands on his horse and, going ninety miles an hour, he jumps to the next horse. The Indian was not to be outdone, regardless of how serious a moment in history, so he gets up on his horse and beats him. Now, they both reach for a strap and they were tugging back and forth, still in this competition on the lead horses to see who's gonna get the strap, and at this time the old man, who was scared to death, got the shotgun and aimed it, pulled the trigger and hit the strap the very moment that they were going by a river. Our hero fell off when the strap broke and was able to escape. Once that got through your skull then you weren't going to take anything seriously for the rest of the movie. It was a spoof.

The material was taken from Custer's Last Stand, which was the establishment's relationship to the Indians in the last century. At that moment the Indians thoroughly spanked the white people of this nation for their wickedness. But the movie had nothing whatsoever to do with the white man and the red man. It had nothing whatsoever to do with Custer and the dying Indians. It was talking about us. The power of this movie is that the spoof worked, and if the white man in this country had not been deadly guilty for what we had done to the Indians, you wouldn't have been caught by the spoof. That was part of the genius of that artist. Then, secondly, we have become sentimental about the Indians and their way of life. And he caught us twice. But we also are a people who, right now, are caught in deep guilt about our what our establishment is doing in the world both within our own nation through forces such as the police and also our armed forces in Southeast Asia. None of us escapes this.

You wouldn't believe the complexity of the guilt structure that is in us. On the other hand, we have also become sentimental about those in our time who obviously are victims of the police and of the military establishment. We have become sentimental about the youth; we have become sentimental about the long hair. We have become sentimental about this kind of activity and that kind of posture, and caught in our sentimentality and guilt. We are paralyzed; nothing happens.

Let me go through that movie. The Cheyenne Indians call themselves "the human beings." The Pawnees aren't human beings, obviously. You have the spoof already. One way to trap anybody is to take the source of his guilt and trade it over against him to his enemy. We silly white people have pretended that we alone are the human beings in this world. Then suddenly here is a body of people saying they are the human beings, and out of guilt and sentimentality, we say, "Yeah, Yeah." Do you get that picture? The Indians are human beings. Everywhere else were *people* or sometimes they called them *creatures*. There were the human beings and the creatures.

In this movie we started with the creatures, and it is about a young man who passed back and forth between the two cultures, separated by a great river. Living in the white culture, he came up against the emptiness of the value system, the sheer hypocrisy of the value system. It is never that the value system is antiquated: moral value systems come and go. The sickness is the relationship to the value system. So I don't use hypocrisy in some silly moral sense. I mean it in an ontological sense. The moral system was gone and the religious system without which you do not have a moral system had become a colossal joke.

One of the most interesting scenes in this part was a gorgeous female taking a grown-up man and giving him a bath, pretending he was a little boy. This was the preacher's wife, if you remember, and even in the midst of it the preacher waddles into the kitchen where the boy is in the tub with this woman bathing him and makes the statement: "He seems awful grown-up to me," and walks right on. She was singing hymns while she was bathing him. Then, while eating ice cream, he caught her with the village druggist down in the cellar, and as he said, "that ended my religious phase."

Then you recall the hero situation when they depicted Wild Bill Hickok. It is a funny thing, the heroes are gone. Hickok was made into a fop. The hero structure of the society was gone, and when there are no heroes, you don't have a society.

Then he took up with the swindler. The swindler was portrayed as the most refreshing manifestation of white society in our present time. He was an honest to God philosopher. He said such things as "There is risk in any business." He was like a cynical salesman, so cynical that nothing mattered and therefore, he could be nonchalant toward life. I suppose that is why he was named Meriweather. They got tarred and feathered, the two of them, and when they were carrying them on the pole, the young man said to the old swindler, "You are whipped." And he said, "No, I'm not whipped. I'm just tarred and feathered." His cynicism shoved to the bottom. The way he put it, there is no such thing as any kind of moral order. Don't take that in terms of the ethical. Jump back to the ontological, and you have what that hardened old cynic was. But the interesting thing about it was that he was always losing a part of his anatomy. In

that stance, life just slowly chips you away. His ear, his arm, his eye, and in the last scene, he has lost his leg. There were not many members to go. It was like leprosy in the last stages. That's the picture of our time the movie presents.

But the hero of the story whose name was Jack, not only lived in this culture, he also lived with the human beings—with the Indians. Oh my, what Indians! The artist could have portrayed mighty warriors; he could have portrayed mighty politicians such as Hiawatha; he could have portrayed the ability to stand up powerfully against something. Instead, he portrayed the Indians as homosexual. The human beings, the Indians, were impotent. This is demonic. The spoof is that you were sort of attracted to them, even over the white man. This has nothing to do with morality. It was mean on the ontological level. Little Horse was the contrary, and here was a mighty warrior, riding on a horse backwards and he did everything backwards. When he came to camp instead of saying *Hello* he would say *Goodbye*. When he was leaving he would say *Hello*. When he walked, he walked backwards. When he took a bath, he would wash with sand and dry himself off with water. Throughout the movie, he showed deep immaturity. Somebody has done him a great favor; therefore, he hated this person until he could do the favor back. This has nothing to do with factuality relative to Indians. Here the Indians were immature, contraries.

The third tableau was about sex, and what a spoof it was! It was the pretext of sex; that is, the ontology was gone out of sex. No longer did it have meaning relative to humanness. This was pictured in the hero crawling from one buffalo robe to another under which there were females, and after two of them in a matter of 15 minutes or so, he could barely make it to the third one. But with heroic effort, he finally got under the third buffalo robe and all the time the wife, whose name was Sunshine, egged him on to get under the buffalo robes. When he finishes, she has just come in from 10 minutes ago, all by herself, out in the snow having delivered her own baby. With him in her arms, her first concern was, "Did you give it to them?" He said, "yes," and with a smile that looked like the angels themselves, she said, "I knew you were a great man. Now would like to see your son?" He said, at that time, he just about became an Indian rather than a white man.

Now the last tableau. I've saved the old man till last. His name was Old Lodge Skins. He sat in the Lodge smoking a pipe and while he smoked he had dreams, which he related in the most esoteric reflections. The artist had a way of always bringing mist in. Things got misty when Old Lodge Skins was going to work into his esoteric reflections in the smoke. The climax of that scene in the movie was when the old man had moved his teepee out in the corral and was sitting there smoking. It was misty and he said, "The ponies are trying to tell me something." A little later, the hero came back and it was misty and he said, "What are the ponies telling you Grandpa?" He pointed, "Don't you hear?" and at that moment you began to hear the drum and bugle corps. Can you imagine the drum and bugle corps on foot and the cavalry marching across the field out of the deep mist, and you heard the horses' hooves of the Cavalry coming, and the old man was just SITTING there. He didn't try to get the women out of the most awful massacre you ever saw in your life. It was tremendous, and the director went out of his way to show in those massacres, there were only women and children. The braves were gone. They left. Women were brutally cut down and one baby was shot right in the face in the arms of her mother. Those things were bloody, and the old

man was sitting out there in the midst, not telling his people that this was coming. Sitting on his ass. He didn't even call anyone and say, "You ought to do something!" He just sat there. This is the spoof of the Indian-utter impotence. The Indians saw the deep sickness of the whites and just sat there in this movie and did nothing. These were called the human beings. Now you have to go over there and look at the whites again to get the climax of it.

That was George Armstrong Custer, who is the most beautiful picture of the end of the road of the police and the end of the road of the military. When a society has become utterly rotten to the core, it is then that they begin to defend that deteriorated culture with brute force.

So you have the leadership of impotent spirituality on the one side, and decadent defensiveness or brutality on the other. One was human and one was called by those who called themselves human "creatures." And the hero moves back and forth. Once again, the spoof was that nobody seemed to mind that yesterday he was fighting on the one side and today he is fighting on another and tomorrow he will show up fighting the Indians. That was dramatized by the fact that there was a miracle every time he passed over.

The stage coach was a passage. Another great one was in the middle of the war. One of the soliders was about to kill him and he was running around saying, "God bless George Washington, God bless mother." Finally, the soldier discovered he was a white man, when he wondered why an Indian would say such things in the middle of a ferocious battle. This is very important.

In the movie, the interesting thing about him is that he gave himself to neither culture. The first one drove him to suicide. You remember, when he finally saw it, he went to drink. His next step was in the gutter and this is an interesting twist. When he saw that sawed off stump—and that was the most creative thing in that culture—he decides to retreat to become a hermit. It was in that situation where he saw the trap where an animal that was caught had gnawed off his whole leg to get out of the trap. You know an animal that does that doesn't help himself, but it is almost as if the animal does it for the sake of interior integrity. And that's where he moved to commit suicide. The end of the road for anyone who dares to look at our society, in this movie, is suicide; there is no other way, out.

But at that time there was another miracle when, like the King's army parading before Buckingham Palace, Custer came down the valley. He just happened to be at the place where he was about to jump off the cliff, and life saw new reason to save him. In the Indian culture, he was very clear that there was no other choice whatsoever. He would be on the side of the Indian. He would rather be the impotent female lost in the smoke of ethereal dreams than to be part of that cancerous society on the other side of the river. I think I would too. As sick as that is.

Now to bring this quickly to an end. There are two ways out. One, the frightened one, and the hero of the story defeating Custer single-handed. He had the truth. He was on to him. And he brought about his defeat that was the defeat of the white man. In the midst of the battle, Custer obviously went crazy. You can see how this artist used the word "LITTLE." The name of the hero was *Little Big Man*. The name of the

homosexual was *Little Horse*. And the battle was simply Little Big Horn, namely, Custer having gone over the brink into insanity itself. Now, one more miracle occurred in that battle. This contrary who owed his life to the hero shoots Custer, rushes into the scene, places a blanket over our hero who is wounded unto death, and in the midst of all this fighting, lifts the hero on his back, carries him out and takes him back across the river with the Indians and places him before Grandpa. Then comes the finale from the Indian side.

The old man gets on his funeral clothes and all through the movie they ground this axe: "What a good day to die." Effeminate impotent people. Of course, you have to see that any day is a good day to die. But they are consumed with death. Grandpa decides this is the finest day and starts up the mountain. Our hero, who is still in bad shape with the deadly wounds received from Little Big Horn, helps the old man up the hill. He goes up to the mountaintop. The counter-cultures like the mountaintop. So they waddle up to the top and Grandpa offers to do battle with the mighty spirit, and he offers this prayer: *Lord, I want to thank you for all my victories and my defeats*, and he goes over to stretch himself out to die. "Grandfather, don't let Little one here go insane." He stretches himself out to die and he rises up in a little bit and says, "Am I still in this world?" "Yes," "Oh, my, too bad. The magic doesn't always work." You damn well bet the magic doesn't always work! And then, one of the greatest scenes you will ever see in a movie—out of nowhere comes a drop and hits Grandpa in the face. Then another drop, then another drop. I have often wondered how the Lord urinates—right in the face. The Lord let loose.

So they go back down the hill talking about his new wife . . . "whose skin is smooth because they copulate with horses," because the snake woman he lives with insists that she does not copulate with horses he calls her "Doesn't Like Horses." Then he adds, "but, of course, she lies." This is the edifying conversation as they are going down the hill. Leaning on the shoulder of the Little Big Man. What a day to die, and it didn't even work. He was so impotent, he couldn't die, he could have died up there if he had wanted to. If this is such a great day to die, he could have accomplished it.

The name of the hero is LITTLE Big Man, as if to say that in our day there are no Big Men. There are not. To hell with being a human being. What the world needs is some BIG Men. Some MEN, I say, some MEN! But all we have in the movie is one little big man. Even that is refreshing. He was 121 years old and he knew it the way it was. He knew George Armstrong Custer as he was and he said he knew the Indians as they were. Secondly, he gave his soul to neither. He saw that insanity was the end of one road, that madness itself is genocide, and he saw that sheer impotence which was the death wish and ended up in willing self-destruction was the end of the other. Grandfather didn't have guts enough to kill himself, but he spread himself and his whole people out before the butchery. That was old Lodge Skins.

Next, the Little Big Man was also able to spot the devil, the police, the military system, and by out-truthing them, he was able to destroy them. And then in the last scene, the Little Big Man helped him up the hill for his last daydream. Then, he very kindly helped him down the hill saying: "Yes, grandfather; yes, grandfather."

You would be surprised at how many young people that touched. You just have to go over and pick them up out of the mess and put them back on their feet until they make a mess of it again, and then you go back in, pick them up and get them on their feet again. Two months later, they mess up again and you go pick them up again. And you don't beat them over the head, as long as they are going to be impotent females; that's the way you treat them. You don't go over and beat them; you just pick them up.

What this world needs is people who will be BIG BIG men. I don't mean saying, "Ho, Ho, Ho, I'M a big man!" Outside they will never know him. It is something deeper. I mean the People of God in this world. One thing that was terrible in this movie: there was only one Big Man and he was Little, because he was all alone. I don't think you can be a big big man all alone. In our movement, across this world, you and I ought to be in prayer. We are not going to make it alone. But we have a chance to serve the Church. Yes, and in serving the Church, to serve the world.

The Recovery of the Other World

The most astonishing thing that has resulted from the body of awakened people who more than half a century ago made the great resolve to renew the Church in this century was that they stumbled upon the Other World that is in the midst of this world. I never dreamed even ten years ago that such a thing could happen in my lifetime.

I want to try, child as I am, to talk a bit about the Other World in the midst of this world. It has been a hidden world for centuries, a lost world. I am reminded of a motion picture called *The Lost World*. The lostness of the Other World in the midst of this world seems to be a much greater lostness. To have it disclose itself afresh forces one, regardless of his years, to experience himself all over again as a stumbling child first learning to walk.

This Other World was not discovered by church people or religious people; it was discovered by ordinary people in the 20th Century. It was discovered a long time before it was recognized as the Other World in the midst of this world and before it was acknowledged as the Other World.

There is nothing "super" about this Other World. It is as ordinary, once one has beheld it, as any mundane activity that you and I engage in. It has to do with the explosion of consciousness that has taken place in our day, in and through which the radicality of humanness became clear as never before in history. Therefore, I would anticipate that what happens from the disclosure of this Other World to man in our century may be more colossal than those other great moments in history, when this same Other World made its presence powerfully known. But you must be clear, when you talk about the Other World, that you are dealing with the ordinary secular world and secular consciousness of man.

The Ontology of The Other World

One way to comprehend the broad picture is to grasp that the Other World involves an understanding of the ontological dimension of life beyond the moral. But when I say *understanding*, that is not quite right. To experience the being that the Other World is is to understand that Other World. That is the way that world is. It may help those of you who know Nietzsche to think of his *beyond good and evil*. This is the realm of the Other World. It is the realm of wild self-consciousness beyond the superimposition of man's rational capacities upon it. That is a rather difficult statement to make, because even to talk about the Other World is to get your rational faculties engaged in it. But one of the remarkable things about reason is that it points beyond itself. The Other World is the world beyond reason that reason itself points to. As reason attempts to understand and talk about that world, what is being said is only indicative of that Other World. The Other World is radical being or raw self-consciousness, and to make any interpretation of it is to take one step backwards into this world which is the world of reason that reason invents.

Another way in which you could talk about this philosophically is to say that in our time we have succeeded in a rather admirable way in destorying the two-story universe. We understand that we live and die in one world, and when we are dead, we are really dead. That means the two-story image has been smashed. We have gotten rid of metaphysics. That needs qualification, because man never lives without metaphysics. The trouble is with the term *metaphysics*. It was related to the second-story universe, or to the understanding that finally reason was the king of the universe.

In our day we are building a new metaphysics. Man grasps himself as living on one plane, but he has experienced the transparency of that plane itself. I like to think of it as holding a match underneath a paper, and first seeing little streaks come out. Then it turns brown, and then it breaks through and pops into flame. That goes through my mind when I think of transparency. Or perhaps it is more like sticking your fist through life itself.

Maybe I can illustrate it this way: you and I have lived in a time in which the uniqueness of the person was emphasized, and this had to be so. This is what happens, I suspect, whenever a culture collapses in telling man what it is to be man. Then you have a new birth of existentialistic reflection. (*I am not talking about abstract philosophy, but something has happened even to that in recent years.*) An illustration of this principle is that the black man in our day, in order to be a human being, had to embrace his blackness to the hilt. It so happens that in doing so, he enabled some white folk, for the first time in their lives, to embrace their whiteness. But when they embraced their uniqueness to the hilt, black or white, they experienced transparency. It is as though their fist went through their uniqueness. Right now we are discovering all over again what it means to be man beyond our uniqueness—Not by going around our uniqueness but by going through our uniqueness. That is the experience of transparency.

One would like to talk about the youth in our age exactly the same way; and one would like to talk about the women in our age in precisely the same way. As a matter of fact, the same thing is happening in the relating between the West and the non-West. The last time that I went to the other cultures, I experienced something I never had before, and talked to a great many people in the non-Western world about it. After World War II, when the intensification of the collapse of our society was experienced across the globe, there was an emphasis upon the particular and the unique, especially regarding parts of the world and nations. The outburst of nationalism, in my opinion, was precisely that. But I discovered in the East that some of your colleagues had stuck their fist through their uniqueness and were discovering again humanness itself.

In this one world, or one plane, the transparency of that plane is the new metaphysics. But what I suspect history is going to call this, in one way or another, is phenomenology, or phenomenological thinking. The metaphysical question of *the real* as an abstraction apart from my consciousness is bracketed. You bracket that, and then concentrate on states of consciousness and the state of consciousness is the Other World. Rather, it is your experience of the Other World. I think you will soon discover that a state of being, a state of awareness, a state of consciousness, is the most objective

reality that you have ever experienced. I want to warn you not to let the epistemology you were trained in, in which subjectivity and objectivity are divided, get in your way.

Now let me come at this through theology. Tillich is a good example here. Those of you who know his systematic theology know that he begins with the ontological situation and then moves to the interpretation of Christ, which is the existential for Tillich. Tillich himself made the case that when you talk about the essence of man being the kind of essence that creates its own essence, the first use of the word *essence* in that sentence is dealing with the ontological. There is more to that than it sounds, for man could not even make the decision that determines his selfhood if he did not already have a montage in his being through which he looked at reality. (That is the ontological for Tillich.) Therefore, those of us who have come down hard on the existential pole, on freedom and decision, were always taking for granted an understanding of humanness in the midst of which that decision was made. The discovery of the Other World in terms of this transparency is the forging of a new montage. In this case, because the revolution is global, it is going to be a global montage that finally defines man. That is the Other World. The movie *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* showed a man who lived his existence from beginning to end in the Other World, and in the midst of that made decisions that defined the concretions of his life.

Now I want to speak a little more about a state of being. A state of being is comprised of an image, an accompanying affection, and a pre-decisional resolve. I don't know how many of you have read Golding's *Inheritors*, but it was about primitive man breaking into consciousness. One of the figures that he used over and over again was the primitive man coming into a new situation. He experienced it as though chaos had suddenly taken over. That is, the images in his mind were not capable of giving meaning to the over-against-ness that was impinging upon him. He would have to invent a new image that would give this external situation meaning. In the book he is pictured as pushing on his head to produce a new image. I like that. I have seen people who were not so primitive sometimes push on their heads to get that new image. Now I call what was going on in him *A Big Think*. Grasping the Other World involves a Think—I do not want to say an image, I do not want to say an idea, I do not want to say a construct, I do not want to say a concept. It is down underneath all those. When you are dealing with a state of being, you are after the Think.

The second thing in a state of being I call *a great Feel*. I have a colleague who calls the Think impressionistic and the Feel expressionistic, and that is not too bad. For me, the impressionist painters were starting with what could be seen and pushed it until it bent into the Other World. Then the expressionists went through it.

If you call that Think a primordial Think, then you have to call the Feel a primordial Feel. That Think and that Feel cannot be separated.

When you boil them down, the great Think is fundamentally composed of mystery—not the kind of mystery that may be solved tomorrow, but the mystery that never goes away. This is what they mean when they talk about *No-thing-ed-ness*, "Nothingness"—the big Think of nothingness, absolute nothingness. That is the

mystery which in the big Think, becomes the final overagainstness of your total existence, not because you say it is, but because you have the big Think in which it is for you. Now that is the primordial big Think.

It has many faces and many forms.

The big Feel that always accompanies the big Think is awe. And awe has many faces but it is awe. Awe, as Otto pointed out so clearly in his book *The Idea of the Holy*, is always dread and fascination at the same time. When you deal with that big Think, you are breaking through reason, dealing always with that which is beyond reason. And in the awareness of your overagainstness to that mystery, you are shattered with terror. I like to think that mankind came into existence through awe, that many stabs toward consciousness of consciousness that could have produced the human race failed because that un-man was rocked by the terror he experienced, of the sheer mystery which consciousness about consciousness is, and pulled out. (You want to use the word "God" here? You do not need to use the word "God," but when you talk about God, the God who is *God*, you are not talking about the moral delineation of some metaphysical principles. You are talking about One who sends cyclones and the gentle rain to grow the wheat; who rocks the ocean with mighty storms, and simmers them like a mirror itself. You are talking about the One who pulls you from a woman's womb and stamps you, like a cow, back into the earth. You are talking about the one who makes you sixty years old, and you do not have any choice about it.)

And yet, with this terror is fascination. That is harder to describe than terror. It is a compulsion over which you grasp you have no control whatsoever, and it pulls you on in the midst of and through the terror. These two are there at one and the same time. I remember not so long ago, I thought I was caught; I thought people were on to me. And before I knew it, I ended up over a toilet with my hands on each side, vomiting. But in the midst of that terror, I perceived a fascination. At this time you do not say this is the leading of Providence. When you are finally able to get back on your feet, you know this was the hand of the One who, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, you have come to call your God and your Father. He does not look like your God and your Father when he beats you, but He is. I am a proud man to have lived in the 20th century, in which this has become clearer than it ever was in all of history. But its roots are back there from the foundation and the dawn of consciousness itself. Ohhh, in our time, how this Other World has broken in upon us!

Perhaps you have thought in the area of psychology. In a recent book, Joseph Campbell deals with schizophrenia. I am not sure he says it, but if he did not he ought to, that the difference between a spirit man in the Other World and the schizophrenic is that the spirit man is swimming and the schizophrenic is drowning. Here I make a prophecy. Before twenty years are up, you are going to see the psychiatric profession turned upon its ear. It has to meet the times in which it lives, for the times which bore it are gone and new times have come.

Or, I mention mythology. You have been taught to believe that mythology is a fairy story that mankind has outgrown. No, not by any means. Mythology is the frame whereby man has held his experience of the Other World. The mythologies of the past

are gone. They no longer communicate to us. Probably the biggest contradiction in our time is the absence of an adequate mythology whereby a man has a roadmap over and through the topography of the Other World. And perhaps, if you seriously intend to renew society, one of the major jobs that is going to rest upon your shoulders is to create the mythology which feeds into the Social Process, the Inclusive Myths that will flow out through the whole society.

The Poetic Topography of the Other World

In our time the world has slowly become conscious of the Other World in four areas. I have mentioned one. We have called it *The Land of Mystery*. In our lifetime, man has rediscovered this mystery. As a matter of fact, the natural sciences have discovered it; the psychological sciences have discovered it; the mathematical sciences have discovered it. And I need not reiterate that the whole existentialist thrust in the 20th century unveiled for man his over-againstness of that which is No Thing, or nothing. This is the first breakthrough of a fantastic arena in the Other World.

The second breakthrough has been in the area of freedom. We call it *The River of Consciousness*. This refers to Jean Paul Sartre's poetry of the *en soi* and the *pour soi* or to Kierkegaard's understanding of the self as a relationship which relates itself to itself, and when it goes about its proper business of being a relationship which relates itself to itself, it grounds itself transparently in the power that constituted it. But these are only two of the hundreds of people who have broken through in this area.

The third way in which men in our time have broken into the Other World is with the concept of engagement. The next two areas have been broken loose more by social upheavals than by an intellectual schools, although the intellectual schools have dealt with it. I think of the youth culture in our time. This was a sociological manifestation of a search for a dimension of existence that this present world was not capable of providing. One of the crucial insights they saw and held before the world as authentic engagement in life itself. They are the ones who, however sickly, began to recover the word *love*. In the midst of their lostness—and no one could blame them for it—they began to grasp what it meant to be genuinely concerned with that which was unsynonymous with oneself. Their revolt against vocations, and their revolt against money for the sake of money itself, were indicative of this awareness of another realm, in with love—if you please, *agape*,—was giving yourself to the journey of mankind and not giving yourself to yourself. This area we call *The Mountain of Care*. The Other World, which is the realm of the awful mystery and of radical consciousness, is also the world of taking upon your back responsibility for the whole journey of man, for the whole globe.

Before I go on to the last one, I pause a moment to remind you that because the Other World is beyond the realm of good and evil, it is in the ontological and not in the moral dimension. Whatever you say about the Other World, if you are talking about the Other World, is always in the indicative and never in the imperative. The Other World knows nothing whatsoever about imperatives. That is in this world and a

crucial part of this world. Without it, you would not have this world. In the Other World there is only the indicative. When you talk about the Mountain of Care or picking up the burden of all mankind, you are not talking about something that says you ought to do it. The indicative is that the man who lives in the Other World has the world on his shoulders. When you live before the Mystery, the world is yours.

The last aréna we call *The Sea of Tranquility*. I rather like that. It dawned on me when the astronauts were walking around on the moon that standing on the moon, the earth is "up there." I always knew "heaven" was "up there." But when you are on the moon, "up there" points exactly to this life here, where the Other World is. I want to go there one of these days and see, just to be sure, that the Other World is right here.

The Sea of Tranquility is the recovery of that weird peace right where there is no peace. There is no sentiment here, for the Other World is right in the midst of this world, and there has never been any peace in this world for a man who has the world on his shoulders. I heard a conversation on television in which the words "peace" and "tranquility" were used. I pricked up my ears, and as they talked, they were suggesting that there are signs of a new, fresh concern, however warped it may be. They said that the old movie, *Lost Horizon*, is being remade. Remember the kind of romanticism it had? It came back in 1937 or so—some of you were not alive then. I would like to see if you could detect in that movie why they remade it right now—whether it is just another escapist attempt or whether they are sensing after a present reality.

I never dreamed that this awareness would break loose in my lifetime. We who worked for the renewal of the church had to fight every second any nonsense about peace or joy in this world. You would never have had the renewed church if you had not slain that sentimental misunderstanding of authentic peace and joy. I never dreamed that in my lifetime it would be possible to use those words authentically. I have understandings inside myself in this arena that I never dreamed could be.

I have never been kindly disposed towards the hippies, but I have known for a long time they were pointing to something. And I have hated sensitivity training like Satan itself. What that has done to scar men and women in the spirit dimension for the rest of their lives, you could not begin to articulate if you had a thousand years. And yet, many of the most weird warpings in history are trying to point to something, and I will give them that credit.

Actually, in the Other World there is only one state of being, not four. For where consciousness is, there is the mystery, there is the world on your back, and there is the peace that passes reason's capacity to grasp it as peace. There is no sentiment here. This world, in which the Other World is, is a tragic world. Unamuno is quite right when he talks about the tragedy of the world. Existence itself is tragic. If the whole journey of man is not your specific vocation, you would never have the slightest idea what you mean when you talk about the joy unspeakable and full of glory. They are woven together. When you dare to live your life before the mystery, there is peace and joy. If you have authentic peace and joy, you can be sure you are living your life before the mystery.

You could have drawn the road map a million other ways with different poetry. We have delineated four areas which we think broke loose in our century, and then we divided each one of those into four treks, which makes a total of 16 treks. We then divided those treks into four states of being. That means on the charts 64 states of being are delineated. But remember they are all one. I would like to read an illustration of some poetry in the language of a state of being. What I will do is weave together four states of being into one state in a paragraph that represents a trek.

You understand there is nothing new at all in what we are doing. What is actually going on is a translation from one language to another. When you deal with the Other World, you are translating from the language of the intellectual dimension of life into the language of the state-of-being dimension of life. It is a poetic language:

One day a man is driven by whatsoever vicissitudes of life into the consciousness that he himself must die. It is like being in a state of shock. A strange force intrudes. Suddenly he is submerged in awe; he feels it hovering all about him; he feels its penetration into the deepest corners of his innermost being. In quiet terror, and with an inexplicable fascination, he knows the fragility of his total existence; he feels his contingency, and beholds the passingness of all things. It is like a mortal wound from which he knows he will never recover. As the absurdity, the irrationality of it all seeps deep within, a burning, objectless anger rises and rages until futility itself turns into a heavy numbness and everything becomes disoriented; all is nothingness; there is no place any more to stand, just terrifying mystery. And hanging helplessly, swirling in emptiness, engulfed in awe, it dawns at long last, like the rising of a black sun, that exactly here is the finally real before which he is fated and invited to live and die his life. This is the great encounter with the awful mystery.

The Basic Significance of the Other World

In conclusion, in dealing with the Other World which is right in the midst of this world, you are dealing with what it means to be a human being. Thirty years ago our whole world was hanging on by its fingernails on a cliff, as its world was going to pieces, raising the question, "What is life all about?" Now we have come out of the trough and are moving on the crest of the wave. Once again in history, man has found the answer, his answer. This does not mean that there will not be many crests in the future. But in our time, it is here. Now, when someone asks you what life is all about, you have something to bear witness to.

Outside of the fact that it is humanness, I have said one thing. The Other World may be the most crucial key there is for actually turning on the processes that will snowball the arrival of a new web of relationships that define society. Very likely also, within the poetry of the Other World chart—or if not that poetry, the poetry that you build—is the secret of the new mythology that will enable mankind to find his way, to swim, if you please, in the rivers of radical consciousness and become man. It has been a long time since man, with any sense of genuineness, could speak of what fulfillment meant, of what happiness meant.

And then moralities rise out of new definitions of man, of new experiences of what it is to be human. As you delineate the topography of the Other World, you are building the basis for the new morality that every sensitive person is screaming for—not only the youth, but old men and old women. It has been a long time since within the church we have known what we meant when we talked about a “Christian man” or a “Christian woman.” You are beginning here to define again what you mean when you talk about a man of faith, a man of spirit in the world.

In working on the Other World, you are also building the tool for the new evangelism. I do not mean by “evangelism” anything that you have been programmed to mean by that word. I mean the means whereby you can elicit out of other people the decision that renders it possible for them to decide to live an authentic life. Years ago when I was teaching in seminary, one of the problems people talked about is that they had no way for the new theology really to get down into the pews. It was not that the clergy could not articulate it. They could. But lives are not changed by intellectual ideas. The work on the Other World is the beginning of the creation of an instrument that will enable people to have self-consciousness about the states of being that define them.

We have talked frequently about popular preaching. You are going to see that in the world. It is the kind of spin you do with somebody sitting next to you on a commuter train and they do not know until ten years later because you do not use any language that sounds religious, that new possibilities and new life flooded into their veins. I suspect that if you had 200,000 people located according to a rational gride across the world, you could design a popular preaching curriculum, so that on April 28, in 1982, 200,000 people would be spinning on “Box 36.” If the church is going to build a new society, this kind of tactical work will have to go on.

On Grief and Endlessness

*The Lord be with you.
And with thy spirit.*

Let us pray: Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of thy name and increase in us true religion. Nurture us with all goodness and of thy great mercy keep us in the same. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Now, what is your Christian name? My Christian name is Joseph. And who gave you this name? My sponsors gave me this name in baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. And what did your sponsors then promise for you? My sponsors did then promise and vow three things in my name. First, that I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps, and the vanity of this wicked world and all of the sinful lusts of the flesh. Secondly, they promised and vowed on my behalf that I should believe all of the articles of the Christian faith. And thirdly, that I should keep God's holy will and commandments and walk in the same all the days of my life. And do you not think that you are bound, therefore, so to do? Yes, verily, and by God's help I will. And I heartily thank our heavenly Father that he hath called me to this state of salvation through Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and I pray unto God to give me his grace that I may continue in the same to the very end of my life.

Now you said that your sponsors promised and vowed that you should believe all of the articles of the Christian faith. Would you please recite those articles of the Christian faith? All right. I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried. He descended into hell, and on the third day he rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty. From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Now, what do you chiefly learn in these articles that you believe? Well, first I learned to believe in God the Father, who hath made me and all the world. And secondly, I learned to believe in God the Son, who hath redeemed me and all the world. Thirdly, to believe in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me and all the People of God. And this Holy Trinity, one God, I praise and I magnify by saying, Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without any end. Amen.

Now, you said your sponsors promised and vowed that you would keep God's holy will and commandments—tell me now, how many of these commandments are

there? There are ten commandments, given in the olden time to the people of Israel. *And what does our Lord Jesus Christ teach you about these commandments?* Well, I learned two things from these commandments, my duty toward God and my duty toward my neighbor.

What is your duty toward God? My duty toward God is to believe in him. And to fear him. And then to love him with all my heart and with all my mind and with all my soul and with all my strength. *Then what is your duty toward your neighbor?* My duty toward my neighbor is to love him as myself and to do unto all men as I would that they should do unto me. To love, honor and help my father and my mother. To honor and obey the civil authority. To submit myself to my governor, to my teachers, to my spiritual pastors. And to order myself in that lowliness and reverence which becometh a servant of God and mankind. And not to hurt anybody by any word or deed and to bear no malice and no hostility in my heart. And to keep my body in temperance, in soberness and in chastity. And keep my hands from picking and stealing from others. And to be true and just in all my dealings. And to keep my tongue from speaking evil and lying and slandering other people. And not to covet nor desire any other man's honor or goods, but to learn and labor truly, to earn my own being and my own living. And to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me from time to time.

Now, do you know this, that you are not able to do these things yourself, nor are you able to walk in the commandments of God? Know ye this, that you are not able to serve him without very special grace which you must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer? What is a prayer that our Lord has taught us to pray under these circumstances? Why, it's the Lord's Prayer. *Well, let us pray it, as Christ, our Saviour, has taught us.* All right. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into trials, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen. *All right. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you from this time and forevermore. Amen.*

Now, what do you think of that? That's the Office of Instruction that came out of the ancient church. About every other day you feel like they should haul you up on the carpet, don't you, and ask you about these matters? When I stumble across such things, I find in my heart a new glow of appreciation that I'm part of the Church of Jesus Christ in history. With all of our stumblings in the church and bumbblings and all of the blots on her sacred escutcheon, I am proud to be a part of it.

Now, I want to talk about The Other World. I believe that we're not going to be able to get that Other World into the mind and being of the last fat lady if we are not able to say with precise clarity what we mean in the Sea of Tranquility by the life of endlessness in the post-modern world.

You probably have become aware, as you've studied the chart of The Other World that, though finally there is no progression (there is only interrelatedness and interaction of the four or 16 or 64 states of being delineated there) all of them are in every one of them. To push one button is to finally turn them all on. Here is a paradox that belongs to the essence of The Other World itself: "salvation is once and for all," but the essential nature of once-and-for-all-ness means ever-again-ness. It's something like that kind of a problem that you are dealing with. And, as you looked at the charts, after the first several blushes of coming to terms with various parts of it you could sense something of that progression in it. For instance, when you think of the 16 states of being, the fourth one in each of the four arenas is really an intensification.

In the first one it is *the adoration of God*—falling in love with the mystery. In the second one it's *the intensification of self-knowledge* which is to be found only in that state of being in which you, in fear and trembling become overwhelmingly aware of the fact that you are absolutely and utterly accountable for your 'Be' in history. And only at that moment are you able to see through everything and do you know yourself, even those parts of yourself it is impossible for you to ever know. Only when you grasp the fact that one day you shall stand before the throne of Being-in-itself and *account* for this fantastic opportunity that you have had to live yourself one mighty life and die yourself one mighty death—only when you grasp that you are going to account for this life of yours—the way you expended it, the way you appropriated it, the way you forged it—do you really know what the consciousness of the consciousness about consciousness is. Only then are you intensified, rarified spirit.

And then, the fourth category in the area of the Mountain of Care (in many ways this is the hardest one on the board, save the one I want to talk about in a moment): All my life, and I suppose all your life at one level of consciousness or another, you've struggled with what spiritual power is. I think perhaps you only know what it means to love Christianly—I don't mean some other kind of love—when you understand that Christian love is a release, a creation, a bestowal of unbelievable power that other men do not possess.

I've even fooled with the idea that again and again the church has slipped into a kind of sentimentalistic concept of love precisely because of that power; for the gift of daring to care, not for your own little family and your own little self, your own little church, your own little nation, your own little anything—I say the gift that comes is the gift of power to enable people to serve people. And without that gift, perhaps you've noticed, most of your efforts on behalf of other people are like the seed that was sown on the rocky soil. This is not a matter of pride—this power of Agape—it is a matter of wrenching humility. That's the intensification of the Mountain of Care.

The intensification of the Sea of Tranquility is that state of being which I call *endlessness*. It's the intensification of the fulfillment of serenity, and the fulfillment of joy in the midst of blazing uncertainty, tumultuous anxiety, and tragic-filled joyfulness. The intensification of that is that state of being which is *endlessness*, *endless-ness-ness*, *endlessness*, *end-less-ness*. But also it's intensification of the love of God, the power of Agape, and the inescapable knowledge that you and you alone give an account of the investment of your life in Being.

I sometimes think that such a chart as *The Other World of Teresa's Seven Mansions*, though utterly necessary because we are rational people, destroys the very thing that your soul reaches for and that something in your mind points to. But if you didn't do that, you'd have sheer chaos. I suppose that epistemologically, I've never gotten over the Kantian insight, which he obviously got from Aristotle, that at this moment forty billion impacts are made upon my sense mechanism providing *sensae* which, if my rational facilities did not have some way of organizing, I would never have what Kant called knowledge or understanding. It's something like that in the states of being. These are—I want to qualify Kant—the relative, socially conditioned categories that organize the billion and one states of being that are constantly attacking your interior depths—categories which enable you to be present to the states of being. But at the same time, they get in the way. The moment that they are organized, the numinal dimension is reduced into the phenomenal in which you are dealing with the real one step removed. And harken well to that; even if you don't understand it, harken well to it: that this is but a screen that enables me to be present to the states of being that I have.

Now, I'm coming back at that indirectly, and I'm coming through the state of being that I've lived with now for a while—grief. I like to think that the guy who invented that word was an artist. Grrr. Eeeeeee. Fffffff. In a way, that tells all. I am more and more persuaded that the invention of words is the communication of being states.

You and I, if we work in *The Other World*, are moving from being teachers—though we have to teach, from being prophets—though we have to prophesy, from being priests—though we have to mediate, to being pastors (only that word still dries up my mouth), shepherds, carers. We pseudo-clerics got trapped into pastoral counseling in which we used a pseudo-other world to give us our clues to states of being simply because we had no chart of *The Other World*. You and I are going to have to be dealing with many states of being. One of them, of course, is grief. This is a tragic world. I doubt if there has been any pastoral ministry in the dimension of grief even one time anywhere in the world since I was born. There may be exceptions but not many. As evidence of that, you'd be surprised at the way clery and religious people have tried to minister unto me in the last two weeks. About all you can say is "thank you" and go on.

You have to begin by recognizing the state, and that's crucial. The first experience, of course, is—you're stunned. I was not stunned at my father's death. I cannot remember being stunned ever before. I'm trying to locate this grief in my life. Now this "stunned" is: first of all your future is cut off. Stunned is not some ethereal word; it's dealing with your guts underneath your guts. When you say your future is severed, that means your life is frozen, and it is absolutely frozen and not simply a part of it. It's crucial that you see that. There is a total cutting off of your future which is a frozenness.

And then there is an experience of being rendered immobile. Everything stops; time dims out; and it is very difficult even to see any movement whatsoever, even a rustling of a leaf or the passing of an automobile; and you experience this in terms of

the flow of time within your mind which is your thought process. At the same time you become sensitive in an extremely 'super' sense. I do not mean other kinds of experiences, such as you have had in the past, of perception or your capacity to see through something. That's not there at all. But you are aware of every single thing that is happening; and you've got to throw that over against the fact that time itself has stopped; that some way or another you do not miss a thing. For instance, if you were in the presence of this state of being in somebody else, you had better not go trim your fingernails in public or probe your proboscis—it'll be seen. And you'll see in a moment why that is true. But there is not depth perception, there is not seeing through. Quite the contrary. The curtain is down.

Then you are aware of a thick quietness, a thick silence, and you know there's noise going on. That would be a fine time to live in East Garfield Park along the Expressway on the West Side of Chicago where the noise is always there. You would know it's going on, but you wouldn't hear a thing. The silence itself seems utterly objective. And in a strange fashion, then, you are forced to hear everything. You do not miss a thing. But all you experience is silence.

Here you're dealing with a crucial part of our theology. What you are describing in depth is contingency. But you are describing it now, not through intellectual constructs or concepts, but through the language of the state of being. And this is fine and proper. This is not for initiates. It's for your old hands in the Way. My pedagogical point here is that, if the job of the serving order is to care for the movement, now you are going to be caring for people who have been at it for five years, ten years, fifteen years and more; then you and I have to learn how to care for them, and to care for them in the deeps. Many of them have failed along the way because we did not know how. You don't beat yourself over the head. What you don't know, you don't know. You give what you have to give, and if later you have more, you give more.

Now, a second way to run through the state of being of grief is the experience of being empty. And it's a sudden sense of being absolutely drained. The crude illustration I have is: you've been in some bathtubs where the suction is so great that if you pull the plug . . . shhhh . . . it all goes out at once. The bottom falls. Some of you remember in our early studying of Tillich, in the last chapters of *The Courage to Be*, he deals with spiritual vitality and then relates spiritual and physical vitality. There is a total evacuation of your universe. You are aware immediately that something is missing; and yet it doesn't come to you as *something* is missing. It's as if suddenly *everything* is missing.

You've seen some mystery stories in which somebody was killed in a big furnished room, and you were there. You had to go to the police and you come back, and it's an empty room. Remember some of those mystery stories? It's like you've never seen it before, but you *know*, you thought you knew that an hour before, that was a . . . it's an empty room. I mean, your universe is gone. You've got to understand clearly that I am not describing what might happen. I am describing what *does* happen, or you don't have *this* state of being. You have some other state of being. This is not my subjectivity that I'm fooling with in any way whatsoever.

You also begin to see the cloud appear? That's not the cloud of apostasy, the cloud of the desert, the cloud of the darkness that a spirit man always lives with. That is not some kind of ethereal image or idea you have in your head. That's the real stuff. When you bite on it, it says "Ouch." Adler's concept of the hole at the center of being becomes very real to you in the sense that the hole is broadened in such a fashion that it utterly consumes your whole inner being. It becomes like a stovepipe, one of those straight ones—no bottom, period. It doesn't funnel into a hole. Then this hole seems as if it's utterly unbridgeable. There is no way whatsoever to ever get a bottom within that.

It is then that you become aware of your own *fragility*. I like that word. I don't like the words "You become aware of your own death." Of course you become aware of your own death, but it's far more subtle than that. We've have some wild ones in our group who can go off on cloud nine at the snap of your fingers, but you see, all the rest of us can go off on cloud nine with the snap of our fingers. That's what I mean by fragility. Or some under this hardship or that hardship collapse in the way. You and I have to remember that we are just as collapsable as the one who stumbled over a daisy and gave up his mission. That kind of fragility is there. You grasp that you could be blown over if somebody stood at the right place and blew. You experience yourself as that fragile. *You're not there*. There's nothing to blow over. It's emptied. It's drained. Therefore, a puff could send you.

The other way people in history have talked about this is with the category of *weightedness* or *heaviness*. Isn't it funny that when God gives us a chance in our time to think through into the deep secrets of the spirit dimensions of life, you begin to grasp the ontological wisdom that our fathers held, which you and I lost because our immediate fathers had lost it. When you push through, you begin to see that they knew what they were talking about; and you can find many books on these subjects. Certainly a strange heaviness comes, and it comes immediately. You become aware, I think, that your mind is heavy. It's almost as if you feel your brain is heavy, and then you become aware, I think, that your body is heavy, and then, unbelievably, you become aware that your life is heavy.

It's like there is no resting place. Like many of the moans that come out of the grief-stricken black man in his seemingly impossible situation in life, you have a deep sense of the burden of life itself. It's like nobody could ever tell you again that life is a ball. The first thing you would say to that is "bullshit." That's what you experience! Life is nothing but sheer burden. Then you are obviously tired beyond anything you could ever dream of without a sleepy bone in your body.

The same experience of weightedness comes when you become suddenly old. At first I thought that's because I'm sixty. Then it got through my skull that it had nothing to do with whether you are twenty or sixty. I felt like I was one hundred years old. But so does the twenty-year old. He's one hundred years old—no more, no less—just one hundred years old.

Only a mature spirit person can begin to smell the grace that is in this (it has nothing to do with age). You are dealing with contingency and that awareness obviously is the grace of God.

The other experience of weightedness is: everything becomes trivia. *Everything* becomes trivia. Some people are not bright enough not to bring up some practical problems. If you want any sensible answer, this is not the time to bring up a problem that *you've* got, because this person (it has nothing to do with intention)—*he just does not care*—about anything. You could even tell him that you wife and twelve children were burned to death in a fire. *He would not care*. I'm not talking about what ought to be. I'm just telling you the way it is and you're going to have to minister to people. Then everything becomes *raw intentionality*. And this is a flip. If you decide to move a foot over here, it doesn't just happen. You *decide* to move a foot over here. If you decide to walk into that room, you have to stand there and *decide* to look Pat in the eye. All of the spontaneity is gone. Life has burdened and crushed it out.

Another way people have described this is that you experience *radical abstraction* of yourself. You experience not being there. This is what people mean when they say they are out of their mind. They are abstracted from themselves. And yet they experience themselves as being there, but they are not there. It is *somebody else* that is there where they are. While you who are *not* there are casually observing what is happening to somebody else that is there; this is what I call *negative transcendence* in which you are out in front of yourself unintentionally and with unfreedom in utter disrelationship.

Now that's just your immediate state of being. But you can't stop there. Because if you stop there, then in The Other World it's obvious there are problems. But everybody knows that in The Other World there are no problems, no burdens, no hostility. Therefore, you can't stop there because that's just one big mess of problems, period.

In the midst of this the spirit begins to operate. It's not as though it wasn't operating, and then starts. You become *aware* of the spirit operating. And here is obviously where temptation enters; for this is the same thing I mean by spirit operating. First of all self-pity sets in. There's a subjective side and an objective side to it. Inside, you experience yourself as persecuted. Outside, whatever reality there is in this world is being unfair. It's asking just *one ounce too much*. It's the sense that it's got something against you. This isn't good or bad. It is the way it is. You go through your life and you think of your wife; you think of your first boy; you think of your second boy; you think of your third boy. And then you go into your range of collegiality in history. Then you go into what your mission has been in history, and you're flooded with *self-pity*. And no morality here. This is an ontological state of being. At the moment you don't think of this, but later you'll see (only on the other side of what I'm going to talk about in a moment) that this is exactly true of every human being's life. And he's aware of this in the midst of the shock: Everyone. It shows on some people's faces more than it does on others. But here is intensified *life has mistreated me*. Not her, not him. It has mistreated me. And your being is consumed with self-pity, and you know every ounce of what you are saying is *true*. That's the key.

The second thing that happens is what I call *the flagellation of pride*. Some people, I suppose, who operate on the moral level would think that at times of grief

you think of the things you've done wrong in life. That's not true. I'm sure it is true of other states of being but here it is exactly the opposite. You feel that God is being vindictive, and He's punishing you, not for immoral mistakes of life, but for ontological mistakes of life. This comes, of course, under the rubric of weakness or pride, but it's not morality. It has nothing to do with the immediate object or occasion of your grief. In terms of pride, I suppose a million times down deep in myself I'd say "Get off my back!" I wish to hell I'd never mentioned showers of blessing. I wish to hell I'd never mentioned that God had been unusually gracious to us in the last ten years. I repented a billion times that I'd ever suggested that we had a great outpouring of the Spirit and that we ought to learn to be spontaneously grateful to God. That's what God did; he decided He'd teach you a lesson about your *pride*. Therefore, He's *vindictive* and from now on you'd better be careful how you say out loud what the wonders of life are. You'd better be careful about how you write songs about waltzing over the waters of the abyss. For whatever goes on in this universe, He can take the snot out of any snot-nose there is. And He's just the one who does it. (I'm not saying this is the way it ought to be—it is the way it is.)

And then comes *the spirit of rebellion*. This spirit of rebellion happens when the image of what goes on out there is demonic. And it's malevolent. This is when you cry, "Why me?"—that there is no justice, let alone mercy. But oh, this theme has been in history, hasn't it? And only after that does the despair of cynicism set in. This is the big joke—that you've been forsaken. And then you discover that your capacity for trusting *anything* is gone. This is the flip side: That you're utterly forsaken, therefore you can no longer trust creation, you can no longer trust the church or a bearded whippy-hippy in a white long robe that wandered around the highways and byways, you no longer can trust Luther or Aquinas, you no longer can trust your colleagues. Your life has been a joke. And your cause exists no more.

First of all is the objective description of the state of being; and these are the dynamics of selfhood within it. And you have to get very clear on these, with a subjective side and an objective side. And only then do you become aware that you are being attacked by a third party.

On the plane coming home they were showing *Cabaret*. I conned my brother into buying both of us earphones. I saw it this time, I saw it, I saw it, I saw it! There's no doubt in my mind but it has a message which I couldn't see, it was so repulsive to me. Every man has his other world and without the other world you cannot exist; and if you do not have *The Other World*, then you have to *conjure up* the other world, or you have no existence whatsoever: Come to the Cabaret. That's why inside the Cabaret they were rehearsing everything that went on outside. I saw some things I did not see before. The devil's face would just appear for a moment on the screen and then fade off. When she was deciding to abort and therefore continue being a harlot and not pick up her life and start afresh, his face just appeared. And it was shocking. Yes, and by the way, that word *shocking* is in the movie!

You become aware that you are being attacked by a third party. This is why Paul has always astounded me when he personified sin. You grasp that once you give

yourself over to a reality, that reality is operating as a third party relative to you. That was his insight about sin—and so the personification here of the devil. If it's just something going on *inside* you, you struggle and struggle. Not here. You're attacked this way, then you're attacked that way, then you're attacked . . . and you become aware that what's going on does not engage intentionality relative to any place where you are being attacked. Therefore, they are not after this or that or the other in you; they are after *you*. Because you are attacked from many sides, they slap you and get away, and they slap you and get away. They are not after a response to that slap. Then you see he's not after anything he is pressing you on—he's after *you*. And of course, obviously what he wants is two things. One is a betrayal of *God*, or a disavowing of God. And a betrayal of *yourself* and a disavowing of yourself.

Dr. Carolyn Palmer was with a group of people in a conference. She got angry and showed her anger and she said the devil appeared and said, "Uh-huh, Carolyn, God doesn't love you, or He wouldn't let you get angry and make a fool out of yourself!" She struggled with this, and right in the midst of the group she said out loud (they didn't hear Satan, you understand), *He does too*. They thought she'd gone berserk, but she said Satan took to his heels. He wants to destroy selfhood. And it's at this point that you become aware that what is going on here is not a problem in your life; it's the struggle of authenticity itself, or the love of God. One doesn't have to be very bright to get hold of Job. I don't know how many sons and daughters he had, but they all went, didn't they? And his cattle and so on. Satan was sent and Satan struck him here and struck him there and Job says, "No, I am an authentic man." Can you grasp that? Authenticity and the grace of God are but two sides of the same coin, and you cannot dishonor the one without the other. Now what comes out of this struggle when you stand? This is the great indicative. You see, as if you never saw before, the dreadful impartiality of God. And that's like the fires of hell itself. GOD HAS NO FAVORITES. Do you understand that if that had been some wino's son down in one of the streets of Chicago it wouldn't have upset me at all? Who am I, in God's eyes, different from that wino? nothing whatsoever! That is *the horrible impartiality* of God that finally, as the Hebrews saw, makes God God, and not the figment of our imagination. And tomorrow it may be *you*, and it may be *you*, and it may be *you*. God doesn't care whether you are twenty or sixty, black or white, male or female, affluent or not affluent. It's as if you never saw that before. The holy impartiality of God. The wholly other, the wildness of God which can never be captured by our rational sense of justice nor our rational sense of mercy. God is freedom. He has no favorites—even His own Son. our fathers have known this.

The second thing that you come away with (somebody called these the souvenirs): All of your life from that moment on is nothing but a testing. *Nothing but a testing*. Everything that happens to you is just a testing of both imputed and imparted righteousness—the integrity of your election.

The third souvenir is *the ceaselessness of apostasy*. I have said in lectures that nothing ever again could shock me. I had seen it all, I said. I lied. I had not seen it all. It is easy to talk about the cloud of apostasy, the cloud of darkness in which meaning

goes away, about the experience of aridity, where the vitality that makes you iron is no longer present. So easy to talk about. But you see this cloud of apostasy you bring from the center *is real*. Yes, one must thank God and one must have courage to talk about showers of blessing. I mean *showers* of blessing. I don't mean the kind of thanksgiving that comes on the other side of the struggle that I described. Yet, one must be ever mindful not of his moral weakness—to hell with that!—but his ontological weakness. That's the cloud of apostasy, of the desert.

The last point you come away with is the sense of *being doomed*. I can best point to that by very briefly saying a word about endlessness. Plato said in his treatise on religion that every high religion had an ultimate reality, an object of devotion, an ethical system, and a view of immortality. I've spent most of my life fighting that, but I'd like more and more to get back inside of Plato. If you work back—through what western civilization did with that to make it into an abstract doctrine—to the state of being, then I think that you and I can have something to say to our time. In a spatial metaphor as well as a temporal one, as Richard Niebuhr points out, we can talk about endlessness as well as resurrection. And to bring the two together, you are dealing with a state of being.

Now a state of being knows nothing about time or space. Therefore, when you are dealing with endlessness in our time you are not dealing with chronological time nor external space. That kills once and for all any spatial concept after death and any temporal concept after death, and a state of being therefore only has one time dimension, and that is *Now*.

Neanderthal man put his hand on his head and tried to get an image to grasp hold of this state of being within himself. Later centuries made that into an abstract system of time and space after death. This abstract system was not in the mind of Mr. Neanderthal who came up against the awareness of the state of eternity. The great image, the great think is that you are related to that without which you cannot recognize your contingency. The awareness of the passingness of all things is an impossible state of being if there is not a fixed point. Do you grasp this? There is no such thing as motion without a fixed point. And for the man within this state of being, as we would grasp it today, he has become aware of the Eternal Mystery before he can grasp the coming-to-be and the coming-not-to-be.

It's hard to get that said, in terms of your interior state, because you've been so conditioned with this, as man invented the concept of death. Cummings say, "Oh death, I wouldn't have death, but dying is fine." Man experiences dying; he invented death. It is man who said that death was the end of that which is meaningful life. Otherwise death, as your Australian aborigines believed, is a return to the dream-world, as they call it. I'm pointing out the fact that man, and particularly man in the western world, invented the concept of death as the conqueror of that which alone is meaningful.

In the awareness of the Mystery, before which life goes and before which death goes, or when we grasp that both our life and our death are equally meaningful within the Mystery—that is when you experience what I mean by endlessness. You can say

God takes my death from me and God takes my life from me, but what He does not take from me is my *Be*. And that *Be* is the relationship to that which is the transparency equally of both life and death; Sheer Mystery. That's the endlessness.

It's like you made a little compact with God, and you say to God that you will be your *Be* and in being your *Be* you will enable God to *Be* concretely. And God said, "Very fine. Therefore I will allow you to participate in my endlessness of Mystery itself." If you begin to get concretion on that, you see that your poetry of heaven and hell. If you don't like that poetry, take some other. But it's the question of the one who intentionally *be's* his *Be*, and the one who, if you can put it this way, *be's* without intentionality—and therefore his *be* is *not* a *Be*. What's the difference? That's the problem. Here I have to work with the man who for me has done most in this area, Jean Paul Sartre. His key to other people, or hell, or the *No Exit*, is that your death is that experience in which your life is frozen—immortalized, if you please. And the difference between the one who did *not* *be* his *Be* is that he dies a closed, frozen life. The one who *be'd* his *Be* lives an open, frozen life.

Now, practical consequences: Richard Niebuhr *be's*—it has nothing to do with you; I'm talking about a state of being. Richard Niebuhr *be's* his *Be*—it has nothing to do with memory whatsoever. His being *be'd* the being of Being. And is there forever. And when all things pass away, that *Be* will be there. It has nothing to do with his doing this or knowing that; it has to do with his *Be*. It'll just be there forever. And that state of being I am describing is NOW. It's beyond time. In a strange way, Kazantzakis was able to communicate this far more backwards than he was forwards, but he was trying to communicate this state of being.

Now, you ask, what are the great feels? I think that terror is in it. It's the terror of responsibility. I mentioned self-pity. It's that kind of terror. If you have that state of being, it's impossible. It's that kind of *terrifying* pity that comes. You knew, in the 19th century at least, when people thought of going to heaven as something really downright tremendous, they'd lost the concept of endlessness as a state of being: it is terrifying. I've used the word *the in-finality*. I believe what I've heard people say, that it is God's gift that all of us die. We couldn't stand to go on and on and on and on. That's the terror I am talking about.

Nine thousand years from now, what will I be . . . Why did I say nine thousand? Why not 99? How long is there going to be Something and not Nothig? And even then, the Nothing, that is the Nothing because the Something was, will be there. That's the fright.

The next one is impertinence. I've dealt with that category a great deal. But, it seems this state of being is where that dread is intensified to the limits. You participate in the everlastingness of Being. I mentioned the West having invented death. Don't forget that. The whole concept of Nirvana—which I do not agree with, but it's pointing to this—there's a frightfulness in it that I think has been overlooked even by the East. But there's some indicative that it has not.

Then comes the dread of fanaticism. This is a strange kind of fanaticism. John is very clear that this eternality was now; it had nothing to do with grave or no grave in

this instance. This means passion. In that state you cannot exist without passion. I am wondering to myself if this is not the full release, and only here, of passion. *You* are deciding the manifestation of Being, in daring to become, daring to acknowledge the indicative of endlessness. It's the passion that is present. Now I don't care what poetry you use (the church has known this in the past, and they have so moralized and woodenized it that you and I had to laugh at it and reject it)—right this moment you and I are deciding whether we are going to heaven or to hell. Use your own poetry. That means passion. As long as you have your goddamned feet propped up on a table, reflecting this way or that way, then you don't know about this state of being: endlessness. Again and again and again in history, in the histories of all peoples, this state of being has intruded itself. Now you have the metaphysics bracketed in any phenomenological exposition; you're not interested in that; you're interested in describing the state of being that forges my being, and therefore the Being that *he's* in history.

I'll not deal with what you take away from this, but only point out two things which we have pointed out before. This one is Paul: "If I live, I live unto the Lord. If I die, I die unto the Lord so whether I live or whether I die, I am the Lord's." That's an articulation of what I mean by endlessness. That was his practical stance in the midst of life, out of which flowed the being-filled courage that made Paul the beginner of that body of people that transformed the earth.

The other one is from the the Old Testament. It's more a matter of lucidity squared than anything else. In the early days when the theological revolution was more in its fluid period than it is now, we fooled a great deal with the Exodus understanding of the term *Yah*. You remember lectures—the "I am that I am." In our day it has been translated, "I will be what I will be." Then, I've always liked Buber. He said the word *Yah* meant "This is it." Or "You've had it, brother." I like that. But in terms of endlessness, I like the way King James' boys rendered that: "I am That I am." Let's say the Lord himself uttered those words.

On this trip I saw Marcel Marceau, a great, great privilege. He did the whole evening by himself, the only soul there—captured the audience. He did one of his scenes behind a screen about four feet wide. He did David and Goliath. He came out as David and didn't look very tall. He'd go behind the screen, then come out again and look like he was nine feet tall. Then he fought back and forth and had Goliath chasing David around. Just as fast as he could, he'd run as David, then come out as Goliath right behind him. An unbelievable skill! I figure when the Lord broke loose the heavens and said who he was, he swelled up like Goliath: "I Am That I Am." On the day he did that, he was articulating the state of being that I mean by endlessness. That's the state that He agrees to allow whosoever will pay the price in, and through, and with His Son. And whosoever knoweth this state knows like the back of his hand the 63 above it, some way or another.

This Is The Time of Sanctification

Every movement in history has been a movement of a recovery of justification. I do not mean simply movements in the church, I mean any movement in history. Whatever term you use, an enlightenment, a recovery of humanness, a breakthrough in consciousness—it always beings with what has been stated in Christian terms by the word *justification*.

Then as a movement matures, it comes to sanctification. When you use a term like that, you find it hard to shake off the idea that justification is a doctrine. *Justification* is a term that points to a happening that is humanness. As we grasp it, there is not such a thing as being present to humanness save through the gate of justification. There is only one door, and that is the Christ happening. There are not two doors. Anybody who attempts to climb over the wall or come in any other door is obviously a thief; that is, he is a phony, a conscious or unconscious phony.

The Christ happening is also the only gate to sanctification. Sanctification is a state of being. It is a dynamic of humanness without which humanness is not humanness. You would like to say, because of the relationships of justification and sanctification, that there is a kind of sequence. That is true, I believe. There is not such a thing as sanctification save on the other side of justification, but I do not like the words "in sequence," for you can reverse it. Save there is sanctification, as a dynamic of humanness, there cannot be the dynamic of justification. This is your age-old problem which, in our day, is to be found in the term "existence precedes essence." Then you have to say that man's essence is that existence precedes essence, so that essence precedes existence. And I would judge that one way of talking about the great drama of mankind is to be found in this interplay of justification and sanctification. Sanctification is that from which justification procedes, which leads one to sanctification from which justification proceded, which leads one to sanctification . . . and so on.

Bergson dealt with this dynamic in his *Two Sources of Religion and Morality*. I have used it and quoted from it many times, but it wasn't until this hour that I really read this book. He talks about the journey of man or the dynamic of history in terms of the mystical breakthrough. I always changed that word to prophetic because I was afraid of mysticism. As a matter of fact, those of you who worked carefully with the great resurgence of theology in our day know that one of the main points was to say "no" to mysticism. Almost everything that Barth wrote, and Bultmann too, was fighting against the decadent, mystical understanding of life.

Bergson speaks of the rhythm of the prophetic or mystical breakthrough. In secular language today, we would call it an implosion in consciousness. And then he talks about the cooling off of the white hot lava, a cooling off that holds history together until the next breaking point, then out comes the prophetic again. Bergson was caught in the Age of Progress, so he always saw his breaklooses going up and up. I

am not sure I agree with that figure. For instance, he would use as an illustration of the breakloose the great Exodus happening as described up to the 19th chapter of the Book of Exodus. The rest of that book is an example of where that breakthrough solidifies into law, into the structures of society, which maintain the community until the next breakloose comes. You have a breakloose that says "no" to the crust of lava, the structures of existence, and then that breakthrough necessarily has to manifest itself in the structures of society. This is revolution, radical revolution. This is why at this moment, we are concerned with such things as morality. We have to say "no" to morality in order to be moral people. But we are building.

Figures like 40 years or a thousand years are most appropriate now because we are in this implosion. This is Tillich's sense of kairotic time. In the book on *Theology of Culture* and also in the collection of sermons, *The New Being*, he worked on this. There is a kairotic moment in history, and yet if every moment is kairotic, there would not be any kairotic moment. You and I know that, for a man of the spirit, every moment is kairotic. And yet, we also know if every moment were kairotic, there wouldn't be any kairotic moment. This is, in a way, a part of the pain: it means that you and I are always only a little way from the schizo, and we must never forget it. Only the wild people in history know anything about the kairotic. There have to be these people. They are the odd ones, the ones that are creatively thrown out of the solidification of structures of society. The kairotic moment is the experience of living between the times. This is when you reculture culture, and Tillich is pretty clear on this, though I never heard him spell it out the way I would have liked to.

In the history of our Movement, it was when we saw that knowing was not divorceable from doing, and doing was not divorceable from knowing, that occasioned the bottom falling out which disclosed for us the rubric of being. We had been in existence quite a few years, mainly on the knowing pole, just before the doing period, which started in 1964 in Fifth City and lasted just four years. Then the implosion came. It was the intensification of knowing and doing. Then came an implosion in the implosion, and the bottom was kicked out of being itself. We have been in that implosion ever since.

There is white-hot spirit in the cooling off of the lava. That white-hot spirit is the implosion into being which is the intensification of knowing and doing. Categories like "chastity" would help you get hold of that. Anyway, in the broad historical picture, or the broad attempt to understand philosophically the dynamics of the journey of man, sanctification is that solidification. That word "solidification" worries me, because I do not think that you experience it as solidification save you pull back from it. But what you do, so to speak, is to box up what cannot be boxed up.

You remember in the New Testament where it says you work out your salvation? It is as though justification is passive. Something happens to you. Then, in principle, you spend the rest of your life working out that which happens to you. In the great debates of faith and works, that working out was interpreted as the way to salvation. No, no! The New Testament is about this salvation working itself out in every fiber of your doing and knowing and being. I think what both philosophers, in their way, and

theologians in their way, have been trying to clarify is how this working out is not the same state of being as the state of justification.

For example, it is possible to be utterly solitary in justification. I do not mean that it ever happens outside of community at all, but it is utterly solitary. But sanctification is the making manifest of that solitariness.

In any time, you always have sentinel bodies that represent the masses of mankind. It would be interesting for us to try to get clarity on precisely where the sentinel bodies are. Back in earlier days, the college campuses were the barometers of the time in which we live. I do not think they are now. In fact today, I am not even sure that the sentinel bodies are discernable. That, of course, is not a true statement. What it means is that you don't have eyes to behold precisely. They are manifest, all right, but they are probably not going to be what comes to your mind or mine immediately.

Now I want to turn and look head-on at the dynamic we call Sanctification. As we do so, we have first to remember that we are doing this for the post-modern world and that you therefore have a different twist. You have to remember that you are dealing on the ontological level and not the moral. As you look back, frequently it looks as if our fathers of the faith were dealing with the moral. Now I want to be very kind to them. If I were standing where they were standing, I am not so sure that they were only dealing in the moral. Perhaps we could take a Psalm, or Flew's book on perfection or samples from several different writers on the holy life and see if you could work backwards how they penetrated through the moral to the ontological. Maybe what we are saying by this is that by the time what the church pointed to with sanctification got down to us, it was thoroughly moralized. Anyway, sanctification has nothing whatsoever to do with your moral life, only with the ontological deeps of it.

The second thing we have to remember is that, although I am going to use the language of virtue to try to get hold of sanctification, in our day we do not think of virtues as interior habit patterns. We think of virtues as objective relations. That is quite a turn in our time. It appears that our Fathers may have been dealing with subjective qualities. Whether they were or not, some of you emerging theologians have to dig that out and footnote it. But in our day we grasp sanctification as something utterly objective. Sanctification, to use language that we are clear about, has to do with the decisional dimension, the relational dimension in which the decisional aspect of humanness has become manifest.

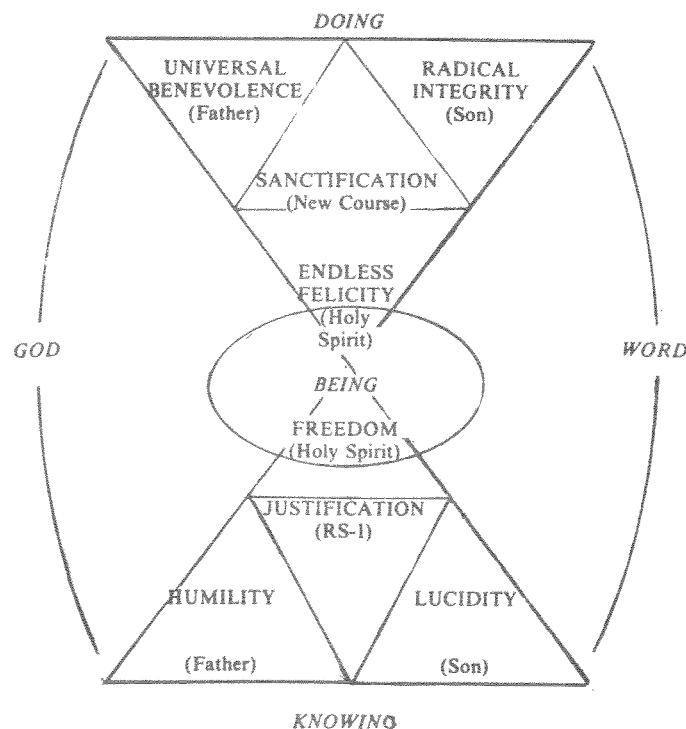
There is a third thing I would call on us to remember. In the past, maybe because of the world view, it looked as if sanctification had to do with the individual. Certainly in this century, where an intensified pseudo-individualism has defined Western society, this was the case. I believe it was present in Wesley also, although you can point to other things in Wesley. Today, at least, sanctification has to do with society first rather than with the individual. This is not only because society is the arena in which sanctification manifests itself, although that is fundamentally the reason. There is also the fact that a person who is not busy building the New Social Vehicle will never know anything about what sanctification is. You cannot be aware of it outside of radical engagement in building a new world.

These three things help us over a crucial problem that has to do with the so-called doctrine of assurance. I think that what I have said about the relationship to the post-modern world deals with that. That is, sanctification is a state of being that is in no way a psychological state; therefore, there can be no assurance in some form of feeling. I am trying to say it is not an experience; it is a state of being. This is its decisional aspect. you can sense in the Psalmist a kind of unbelievable assurance, the kind of assurance in which he is able to say all Hell has broken loose. But that assurance, if you will notice, is decisional assurance.

The other classical problem, of course, is the relationships of justification to sanctification. You remember that when Calvin had to deal with the problem of assurance, his words were, "There is no such thing." He said that nobody can be sure about his final salvation. Final salvation means that you do everything you do for the glory of God. If you are not saving that board for the glory of God, then you know you are lost. However, even if you are, that is no guarantee that you are saved. So you need to be out there building a new society. But that is no assurance of anything. I do not even see this as debatable.

I might also add here that on this level, it does you no good to go first looking up things in books. You have to think a while, then turn to books. This is not an exercise in gnostics, and gnosticism is going to be a far greater temptation here than it has been before.

The other great issue in the relation of justification and sanctification is not divorced from the problem of assurance. In fact both Calvin and Luther tend somewhat in the direction of it. It is that if you are justified, you are sanctified. They saw that relationship as very immediate, or that justification and sanctification are two sides of the same coin. We have often used that in our day to get ourselves out of perplexity. But that relationship is what the diagram below shows.



In justification we draw the triangle with the Father or God pole at the top, the Son or Word pole in the lower left and the Holy Spirit or Freedom pole in the lower right. However, here I have rotated the RS-I triangle a third of the way to the left so that the Spirit pole is at the top. Then I have drawn the sanctification triangle as a mirror image so that both Spirit poles are in the center and the God and Word poles are on corresponding sides.

If we use the language of virtue to point to the happening of justification, we call the God happening humility. You can understand that. I remember the first time that was ever put up, one colleague was so irritated. He could not stand humility and he was going to have nothing to do with a Christianity that had to do with humility. He outgrew that when he saw that humility did not mean Uriah Heep. A man of faith is not humble before me; he is humble before God. Take the word "contingency" and put it into the sense of a virtue or basic relationship to life, and you get your secular equivalent. You are a creature, forever a creature.

Then, in the Son dynamic, lucidity is the virtue or the relationship that is present. In the spirit part, it is freedom.

Now you can do the same thing with sanctification. The equivalent to humility is Universal Benevolence. The word "benevolence" is ruined for us today, but it was a fine word. Maybe "good will" holds it. The word "universal" helps to hold it. Then, where the Son dynamic is, I want to put Radical (and I mean by that "foundational") Integrity. Here would be included the virtues associated with the stoic sense of honor. The self-control of Aristotle could fit into that. Or the category of wisdom could fit in there. Then, on the Spirit pole, I am going to put in a word like "eternal," or "Endless Felicity."

I would like to add that justification is the category of knowing when you think of it as a whole. And sanctification is the category of intensified doing when you think of it as a whole. Then the center, the intensification of both, is the category of *being*. It just occurred to me the other day that when you break the word being down in a certain way, you get BE-I-NG. There is a district superintendent in Malaysia that we know well whose name is NG. And I thought "Well, by golly, it would be simple for him: I be NG." Now, if I wrote over here "JOE," it would be "I be JOE." That is humorous, but I am serious. It is right here where all that business about becoming the being of your being happens and no other place.

Also notice that on the left is the God dynamic and on the right the Word dynamic. Now since justification and sanctification are but two sides of the same coin, you can see a transparency within the transparency that is there for each pole and for the whole. That is, if you place the two behind each other with the poles corresponding, you can look through lucidity which is justification, and see integrity. And vice-versa, if you look through integrity you see lucidity, and so on for the others.

But we also need to articulate the dynamics of justification. First of all, there is the breaking in of no-thingedness.

In justification you begin with the external happening in your life, which could be the bite of a bumble bee or the death of your son, that throws you to the edge of the

universe where you find something that is absolutely other than you. That is the beginning of it. It is into that vacuum that the awareness comes. It is the awareness that you have no other universe to live in. It is that simple, that mundane. Or it is the awareness that "My God, I made it! In a great big hunk of nothing, here I is." It is very mundane.

The next dynamic, the most frightening one of all, is that that awareness in the midst of being over against finality, leaves you no choice but to make a decision about the decision of your life. You have to say just one of two things: "Yea, verily" or "NO." If you say NO, you have made a decision. You never say just NO. That's an incidental thing. What you say is "Something else is going to be my God." It is like the woman who says, "I would do it but I can't give up my children." There is no sentiment in that. All she is saying is that she had decided that the children are going to be the center of her life. No weeping in it. That is just the way it is. That is what she decided. Should could say "Yes", and for the sake of God, decide to give them up as the center of her life.

That decision to say, "Yea, verily," is the embracement of the freedom that you are. There is the burden, but also the great joy and great fascination. That is what you mean by the Holy Spirit, only the Holy Spirit is the whole thing. He took your cherished idol away; he brought in the awareness of possibility; he pushed you up against the unavoidable decision. Then, when you can say, "Yea," when you embrace who you are, you are freedom.

It is at that point and no other point that sanctification has any reality. After justification you are standing in the center of the Spirit, but the happening of sanctification does not start there. No, you start on the Father pole. The best way I have to get hold of what happens here is that in justification the divine activity is pulling the rug out from under you, leaving you standing on nothing. That means pulling every rug out from under you, or you do not have the nothing. Sanctification is exactly the opposite. God does not pull the rug out, but he takes a hundred-ton crane and all at once drops it on you—BANG! The bit of humor in that is that you are already standing over nothing. That is hard enough to do with just your own body, and now he has dropped a hundred-ton crane and that crane, obviously, is the universe. Oh, he is mean, and anybody who did not see that God is an S.O.B. has not yet arrived at the center. Well, if you thought he was an S.O.B. there, now in sanctification it is squared, mainly because you have nothing to stand on. Now, if you were on good solid ground, most of us could be a reasonable facsimile of Atlas, but when you have nothing to stand on, then it is entirely different. It is utterly irrational. If you thought justification was irrational, then sanctification is the double paradox.

Sanctification is when you become aware, to put it in mundane human terms, that you were pulled out of the rear end of a cow. I mean that you were not born first into your family, or into your nation, into your race, religion or into your church. You were born first into humanity. A cow had you, not your momma. That is the hundred-ton crane. Every single fiber of your being right at this moment is trying to find ways to deny that, by this and by that, even by saying that this is an awful crude picture. Anything to get out from under that crane.

All this does not happen when you are sitting around on cloud nine. It only happens in the concretions of life. As Kierkegaard says, when you are beyond the naive stage, you do not have to be hit by an outside sledge hammer to have the effect of being hit by a sledge hammer. Even your imagination can tear your world to pieces. Before, it took ten deaths in your family to do it. But when you are in sanctification there is a subtleness, but the force of it is unbelievable. You know that right now in your life you are having the deepest spiritual struggle you ever had, all of you. And some of you are not going to make it. You are going to find three good reasons to give up. Not that I would expect to want that, but those are just the hard facts of life. You have to remember that you are not one bit different from every one of us in the room. This is the beginning of the experience of being pulled out of the tail-end of a cow.

In our day, it may be intensified by external occurrences, where you have just a whiff of a culture other than your own. I have noticed it among people in the East who have been angry with me, a person of the West. I have noticed in them the kind of struggle that I have in me. One way to try to stave off having to become a global person is to be angry with those of another culture, saying that they do not understand your culture, merely an obvious fact anyway.

Now, it is not that sanctification, as we are beginning to talk about it, has not been going on for years. Ten years ago, twenty years ago, the first time that you ever got the slightest inkling of that hundred-ton crane, that was sanctification. Think of the hundreds you have known who, as long as you were playing the tune of justification, danced to the drummer's beat, but then they smelled sanctification, they sank, for reasons you cannot even relate.

What I have described is not the pain. The pain has to do with awareness, it is awareness relative to integrity. It is as if the problem of lucidity turned into the problem of integrity. You can talk about this inside yourself. Remember how exciting it was to be lucid? And then how painful it was to discover that lucidity had a price? And guess what the price was: integrity. It has nothing to do with morality at all. It has to do with standing, but you do not say it aloud. You say it inside, as when you line up your teen boys and say, "Boys, you know that you got stuck with a stupid, broken, fragile father, but I want you to get one thing clear: whenever you come back, he is going to be standing right where he is now." The Psalmist knew this too. There is the pain, beyond the pain of life itself.

This dimension of awareness cannot happen until the hundred-ton crane falls. I am trying to say that every man has his integrity, but it is the *cause* of the god he worships which defines his integrity. If you worship your kids you have a kind of integrity because the cause of your kids becomes your cause and that defines your integrity. But that is not what I mean by radical integrity. In that awful moment when the hundred-ton crane has crashed, then integrity is laid bare, and that is the pain. It is only when I have to face the fact that all that my life is about is hundred-ton cranes crushing on me that the pain starts.

Now you are faced with the unavoidable question, the question of your happiness. And, as one of my colleagues said, "This happiness ain't no laughing matter." You have no choice about having to choose. This is the pain of the human happiness of fulfillment. You decide to expend the freedom which you appropriated in justification. Kierkegaard, in the first six pages of his *Philosophical Fragments*, says freedom is like a penny. It is a penny, until you spend it for an ice cream cone. Then you do not have a penny any more, you have an ice cream cone. And freedom must be spent. Here is where Augustine and Pelagius had their confrontation. Unfortunately, many of us have picked up the Pelagian viewpoint which is just the rather obvious awareness that you are always making choices. You have to decide whether to go down this street or that street. Augustine saw so much deeper that Pelagius was not even able to follow him. He saw that there is no such thing as a will except a committed will. It can be conscious or unconscious, but that will is committed. Freedom is spent. And then, out of that already spent will, you make your choices. This is why he emphasized the fact that new birth had to be radical. It had to alter that conscious/unconscious committed will.

The paradox in this freedom, when freedom is committed to this radical integrity, is that freedom is like the woman's barrel of meal: it is spent but always full. It is as if, when you give that freedom to the cause of nothingness, then that freedom which is spent once and for all, is always there to spend—but in no other place. The moment that you worship some idol, which is the means of reducing the weight of the hundred-ton crane, then you spend your freedom; and though you may not know it, you do not have it any more. Fulfillment is only when you take this full responsibility, which means the job is never done. Should creation last 40,000 octillion years, this job is never done. And this is what Aristotle and Plato meant by happiness. It is not having fun, in a mundane way, but it is this expenditure. This is to say that you decide never again will the definition of happiness decide you, but rather you decide the definition of happiness. The expenditure of that freedom is like the new birth. It is a once-and-for-all, which has the quality of being over again. This is your fulfillment. You want a fulfilled life? Then you decide that here is your integrity, and here is your happiness.

Then you say, "Look at me. I am happy. My life *is* happiness." You know you have always wanted fulfillment. I think of a colleague who is searching. He has his fulfillment already in his hip pocket. When he set out to find fulfillment, he had the chance of deciding that his life was fulfillment. Your life is fulfillment, and only in that decision do you maintain your freedom. If you think that happiness is anywhere other than your life, you no longer have any freedom. But when you spend your freedom for the cause of God, then your freedom is always full and running over. I like Phillip's translation of Amos 5:24, "Let justice roll on like a mighty river, and integrity flow like a never-failing stream!" The categories of justice and integrity are both, in Paul's term, right-wisdom, righteousness coupled with joy and peace. But it is the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory, and the peace which passes temporal comprehension.

Now, for a long time we have wondered what it meant to love God. In justification, all of us learned the unbelievable lesson of what it means to be absolutely

absolutely loved of God. In sanctification we are learning what it means for a man to love God; no pioucity, no morality, no legalism, no abstract doctrine, just life—life to the hilt. I believe that our world today is no longer struggling in justification; it is struggling in sanctification. And we have the responsibility of announcing the Word that enables people to name the happening of their life, so that they can *be* what is going on in this time in history.

What I want to talk about is “becoming a *religious*”. The happening in humanness which is the expenditure of your freedom, in which you decide your life in the midst of that happening, is what happiness and fulfillment is all about. In the midst of that happening, you discover you have a vocation for the first time in your life. You are elected; you are chosen. You become aware you are set aside. You become aware you are different from other people. God never calls the clergy. Culture calls clergymen and laymen. God only calls the *Religious*. God, or the Mystery in life, could not care less whether you are a religious as lay or cleric. The moment of resurgence in history is when society becomes aware of mysterious elections to be the Religious.

Many of you laymen and some of you clerics have known for a long time that there is a strange thing here. I thought, until recently, that perhaps there was a difference between a religious cleric and a lay cleric. Not so. A religious is a man who knows what I am talking about. He has no question about his calling. He is called. The religious is an engaged man. Whether in law, business, medicine, or priesthood, he is engaged to the bottom. No more time belongs to him—his life is engagement. The religious is a deeply disciplined man down inside. He knows he could not take three steps otherwise. The religious is a radically corporate man. He belongs to the whole race. No longer is there any sense of being an individual. He is corporate. The religious is an obedient man. He is obedient with a strange kind of detachment that allows him to experience the Holy Spirit in his being as a power and a force most men would never dream of.

Nobody can call a Religious or not call a Religious. He is called; he is called to care about all of humanity. These things have to be done for him, for us.

In order to keep from being burned to a crisp, we first have to be given a *context*, in which this is related to the whole of history and not simply to our own little interior being. Secondly, we have to be given a *construct*. Try to do this alone, and we are lost souls. That construct, I believe, has to be multi-farious, but it has to be a construct. Lastly, it has to be given a *climate*. By a climate, I mean what I am doing now. Those of you for whom this has no meaning, forget that you are here for awhile. I have been climatizing you. You have time over the next three years to work this through together. If I were you, I would read again *The Journey to The East*, or I would get a little book called *The Journey of Kierkegaard*. I believe that I would also read *Dark Night of the Soul* by St. John of the Cross, and even though I might understand only one out of every ten sentences, I would stay with it until I got to the bottom of it. That is what I mean by having climate.

Who are you? Do any of you wish to accept yourselves? That is fine. That is what you ought to do. You are like an advisory board to what may be an unbelievable

Global Movement. You understand that without such a board there could be no Global Movement. To be honest, sometimes I wish you were merely advisors. But you are not. You are what I have been talking about. You wonder what it means to be a man and launch out into the unknown like those who went before the mast for two years? You are before the Mast that would make any mast look ill. You are on the verge of adventure, and there are perils with adventure.

I worry about you—just a little. Now, you have yourselves a good life til we meet again. Amen.

Human Motivity and The Reformulation of New Community

I am deeply appreciative of the opportunity to be in India on her 25th year of independence, because I believe India is destined, doomed if you please, to play a signal and very concrete role in the great human resurgence which I believe we are beginning at this moment. It is a strange experience, for I do not know whether you are 25,000 years old—and you have long roots, long before anybody thought of recorded history—or if you are 25 years old. Certainly, you are far beyond 2,500 years old. I am delighted at this moment in history to tread this sacred land.

I am also happy to be here because of both the present and future role the international community, particularly the business community, plays in the world. The role it is going to play is the forging of a brand new civilization beyond the dreams of any of us.

It is trite even to mention the fact that we are living in a critical moment in history. Since the dawn of consciousness itself, which produced man and his civilization, I do not believe anything like it has ever existed. I believe you and I are living in a moment with which no other moment in history could even be compared. Would you not like, just for a moment, to get into a time machine and go into the future 2,000 or a thousand years? Or perhaps it would only take five hundred years or maybe only a century in which people would begin to understand the unbelievable drama in which we are participating. Of course, it is hard to grasp this, because *we are it!*—we are that drama. As a matter of fact, we are a rare thing, for we lived through the collapse of an age in global history. We have lived to see the emergence of the New. Most people in history are either on the down-beat, or on the up-beat. You and I are in one of those rare moment in which we have experienced the bottom and the turn moving toward a crest on the wave of history.

You cannot talk about our moment in history as simply a cultural, economic or political phenomenon. It is more radical, more foundational than that. It is an alteration in human consciousness itself. It is as if an implosion in the midst of the explosion of our day has happened. In the past there have been five or six inventions of an image of man which have maintained themselves into the 20th century. One certainly came out of our American Indians, both in North and South America. Another fundamental invention of humanness emerged from the Arabic lands, which now are made up of North Africa and the Near East. One came out of Black Africa, the

sub-Sahara. One came from the Orient, or China. One, of course, was invented in the West. Perhaps the most significant one of all emerged in this great land.

Now, in our time, man is inventing all over again, out of the stuff of many pasts, an image of what it means to be a human being; but, for the first time in history, it is being done globally. Whether you like it or not, the function the international business community is playing in this process, consciously or unconsciously, is unbelievable. You are doomed, you are fated to play an unbelievably significant part in this breakloose of human consciousness. The business community is beginning to see its inclusive effect. It is beginning to take responsibility for the effect it is having across the world in every aspect of our social existence.

Now, if what I say is true, then this moment, as we start up toward the crest of the wave, is a moment of human resurgence. When you think of the wild breaklooses in social revolution—the uprising of youth across the world today, the feminine revolution, the revolt of the black man, the revolt of the non-Western world against the Western people—they seem to me to be manifestations of *human resurgence*, a new drive coming into history.

In ancient Egypt, almost overnight a fantastic civilization was built, the remnants or symbols of which reside in the pyramids. Behind that moment in history was a breakloose of consciousness issuing in human resurgence. You can point to the same thing in the ancient histories of China and India. Indeed, in every civilization, you can point to the breaklooses in consciousness that issue in a brand new invention of what it means to be a human being, and in a brand new construction of the social processes in which that humanness is appropriated and acted out.

When I look at those pyramids of Egypt, I am reminded of the thousands of people who seemed to be more or less slaves in building them. But that is the way you and I happen to look at it from our point of history. In looking from the perspective of that moment, there was the farmer who, when the Nile overflowed and he got his rice paddies in, went to work as an unskilled or skilled artisan on the pyramids and other manifestations of a new society, putting creativity into the midst of it. What was behind that fantastic breakthrough in history?

At the time of Queen Elizabeth I, that little island we call England started out across this world and created four brand new nations far greater than Britain itself. In one sense, with all her mistakes and stupidities and brutalities she prepared my country, your country and many other countries of the world for this moment of technology. England alone did that. Just what happened in that country 500 years before Queen Elizabeth II that gave humanness such unbelievable drive?

When the Aryans came through the pass and met Dravidians in India's great history, out of that meeting was created what, to me, was the greatest manifestation of a civilization the world has ever known.

I am reminded also of Confucius, who articulated a brand new understanding of what it meant to be a man. He decided the way he would change the civilization of China with this new understanding was to go to the courts. He stayed there twenty years; but at the end of those twenty years, he looked around and saw that he had

accomplished exactly nothing. So he went out into the wilderness, and he gathered around him a group of young local characters to train them in this fresh understanding of what it means to be a human being. He then sent them to every crossroads and village and town in China. In dealing with local man they forged a brand new construct of primal community which altered the civilization of China.

Another understanding of humanness reconstructed science, permeating Southeast Asia, and spreading throughout all the Pacific Islands, westward into Persia, and on into the Arab lands. Quite unconsciously, this was probably the route of the sort of bi-productive Western invention of man. My question is, what happened in that dim, dim past which released the vitality of these cultures?

We are now at a time in which, due to various forces, the worlds we have built have been collapsing. The British Empire is only one little illustration of what I am talking about. But I mean something deeper than that: The self-understanding of China, India, Africa, and Latin America have collapsed, too.

But, out of the death of this age comes the birth of a new age. I believe a new civilization is now being forged, and all of us who have been awakened have the choice of participating or getting drowned in it. This is a rare experience for any person in history. I have very little patience with people who still despair over the future. I think they are not capable of grasping that the pains we experience and the complexity of human problems are but the birth pains of a civilization, such as man to this moment has never dared dream of. Yesterday, the agonies, which all of us who are at all sensitive were experiencing, were not birth pains; they were death pains. It was the death of what any of us had come to know as the civilizing process. Now, if you and I resign, that will not stop this happening.

This focuses our attention on new horizons of human motivity, that is, human motivity in relationship to the brand new world coming into being.

Often, when people talk about human relations, they take a psychologistic approach: How can you best manipulate people in order to get the most out of your investment? When you live in a relatively stable moment of history, that may be all right; but when you live in a moment when civilization is exploding, then you have to drill much deeper if you are going to bring about human motivity. In the slums of West Chicago, we would not have lasted five minutes with the psychologistic approach to human motivity. We had to dig underneath it.

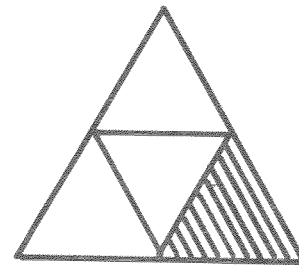
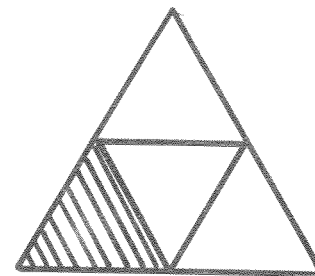
One of the great things the crisis of the hour has done for us is to force us to re-think the theoretics of inclusive human relations; or, to use technical language, to re-think the sociological manifestation of the sociality of man. By sociality of man, I mean that we have to live together. By the sociological manifestation, I mean the forms we create in which we can operate with some degree of effectiveness and efficiency together. What we have come up with in our day is dynamical sociality. In every social situation, in business and production, this new understanding is manifesting itself. No longer is society understood substantialistically. In the natural sciences of the world today, nobody ever saw or will ever see an atom. The reality is the relationship, not the entity. Similarly, in the social sciences, there is no substance called management, a

substance called stockholders, a substance called labor. The reality in business is not the labor force, nor the capital force, nor the managerial force. The reality is the interrelationship of those. In society at large, we call this interrelationship the social process. We are discovering that these sociological manifestations of human sociality are dynamical. They are a complex dynamic, not composed of interrelationships or social substances or entities, but a matter of happenings—dynamics that are interrelated, interdependent upon one another. For instance, the social process, as a whole, is a dynamic comprised of three major dynamics.

The first is the **Economic dynamic**, the means in which society sustains itself in existence. Comprising the Economic process are the dynamics of Resources, of Production, and of Distribution. Underneath any analysis, whether you go to Marx or Smith, you are going to find these manifestations of humanness being dealt with. Through converting raw stuff into resources, converting those into usable goods, and then building a system whereby these goods are distributed, society maintains itself in existence.

The second major dynamic comprising the social process is the **Political dynamic**, is not politics, but polity, or the organizing dynamic of society. The economic process cannot go on if there is not some kind of polity and organizing process in society in order that man is able to live and support himself. The first dynamic in that process is *Order*. The fathers who founded my nation said, "Provide for the common defense and promote domestic tranquility." There has to be order without and within. This is where we get our domestic and international ordering forces. In order to do that there has to be some kind of a covenantal relationship. We must come to some consensus, whatever its form. Our country has a written constitution. Great Britain has an unwritten constitution; but men have consensed together or these nations could not operate. This consensus is the basis of a legal system. Even if it is a coagulation of mores commonly consensed on, without it you would not have a people; you would not have a social structure. These same dynamics define every kind of social coagulation. A family exists by the same process. If you belong to a fraternity or any other organization, or society, the same dynamics are there. You always have these dynamics.

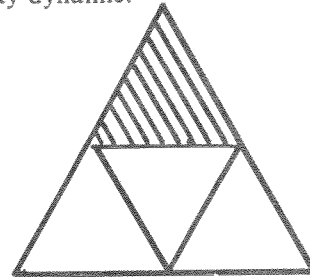
The second dynamic of the Political is *Justice*. This deals with the problem of equity. Though no nation is or can be built upon ideal equity, justice is a nation's effort



to keep some kind of balance of equity within itself.

The third dynamic in the Political process is that of well-being, or *Welfare*. The founding fathers in my constitution said we were to take care of people's physical and social needs, or their whole welfare. They used that very ancient term, *well-being* or *happiness* in which the total man was cared for. When something happens which leaves me out, then, it is the government's job to see something happens to include me in. If Welfare is not there you do not have an adequate polity dynamic.

There is a third major dimension in the social processes of any society, and I have put it at the top of the triangle. I call it the **Cultural dynamic** of society. By that I mean the dynamic where basic images of a society are created and transmitted from one generation to another. That is, what it means to be a human being is transmitted, along with the practical wisdom of how to spear fish or run a nuclear laboratory, if that is what you do. Education, or *Wisdom*, is a part of the Cultural dynamic.



Style is another part of that dynamic. Every culture has its style. The more complex the society, the more complex the style. A culture not only lives out of its rational images, but it lives out of its formulated postures. Every culture has to develop an individual style or it cannot exist as a culture. Whatever varieties there may be in it, there has to be a style. There also has to be a form for basic relationships. We call this *the family*, but not the kind of family we created in the West—that is just one kind of family. I am speaking of a basic community which has to do with sex, marriage, and the family, to use the jargon of the West. Other cultures might put it another way. There have to be forms which define the first community in which you wake up. It might be a multiple family. Then, there is what I call *primal* community. That is the basic cluster of social relationships in which a family exists. The family I grew up in was part of a little tiny town called Ada, in the state of Ohio in midwestern America. In one sense, Ada, Ohio was more primal than our family. Our family could not grasp who it was without existing in a basic community beyond our family. Every society has that form.

Or look at India's own primal society where you had that great social invention called the caste system. I want to come back to that for it was a creative invention. It was not, I suppose, until even as late as the twelfth century that it began to deteriorate and really become a problem. Your panchayat—an unbelievable social invention—held your primal community style.

The third dynamic defining culture is **the Symbolic dynamic**. No society has ever existed or ever can exist without a symbol system. It is the symbolism whereby any society communicates to itself who it is as that society. The rudimentary symbol system in any society is its *Language*. It is often taken for granted, but we communicate who we are through our language more than anything else. Secondly, there is *Art*, not simply fine art but social art. Then there are what I call the trans-historical symbols, or the mythology. Every society has its mythology, or its stories. Some call that *Religion*,

though we often do not like to use that word today. For even when people do not have a religion, formally, they have some way to relate themselves to the cosmos. It may be driven down into the unconscious, but it is there. Without its story as to where it came from, what it is, and where it is headed, a society does not exist. That is to say, every society has to have a reference point beyond itself in order to have a sense of identity.

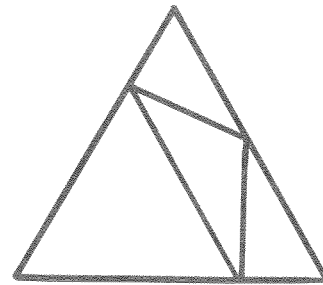
Now when I say that these are dynamical, I mean none can exist by itself. If you took any of these away you would not see anything, because it is the relationship that enables us to posit these realities. Therefore, what I am doing today is an abstraction. It is the function of the Cultural to signify, to enlighten, give vision to the Political and Economic. The Economic, without enlightenment or visioning, turns into nothing. Now, the function of the Economic, obviously, is to maintain these. Without it, the others do not exist. If the Economic begins to tyrannize over the Cultural, the Political defends it by putting squeezes on the Economic. This is crucial in considering community reformulation. The function of the Political is to defend society. Defense delimits, but its fundamental task is the nurturing, the fostering, the defending of a society.

When you move into the arena of community reformulation you have to do your own analysis. You have to know what you are doing. The reason I emphasize this, even to the point of exaggeration, is that every "do-gooder" in America who has a guilty conscience wants to go into the slums to do something to save his own inner being. Well, the slums do not need that kind of help; as a matter of fact, it does harm!

If you are going to be effective, to have something actually happen rather than put proud flesh over a deep wound, or nurture some need in yourself as you go to work with the less privileged in the world, then you have to be extremely objective. In the midst of deep involvement there must be detachment. It must be scientific. You must also be *comprehensive*. In other words, when you attack your concrete area to attempt to reformulate, you have to begin with a broad and deep understanding of the total social process itself. If you go into a black ghetto, or any other kind of ghetto and pretend you are going to re-do humanness without being grounded in a comprehensive understanding of the dynamics of the sociological manifestation of human sociality, then you had better stay out. You would be better off and so would the people.

Because these dynamics are always moving and shifting by their very nature, they are never in equal balance. In every society, they shift out of balance. Sometimes the Political gets overextended and squashes the others; sometimes the Cultural gets overextended and squashes the others. I suspect for the first time in recorded history, the Economic is overextended. In previous times, the Economic processes were taken care of in the family; in the state, and in certain organizations called the guilds, or your original caste construct, rather than in a separate independent community. In our day, they have become an independent entity and have grown with a rapidity, a force and a power that has made the Political and Cultural development in the world look rather ill.

The Economic dynamic of society is the tyrant today. We are not talking about the "nasty old businessman." We need these businessmen, or we would not be able to live the way we do. We are saying instead that the Economic dynamic of life controls the images which define our existence. In the West and really, across the face of the globe, we are discovering that the economic images of life's significance are not adequate to carry the meaning of being human. That is where the malaise and the despair of the West is located.



When the Cultural collapsed, the Economic moved in to fill that vacuum. I do not mean something from outside. Take individual style, for instance. What are the values that tend to rule a man in our day whether he be rich or poor? They are the Economic values, the values of success. Most families are built around the Economic well-being of that family. Everywhere in the world the Economic community has moved into education: the technological schools have become the most crucial dynamics in education today. What are the life symbols we live by? Take language. The jargon of technology has consumed every language. As a matter of fact, it is the closest thing we have to a universal language. In terms of the scientific, urban, and secular revolutions, these values control our interior being.

This dynamic has rendered relatively impotent the political dynamic. My country, perhaps more than any other, is an illustration of the Economic rendering impotent the Political in order to fill the vacuum left by the disintegration of the Cultural. The Economic forces of my country run it. People in the world criticize Mr. Nixon and should. But Mr. Nixon is not running our country, nor is the common man. I believe that is an accurate analysis of our time. if you disagree, that is all right, for what I am after is methodology.

The revolution in the world today is Cultural. Some of us here are not going to live to see this happen, but it is already on the move! The Economic community itself is going to play a signal role in the recovery of the Cultural which brings a kind of balance back into society. This balance will be the new civilization, which will also get out of balance. But it may happen in a different way, and probably way beyond my lifetime. We are getting pretty close here to what I mean by motivity. If this revolution is not brought to self-consciousness in every situation, then do not be surprised if you do not have drive in your outfit. You can see we are down about a million miles deeper than the psychologistic approach to human relations. If you are interested in productivity, really, then you are not interested in what I am saying. But I believe if you are, then you will understand that what I am saying here is the key to motivity in the emerging new world.

The practical aspect of any such radical revolution within civilization is finally accomplished on the local level, not on the top, or bureaucratic level. Civilization is not reborn from the top down; in fact, that is probably the last place you would want to look for the birth of a new culture or a new sociological frame. You begin to look for it down with local man. Indeed, you do not have a new civilization until the mind of local man is reprogrammed, basically by local man himself. Out of the reprogramming of his

mind, he begins to build those local structures which delineate primal community, on the pillars of which the superstructure of any society is built.

Now, I am an old, hardened, battle-scarred, structural revolutionary. By "structural revolutionary" I mean that I am out to occasion change within the structures of society. I have been in Delhi talking with gatherings of the Family Foundation and with the faculty and sponsors of the Central Institute of Training, Research and Public Cooperation concerning their twenty metropolitan areas where government and private interests, together, are running experiments in community reformulation in India. I suppose they would have somebody like me come because I am an agent of structural change in the United States.

I really want to deal with a little hunk of geography on the West Side of Chicago in the United States. We call these sixteen square city blocks *Fifth City*. It is in a Negro ghetto, 100% black. The only white people who have been there for some time are the Institute staff who have been working there. It is one of the worst ghettos in the country. The crime rate is extremely high. I sometimes think there is a carry-over from the gangster's period in Chicago for this was Al Capone's ground. Perhaps if you are old and have gray hair you will remember him as the gangster who gave Chicago the reputation of being the wickedest city in the world. That is the kind of area we live in. We moved there because we believe if the United States of America was going to be changed it was necessary to move into local areas to begin to fertilize the situation such that local man could begin to grow as a sign that the future would be different.

I am not going to talk about that, except to say that the crucial problem in the reformulation of the slums in the United States, and I believe in the world at large, is the problem of human motivity. Any expertise we have developed has been out of the practical and difficult task of attempting to understand motivity in the midst of the black ghetto of our country.

You may remember in 1968 when the blacks rebelled, they burn huge sections of our great cities. one of the ironies of it—although it served a useful purpose I am sure—is that they burned their own communities. Our section of Chiago was probably the worst hit of all the cities in the United States—miles of flattened ground. Our government, of course, became frightened. So did the white bourgeois suburbanites, and the business communities. Our government set up all kinds of studies. They invited us to come before the Senate to make a report on the problems of the ghetto.

The first basic problem in the inner city, and I believe across the world, is the political problem. The people in Fifth City, and any local men in a slum area, have *no way of authentically participating in the decision-making processes* by which their own destiny is decided. In different societies this situation arises in different ways.

The second basic problem was that in this fantastically affluent moment in history, especially in my country, *a vacuum of social structures* in the ghettos means that there is no adequate way to funnel a portion of that affluence into the ghettos. Frequently we call this the problem of poverty; that is not, however, the basic problem. I suspect the poor are always going to be with us in one form or another. But there have to be local structures which can meet the basic needs of man in some way or another.

The second principle is to do a comprehensive job. That is, you deal with *all human problems at once*. Those who go in to help the youth might as well save their efforts. If you go in to start a preschool you might as well save your time. You have only one life to live. If you go in just to do adult education, we believe you might as well save your efforts because you must deal with every human problem all at once.

Now, how do you find out what those human problems are? You have your abstract model already. You have Economic problems, and you have Polity problems (I will call it polity rather than political because you are not dealing here, at the moment, with the political parties). But, you will soon notice that the real problem is in the Cultural; therefore, we put three beats on it—the Education, the Style, and the Symbolic dynamics. When you go into 5th City, using the analysis you have made, you look for these problems. Now, as an outsider, you do not try to tell the people of a community what their problems are. Instead, you give them a dynamic through which they can organize, and therefore rationally locate where their problems are.

Then, they begin to delineate under this dynamic what those problems are. I remember we spent two years doing nothing but sorting out the latent hidden leadership of the community, getting them together, and having them delineate where the problems were. The shocking thing is that they could be rationally ordered so that they made sense to the people, giving them some way to move ahead and attack. I think the first list they made was something like 913 problems. With that, you have not the slightest idea where to begin; yet you have to do them all at once. If you do not rationally organize them you stand there paralyzed. It is like going to a library because you think you ought to read, and there are so many books you do not know where to start. That is why cataloguing came into being, to overcome that paralysis. You must attack all human problems at once. That is the second principle!

Third, you have to deal with *all life phases at once*. That is, you deal with the young ones, the youth, and the adults all the way to "Grandma". In our educational program we started with youngsters six months old. It was not just to take care of them. We have a school for them; and in those first eight to ten months they can identify African music. It is amazing how they identify certain kinds of symbolism—the kind of symbolism you want them to live out of when they grow up. The color black is going to be crucial to those people as they grow. We start with the babies and then we have mini-school before preschool, and preschool, then they go on to kindergarten school. When they go to elementary school, we work with them after school. At high school level, they begin dropping out, so we have a special program for those who drop out. It is necessary to have a program for those who can go on to higher education. When we first went there, there was not a single college graduate in that area; now there are fifty. If we had not started community reformulation there would not have been anyone there for another fifty years. The leadership is coming. You also need to work with the adults in education. That is a crucial need. Those who say forget the adults and teach the children are wrong. Hitler tried that. It did not work—it destroyed him. The elders must be included in this. In a black community, the grandparents take care of the children when they come home from school. If Grandma and Grandpa have an image

of self-depreciation, they unintentionally undo overnight what you did to the children. You, therefore, get nowhere unless you change the image of Grandma. It does not do any good to have a preschool in the midst of the inner city unless education of the elders also goes on. That is what I mean by working with all phases of life.

The fourth fundamental operating principle is the image of community significance, or *community symbolism*. The very fact that you build a model delineating a neighborhood is the beginning of creating symbolism that changes society. To live in the ghetto, in our nation at least, is to live nowhere. You have no place. Can you imagine living in no place? Those people are constantly "socio-spatially" lost. The beginning of creating the symbolism, which starts community is to delineate the area in which you live, to give it a name. *I live in 5th City*. Barely had that been named, based on one of their own streets, when the people of 5th City began to create songs about their own streets: *I live in 5th City. 5th City is my home*. Why you would not believe the enthusiasm that came with sensing a symbol designating where you live in the midst of history. Then they began to have festivals. Someone was telling me about a community here in which not long ago a group of the poverty people found some old band uniforms, dressed up, and had a parade. That is symbolism. The black community began to have festivals. It was interesting in those early days. I would not have walked twenty feet at night out in that community, because you would rarely ever get back. But it was not long before one could go out and walk around on the streets. When symbolism began to flow, then the roots of community began to grow.

This was 5th City community reformulation. There was a part of it that began to build economic structures, part of it that began to build political structures; and a part, operating as the Cultural dynamic, that began to build the educational, stylistic, and symbolic structures of community. With the people and problems they delineated, we then began to build sub-structures—four major structures under each one of the basic problems. I will not go over them all for you, though I have some charts to hand out. For instance, under the Economic is the problem of housing, and that of employment or income. Also there is the problem of the consumer. Perhaps it is not true in your part of the world, but when some people have junk to sell they take it into the ghettos, and charge the people more than is paid for good material outside. They do not know the difference. These people have to be protected as consumers, or better yet, have to protect themselves. That is crucial in our nation. Then there is the problem of health, which is also crucial. We put that up under the sustaining dynamic of society. The 5th City community built a health outpost that relates to the health structures of the city. I suppose that about 500 people a day go through that health outpost. With all of these, there are four sub-structures. Actually, these were also taken down to different levels, because the housing problem is not simply one problem but many kinds of housing problems. You try to build these structures which give you ways to handle your local society. In principle, then, the community was reformulated.

Now how do these operate? To run these structures, they built a *Guild system* of awakened neighborhood people who took responsibility in the community. One group was responsible for the Economic dynamic. They were the Economic Guild. Another

group were responsible in the Educational arena. Some took responsibility to be the Political Guild. Others were responsible for Style and Symbol, so that you have five master guilds, manned by the awakened neighborhood people.

A second master construct to care for the whole community was set up, called *Stakes*. A body of awakened people would be the Stake force in each Stake. Their task was to move out in the neighborhood and care for every person who lived there. "To care for," meant that if anyone was sick he would be taken to the Health Center. If anyone was not making as much money as he had to make in order to live, he was put into the structure dealing with income. If children were not in preschool, they were entered in a preschool. If there was a child who needed to get into high school he would be assisted through the educational constructs. In this way the community cared for itself. The stakes thus mediated the comprehensive structures of society down to the local community. The way the people were put into those local structures enabled all of society to minister to itself.

They found they needed to have a *Council* so the interested people in the community could meet every three months and make decisions together. Their attention span was very short the first couple of times they met. You had to write out speeches for those who could read them, and with great labor they did so. Now, you may not believe this, but now there are leaders in that community who can give this lecture far better than I can give it, and have been invited to universities to give such lectures. The talent is there. What you provide are the tools, and the help to develop the skills for using them. The charismatic leadership of our outcasts in America is fantastic.

Then they have what they call a *Presidium*, a few of the citizens who have become leaders, who constantly watch over the whole construct. The Presidium now has what they call a *Board of Managers*, which the community supports, giving just a minimum amount of money to live. They spend their full time ensuring that the structures work. straightened out so that it is *human* sociology they deal with, and not abstract statistics. When one of them is brought in to evaluate the work of 5th City, I am appalled by the criteria he uses. Perhaps this is my eccentricity, but I want them to ask whether human beings have been changed.

I am not just interested in the particular people in that particular community. I am interested in local man, in finding a way to release his creativity into the civilizing process as a whole.

I believe that out of the experimentation in forging their own lives, the *guts* of human resurgence is found, and, indeed, the rock-bottom foundation of a new, hard-headed, realistic, social being.

I stopped by Ahmadabad the other day and for the first time went to the Gandhiji Ashram there. It is held as a museum. As I was walking through there, I asked myself, "Where did that little man get that drive?" He moved out into the impossible and did it. We who are not so forcefully driven would have buckled under the first wave of opposition. Where did he get that motivity?

I believe that radical motivity comes from *interior space*, *interior time*, and a *sense of being*. I am talking about the Negro ghetto as I deal with what is underneath it. I am convinced that when a man's interior understanding of *space* is small, then his motivation is small. If I only thought in terms of Ada, Ohio, that small town I lived in, my motivity would be about as big as Ada, Ohio. Can you apply that to a factory? In direct proportion to a man's interior space in which he lives and in direct proportion to its expansion, is the intensification of motivity. If I live simply in terms of the United States of America, then I have motivity that size. If I begin to live in terms of relationship to the whole globe in my time, then my motivity expands. Where did Gandhi get his drive? All over those walls he says, "Sure I am interested in my people, in my nation, but I am intereted in humanity, in mankind." You and I who go around with our interest centered in our family, in our work, in our own village, or in our own country, when the hard places of life come, we collapse. Like a car we have sixteen cylinders in us but they are only hitting on about two. We are mission on about fourteen. But when our sense of interior space expands, then all sixteen begin to hit and acceleration automatically comes from us.

When I was talking about this to a group of sociologists in Delhi, one of the professors asked me, "What about motivity in the village life one or two hundred years ago in India? That is a simple question to answer. Did they live in space? Certainly they lived in space—cosmic space. Back when trans-historical symbols had relevance and power in life, in principle, the most ignorant, the most remote man in India had a sense of participating in the universe. Though that may be hard for us in our urban society to understand, it was true of rural man. I think of the early history of my country when we were winning the West. All castes of Europe came to our shores—some out of prison, those their countries wanted to get rid of—and started out in wagon trains into the West, facing unbelievable hardships, the kind of hardships that would make us effeminate men in the 20th century collapse. But, they moved on. Why? It is as if space was opened up for them. There was the drive.

Secondly, if you want to think about how you are going to get drive out of people, you must think in terms of *expanded time*. Every man not only has a sense of space, where he belongs, but he has a sense of time. If you and I are able to think backwards or forwards a short distance, then our motivity is just that much. The trouble in the black ghetto was that they could not think beyond the space of the ghetto nor beyond the day. They were concerned about where they would get their next meal. Why, they could not afford to think two days down the line, to say nothing of ten years. They went through life asking where they were going, and out of that stance they developed what we call the Negro shuffle—you would not want them to run a machine with that style.

As you begin to get a broader view of time even in your own personal life, you begin to get a picture of what could be ten years from now. If you remember back to your grandfather and further back than that, then that motivity begins to increase and the drive comes. I like to think in terms of the whole journey of mankind through history. There was Gandhi. He thought of the total journey of man, not simply this one

in the 20th century because he thought far beyond independence from Great Britain. he had the drive to bring about independence, the 25th year of which we are celebrating now.

The third category is difficult. I do not mean this to be abstract philosophy. In one sense, it is no more than the intentional awareness of the fact that to the degree that I participate in my interior space and my interior time, I have a sense of being somebody, of *being significant*. I have a sense that my life is a manifestation of that which is far beyond me and therefore gives me a sense of my own worth, of my own significance. I am back to the fundamental problem in the Negro ghetto. One way we dealt with it was to work outside to create inside space. We took people out of the ghetto for visits to other places in Chicago. Some of them had never been out of that ghetto before. Then we began to take trips to other cities: to New York and Washington, D.C. You do not have to take them all. You take a few out of Chicago, and they bring back New York. They bring back New Orleans. Then, though we did not have much money, we wanted to take them outside of our country. The closest nation different from us is Mexico. So, we took 50 people from the ghetto on buses to Mexico. They saw that there were other poor people in the world, and they brought that back. They paid what they could on these trips so they could really participate. We went to the community, took up a collection, and sent three of them around the world to look at every signal place across the globe. That was expensive, but they paid a good bit of it themselves. That did more for the dramatic reformulation of that community, where their motivity was released not only in running their community but in having a social milieu which released the creativity of the individuals within the community.

Now, in terms of motivity in the business world, we want to talk about human relations. You may not get around to it yourselves, but be sure that the day after tomorrow, the business community is going to be doing something like this. I do not pretend to be an expert.

First of all, whether you have a large corporation or a small business, you have to engage every employee in your *master inclusive vision*. The question in human relations has not been what it very frequently looks like; that is, common ownership. That is not your question. What I am raising here is common participation in the vision of the company, or the vision of its out-reach. I can be a sweeper and, you may not believe this, be relatively content. That does not mean I would not want to get ahead in life, if I had a sense that I was participating in a broad vision. Now, this is a bit of a problem for some companies which have not gone to the trouble to spell out their inclusive vision. Their inclusive vision must be their own understanding of how what they do or what they sell is a contribution to society. Suppose I make automobile tires. It would not take an overly bright person, in this moment in history, to begin to relate this fact to the total needs of the world. Without that vision, you cannot expect the human relations in your outfit that you want. But, even the last sweeper in the place must be given an opportunity to participate in that vision.

This means that business has to reorganize on your caste system. Back in the early days of this you had *team operation*. If you had a sales division, that whole division

would grasp itself as a team down to the last sweeper in it. There need to be teams also within it. I do not mean anything sentimental by teams. This is not a psychologistic understanding, trying to manipulate the person. This reorganization is built around the discernable activity which has to go on in the total enterprise. The vision is then filtered on down to the next levels.

I believe that any moments you take away from actual production to communicate the vision of your total enterprise will be more than compensated in increased production. I know of places where, when a unit comes to work, they spend the first 15 minutes looking at the whole vision of the task and the immediate jobs that have to be done. Every person there feels he is participating in their division.

This means you are going to need to create new kinds of methodologies, which have to do, first, with *brainstorming sessions*. By brainstorming sessions I mean units on some level would get together and identify the primary contradictions. Suggestion boxes hinted at this. They are not adequate because they do not give a sense of participation. We have discovered that when even the most unlikely person within a group has an opportunity to get his wisdom in, something happens to the whole productive scheme. Without this method, I do not think you can operate in the future.

Then there is the *workshop methodology*. A workshop method takes the contradiction and rationally pulls out the wisdom of every single employee relative to the resolution of that particular contradiction.

A third methodology is *consensus-making*. Suppose I am a foreman and I have two men working under me. If I am going to do something about radical motivity, I have to find a way to get those men together. Together we have located the contradiction and its possible resolutions. We have sent it on up the ladder and the solution sent back is based on our research. Now I have to have the team believe that their creativity got into this decision-making process. When I do, I never have to go around and say, "Push on here, push on here!" I have built that motivity inside those men.

The last method is *proposal writing*. You can put quotes around "writing," because you do not even have to be able to write—somebody else can do that. I have discovered that in the ghetto. Those people are capable of beginning to draw pictures of the future for their community. The whole business world is going to be surprised by the janitor of a factory, who is capable of articulating the vision of the whole plant.

I believe this is a moment of resurgence in history, such as has never been before. It will not come magically. It will only come when bodies of individuals on this globe finally decide that what is coming is going to come; and not only that, but that they may now be, in their presence and in their action, the kind of world they believe is coming. I do not think there is any dynamic in history that can play as important a role in this creation of a new civilization, this release of human motivity, as the international business community. I think the place where you begin is with the new horizons of human relations emerging in our time.

The Happening of Transparency

The meaning of life is to behold the mystery in everything—or better put, in relation to things. This means beholding the relation to the mystery in every relationship. And since I am my relations and the absolute relation is the "final" real self and is the relation to the mystery, to behold that relation is to be aware of the self. Human fulfillment is this awareness of the self. To know mystery is to know self and vice versa. But there is more. This mystery relation is never independent. It is present only in relations of temporality. (This is *the en soi*.) Moreover, as the mystery appears in the temporal, the temporal is expanded ultimately—so that the specific relation becomes relation to all of creation. So that transparency and universality in the sense of relation to all, are inseparable. The *pour soi* is my freedom which is the relation to the mystery, but this freedom I am before the foundation of the world is expended—but on nothing less than all that is. To be absolutely free is to be absolutely committed. This is the transparency in any given situation. This is to behold the mystery relation which is the self I am. The extinction of self, the resignation, submission, annihilation of self, is the cruciform decision to give yourself on behalf of all. This is obedience to, the vision of, the love of being, mystery, God.

This and this alone is human fulfillment. It holds together Mystery-world-self. The fruit of this, or better, the interior qualities of transparency are: first, enlightenment or certitude in the midst of absolute nothingness; second, peace or problemlessness in the midst of bearing the indescribably complex problems of the world; third, rapture or joyfulness in the midst of the tragedy of life, and fourth, immortality or endlessness in the midst of absolute contingency. (Herein is the discovery of the blind spot of all mysticism: the world in the gap between self and god. This underscores the incarnation and the cruciform principle. It is applying the insight "in but not of." It centers on service, mission, love of man.)

In spelling this out we have to consider:

- (1) The journey to the state;
- (2) The concept of union;
- (3) The delineating qualities;
- (4) The ideals of practices.

All of this is from the perspective of the various insights that define our context. One of the crucial insights in the doctrine of transparency is the *indicative of humanness*. Because this is the indicative of humanness (what humanness is all about) one who is not it, has an invisible sense of emptiness; he is bewilderingly homesick. This is the ground of the feeling of being lost, things are askew and the like. It is a sense that the real is not here, that it is somehow hidden, and I am hence not quite myself. The first step on the journey toward fulfillment is the happening that enables us to come to

terms with this. This is with our lostness. This involves the appearance of the other—nothing—the Mystery. And the awareness that this is our foundational and defining relation. This happening is happened by our decision to be our radical relation (indicative) that is our relation to the mystery beyond yet addressing us in every happening.

The second step on the journey is the expenditure of this self. This is not renunciation but expenditure. It is not annihilation but cruciformity. And in this is our fulfillment. How these two phases relate to each other relative to time is difficult. In the first instance, time has no meaning here at all. The two stages are two sides of the same coin. They can happen simultaneously. And in one sense, neither has really occurred unless both have. Still for some there may be an interval of some time elapse between them. (All of this is crudely spelled out in my talk on *Being on the Journey to the Center*.) It's like when the second phase is delayed the first somehow compensates for it. Anyway, the second begins with the awareness that:

- (1) Your temporality (*en soi*) is all of creation plus the fact that you must relate to all of creation.
- (2) That relation to the transparent mystery is only present in the temporal and in every temporality. The nothingedness is everywhere in everything.
- (3) That you emerged from the universe, creation, humanity (not family, race, nation, etc.) and that you belong to the all.
- (4) That history is created, not fated, and that this journey of man is your journey and hence you are responsible for this journey in every climb and every age.
- (5) That your self is all of you and that this burden of the all is your burden and that it must consume all of you.

This means that you become aware of your all-ness, your integrity, on the radical level. It is the expenditure of your freedom, the submission of your selfhood to involvement. It is cruciformity—the giving of your all, denying yourself for the sake of all. It is death. A dark night. It is blindness, aridity, and hell.

Herein is a man's integrity defined. He knows what is required, not from the outside, but from within. Once this has happened—a decision must be made. The decision is unavoidable for this is what radical humanness is. So one either says yes and dies or he becomes a zombie—either malignant or benign. If he says "yes" and embraces his unlimited humanness then, he is the man. He is humanly fulfilled. As described above, he experiences certitude, peace and joy and endlessness. He lives his one life in service to humanity. There are no external absolutes here. No measuring sticks. One is left in the life long pain of interiorly deciding again and again and again. There are no external signs—such as rags or riches. There is the eternal re-occurrence of one's freedom, of the mystery and the needs of the world. All of this is what we mean by the love of God—our love for God. Event one is God's love for us which enables this second event—our love for God. The love of God then is:

- (1) assuming the burden of the world,
- (2) giving ourselves entirely in the process, and
- (3) accepting this given as our full and overflowing fulfillment.

This is the losing of the self in God. Again, this is internal. There are no external criteria. Success is here an irrelevant term. Yet this is not subjectivity. This internality is objectivity. It is what humanness is all about. There is no mortifying the flesh. It is investment of flesh and the creation of other flesh. It is detached engagement with the passion of willing one thing. One is at this moment aware of the power of a gaze pulsing through him. He is aware of his sharing in being itself (which is the ground of the state of endlessness). He is aware of being in harmony with all creation. He is a fig tree going about being the fig tree he was made and called to be.

We have been dealing with **Transparency**. The transparent fulfillment. The transparent integrity. The transparent love. Just transparent or Jesus love is not a matter of pleasant affirming feelings toward another. Nor is it primarily a relation to an individual. This love is a love for all manifest in a particular act. This love is an expression of a total expenditure of being in a particular act. This love is an expression of my total fulfillment. It is me. It is my being.

Second, transparency or Jesus integrity is not a matter of being faithful to some superimposed rule or image. It is a primal integrity which I myself define in each situation relative to loyalty to the race of man or to creation. It is the beyond of integrity. It is loyalty to being human—to the relationship to the Mystery that defines me. It is my wholeness, or the whole expenditure of my wholeness—my one life on behalf of humanity or creation. Integrity is the over-watching of my death. Again this is a matter of spirit—between God and myself. No other can live, judge, though he can and must be an ever occurring judgment upon me. Thirdly, this love is transparent or Jesus fulfillment. Here the sheer nature of indicative reveals itself. To be sure, I have received my life—decided it, as it is in the midst of tragedy, failure, brokenness and all, to be my given, my fulfillment. Yet there comes—not as consequences but as essential ingredients—certitude, bliss and eternality. It's as if I choose these and they are there. My embracement enables the invisible to be present. When I choose my life as cruciform service, there is the deliverance of certitude, ecstasy and endlessness. These are not additions, not rewards, not special graces. They are the way things are, were, and ever shall be.

The sum of it all is to be found in witnesses from the past. It is perfect love sinlessness, and blessing. It is love, righteousness, and peace. It is perfection, outward, inward, and forever. It is beauty—vision, perfection, and happiness. It is the running over cup right in the midst of this tragic life and vale of tears. It is the double XX. The glory of the Mystery, the divine presence. These, of course, need careful spelling out. The above is but a rough outline of the direction. If you take the categories of love, virtues, and bliss, then you must see these as interdependent dynamics, each related to the other plus each related to the whole. The whole is love of God. The love of God then is each of the dynamics and their inter-relation. First, the love of God is universal benevolence or the love of the world in God and the love of

God in the world. Secondly, the love of God is radical integrity, or the love of self in God and the love of God in the self. Third, the love of God is endless fulfillment, or the love of God in God. This last is the all in all—certitude, bliss, immortality (the state of endlessness). All of this has to do with the now in which the past and the future exist. This is what states of being mean. To love God, finally is at-home-ness, certitude, at-home-ness peace, it is at-home-ness forever.

All of this has to do with The Other World—the world of transparency. Our time is the Age of Resurgence. Our proclamation is the Mode of Transparency. This is not a new structure, a new faith, denomination, church or religion. It is a mode of living, a religious mode to exist in the midst of established religion for the sake of revitalizing it. The mode of transparency has to do with the happenings of the events; one and two (*described above*). It has to do with the internal qualities (*4 or 16 or 64 on the Other World chart*). It has to do with practical exercises (*as in the 144's*). It has to do with missional engagement or historical roles (*such as the religious and the work*). It has to do with social forms (*the dynamical structures of the movement*). It has to do with the context of the post-modern world view. And primarily it rests upon the understanding of the contentless Christ.

This last is becoming clearer every day. In these three sayings it is all held: take up your cross; thy sins are forgiven; my peace I give unto you. In the first Jesus is the exemplar of taking the salvation of the world upon his shoulders even unto death. He is there as the first fruit on the way. Indeed, his person has become the judging sign. To behold him is to behold the humanness of universal benevolence. He is our condemnation and our confidence. In the second, Jesus is the one who grasps sinlessness through grace as none other. Even to the point of seeing that whosoever's sin you (or he) forgave on earth would be forgiven in heaven (by being). It is as if he runs to forgive before you have sinned. He is our integrity. The ontological deeps are probed. Our only concern is to follow and trust. This is righteousness. Sinlessness. Integrity. It is walking in the way of universal concern in confidence. It is the way.

The third, my peace—not at the world, is the state of fulfillment of humanness. The peace that Jesus had in the midst of suffering and tragedy—that of his own and that of the whole world that he made his own—is the peace of any who follow him in being human. What is his because he dared to embrace the indicative is any man's who does likewise. The nature of this peace is dealt with above. Jesus showed the way in word and deed and being.

In dealing with this whole matter we must consider the Sea of Tranquility, the Mountain of Care, the River of Consciousness. These have above been roughly covered. Now we must turn to the Land of Mystery. This is the whole, the center, the essence. The present in all. It is love of God as such. So we must consider the Mystery and the Awe. Two sides of the same coin. To stress one without the other is falsification and destructive. And to deal with these divorced from freedom, agape and peace is perversion. The mystery meets us in situations only as freedom, love or fulfillment. So also there is only awe of freedom, awe of love and awe of peace in the second stage, phase or step of humanness. Awe for the sake of awe is demonic.

Inducing such for the sake of inducing is doubly so. Here we touch upon the practice, the exercise, the means, the rehearsal, the way. This is difficultimportant. The issue is the above, holding together the mystery and the awe in relation to love, freedom, and fulfillment. Both mystery and awe have the quality of the objective. There is the "other-than." What keeps all of this from becoming subjective, ethereal, and dis-involvement is the injection of the world between God and self. When mystery and awe are met in the world (Incarnation) the great danger points are avoided. Freedom is the relation to the Mystery, which is both dread-filled and fascinating. So with love. So with peace. It is like the Mystery in each case is Yes and No, and No and Yes, Judge and Redeemer, Creator and Denier. He who does not hate the mystery does not love it. And he who does not love the mystery does not hate it.

The practices relative to this participation in humanness have too often been the reality itself. This actually is their form of denial of life. For us, the exercises are rehearsals of the reality. Now they are the reality, this they must be to be rehearsals, but they are for the sake of being aware of that reality in the very midst of everyday life everywhere, all the time.

The Two Faces of the Movement

I have been concerned in recent months with the First Epistle of John, with Peter's First Epistle, with Colossians and with Ephesians. This is from Ephesians. In the third chapter Paul says,

I kneel in prayer to the Father from whom every family in heaven and on earth takes its name, that out of the treasures of His glory He may grant you strength and power through His Spirit in your inner being that through faith Christ may dwell in your hearts in love. With deep roots and firm foundations may you be strong to grasp with all of God's people what is the breadth and length and height and depth of the love of Christ and to know it though it is beyond knowledge. So you may finally attain unto the fullness of being that is the fullness of God himself. Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we can ask or even conceive of, by the power which is at work in us, to Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus from generation to generation evermore. Amen.

It has slowly dawned on me that in this time of the Great Turn church renewal can no longer be. In the beginning, there were centers of renewal; projects of renewal and experiments of renewal. Now there are none. From time to time somebody opens up a new center. I am extremely clear that if I go by that center in a year or two, it will not be there. This is no longer the hour of church renewal in the sense that centers or even institutes conceive of.

I remember in Austin in 1953 that James McCord, who has been for some time the President of Princeton Theological Seminary, was on our board. We had been in existence for a short time, and at a board meeting he suggested, "You have been experimenting long enough; let us stop experimenting." I did not have much courage in those days so I didn't say anything, but I died inside. I did not have the foggiest idea of what was ahead, or how you would go about getting to that about which you did not have the foggiest. I knew he was absolutely wrong. But now, if James McCord were to rise in the room and say that the day of experimenting is over, in the sense of centers and projects and institutes, I would have to say, "Yea, verily." There is a long way to go before the church, which is renewed, is renewed. But centers, projects and institutes, as they were formulated in the past, are not going to help.

What has actually happened is movements have begun within the renewed church which will carry out that renewal. I find it very difficult to point to this and that. So I went to Lord McLeod, the founder of the Iona Community and the grandfather of the renewal institutes, centers and experiments. Lord McLeod has been a friend and colleague of ours from the very early days. He came to see us in Austin and in Chicago.

Whenever we are in his part of the world we make every effort to bestow upon ourselves the honor of sitting in his presence. I saw him on this last trip. He had been to Australia and visited the Sydney House. Lord McLeod was extremely pleased and somewhat overwhelmed at what he discovered in that House. It was in Australia that he first made the statement which more recently he put in a document presented before the Synod of the Church of Scotland. He stated that at this time in history there were just two possibilities for the church. One was the Charismatic Movement and the other was The Ecumenical Institute.

That rocked me because you had a movement and then you had an institute. What he was pointing to is not the Ecumenical Institute. He was pointing to a movement. I remembered we had called ourselves the Spirit Movement. What we meant by that was that the human spirit was being released in our time, and it had nothing to do with us. We were clear that this was God's Spirit Movement and not some kind of movement we were doing. We pointed concretely to the profound activity of the Holy Spirit in the 20th Century, both within and outside the Church. What we meant by the term *Spirit Movement* was the Holy Spirit Movement.

I put two and two together and realized that this is what the charismatic people are doing. Then I became aware that there is a GREAT chasm between this spirit movement and that spirit movement. I believe with all of my heart that if a movement comes within the church, charismatic or otherwise, it is God's movement. I believe that what people mean by the Charismatic Movement is not the Pentecostal Movement in the world, though there is a relationship. The Charismatic Movement is a short term fad. This does not mean that God is not making use of it, nor that it is not attempting to get something out in the open which is deeply experienced by mass man. But in its current form it shall not last long. It is as faddish as sensitivity training, through it is widespread. It may be, however, that you have not heard the end of the Pentecostal outbreak particularly as it has occurred in Latin America. Something could happen in other places, and in established churches, that in the future might be pointed to as a Pentecostal Movement. I believe that what is now called the Charismatic Movement is not that in any way whatsoever. To criticize this is not my intent. I am after clarity on who we are as the Spirit Movement, by looking at what we do not stand for and at what we are unavoidably.

Lord McLeod must have seen a kind of astonishment on my face. Also, he must have grasped a rational dichotomy between the terms Charismatic Movement and Ecumenical Institute. So he hastened on to try to solve that problem by saying, "Now, let's see. What is it you emphasize? It is the liturgical, isn't it?" Then I was astonished. After I recovered I said, "Yes." But if that is the first thing someone says then I say, "No, that is not adequate." So I came up with four qualities of this movement that we are, and yet are a part of, for it is way beyond us and anybody we know. I fooled with names like *the charismatic movement*. That is real neat. I tried on for size, but the word is ruined, *the missionary movement*, or *the mission movement*, if you are talking about movements within the Church. There is another great word: *diakonia*. What a word! We are the deaconate movement. That means humble service. It means the church in

service. Yet that doesn't get hold of it all. One time I thought you could say we are *The Profound Movement*, but they would not understand profound the way I mean it. Your colleague from England used the term *radical movement*. In England there are two movements, the Charismatic Movement and the Radical Movement. The word radical points to radical humanness. You couldn't just say that. Anyway, here are four qualities.

First of all, we are a **spirit movement**. In the sense that we are concerned about profound humanness, we are concerned about the radical relations to the divine activity in history. We wish to push the very bottom out of spirituality. Here we merge with the Charismatic Movement in its conscious or unconscious concern about the deeps of man, which rational and structural frozenness has denied to men in our moment in history. We are interested in the deeps of the spirit. I tried to say to myself which one of these we are more interested in. I don't see how I could be more interested in anything other than this breaking loose of the deeps of humanness in our time. Now, let us skip over to my fourth one. These are the extremes.

We are a **rational movement**. Sometimes I am astounded at our concern for the rational. We go slowly and sometimes it irritates me. It seems like we ought to have been where we are now four years ago. Last summer I thought we had it. Yet we have required of ourselves, as we have moved every step, that everything we do is grounded in the deeps of humanness itself. We ground it in history, inside and outside the Church. And we ground it in the temporal domain of the time in which we live. Then we required of ourselves internal consistency in that grounding. Here is where we part company with the charismatic people and with those who do not grasp themselves as a vital part of the establishment, both the civil and the ecclesiastical establishment. We are revolutionaries, and we must die revolutionaries. But we are structural revolutionaries.

Another way we stress the rational is that every new inch of understanding we gain into the unfathomable interior deeps of man, we attempt to articulate in every manifestation of humanness. This sets us apart. We are interested in how this breakloose manifests itself in what it means to be a woman and a man, in understanding the family, the nation, community and in understanding the methodologies whereby you alter history itself. To us there is no part of life that is not related to the interior deeps of what it means to be a human being. We intend, within the limits of our ability, to manifest that on behalf of all of mankind. That sets us apart. I would want Lord McLeod to believe that though we may not have the mind of a Thomas Aquinas, we are deeply related, with every part of our being, to the vision which he articulated for his time, relative to the whole world of humanity.

We are a **liturgical movement**. The efforts toward renewal in the Eastern Orthodox Church basically have been concerned with the liturgy. Our group would stand shoulder to shoulder with them. We believe that the one great drama of history, that the curtain of time has never been rung down on, is some form of that drama with which we begin every day, the liturgy. I am convinced with a passion that if I did nothing all the rest of my life but to see to it with my being that the liturgy went on in

my lifetime, that would have been a mission, a mission for the well being of mankind. Without that there is not any eschatological revolution at any time in history.

I need not point out to a group like this the relationship of these insights to our almost fanatical concern for the local church. For the first task of any local church is to keep in being that drama. Generation after generation that liturgy has been kept in history. That liturgy brought the good news to this old man who once was young and heard it. Instead of pastoral counselling in a parish, instead of going out to psychologize a moment, we pick up that altar and carry it to people. Does that communicate? We pick up the altar and carry it to the last person in the parish. This is the liturgy.

The last thing I would say is that we are a **mission movement**. In this context, by mission I mean taking that altar to all of civilization, which means catalyzing a new social vehicle. This is our task. We are perpetual revolutionaries working within the structures of society to keep them always moving toward the future. That is carrying the altar, if you please, in history. For I believe that any radical revolution in history has happened only when there was a recovery, regardless of what poetry you use, of that relationship to the unfathomable mystery that the altar symbolizes and that the liturgy holds before history, whether history likes it or wants it or not.

We still do not have a name. Christianity. Certain things become clear, clearer than they used to be, about who I am, about who you are. Two pictures do it for me. For some time I have been aware that any man who assumes the horrible, burning, consuming responsibility for mankind, is elected to be the religious in history. The Christ figure is the figure of that. Next to him is the old king. I decided he is a guildsman. I understand now, I am not only a religious; I am a guildsman. I am not sure what a guildsman is, but I have two pictures. We saw a movie last week: *The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao*. I read the book a long time ago, but I looked at it with a new set of eyes. When I read the book, I was that woman having her fortune told by the one who was doomed to tell the truth—no more love, no more money. This time I was Dr. Lao, the circus man, the magician.

The only difference between us is that Dr. Lao had seven faces and I have only two. One is the face of the religious, and that is before God. The other is the face of the guildsman, and that is before the world. I have another figure. I like that wedgeblade. I am going to wear that. As I grasp myself, the rest of my life I am going to wear the sign of the religious. For me it is going to be the cross. Then I am going to wear the sign of my other face, the face of the guildsman. It is going to be that wedgeblade. The circle represents space, and I intend to stand in the midst of unlimited space with my life, for the rest of my life. The wedgeblade represents time, and I intend to be on the edge of time and the center of space.

At the end of this research assembly, in the year of the guild, you are going to tell me what a guildsman is. But I know that a guildsman is the man who stands with his being at the center of space forever, and forever on the edge of time. I intend to wear this symbol so that hopefully I will never be lost again. I will have that which tells me of my face before God and that which tells me of my face before man. And I believe that for the first time in our history, you will be prepared to tell Lord McLeod who we are.

Transpodane Christianity

I have felt with passion that Vatican II was the most important happening of this century. People have laughed when I made that statement, because I could never explain exactly what I meant. In Michael Harrington's book on the 60s, *Fragments of the 20th Century*, he said that Pope John meant well with Vatican II, but in actuality, he presided over the demise of the Roman Catholic Church. Harrington could not see this, but what he pointed to as "demise" is exactly what for me symbolizes the greatest happening of this century. And, in the broad, you and I have had the honor of participating in that happening.

With extreme caution, I told a group of people today that I was proud to have gone through what we have gone through in the last fifty years, and to have become the Religious vocationally, in a profound sense. At the same time, I have avoided the pitfall of becoming "religious." I have grown fearful of such prose, for that statement is in the words of a child. If indeed, we have succeeded in becoming Religious without becoming "religious," then it is by the grace of God. We want Him to understand that we are aware of that. Therefore, in saying I am "proud," I have diverted in order to avoid the divine wrath that would keep me from "getting to Heaven."

I use the word "proud" as the Appalachian mountaineer does when he says, "I'm mighty proud to be here." I am proud to have lived so long as to be part of this historical moment. For if it is true that we have avoided becoming "religious" we might authentically be part of this movement. Only one who has grasped himself as Religious, with some degree of authenticity, can be prepared for the at-handedness which is creeping upon this universe and into our lives. We have lived to behold many "unanticipateds" come into being. But the new face which is emerging defies description.

The state of our spirit being, at this moment, is preparing us for this hour. I have thought much about our present state. It comes to me in strange kinds of silences. Since last fall, I have had intense trouble coming to terms with the fact that the Dark Night of the Soul never passes away. It is here for aye. This awareness brings into my being a Stillness, on this side of which is Silence. Through the years, many people in our Order have pressed for us to create exercises in Silence and Stillness. Many times, our Daily Office has been criticized for its lack of Silence. I have been very, very afraid in that area. For what the Quakers mean by stillness and silence, as I have grasped it, is not what I am talking about. Nor is it some form of devotional piety where one sits around and does not talk. Silence has nothing to do with noise or un-noise on an immediate psychological level. There is no way on earth in which Stillness or Silence can be manipulated.

We have unbelievable exercises in the Solitaries and the Corporates. Sometimes I have pressed myself as to why we have not experimented under the rubric of Being under Intensified Knowing, or Intensified Doing and Intensified Being or Being in

Being itself. I am not sure if there ever can be answers in that area. I know that Silence somehow fits under those rubrics but perhaps there is no such exercise. Even to consider such exercises has made me afraid because I—as some of you—have sensed the profundity of this dimension of humanness. I was afraid we might be pushed beyond recovery if we stayed too close to this fire.

When I toyed with Silence in the past, perhaps I did not grasp what is now becoming clearer. The other day, in a conversation with several colleagues, we were talking about one of our colleagues who had left us. Suddenly, I was aware that I was experiencing Stillness. There was noise outside and inside the room; but there was Stillness. And there was quietness. This has happened to me several times recently. What I have begun to see is what our fathers—and probably the fathers of many cultures—have intimately known: that the sea of being is located precisely in that exercise of humanness which has to do with the quiet, intense struggle to believe what is impossible, but unavoidable to believe—that the Dark Night of the Soul, once one has experienced it, is there for the rest of one's life.

I came close to this, but did not really shoot at the heart of the matter when I gave the *Being* lecture. I spoke of the cloud of apostasy that is ever with you, once you have gone to the center. It is the desert one carries with him forever. It is the darkness one carries with him forever. It used to be called "hellfire"—the burning one carries with him forever. I suspect that he who speaks of Problemlessness, of Ontological Joy, of Certitude where there is no certitude, and of the most unbelievable of all states—Endlessness—knows naught of these unless he knows of Silence.

What I am trying to say has to do with the Silence all of us have been experiencing these past few months. It has to do with the Dark Night—the intense struggle of coming to terms with the fact that God finally controls. The Dark Night does not have to do with humanness; it *is* humanness. And that is preparing us—without any solicitation on our part—for the emergence of this present "at-handness."

The other dimension of our spirit state is what I call a vacuum. These past few months, I have been floating in a vacuum, though in one sense, going a million miles an hour. I have to go back to 1971. When we began to fool seriously with the social dimension of life, we fell through the social into the spiritual. We fell into the Other World. I know now what I did not know then: there is no way any man has or ever will discover the Other World in the midst of this world unless, by some stroke of fate, he is forced to take with intense seriousness the social aspect of life. That is why I say no clergyman can ever become a Religious. Only a layman can become a Religious, and that puts a double burden on those of us who had the hands of the Establishment laid on our head, conferring the title "Minister." In some way or another, we clergy have to discover what it means to be secular men. In that sense, perhaps my "pride" at becoming the Religious—without becoming "religious"—can be understood. Laymen perhaps cannot understand how important it is that I have avoided the pitfall of becoming "religious." We have God to thank for allowing us to fall into the Other World—leaning and crying on one another's shoulders. We began carving out highways and pathways through the Other World that let us keep our sanity, so that

we might return with unbelievable treasure to share with all of mankind. That is why we are clawing with broken fingernails to find our way back to the social. Until we find our way back, we run the risk of tragedy beyond any tragedy: drowning in the realm of the Spirit. This has caused the vacuum. I see it in your faces because it is in your being. But it is a sign that He is with us yet. When the vacuum goes away, you will not be around to know it in yourself for you will have drowned in the Spirit. So I am grateful for the profound vacuum I have lived with since Fall. I believe it is a sign we are preparing for the Faceless Coming that is at hand.

About the Faceless Coming. Some will call it this, and some will call it that, and still others will name it otherwise. Some will say it is a new religion and they will be wrong. Others will say it is what we have called it in the past, the New Religious Mode, but when it shows its face it can no longer have that name, for that would be escaping a horrifying burden.

Today, in working with a group, I began to go back through my life as a bigot, as a man of unbelievable prejudice. The first prejudice I became aware of was religious prejudice. I grew up prejudiced against the Roman Catholic Church, and not only against the Roman Catholic Church but against the Lutheran Church, and any other church than the Methodist Church. The further one was from looking like what I was bred to be, the deeper was my prejudice against him. I do not mean to boast now, but thank God that prejudice has been cured in my heart. I love the Roman Catholic Church and I would like to stand on a mountaintop and shout that fact to the world—along with my love for the Lutherans, the Presbyterians, the Disciples and the Baptists.

That was not my only prejudice. I was bred to be prejudiced against Jews. I do not know if that prejudice was religious—it certainly was not racial—I do not know what it was, but I was prejudiced. I became most deeply aware of it when I taught at Colgate University, where some of New York's finest young Jewish men studied. It was no virtue of mine, but World War II made a Jew out of me. I was able to cope with my prejudice when I saw that I was a whole lot better Jew than any of those students were, and I mean that. Thank God, deep healing has taken place.

Then I became aware of my prejudice against Blacks, and I would not dare to say that I have been healed in that area. But I witness to God's glory for the ten years I spent in the ghetto. I became an absolutely different human being because I lived there, and I thank God for stumbling into that place. As I look back, I would not have been any place else on earth than in 5th City. Sometimes I become aware of a yearning of mine never to have set foot outside its boundaries.

Later than any other prejudice, I became aware of my cultural prejudice, my understanding that somehow the Western world defined civilization and the rest of the world could only be civilized when it measured up to our understanding of civilization. I am ashamed to admit to you how old I was before I became aware of that, but that was bred into me as deeply as religious prejudice was. I always refer to my Gatlinburg Experience in 1964 or 1965 as my turning point. Third world peoples were gathered in that Tennessee mountain town and I had been brought in to speak. That is where I met

some of the great leaders of our Movement from around the world. One of them was a relatively young Chinese man. I asked him where he was from and he said, "Kuala Lumpur." I asked him three times to repeat the name. I was too humiliated to say any more, for I had not the foggiest notion of where Kuala Lumpur was, and I was at least 55 years old. I immediately went to a map. I figured that since the man was Chinese, Kuala Lumpur must be in the East, so I bypassed Latin America and Africa. Then, I stumbled on to Malaysia and discovered its capital, Kuala Lumpur. So when we say we are becoming global, it means by God's grace I am overcoming what I believe was my second deepest bigotry.

The deepest bigotry I have is my Christian bigotry. (This has to do with the Faceless Coming). It is the retention of two thousand years of Christian bigotry that is in the depths of my being. If, by God's grace, we had not stumbled onto the Contentless Christ, it would have been absolutely impossible for me to have seen this deepest of all my prejudices. What I mean is, not only have I grasped that contentless happening as that without which consciousness or consciousness of consciousness cannot finally take place in a person; but I have found myself a defender of creeds, a defender of liturgy, of ecclesiology and of theology. Only God can open the eyes of a bigot and I believe my eyes are finally being opened, giving me the opportunity to repent for two thousand years of the most fanatical form of prejudice there is.

It was an incomparable moment when 19th Century man created the images of ideology and relativity. Whether the Church knew it or not, the creation of those two images spelled doom for the Church. When man invented ideology as a mindset, the two thousand years of the Church was gone. Doomed. All the "fallen out" clergy in this room were "felled out" by those two images; not that they knew it, but they are knowing it now. This doom for the Church is like the doom of the two-story universe which went away for ever and ever and ever. That doom is now becoming not only an intellectual reality, but also a sociological reality. To put it specifically, when man invented ideology and relativity, the sociological dimension of the Church was finished. Our eternal friend, John XXIII, presided over the sociological dissolution of the Church; Hans Kung did likewise in giving permission to live in this world of ideology and relativity.

However, do not be confused. It is not as if, one bright and shiny day, ideology and relativity will disappear and we can start anew to build the two thousand year Church. No, in this post modern world, we have to live with that fact. But God still rules and His people must ever march. Therefore, he has given us the gift of *Transpodane Christianity*. I spent a long time in the dictionary looking for that word. It came out of the Middle Ages, when the Po River divided the civilized world from the Barbarians. They called the land of the Barbarians *transpodane*, meaning on the other side. I am a Con-Transpodane man, a man on the other side. And what is happening to Christianity is that it is becoming Transparentized—*Transparentized Christianity*. The word *transpodane* actually means "transpodicious," which means transparent. Christianity, in going through ideology and relativity, is finding the New Essentialism. We know a great deal about this, for we know its method. We have the Contentless Christ spelled out in detail in the most secular course we teach: RS-1.

The second thing we must ask after the *Transparentized Christ* is *Transparentized God*. This, too, has happened, in the Other World chart. The third thing that is happened is the *Transparentized Spirit*. Our Sanctification Course, or our work with the Holy Life, is precisely that. One job remains in this scheme—God, Christ, Holy Spirit—and that is the Church. What is emerging on the distant horizon—without a face—is the *Transparentization of the People of God*, the leaven which will produce the new sociological vehicle which will enable men once again to live.

God is preparing us for the most subtle spiritual experience we have ever had. He is preparing us for the most profound repentance we have ever had to make. And what is most difficult is that we not only have to repent for ourselves, we have to repent for millions of people—two thousand years worth. Do not be confused, however. I am not saying that a man in the Middle Ages ought to say what I am saying. I stand in the 20th Century responsible for everything that has ever happened in the Church. Without letting us in on the secret, God is slowly disclosing to us the form of the face that is, as yet, No Face. Oh, that we should have lived to see such a day!

The Profound Love For the World

*If I speak with the tongues of men and even of angels
I am no better than blaring brass or a clanging symbol.
I may be inspired to prophesy and to know every hidden truth.
I may have faith strong enough to move mountains.
But if I have no love I am nothing.
If I give away everything I own piece by piece
And martyr myself but not in love it does me no good.*

*Love is patient, kind and envies no one.
Love is no braggart. It is not snobbish or rude.
Love never insists on its own way. It is not touchy.
Love finds no pleasure in evil but delights in truth.
Love will bear anything: its belief, its hope, its endurance
will never end.
Love never fails.*

*Prophets? their work will be over.
Tongues? they will fall silent.
Knowledge? it will all pass away.*

*It is only part of the truth that we know now and
only part of the truth that we can foretell to others.
When wholeness comes the partial will vanish.
when I was a child I talked, thought and reasoned like a child.
Now I am a man and have put my childish ways aside.
Now we see only puzzling reflections in a mirror.
When wholeness comes we shall see face to face.
Now my knowledge is partial. Then it will be whole
like God's knowledge of me.*

*In a word, there are three things that last forever:
Faith, hope and love. But the greatest of them all is love.*

I Corinthians:

I have a strange compulsion these days to climb the highest mountain, and from the top witness there before God and all mankind that I, as the Church, am falling profoundly in love with this world.

All of us within the Church, and any sensitive human being not self-consciously a part of the Church, is well aware that on the horizon is a faceless form, slowly coming into our moment of history, which will shape that moment of history as nothing thus far directly related to it has been able to do. All of us are aware that what is coming (though in any detail it is faceless) is the new sociological form of the People of God: the new sociological form of the Church.

I find it exciting in a very quiet way: it seems to breathe silence, because of the profundity of its effectivity. Most of all, it is painful, for the one form of the Church we love, even though it is outside of us is crumbling away. The only form you and I have ever known is, before this coming-ness, crumbling away. Revolutionaries in the Church (God forgive us if we have ever done it unseriously) have had to caricature the form of the Church that begat us. I used to call it a "cigar box with a steeple on it." But even the very thought of the crumbling of that institution which, however inadequately, brought to me through eons of history the good news of the Christ happening, is terribly painful.

I called my brother, a bishop of The United Methodist Church, on the phone just before my last trip, and "spun" these things to him in a little more detail. I suddenly noticed a great silence on the other end of the line. (It's the same kind of silence that is in my heart these days.) Then he broke forth in a passionate, but quiet, voice saying, "Joe, Joe, don't say these things. A lot of people who hear them will be hurt." Then, for the first time in my life, he actually hung up on me: he said, "I've got to go now, goodbye." I did not have a chance then, to tell him that the same kind of pain was in my heart. I remember two or three years ago while in Bavaria, I went to see Hans Kung, the Roman Catholic theologian who helped to create Vatican II. I was shocked then to hear him say that at any moment the whole Roman Catholic Church could absolutely crumble, not from anything without, but from within.

Now revolutionaries in the church have a secret: it is the secret of the metabolic happening. It is the secret of metamorphosis. The way I like to talk about that is with the grub worm and the butterfly. To those of you who are overly academic, I am well aware it is the caterpillar, but I like the term "grub worm." I remember reading a story about a butterfly meeting a grub worm. The butterfly was a bit older, obviously, than the grub worm. The butterfly said, "Hello, Henry." And Henry said, "How'd you know my name was Henry?" "I'm your sister, Mary." "Get off it!" Can you imagine? You look at a grub worm, and then you look at a butterfly, and some character comes along and says, "That butterfly is a grub worm!" Well, when the grub worm gets in that chrysalis (this is the most shocking thing), it literally disappears! Then the butterfly crawls out (or however they get out).

Now, when you apply this to the Church, the pain experienced by me and my brother, and anybody who cares about the Church, reverses that process. It is like a fine butterfly going into that cocoon and coming out a grub worm. But that is not the way it is. It is really a grub worm going into the cocoon and passing absolutely out of existence, and coming out a butterfly.

When you deal with this image of metamorphosis, however, in the midst of the pain is excitement—almost overwhelming, wonder-filled expectation. I have always admired Paul for saying (I am sure with his tongue in cheek) that he would really like to go to heaven and be with Jesus; on the other hand, he felt he was needed in this world and so he could not make up his mind which he was really going to do.

It may be a fair statement that for some time I have not cared too much whether I lived or died. That is not entirely true, of course. For I discovered, somewhat recently, that I was filled with fear at the presence of death. But a funny thing happened to me: I became aware that I was not afraid of extinction. You would think a man as old as I am would not have had to learn this all over again. I discovered I was frightened of the unknownness of death. Then I remembered that a long time ago somebody got it through my skull that the Final Unknownness was my Father. Isn't that funny? And before the one who is your Father, you always experience fear and fascination—overwhelming dread.

It is like that with the Church. For when the present form of the Church dies, I know I will never be the same again. Yet there is a strange wonder about it, as there is with death itself. I am trying to say that I do not want this "cigar box with the steeple" to pass away after I have spent most of my adult life storming that windmill. Now that it is at hand, I do not want it to go away. And yet, on the other hand, I know that we are alive in the times when the most crucial dynamic of history—the People of God—is going to be something concretely, sociologically, entirely other. It is still faceless. No one at the moment can read the form—and yet this is not entirely true.

I have been thinking of four things which point the direction. First, the Church is in the midst of a profound journey into the world. Secondly, it is in the midst of a radical experience of transparentization. Third, the Church is in the midst of an overwhelming preparation to love this world. The Church is falling in love with this world. Lastly, on the other side of the love of the world, the Church is in a state of incubation which is going to hatch a capacity to directly address humanness in this world. I suspect that this trek is going to be more magnitudinal than anything since the children of Israel left Egypt or a babe was born in Bethlehem.

The early Church, matured within the Hellenic world, got itself in a position of competitiveness with God's world. Now GOD'S WORLD is the only world you and I know anything about. It is the world we got born into and the world we get died out of. It is the world of our sufferings, our pains, our joys, and our glories. It is the everyday world of work and decisions, longings and heartaches. It is the world of the countrysides and the cities. It is the world we have lived in all of our lives. It is the only world there is. That is God's world.

The Church found itself in competition with the world God created, and forged a world of its own. It built its own poetry over against the poetry of the world of God. It created its own rational interpretations, its own philosophy over against the philosophy of the world. It created its own morality over against the morality of God's

world. It created its own institution over against the institutions of the world. It called upon men to join her world over against joining God's world. And, finally, the climax of all of this was that she was able to strike a knife into the center of man, forcing him to decide whether he was going to be a part of God's world or the world that the Historical Church created. I am clear that in these two thousand years in which that has happened, it had to happen. For when you lived in a two-story world view, this was very likely what you were out to do sociologically, though I would prefer to avoid the fact that it was necessary and essential. In the 19th Century, that other-than-God's world the Church created as God's was challenged. For when you build a world that is other than this-only world, then you cannot avoid challenging the center of mankind to decide your world over against the world in which they live. As long as such an institution was able to grasp that it was the Truth without having to demonstrate it, it was a fact of existence. When man stumbled across the fact of relativity and invented the concept of ideology, then the church was in the "marketplace" with all other ideologies. What I have described here is what has brought about the wonder and the miracle of the church making a journey to where she has always been—right in the midst of God's world.

In our lifetime, in the dynamics of defining the Church in its local manifestations—the congregational dynamic, the cadre dynamic and the guild or parish dynamic—the congregational dynamic has been overextended, crushing out the dimensions of primal spirituality and love of this world. This is what happens when any historical institution attempts to build a world which competes with the world God created. The church's journey into the world where she already exists will be manifest in rebalancing these dynamics. In the rest of your life, the emphasis is going to be on the Guild—the secular man in the midst of the world, who knows and cares and becomes the unbelievable deeps of consciousness or humanness itself. That is what I mean when I say the Church. It is in the midst of making its home—setting up its tent—precisely in the midst of the secular world, the only world any man has ever or will ever know anything about. I am speaking of the world of God.

Perhaps I ought to say a word about *love*. Part of the metamorphosis is that the Church is literally, passionately, falling in love with this world into which she is moving. We have spent our whole lives dealing with the category of Faith. In renewal that is where you always begin. None of us here—to the degree that we have cared and participated in the renewal of the church—has dealt with any other rubric than Faith. We have all been concerned with the meaning of Faith. I got said to myself in those early days that at the very heart of the perversion of the Historical Church in our day was the misuse of the word *love*. I was going to hang that word out on the clothesline to dry while emphasizing the category of *faith*. In a talk about a year ago, I said that the category of love had been redeemed out in the sunshine and I was ready to reel it in once again. Between then and now it seems that the whole universe has moved.

Do you remember the unbelievable ending of the 13th Chapter of I Corinthians, where St. Paul says something like this: "You folks are always worried about your

children: you're worried about your marriage; your spouse; you are worried about your work; you're worried about what's going on in the world. Now listen to me. In life there are only three things of significance. Did you hear? Only three. One of these is faith; one of these is hope; and one of these is love." Then he added, "But the greatest of these only three-things-that-are-finally-significant-in-life is love."

All my life I had been taught to read this morally, which is exactly what Paul was saying "No" to. It is not moral love in loving your children, loving your neighbor and loving your nation. What bothers me most in recent years, however, is why he did not say that Hope was the greatest. As I began to see that he was speaking ontologically, not morally, my respect for Paul went up, for I think I finally saw what he was talking about.

A year ago, after a fine talk with the Moslems in Teheran, Iran, I had to go aside and lay out for myself what I called the Achilles Heel in pure mysticism. It was in writing about that it I began to see what Paul was talking about. This theology of Hope is nonsense. In one sense there is no theology of Hope. There is only theology of Faith (if you will allow me to be a bit reductionistic), and the theology of Love. Grasping the meaning of Faith is to appropriate one's own selfhood, within the context that the Mystery is that alone which is Hope. Man's hope is that he receive the life already given. Camus said that the last struggle of man was with Hope: that there was no possibility of authenticity or selfhood until finally you have seen absolutely, totally, and completely that there is no hope whatsoever in the temporalities of history. He did not live long enough to grasp what Paul understood in the fourth Chapter of Romans when he spoke of the hope against hope, the hope where there is no hope, the hope in God. Authenticity or selfhood is inseparably bound to the hope of the mystery or the hope of God. Richard Niebuhr used to say, "God always fulfills our hopes, but it is never our own hopes that he fulfills." A man who wakes up does not hope his own hope; he knows he has no hope. He only hopes the hope of the Mystery, or being itself.

Pure mysticism is where the self and God collapse into one. There is the Achilles heel. A man of faith has to grasp that like a knife and intrude this world. That is love. There are only three things of significance in this world: one is faith in selfhood, one is hope in the mystery and one is love of this world, but oh, *the greatest of these is love*.

Now all the rest of your lives, whether you want it or not, you are going to be consumed with the rubric of love—the love of this world: that is, *universal concern* and *sacrificial service*. Profound love, divine love, is not some quality inside yourself, nor is it an emotional or sentimental relationship with your neighbor. I am not against internal qualities or sentimental relationships with your neighbor, but this love has nothing to do with that. This love is deed, it is action, it is happening, and it is universal. Your children play a role in this love but only on the other side of your having fallen in love with the whole world. Only then does this love have to do with your children, precisely because your children are part of this world, not because you bore them. On this last trip around the world, I learned more about this strange love.

For a long time, you and I and others have said this world needs a new social vehicle, and some way or another we wanted, with a passion beyond passion, concretely and practically to participate in bringing into being such a new social vehicle on-behalf-of-all mankind. Lots of people—both our friends and our enemies—never believed that we meant it. Now it is coming clear to me. In the postmodern world, this profound love that is deed and that is universal, manifests itself in potentiality or possibility in three different ways. One is building **primal community**. By primal community I have to use the symbols close to my heart: I mean 5th City. Wherever a man of faith is, he is busy creating primal community where he lives on behalf of all mankind. For ten years the citizens of 5th City struggled and paid with their lives to create methodologies for practically reformulating primal communities. How many times have we dreamed together about how 5th City must be around the world? And then, last March in a meeting I saw grids of forty or fifty 5th Cities that have begun throughout North America.

How is it you build a new social vehicle practically, tactically? You may have to say it was in the New Testament all the time—you *love*. But in this post-modern world, you love tactically. You build primal community.

The second way in the post-modern world, to love Christianly, ontologically, humanly, is to **build social demonstrations**. The People of God do not build the New Society, they catalyze it. Wherever a man of faith is, his life is always engaged in a concrete practical social demonstration of the future. Jean Paul Sarte taught me that a man of faith lives in the present by taking a great jump into the future and then turning around and pulling the world up to where he is. That is what I mean by catalysis.

I was shocked on this journey by something in Majuro. Some of our people were there for a year and absolutely transformed a whole people in the Marshall Islands by moving in on the very sign of their unfuture—business firms that were bankrupt. In one year they made those firms solvent and productive, releasing a sense of hope for the whole island. Now they are inviting some twenty laymen—oceanographers, educators, financiers, businessmen—to sit down with the leaders of this emerging people and give them the methodologies for building the battleplans of their own future. That is what I mean by a social demonstration or a catalytic act of love in the post-modern world.

In Hong Kong the polity of the whole city-state has been redone by dividing them into thirteen different districts. Old leaders were removed and young leaders put in. Each was told he was to have a community reformulation project in his district. We have seen five of them. When some of your colleagues visited one of these thirteen men, he opened his desk drawer, pulled out a model, and asked, "Is this the sort of thing you're talking about?" It was a model of 5th City. This is what I mean by social demonstration.

I went to Oombulgurri, to see our experimental work with the Aboriginal people in North and West Australia. Three years ago I visited a little city in northern Australia called Wyndham to see the Aborigines, who had left their land and come into the city.

They lived in filth like I had never seen before—sitting in dust three inches thick with their eyes dropped to the ground in abject humiliation; drunk 24 hours a day on the dole Australia gives to them, because there was no way for them to stand up and be men. I talked to them about going back to their land, 3-1/2 million acres of fine land they had left. We gave them some hope and showed them some plans. They agreed to go. It took three years for your Australian colleagues to get the government to permit them to return. They had been there three or four months when I visited a month ago. You would not believe what I saw. I rushed to the preschool first, then to the elementary school. Prior to their return, the children had not been in school for five years.

Then I saw their gardens. Before, the men had not worked at anything for three years. They now had a crop of peanuts to market. They had vegetables growing to put on their tables. They were in better housing that they had fixed themselves. Most of all, the men stood up straight and looked me in the eye. Three years ago they did not have the guts to call me anything. This time, they looked me in the eye and called me "Joseph." That is what I mean by social demonstration. The federal and state governments of Australia sent inspection teams up there. They were so excited that one team stayed over three days until I arrived, to talk with me for fifteen minutes before their boat had to return. The Australian government has invited us to prepare a manual on how to do such a thing, and have asked us to teach their own people who work with other Aborigines. This is what I mean by social demonstration.

The day after tomorrow this world which we have been over against and which has been over against us, is now, without knowing it, opening the gates of the fortress and beckoning us to come in and serve on their terms. This is what I mean by *love*. This strategy will enable those who care, the people of universal concern and sacrificial service. You do not love the world on our terms, you love it on their terms.

The last form of this love I call **The Order**. I have known for some years that history has always been carried on the back of religious orders, any people of faith, hope and love who bind themselves together with colleagues who live out of faith, hope and love in any form whatsoever. This is what I mean by an Order. It is on the back of such people that history is catalyzed. So it was in the beginning, so it is now, and so it shall ever be. Therefore, I would not be caught dead outside of the *blue*.

The power of a body of disciplined people who operate together in concern for mankind is beyond description. It is the power of the presence. There is no one in this room who does not know, whether you misuse it or use it well, that you are a *presence*. And that presence is LOVE. No wonder the church of tomorrow is going to be able to directly address more than the few little souls that come together in the cigar boxes with the steeple on top. Once again they are going to speak to the masses of humanity about the deeps of what it means to be human.

I

On Taking Care of Yourself

Grace and Peace be unto you from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

I want to talk about taking care of myself; that is not exactly true. I think I know a great deal about the subject but I still have the problem of believing that it is very difficult to talk about.

For a long time I have believed it is necessary to have crutches—not psychological crutches, but spiritual crutches—in order to make it. And yet, every person must tailor his own, and, indeed, build his own crutches. This is what makes the subject difficult to talk about. Nonetheless, certain general things can be said.

I want to read something from the 10th Chapter of the Gospel of John:

Jesus answered, "Is it not written in your own law, I the Lord God say you are God's?" Those are called God's to whom the word of God was delivered and the scripture cannot be set aside. Why then do you charge me with blasphemy because I, consecrated and sent into the world by my Father, said, "I am God's own son."

For the time being, and a little while longer, no one can take care of me. I have to take care of myself. I would not want to be pressed too hard to substantiate that statement, but that is the way I sense it. And I further sense that while no one can take care of you, you must take care of yourself. For if you do not, you will not be taken care of and then you will be in trouble. I worry more about this than I ever have before because we have become so sophisticated in the realm of the spirit that we are at the point of no return. It is much closer to the surface with us that it was when we were in swaddling clothes. What frightens me most is, it happens so quickly. It's all over. You are gone before you even know what hit you. This is not true for those in swaddling clothes.

Thinking on this subject reminded me of something one of our colleagues said in a speech the other day. He spoke of throwing a stone up into the air and then, before the stone decides to come plummeting back to earth, there seems to be a pause. In my mind, that is an art. The stone does not go straight up and then straight down like in a vacuum. First, there is a pause.

I came upon that realization in 1971 when we first did the Social Process Triangles. We spoke of contradictions within the establishment and protestations against those contradictions and then some of those protests began to weave themselves together to form a trend. That, we said, was how social revolution takes place. Then a series, a body, a collection of those trends, spinning off from the establishment, wind themselves together to form a space platform, or a position from which they can turn about and re-enter the establishment occasioning a radical revolution.

It is like that with us. We shot off into space and then we made the turn. I was reminded today that most of us were created in the 1950's. We were the revolutionaries before the revolution in the 1960's. Even those who were very young in the 1950's were created then. And now we are gone, so to speak. There are no more of us, or by this time, they would have shown up. Maybe they have changed their face. I believe this is a tribute to the Church. The Church created within it the revolutionaries before society belched forth her revolutionaries. Critical as we might be of the Church, I think that is precisely what happened. It is as if we made the turn first.

The image of a rock being thrown into the air and pausing may not be scientifically accurate, but, to my mind, it speaks to our present situation. The rock pauses before it decides to pick up momentum and begin its fall. We have made the turn—very successfully, I might add. And it has not been easy in the last two years. We have lost some. But as a whole, we are pretty fit. We are scarred in ways we were not two years ago, and we're a lot older, but as a whole, we're pretty fit.

Now we are at the moment of pause. We have developed unbelievable skills in the last twenty years in the process of getting off the ground, of getting loose from that which was yesteryear. We are unbelievably disciplined. And in this process, we have developed a corporateness which allowed us to care for and sustain one another in an unbelievable way. That is why we got around the bend in such good condition. We have built disciplinary structures to get us into the establishment—and we have to develop another kind of discipline. This time it must have the quality of a parachute. It has to drag along behind us. I wish I knew what it looked like, but I don't.

The discipline we have already internalized is not quite adequate. Of course, I am always speaking of corporate discipline when I use the word, but what we have is not quite adequate for where we are. We are going to develop disciplines; and, for the moment, I do not mean external structures. We have to readjust, as if we were recovering from "jet lag." This may be crude, but it is like when you travel to a different culture: if you are not careful, your bowels get upset. People who are accustomed to that culture can drink the water and nothing phases them. But not you, not until you adjust.

Well, we are in the midst of a new hunk of bacteria, so to speak, and we are not yet adjusted. No one in this room is strong enough not to take seriously what I am trying to say. On the other hand, I think we will find, in say eighteen months, if we are still standing, that corporateness will care for us and sustain us in ways we never dreamed of in the past. But, in the meanwhile, we had better take care of ourselves.

There is another way I could have introduced this subject: You and I dread, in an unbelievable way, the experience of the self-conscious Dark Night and the selfconscious Long March. If we went out of existence today and were remembered for only one thing, it would be for plotting the Nether-world, the Nether-land. We did that well. And now, the excruciating pain of being our understanding of the Dark Night and the Long March is within us. What we have is in no way whatsoever an intellectual understanding of it. It is as if we now have robed ourselves in it. This is the most solitary of the solitaires. There is no help for anyone in this area. No one can help.

Now, how do you take care of yourself? My mind goes back to an art professor I knew at the University of Texas. He was the first person to get through my skull that there was such a thing as experiencing your experience. Actually, experiencing your experience is the beginning of profound consciousness. What time is it now—2:00? Think of the innumerable happenings, or hunks of life, that have come to you since this day began. How many of them have slipped by and are gone forever because we did not stand at attention before them? That is experiencing your experience, or consciousness about consciousness. To begin to take care of yourself is to take seriously the experiencing of your experiences; that is, taking seriously the fact that you have only one life, and, by God, every second of it is a whole life. It has nothing to do with the relativity within that life—the good and evil or pleasant and unpleasant situations. It's your life. You stand present to every bit of it. You *eat* and *chew* it.

For me, this requires certain oddities. Now this has nothing to do with you, but in my case, I have decided not to tolerate anyone waking me up in the morning. I have, before Being and God and my own existence, decided that I shall take care of getting up every morning. I don't always make it, and it burns me up when I don't make it. And I even appreciate it, on those days, for someone to come by and tell me that Christ is risen all over again and that I have not beaten the Lord up. But I intend those days to be rare. So I get up 30 minutes before I have to get up. That is, I can get myself in barely decent condition to meet my fellow human beings in 15 minutes. So I get up 45 minutes before I have to leave. Why? I want to get myself spiritually dressed, it is quite apparent. For me, taking care of myself is getting myself ready to stand at attention before everything that happens. Why, I would not permit anyone to pass me in the morning without my saying "Hi" to them. Why? Not because someone is walking by me but because that walking by me is *my* life.

I am a terrible speaker. Anyone who dies as thoroughly as I do before he gets up to make a speech has to be a terrible speaker. I almost always finish a talk and go waddling off with my tail between my legs, feeling as if I have been a great failure. That is psychological, and I have ways to handle that. However, most of the time I finish a talk filled with a despair of the spirit. When that happens, I know I better immediately take care of it. Ordinarily, I try to find colleagues to help me. But I am doing the helping, not them. I begin to talk with them a bit.

Last Monday I felt terrible after a talk, thinking I had done an outlandish job. I almost crawled down to my cubicle. Then people began to come around and I began taking care of myself. A young squirt—one of my younger colleagues—came in and he thought I was out for comfort. He thought I wanted someone to say something nice. I did, and I can't deny that because part of the psychological is always going to be there. But I was after more than that. I was trying to get hold of what I was despairing over.

If you don't get hold of what you are despairing over, then, down inside of you, it will begin to eat away at you.

What we need is feedback over and beyond the psychological dimension. If I say to you, "By golly, you look good," never stop there. Have me say what or how you are looking nice, right now.

One of us gave a fine speech the other night and I could see by looking at him that he knew he had done a good job. Still, I wanted to tell him. So I sent spies out to locate him and they found him up in his room all by himself. I don't really know what he was doing, but I believe he was after dealing with his situation. Whether he had a glowing, or a sorrow-filled response, he was in his room taking care of himself. He was doing what we sometimes call unwinding. But is unwinding is the only thing you are doing, then it is not enough.

Those of you who have studied the charting method know that one of its crucial principles is to keep one eye on the paragraph and one eye on your gizzard. When you look at your gizzard, you are after getting hold of your feelings. If you response to a paragraph is "Garbage!". Then throw the book away. Or, if you find yourself going "Boy-oh! Tremendous!" Stop immediately and ask yourself why your heart is going pitter-patter. This is a matter of standing at attention to your own existence.

God did not give you emotions because they tingle you. I don't think God is much interested in tingling. He gave you emotions so you could experience your experience. If I feel terrible, if I feel like a failure, my job as a person, as a self, is to find out why I feel this way.

After I gave that outlandish talk, I got clear on why I thought it was so bad and so I stole away for two hours and rewrote it. And if I gave that talk again this morning, you would really think it was something. If you have a fuss with your husband or your wife, that's a great thing, I suppose. But you want to find out why it happened. And I don't mean why it happened in a psychological sense. To rationalize that "Pappa didn't like him when he was a boy so I have to expect this kind of guff from him" won't help. Because you are not interested in him, you are interested in yourself.

For instance, if you make me angry, it has nothing to do with you. It has to do with me. And if you delight me, that has nothng to do with you. It's my delight. Perhaps I wouldn't have had the delight were it not for you, but, once I have got that delight, it's mine. I have to appropriate it. I have to eat it. I have to grasp it.

And my spiritual ablutions in the morning serve no other purpose than to get me on tiptoe so that when I turn the corner coming down the stairs on the first landing, the people will see a human being coming down the stairs. And when folks see me early in the morning, even though I may not feel very "chipper", they encounter someone strutting like a drum major.

One of our colleagues cornered me in a hotel in Korea because he just had to talk. I didn't have time to talk with him; I have no time to listen to people spill out their spiritual "junk". That is not the way to help people. Anyway, he trapped me and out came all his spiritual junk. After he had said three sentences, he really didn't need to say any more. But because I was a Westerner and he was my host, I sat there and listened, even though I knew exactly what he was going to say—down to the last word. He was spelling out the Dark Night of the Soul to the last jot and tittle, interpreting it as something quite, quite different.

Two days ago, a young lady cornered me and—much as I try to avoid these people, she wouldn't be avoided. She showed up in my cubicle at 5 a.m. She said about

three sentences, but this time, because she was in my house, I interrupted her. I picked up on the three sentences she had said and then just spelled out the whole thing to her. Well, her eyes were popping out. She kept thinking, "How did that old man know all this about me?"

The Dark Night of the Soul. You may think I'm naive, but for the first time I understood how the Starets have their power of seeing through something. They may not use these words to express it, but they understand that every so-called problem anyone ever had—when you peel down its artichoke leaves—is simply the experience of humanness itself—nothing other than the Dark Night of the Soul and the Long March of Care. That is what consciousness is.

I have decided that I am going to pull everything that happens to me through the Dark Night. I remember someone sitting me down in a chair a few years ago and slapping me around until I finally realized that every situation literally is a container of spiritual meaning. If the word "spiritual" is too religious for you, then try "transparent meaning", or the "meaning of pure consciousness itself."

How do you take care of yourself? What if a beloved one dies? I have two choices: either I can respond temporally or I can respond transparently. If one of you doesn't like me, I can respond to that spiritually or I can respond temporally by turning to him and trying to reform him or change myself so that he will like me. Something became very clear to me in the last few weeks. In Joseph Campbell's book on schizophrenia and the spirit, he says that when you enter the Other World, either you learn to swim or become a schizo. No doubt this is true. However, it has occurred to me that even if you can swim, you become a schizo. The only difference is, if you have learned to swim, you're in charge of being a schizo rather than letting it take charge of you.

I always say to myself that I lead a double life. I have this life that has relationships to various human beings; and it is a very, very particular life. But I have another life, the one I look through to the transparent meaning of life. It is a different world entirely. And it isn't hard to see how one can be tempted to float off into that world—and you can't even see it. You never finally succeed unless you die as a self, to be sure, because the Other World only exists in this World—but it's another world. And it's not particular; it's universal.

That statement is not an abstract Platonism. It is an empirical statement in the sense that what does not change is the Dark Night of the Soul. In the Other World, I do not have to wait for humiliation, weakness, resentment or suffering. I do not have to wait for dislocation, burned-outness, ineffectivity or unfulfillment. They are all there. If I was at all adequate in articulating this, you would hear what you heard your father's father's father say: You can't touch him. Not even the death of a beloved one can destroy you.

There are times when I would like to be 6-foot-7. I like tall women and tall men because by standing tall, you have the secret of the Dark Night and the Long March. If one becomes his weakness and becomes his humiliation and becomes his dislocation, how could any weakness get to him? I am talking about a man who has become his own

man, one who is taking care of himself. Wouldn't it be funny if the next time your spouse beat you up that you interpreted that fight in its transparentization rather than through the obvious fact that he is a louse? I'm talking about taking care of yourself.

The next thing I want to point to has to do with meditation. Picture the Religious Mode. If you think of one side you have engagement, the intensification of deed and prayer. That is action in the world. On the other side, you have detachment, the intensified word, and meditation. These three things have to do with taking care of yourself so that you can engage yourself unlimitedly. If you don't learn to be a detached human being, you are lost. You must clearly participate in each situation without losing your soul to any situation. This is done by exercises in meditation.

What is meditation? I call it grounding myself in history. I take extremely seriously what I relate myself to in history. I feel that if I would go for one second without knowing myself in relationship to history then I would disappear in a puff of smoke. If I lost for one moment a functional image of myself—and that's not easy—I'd be lost. This also has to do with the interior council. You don't have Amos on the council because he was a nice guy or Luther because he was fat. You use your council to ground yourself, to give yourself a place to stand that will enable you to detach yourself. If I didn't grasp that I was marching with the League, with the community of saints, I could not endure the profundity of consciousness I have. I would have no choice but suicide.

It's as if you have to learn to read the Scriptures without reading them.

This is meditation and without it you have no place to stand for the detachment that is necessary to stand at attention to your life in every situation.

My last point has to do with describing what in one sense is nothing but trusting Being, trusting God. We have no choice whatsoever about God's sovereignty over our lives. No matter who you are or what you believe, we are all under his sovereign rule. It's always true that "if today you sow the wind, you reap the whirlwind," for the sovereignty of God never changes. But you decide about God's care for you; God will rule whether you ask him to or not. If you want Being to take care of you, then you decide you've got to ask for it. You have to give yourself into the hands of Being.

Lots of things have hurt me. One time someone said something to me that implied God didn't know what he was doing. A volcano exploded in me and it wasn't until sometime after that happened that I realized why I responded like I did. That statement flagrantly violated my understanding of what it meant to trust Being. Every situation—not all minus one—but every situation (for one who has asked Being to take care of him) every situation becomes Being taking care of you—even unto death itself.

And when you hear that song "God Will Take Care of You," remember that he'll not do it unless you ask. And that is done by standing on tiptoe—at every situation and in every life circumstance.

In the next few months, you have to take care of yourself spiritually. And you only take care of yourself because you're needed to care for the world. There is no tragedy in all of those colleagues of ours who took their two bags and ran. The tragedy is that the world is in such dire need of those who universally care, even unto their own death.

II

The Substance of Taking Care of Yourself

Do you find that the Bible is coming alive in a new way? It has already come alive to anybody in this room, or we would not be here. But isn't the Bible coming alive even in a new way? If there were a rule that I had to read the Bible, it would turn to dust. The same thing would happen if I read it because somebody said that at 5:00 or 6:00 I had to read it. But, these days, I like to have the Bible close by.

Let your bearing toward one another arise out of your life in Christ Jesus, for the divine nature was his from the first: yet he did not think to snatch at equality with God, but made himself nothing, assuming the nature of a slave. Bearing the human likeness, revealed in human shape, he humbled himself, and in obedience accepted even death—death on a cross. Therefore God raised him to the heights and bestowed on him the name above all names, that at that name of Jesus every knee should bow in heaven, on earth and in the depths, and every tongue confess, "Jesus Christ is Lord," to the glory of God the Father.

So you too, my friends, must be obedient. . . you must work out your own salvation in fear and trembling; for it is God who works in you, inspiring both the will and the deed for his own chosen purpose.

(Philippians 2)

I am going to read you a poem. It was written by one of your colleagues. Each one of you should have a copy. I hope you take it home with you.

Life is so painful
so overfull these days
truly—they are the last
aren't they—

The days of your life
are always the last days.
There are no other days
no other days
to be angry

to be a Fighter for the Faith
to loath injustice
and to burn the laws that oppress
rather than give freedom.

Life is joyfilled and
endlessly caring these days
these last days of your life
aren't they—

There is no other time
to be caring
to be with your whole life
the compassionate lover
of the world that you are.

I don't mean to be impertinent to the artist by commenting on that poem, but I do want to say that whenever the church has been alive she has declared to the world: "These are the last days." For the first time in my life that makes sense. For anybody who is alive, these days are our last days.

I want to continue talking about taking care of yourself. If you have not been catapulted into the profound depths of consciousness, you do not have to talk about taking care of yourself. The normal structures of society take care of you pretty well. Once in a while somebody flips out of them and has to receive special treatment; most of us make it to the grave. But once the depths of consciousness have opened up, and you have dared to walk into those portals of consciousness until the day you die, you are vulnerable in a way that you cannot even describe. You had better take care of yourself.

When I think of taking care of yourself, my mind goes to standing at attention to life. Taking care of yourself is finding the means by which you stand at attention.

I feel as if I have dug through twenty miles of the rubbish that has been piled upon religious exercises through the centuries. But I finally got down to the secret of it all: it is to *experience your experience*. That is underneath all the wisdom and insight about the devotional life. Taking care of yourself begins with standing at attention, and that involves at least four things.

The first of them is checking on your spiritual attire; that begins in the morning. I should think that the thing you would fear most would be appearing spiritually nude at any time. I remember a great phrase from the Christian milieu in which I grew up: "Don't ever be caught anywhere you would not want to be if Jesus were to come." If you could take some lye and a brush and scrub all of the crusty moralism off that phrase, you would get down to something absolutely essential. I do not intend to be caught spiritually nude ever again.

The second thing that is involved in standing at attention is the *external environment*. I would not dwell my days anywhere else than in a place where I chose

what I would be unconsciously addressed by. I might make terrible mistakes, but I would not choose to expose myself to any environment which did not address my profound understanding of my own selfhood.

The third thing is what I call the *crutches of integrity*. Integrity is not a simple thing. Of all the agony that we go through, deciding our integrity is the hardest. One of the crutches of integrity is humor, being able to laugh at yourself and knowing when you have to get other people to laugh at you.

The last thing that has to do with standing at attention is after-brooding. I cannot tolerate anger in myself. I do not go around trying not to get angry; that would be oldmood virtue. You could spend your whole life trying not to be this or that. But I cannot stand myself when I get angry. I hate myself for days at a time.

When I get angry, I try to stop myself immediately. And then I try to remember the point before which I was not angry, and after which I was angry. Then I start pushing, and the moment I begin to grasp why I am angry, then I forget the whole thing. There is no sense of guilt; that is not what I am after in doing this. I am trying to spot what I am angry about. You know that you are never angry about what you think you are angry about. When I have located the real reason for my anger, then I can deal with it. After-brooding is dealing with your responses to life.

The second arena of taking care of yourself is to grasp the substance of it. That substance is the Dark Night of the Soul.

You do not take care of yourself in a vacuum; there is content and it is strange. The content of taking care of yourself is the intensification of the Dark Night of the Soul and the Long March of Love.

The interior dynamics of belief and trust and certitude are, phenomenologically, the awarenesses of humiliation and of weakness and of resentment. I wish somebody years ago had been able to help me understand that this resentment is the fight of God itself. It is not some violation of a moral principle that has nothing to do with my life. How many times, even this morning, I resent, I resent. The last awareness is suffering. I like to call it "salvific suffering".

In the Long March, which is the Dark Night looking outward rather than inward, you grasp that, in the profound depths of consciousness, there is only dislocation. You have read about people of the 1960's being dislocated. I understand that. But it has taken me a long time to see that profound consciousness is always dislocated. There is no home. I am a stranger here. And, in the depths of profound consciousness, life is always a sense of ineffectivity. In these depths, life comes always as depletion, wornout-ness, expendedness. Finally, life always comes as salvific unfulfillment.

The categories of the dynamics of hope are the intensification of these. The intensification of the first set of these categories is what I call *ghostliness*. Everything becomes sheer mystery as the contingency that is humiliation intensifies and the contingency of rootlessness intensifies. Never again are you clear about anything. Never again are you clear that you are right. Never again are you clear about any idea, any concept. There is no ground. All is sheer mystery. Ghostliness—the strange presence, which is forever incomprehensible, consumes your being.

The second category is the intensification of weakness and ineffectivity. It is the experience of *ceaselessness*. It is as if you were on a treadmill. Never again will you have the experience of going anywhere. You experience ceaselessness when you become aware that, after having given your whole life to alleviate the suffering of mankind, when you die there will be just as much human suffering as if you had never lived. So it shall ever be until God rolls up the pathway of Creation itself.

You know how every few days you say, "When I get this done things will be different. Surely they cannot continue this way." That may be true for some people, but not for a man of profound consciousness, not for a man of the spirit, not for a man who has put all of his life on the line. That man experiences the eternity of ceaselessness, and it just about drives him crazy. But unless you have that experience, you know nothing about the profundity of consciousness itself.

The third category is called *nothingness*. This is the intensification of resentment and the intensification of expenditure. You experience yourself as simply not there anymore. I do not mean that as some moralistic, altruistic concept. Quite the opposite! It is a horrible experience to experience yourself just not there anymore, that your relationships are there, but you are not. Then it is that you understand, in a way that profoundly frightens you, that resentment is born out of a sense that you have become the doormat of God himself. When you are filled with resentment toward me, that resentment is not located in me. You can put that in untheological language! Being uses being. That is our life.

The last category, the intensification of salvific suffering and salvific unfulfillment, is *salvific presentness*. It is as if you are not there anymore; Being takes you over and you become the presence of Being in the world. Perhaps you smile when you sing the hymn, "Make me a captive, Lord, and then I shall be free." But remember, you are a captive.

I do not think the church helped me when I was young to see the dread of that which fascinated me, the terror of that which was my glory. I am no longer my own man in any way whatsoever. Whenever you see me strive to be my own man, then you have a clue to the fact that I am not my own man. I am free only in total and abject surrender to Being itself, so that my presence is never again my presence, but only the presence of Being itself.

I am describing the dynamics of hope. And perhaps, after all, you did not want hope as much as you thought you wanted hope. I mean the hope that doth not let you down. I mean the hope that is beyond hope. The hope that is over against your hope. What I have just described is the substance of taking care of yourself.

A few days ago, a young lass came in at 5 o'clock in the morning, sat down and began to talk. Only three sentences had poured out before I saw, clearly, that she had a dose of the Dark Night of the Soul. So I said, "You do not have to say any more". I began to tell her what she had come to tell me. Her head started to nod and I could almost hear her saying to herself, "How in the world does he know exactly what has been going on in me?" The point is that underneath all human illness is The Dark Night of the Soul—not underneath some, but *all* human illness—the Dark Night of the Soul.

Now I understand how the Starets developed the capacity to see through a situation before anything was ever mentioned. In 20 or 40 years in the desert, they developed a discipline that enabled them to understand and to embrace the profundity of consciousness itself. Before someone opens his mouth, you know what is underneath his words. You know that if you had time enough to sit there and pull the leaves of the artichoke aside, you would get back to the same heart. Today's new transcultural human being is discovering the essence of man all over again. And the essence of man—that which we all hold in common—is the Dark Night of the Soul.

You think that you have a problem with your wife? You think that you have a problem with your Prior? You think that you have a problem with some other culture? You think that you have a problem with your assignment? Underneath all of them—the Dark Night of the Soul.

I meet you again and again, and I have this tragedy and I have this glory, and yet more and more it is as if you are not there. Only the Mystery that I encounter in you, (and I could not encounter it except in you) is before me. Before that Mystery there is only humiliation and weakness and resentment and suffering and rootlessness and ineffectivity and expenditure and unfulfillment. Only in the midst of this, only here, nowhere else, are you aware that the heavens open and the voice cries out, "Thou art my beloved son." It is only there that the heavens break loose and you hear the voice, "Blessed art thou."

Taking care of yourself is seeing to it that you do not experience these dynamics one by one but all at once, in every situation. How could you get to me, if I had already eaten my weakness? And eaten my humiliation? And eaten the fact that there is no home for me anymore, save Heaven itself? I am talking about being your own man. I am talking about being a man of the spirit. I am talking about being a man of faith. I am talking about being a Son of God. I am talking about working out your salvation in fear and trembling, knowing that Being itself is depending on you.

My Lord Jesus, before life had a chance to humiliate him, *humbled himself* and found in that humiliation the pride of being God's Son. It is being hurled back on the Word: My life is approved.

"Attention! Here and now! Here and now!" It is being a man of the profound deeps in every situation, for the rest of your life to the glory of God. And do not forget the rest of us. If you do not care for yourself, if you collapse, we have to carry the whole load.

III

Meditation As Taking Care of Yourself

The Yogin and the Stoic, two righteous egos who achieve their very considerable results by pretending, systematically, to be somebody else. But is it not by pretending to be somebody else, even somebody supremely good and wise, that we can pass from insulated Manicheehood to Good Being.

I just discovered that the word "whole" stems from "holy." More important, "health" comes from the word "holy." I like the term "good being." Taking care of yourself is to maintain good being, good presence.

Good Being is knowing who in fact we are; and in order to know who in fact we are, we must first know, moment by moment, who we think we are and what this bad habit of thought compels us to feel and do. A moment of clear and complete knowledge of what we think we are, but in fact are not, puts a stop, for the moment, to the Manicheean charade. If we renew, until they become a continuity, these moments of knowledge of what we are not, we may find ourselves all of a sudden, knowing who in fact we are.

Concentration, abstract thinking, spiritual exercises—systematic exclusions in the realm of thought. Asceticism and hedonism—systematic exclusions in the realms of sensation, feeling and action. But Good Being is in the knowledge of who in fact one is in relation to *all* experiences. So be aware in every context, at all times and whatever, creditable or discreditable, pleasant or unpleasant, you may be doing or suffering. This is the only genuine yoga, the only spiritual exercise worth practicing.

That is from Huxley's *Island*.

I was going to work on the gospel of John. If I had not contained myself I would have hastened to chapters 14, 15, 16 and 17. A little while ago I had the experience of reading it to myself, and I became aware of the fact that although I did not have the slightest idea what it was talking about, I was deeply addressed by it.

Set your troubled hearts at rest. Trust in God always; trust also in me. There are many dwelling-places in my Father's house; if it were not so I would have told you; for I am going there on purpose to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I shall come again and receive you to myself, so that where I am you may be also; and my way there is known to you. Thomas said, "Lord, we do not know where you are going, so how can we know the way?" Jesus replied, "I am the way; I am the truth and I am life. . ."

"If you knew me you would know my Father too. From now on you do know him; you have seen him." Philip said to him, "Lord, show us the Father and we ask no more." Jesus answered, "Have I been all this time with you and you still do not know me? Anyone who has seen me has seen the Father. Then how can you say, 'Show us the Father?' Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father is in me? I am not myself the source of the words I speak to you; it is the Father who dwells in me doing his own work. Believe me when I say that I am in the Father and the Father in me; or else accept the evidence of the deeds themselves. In truth, in very truth, I tell you, he who has faith in me will do what I am doing; and he will do greater things still because I am going to the Father. Indeed anything you ask in my name I will do, so that he Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask anything in my name, I will do it."

I have had fun looking at my notes on Meditation we developed five years ago. I was pleased with how good it was. The titles interest me; in those days we were more "smart-alec" than we are now.

Remember, point one—Meditation is Inherent Community; point two—Meditation is Pristine Dialogue; number three—Meditation is Fanatical Discipline; point four—Meditation is Destinal Armageddon. That must have been good!

Of course, that is not what I want to talk about. I am just assuming what we said then. I think we were right, as we struggled in those days, to try to ground Meditation in humanness, to say that Meditation was an ontological reality. We were right, I think, to see that Meditation is fundamentally the internalization of the community before whom we experience approbation and disapprobation, with whom we dialogue about relating ourselves to our relationship to the situation. It is precisely at this point where, to use ancient Persian imagery, Satan always attacks. Meditation has to do with Satan because Satan has to do with that relationship to our relationships. Meditation has to do with grounding.

In terms of taking care of yourself, we have talked about experiencing your experience in the profound sense. By that I mean, if my wife gets angry with me and I get upset, taking care of yourself has nothing to do with your getting upset. It does not even have anything to do with whether or not you hit her or she hits you. I said yesterday that I experienced myself as schizophrenic, living in two worlds. I literally experience the Other World in the midst of this world. To be present, to stand at attention to your experience in the profound sense means that you have to go through your wife's being angry with you to the meaning of the situation and relate to it. When you see that, you understand that anything which you and I usually call external to ourselves has nothing to do with being in Good Being or Bad Being. You never collapse because something external happened to you. You only collapse in relationship to that other relationship. To put it in secular language, you only collapse when you get in disrelationship with consciousness. External happenings have nothing to do with my consciousness. Whether or not you like me has nothing to do with my consciousness nor does whether or not I like myself. When you begin to see what I am talking about, you become aware that you have no excuses ever again. You have nothing to blame anything on.

When you experience your profound experience, all of us are in exactly the same boat. All my life I have been wanting to say, "You are no different than I am, and I am no different than you are!" This is on the level of profound consciousness. What you are experiencing is *Humiliation*: You may have thought that you were unique in this; *Weakness*: And you thought that you were the only weak one; *Resentment*: In Sunday School they told you that you should not resent things and all your life you have resented every day; and *Suffering*: You have no object of suffering, you are just suffering.

I know also, about this sense of not having any home. After you have been married for years, you might have expected that you would be settled down and at home, but it has not happened. You people who lose your nerve think that the rest of us have found a home. Isn't that true? This is just as true for other categories of the Long March of Care. Although life does not seem stale to me, there is a sameness. I have not had a different experience for as long as I can remember. I am always trying to pick up my humiliation and my weakness, my resentment and my suffering. In the depths of consciousness, that is the way it is.

What do you do? You can see the relationship of detachment to meditation. If you cannot detach yourself, you cannot meditate, and you can see the relationship in its intensification, which is knowing. When you push knowing to the bottom, all you have is the Word. In prayer you utter, and in contemplation you write. Actually, in prayer you do not utter; prayer is the utterance before the utterance, and in contemplation, the writing is before the writing.

I am not much of a poet, but once I tried to say something poetically about a sunset. The writing before the writing are the images that come to you, without which there is no beautiful sunset. Without those images, you have nothing to do your poetry with. That is contemplation.

Meditation is not utterance and it is not writing; it is reading. It is the reading before the reading. I do not want you to tell me to read a chapter of the Bible every day. I am not against doing that, but I am opposed to doing it as some kind of old piety. The reading before the reading would not have to be the Bible. In principle, it could be anything. Someone told me this morning that it could be a science fiction book or a light novel. I am not opposed to that; I believe in it. However, I think that because of the fact that society has put the Bible aside and put a seal on it means the Bible is absolutely crucial for this reading before the reading.

Just yesterday the 40th chapter of Exodus came to my mind. I read again about how the temple was completed and then was filled with the *doxa*. Another time recently I read Joshua's valedictory speech. Those are meditation. It does not have much to do with rushing off and reading something. It is a dialogue with my being.

I am not going into the council which is in your minds, but you must remember it. You do not dialogue outside of that council, in principle, even if you are reading a book by an author you never heard of.

If this ministers unto you in terms of what I mean by the exercise of meditation, it is screened through that council. These readings that occur to me from time to time keep me grounded. If I lose my ground, I am utterly vulnerable.

I see my ground in three different ways. In the early days every year, often more frequently than that, we would go back in history and get ourselves grounded concretely in history. We would relate ourselves to historical thrusts, to keep our feet on the ground to know who we are. That kind of grounding is crucial. Once you lose your sense of being anchored in remembered history, you are vulnerable to any kind of attack. Your ground, finally, of course, is in the communion of saints. You do not have to use Christian language for that; its equivalent is found in every culture. For our Order, it is the People of God.

The second way you have to be grounded is in humanness. I experience myself as grounded constantly in humanness only as the historical one. It is harder these days to talk about the grounding in history than it was. Right now there is a kind of clarity relative to my grounding in humanness that I never dreamed was even possible. That is because of the Other World chart and our work on the Dark Night of the Soul. The moment that I lose awareness of the fact that the Dark Night of the Soul is the situation of consciousness itself, I am lost.

The third way that I have to keep myself grounded is in Being itself. This is a little more difficult for me to talk about than it was 20 years ago, when all we knew was the decisional dimension of selfhood, that each of us was responsible for deciding who we were. These days I experience myself as captivated by unknowable forces that do my selfhood deciding for me. That is what I mean by Hope appeareth. I am trying to confess to you that every time I take two steps I do not have to decide all over again that I am a believer. I stumble upon myself constantly being a believer. That does not take away the decisional dimension.

Now, what is Meditation? Seen functionally, Meditation is that reading before the reading which defends and protects my honor, my profound integrity. I do not mean

my moral integrity, I mean my *profound integrity*. I mean not my being a believer, but my *being* a believer, that I *be* the presence, that I *be* my trust, that I *be* my concern, I be my power, I be my vocation, I be my peace, I be my certitude, I be my joy unspeakable which is filled with glory. This is what Meditation is.

One of the reasons why I finally dropped Ignatius temporarily is that I did my best to transpose his emphasis upon sin into the post-modern world. I could not find a way to do it, so I dropped it. Meditation is not contemplating sin. As a matter of fact, when you are looking directly at sin, or for sin, you could no more find it than you could find the proverbial needle in a haystack. Your own sin is *disclosed* to you, and the best you can do is to see it out of the corner of your eye. Otherwise you do not see *sin*, you see this false image of yourself that I read about out of that book. In Meditation you are not looking for your sin anyway. When this reading before the reading happens to you, it usually is in the inverse of this sin. It usually jars Good Being into your consciousness. It jars your integrity or your honor. It pushes you back again to the Word.

This is the point where Satan enters. The only way that, in our day, we can deal with the category of sin concretely is to understand that sin has to do with being depth consciousness. Sin is the refusal to be consciousness. It is your rebellion against who you actually are; a contingency, a humiliatable entity, a weakable entity. To use theological language, sin is only rebellion against God. And that happens when you refuse the resentment you are, when you refuse the suffering you are, when you say, "I have had enough of this," which means, "I am going to do my best to get myself out of the profound depths of consciousness. I have had enough of it." The tragedy is that once you get that mud on your feet you never get it off. If you have actually fallen into the depth, all that you have ahead of you if you flee from the depths of profound consciousness is zombieism. Sin is the refusal of being unfulfilled. It is the refusal to endure drained-out-ness. It is the refusal to not have hope in temporality. Do you see that this is precisely the point and the only point where, to use the images of the Persians, Satan attacks?

Meditation is not something you go aside for an hour a day to do. I am extremely suspicious of that. Meditation goes on constantly. This is the constant brooding. There is not a soul in this room who is not grateful for every Bible verse that his parents and his Sunday School teacher forced him to learn. There is not a soul in this room who is not grateful for every adage. My Latin is bad, but my Papa used to make me go to the board and write over and over again, *Labor omnia vincet*.

I am talking about Meditation; I am talking about brooding. I am talking about the glory of having to live with terrible people like you. Why, you are the stuff of Meditation! You do not have to be good, you do not have to live up to all of my expectations or all of your own to supply me with the material of my reading before I read. My wife said that the walk I did up here the other day was not too good. I appreciate that kind of comment. It is the stuff of Meditation. Finally, Meditation is that going-on-ness with whatsoever council you have that enables you, when you are absolutely collapsed into a heap of shaking palsy, to pick yourself up and walk tall. This means that Meditation is the continuing of the profound decision to live life in profound consciousness.

IV

God Will Take Care of You

I am reading from the tenth chapter of John:

It was winter, and the festival of the Dedication was being held in Jerusalem. Jesus was walking in the temple precincts, in Solomon's Cloister. The Jews gathered round him and asked: 'How long must you keep us in suspense? If you are the Messiah say so plainly.' 'I have told you,' said Jesus, 'but you do not believe. My deeds done in my Father's name are my credentials, but because you are not sheep of my flock you do not believe. My own sheep listen to my voice; I know them and they follow me. I give them eternal life and they shall never perish; no one shall snatch them from my care. My Father who has given them to me is greater than all, and no one can snatch them out of the Father's care. My Father and I are one.'

Once again the Jews picked up stones to stone him. At this Jesus said to them, 'I have set before you many good deeds, done by my Father's power; for which of these would you stone me?' The Jews replied, 'We are not going to stone you for any good deed, but for your blasphemy. You, a mere man, claim to be a god.' Jesus answered, 'Is it not written in your own Law, "I said: You are gods"? Those are called gods to whom the word of God was delivered—and Scripture cannot be set aside. Then why do you charge me with blasphemy because I, consecrated and sent into the world by the Father, said, "I am God's son"?'

Now, I have tried to say four things: first, taking care of yourself means you experience your experience. My father was a nut on chewing your food. He would sit there and almost count the times we had to chew before we swallowed. It burnt me up as a kid. That came back to my mind last night as I was thinking about experiencing your experience. I think my father wanted cows and he got kids. Second, taking care of yourself has to do with the Dark Night of the Soul, and third it has to do with meditation, and fourth, it has to do with the whole idea of God taking care of you. But, I am not flowing; I am not going anywhere. I am saying the same thing each way.

whatsoever is finally naught. This is what the existential dynamic of our time has taught us all. This is my being. Knowing my knowing. Almost like eating my knowing. I do not want an idea that I am not. This is what I mean by integrity.

Secondly, being does not care anything about your doing. Somebody asks you now what do you mean? My way of knowing my knowing is doing my doing. In some ways that is a little harder to get said, but in another way it is not. It is the difference between doing a job and sticking the one God-given life you have even into washing a white linen handkerchief. The cross is not something that happened two thousand years ago. It is at the heart of Being itself when you stick your life, the one life you have, which means stick your death into the least of all deeds. That is your being, that is doing your doig. Now, what I am trying to say is Being takes care of being. This is what I mean by endlessness. You know your knowing and you do your doing. . . What does it mean to take care of yourself? Very simple! You know your knowing and do your doing and Being always takes care of being.

My last point has to do with this thing I read. I have been taught in theology that I studied and probably by preachers long before that Jesus never said he was the Son of God. I have come back to that tenth chapter over and over again. The thing that shocks me is that he did make that claim. The fact that he grounded it in the Scripture is beside the point at the moment. That was strategy. No, it was not, it was saying, "Why aren't you saying the same thing?" That is more than strategy. He stood up, "I am the son of God". It was the tenth chapter that rocked me into seeing that precisely in the aliveness of the Dark Night of the Soul, precisely there and only there one hears the heavens open and the voice saying "Thou art my beloved son". But the Jews could not hear that day what Jesus had heard as he said "I am the son. I am the son of God." What does it mean to take care of yourself? You cannot divorce it from standing at attention to life. It would not even dawn on you to say "I am God's son". If the meditation were not happening symbolically with the council that is internalized in yourself, you would never agree or dare. If you were not taking into yourself the humiliation and the weakness and the resentment and the suffering and the dislocation and the sense of ineffectivity and expenditure and unfulfillment, you could not even dream of making such a statement. I wish for one second I were not quite so fat and not quite so short. I would like to stand tall before you. I am God's son. It is like in Faust, the broken sword picked up with the hilt showing, there is the cross and Satan flees. I am proud, as I hope you are proud, this day and every day to be a son of God. I hope always when I feel the pressures that I will not forget to throw my shoulders back. I hope I do it so you can see it. I am a son of God. I am not what you think I am. I am not what I think I am. I am not what anybody thinks I am. I am what God thinks I am, therefore I say, I am a son of God. Take care of yourself.

V

On Being A Son of God

"A little while and you will see me no more. Again a little while and you will see me." Some of his disciples said to one another, "What does he mean by this 'a little while and you'll not see me and again a little while and you will see me?' And, what does he mean by this 'because I am going to my Father?'" And, so they spoke right up. "What is this 'a little while'? We do not know what it means." Jesus knew all along that they were wanting to ask him about this. "So, you are discussing what I said— a little while and you will not see me and again a little while and you will see me. In very truth I tell you, you will weep and mourn while the world will be glad, but though you will be plunged into grief, your grief will become joy. The woman in labor is in pain because her time is come, but if the child is born she forgets the anguish in her joy that a child has been born into the world. So it is with you, you are sad of heart, but you shall see again and then you will be joyful and no one shall ever rob you of that joy. When that day comes you will ask nothing of me. In very truth I tell you that if you ask the Father for anything in my name He will give it to you. Up to now you have not asked a single thing in my name. But now, ask and you shall receive that this joy of yours may be complete. Until now I have been using figures of speech; a time is coming when I shall no longer use figures of speech but tell you the Father in plain words." (John 16)

I want to do two things. I will try to draw together a clear statement of the four things I have talked about, and then I want to outline what I meant to point to in taking care of yourself.

Taking care of yourself is to discipline yourself constantly to experience your experience by standing at attention in every here and now. For a long time I spoke about the internalization of discipline. I do not believe that a person can discipline himself alone. This group fundamentally is corporate, but you can internalize the corporateness of that discipline, which is really one way of talking about a council.

Secondly, taking care of yourself is to discipline yourself constantly to participate in the double reflection that is meditation. Then third, taking care of yourself is to

discipline yourself constantly to appropriate the double paradox that depth consciousness is, or the interior dynamics of faith, hope and love, or the Dark Night and the Long March. You may think it strange, but if you took out of me the poetry we call the Dark Night of the Soul and the Long March, I feel as if I would suddenly disappear. The experience of resentment, suffering, humiliation and depletion is the experience of all these states occurring at the same time. The whole experience of the Dark Night of the Soul and the Long March happens simultaneously and in every second. The impact is similar to the wisdom of those words, "If you see the face of God, you die." I am trying to communicate what I mean by discipline as over against the bootstrap business. Discipline becomes an indicative. Taking care of yourself is to discipline yourself constantly to surrender into Being's care for Being. I like the phrase, "leaning on the everlasting arms." I do not know what language you like. These days it is as though we were children discovering again the awareness of profound consciousness. It is as though we are participants, like Kazantzakis, in the first scream of the ape towards consciousness.

Now, let me speak on meditation. Meditation has to do with the role I consciously play in taking care of myself. I have not stated that clearly. It has to do with the solitary offices that we have worked on for years. Meditation only takes place in a concrete situation. That is to say, only when you get the tragic news that four young people you care about are suffering does meditation take place. Only when you are walking up and down before the assignment board not knowing what to do does meditation take place. A situation that pries loose profundity of consciousness itself occasions meditation. You cannot rule out any intrusion unsynonymous with your own intent as a possible occasion for meditation. Meditation does not have to do with sin; it has to do with redemption. It does not have to do with guilt, it does not have to do with the past, but always the future. A situation is toward the future.

Secondly, meditation has to do with being the guardian of profound living. Whatsoever triggers meditation grinds you right down into the bottom of consciousness. Meditation has to do with the angels and the saints. They only talk ontologically. If some voice says you were a naughty boy, that is fine, but that was not the talk of the saints or angels. Meditation deals with the ontological. Remember those nets for fishing? Meditation, like those nets, keeps you from escaping from that which has opened up for you.

Next, meditation is the endless dialogue of life. Someone said "What is going on in meditation is that God and Satan are talking and you are caught in the crunch." It is the dialogue of life where there is mortal combat with Satan. Meditation is never present except in that combat. It sics you on, so to speak, and at the same time it is the sword that you use; meditation is that without which we cannot be conqueror. Meditation automatically operates, but only when it is triggered. In one sense, of course, meditation is always going on; the disciplined man brings self-consciousness to it. You experience something like this when you pull the trigger, then get out of the way of the consequences. This dialogue of life floods you constantly, but you dam it up. The man of meditation has learned how to get out of the way, or to trigger it, in each situation.

Someone has said the subject of meditation could be most anything. My Sunday School teacher, my father, somebody. A couple of times when I was a kid I had my mouth washed out with soap. You can see it did not entirely cure things. I was pressured into thinking that if you thought good thoughts, noble thoughts, pure thoughts, . . . I don't need to go on, you had parents too. Now I agree that in principle, anything can come into that dialogue. This, of course has to do with the selection of the council, or bringing to self-consciousness what your council is. If you don't know anything about Luther, then Luther can play only a very small role on your council. Why is it, then, that I should read Shakespeare or poetry, or the Bible? Why is it I should read Amos? It is obvious. Why should I read the lives of the saints? Meditation does not have to do with sitting and reading the Bible. You might say that is an exercise related to something that is different from meditation. I was trained to think that you went to church for the sake of going to church, rather than for the sake of leaving the church and living a life. I was taught to read the Bible because of the exercise of reading the Bible itself. You can see how people did that rather than for the purpose of a meditative life which enables me to constantly be grounded in the profundity of consciousness or in my relationship to the mystery.

I made a talk one time, and my subject was "I Am a God Man." I was trying to say that we have been captured by the mystery, enslaved by the mystery. Two times this morning I almost did something really ridiculous. I was sitting in my cubicle thinking about the weight of the morning when I almost stood up and said "I am too a son of God!" I believe you say this to Satan not the world. I almost said that aloud a second time when we were looking at those names on the board and we were talking about those four kids a bit. I almost said, "I am too the son of God!" You remember Jesus prefaced the 10th chapter of John with the statement that he is the son of God, consecrated and sent into the world. He was consecrated first, then he was sent, then third into the world. That is who I understand myself to be after the reality of my acceptance by God has been drowned by the Dark Night of the Soul and the Long March of Care. Who am I? I am the believing one. I don't believe in this, that or the other thing. I am the believing one. Who am I? That is my consecration. It is like that hymn, "make a captive Lord, and then I shall be free." It is as if sometimes I get all balled up and feel that God requires of me that I be this or that, or I do this or that, or that I come off with this accomplishment. Until the day I die, I am required to be a believing one. Secondly, in that circle, I am the caring one. I don't necessarily want to be a believing one and there are times when I don't want to be a caring one. All morning I just wish I had never heard of caring. I am a believing, caring one. I am the elected one. That is the category of being which has no substance. It is the intensification of knowing that you were sent to be a believer and a carer.

When I stand up and say before Satan or whosoever, "I am the son of God," this is what I mean. I mean I am going to be what I am sent to be—a believer and a carer. That always means until death do us part.

The purpose of meditation is to get you to your feet in a concrete situation that has opened before you the profundity of consciousness which is the Dark Night of the

Soul. It is to say before yourself, the world, God and Satan, "I am God's son." You can turn off the meditative flow just as soon as you get to your feet and talk to whomsoever, and you do not care if they agree with you. In fact there is nothing to agree about or disagree about. "I am God's son." As a matter of fact, I think I will finish the situation today and stand right up tall and say "I am God's son." How about you? How about all of us? "I am God's son."

The Six Speeches

Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

I have an appreciation I don't know how to articulate for rural man in India. The only rural men in India up to this moment I've really known intimately were those on the sidewalks of Calcutta who had come for whatever reason from the land to the city that was not capable of supporting them. You can imagine my impression of rural man in India. I got the shock of my life—rural man of India is a proud human being. And strangely enough, he is a competent human being. Most surprising of all is his poise. I finally had to hide from people to keep from going into their huts and drinking buffalo juice out of their graciousness. But you know when they got you inside those mud huts, they had a poise that you would not believe! The next thing I was impressed with was intelligence. They were intelligent. And out of that intelligence flows a creativity with forthrightness that is incredible. And this underscored for me what we have said was a basic Ur image in Sub Asia—in India, in the culture of Hinduism—namely, selfhood. That local man was a self. Now that in itself is worth ten years of life.

I've been beaten by the forces of history into confessing that local man is on the rise around the world. The most unbelievable current of history in our time is that local man is on the move. And if my image of local man in India could be so profoundly changed, then why should I not believe in the possibility of local man in every nation of the world? You want to know why I am not grumpy? It's because I met local man in India. My greatest story is, I fell in love with some old men in Maliwada. That is not the important issue, but some old men fell in love with me, and I mean it. I wanted to talk and I couldn't talk. Then after a while I knew why the Lord never taught me Hindi, or Marati: it's because he wanted me to look deep within the eyes of the local man of India and to permit local man to look deep into this local man from the United States of America. I don't know whether they embrace in India, but I know just as well as I know my name if I ever go to Maliwada again, I can see an old Muslim who is going to reach out his arms, and then I'm going to reach out mine, and we're going to embrace like a couple of Frenchmen. And then I see an old Hindu man, and when I see him, I don't know whether they do this but I know he's going to reach out his arms and I'm going to reach out mine and we're going to embrace like a couple of Frenchmen. This I know.

Now what am I trying to say? Well, golly, I had fun, tiring fun, wearing fun. I tramped those gulleys for miles with some of those old men, looking for a precious resource, water. And then I beheld it. I stumbled into a dam that nobody seemed to know was there. It had been washed out, the people said, 700 years ago (others said 300 years ago, I came finally to believe that it was from 300-700 years ago). Next I walked down a long, long gulley about 20 feet deep and about 20 feet wide, dry. But in the monsoons it was full. And then I stumbled on what I was looking for. I knew that one

time that place was a garden of eden and now it is arid, and they cry for water, water, water. I stumbled on it. They had built a series of earth dams with rock in the center, then channeled the water and then stored it. They used it both directly and indirectly because it kept the water table high, which they touched when they dug wells anywhere from 20 feet to sometimes 60 to 70 feet. That's the way they kept their wells full. Well, the only question I asked is, "What was it that happened 300 years ago?" and if I live I'm going to find out. You know those dams had been washed out before. Guess what the people did before: they rebuilt them. What happened? What happened? If you do not know people's past, and you do not know these little quirks that I'm trying to fool with, you never get at the profound issue. The basic contradiction in Maliwada is just two things—just two things—one is they don't have cobblestones on their streets, and the other is they do not harness the water. How do I know that? Can you imagine every morning when you get up, being before the glory of that unbelievable fortress, which points to a civilization highly developed while our ancestors were running around in bearskins, and then Maliwada, in the deprecated condition it is? Can you imagine being a Maliwada person? Can you imagine having your psyche and getting up in the morning, going out of a mud hut and looking up to see that fortress? You see the glory of the people that were there before. And then you look at the filth in the street, and the lack of education in the village, and the lack of bread to eat. What happened 300 years ago?

My point has to do with those old men. They have these big wells, some of them 20 to 30 feet across, others six to eight feet across, and in my imagination, I was afraid of falling in those wells. As a matter of fact, vertigo came over me, and I looked in one of those things and thought, "If you don't get out of there, Mathews, you're going to jump." I was walking with those old men and we were spread out, all three of us, an old Muslim, an old Hindu, and an old Christian. We were walking in the fields and simultaneously each one of us fell down a separate well. And there we met a table of common consciousness. Whatever that was 300 years ago, or less, or more, they had lost their profound consciousness. We three fell down into consciousness again. The greatest story of Maliwada is the story of the recovery of profound consciousness, right before our eyes. Those wells we fell down were our own historical poetry. I fell down through a hole in Christian poetry, and another fell down through a hole in Hindu poetry, and another through a hole in Muslim poetry. And when we hit the water table of consciousness, we didn't need to speak Hindi or English together. We just looked into the deeps of one another's eyes.

We were doing theology, theology that has significance beyond the power of this moment to describe. Some of you will live to write it, but remember when you do, you will be writing empirical theology. You are going to be describing events that happen before you write them or you wouldn't have anything to write about. You are going to articulate how Jesus Christ is Lord of all in ways the world has never dreamed, and you are going to write about what has already happened. When you hit the table of profound consciousness which is the transparentization of your own poetry, you discover that, lo, we are one in Christ Jesus, empirically. You are going to write about

what has already happened. It has happened in your own life: you are the manifestation of this happenedness. You are ready to move shoulder to shoulder with the Hindus and the Muslims of the world in ways that a few years ago I could not even have dreamed of.

In the heyday of our teaching, we were concerned with lives being changed within 44 hours. We were concerned, not with whether anybody agreed with us theologically or methodologically, but with lives being changed. In this community of Maliwada during the Consult, I saw lives changed, profoundly changed, and I am skilled at recognizing a profoundly changed life. And I did not say, "The Lord Jesus Christ" or "In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost" once. Instead, I did it. I beheld the power of the Gospel in presence. I mean my presence—no, not my presence, the presence of the blue. And by that I mean our presence. You weren't there. . . . you almost were. But you were there. You're just stuck with this: the presence that God has given you from himself is yours to use, but it's been stuck with George's presence and my presence and those who wear the blue around the world. And so believe me, I'm mixed up with you, so that where I am there you are and where you are there I am. And there's nothing you can do about it. The presence of the blue: It changed lives. And it didn't take one single theological utterance. But theology was being "do-ed" all over the place. That's the story of three old men who fell down in wells. If I look unusually mature to you today, you understand I have grown a bit since you last saw me due to Maliwada.

Now, my next speech has to do with Six Stages to Date. The first stage I call the Christian Faith and Life Community. What a man was Jack Lewis! He did a great thing with Lyn and myself. He forced us to go to Europe the first nine months we were there and to look at all of the lay centers. Out of that trip we got the beginning of the substance of the Faith and Life Community. We organized the lay centers in the pattern which first had those that were interested in the Liturgy like Taise, those who were interested in social mission like Evangelical Academies, those who were interested in Education, like the YMCA colleges in London and the Church in the World in Holland; and those who were interested in Community like Iona with George McCloud and like Agape in Italy. This gave us our first vantage point, so to speak: come and worship, come and study, come and live and come and common mission. That was the beginning of our getting hold of our mission and our interior life. Now my point is this: from the very first, even when we didn't know what we meant, we said we are out to renew the church for the sake of renewing the world. That is one of the brightest things that we ever came up with, even though we were wet behind the ears and didn't know what we were doing. And we criticized the Academy, which was the most powerful church renewal movement, because they were going directly into social action, by-passing the theological issues. That is the reason why ten years later the academies developed what they call: "the 10-year malaise" from which they have never recovered and in which they are going to die. Most of them have. I'm thanking God that we in the Christian Faith and Life Community went the way of the theological, knocking the bottom out of the theological as the ground upon which we did the social.

I look upon that as stage one. The second stage was Fifth City. We had a great deal of pain during the time when we left Austin and traveled to every major city in the United States trying to figure out where is the place that we could best launch what we had in mind. Fortunately we hit the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago. When we went to all of those cities, we went to the slums. We sensed in the early days a call to the ghetto. I believe that we are ghetto people. I believe God knew exactly what he was doing. He intends that we always be ghetto people, that we be out to serve the poor, not in some charitable sense, but to relieve the suffering of mankind by giving to mankind the gifts of his selfhood and a new sense of community in the historical process. We were one year in Evanston before we were able to get to Fifth City. I do not think of our coming to Chicago, I think of our coming to Fifth City. That was stage two of our work.

Stage three had to do with RS-1. I can almost remember the time when we moved and covered the nation with it. And then we covered the globe with it. Now we were in Fifth City. That was our basic junction, and without that we wouldn't have moved anywhere and we would not be ready for this day. Stage four, just four groups of characters went out to launch the religious houses. It was Los Angeles, Boston, Chicago and Atlanta. And then across the world we built the framework without which you would not be doing Consults. Now the next stage, our fifth stage, was development. I don't mean raising money. We learned the hard way in development how to walk with kings as nobodies. Without that painful discipline we could not be here. I blame this on the first one who said to me, "Joe, our group has got to become sophisticated." Only she didn't use that word, she used the word "gracious". Very few of us were hippies, but we had the hippy dynamic in us. Even as old as I am, we were rebels. And if you didn't have an ounce of that in you, you wouldn't be here. Now I am pleased with what we have been able to do in that arena. Now the sixth stage in our history is NOT social demonstration. This is but a symbol of what I am talking about, and I'll come to that in a minute.

My last speech has to do with the Definitudes of Presence. Did you read that article in *Time* magazine on "Saints" in December? It had Teresa's picture on the front. I was so excited when I saw it to think that *Time* magazine at that time of year would do that! I read the thing and it was outrageous. I am not blaming *Time*, I am just blaming history or something, but you read it with fascination. There have always been saints and there always will be saints but there is a new something coming into being. You can really smell it in the article. One thing I believe: in the past you grasped the saint in terms of interior qualities. From now on you can't look at it that way. It has to be an external service. Now I believe when they interpreted sainthood, they interpreted the qualities behind external service rather than the external. This is going to flip the idea of saints. I'm trying to shove corporateness. Corporateness was there in the beginning. One of the glories of the early church was that they were called saints. Why? Because they grasped themselves as caring. The church grasped itself as caring. But it was corporate, and I am very clear on this these days. I know in all humility that it is the BLUE, and I don't care how much of a donkey you are in that blue. You know these

days I am very little concerned about going to Heaven. Bhudda came back and kept working until all people were saved. But I've decided I'll just sit down outside the gate and wait for all the Blue. Then when all the BLUE get there, we would get up and walk in together. That is what I mean by presence. It is the presence that heals and creates new possibility in history.

The Barefoot Jesus

Today I am going to talk about the barefoot Jesus. When you talk of the shape of the church to come, you are talking much more deeply than just external structures. You are finally talking about the depth understanding of the People of God themselves. That means that you and I must not only sever ourselves from Christian bigotry completely. We also have to understand how that bigotry came about. I am convinced that the Church of Jesus Christ in the early Hellenic period slipped into abstraction. The event is that the shocking happening which the Church talked about as the Christ happening turned into an idea about the Christ happening. The tendency of the Church was to substitute a *belief* in that happening for the happening itself. She has struggled against that abstractionism for the 2000 years of her history but never really conquered it until this moment. That is one of the reasons why I believe the hour at hand will be seen in years to come as the Church's finest hour, since it was impelled into history by forces that cannot finally be located in temporality. That means the victory is at hand. Going through this awareness for the Church at large still lies ahead before all of us.

The Church has become slowly aware that the meaning of Christian faith is rooted in profound empiricism and not in ideas about life. I wrote an article one time called "The Christ of History". If I were going to write it again, it would be called "The Jesus of History". I would say that up to now I have thought mostly of the Christ happening. These days I am thinking of the Jesus event.

I still like to play, as I did in that paper, with the Jesus-Christ and then the Christ-Jesus. This time put the emphasis on the Jesus. This has to do with a deepening awareness of the spirit journey in myself from that happening of profound awareness, which is a gateway into the Other World in the midst of this world. The Jesus-event is maturation within the Other World, or learning to be at one with the Other World in the midst of this world every day, every hour, of your existence. Our task is to find the social vehicle for the nurture of those who care. But in order to build such a functional vehicle one has the overwhelming task of working through his spiritual bowels the meaning of having recovered from the abstract doctrinal approach to the understanding that's rooted and grounded in what I call radicality or depth empiricism. To put that another way it means, as we have said together many times, that each and all bodies of those who care must find a way not simply to stick their fist through but to thrust their being through the glorious, but reductionistic poetry that is ingrained in them until they are consumed by universal humanness. This is behind the statement I made that I no longer feel like a man, but I feel like a human being. I no longer feel like a Christian, I feel like a human being. Now, mark you, I say that I don't feel like an American. But I want you to understand that I am an American, and I am extremely proud to be an American. I hope that if our Australian colleague were up here he would admit what I know, that he is an Australian. I would hope that he would also admit that he is proud to be an

Australian. What I'm talking about is on the other side of that. I want to bear testimony today that I am a Christian. I am proud to be a Christian, to participate in the glorious heritage that ministered to the whole wide world, directly or indirectly. But I don't feel like a Christian; I feel like a human being. Now to describe this, we cannot use the rubric of Christ unless we go through the rubric of Jesus. That's why I am interested in the barefoot Jesus.

Most of you know that we went to Israel this year in order to study their comprehensive cooperative. There is no nation in the world that knows more about that than Israel. We had a fine time. I had never been to Israel. I could have gone there before, but I have avoided going to Israel like the plague, for I never felt that I was ready to put my feet in the Holy Land which is the source of many memories which are like realities in my own life. I was reluctant to go to the Holy Land now, for I was not prepared to go. But I was there. Being the Pharasee that I am, I tried to see nothing that was not a part of the mission of why I was there. I do not recommend this kind of pharaseism to you. For instance, I passed within 10 kilometers of Bethlehem and never veered off the road. But fortunately, powers beyond my moralistic control sent me to a kibbutz that was at the foot of the Golan Heights. The Golan Heights are on the west side of the Sea of Galilee. And so, of necessity we drove through the famous Jezreel Valley, or Jezreel Plain. What a wonderful experience! For there across one way and then the other, the great armies of ancient history marched. The coastal plain is flat, and down the middle of Israel is a long rough mountain chain running north and south. But there is a break in that chain up along the sea of Galilee that cuts through. So the armies of Mesopotamia would come down to Egypt and the Egyptian army would cut through that valley to get to Mesopotamia. Alexander the Great marched his armies back and forth through this valley. On the south side of it is a famous Biblical town and mighty fortress called Megiddo, from which the book of Revelation got the fantastic symbolism of Armageddon. On the far side of the valley, high in the mountains and hard to reach, rests what in ancient days was the little village of Nazareth where the barefoot Jesus grew up. Now the reason that Nazareth was up high in the hills was that the valley, until close to the last half of this century, was malaria-infested, and the only way anybody had any hope of living in that area was to get up high. Also, in a secondary sense, it was good protection from those armies that moved back and forth through Israel's plain. The plain to the south is very frequently filled with fog and mist, and billowing clouds cover what is supposed to be the Mount of Transfiguration. It has the strangest mountain shape of any I know in the world save Fujiyama. It looks just like a huge, man-made, evenly smooth, coal mining slag heap. And oft times I would judge that you see just the bare top of that mountain sticking out from the clouds. Never was I any place in the world where I felt the kind of weirdness that I felt there. This even includes the moors of Scotland which would run a close second for me.

I went up to Nazareth on the way over to Galilee and stopped on top of the hill. I began to reflect, and it seemed to me like the heavens opened and there was a voice.

And the term that was in my mind from then on was "barefoot Jesus". I began to understand how, in the midst of this kind of terrain and environment, something like a twelve-year-old Jesus came to be. I believe that the story of his sitting with the scribes and priests and confounding them was based on some kind of truth. That means that before he was twelve years old, something radical happened to a barefoot boy. And he remained that barefoot boy for twenty years before he did anything about what happened to him when perhaps he was ten years old. Twenty years is a long time to put into action some overwhelming profound awareness.

And as I stood there and thought, two things came to mind. One thing that happened to that barefoot boy was that he became aware there on the edge of the Jezreel valley, of the awesome mystery of life. The clouds became the external manifestation of the awe that he experienced. He became aware of what became for him the absolute finality of reality. And the clouds enabled him to grasp the fact that this awe was not something that came forth out of his subjectivity, but the awe itself had great, compelling objectivity. I know not how it happened. But this ten-year-old boy became aware of the fact that this mystery, which was final reality, was his father. Now I do not mean he was drawing some kind of a silly analogy that most of your Sunday School teachers talked about and too many of us grew up with. I mean he became aware that he was the offspring of final being, of this strange mystery that seemed closer to him than any temporal reality that he was able to experience.

I am trying to say that this young boy literally came to believe that Joseph was not his father, but that which sired him was the Mystery itself. As a matter of fact, Jesus talked very little about "our Father" but very frequently about "my Father".

Then something else happened to him. I am not so clear how this happened. But I think that in those twenty years he found that you know the mystery in the eyes of another person. That seems to me by far the most important thing about him. You don't intend that; it just happens. And you discover that you can look through eyes, and when you look through eyes you become aware of mystery. And out of this came the awareness that it was not only my Father, but it was your Father. And perhaps, (and this depends on thinking later in his ministry) this became most clear to him as he beheld the eyes in human suffering. I think he became particularly concerned with the eyes that have no eyes, the blind. Remember the story that happened later when somebody came to him and said, "your mother and brothers and sisters are outside." He looked at the crowd and said "What do you mean? These are my brothers and these are my sisters!" This wasn't drawing a conclusion from some abstraction called the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. For twenty years he lived simply in relationship to these inseparable awarenesses. That is the barefoot Jesus.

Now the next picture I have is Jesus walking out of the desert and bumping into a man named John Baptiste. They became friends. Maybe John was the closest thing to a friend Jesus ever had. And he was baptised by John. There really wasn't anything before that apart from the reflection the Church did later upon the story.

The next part he played is what I call "the anointed one". It begins by one of the most nauseating things that I can think of. I'm talking about the absolutely ridiculous killing of John. I haven't found the right words to describe the silliness of John's death, silly brutality, an insane death. The picture is Herod's court. And he has some of his buddies in high places sitting down to lunch. Now, Herod was not just a mean old guy. He had a daughter that was pretty and talented, and he was proud of her like you yourself are proud of your children. And so he sat there trying to impress his relative peers. And he thought, "Now I will really give them something; I will show off my daughter." So he asked his daughter to dance. And she was like most daughters you spend a lot of money on teaching to play the piano and dance; when you ask them to perform, they invariably say "no." So Herod, like most of us fathers, decided to bribe her. He said if she would dance he would give her anything she wanted. And I bet he had in mind the prettiest thoroughbred Arabian stallion or a little villa set in the countryside. But the last thing he had in mind was that this performance would demand the head of John the Baptist. I cannot tell you about the vicious old lady who must have been extremely bright, far more intelligent than her husband who sat on the throne. For she saw in John the Baptist, this innocent, non-political, non-revolutionary figure who was just going up and down talking about religion, a depth her husband never dreamed of. She saw her own demise. And so she whispered in the ear of her daughter. I hardly know how to account for the fact that he daughter was so enslaved by her mother, but there was something going on. And then the shock on Herod's face. There were his peers. So with great reluctance, he gave the sign, and John's head fell.

The next scene of the movie shows Jesus. He heard. And he shed just one tear, just one. At about that time, a man came by and said, "As soon as I bury my father, I am going to come and join you." With anger, Jesus threw back at him, "Let the dead bury the dead." And he marched on. And from that time on until the day he died, he was an angry man. Immediately, he took this little band of rovers up into the hillside for the scene of the great transfiguration. He gets up there, and he walks away from them a little bit, he turns around and asks, "What do people say about me?" "Who do they say that I am?" And there is no supernaturalness in this; they say, "Well, they think you are another Elijah." "Others think you are one of the other great prophets." "And some others think you are really the power behind John the Baptist's ministry." Then came *the* question. He turned to them and said, "Who do you say I am?" I imagine there was a bit of stuttering. And then they said, "Well, you are the anointed one." And, if you will forgive this, he said, not out loud, but to himself, "Why isn't one of you the anointed one?" But he knew, when they killed John, where the contradiction was. He also knew that if he dared touch that contradiction, he would end up exactly where John did. And he also knew that if that breech were not attached, there wasn't any hope for the poor and the lame and the blind. Anointed to do what? You are the one anointed to splash your being against that which deters the possibility of profound humanness for everyman, and particularly the poorest of the poor. There is nothing mystical about the

anointment. And then if you remember, "He set his face like flint toward Jerusalem," which was the citadel of the powers and the principalities standing in the way of profound humanness. From that day on he was a doubly angry man. From that moment on, he really took on the scribes and the pharisees and the saducees. And he whipped them to pieces.

The prime act of his life was standing on the temple grounds and delivering his fantastic speech of "woe to you." His attack was not on the religious establishment as over against the secular establishment. Such a dichotomy did not exist in his day. And he wasn't against the establishment for the sake of being against the establishment; it interfered with the establishment doing what it is called to do.

Jesus took upon himself the symbolism of the anointed one out of his tradition. He was very clear that the reason he rode an ass into Jerusalem was to amass the symbolic power that had to be amassed to effectively throw his final life against the established powers. From that day on, he was like a broken record. He was interested in only two things.

The first is illustrated by the story of the fig tree. The fig tree was a powerful symbol. If you remember, he walked up to the tree and said, "You did not produce any fruit." And when you are called to be the People of God and produce no fruit, you wither away and God raises up new vines in the most unsuspecting places. You who should have known about the Other World did not enter into it. But more than that you stood in the way of the poor experiencing what it means to be a human being.

The second, and he was almost insane about this, was being humble. He used the children here. Occasionally, when someone would boast he would bring in the little children and say, "Save you are like one of these, you don't know anything about the Other World."

The anointed one. Anointed for what? To lay down your life at the point of the moral issue of your moment in time. The interesting thing about the anointed one was that Jesus never once said that he was the anointed one. In fact, you and you alone can say that you are the received one, that you are the one loved of God. But you cannot ever say that you are the anointed one. It is for a power far greater than you to say that.

It was all over in Jerusalem when he delivered his final great address, the great "Woe" speech, and the soldiers appeared. Then came that strange scene before the High Priest. "Are you the Christ?" he asks. And Jesus snaps back, "It is you that says it." It's like he said, "You said it; I didn't" The movie really ends here. He's done.

And now you can understand how the Church, in pointing out what life finally is all about over against ultimate reality, said it is anointment. Schweitzer, in 1906, wrote *The Quest for the Historical Jesus*. In that his key phrase is that Jesus tried to "force the kingdom." Now we wouldn't use the word "kingdom". We would use "the Other World". He tried to force the Other World into disclosing itself in his time in history. He tried to force the kingdom by throwing his own being against the stone wall.

Finally, at every moment in history, the kingdom has to be forced by the anointed one. I have been trying for a long time to get my mind around the Hunter Warrior and The Saint and The Wise One and The General. Someone drew a diagram with these names we've used and put the Jesus-figure in the middle. For a long time I wondered what to rename that. Now I know. The anointed one. If you attempt to take the great historical religions of the world, I think you can organize them under the category of "the enlightened one" or "the illuminated one", as in Buddhism or Hinduism. And then Taoism is a little harder, but it might be "the victorious one" or "the effective one". Now, when you intensify awareness and engagement, you have the third category of being, the profound core of human being-ness which is the anointment, to lay down your life on behalf of the mistreated of the time in which you live. That is what the Christ is all about. That is what Jesus is all about. In the overall framework of the play, it all begins with the virgin birth. The Church was trying to say that the way of Jesus is the way it is, period! The drama ends with the resurrection. Here the Church was trying to say with the resurrection of Jesus, that his resurrected life began with a ten-year-old boy who intensified his life to his 33rd year and that all may participate in this resurrection. Now, finally, did Jesus after all, force the Other World?

You just take a look at me. I am the answer. Unseemly as it may sound to you, I was sired by the Mystery as a result of Jesus forcing the kingdom. What he did broke loose something that brought into being one of the most powerful spiritual thrusts history has ever seen, the Christian movement. Christianity is, of course, not the only spiritual thrust in history; time and time again the kingdom has been and still must be forced if men are to be human. But here I am. And turn around and look at yourselves if you can. And there you are. We are the residue of the life and death of the barefoot Jesus. And, the hour is now come again when the kingdom is being forced across the world and the thing we have learned from the man of Galilee is that the kingdom is not forced with somebody's life. It's forced rather with somebody's death.

You remember that like Jesus, Paul was struck down with an indescribable awareness. immediately after that, Paul disappeared for three whole years. Nobody knew where he was or whether he was still alive. He too, was three years out in a desert all by himself, where whatever he was after happened to him. He suddenly showed up again. And he had a word. For three years he stepped back from this story of Jesus I have just told you and he looked at it and tried to stick his fist through the meaning of it all. Finally it dawned on him. And he came back and built the Church. What he told them was this: "I've got it, I've got it, I've got it! In this happening, God was reconciling the world unto himself. In the midst of all this, the Mystery decided to show himself to all mankind so that there might be, once again, human beings." Now, I can also offer that statement of Paul's. It was such a profoundly true statement, and it was the vulnerable point in Christendom which allowed abstractionists to take over, so that we were asked to subscribe to an idea that God was in Christ reconciling man unto himself, rather than looking through

what Paul said about what happened to a barefoot Jesus. Could it be, could it be that there could be in our day, for the sake of all mankind, a corporate Jesus? Who do you say that we are? Who do you say that we are? All this razzle-dazzle about doing social demonstrations and town meetings has no meaning unless we get said, in the profound deeps, what we are really about.

What Hath Been Wrought?

My beloved colleagues, all and each, though I've not been temporally ordained to do so, I wax bold to bring you greetings from the globe-at-large and from all of history. Forthrightly, I intend to be a bit tedious relative to time, and I intend to display a touch of kitchen-sinkness but I do not intend in any way whatsoever to be practical. I must begin by confessing that a year ago, before this Assembly, I misstated the truth, unintentionally. It was not the truth when I said that the greatest year of my life was my 65th year. The truth of the matter is, the greatest year of my life is my 66th year.

You can't keep things quiet in the Assembly; most of you know that for some five days of the Assembly, I was in the hospital and there wsn't anything really wrong. They found certain things that disturbed them about my kidneys, my back, my heart and my lungs. They summed it up as normal deterioration along with age. I feel like a young man with something gone wrong. But I have not told you the good news. They must have taken my blood pressure twenty times. I began to get curious, not to say a bit frightened. So I asked them about my blood pressure. They said, "Every day it shows up normal."

Then my mind went back to this past year. I have never lived through such a hectic time in my whole life. I have been humiliated more deeply this year than ever before, and I am an old pro at being humiliated. There were times on an airplane when I thought, literally, that I would get up and start screaming, but I didn't. Time and again I considered just getting myself lost in Bombay, never to be seen again. I experience my insides as just ground to pieces or as if they were an atom bomb just about ready to blow me and everything around me into kingdom come. But my blood pressure was normal!

I asked them what blood pressure meant. They said, "Well, first of all, it determines whether enough of the waste matter has been eliminated. Secondly, it tells whether, at the moment, enough blood is being forced through the body to maintain the mind and physique. But, most of all, it checks on your state of anxiety, or the effects of strain." And I was normal. I read into that what I'm not sure they would have read. In the midst of the agony of this last year, my total life has been one of effulgence. My life has been one of fulfillment. That is not because of anything I've done because fulfillment is a state of being over which you finally have no control. And if I have been under strain, what in the world have you been under! Not once during this year have I ever come within several miles of a live bullet. I have not been in a fox hole. I can tell you from experience that being back at the command post in a war has a certain calm about it that even visiting the front lines does not have. As I sat here this morning I was overwhelmingly impressed. I thought, if they took our corporate blood pressure, much to our humiliation and embarrassment, it would be normal!

Two years ago at this time, I warned you that if you didn't take care of yourself you were not going to make it, because the group could not, for the next 18 months, take care of you. I warned you that it would not be the young ones who would pick up their two suitcases and go because they wouldn't believe that you have to take care of yourself. It would be the old ones. That has happened. Now, I believe that along about next March, a kind corporateness will be at hand such as you and I have never dreamed possible. And we're old hands at the experience of corporateness. Another time I'd like to describe what I think that will look like.

I want to remind you why it is necessary to take good care of yourselves. You and I understood that, two years ago when we started out to literally move the universe, we would have no time to take care of ourselves. We do not have time to train ourselves. Whether you know it or not, you are on what Sun Tzu called "death ground," you have no time to train anyone to use a rifle. You just hope he shoots out of the right end, that's all. That will still be true this year. You don't think for a moment we could have possibly done 24 Social Demonstrations, 1500 Town Meetings in 23 countries if you cared about whether somebody else got proper training or got proper care. No! There comes a time when you are on "death ground," when you just have to move, and not care who it is that takes the hindsight.

Secondly, two years ago when we probed into the deeps of profound consciousness, we found that there was no way to be of assistance to each other, that finally, every individual is all alone before the Final Reality. Husbands, wives, children, colleagues and friends are of no assistance.

We have to learn for ourselves, as unrepeatable individuals, to walk in the Way; to live in the Other World in the presence of this world. That can only be done in total and absolute solitude. In anything else we can assist each other. But in the profound deeps of consciousness, we walk alone. It is a quality of consciousness itself. In the last two years, if you have not learned to walk alone, you either built an illusion around yourself like never before in all your life, or you got your two suitcases and got off the front lines.

Sometimes I hear people talk as if we should have had the practical wisdom we have today, five years ago. Well, nobody else in the world had it five years ago. There are few who have that kind of practical wisdom today. You get that kind of wisdom only through raw experience. I am trying to say God knew when to send the "death ground". And you either learned or you didn't survive! The kind of knowhow that went into your reconstructing the weaponry of our task this summer did not come out of textbooks. Experts were of little use. It was learned in the raw experience of hell, in Kwanyung Il, Kawangware, Maliwada, Majuro and Oomulgurri! It could have been learned no place else. In that kind of learning, the established structure, whether it be a group like ourselves, or the educational or scientific institutions of the globe, is quite secondary.

The last reason why you have to take care of yourself we'll be able to explain better a year from now. You see, what we never intended to stumble onto, we stumbled onto. That is the awareness that humanness is universal. If you think that is not a profound

statement, you did not even hear me. We stumbled onto the fact that the most profound bigotries in our existence were capable of having a fist stuck through them. The most profound bigotry in me, as I have admitted to you, is the religious poetry I grew up in. It is with a sense of pride that I can say that I do not experience myself as an American these days. I experience myself as a human being. I do not experience myself as a white man. I experience myself as a human being. Maybe you women will not even want me to say this: I do not experience myself first of all as a man, but I experience myself as a human being.

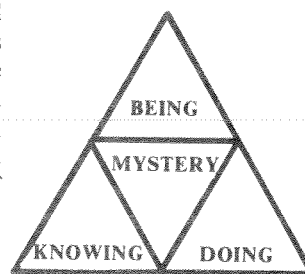
Now, moving into that depth beyond all depths of life, is a kind of wrenching of the spirit that goes beyond any communal association. For what it requires is that you tear yourself asunder, not from the external, communal relationships you have, but from those relationships which are buried, rooted firmly in the depths of your psyche. We have been alone in our togetherness and we have had no other course.

A few months ago, when I first began to see that the life force was coming, I tried to draw together the statement of what it was that we have wrought, and then quickly, I changed that into the statement of what has God wrought in us. Or, what have the powers that are beyond our activities and efforts made of us. I listed these. First, He has made of us a global service network. Secondly, He has made of us a global corporate style. Third, He has made of us a worldwide credibility net. We have far to go, but this has been done. Fourth, He has made of us a worldwide development system. Again, we have far to go. Fifthly, He has made of us a worldwide support force. I want the word "US" to be very large; it includes patrons that would never be guardians. This includes the guardians who would never live the kind of life you live or I live. And it includes the local men and women in the villages of the world who would never find themselves in the blue, but who care. This is the support net. Sixth, we are a comprehensive, philosophical ground and I want to start talking in a minute from that beginning. And lastly, we are a comprehensive, methodological schemata.

Now, the question that lies ahead is, what in the world are we going to do with this? That is the issue! Any sense of virtue we may have at arriving at this hour turns into nothingness as we face the horrendous decision of what are we going to do with this? In another way, what I'm talking about this morning has to do with precisely that. To win this next year means sticking your fist through the dynamics of the three campaigns. Guess where your fist will come out: In the midst of knowing, doing and being, exactly where we began. This is what I mean when I say that, when all is said and done, I am not a practical man in terms of popular and common definitions of practicality. I could care less about glazed, heat-resisting, lightweight, low-priced roofs. I could care less about an effective design of global economy. I care not about tripling total village income in two years. What I am concerned about is profound humanness. I am interested in any company and its product only to the degree that it finally ministers unto the possibility of the poorest of the poor of this world experiencing themselves profoundly as human beings. This is true whether it be ferryboats in Majuro, comprehensive cooperatives or any other practical things.

Now we have gotten around to the practical. But, to be honest with you, I am not impressed with the practical. This September we will have been in existence for 25 years. The greatest thing we ever did was not to allow ourselves to become publicly known, never to publicize ourselves in any way, but to try to focus our attention on what we accomplished. Twenty-five years ago, we looked very carefully at the historical renewal forces in Europe that came after World War II, and every one of them was practically oriented. They were moving into the practical-social, the practical-economic, the practical-cultural issues head-on. There is scarcely one renewal force still alive today.

At that time we made a decision that was far more significant than we had the intellectual capacity to understand. That was first to ground ourselves in the profound depths of humanness. We used other language in those days, but that is what we meant. Only when we had broken through into the dimension of what it means to be the full and the fulfilled human being were we ready to deal with what books call the practical. That was a long journey. The symbol of the journey that covered years is in this little triangle. We believe that, whatever your culture, whatever your cultural conditioning, when you are able to see what this is pointing to, you say, "Yes". That's what it means to be human. It has to do with knowing and doing and being. It has to do with profound awareness, with historical engagement and fulfilled humanness, attuned to what is the Mystery. The awareness, and finally, the heart of consciousness is there to seize upon and to understand. Then you can talk about it any way you want, or use any kind of poetry to ground it existentially in your existence, or in history's being. But it is, first of all, an acknowledgement of that reality that begins the journey of what it means to be a human being and nothing else.



The second thing we discovered was that one did not really know, save he "doed". Which is a way of understanding that there is a dynamic in consciousness, or profound humanness, that was beyond what we usually isolate as awareness of knowing. It had to do with activity, historical activity, not busy-ness, with shaping, forming, forging, bending history itself. Where you grasp yourself in the service of no other Lord, no other Sovereign, save the Mystery itself, before which the arena of action could be nothing less than the whole world and the length of history itself. The acknowledgement of the Mystery and serving of the Mystery are but two sides of the same coin.

The third thing we discovered was not a third dynamic, but was the fact that once you intensify awareness and once you intensify engagement, there comes a sense of plethora. The fulfillment of full humanness which, though it does not exist in itself as a third element, becomes a reality in the intensification of the first two poles. This I call re-presenting the Mystery. Now another way to talk about these three dynamics is faith, and love, and hope.

Last week, in New York, I had lunch with the Chairman of the Council of Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in India. He told me a great story. Some people in his church who had been proselytizing and educating for years decided that now they'd go help the local people. They decided that they would do that by enabling them to intensify and expand their agriculture. So they went to the Ministry of the government for authorization. The Minister was a Hindu. He said, "Gentlemen, we would be very delighted for you to work with the local people, but from our perspective they need one thing, that is just a little bit of hope. If and when you bring that, you will find that all the practical things that you are so concerned about will take shape." That's what I mean by presence.

I have been brutal on you who have been in the front lines of these projects. I have been brutal when I did not see visible change, economic progress, or new housing and intensification of farming. That is your great power and your great strength. That is the secret of it all; your presence there. What is presence? It is sharing the presence of Mystery itself which is the hope beyond all hope and itself remaining a mystery. Now, can you understand that the definition of those who care is found in this bit of symbolism—this triangle. We spent years of our life while people told us we were doing nothing, forcing through to the bottom. What we are finally about, whether we are doing Town Meeting, Social Demonstration or anything else, is nothing more and nothing less than giving the privileged opportunity of experiencing what it means to be a genuine human being to the last man and woman on this earth in our life time.

What is the job of those who care? We already know in Chardin's language that it is to go out and reconstruct the times in which we live in order that the possibility of humanness may be there. What is the content of this? Where is it that we see that all the earth belongs to all the people finds a new social container which is a kind of abstract idealism. Any such understanding is always within a temporal container which denies forever anything that people win by perfection or completion. History is, in one sense, an endless process of rebuilding the earth. But if "all the earth belongs to all" that means all the fruits of nature, however they are distributed, finally belong to every man. Then it is important. The decision-making process, the opportunity to participate in deciding not only one's own destiny, but the destiny of history itself, belongs to every man. Up to this moment in history, I believe that less than 5% of the people who have ever lived have directly and authentically participated in determining the course of history. What an hour! And then all the gifts of humanness . . .

We throw around the 15% and the 85% figures so much I feel we may get calloused. Most people would not have the slightest idea what we mean when we say 85 and 15. To say it again: 15% of us have all the education; we have all the health, we possess the resources and the means of "the good life". I'm saying on your behalf, and on behalf of all who care, all who have experienced profound humanness, that what we have also belongs to that 85% of have-nots. We care not, in our lifetime, that history is wrapped up. That's not our job. Our job is to stand and to stand talk rebuilding the earth, keeping for our moment in history a move toward the realization of the common human awareness that all the earth belongs to all.

Now we come to how we do that. First of all are the large ontological maneuvers, that's the maneuvers of the void to use the terms of one Japanese man of long ago. Secondly, come the historical maneuvers. The historical maneuvers are within the circles of our global campaigns. How many years did it take us to finally come up with this? Instead of 25 years, it seems like you and I have been at it for several centuries. As a matter of fact, what I am doing this morning is attempting to interpret who we are under the rubric of space, as over against the rubric of time. When interior space has been exploded, it's only filled up with the concretizing of love or concern. When you're dealing with temporality or time, the sudden interior explosion is only filled up with acknowledgement or faith which confines times in such a way that you can get your being around it.

My point here is, that it's not enough to know that all the earth belongs to all. One has to be able to decide, however modestly, precisely how that can become a possibility in your lifetime. For us, it is the campaign of awakenment of all men. The specific form of this, right now, is Town Meeting. Second is the task of engaging every person in the world. Providing the possibility of engagement to every man in the world is the meaning of Social Demonstration.

In recent days I have begun to talk to myself about the "magnificent seven" revolutions that are happening all at once at this moment in history. There has never been anything like it before.

One is the revolution of the third world. What a revolution! We have noble first-hand member of that revolution in our midst today. We have some secondhand members, and I am one, who symbolize the fantastic dimension of the revolution of the Third World.

The second of the "magnificent seven" is much harder to explain. It is the part of the technological revolution that has to do with people. It has to do with the thrust toward globalization of humanity. It is nothing more or nothing less than the so-called international communities of the world. The heart of this is the national and multinational corporations which are doing the revolution. No matter what your abstract liberal friends may have to say about such corporations, they are revolutionizing the world. And if you live long enough, you are going to see that, in spite of your abstract criticism, that is the way history is.

The next, and this may be the first of the "magnificent seven", is the feminine revolution. I want to witness to this body that over the years I have not been one who has appreciated the rise of women in history. In this last year when I saw that 300,000,000 of the women of the world are a part of the poorest of the poor and spend their total life in a way that is worse than that in which a dog or a donkey lives, I have become a full convert to the women's revolution. Maybe in the long run, that will be the most important one that has happened in our time in history.

The next of the "magnificent seven" is the minorities revolution. It is the black man of America who enabled other minorities in this country and the rest of the western world, to rise up and demand of us nothing less than an equal opportunity to make of their lives what you and I have the opportunity to make of our lives.

The next revolution is the youth revolution. It's calmed down now, but don't you ever think that ever again it will be the same to be a youth. Don't you think that it will ever be the same to be a parent. Women who suckle their existence from their children are going to find their lives changed. And we he-men who have taken such great pride in being the proper father while we saw all the mistakes of our brothers, our hour is also gone.

The last revolution of this type is the educational revolution. I don't think we've seen the profundity of that. One thing I'm clear about, even though right now the universities in our country are experiencing a kind of resuscitation in terms of their ancient image, somebody else is going to see to it that the whole approach to education around this world is changed. I think it is going to be the college students in the third world who are going to carry the revolution and require a totally new understanding of what it means to be an educated person.

Now, I've been saying all this only to get to Town Meeting. Profound as these revolutions are, THE profound revolution in our time is the rise of local man. Though it is still the morning star on the far horizon, save for those who have eyes to see, local man is on the move. He is going to radically, profoundly alter history in terms of any image that anybody up to this moment in history has ever conceived.

Social Demonstration, which has to do with engagement, is held with the 24. In one way, compared with the whole historical task we have, they are but comedies. I have even thought during this year, and mark you, I have put my life blood into getting 24 of these under way, that the only real significance they had was to give us the credibility in the world so we could do Town Meeting. Do you hear that? At least I know it has already done that. When a human being is awakened, his creativity begins to flow. I mean the creativity that *he is* begins to flow. In principle, that creativity will find its own point of engagement. Now the Social Demonstration assists that creativity in that it is a demonstration of how the most local of the local of all local men can engage himself in a way that will affect history itself. Therefore, for the sake of Town Meeting, you need so many of these demonstrations. But finally, you have to see that the task for those who are concerned with the three campaigns is to emphasize awakening and not engagement, except in terms of theoretical presentation. Do you hear that? There is no way to stand over some two million social demonstrations. If we are concerned with mass awakening of the four billion people in the world in our lifetime, then we understand the vocation of profound consciousness.

Both Town Meeting around this globe and Social Demonstration have just been set up. Town Meeting in this country had to reach 1500 or we were not talking about anything to do. In principle we have reached that. Town Meeting is set up in this country. Now we have to do it. It is in the same position as every Social Demonstration. The most overwhelming thing in the whole Assembly was the 24 flags of the countries where we had community forums. We have Global Community Forum set up. Now let's go do it globally.

This doing is to get ready for next year. A year from now, and only at that time will the meaning of this pluriform yin-yang come into being. We have no intraglobal

movement campaign there yet. Now, we have to get our minds and spirits fixed in spelling out practically the new spirit mode of the 20th century in a global sense, plus creating a new sociological instrument that will effectively nurture those who care around the world. The latter is going to be the important one. You're not going into the State of Maharashtra and awaken 232 villages into caring if you do not find a social instrument whereby their care can be continually nurtured. In one sense this is what we have been looking forward to. It is not going to be easy, but we won't even dare put our mind to it if we do not do Social Demonstration and Town Meeting this next year.

What's the key to this doing? It is going to take certain qualities in order to do these campaigns. One quality is just caring, caring about the whole world; not about your children; not about your spouse; not about your nation; not about your culture, but caring about humanity. Unless that posture is honed into what, in the 19th century would have been called a quality of character, you are not going to stand long.

The second word is "courage". Fundamentally, what I mean by courage is integrity. You decide who you are and spend your whole life being that and nothing else, no matter what the external circumstances are. Without that kind of ontological courage you're not going to win.

The next word is "corporateness". I don't mean some superficial getting together to make the task easier. I mean the awareness that you and I are first of all social beings and secondly, individual beings. The corporateness that you exist in and that other people wonder how you can live in, is simply the sociality that is at the bottom of humanness itself. Without that kind of corporateness you are going to fail in Town Meeting and in Social Demonstration.

The last word is "creativity". What I mean by that flows out of all the others. It is not true that sometimes I'm creative and sometimes I'm not, or that some of us are creative and the rest of us are not. Man *is* his creativity. I repeat what used to be in old lectures. Some people think I'm just fat. That's not true. That happens to be where the creativity that I am is located. Without guts enough to allow that creativity, wherever you store it, to be released there is no doing. That is another way of saying that there is no place you can telephone that will tell you how to go about doing your village. They never install telephones in heaven. That's why I want to go there.

Down underneath these qualities are decisions. This is the profound resolve that's behind the concept of winning. If you do not decide all over again you have only one life to live, you are not going to win. How long do you young ones go on really thinking that you are not going to die? Now you know better. You only go around the clock once. The question no longer is, what is the meaning of going around that clock once. The question you have to face now, and you have to face it in absolute solitude, is what in the world are you going to do with that one life that goes around the clock once, not twice. In one way, you never get a second decision.

The second decision you have to make, and you have no choice, is to decide where the moral issue is in history. Let's say it's not where we've been saying it is. That's fine. You have to decide it. Once you decide that you have only one life to live, then you are going to decide where THE moral issue is. For you are going to use that one life where

the crucial import of your time in history is. There is nothing moral about the moral issue. The moral issue is an ontological reality. No longer do things such as salaries, badges, and degrees have meaning for you. It is where the issue of history lies in your own lifetime.

The third decision you have to make is whether or not you are the anointed one. I remember Jesus and his disciples one time getting awfully clear that somebody had to knock their skulls against the establishment which was smothering the suffering people of the time. Jesus asked who is the anointed one to knock his skull against the fortress that was the establishment. Those disciples said, "You are the anointed one." When you're dealing with your own life in the moral issue, it's a vocational decision. There's a chemist, there's a doctor, there's a lawyer. When you're dealing with what I am talking about, those things seem quite incidental. The real vocation of life is what you decide that you are anointed to do in history. Then you do it. You alone can decide it.

Now, the last decision you have to make. Isn't it funny, Sun Tsu and the others were right in the arena of winning and they come down heavy on this. You have to decide all over again about your death. You have to decide whether you are a dead man. If you have decided you are a dead man, Maliwada can't throw you. If you have not decided, it will chew you up and spit you out. If you have not decided you are a dead man, filling in all of those counties in the United States of America and then starting on the townships of the United States of America is going to chew you up and spit you out. You have to decide that you are a dead man. You have to decide whether your death is embraced. You have to decide that you have one life and that it is stuffed into the moral issue and that you are anointed by the powers that be. I'm just dealing with the hard-headed realities of being of service to the poorest of the poor in this world.

There is another category of words which has to do with maneuvers. You can make all the battleplans to fill the field reserve and that is not going to accomplish anything. You have to learn maneuvers, which gives a context for all your tactics. In the book, *The Five Rings*, written in Japan, Musashi says that to be a Samurai you carry two swords. One is a short sword that you carry in your belt. The other is the long sword that you wear in a scabbard. When you enter into combat you have them both. The long sword is for maneuvers. The short sword is for the in-fight. To exaggerate just a touch, your long sword gets the maneuvering done so that your tactics can drive home to the core. We are going to learn to do that or we're going to fail.

As a matter of fact, battleplanning is nothing other than arranging your implementaries within a context of effectivity. There are four principles. One is timing. Timing means there never are "ants in your pants". The guy who has ants in his pants has a failure mentality written all across his mind. There is a time to move. And there is a time not to move. The author calls that "applicable timing". First of all there is the timing of life itself. If you have not decided that you are going to spend all of your life struggling against any power that keeps you from being a profound human being, then you are back in basic maneuvers that he calls "the maneuver of the void". Then you are not going to be capable of dealing with historical maneuvers. Historical maneuvers

have to do with the profound change of our time. Is local man on the rise? I ask you now. Is the way to bring about profound humanness to have campaigns of awakening, engagement, and one that makes possible the fullness of humanness? Then, in every area and in every task maneuvers have to be built that have timing in them.

The next thing is that you have to know your enemy if you are going to maneuver. In our situation that enemy always remains half invisible. Now, he isn't an enemy until he becomes incarnate. You have a hard time seeing that enemy of principalities and powers. Those forces, whether they are in established form or simply in mindset, keep men in darkness, in inertia and in despair. This is what you are finally attacking.

The next category is weaponry. When you said that this Assembly was all about advising the Council, that's right. But it is not the heart of the matter. If this Assembly had any opinion to pass on, it wasted its time. What you were out to build is the weaponry for the effective doing of Social Demonstration and the effective doing of Town Meeting. The Council will be able to make up its own mind about where and how the forces shall be committed. That does not mean your work will not help them.

The last thing is the deployment of troops. This is far more complicated than assignments. Some general who lets his religious house go while he pulls all his troops out to do some little old battle has lost, even though he thinks he wins. Deployment is complicated. The crucial thing is how you get your troops at all times in a position of advantage.

I asked my brother what he thought, above all else, held this group together. He thought for some time and said that he thought it was discipline. That pleased me but I was trying to get him to agree with what I would say, corporateness. Then I decided that both of us were wrong because corporateness is discipline and discipline is corporateness. And when you put those two together, it's unity.

In this year of doing I would call upon you to guard your unity. That means guarding any kind of reductionism. Wherever you are you must think blue, guarding against the propensity in yourself and in your neighbor to be somebody. Any awakened person in our group ought to realize that you, I and everyone runs our whole group. The power is in the center of the table. There is no need for competition. Unity is the key.

Finally, guard irrational conflict. Maybe I can plead a personal statement. I am extremely grateful to all of my colleagues over the last twenty-five years who have with patience that in my solemn moments astounds me, put up with all my stupidities, my personal flaws, my personal mistakes, my wickednesses, my stumblings, my down-right sinfulness. In case I never get a chance to do it, I express my gratitude to you. It has occurred to me that if you could put up with my flaws, stupidities and mistakes through all these years, you ought to be able to forgive the mistakes and the flaws and the stupidities of each other.