THE COMMUNION
of
SAINTS
edited by
Erin Doom

MICROSYNAXIS
n. a small gathering

EIGHTH DAY INSTITUTE
WICHITA, KS
MICRO-SYNAXIS is published by Eighth Day Institute to promote the renewal of culture through small excerpts of literature, samples from and reports on the work of Eighth Day Institute, and book reviews. This newsletter – or so it is purported to be – is an annual publication, to be published each fall by Eighth Day Institute, 2836 E. Douglas, Wichita, KS, 67214. Annual subscriptions cost $10 ($20 for non-U.S. surface rate; $30 for non-U.S. airmail rate). Subscriptions are automatically included with all levels of Eighth Day Membership (see inside back cover for details).

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The front cover image is an icon of Christ surrounded by His Saints on the dome of the 16th century Stavronikita Monastery Church on Mt. Athos.

Although Eighth Day Institute and Eighth Day Books have no formal affiliation or financial relationship, our support for each other is mutual and enthusiastic. Our mission of “renewing culture through faith and learning” is carried out through not-for-profit educational endeavors that seek to accomplish what Eighth Day Books does as a for-profit business through book sales: connect people to classics which shed light on ultimate questions and expose people to the teachings of the Holy Fathers.

WRITE THE EDITOR: We welcome letters of all sorts: encouragement, critique, thoughtful reflections on the renewal of culture, or any other sort of letter. Length should be limited to 300 words and may be edited for clarity and length.

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The Prophets, the Apostles of Christ and the Martyrs have taught mankind to sing the praises of the consubstantial Trinity; they have given light to the nations that were gone astray, and they have made the sons of men companions of the angels.

-Aposticha for Tuesday Vespers, Second Week of Great Lent
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What is the Church if not the assembly of all the Saints.

– Bishop Nicetas
HOME, HOPE & the HOLY
a letter from an EDI board member

Tom Rhein

DEAR FRIENDS and readers, as a recent addition to the Eighth Day Institute (“EDI”) Board of Directors, I’ve spent a great deal of time lately reflecting on what it is about EDI that has made it such a singularly important part of my life since I stumbled upon it some three years ago. I’ve asked Erin to allow me to share with you some of my humble reflections on what the Institute means to my family and me, and why I am so passionately concerned with ensuring that this great work endures.

For me, Eighth Day Institute is three things: It is Home; it is Hope; it is Holy.

HOME: EDI is a place, a community, in which I am able to freely and comfortably hold and articulate the beliefs of my tradition, while simultaneously being challenged and affirmed by those of my separated brethren. EDI is not an alternative to “Rome sweet home,” but is (in a strangely inverted sense) something “bigger.” If the Catholic altar is the table where I receive my daily bread, EDI is the family room where my friends, brothers, and sisters gather to share our lives and to be ourselves. To me it is a foretaste of our final and perfect Home, where the Church really becomes “one,” yet where each experiences fully what it means to be “true to oneself.”

HOPE: Against the backdrop of our pluralist anti-culture, which hopes for (demands!) nothing more than “tolerance,” Eighth Day Institute proposes and embodies a compellingly authentic vision of a Church united – East and West, Orthodox, Catholic and Protestant. What makes this vision so compelling to me is that it neither glosses over nor revels in the scandal of a divided Church. Our differences are not celebrated as such, but are thoughtfully investigated and respectfully shared. What makes the vision authentic is that it is rooted in a concrete foundation – the Nicene Creed – fidelity to which is the aim of our unity, not simply unity for the sake of “togetherness.”

As the head of an ecumenical household – my wife is an Evangelical Protestant – EDI’s efforts toward promoting authentic unity are more than just theological exercises or cultural improvements; they’re beacons of hope that something like a non-uniform unity is possible (and beautiful!), and they offer a formula for presenting an authentic vision of our shared Christianity to our children.

HOLY: Anyone who has attended an EDI event will understand what I mean by this. Similarly, if you’ve ever entered Eighth Day Books, you know what it’s like to find yourself no longer merely in Kansas, but in one of those marvelous “in-between” places that Lewis and Tolkien write about. These events, this space, (and hopefully this publication!) are “sacramental” in that every outward element points to a higher reality, and as such is sanctified. They are “liturgical” in that they are fundamentally oriented toward worship – through song, prayer, Scripture, and reflection on the lives and writings of those who have gone before us. They are ecumenical in all the ways I’ve already mentioned, and they’re evangelical in that one cannot walk away without a renewed sense that this Christian life is something eminently beautiful; something essentially vital; something worth sharing with everyone. All of these elements contribute to an overarching sense of holiness; one that I believe impacts everyone who comes into contact with it and enables them to become just a little bit holier.
Enduring comprises a strong activity of the soul, namely, a vigorous grasping of and clinging to the good.  

– Josef Pieper
Let us ourselves by the imitation of the saint’s virtues become their living monuments and images.
– St. John of Damascus
OF WHOM the WORLD
WAS NOT WORTHY
commemorating saints
in a secular age

Erin Doom

G K. CHESTERTON once said there are only two things that never get boring: stories and persons. Averil Cameron, Professor of Late Antique and Byzantine History, takes Chesterton’s assertion a step further. In her book, Christianity and the Rhetoric of Empire: The Development of Christian Discourse, Cameron argues that the development of a “totalizing discourse” or a “Christian rhetoric” was key to the Christianization of the Roman Empire. By “discourse” or “rhetoric,” Cameron means all modes of expression – oral, written, visual, or material – employed by early Christians to articulate their faith and “the power of that expression to persuade.” Of the many possible modes of expression, Cameron focuses on the two noted by Chesterton above as the key features to the success of early Christian rhetoric in the Roman Empire: figurative characters and Christian stories. As I continue to reflect on cultural renewal in the twenty-first century, I think Cameron and Chesterton are correct: we need to tell stories and, more specifically, we need to tell stories about people.

More important than what I think, however, is what the Church thinks. The Church believes we need to tell stories about holy people. We find these stories scattered throughout the Old Testament, as encapsulated in the New Testament chapter on faith in the epistle to the Hebrews, which tells the stories of Abel who offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, of Enoch who pleased God and did not see death, of Noah who built an ark when he had never seen rain, of Abraham who obeyed God’s call to go a place he knew not, of Sarah who bore a child when she was past the age of conception, of Moses who led the Israelites through the Red Sea, of the harlot Rahab who received the spies in peace, of Gideon who defeated the Midianites with only three-hundred men, and of Samson, David, Samuel, and all the other prophets who, as the author of Hebrews puts it, through faith subdued kingdoms, worked righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, became valiant in battle, turned to flight the armies of aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again. Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. Still others had trial of mockings and scourgings, yes, and of chains and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn in two, were tempted, were slain with the sword.

We also find stories of holy people in the New Testament. In the Gospels we read about John the Baptist preaching in the desert, Mary accepting God’s call through the archangel Gabriel, about the faith of those who lowered their paralytic friend through a roof to be healed by Christ, Peter walking on water, and the hemorrhaging woman who touched the hem of Christ’s garment for healing. In the Acts of the Apostles we read about Stephen the first martyr, the conversion of Saul on the road to Damascus, the shadow of Paul healing the sick, and the resurrection of Eutychus at Troas after falling

Adapted from lecture presented for the Feast of St. Patrick, March 17, 2014 at The Ladder, headquarters for Eighth Day Institute in Wichita, KS
Since both the departed saints and we ourselves are in Christ, we share with them in the "Communion of Saints." They are still our brothers and sisters in Christ. — N. T. Wright
beginning . . .

So when I say “from the beginning,” while I now see the Church as preceding earthly time, in this instance I mean the beginnings in Genesis where we read the creation story of Adam and Eve, followed by the story of Abel the first martyr, and all the ensuing stories in the Old Testament, New Testament, and beyond.

Telling stories about holy people is a tradition the Church has been doing for thousands of years. I believe we must continue this tradition if we have any hope for renewing our culture. This is why Eighth Day Institute (“EDI”) organizes the Hall of Men where men gather twice a month to learn about the story of a hero. This is why EDI organizes various annual feasts, such as the Feast of St. Patrick the Enlightener of Ireland, the Feast of St. Valentine, and the annual Feast at the Eighth Day Symposium (so far we’ve celebrated the life of St. Gregory the Theologian and St. Anthony the Great; we’ll celebrate the life of St. Athanasius in 2015). We must continue this tradition of telling the stories of holy people.

Thus far I have described this tradition as the telling of stories about holy people. To be more accurate, however, the Church requires more than the mere telling of a story. This Christian tradition that has been handed down from generation to generation for so many years has at least two other integral dimensions. First, although telling the stories of saints is indeed a didactic exercise, it is not limited to the function of a teaching tool. In the Church’s language, it is also an opportunity for commemoration, defined by the New Oxford American Dictionary in this way: “recall and show respect for (someone or something) in a ceremony; celebrate (an event, a person, or a situation) by doing or building something.” So we recall the life of the saint by telling the story, but we also ceremoniously celebrate and show respect for the saint. This leads to the second additional dimension, which is context. The context for the Church’s commemoration is liturgical. The commemoration of a saint is a liturgical act, a liturgical commemoration. It occurs within the context of the traditional prayer life of the Church, whether it be a Eucharistic liturgy or part of the daily cycle of prayers. In the Orthodox liturgical tradition, for example, certain Sundays are dedicated to saints: Sunday of All Saints on the first Sunday after the Feast of Pentecost, Sunday of the Fathers of the First Ecumenical Council on the seventh Sunday after the Feast of Pascha (Easter), and the Lenten Sundays dedicated to the Publican (three Sundays before Lent), the Prodigal Son (two Sundays before Lent), St. Gregory Palamas (second Sunday), St. John Climacus (fourth Sunday), and St. Mary of Egypt (fifth Sunday). Additionally, each day of the week commemorates a particular person (or event): Angels on Mondays, St. John the Forerunner on Tuesdays, the betrayal of Judas on Wednesdays, the Apostles on Thursdays, the Cross on Fridays, those who have fallen asleep on Saturdays, and the Resurrection of Christ on Sundays. And finally, the true birthdays of various saints – the day they physically died and entered the Kingdom – are commemorated every single day of the year. The Church clearly believes there is something vital to learning about the lives of holy people through ceremonious celebrations within the context of the liturgical life of the Church.

A S THE TITLE OF this foreword suggests, and as the opening paragraph intimates, I want to suggest that the commemoration of saints is relevant to our secular age. In fact, I believe that telling the stories of holy people promotes the renewal of culture. Before suggesting some ways saints are relevant to a secular age, however, a brief word needs to be said about secularism. The use of the phrase “secular age” is a direct reference to the shift to secularity . . . consists, among other things, of a move from a society where belief in God is unchallenged and indeed, unproblematic, to one in which it is understood to be one option among others, and frequently not the easiest to embrace.  — Charles Taylor
mammoth 874 page *magnum opus* of the Canadian Catholic philosopher Charles Taylor: *A Secular Age*. While many sociologists of religion predicted the inevitable death of religion, some of the most well-known have since recanted their stance. For it is now obvious that religion is not going to die. In fact, it has experienced a tremendous growth globally. Acknowledging this reality, Taylor provides an excellent working definition of a secular age. In his words, “The shift to secularity . . . consists, among other things, of a move from a society where belief in God is unchallenged and indeed, unproblematic, to one in which it is understood to be one option among others, and frequently not the easiest to embrace.” The change he seeks to define and trace in his work “is one which takes us from a society in which it was virtually impossible not to believe in God, to one in which faith, even for the staunchest believer, is one human possibility among others. . . . Belief in God is no longer axiomatic. There are alternatives. And this will also likely mean that at least in certain milieux, it may be hard to sustain one’s faith.”

If secularism, then, is an age in which there are many options, an age in which sustaining one’s Christian faith is one of the most difficult options, then what hath the commemoration of saints to do with such a secular age? Let me answer this key question by simply offering a list of eight brief points, each of which needs to be developed elsewhere.

1. In a secular age obsessed with the future and the new and improved, the commemoration of saints teaches us to value the past, to value tradition, for the well being of both our present and our future.

2. In a secular age that is emptied of any spiritual reality beyond the material realm – described by Max Weber as disenchantment – the commemoration of saints reinforces the reality of a life beyond this life by asserting that the departed in Christ are alive in Christ. The commemoration of saints thus affirms the Christian doctrine of the communion of saints proclaimed in the Apostles Creed.

3. In a secular age of rampant individualism and fragmented families, the commemoration of saints provides a sense of belonging. The Church is a community of the living and the dead, a family that transcends time and space. In the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as

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**The Luminous Dusk: Finding God in the Deep, Still Places** by Dale Allison

When we consider *Homo sapiens* in his environment, there are certain constants and variables to be considered. The variables mostly involve his environment, and the modern world has confronted him with changes in those conditions so radical as to defy comparison with those of any other age. The constants are the realities of his kinship with the beasts and his ineradicable desire for transcendence, for participation in divine life. The nine essays in this book provoke us to admit the inevitability of the impact of environment on human nature, and therefore ponder our own remarkable age. Allison, a biblical scholar with interests ranking from science and literature to popular culture, takes note of uniquely modern conditions so pervasive as to be invisible: our separation from the natural world, the absence of silence, the availability of artificial light, the attention to celebrity rather than heroism or sanctity, the multiplication of distraction, and the impoverishment of the imagination. In prose elegant yet precise and the use of ancient and modern sources astonishing in breadth, we are unrelentingly called to pay attention, to wonder, and finally to choose between an existence of numb mediocrity or divine ascent.

178 pp. paper $16.00

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*I do not venerate matter. I venerate the fashioner of matter, who became matter for my sake and accepted to dwell in matter and through matter worked my salvation, and I will not cease from reverencing matter, through which my salvation was worked.*  —*St. John of Damascus*
the Church we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses who encourage us to run with endurance the race set before us.

4. In a secular age drunk on consumption and comfort, the commemoration of saints challenges us to renounce the vanities and distractions of materialist consumerism for the sake of the Kingdom of God. The saints, both monastic and non-monastic, all took up their cross daily, dying to themselves by renouncing the ways of the world.

5. In a secular age that organizes its time around work and production, profits and efficiency, the commemoration of saints reshapes our sense of time by slowing it down and organizing it around the Kingdom of God.

6. In a secular age of reason, the commemoration of saints offers a daily dose of the virtue-forming power of stories, summed up by the Latin proverb, "Example is better than precept."

7. In a secular age of celebrities – movie stars, athletes, and musicians – who provide us with incessant entertainment, the commemoration of saints provides a host of true heroes whose lives were remade by God and thus truly deserve to be studied and imitated.

8. In a secular age that too often produces per- verse, dehumanizing art, the commemoration of saints points us to the sacred art of iconography which offers a sacramental theology of personal presence.

TO CONCLUDE, I want to elaborate on point number eight and make a subtle tweak to the title of this foreword by replacing the word “commemorate” with “venerate.” Instead of “Commemorating Saints in a Secular Age,” I want us to think about “Venerating Saints in a Secular Age.” St. John of Damascus, our patron saint at Eighth Day Institute, supplies the impetus for this subtle shift in terminology.

During the Byzantine iconoclastic controversy of the eighth century, St. John of Damascus penned three treatises in defense of icons. The arguments

St. John of Damascus: Writings (Fathers of the Church, Vol. 37)
translated by Frederic H. Chase, Jr.

The importance of these texts in the history of Christian theology cannot be overestimated. Here in one volume (the only translation in its entirety in English) is St. John’s monumental Fount of Knowledge, comprised of Philosophical Chapters, On Heresies, and An Exact Exposition of the Orthodox Faith. This last section is a synthesis of the whole Eastern Christian tradition, a unique summa of the mind and heart of the early Greek Fathers. Aside from a whole-hearted recommendation of this book, two points commend themselves to us as imperative to pass on to you. First, of the 103 heresies exposited in On Heresies, the 101st is that of “the Ishmaelites,” making it therefore one of the first recorded Christian responses to Islam. (Remember St. John was living and working in Muslim lands, experiencing Islam in its infancy.) Second, the introduction, written originally in 1958, refers to The Fount of Knowledge as “the last work of any theological importance to appear in the East.” To remedy this gross misstatement, we could refer to any works of Photius, Symeon the New Theologian, Theodore the Studite, Gregory Palamas, Alexei, Khomiakov, and a host of twentieth-century worthies. We boldly insist that St. John did not "close" the Patristic Age. He laid a solid foundation for defending the Faith in all following generations.

426 pp. paper $39.95
Let us also honor those sainted fathers of ours... Let us carefully observe their manner of life and let us emulate their faith, charity, hope, zeal, life, patience, under suffering, and perseverance unto death, so that we may also share their crowns of glory. — St. John of Damascus
The saints must be honored as friends of Christ and children and heirs of God [cf. John 1.12; Gal 4.7; Rom 8.17; John 15.14-15]... because they have kept undebased the likeness of the divine image to which they were made... because they have freely been united to God and receiving Him as a dweller within themselves have through association with Him become by grace what He is by nature. Let us honor the Mother of God as really and truly God's Mother. Let us honor the Prophet John as precursor and Baptist, apostle and martyr, for 'there hath not risen among them that are born of women one greater than John,' (Matt 11.11) as the Lord said, and he was the first herald of the kingdom. Let us honor the Apostles as brethren of the Lord, as eye-witnesses and attendants to His sufferings, whom God the Father 'foreknew and predestinated to be made conformable to the image of his Son,' (Rom. 8.29) 'first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly shepherds and teachers.' (1 Cor. 12.28) And let us honor the holy martyrs of the Lord who have been picked from every rank and whose corps commander is Christ's archdeacon, apostle and protomartyr Stephen; let us honor them as soldiers of Christ who have drunk of His chalice and have then been baptized with the baptism of His life-giving death, and as participants in His sufferings and His glory. Let us also honor those sainted fathers of ours, the God-bearing ascetics who have struggled through the more drawn-out and laborious martyrdom of the conscience, 'who wandered about in sheepskins, in goatskins, being in want, distressed, afflicted: wandering in deserts, in mountains and in dens and in caves of the earth: of whom the world was not worthy.' (Heb 11.37-8) Let us honor the Prophets who preceded the Grace, the patriarchs and just men who announced beforehand the advent of the Lord. Let us carefully observe the manner of life of all these and let us emulate their faith, charity, hope, zeal, life, patience under suffering, and perseverance unto death, so that we may also share their crowns of glory.

Let us carefully observe the manner of life of all these and let us emulate their faith, charity, hope, zeal, life, patience under suffering, and perseverance unto death, so that we may also share their crowns of glory.  — St. John of Damascus
A classic is a book that has never finished saying what it has to say. --Italo Calvino
Fiction reveals truth that reality obscures. — Ralph Waldo Emerson

FICTIONAL PRELUDE

Fiction reveals truth that reality obscures. — Ralph Waldo Emerson
ONCE, VERY long ago, before ever the flowers were named which struggled and fluttered below the rain-swept walls, there sat at an upper window a princess and a slave reading a story which even then was old: or, rather, to be entirely prosaic, on the wet afternoon of the Nones of May in the year (as it was computed later) of Our Lord 273, in the city of Colchester, Helena, red-haired, youngest daughter of Coel, Paramount Chief of the Trinovantes, gazed into the rain while her tutor read the Iliad of Homer in a Latin paraphrase.

Recessed there in the fortification they might have seemed an incongruous couple. The princess was taller and lighter than the general taste required; her hair, sometimes golden in the sunlight, was more often dull copper in her cloudy home; her eyes had a boyish melancholy; the mood – at once resentful, abstracted, and yet very remotely tinged with awe – of British youth in contact with the Classics. There would be decades in the coming seventeen centuries, when she would have been thought beautiful; born too soon, she was, here in Colchester, among her own people, dubbed the plain one.

Her tutor certainly regarded her with aversion as, at once, the symbol of his low condition and the daily task which made that condition irksome. He went by the name of Marcias and was then in the prime of what seemed his manhood; swarthy skin, black beard, beak-nose and home-sick eyes spoke of his exotic origin; winter and summer his rheumy cough protested against his exile. Hunting days were his solace when the princess was away from dawn to sunset and he, left sole lord of the schoolroom, could write his letters. These letters were his life; elegant, esoteric, speculative, rhapsodic, they traveled the world from Spain to Bithynia, from free rhetorician to servile poet. They got talked about and had brought Coel more than one offer for his purchase. He was one of the younger intellectu- als, but here fate had landed him, in drizzle and draught, the property of a convivial, minor royalty, the daily companion of an adolescent girl. There was no taint of impropriety in their conjunction, for in his boyhood a precocious and transitory taste for the ballet had once caused Marcias to be assigned for the Eastern market and he had been suitably pruned by the surgeon.

“And Helen of the white arms, fair among women, let fall a round tear and veiled her face in shining linen; and Aithre, daughter of Pitheus and the ox-eyed Klymene, attended her to the Scaean Gate. Do you think I read this to amuse myself?”

“It is only the fishermen,” said Helena, “coming up from the sea for tonight’s beano. There’s bucketfuls of oysters. Sorry; go on about the ox-eyed Klymene.”

“And Priam, sitting among the elders of his court said: ‘Small wonder that Trojans and Greeks are in arms for Princess Helen. She breathes the air of high Olympus. Sit, dear child; this war is not thine, but of the Immortals.”

“Priam was a sort of relation of ours, you know.”

“So I have heard your father frequently ob- serve.”

From this sheltered room on a clear day one could descry the sea, but now the distance was lost
There is only one great evil in the world today. Despair. — Evelyn Waugh

in mist which, even as she watched, closed swiftly over marsh and pasture, villas and huts, over the baths where the District Commander and his new guest had lately entered, till it filled the ditch and lapped the walls below her; on such a day Helena thought, not for the first time — for such days were common in her bright Springtide — on such a day the hilltown, which rose so modestly above the fens, might stand in the clouds among the high winds of the mountains and these squat battlements might overhang a limitless gulf; and while with half her mind she heard the voice behind her — “For she did not know that these, her twin brethren, lay fast in Sparta, in their own land, under the life-giving earth” — she half-sought an eagle mounting from the white void below.

Then the swift squall passed and the fog reopened, bringing her back, within a few feet to earth. Only the brick cupola of the baths remained obscure, bound in its own exhalation of steam and smoke. How near the ground they sat!

Were the Trojan walls taller than ours at Colchester?”

“Oh, yes; I think so.”

“Much?”

“Very much.”

“Have you seen them?”

“They were destroyed utterly in the olden days.”

“Nothing left, Marcias? Nothing to mark where they stood?”

“There’s a modern town the tourists flock to. The guides will show you anything you ask for — the tomb of Achilles, Paris’ carved bed, the wooden leg of the great horse. But of Troy itself there is nothing left but poetry.”

“I don’t see,” said Helena, looking out along the sturdy face of the masonry, “how they could ever quite destroy a city.”

“The world is very old, Helena, and full of heaps of sand which were once great cities. They are thought to be unlucky. Even the wandering tribes keep clear of them for fear of ghosts.”

“I shouldn’t be afraid,” said Helena. “Why don’t people dig? Some of Troy’s bound to be there still, hidden underneath the tourists’ town. When I am educated I shall go and find the real Troy — Helen’s.”

[. . .] They traveled fast, saddling before dawn, bivouacking for their midday meal at the roadside, sleeping where darkness found them at the nearest stage-post. [. . .] The road to Ratisbon lay along the Swabian wall; a rough ditch and palisade of timber, with frequent log-built block-houses.

“Our British wall is of stone.”

“This will be stone some day. The plans have all been made. They keep putting it off, first for one thing, then another, a raid here, a mutiny there, a corrupt slave-contractor, a commanding-officer too old for his job, always something more urgent to be done, never the time or the men or the money for anything except the immediate task. Sometimes I feel as though the Empire were like an unseaworthy boat; she springs a leak in one place, you caulk it up, bale out and then before you can settle down to navigation, water comes spurting in somewhere else.”

Thus on some days, desponding, when they had found the post-horses galled and ill-fed or the guards shabbily turned-out; when at their halts they had fallen in with grumblers and rumor-mongers, with ugly, disloyal tales about the higher command; but, in general, Constantius’ spirits rose as he rode daily deeper into the military zone; they traveled by easier stages now, unsaddled early in the afternoon, reported punctiliously at each Area Headquarters, talked at length and at ease to all they met.

For Helena, the scene, unchanging from morning to evening, was devoid of interest; the metalled highway, on one side vine and corn and cantoment, on the other the wild lands, untilled, wasted.
by generations of border fighting, burned-back as far as the eye could reach, naked of corn; between them the fosse and the ramparts; but Constantius was exhilarated; the siting of the guard-houses, the problems of water-supply and victualling, the varying amenities of the garrisons – a cockpit here, a rough sports stadium there, the greater or less propriety of the gaming-houses and taverns; the shrines of the regimental deities, the gossip in the mess about promotions and superannuations, new training methods, tricks to prolong the life of old weapons, tricks to get new issues from the supply dumps; all which stirred Constantius and led him to the very brink of enthusiasm, fell flat for Helena; even the stables, regularly laid-out, uniformly equipped, began to pall; only here and there on the road, when they met a party of haughty, naked Germans who had come over the lines to barter; now and then at the halts when the conversation turned upon wolves and bears, did her interest quicken. Once she said: “Must there always be a wall, Choros?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing really.”

“I’m not a sentimental man,” said Constantius, “but I love the wall. Think of it, mile upon mile, from snow to desert, a single great girdle round the civilized world; inside, peace, decency, the law, the altars of the gods, industry, the arts, order; outside, wild beasts and savages, forest and swamp, bloody mumbo-jumbo, men like wolf-packs; and along the wall the armed might of the Empire, sleepless, holding the line. Doesn’t it make you see what The City means?”

“Yes,” said Helena, “I suppose so.”

“What d’you mean, then; must there always be a wall?”

“Nothing; only sometimes I wonder won’t Rome ever go beyond the wall? Into the wild lands? Beyond the Germans, beyond the Ethiopians, beyond the Picts, perhaps beyond the ocean there may be more people and still more, until, perhaps, you might travel through them all and find yourself back in The City again. Instead of the barbarian breaking-in, might The City one day break out?”

“You’ve been reading Virgil. That’s what people thought in the days of the Divine Augustus. But it came to nothing; from time to time in the past we’ve pushed a bit further East, taken in another province or two. But it doesn’t work. In fact we’ve lately had to clear out of the whole left bank of the Danube. The Goths are delighted and it saves us a lot of trouble. There seems to be a natural division in the human race just where the present wall runs; beyond it they’re incurable barbarians. It takes all our time to hold the present line.”

“I didn’t mean that. I meant couldn’t the wall be at the limits of the world and all men, civilized and barbarian, have a share in The City? Am I talking great nonsense?”

“Yes, dear child.”

“Yes, I expect I am.”

[. . .] With the first chill of autumn the household cumbersomely removed to Treves, advance party, main body, rear party, as in a military maneuver, ensuring the greatest possible delay in the brief journey. Minervina found the town, or rather her particular set there, agog with the prospect of a visit from a Gnostic of the highest distinction. He came from Marseilles with a great reputation bustling on in advance. He was quite the latest thing in Higher Thought.

[. . .] But when at last the savant arrived he did not eschew the hospitality of the second best house in Treves. “You’ll come and hear him speak, won’t you?” said Minervina, and at length, because despite her placid habit of life and her decisive manner, she was troubled always with the suspicion that there was still something to be sought which she had not yet found, Helena consented.

[. . .] He was an elderly, fleshy man, sagely
bearded with the simple robes and practiced manner of a professional philosopher; his dark, questing eyes moved among the audience in search of sympathy, found Helena's and briefly held them. He was at that moment employing her name and gave it, she thought, a slight inflexion of recognition.

“Sophia,” he was saying, “who, as Astarte, abandoned her flesh in Tyre, and as Helena was the partner of Simon, the Standing One; she, of many forms, who is the last and darkest of the thirty Aeons of light and by her presumptuous love became mother of the seven material rulers . . .” The tones were fruity and curiously familiar. They carried Helena back to a windy tower long ago, almost forgotten.

“It's him all right,” thought Helena. “There's no mistaking him; Marcias, still up to his old tricks.”

[...]

The hostess said her words of thanks: “. . . I am sure we are all a great deal clearer than we were on this important topic . . . the lecturer has kindly consented to answer any questions . . .”

No one spoke immediately; then: “I was not quite sure whether you said that the Demiurge was an Aeon.”

“No, madam. It was one of the aims of my poor discourse to demonstrate that he was not.”

“Oh . . . thank you.”
Minervina nodded as though to say: “I could have told you that, and I should have done so rather more sharply.”

There was a further pause; then in clear, schoolroom tone, Helena said: “What I should like to know is: When and where did all this happen? And how do you know?”

Minervina frowned. Marcias replied: “These things are beyond time and space. Their truth is integral to their proposition and by nature transcends material proof.”

“Then, please, how do you know?”
“By a lifetime of patient and humble study, your Majesty.”
“But study of what?”
“That, I fear, would take a lifetime to particularize.”

A little murmur of admiration greeted this neat reply and on the crest of it the hostess rose to dismiss the meeting. The ladies rustled forward towards the lecturer but he, deprecating their flattery, came to greet Helena. “I was told your Majesty might do me the honour of coming.”

“I scarcely hoped you had recognized me. I am afraid the lecture was far above my head. But I am delighted to see you have prospered. Are you . . . are you able to travel as you wish?”

“Yes, I was given my freedom many years ago by a kind, foolish old woman who took a fancy for my verses.”

“Did you get to Alexandria?”

“Not yet, but I found what I wanted. Did you reach Troy, highness?”

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**Brideshead Revisited** by Evelyn Waugh

Widely considered his best novel, Waugh's story unfolds among upper-class English men and women in the period between the two World Wars. Love, war, adultery, rational and irrational faith, simple charity, lapsed Catholics behaving badly, and divine grace all come into play. Each dramatic twist is unexpected yet perfect. _Brideshead Revisited_ has the wonderful verbal charm of an Austen novel and leaves us with more to think about. One can read _Brideshead Revisited_ in a dozen hours and reflect-- on the characters, their milieu, their actions, their fate, and the meaning of it all-- for at least a dozen weeks and probably a lifetime.

368 pp. paper $16.00
"No, oh no."
"Or Rome?"
"Not even there."
"But you found what you wanted?"
"I have accepted what I found. Is that the same?"
"For most people. I think you wanted more."
"Once. Now I am past my youth."
"But your question just now. ‘When? Where? How do you know?’ – was a child’s question."
"That is why your religion would never do for me, Marcias. If I ever found a teacher it would have to be one who called little children to him."
"That, alas, is not the spirit of the time. We live in a very old world today. We know too much. We should have to forget everything and be born again to answer your questions."

Other ladies, eager to be presented to Marcias, stood round him, keeping their distance until the royal interview was ended. Helena surrendered him to them and was led to her litter. Minervina remained to wallow in the new revelation.

That evening Helena sent for Lactantius and said: “I went to the lecture this afternoon. I found I knew the man quite well. He used to belong to my father in Britain. He’s put on a lot of weight since then. I couldn’t understand a word he said. It’s all bosh, isn’t it?”

“All complete bosh, your Majesty.”
“So I supposed. Just wanted to make sure. Tell me, Lactantius, this god of yours. If I asked you when and where he could be seen, what would you say?”
“I should say that as a man he died two hundred and seventy-eight years ago in the town now called Aelia Capitolina in Palestine.”
“Well, that’s a straight answer anyway. How do you know?”
“We have the accounts written by witnesses. Besides that there is the living memory of the Church. We have knowledge handed down from father to son, invisible places marked by memory – the cave where he was born, the tomb where his body was laid, the grave of Peter. One day all these things will be made public. Now they are kept a secret. If you want to visit the holy places you must find the right man. He can tell you, so many paces to the East from such and such a stone, where the shadow falls at sunrise on such and such a day. A few families know these things and they see to it that their children learn the instructions. One day when the Church is free and open there will be no need for such devices.”

“Well, that’s all most interesting. Thank you, Lactantius. Good night.”
“Good night, your Majesty.”
“No one has seen him for nearly three hundred years?”
“Some have seen him. The martyrs see him now.”
“Have you?”
“No.”
“Do you know anyone who has?”
“Your Majesty, I must beg you to excuse me. There are things that must not be spoken of to anyone outside the household.”
“I should not have asked. All my life I have caused offence to religious people by asking questions. Good night, Lactantius.”
“Good night, your Majesty.”

[. . .] The Emperor’s musing ceased and he continued, more practically. “[. . .] Rome is heathen and always will be. Yes, I know, you’ve got the tombs of Peter and Paul. I hope I have not shown myself insensible to that distinction. But why are they here? Simply because the Romans murdered them. That’s the plain truth. Why, they even thought of murdering me. It’s an ungodly place, your holiness, and you’re welcome to it.”

“One must start something new. I’ve got the site, very central; it will make a sublime port. The
plans are drawn. Work will start at once on a great Christian capital, in the very centre of Christendom; a city built round two great new churches dedicated to – what do you think? – Wisdom and Peace. The idea came quite suddenly the other day, as my best ideas do come to me. Some might call it ‘inspiration.’ To me it merely seems natural. You can have your old Rome, Holy Father, with its Peter and Paul and its tunnels full of martyrs. We start with no unpleasant associations; in innocence, with Divine Wisdom and Peace. I shall set up my Labarum there,” he added, with a severe look at his mother, “where it will be appreciated. As for the old Rome, it’s yours.”

[. . .] “I don’t like new things,” said Helena. “No one does in the land I come from. I don’t like Constantine’s idea of a New Rome. It sounds so empty and clean, like the newly swept house in the gospel that was filled with devils.”

They were getting along together famously, these two admirable old people. Helena had stayed behind after Constantine’s departure, and the Pope had seemed to expect it.

“You can’t just send for Peace and Wisdom, can you?” Helena continued, “and build houses for them and shut them in. Why, they don’t exist at all except in people, do they? Give me real bones every time.”

They were in a small loggia overlooking what had once been the park, now almost filled by Constantine’s new church.

“It’s odd to think that poor Fausta once lived here.”

[. . .] Helena followed the thread of unhappy recent memories and said: “Not that Rome has been all I expected.”

“I hear that so often. I can’t judge. I am pure Roman myself. I can’t imagine what it would be like to come here for the first time.”

“I knew a man once – he was my tutor at home – who used to tell me about the holy cities of Asia. They are so holy, he said, that their walls shut out all the evil passions of the world. You have only to set foot there to become like the saints.”

“Had he been to those places?”

“Oh, no, he was just a slave.”

“I don’t suppose he would have found them so very different from anywhere else. Slaves like to imagine such cities. I daresay they always will. To a Roman there can only be one City, and that a very imperfect place indeed.”

“It is imperfect, isn’t it?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Getting worse?”

“No, I think a little better. We look back already to the time of the persecution as though it were the heroic age, but have you ever thought how awfully few martyrs there were, compared with how many there ought to have been? The Church isn’t a cult for a few heroes. It is the whole of fallen mankind redeemed. And of course just at the moment we’re getting a lot of rather shady characters rolling in, just to be on the winning side.”

“What do they believe, these shady characters? What goes on in their minds?”

“God alone knows.”

“It’s the one question I’ve been asking all my life,” said Helena. “I can’t get a straight answer even here in Rome.”

“There are people in this city,” said Sylvester quite cheerfully, “who believe that the Emperor was preparing a bath of children’s blood to cure himself of the measles. I cured him instead and that is why he has been so generous to me. People believe that here and now while the Emperor and I are alive and going about in front of their faces. What will they believe in a thousand year’s time?”

“And some of them don’t seem to believe anything at all,” said Helena. “It’s all a game of words.”

“I know,” said Sylvester, “I know.”

And then Helena said something which seemed to have no relevance. “Where is the cross,
anyway?” she asked.

“What cross, my dear?”

“The only one. The real one?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think anyone knows. I don’t think anyone has ever asked before.”

“It must be somewhere. Wood doesn’t just melt like snow. It’s not three hundred years old. The temples here are full of beams and panelling twice that age. It stands to reason God would take more care of the cross than of them.”

“Nothing ‘stands to reason’ with God. If He had wanted us to have it, no doubt He would have given it to us. But He hasn’t chosen to. He gives us enough.”

“But how do you know He doesn’t want us to have it – the cross, I mean? I bet He’s just waiting for one of us to go and find it – just at this moment when it’s most needed. Just at this moment when everyone is forgetting it and chattering about the hypostatic union, there’s a solid chunk of wood waiting for them to have their silly heads knocked against. I’m going off to find it,” said Helena.

The Empress Dowager was an old woman, almost of an age with Pope Sylvester, but he regarded her fondly as though she were a child, an impetuous young princess who went well to hounds, and he said with the gentlest irony: “You’ll tell me, won’t you? – if you are successful?”

“I’ll tell the world,” said Helena.

The cross is the sign and the means of the salvation of the world. All the world is a gift of God, and by the cross all the world has to be transcended in God. Only in Christ is this meaning of the cross fully revealed. In the cross of Christ the salvation of the world is founded, the salvation of the whole cosmos.

— Fr. Dumitru Staniloae
NE MAN WITH AN IDEA IN HIS HEAD IS IN DANGER OF BEING CONSIDERED A MADMAN, TWO MEN WITH THE SAME IDEA IN COMMON MAY BE FOOLISH, BUT CAN HARDLY BE MAD; TEN MEN SHARING AN IDEA BEGIN TO ACT, A HUNDRED DRAW ATTENTION AS FANATICS, A THOUSAND AND SOCIETY BEGINS TO TREMBLE, A HUNDRED THOUSAND AND THERE IS WAR ABROAD, AND THE CAUSE HAS VICTORIES TANGIBLE AND REAL; AND WHY ONLY A HUNDRED THOUSAND? WHY NOT A HUNDRED MILLION AND PEACE UPON EARTH? YOU AND I WHO AGREE TOGETHER, IT IS WE WHO HAVE TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION.

WILLIAM MORRIS
The world is charged with the grandeur of God. — Gerard Manley Hopkins
GOD-SPIES

Noah Trammel

W

HEN I WAS young, spies fascinated me. They have cool things like secrets and disguises and gadgets. But the most important thing in espionage is information. A spy first attempts to obtain information from the enemy. He then encodes it so the enemy doesn't know he has it. Finally, he communicates it to his superiors.

In World War II, the Germans possessed the world's superior coding technology. Their crowning achievement was the Enigma machine. It looked like a primitive computer, complete with a small keyboard. When a message was typed on the keyboard, the machine encoded it. Since an Enigma transmission could only be decoded with another Enigma machine, a secret spy war was waged for many years, much of which involved attempts to obtain an actual Enigma machine. The German spies guarded their machines closely, and many people died to keep their secret. Eventually, the Allies discovered a truck that had an Enigma on it. They killed all the guards, secured the Enigma, and then blew up the truck.

Now consider the duty of a spy from a Christian perspective. How many Christians have died trying to keep God's grandeur - God's code - hidden? It's the very opposite. Take, for example, the story of Jesus healing the man with the crippled legs. Jesus says, "Okay, I'll heal your legs, but whatever you do, don't tell anybody." "Okay, I won't," he says. So Jesus heals his legs, and what's the first thing he does? He runs out and says, "Hey, everyone! This guy Jesus just healed me! This is amazing!"

As Christians, we're called to be the worst spies ever. We know about God's grandeur, and we don't want to keep it secret. Gerard Manley Hopkins doesn't keep it secret; he puts it in a beautiful, memorable poem titled "God's Grandeur." Then he publishes it to the world.

That's my goal for this new ecclesial year: I want to be the worst spy ever.

Adapted from a reflection presented for the Feast of the Ecclesial New Year, September 1, 2012 at The Ladder, headquarters for Eighth Day Institute in Wichita, KS.

Gerard Manley Hopkins: The Major Works edited by Catherine Philips

This Oxford edition arranges the whole of Hopkins poetry in chronological order as gleaned from original manuscripts, offering us a view into his development as both poet and priest. In addition, selected prose writings (letters, sermons, and journals) help to fill out the picture of a man who strove to reconcile his religious and artistic vocations during the course of his tragically short life.

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GOD’S GRANDEUR

Gerard Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?  
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;  
And wears man’s smudge and shares man’s smell: the soil  
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
And though the last lights off the black West went  
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.


Let Him easter in us, be a dayspring to the dimness of us. be a crimson-cresseted east.  
—Gerard Manley Hopkins
A great man is not a man so strong that he feels less than other men; he is a man so strong that he feels more.  — G. K. Chesterton
THE SCIENCE OF SUPERHEROES

Don Lemons

ACCORDING TO Marvel Comics, Henry Pym was a scientist who discovered a serum that, when consumed, would make him expand proportionately. He used this power to aid the forces of good as “Giant Man,” or in later comics, “Goliath.” With another serum, he could make himself shrink, fighting crime as his alter ego, Ant Man.

Giant Man’s super power presents an interesting physics problem: How large can Giant Man grow without crushing his own spine? Let’s suppose that Giant Man is a normal human being, weighing about 160 lbs. As he expands proportionally, all of his dimensions expand by the same factor. So, if he doubles in height, every dimension doubles: the diameter of his fingers, arms, waist, and so on. His overall volume, though (and presumably his mass as well), doesn’t double, but increases by a factor of $2 \times 2 \times 2 = 8$. Thus, in doubling his height, he increases his weight to $160 \times 8 = 1,280$ lbs. Meanwhile, the cross-sectional area of his bones (and therefore the load-bearing strength of his skeleton) only increases by a factor of $2^2 = 4$.

An ordinary human spinal column can support about 800 to 1,000 lbs., so a man who weighed more than 1,000 lbs. could really only survive if he were lying down. If he stood up, his spinal column, which is one of the weaker components of the skeletal structure, would simply collapse.

Let’s assume we have a growth factor, $L$, which represents the change in size of Giant Man’s body. If we define his strength as the maximum amount of weight he can support, then his strength grows by $1,000 \times L^2$.

Conversely, his weight will increase by $160 \times L^3$, so his strength-to-weight ratio can be defined as follows:

$$\frac{\text{Strength}}{\text{Weight}} = \frac{L^3}{L^2} = \frac{1000}{160} \quad \therefore L_{\text{max}} = 6.25$$

Thus, Giant Man’s size can increase by a maximum of 6.25 times before his body will be unable to support itself. Assuming that he’s approximately six feet tall to begin with, his maximum height is 37.5 feet. If he grew taller, he would simply crumble.

This scaling principle applied to Giant Man actually works well enough that biologists have given it a name: the square-cube law. As long as the ratio of $L^3$ to $L^2$ is less than or equal to 1, a body can support itself. It’s interesting to note that Giant Man’s creators were apparently aware of this principle. As Henry Pym explains to his wife in the comic strip, “I’ve got the biology worked out to the 10th decimal place. I’m just worried if I’ll be able to stop growing before I hit the critical 40 foot mark.”

The interesting flip side to the square-cube law is that as a body shrinks – that is, as $L$ becomes less than 1 – its strength-to-weight ratio increases. So as a body becomes very small it gains the ability to lift objects many times its own weight. This is exactly what we observe in ants and small insects. It’s an interesting consequence of living in three dimensions.

Excerpt from lecture presented for Fall Table Talks, October 19, 2012 at The Ladder, headquarters for Eighth Day Institute in Wichita, KS.
SUPERMEN

G. K. Chesterton

I CANNOT IMAGINE anything that would do humanity more good than the advent of a race of Supermen, for them to fight like dragons. If the Superman is better than we, of course we need not fight him; but in that case, why not call him the Saint? But if he is merely stronger (whether physically, mentally, or morally stronger, I do not care a farthing), then he ought to have to reckon with us at least for all the strength we have. If we are weaker than he, that is no reason why we should be weaker than ourselves. If we are not tall enough to touch the giant’s knees, that is no reason why we should become shorter by falling on our own. But that is, at bottom, the meaning of all modern hero worship and celebration of the Strong Man, the Caesar, the Superman. That he may be something more than man, we must be something less.

Doubtless there is an older and better hero worship than this. But the old hero was a being who, like Achilles, was more human than humanity itself. Nietzsche’s Superman is cold and friendless. Achilles is so foolishly fond of his friend that he slaughters armies in the agony of his bereavement. Mr. Shaw’s sad Caesar says in his desolate pride, “He who has never hoped can never despair.” The Man-God of old answers from his awful hill, “Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?” A great man is not a man so strong that he feels less than other men; he is a man so strong that he feels more. And when Nietzsche says, “A new commandment I give to you, ‘be hard;’” he is really saying, “A new commandment I give to you, ‘be dead.’” Sensibility is the definition of life.


Images of Hope: Imagination as Healer of the Hopeless by William F. Lynch, S.J.
The dawn of the twenty-first century caused us to hope that somehow we could leave behind the multiple horrors of the twentieth. New horrors arise to take the place of the old and require us to listen anew to those voices of the past generations who were able to speak of hope and exalt it even in the blackest darkness. Revealing the main-spring of human morality and sanity, Josef Pieper sketched a theology, Gabriel Marcel a philosophy, and in this book, William Lynch a psychology of hope. Lynch, a literary critic and theologian, was thoroughly conversant with the discipline of psychotherapy and believed that arousing and nourishing hope was fundamental to restoring the mentally stricken to health. Those of us who currently fit into the category of the “well” should pay attention to his claims because just as the “mentally ill” maintain islands of sanity in their being, so the sane harbor measures of insanity. Lynch’s insights on the nature and mechanisms of hope, the recognition of hopelessness as a necessary dimension of existence to be creatively transcended, are constantly astonishing.

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The Superman...has become a bore. — G. K. Chesterton
The things above the earth and on the earth were amazed at Thy power, as they beheld Thee, O my Savior, upon Thy throne on high and in the manger below. For beyond our understanding Thou hast appeared in two natures, God and man. — Compline Prayers for the Forefeast of the Nativity
ST. AMBROSE
bishop, hymnographer & confessor

Pastor Geoff Boyle

MARTIN LUTHER, in his Small Catechism, teaches us what it means to keep the Fourth Commandment.

We should fear and love God so that we do not despise or anger our parents and other authorities, but honor them, serve and obey them, love and cherish them.

To honor our fathers and mothers in the faith, to keep the Fourth Commandment, we would do well to hear their words, pray their prayers, and receive from their wisdom – even if we don't understand it at first. But it begins with hearing their story. That's what has attracted me to the Hall of Men – learning to stand in a tradition of the faith, handed down from one generation to the next.

One such father is Saint Ambrose. Born in Trier (about one hundred miles west of Frankfurt, Germany) in A.D. 339, Ambrose was the son of a praetorian prefect of Gaul (the highest civil-administrative position in the Roman Empire) and was educated for imperial service. He practiced law until he was appointed civil provincial governor near Milan, Italy. Ambrose was a wealthy, wise, and beloved ruler.

Bishop Auxentius of Milan died in 374. He was an Arian, the group that claimed there was a time when Jesus did not exist. A great controversy ensued over who would succeed as bishop. The Nicene Christians (those supporting the council and creed that came from Nicaea in 325) wanted an orthodox bishop, who would confess Jesus as very God of very God, begotten not made, of one essence with the Father.

Desiring peace in his province, Ambrose intervened. When he did, the crowd erupted: “Ambrose, bishop!” So he reluctantly agreed to become bishop of Milan.

But Ambrose was a catechumen (like a confirmand, or one taking new member classes today); thus he was baptized, communed, absolved, and ordained all on the same day, December 7, 374. Obviously, the circumstances were a bit unique.

Taking up an ascetic life of poverty, Ambrose gave away all his property and wealth, and studied theology under his teacher, Simplicianus, who later succeeded Ambrose as archbishop of Milan. Ambrose was firmly in the Nicene camp and became an influential theological advisor to various emperors.

Ambrose considered the emperor an advocate for the Church, but nothing more. In his words, “The emperor is within the church, not above the church” (Sermon Against Auxentius, 36). This was crucial to the early Church, whose faith had become legal only approximately fifty years earlier. Ambrose practiced this belief, most dramatically when he demanded that Emperor Theodosius I perform public penance for his massacre of seven thousand Thessalonians in 390.

Ambrose was brilliant, gifted, learned, and wise. Fluent both in Greek and Latin, as well as philosophy, rhetoric, and the Scriptures, he preached eloquently and winsomely, chiefly on the

Presented for the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord and Savior, December 7, 2012 at The Ladder, headquarters for Eighth Day Institute in Wichita, KS.
Christology of the Old Testament, characteristics that attracted the young St. Augustine, who was converted to Christianity by the bishop. Ambrose exchanged letters with Basil the Great of Caesarea and was well versed in the works of Philo, Origen, and Athanasius.

St. Ambrose is known best for his hymns and homilies. At Matins we sing a canticle written by Ambrose called the Te Deum. Luther referred to it as the fourth creed. You’ll find the name of Ambrose with the Advent hymn “Savior of the Nations, Come” (Lutheran Service Book, 332), as well as the morning and evening hymns “O Splendor of God’s Glory Bright” (874) and “O Blessed Light, O Trinity” (890). Many of his sermons have been translated for our use today, as well as a number of his booklets and tracts.

St. Ambrose died on Good Friday, April 4, 397. Along with Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory the Great, Ambrose is remembered as one of the Western “Doctors of the Church.” He is commemorated as confessor and bishop of the Church on December 7, the day of his ordination.

Ambrose exemplified the priesthood by setting all things in service to Christ. Reading his sermons, praying his prayers, singing his hymns, we join ourselves to the confession of Christ as this faithful spiritual father and priest has passed it on to us:

All laud to God the Father be;  
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee;  
All glory to the Spirit raise  
In equal and unending praise.  
Alleluia!

— “O Splendor of God’s Glory Bright”

Yours in Christ, who is our “very God of very God!”

Pastor Geoff Boyle  
Grace Lutheran Church and Trinity Lutheran Church, Wichita, KS  
Eighth Day Institute Board Member

Ambrose (The Routledge Early Church Fathers) edited by Boniface Ramsey

Included in this volume are unabridged translations of On Virginity, a treatise on social justice called On Naboth, and an example of baptismal instruction, On the Mysteries, as well as selections from other writings.

On Abraham by St. Ambrose of Milan; trans. by Theodosia Tomkinson

Book I of this short treatise presents a straightforward “moral and simple” commentary on the life of the Patriarch, drawn from Genesis 12:27-25:10. Book II goes on to review the same texts to “refer the perception to higher things, and through the history of diverse personages to explain the progression and appearance of virtue” and foreshadowings of the new dispensation. This brief narrative provides an excellent example of the multiple senses of patristic scriptural interpretation at work.

St. Ambrose: Hexameron, Paradise, and Cain and Abel (Fathers of the Church, Volume 42)

Modeled on St. Basil’s work by the same name, Ambrose’s Hexameron introduced this style of commentary to the West around 387. Ambrose references Virgil, Cicero and other poets, employing their insights for Latin Christian interpretation of the Six Days of creation. The Hexameron is a recognized literary masterpiece, translated fully in English only in this series, with two additional related texts: Paradise and Cain and Abel.

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TE DEUM

St. Ambrose

We praise thee, O God:
we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee:
the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud:
the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Cherubim and Seraphim:
continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles: praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs: praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge thee;

The Father: of an infinite Majesty;

Thine honorable, true: and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man:
thou didst not abhor the Virgin’s womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death:
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come: to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants: whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints: in glory everlasting.

Forget not, O Lord, that I am one of those whom Thou hast created, and with Thine own blood hast redeemed. I repent me of my sins; I will strive to amend my ways. — St. Ambrose
MORTIMER ADLER and Robert Hutchins began publishing *The Great Books of the Western World* while teaching at the University of Chicago in the 1950s. Their efforts signaled an invitation from the academic world to the working world: the common ground of western civilization must be preserved.

The keys to cultural preservation, they suggested, were to be found in fifty-four great texts. Their intention was not to drag people back to school, but to offer each mind the heroic task of entering the Great Conversation of history – the dialogue of the good, the true, and the beautiful. Today, unfortunately, that Great Conversation has been replaced with a headlong rush toward “progress” at a velocity that leaves the future of civilization at risk.

Hutchins once wrote, “Imagine the younger generation studying great books and learning the liberal arts. Imagine an adult population continuing to turn to the same sources of strength, inspiration and communication. We could talk to one another then.” Northfield School of the Liberal Arts was founded to extend this invitation to both parents and students.

We have the privilege of watching young peoples’ minds flourish on a regular basis under the influence of the Great Books. “Here at Northfield,” wrote a recent graduate, “we find ourselves seeking truth in every aspect of our lives. In the classroom, we are continuously challenged to think for ourselves, to find the truth.”

In a presentation speech at a New York City gala for the release of the first complete set of the *Great Books*, Hutchins explained its essence: “This is more than a set of books, and more than a liberal education. *Great Books of the Western World* is an act of piety. Here are the sources of our being.” For the sake of our western civilization, we at Northfield invite you to join us in our pious quest for the sources of our being through a lifetime of reading in the Great Books.
All who have lived according to God still live unto God, though they have departed this life. For this reason, God is called the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, since He is the God, not of the dead, but of the living. — St. Gregory the Theologian
LET US PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

Fr. Paul O’Callaghan

THERE IS A BOOK in some Bibles that is not in others. It is typically called the book of Sirach. It is one of those books we call deuterocanonical, the books that were not in the Hebrew canon but were in the Greek collections of the Old Testament, of which the most famous is the Septuagint. The forty-fourth chapter of the book of Sirach begins this way:

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers in their generations.

The Lord apportioned to them great glory, his majesty from the beginning.

And then he goes on to enumerate and recount the virtues and glorious deeds of Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses and Aaron, Phineas, Joshua and Caleb, the Judges, David and Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, and other prophets, priests and kings.

Interestingly, today’s saint, Gregory the Theologian, follows this same pattern when eulogizing his friend Basil the Great after his death. He compares Basil’s gifts with those of these biblical figures. He goes all the way back to the beginning and starts with Adam, and then moves on to Enos, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, and many others. Finally he proceeds to the New Testament, where Basil’s virtues are compared to those of John the Baptist, Peter, Paul, John the Theologian, and Stephen the first martyr.

What is with all this glorification of men? Did not the Lord himself proclaim through Isaiah:

I am the Lord, that is My name; And My glory I will not give to another.

And thus arises one of the battle cries of the Reformation: Soli Deo Gloria – Glory to God alone. There is to be no glorification of the virtues of men. And yet might there be a via media – a way out of the seeming conundrum that would pit the glory of God on the one hand against human glory on the other? I would submit that the answer is yes – solely because of the fact of the Incarnation. Just as St. John of Damascus argued that the Incarnation made the rendering of images not only possible but also salutary, so the Incarnation makes it possible to recognize and celebrate the glory of God in human beings.

As our father among the saints Irenaeus of Lyons put it succinctly: “The glory of God is man fully alive.” What is the foundation for such a statement? It’s found in the high priestly prayer of Christ himself, given in John’s account of the Last Supper. The words of our Savior:

I have glorified You on the earth. I have finished the work which You have given Me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Me together with Yourself, with the glory which I had with You before the world was.

In other words, his divine and uncreated glory as the coeternal Son and Word of God would be manifest in his approaching passion, death, and

Reflection presented for the Feast of St. Gregory the Theologian at the fourth annual Eighth Day Symposium, January 25, 2013 at St. George Orthodox Christian Cathedral in Wichita, KS.

The Christian and the hero are inseparable. – Samuel Johnson
resurrection. And so later on in that same prayer, He prays:

And the glory which You gave Me I have given them, that they may be one just as We are one: I in them, and You in Me; that they may be made perfect in one.

Call it what you will – *theosis*, deification, “in-goddedness” – it is this: the permeation of human beings by the uncreated light and glory of God, by virtue of their union with the Incarnate Logos. This makes the remembrance of famous men life-giving and salutary for us. The glory is that of God and God alone. But he has graciously permitted those who love him to share in it.

Let’s now complete that famous quote from Ireneaus: “The glory of God is man fully alive; and to be alive consists in beholding God.” And while we’re at it, let’s complete that quote from Isaiah: “I am the Lord, that is My name; and My glory I will not give to another, nor My praise to carved images.” Let us not neglect, then, “to praise famous men,” for the Lord has truly “apportioned them great glory.”

**God’s Many-Splendored Image: Theological Anthropology for Christian Formation by Nonna Verna Harrison**

A brilliant patristics scholar and Eastern Orthodox nun, Sr. Nonna Harrison raises existential questions that beguile children and adults alike with their simplicity: What makes me the way I am, is it possible to become good, am I free or a prisoner of circumstances? Mining the Church Fathers for answers to satisfy our present age as well as those of the past, she unearths and follows a buried vein that underlies all the rest: What does it mean to be created in the image of God? At once modest and erudite, profound and down to earth, her approach offers both guidance for the living amidst modern confusions and contradictions and a fine introduction to patristic anthropology. Harrison honors the Fathers without hesitating to address deficiencies such as the omission of women from many texts, or pointing out alternatives better suited to a modern sensibility. For example, since “people today are tempted to depression and despair,” she acknowledges that “telling oneself over and over that one is the worst of sinners” is unlikely to make us humble; instead, follow St. Basil’s advice to remember “when exhilarated with limitless powers and possibilities...that one is made in God’s image.” She rounds out the book with tangential issues (art, science, the natural world) whose significance fully emerges in light of humanity’s creation in the divine image.

207 pp. paper $24.00
The renewal of the corrupt into incorruption is not merely a personal salvation, though naturally this great and universal thing can only be known through personal salvation; you can only live in England by being in England and only in "the pure City" by being in the pure city. That is what salvation is.  — Charles Williams
A SKETCH OF ST. Francis of Assisi in modern English may be written in one of three ways. Between these the writer must make his selection; and the third way, which is adopted here, is in some respects the most difficult of all. At least, it would be the most difficult if the other two were not impossible.

First, he may deal with this great and most amazing man as a figure in secular history and a model of social virtues. He may describe this divine demagogue as being, as he probably was, the world's one quite sincere democrat. He may say (what means very little) that St. Francis was in advance of his age. He may say (what is quite true) that St. Francis anticipated all that is most liberal and sympathetic in the modern mood: the love of nature; the love of animals; the sense of social compassion; the sense of the spiritual dangers of prosperity and even of property. All those things that nobody understood before Wordsworth were familiar to St. Francis. All those things that were first discovered by Tolstoy had been taken for granted by St. Francis. He could be presented, not only as a human but a humanitarian hero; indeed as the first hero of humanism. He has been described as a sort of morning star of the Renaissance. And in comparison with all these things, his ascetical theology can be ignored or dismissed as a contemporary accident, which was fortunately not a fatal accident.


His religion can be regarded as a superstition, but an inevitable superstition, from which not even genius could wholly free itself; in the consideration of which it would be unjust to condemn St. Francis for his self-denial or unduly chide him for his chastity. It is quite true that even from so detached a standpoint his stature would still appear heroic. There would still be a great deal to be said about the man who tried to end the Crusades by talking to the Saracens or who interceded with the Emperor for the birds. The writer might describe in a purely historical spirit the whole of that great Franciscan inspiration that was felt in the painting of Giotto, in the poetry of Dante, in the miracle plays that made possible the modern drama, and in so many other things that are already appreciated by modern culture. He may try to do it, as others have done, almost without raising any religious question at all. In short, he may try to tell the story of a saint without God; which is like being told to write the life of Nansen and forbidden to mention the North Pole.

Second, he may go to the opposite extreme, and decide, as it were, to be defiantly devotional. He may make the theological enthusiasm as thoroughly the theme as it was the theme of the first Franciscans. He may treat religion as the real thing that it was to the real Francis of Assisi. He can find an austere joy, so to speak, in parading the paradoxes of asceticism and all the holy topsy-turvydom of humility. He can stamp the whole history with the Stigmata, record fasts like fights against a dragon; till in the vague modern mind St. Francis is as dark a figure as St. Dominic. In short he can produce what many in our world will regard as a sort of photographic negative, the reversal of all lights and shades; what the foolish will find as impenetrable as darkness and even many of the wise will find almost as invisible as if it were written in silver upon white. Such a study of St. Francis would be unintelligible to any one who does not share his religion, perhaps only partly intelligible to any one who does not
share his vocation. According to degrees of judgment, it will be regarded as something too bad or too good for the world. The only difficulty about doing the thing in this way is that it cannot be done. It would really require a saint to write the life of a saint. In the present case the objections to such a course are insuperable.

Third, he may try to do what I have tried to do here; and, as I have already suggested, the course has peculiar problems of its own. The writer may put himself in the position of the ordinary modern outsider and enquirer; as indeed the present writer is still largely and was once entirely in that position. He may start from the standpoint of a man who already admires St. Francis, but only for those things which such a man finds admirable. In other words he may assume that the reader is at least as enlightened as Renan or Matthew Arnold; but in the light of that enlightenment he may try to illuminate what Renan and Matthew Arnold left dark. He may try to use what is understood to explain what is not understood. He may say to the modern English reader: "Here is an historical character which is admittedly attractive to many of us already, by its gaiety, its romantic imagination, its spiritual courtesy and camaraderie, but which also contains elements (evidently equally sincere and emphatic) which seem to you quite remote and repulsive. But after all, this man was a man and not half a dozen men. What seems inconsistency to you did not seem inconsistency to him. Let us see whether we can understand, with the help of the existing understanding, these other things that seem now to be doubly dark, by their intrinsic gloom and their ironic contrast." I do not mean, of course, that I can really reach such a psychological completeness in this crude and curt outline. But I mean that this is the only controversial condition that I shall here assume; that I am dealing with the sympathetic outsider. I shall not assume any more or any less agreement than this. A materialist may not care whether the inconsistencies are reconciled or not. A Catholic may not see any inconsistencies to reconcile. But I am here addressing the ordinary modern man, sympathetic but skeptical, and I can only rather hazily hope that, by approaching the great saint's story through what is evidently picturesque and popular about it, I may at least leave the reader understanding a little more than he did before of the consistency of a complete character; that by approaching it in this way, we may at least get a glimmering of why the poet who praised his lord the sun, often hid himself in a dark cavern, of why the saint who was so gentle with his Brother the Wolf was so harsh to his Brother the Ass (as he nicknamed his own body), of why the

Francis and Clare: The Complete Works translation and introduction by Regis Armstrong and Ignatius Brady; preface by John Vaughn

According to the translators, this represents the first time all the authentic writings of Francis and Clare have been brought together into one volume. Those who only know Francis through his Canticle of Brother Sun and other short prayers emblazoned on wall plaques, will find here an extensive and mature theology of humility, service to others, and joy. Also included are the letters, the Rule, and the Testament of Clare.

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troubadour who said that love set his heart on fire
separated himself from women, of why the singer
who rejoiced in the strength and gaiety of the fire
deliberately rolled himself in the snow, of why the
very song which cries with all the passion of a pa-
gan, “Praised be God for our Sister, Mother Earth,
which brings forth varied fruits and grass and glowing
flowers,” ends almost with the words “Praised be
God for our Sister, the death of the body.”

Renan and Matthew Arnold failed utterly at this test. They were content to follow Francis with their praises until they were stopped by their prej-
udices; the stubborn prejudices of the skeptic. The
moment Francis began to do something they did not understand or did not like, they did not try to under-
stand it, still less to like it; they simply turned their backs on the whole business and “walked no more with him.” No man will get any further along a path of historical enquiry in that fashion. These skeptics are really driven to drop the whole subject in despair, to leave the most simple and sincere of all historical characters as a mass of contradictions, to be praised on the principle of the curate’s egg. Arnold refers to the asceticism of Alverno almost hurriedly, as if it were an unlucky but undeniable blot on the beauty of the story; or rather as if it were a pitiable breakdown and bathos at the end of the story. Now this is simply to be stone-blind to the whole point of any story. To represent Mount Alver-
no as the mere collapse of Francis is exactly like representing Mount Calvary as the mere collapse of Christ. Those mountains are mountains, whatever else they are, and it is nonsense to say (like the Red Queen) that they are comparative hollows or negative holes in the ground. They were quite manifestly meant to be culminations and landmarks. To treat the Stigmata as a sort of scandal, to be touched on tenderly but with pain, is exactly like treating the original five wounds of Christ as five blots on His character. You may dislike the idea of asceticism; you may dislike equally the idea of martyrdom; for that matter you may have an honest and natural dislike of the whole conception of sacrifice symbol-
ized by the cross. But if it is an intelligent dislike, you will still retain the capacity for seeing the point of a story; of the story of a martyr or even the story of a monk. You will not be able rationally to read the Gospel and regard the Crucifixion as an after-
thought or an anti-climax or an accident in the life of Christ; it is obviously the point of the story like the point of a sword, the sword that pierced the heart of the Mother of God.

And you will not be able rationally to read the story of a man presented as a Mirror of Christ without understanding his final phase as a Man of Sorrows, and at least artistically appreciating the appropriateness of his receiving, in a cloud of mys-
tery and isolation, inflicted by no human hand, the unhealed everlasting wounds that heal the world.

The practical reconciliation of the gaiety and austerity I must leave the story itself to suggest. But since I have mentioned Matthew Arnold and Renan and the rationalistic admirers of St. Francis, I will here give the hint of what it seems to me most advisable for such readers to keep in mind. These distinguished writers found things like the Stigmata a stumbling-block because to them a religion was a philosophy. It was an impersonal thing; and it is only the most personal passion that provides here an approximate earthly parallel. A man will not roll in the snow for a stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being. He will not go without food in the name of something, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness. He will do things like this, or pretty nearly like this, under quite a different impulse. He will do these things when he is in love. The first fact to realize about St. Francis is involved in the first fact with which his story starts; that when he said from the first that he was a Troubadour, and said later that he was a Troubadour of a newer and nobler romance, he was not using a mere metaphor, but understood
himself much better than the scholars understand him. He was, to the last agonies of asceticism, a Troubadour. He was a lover. He was a lover of God and he was really and truly a lover of men; possibly a much rarer mystical vocation. A lover of men is very nearly the opposite of a philanthropist; indeed the pedantry of the Greek word carries something like a satire on itself. A philanthropist may be said to love anthropoids. But as St. Francis did not love humanity but men, so he did not love Christianity but Christ. Say, if you think so, that he was a lunatic loving an imaginary person; but an imaginary person, not an imaginary idea. And for the modern reader the clue to the asceticism and all the rest can best be found in the stories of lovers when they seemed to be rather like lunatics. Tell it as the tale of one of the Troubadours, and the wild things he would do for his lady, and the whole of the modern puzzle disappears. In such a romance there would be no contradiction between the poet gathering flowers in the sun and enduring a freezing vigil in the snow, between his praising all earthly and bodily beauty and then refusing to eat, between his glorifying gold and purple and perversely going in rags, between his showing pathetically a hunger for a happy life and thirst for a heroic death. All these riddles would easily be resolved in the simplicity of any noble love; only this was so noble a love that nine men out of ten have hardly even heard of it. . .] The modern reader will almost always find that if he could only feel this kind of love as a reality, he could feel this kind of extravagance as a romance. [. . .] The reader cannot even begin to see the sense of a story that may well seem to him a very wild one, until he understands that to this great mystic his religion was not a thing like a theory but a thing like a love-affair. And the only purpose of this prefatory chapter is to explain the limits of this present book; which is only addressed to that part of the modern world which finds in St. Francis a certain modern difficulty; which can admire him yet hardly accept him, or which can appreciate the saint almost without sanctity. And my only claim even to attempt such a task is that I myself have for so long been in various stages of such a condition. Many thousand things that I now partly comprehend I should have thought utterly incomprehensible, many things I now hold sacred I should have scouted as utterly superstitious, many things that seem to me lucid and enlightened now they are seen from the inside I should honestly have called dark and barbarous seen from the outside, when long ago in those days of boyhood my fancy first caught fire with the glory of Francis of Assisi. I too have lived in Arcady; but even in Arcady I met one walking in a brown habit who loved the woods better than Pan. The figure in the brown habit stands above the hearth in the room where I write, and alone among many such images, at no stage of my pilgrimage has he ever seemed to me a stranger. There is something of harmony between the hearth and the firelight and my own first pleasure in his words about his brother fire; for he stands far enough back in my memory to mingle with all those more domestic dreams of the first days. Even the fantastic shadows thrown by fire make a sort of shadow pantomime that belongs to the nursery; yet the shadows were even then the shadows of his favourite beasts and birds, as he saw them, grotesque but haloed with the love of God. His Brother Wolf and Brother Sheep seemed then almost like the Br’er Fox and Br’er Rabbit of a more Christian Uncle Remus. I have come slowly to see many and more marvelous aspects of such a man, but I have never lost that one. His figure stands on a sort of bridge connecting my boyhood with my conversion to many other things; for the romance of his religion had penetrated even the rationalism of that vague Victorian time. In so far as I have had this experience, I may be able to lead others a little further along that road; but only a very little further. Nobody knows better than I do now that it is a road upon which angels might fear to tread; but

Now the true soldiers of Christ must always be prepared to do battle for the truth, and must never, so far as lies with them, allow false convictions to creep in. — Origen
though I am certain of failure I am not altogether overcome by fear; for he suffered fools gladly.

THE WEIGHT OF GLORY

C. S. Lewis

THE CROSS COMES before the crown and tomorrow is a Monday morning. A cleft has opened in the pitiless walls of the world, and we are invited to follow our great Captain inside. The following Him is, of course, the essential point. [...] It may be possible for each to think too much of his own potential glory hereafter; it is hardly possible for him to think too often or too deeply about that of his neighbour. The load, or weight,


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It is a serious thing to live in a society of possible gods and goddesses, . . . [It] is immortals whom we joke with, work with, marry, snub, and exploit – immortal horrors or everlasting splendors. – C. S. Lewis
ner – no mere tolerance, or indulgence which parodies love as flippancy parodies merriment. Next to the Blessed Sacrament itself, your neighbour is the holiest object presented to your senses. If he is your Christian neighbour, he is holy in almost the same way, for in him also Christ *vere latitat* – the glorifier and the glorified, Glory Himself, is truly hidden.

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**PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS**

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace.  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
Where there is injury, pardon;  
Where there is doubt, faith;  
Where there is despair, hope;  
Where there is darkness, light;  
Where there is sadness, joy.

O divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek  
To be consoled as to console,  
To be understood as to understand,  
To be loved as to love;  
For it is in giving that we receive;  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;  
It is in dying to self that we are born to eternal life.

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The famous saying “God is love,” it is generally assumed, means that God is like our immediate emotional indulgence, not that the meaning of love ought to have something of the “otherness” and terror of God. — *Charles Williams*
Now our whole activity is devoted to God, and our whole life, since we are bent on progress in divine things. — Origen
For whatever be the knowledge which we are able to obtain of God, either by perception or reflection, we must of necessity believe that He is by many degrees far better than what we perceive Him to be. – Origen

ORIGEN OF ALEXANDRIA

Fr. John McGuckin

ORIGEN OF Alexandria was the most influential of all Greek theologians, and the architect (whether his opinions were followed or were explicitly rejected) of most of the substructure of Christian dogma and biblical theology in the late antique period of Christianity. His influence was as great as that of Augustine in the West, although in the Greek-speaking world the variety of other major thinkers moderating and redirecting the channels of his thought (such as Gregory of Nazianzus or Maximus the Confessor) ensured that his intellectual legacy would be more creatively received and developed.

When Origen was seventeen, in A.D. 202, the great persecution broke out in Alexandria and his father Leonides was executed. Afterward, he was appointed as a church catechist to help support his family. His father had been a grammarian, and his son carried on the private school, while taking advanced courses in philosophy, living an ascetical life as a philosopher-sage. When he was about twenty he exchanged his father’s library for a small pension that allowed him to pursue philosophy single-mindedly. Origen’s guiding intellectual star was the belief that the highest goals of philosophy were reconcilable with the plan of the divine wisdom (Logos) and that in the Sacred Scriptures, the gift of revelation and the human quest for enlightenment would meet, a rapprochement that was mystically witnessed in the incarnation of the Logos within history.

At the core of Origen’s philosophical quest was the method of biblical exegesis. He followed the highest traditions of contemporary literary analysis, as exemplified by the Great Library of Alexandria, and set out rules of interpretation that would be massively influential on the later Church. His approach was governed by the notion that the Scripture was a single corpus emanating from one divine intelligence. Its apparent multiplicities were but the masking of the eternal revelation under the illusory appearances of history and relative conditions. A text, therefore, always had several deepening layers of truth.

Origen traveled to Rome in 212 and heard Hippolytus lecture. Back in Alexandria he published his first major work, On First Principles. Its preference for Platonic metaphysics drew the wrath of his local bishop, Demetrius. Government authorities began to invite Origen on international lecture tours. He used the opportunity and fees to begin to gather a large research library. Origen left Alexandria in 215 to escape Caracalla’s attack against the university professors. Friendly bishops in Palestine invited him to address the clergy and churches at Caesarea and Jerusalem, but Demetrius summoned him back home. Soon afterward he was invited by the empress Julia Mammaea to discourse at her court in Antioch. This honor gave him financial and professional independence. An immensely wealthy student named Ambrose commissioned him to compose his Commentary on the Gospel of John. He began the work, but friction from his bishop over the issuing of the First Principles, and his apparent denial that the resurrection body would be material (in his Stromata), caused him to leave off the work.
and move permanently to the Palestinian church in 231, where he was ordained priest. Here he continued his scholarly commentaries and also produced a large body of pastoral discourses (Homilies). He completed his chef d’oeuvre, the John Commentary, here, and his magnificent Commentary on the Song of Songs. Resident at Caesarea, Origen founded a new school around his library and opened his doors to all comers. His labors made Caesarea the intellectual center of Christianity within his generation.

Despite continuing criticism from Rome and Alexandria, Origen became the leading theologian of the church of his time, speaking at several synods in Arabia, usually on the need for careful exegesis in the establishment of Christian doctrine. In 235 the persecution of Maximin the Thracian threatened him, and so he went into hiding, composing a most moving treatise, Exhortation to Martyrdom, for those of his friends who had been captured. Restoration of the peace allowed him to make another journey to Athens (between 238 and 244). He was back in Caesarea when the death of the pro-Christian emperor Philip the Arab (249) unleashed a new storm of hostility against the Christians under Decius. This time Origen was arrested, and the governor ordered him to be tortured carefully (so that he would not die before he had been made to deny his faith). He resisted faithfully, but was permanently crippled, and after the restoration of peace in 253, he spent a year in the care of the church, writing letters of encouragement to those who had suffered. He died in 254, aged sixty-nine, with a martyr’s honor, if not the crown. If he had possessed that status, his works might have been better protected. They survived until Justinian’s order to burn them after Origen’s imperial condemnation in 543. Even so, a massive amount of his writing has survived. There is hardly a major thinker of the Greek (or Latin) Church that is not deeply indebted to Origen. From the eighteenth century onward, a scholarly revival of interest has once again led to the renewed appreciation of his genius.

FRAGMENT FROM THE PREFACE TO ORIGEN’S COMMENTARY ON PSALMS 1–25

As we are about to begin the interpretation of the Psalms, we shall disclose a very beautiful tradition handed down to us by the Hebrew which applies generally to the entire divine Scripture. For the Hebrew said that the whole divinely inspired Scripture may be likened, because of its obscurity, to many locked rooms in one house. By each room is placed a key, but not the one that corresponds to it, so that the keys are scattered about beside the rooms, none of them matching the room by which it is placed. It is a difficult task to find the keys and match them to the rooms that they can open. We therefore know the Scriptures that are obscure only by taking the points of departure for understanding them from another place because they have their interpretative principle scattered among them. In any event, I think that the

Apostle suggests a similar approach to understanding the divine discourses when he says: “And those things we speak are not in discourses instructed by human wisdom, but in ones instructed by the Spirit, interpreting spiritual things by means of spiritual things” (1 Cor. 2:13).

But if “the oracles of the Lord are undefiled, refined silver, unadulterated with earth, purified seven times” (Ps. 11:7 [12:6]) and if the Holy Spirit has prompted them with deliberate precision through the servants of the Word (see Lk. 1:2), we must not miss the analogy, since the wisdom of God has permeated the whole of Scripture even to the individual letter. This is indeed why the Savior said: “Not one iota or one stroke will pass away from the law, until everything comes to be” (Mt. 5:18). For just as the divine skill in the fabrication of the world appears not only in sky, sun, moon, and stars – all these being bodies through which it courses – but it has acted on earth in the same way even in the meanest material object, since even the bodies of the tiniest creatures are not despised by the Artisan, and even less the souls present in them, each of which receives in itself a particular property, a saving principle in an irrational being. Nor does the Artisan despise the earth’s plants, since he is present in each of them with respect to their roots, leaves, possible fruits, and different qualities. So with regard to everything recorded by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit we accept that, since divine providence has endowed the human race with a superhuman wisdom by means of the Scriptures, he has, so to speak, sowed traces of wisdom as saving oracles, in so far as possible, in each letter.

One must by all means be persuaded, once one has accepted that these Scriptures are the work of the world’s Creator, that those who investigate the Scriptures will confront issues as serious as do those who investigate the rational principle of creation. Indeed, even in Creation there exist some problems which human nature finds it hard or impossible to resolve, but the Creator of the Universe is not to be blamed on this account; for example, we do not ascertain the cause of the creation of basilisks or other venomous beasts. In the case of someone who perceives the weakness of our race and that it is impossible for us to comprehend the rational principles of God’s skill even when they have been contemplated with very precise attention, the reverent procedure is to refer the knowledge of these matters to God, so that later, if we are deemed worthy, the things to which we piously pay attention may be revealed to us. Similarly, in the divine Scriptures one must see that there are many problems hard for us to resolve. As for those who, having abandoned the Creator, presume to take refuge in a God whom they have invented, let them resolve the difficulties that we have just presented. After such audacious impiety, let them persuade their conscience to be at peace with their proposals concerning the matters just investigated and the difficulties we have just raised. But if the difficulties remain no less intracta-

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**Origen - Spirit and Fire**: A Thematic Anthology of His Writings *edited by Hans von Balthasar; trans. Robert J. Daly*

The claims about Origen are clear: either he is the source of the major heresies of the Christian tradition (see Hopkins’s introduction in Robert Payne’s *The Holy Fire*), or he is one of the decisive and formative figures in the Christian tradition (see von Balthasar). This anthology presents freshly translated texts from Greek and Latin originals of passages that speak to issues of the soul, the Word, the Spirit, God, the sacraments, the inner senses, and questions derived from them. Who is Origen? What does he really teach? *Spirit and Fire* can refine your judgement.

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Not in mere words only did this teacher go over the truths concerning the virtues with us; but he incited us much more to the practice of virtue, and stimulated us by the deeds he did more than by the doctrines he taught. — St. Gregory Thaumaturgus on Origen
ble, once they have separated themselves from the
godhead, would it not be more pious to stay with
the common understanding of God, namely that
the author of existence is contemplated by means
of the creation, and to declare nothing godless and
impious concerning such a great God.

History and Spirit: The Understanding of Scripture According To Origen
by Henri de Lubac

“I have sought, not to ‘defend’ Origen, but to simply know what he thought and said,” states renowned Catholic theologian Henri de Lubac in the introduction to his superb study of Origen’s biblical exegesis. Cutting through a deep-rooted general prejudice against Origen (A.D. 185-c. 254), de Lubac dispels the notion that this influential theologian’s writings were flawed by an exaggerated, even “mad,” allegorism. With painstaking precision and thorough documentation, the author traces Origen’s efforts to interpret Scripture in both the literal and spiritual senses. Origen’s view that the Bible (and salvation history itself) is full of mystery “is not affirmed to the detriment of its historical character. The spirit does not wish to harm the letter.” As a pioneer in the twentieth-century Catholic rediscovery of patristics, de Lubac presents us with the invaluable opportunity to rediscover Origen on his own terms and simultaneously arrive at a more profound understanding of the ways in which Christ speaks to us through Scripture.

507 pp. paper $29.95

On First Principles by Origen; trans. G. W. Butterworth; intro. Henri de Lubac

We have in Origen an unsoluble enigma. In A.D. 253 at 70 years of age, Origen died a Christian pastor in full communion with the Church. In A.D. 553 at Constantinople II, he was anathematized. It appears historically that Origen’s personal integrity is without question; he was a man deeply in love with Christ and with the Church, of which he considered himself a servant. But his complex speculative philosophies about the origin of human souls and the epochs of creation, along with certain aspects of his systematic theology, resulted in his eventual anathema. Within years of his death, simultaneously, Gnostic groups claiming Origen’s authority were openly using his speculations to counter pious doctrine, yet the Cappodocians Basil and Gregory wrote appreciatively of his eloquent exegesis. Given that Origen so influenced both the saints and the Gnostics of subsequent centuries, he is often called “the father of the Fathers and the father of the heretics.” His On First Principles, translated from Latin, is one of a few of his hundreds of works – letters, commentaries, polemics, and catechesis – to survive the vicissitudes of the ages. In it, we have just a sample of Origen’s vast thought about the nature of God, the created world, and man’s salvation. This edition is recommended for its value as a complete primary source, and for its thoughtful introductions - one by Henri de Lubac, and one by G. W. Butterworth. And there are beautiful passages which inspire our spiritual striving, such as this one to which the faithful of all ages can agree: “The knowledge which converts men to lead a holy life comes only from . . . Christ.”

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FEAST of St. PATRICK

Every visible or invisible creature is a theophany or appearance of God.
— St. John Scotus Eriugena
WHY THE ROBIN’S BREAST IS RED

John Korbel

AS AN UNDERGRADUATE, I majored in English literature with an emphasis in Irish literature and Irish cultural studies; in other words, a degree in pre-unemployment. Because I’m a singer-songwriter, I thought I would employ my seemingly useless degree in writing traditional-sounding Irish folk songs. I wrote one of my songs, “Why the Robin’s Breast Is Red: A Welsh Fairytale,” in the lilting style (also known as diddling, chin music, or mouth music, among other names) that I first heard while studying in Ireland. Lilting is a form of a capella singing, common in Ireland and Scotland, in which a singer uses his or her voice as a rhythmic dance instrument. Some traditions hold that the Irish peasant class used lilting to accompany dancers because musical instruments were too expensive. Lilting songs can have lyrics, but are often composed of nonsensical sounds, similar to scatting in jazz. “Why the Robin’s Breast Is Red” is a hybrid of lyrics and nonsensical lilting.

I want to sing my lilting song for you this evening after a few comments about St. Patrick. Since I’m not a Patrician scholar, and since none of my songs directly reference St. Patrick, I am relieved by the fact that I kissed the Blarney Stone when I visited Ireland – doing so hopefully endowed me with sufficient Blarney for my task this evening.

St. Patrick’s task of converting the Irish pagans to Christianity was somewhat eased due to shared elements in their separate spiritual cosmologies. For instance, many historians believe that the druids (the priestly class in Ireland at the time of St. Patrick) sometimes practiced human sacrifice. While Patrick would have deplored the practice of human sacrifice, as part of his efforts to convert the Irish, he would have affirmed the Old Testament need for sacrificial offerings as atonement for sin. He would have illustrated the point by explaining how Christ’s death on the cross serves as the perfect and final sacrifice necessary to reconcile man to God.

Some historians maintain that the druids occasionally practiced ritualized cannibalism to appease their gods. While Patrick would have vehemently rejected cannibalism, he could have used this pagan practice as a starting point to introduce the Eucharist – the body and blood of Christ in the form of bread and wine – that Christians consume during liturgy.

The Irish revered and emphasized the number three in their pagan spirituality. The druids, for example, reportedly subjected sacrificial victims to a “threefold death” (hanging or strangulation; drowning or poisoning; and wounding) in order to appease three distinct deities. St. Patrick would have used the druid’s reverence for the number three to segue into teachings about the Holy Trinity. St. Patrick’s hagiographers also tell of the saint using a three-leafed shamrock to illustrate the Christian doctrine of the Holy Trinity – the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit as three distinct persons yet one God.

The life of St. Patrick connects most readily to my song “Why the Robin’s Breast Is Red: A Welsh Fairytale.” St. Patrick grew up in what is now Wales, before Irish slave traders kidnapped him and transported him to Ireland. So it is very possible that he would have heard the Welsh fairytale I have framed

Presented at the Feast of St. Patrick on March 16, 2013 at The Ladder, headquarters for Eighth Day Institute in Wichita, KS.
in verse. The lyrics of “Why the Robin’s Breast Is Red” are Patrician in that I have used the natural world as an allegory for Christian theology.

When I was a boy of only three
My grandmother reprimanded me
Saying never throw stones at the robin redbreast
That made his nest in the churchyard tree
Never throw stones at redbreast birds
That nest in churchyard trees

Have you not heard how the merciful bird
Earned glory and eternal fame
When he gathered dewdrops on his little bill
Then flew boldly through eternal flames
This noble bird was burned
As he dropped the dew
On sinful souls that know no rest
And the scorch marks from the flames of hell
Can still be seen upon the robin’s breast

When I was a boy of only three
My grandmother reprimanded me
Saying never throw stones at the robin redbreast
That made his nest in the churchyard tree
Never throw stones at redbreast birds
That nest in churchyard trees.

See in each herb and small animal,
every bird and beast,
and in each man and woman,
the eternal Word of God.
— St. Ninian

Happy is the monk
who considers all men as god
after God.
— Evagrius of Pontus

Because there is no other God, nor ever was, nor will be, than God the Father unbegotten, without beginning, from whom is all beginning, the Lord of the universe, as we have been taught; and His son Jesus Christ, whom we declare to have always been with the Father, spiritually and ineffably begotten by the Father before the beginning of the world, before all beginning; and by Him are made all things visible and invisible. He was made man, and, having defeated death, was received into heaven by the Father; and He hath given Him all power over all names in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and every tongue shall confess to Him that Jesus Christ is Lord and God, in whom we believe, and whose advent we expect soon to be, judge of the living and the dead, who will render to every man according to his deeds; and He has poured forth upon us abundantly the Holy Spirit, the gift and pledge of immortality, who makes those who believe and obey sons of God and joint heirs with Christ; and Him do we confess and adore, one God in the Trinity of the Holy Name.


Understand the creation if you would wish to know the Creator. For those who wish to know the great deep must first review the natural world. — St. Columbanus
It is not from ourselves that we learn to be better than we are. — Wendell Berry
THE TRADITIONAL BASIS OF TWELVE-STEP RECOVERY

Stan Cox

IN CONTRAST TO the Twelve Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous (A.A.) that we’ll be discussing this evening, the Christian spirituality I encountered as a teenager was a two-step program: I got saved and then I went out to save the world. There was no spiritual development in the process. What I experienced is the problematic way Christian spirituality is frequently understood in our culture. The roots of this problem go back to the late Middle Ages, when theologians turned to a scholastic method of approaching theology. Developing a theological system became an accomplishment of utmost importance. If you get the system right, then you have it made. Choosing a denomination thus becomes an issue of choosing which systematic theology to adhere to. That is, “I choose to belong to this church because its theological system makes more sense to me than that one.” The key is to find an intellectually consistent theological system. Consequently, the Christian faith is reduced to making sure you have all of your theological ducks in a row. This is essentially Gnostic in nature because it is a strictly intellectual approach.

The popular idea that getting saved is the end of the journey perpetuates this unbalanced and unhealthy view of Christian spirituality. Unfortunately, what often gets skipped is the step-by-step process that is articulated in the Twelve Steps of A.A., all of which is scriptural: learning to forgive; taking a real, honest look at who I am; admitting when I’m wrong; making amends; and so on. If the only thing that matters is whether my legal issues with God are cleared up, then there’s no need to do any of these steps.

As I noticed later when studying the Scriptures, Jesus isn’t that interested in systematic theology. In fact, the systematic theologians he dealt with were the Pharisees and Sadducees. The people he used as examples of what the Christian faith should be were screwed up theologically. Take the Samaritans, for instance. They were way out in left field. And yet Jesus takes a Samaritan, who has no reputable theological system, and holds him up as the example of what Christian love is. The biblical book of James gives two examples of faith. The first is Rahab the harlot. I seriously doubt she would have been able to discuss the finer subtleties of the sovereignty of God. The other example is Abraham, the measure of whose faith is sacrificing his son Isaac, an act that is completely off the wall intellectually. The Christian life, then, is much more than a mere intellectual assent to a system of doctrines or even the existence of God. It is an act of faith that involves both mind and heart. The Epistle of St. James describes it as dead without works.

I studied theology at a very intense level throughout the late 70s and early 80s, all the while becoming steadily more alcoholic. I spent the mid-1980s basically trying to drink myself to death. I was almost successful. I joined A.A. in 1988 and was introduced to the Twelve-Step recovery program. What I discovered in the Twelve Steps were the important things I hadn’t found in my study of theology. I learned how to live a Christian life from these steps, and from others who were following

Excerpt from lecture presented for Spring Table Talks on April 12, 2013 at The Ladder, headquarters for Eighth Day Institute in Wichita, KS.
them with me. Although many of them would not have considered themselves to be Christian, they understood the basic principles of Christianity.

In the New Testament, we encounter John the Baptist before Jesus arrives on the scene. John the Baptist is an uncouth character. He's this wild man wandering around eating locusts and honey. He probably didn't spell so well. But he's referred to as the “Forerunner.” His job was to make the way straight. One of the problems I see in contemporary Christian spirituality is that many people have been introduced to Jesus but have never met John the Baptist. The Twelve-Step program, in my opinion, functions as a “John the Baptist.” The Twelve Steps prepare the way.

Many Christians look at the literature of A.A. and say, “Wait a minute! There's no theology here! There's no specific reference to the Christian message!” Let me offer a brief response. Many people who have been broken and devastated by their addictions are incredibly bitter. If they are not intellectually agnostic, they are emotionally agnostic; that is, they are unable to have any sort of relationship with God. They're not ready for theology. Furthermore, A.A.'s view of alcoholism is similar to the Church's view of sin. The early church fathers talk about the spiritual life as a progress that is essentially about getting well, about being healed from the disease of sin. While there are certainly moments in the Scriptures where salvation is presented in legal terms (i.e., justification), there are many more places where humans are viewed as people who are broken, incredibly sick, and in need of healing. And this is precisely how A.A. deals with alcoholism. Are there moral issues involved? Yes. Legal issues? Absolutely. But once you cross the line into addiction, you no longer have control. The only thing I have control over is taking that first drink. If someone invites me to have a drink, I say, “No thanks, I have something that I need to do next Christmas.” That's what it amounts to for me. I've been sober now for twenty-five years.

What I have determined in terms of traditional Christian spirituality is that the Twelve Steps are essentially a boot camp, an encounter with John the Baptist, in which we are asked to get real and get busy, to take action. It's not just about studying theology. It's about changing our lives with the help of God, and by the grace of God, becoming more like him.

**THE TWELVE STEPS**

**steps four and five**

**STEP FOUR:** Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.

Creation gave us instincts for a purpose. Without them we wouldn't be complete human beings. If men and women didn't exert themselves to be secure in their persons, made no effort to harvest food or construct shelter, there would be no survival. If they didn't reproduce, the earth wouldn't be populated. If there was no social instinct, if men cared nothing for the society of one another, there would be no society. So these desires – for the sex relation, for material and emotional security, and for companionship – are perfectly necessary and right, and surely God-given.

Yet these instincts, so necessary for our existence, often far exceed their proper functions.

Powerfully, blindly, many times subtly, they drive us, dominate us, and insist upon ruling our lives. Our desires for sex, for material and emotional security, and for an important place in society often tyrannize us. When thus out of joint, man's natural desires cause him great trouble, practically all the trouble there is. No human being, however good, is exempt from these troubles. Nearly every serious emotional problem can be seen as a case of misdirected instinct. When that happens, our great natural assets, the instincts, have turned into physical and mental liabilities.

Step Four is our vigorous and painstaking effort to discover what these liabilities in each of us have been, and are. We want to find exactly how, when, and where our natural desires have warped us. We wish to look squarely at the unhappiness this has caused others and ourselves. By discovering what our emotional deformities are, we can move toward their correction. Without a willing and persistent effort to do this, there can be little sobriety or contentment for us. Without a searching and fearless moral inventory, most of us have found that faith which really works in daily living is still out of reach.

[. . .] Now let's ponder the need for a list of the more glaring personality defects all of us have in varying degrees. [. . .] To avoid falling into confusion over the names these defects should be called, let's take a universally recognized list of major human failings – the Seven Deadly Sins of pride, greed, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. It is not by accident that pride heads the processions. For pride, leading to self-justification, and always spurred by conscious or unconscious fears, is the basic breeder of most human difficulties, the chief block to true progress. Pride lures us into making demands upon ourselves or upon others which cannot be met without perverting or misusing our God-given instincts. When the satisfaction of our instincts for sex, security, and society becomes the sole object of our lives, then pride steps in to justify our excess. [. . .]

STEP FIVE: ADMITTED to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

All of A.A.'s Twelve Steps ask us to go contrary to our natural desires . . . they all deflate our egos. When it comes to ego deflation, few Steps are harder to take than Five. But scarcely any Step is more necessary to longtime sobriety and peace of mind than this one.

A.A. experience has taught us we cannot live alone with our pressing problems and the character defects which cause or aggravate them. If we have swept the searchlight of Step Four back and forth over our careers, and it has revealed in stark relief those experiences we'd rather not remember, if we have come to know how wrong thinking and action have hurt us and others, then the need to quit living by ourselves with those tormenting ghosts of yesterday gets more urgent than ever. We have to talk to somebody about them.

So intense, though, is our fear and reluctance to do this, that many A.A.'s at first try to bypass Step Five. We search for an easier way – which usually consists of the general and fairly painless admission that when drinking we were sometimes bad actors. Then, for good measure we add dramatic descriptions of that part of our drinking behavior which our friends probably know about anyhow.

But of the things which really bother and burn us, we say nothing. Certain distressing or humiliating memories, we tell ourselves, ought not be shared with anyone. These will remain our secret. Not a soul must ever know. We hope they'll go to the grave with us.

Yet if A.A.'s experience means anything at all, this is not only unwise, but is actually a perilous resolve. Few muddled attitudes have caused us
more trouble than holding back on Step Five. Some people are unable to stay sober at all; others will relapse periodically until they really clean house. Even A.A. oldtimers, sober for years, often pay dearly for skimping this Step. They will tell how they tried to carry the load alone; how much they suffered of irritability, anxiety, remorse, and depression; and how, unconsciously seeking relief, they would sometimes accuse even their best friends of the very character defects they themselves were trying to conceal. They always discovered that relief never came by confessing the sins of other people. Everybody had to confess his own.

This practice of admitting one’s defects to another person is, of course, very ancient. It has been validated in every century, and it characterizes the lives of all spiritually centered and truly religious people. But today religion is by no means the sole advocate of this saving principle. Psychiatrists and psychologists point out the deep need every human being has for practical insight and knowledge of his own personality flaws and for a discussion of them with an understanding and trustworthy person. So far as alcoholics are concerned, A.A. would go even further. Most of us would declare that without a fearless admission of our defects to another human being we could not stay sober. It seems plain that the grace of God will not enter to expel our destructive obsessions until we are willing to try this.

[. . .] Provided you hold back nothing, your sense of relief will mount from minute to minute. The dammed-up emotions of years break out of their confinement, and miraculously vanish as soon as they are exposed. As the pain subsides, a healing tranquility takes its place. And when humility and serenity are so combined, something else of great moment is apt to occur. Many an A.A., once agnostic or atheistic, tells us that it was during this stage of Step Five that he first actually felt the presence of God. And even those who had faith already often become conscious of God as they never were before.

This feeling of being at one with God and man, this emerging from isolation through the open and honest sharing of our terrible burden of guilt, brings us to a resting place where we may prepare ourselves for the following Steps toward a full and meaningful sobriety.

Beginning Well: Christian Conversion and Authentic Transformation AND Transforming Conversion: Rethinking the Language and Contours of Christian Initiation by Gordon T. Smith

The image of conversion to Christ as a one-time experience dominates contemporary culture, but for evangelical Gordon Smith this “punctiliar” model fails to encompass an experience that often unfolds over time and takes varied forms. In Beginning Well, he describes Christian life as an ongoing process by which we become “what we were created to be – fully human, transformed into the image of Jesus Christ.” We see this process at work in the conversion stories of Augustine, Ignatius of Loyola, John Wesley, and Dorothy Day, then explore models from evangelical history and the New Testament. The second half of the book uses the writings of C. S. Lewis, G. K. Chesterton, and Tolstoy to establish the hallmarks of conversion — benchmarks against which new converts and “second-generation” Christians can gauge their spiritual growth and maturity. Transforming Conversion functions almost as a sequel to Beginning Well, tracing conversion as experienced in the early Church (including monastic models), the Reformation, and multicultural contexts such as Muslim conversions to Christianity. Smith’s insightful biblical exegesis draws extensively upon Ephesians and Acts and further demonstrates that salvation and conversion did not become synonymous until the modern revivialist movement. The final chapters explore the importance of situating conversion within a communal, rather than individualistic, context that includes sacraments and “a compelling theology of sainthood” to guide the mature Christian life.

Beginning Well 239 pp. paper $17.00
Transforming Conversion 208 pp. paper $22.00
Through the Incarnation God took our nature, took the Manhood of God into God.
– Edward B. Pusey
E DWARD BOUVERIE Pusey was one of the leading figures of the Oxford Movement. The motto of Eighth Day Institute is “renewing culture through faith and learning.” Dr. Pusey was well-qualified in that category. He was one of the most learned men of the English Church, possibly one of the most learned men of the nineteenth century. He had a massive intellect, and he devoted it to the service of the Lord. Although Pusey made enemies due to certain positions he took, he was a hero to many in the nineteenth-century English Church. He is also a hero to me, and he became the focus of my dissertation.

The Anglican theologian A. M. Allchin illustrates the stature of Pusey in the nineteenth-century English Church with the following statement: “In Pusey we face a complex, many-sided character, a man of great ability, of great depth, and yet to many of his contemporaries, as to us, an enigma.” Preaching in Saint Mary’s pulpit shortly after his death, Dean Church [a contemporary of Pusey] remarked: “No man was more variously judged, more sternly condemned, more tenderly loved.”

Just two days after Pusey’s death, the London Times described Pusey this way:

If Cranmer was the most conspicuous ecclesiastical personage in the 16th century, and Laud in the 17th, then no one could dispute with Dr. Pusey the honor of giving his name to the great Anglican reaction of the 19th. Half the English theological world revered him as a saint, risen whenever he has shown himself. Half found no charge or insinuation too bad for him. It is Dr. Pusey who has been the reformer or the heresiarch of this century.

Pusey was either loved or hated – passionately so in both cases.

Edward B. Pusey was born into an aristocratic, wealthy, high-church Anglican family. Gifted with an incredible mind and ability to study, he seemed to be able to absorb everything he read. His official biographer, H. P. Liddon, writes that when Pusey was eleven years old he studied about ten hours a day. Later, as a student at Oxford, he was known to study up to seventeen hours a day. I don’t think he saw this as a burden; he was simply gifted with this discipline. He was made for it, and he applied himself to that labor. Consequently, he acquired great knowledge.

I would like to point out a few key characteristics of Pusey. First, he was focused, devoted, and committed; “single-minded,” as Newman put it. He realized, “this is what I am made for, and this is what I have, and I’m going to devote it wholly to the Church, to the service of God.” Pusey said, “Nothing is of any real value unless it furthers the glory of God and the salvation of souls.” At times, he seems to regret that he could not be more involved in direct evangelism, due to other ministerial responsibilities. Nevertheless, he believed his service allowed other people to pursue evangelism.

Second, Pusey was Christocentric. In his words, “There are but two ways of viewing all things: in and out of Christ. Without Him everything is dead; in Him, everything may live.” This is characteristic of Pusey; while he incredibly learned and possessed vast theological knowledge, he could...
hone in on the essential, the real, and the important. And for Pusey, that was Christ.

Third, Pusey was scriptural. He once said, “The Bible is the one book that is never to be out of our hands.” He was devoted to defending the Old Testament. He spent his greatest time and effort on a commentary on the Minor Prophets. This is his one work that is still around and accessible, and the one for which he is still known; it remains a classic. Even his opponents acknowledged this work as good and godly, worthy for edification. When examining a doctrine, he always asked: “Is it scriptural?” And then he went to the Fathers to learn about their scriptural understanding of that doctrine.

Liddon wrote that the two governing characteristics of Pusey’s religious mind were “the vivid intensity with which he grasped the realities of the unseen world and the hopefulness which animated his whole conception of the relation between the soul and its Maker and Redeemer.” As I studied and read Pusey, especially in his sermons, what became evident was the vivid intensity with which he grasped the realities of the unseen world. This evening’s Scripture reading spoke of “this world passing away” (1 Cor. 7:31) – that was Pusey’s perspective. I think this is perhaps why his spirituality was sometimes viewed as so serious and austere.

While he viewed the world as full of symbols of God – that is, everything in the world is in some sense sacramental and speaks of God; it was nevertheless temporal; it was passing. And his eye, his mind, his heart and soul, were on the world to come, the unseen world.

While I was conducting research at Pusey House in Oxford, I came across an important unpublished letter his niece Clara Pusey Fletcher wrote about him. She writes,

> What struck me most as a child was the way he spoke of the unseen world as if he saw it. His features, which were neither regular or in any way finely formed, became irradiated, and his smile was sweet and kind, and a sort of heavenly beauty illuminated his whole face. One could almost see the glory around it as he spoke with a certainty of the care of God for us, and the love of Jesus, and the future of the blessed.

Another thing I appreciate about Pusey is his irenic spirit. Pusey demonstrates this well in a letter written to an evangelical friend toward the end of his life. He writes,

> Do you remember in your boyhood a story of two knights who fought, because one said that a shield was silver, and the other that it was gold? Each was right, for it was gold on one side, and silver on the other. I used, in my young days, to study Evangelicalism, because I wanted to win the Evangelicals. I used, as my formula, “I believe all which you believe; we only part where you deny.” Now this is what I want you to think: that having sought intimacy with Evangelicals for many years, and heard formally a good many Evangelical sermons, and having for a long time read carefully everything that was written against me and my friends, I know what the so-called Evangelicals believe, and that when I say, “I believe the same,” I know what I am speaking of. I know that I hold much which you do not hold. I only mean that I hold all which you do.

In other words, he strove to join forces with Evangelicals, essentially saying, “We have a unity of faith. Let’s not be enemies; we must be friends.” He saw they had a common enemy in secularism, the rationalism and unbelief of liberalism.

Finally, his theology was practical. It was not theology for theology’s sake. Instead, it had a single-minded goal of serving the Church for the salvation of souls. Pusey said that “the contest for souls is the one true history of earth, the real history of the world, for which alone the world itself exists.” Again: “The conversion of souls is, after all, the great and ultimate end of all Church work.” And

God does not take away trials or carry us over them, but strengthens us through them.

– Edward B. Pusey
finally: “The direct winning of souls is the crown of theology.”

THE LIFE OF PUSEY

H. P. Liddon

WHAT IS PUSEYISM? It is difficult to say what people mean when they designate a class of views by my name; for since they are no peculiar doctrines, but it is rather a temper of mind which is so designated, it will vary according to the individual who uses it. Generally speaking, what is so designated may be reduced under the following heads; and what people mean to blame is what to them appears an excess of them.

- High thoughts of the two Sacraments.
- High estimate of Episcopacy as God’s ordinance.
- High estimate of the visible Church as the Body wherein we are made and continue to be members of Christ.
- Regard for ordinances, as directing our devotions and disciplining us, such as daily public prayers, fasts and feasts, etc.
- Regard for the visible part of devotion, such as the decoration of the house of God, which acts insensibly on the mind.
- Reverence for and deference to the ancient Church, of which our own Church is looked upon as the representative to us, and by whose views and doctrines we interpret our own Church when her meaning is questioned or doubtful; in a word, reference to the ancient Church, instead of the Reformers, as the ultimate expounder of the meaning of our Church.

[. . .] I am, however, more and more convinced that there is less difference between right-minded persons on both sides than these often suppose – that differences which seemed considerable are really so only in the way of stating them; that people who would express themselves differently, and think each other’s mode of expressing themselves very faulty, mean the same truths under different modes of expression.


Practice in life whatever you pray for and God will give it to you more abundantly.

– Edward Bouverie Pusey
East and West: The Making of a Rift in the Church: From Apostolic Times Until the Council by Henry Chadwick

In keeping with his usual tradition of fine scholarship, Henry Chadwick punctiliously explores the history of the ancient schism between Greek East and Latin West. Objective though the book may be, the lingering pain and rancor of the divorce bleeds through Chadwick’s scholarly text. In his methodical movement through the records of Eastern and Western Christendom, Chadwick allows summaries of primary source documents to bear witness to the deepening and hardening of doctrinal differences, due in part to divergences in language, liturgy, and social traditions. Though his account is roughly chronological, Chadwick chooses an episodic, rather than narrative approach in describing the ultimate schism, thus taming extremely complex material by focusing on pivotal moments in the process. Many chapters of short duration wisely avoid isolating the well-known controversies over the Filioque or papal authority; these are discussed but contextualized by accounts of the Acacian Schism, the Council in Trullo, the Papacy and the Franks, the Libri Carolini, Latin Saturday fasting and use of unleavened bread in the Eucharist, and struggles over the jurisdiction of Illyricum and Bulgaria. Don’t look to this book for judgments of East or West or for a determination of Chadwick’s sympathies. What he has done is organize the raw historical material and make it accessible. And that is no small achievement.

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The Greek East and Latin West: A Study in Christian Tradition by Philip Sherrard

Two ways of seeing the world within the Christian tradition run as both distinct and intertwining threads through this survey of Western civilization. An historian of ideas, Sherrard takes theology seriously; the course of events is not a matter of historical accident but fundamentally formed by the theological impact of diverging Greek and Latin metaphysical convictions. The connections Sherrard posits between intellectual trends and historical events are occasionally tendentious but more often provocative and fertile in their explanation of historical developments. His analyses of Scholasticism, the intellectual roots of the Renaissance, and the inroads of secularism in Greek history are especially valuable.

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Aristotle East and West: Metaphysics and the Division of Christendom by David Bradshaw

A clearly limned inquiry into the philosophical and theological trajectory of the concept of the “energies” of God and a suggestion that the different ways this idea has been understood in East and West has had immense historical consequence. Bradshaw (Professor of Greek Philosophy, Univ. of Kentucky) discusses energeia as it originates in the writings of Aristotle and its slow transformation in the Middle Platonists, Philo of Alexandria, and the Neoplatonists, among whom Bradshaw locates the beginning of the increasing divergence in understanding between West (progressively simplifying the concept) and East (continually finding fresh nuance in it). The great fourth-century Cappadocian Fathers make the distinction between the unknowable essence and knowable energies of God common parlance for Eastern theology, a language further enlarged in the sixth-century Dionysian writings and in Maximus the Confessor and John of Damascus. Turning to the West, Bradshaw finds in Augustine an absence of the category of the energies, an absence ultimately sealed in Aquinas’s philosophy of the divine essence. A chasm yawned between this doctrine of God and that of the East, where the teachings of the greatest theologian of the essence/energies distinction, Gregory Palamas, were upheld in two church councils against the attacks of the Augustinian-influenced Orthodox monk Barlaam the Calabrian. The conclusions Bradshaw draws concerning the consequences of this divergence are plentiful, provocative, and controversial. Suffice to say that this is one of the most important studies of the tragedy of schism we have encountered in years.

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If I can unite in myself the thought and devotion of Eastern and Western Christendom, the Greek and the Latin Fathers, the Russian with the Spanish Mystics, I can prepare in myself the reunion of divided Christians.  – Thomas Merton
The Son of God became the Son of man so that man, by entering into communion with the Word and thus receiving divine sonship, might become a son of God. — St. Irenaeus of Lyons
THE NEW MEN

C. S. Lewis

CENTURY BY CENTURY God has guided nature up to the point of producing creatures which can (if they will) be taken right out of nature, turned into “gods.” Will they allow themselves to be taken? In a way, it is like the crisis of birth. Until we rise and follow Christ we are still parts of Nature, still in the womb of our great mother. Her pregnancy has been long and painful and anxious, but it has reached its climax. The great moment has come. Everything is ready. The Doctor has arrived. Will the birth “go off all right?” But of course it differs from an ordinary birth in one important respect. In an ordinary birth the baby has not much choice: here it has. I wonder what an ordinary baby would do if it had the choice. It might prefer to stay in the dark and warmth and safety of the womb. For of course it would think the womb meant safety. That would be just where it was wrong; for if it stays there it will die.

On this view the thing has happened: the new step has been taken and is being taken. Already the new men are dotted here and there all over the earth. Some, as I have admitted, are still hardly recognizable; but others can be recognized. Every now and then one meets them. Their very voices and faces are different from ours: stronger, quieter, happier, more radiant. They begin where most of us leave off. They are, I say, recognizable; but you must know what to look for. They will not be very like the idea of “religious people” which you have formed from your general reading. They do not draw attention to themselves. You tend to think that you are being kind to them when they are really being kind to you. They love you more than other men do, but they need you less. (We must get over wanting to be needed: in some goodish people, specially women, that is the hardest of all temptations to resist.) They will usually seem to have a lot of time: you will wonder where it comes from. When you have recognized one of them, you will recognize the next one much more easily. And I strongly suspect (but how should I know?) that they recognize one another immediately and infallibly across every barrier of color, sex, class, age, and even of creeds. In that way, to become holy is rather like joining a secret society. To put it at the very lowest, it must be great fun.

PRAYER AND HOLINESS

Dumitru Staniloae

IN THE PERSON OF the saint, because of his availability, his extreme attention to others, and by the alacrity with which he gives himself to


Christ, humanity is healed and renewed. How does this renewed humanity show itself in practice? The saint shows us a bearing full of tact, transparency, purity of thought and feeling, in relation to every human being. His consideration extends even to animals and to things, because in every creature he sees a gift of God's love, and does not wish to wound that love by treating his gifts with negligence or indifference. He shows towards the suffering of any man, or even of an animal, a profound compassion. [...] Such compassion reveals a heart that is tender, extremely sensitive, and a stranger to all hardness, indifference and brutality. It shows us that hardness is the result of sin and of the passions. In the bearing of the saint, and even in his thoughts, there is no trace of vulgarity, meanness or baseness; no sign of affectation, or want of sincerity. Kindliness, sensitivity and transparency come to their fullest expression in him, and are combined with purity, generous attention towards men and with the availability by which he shares with all his heart in their problems and troubles. In all these qualities is shown forth in an eminent degree the full capacity of human nature. [...] Thanks to a conscience whose sensitivity has been nourished and refined by the sensitivity of God made man for men, a sensitivity in which they share, the saints can see into the most secret states of soul in others, and they avoid anything that could be a stumbling-block to them without, however, neglecting to help them triumph over their weaknesses and conquer their difficulties. Thus the saint is sought out as a confidant for the most intimate secrets. For he is able to discern in others a scarcely articulated need, the whole of their capacity to

Doctrine of Deification in the Greek Patristic Tradition by Norman Russell

“God became man in order that man might become God,” or some variant, is one of the dominant themes of the Greek Fathers from St. Irenaeus forward. It is the exegetical development of the scriptural phrases “you are gods, sons of the Most High, all of you” (Ps. 82:6) and “that you might become partakers of the divine nature” (2 Pet. 1:4). The doctrine of deification (theosis), human persons becoming divine by grace, became the cornerstone of the Orthodox doctrine of salvation, the goal of human cooperation with the sanctifying energies of God through the Holy Spirit in the Church. Describing the development and content of this vision of human destiny strikes one as a little like trying to bottle light, but Norman Russell is a trustworthy guide. He systematically narrates the history of the doctrine, with extensive chapters on precursors in the Greco-Roman world, in ancient Judaism and the New Testament, and of course the Greek Fathers. Russell’s original contributions are his discussion of deification as a metaphor with two distinct emphases, “the transformation of humanity in principle as a consequence of the Incarnation . . . and the ascent of the soul through the practice of virtue,” and his survey of recent Protestant, Catholic, and Orthodox engagements with the doctrine, ranging from Harnack’s dismissal of deification to Vladimir Lossky’s insistence that it lies at the very center of our understanding of God and humanity.

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The saint has triumphed over time while living intensely within time.
– Dumitru Staniloae
desire what is good. Thus he hastens to satisfy this
desire and gives himself entirely to doing so. But he
also discerns in others their impurities, even those
they hide most skilfully. Then his compassion be-
comes purifying through the gentle strength of his
own purity, and through the suffering caused him
by the evil intentions of others or their perverse
desires. This suffering remains with him always.

In each of these situations he knows when it is
opportune to speak, and what needs to be said; he
also knows when to keep silence and what ought to
be done. [. . .]

St Maximus the Confessor says that the saints
have attained to a pure simplicity, because they have
overcome in themselves all duality and pretence.
They have passed beyond the struggle between soul
and body, between good intentions and works per-
formed, between deceitful appearances and hidden
thoughts, between what they pretend to be and
what they actually are. They have become simple
because they have given themselves entirely to God.
That is why they are able also to give themselves en-
tirely to men in their relationships with them. [. . .]

Because of his humility the saint is scarcely
noticed, but he is always there when anyone has
need of support, consolation or encouragement.
He stands by the one whom everyone else aban-
dons. With him no difficulty is insurmountable, no
obstacle invincible, when it is a matter of drawing
someone out of a situation of despair. At such times
he shows an astonishing strength and skill, together
with unshakeable calm and confidence, because he
believes firmly in the help of God, seeking it with
urgent prayer.

He is the most humble and human of men, but
at the same time an unconventional and surprising
figure. He gives others the feeling that they have
discovered in him, and therefore in themselves
because of him, the nature of true humanity.

This humanity has been so overlaid by artifi-
ciality, by the desire to appear rather than to be, that
when it reveals its true self it causes astonishment,
as if it were something unnatural. The saint is the
most courteous of men, yet at the same time, quite
unintentionally he compels recognition. [. . .] He
overwhelms you by the grandeur of his purity and
by the warmth of his goodness and consideration;
he makes you ashamed of having such low stan-
dards, of having disfigured human nature in your-
self, of being impure, artificial, full of duplicity and
meanness. All this is highlighted by the comparison
which you involuntarily make between yourself and
him. [. . .]

The saint has triumphed over time while living
intensely within time. He has thus come to bear
the closest resemblance to Christ, who is at once
in the heavenly places, and always with us, bring-
ing mighty things to pass. He bears Christ within
himself with the invincible power of his love, for the
salvation of men.

The saint shows us a human being puri-
ified from the dross of all that is less than human. In him
we see a disfigured and brutalized humanity set to
rights; a humanity whose restored transparency
reveals the limitless goodness, the boundless power
and compassion of its prototype – God incarnate.
It is the image of the living and personal absolute
Being who became man that is re-established in the
person of the saint. By being so truly human, he has
reached a dizzy height of perfection in God, while
remaining completely at home with men. The saint
is one who is engaged in ceaseless, free dialogue
with God and with men. His transparency reveals
the dawn of the divine eternal light in which human
nature is to reach its fulfillment. He is the complete
reflection of the humanity of Christ.

God creates out of nothing. Wonderful you say. Yes, to be sure, but he does what is
still more wonderful: he makes saints out of sinners. – Søren Kierkegaard
Orthodox Spirituality: A Practical Guide for the Faithful and a Definitive Manual for the Scholar by Dumitru Staniloae
trans. by Archimandrite Jerome and Otilia Kloos

Sometimes it's best to let the author speak for himself: "Orthodox spirituality has as its goal the deification of man and his union with God, without being merged with Him. It has as a basic conviction the existence of a personal God, who is the supreme source of radiating love. He prizes man and doesn't want to confuse him with Himself, but maintains and raises him to an eternal dialogue of love. Such a spirituality has no place where an evolutionary progress of man, connected to a divinity conceived as an impersonal essence, is affirmed. This progress can have no result other than man's disappearance in the impersonal divinity. But the personal God, and thus the supreme source of love, can't be conceived as a single person, but as a community of persons in a perfect unity. You see then why the Christian teaching of a Trinity of Persons is the only one which can constitute the basis of a perfect spirituality for man, understood as a full communion with God in love, without his being lost in it." [A short footnote: It's doubtful you'll find a more comprehensive and systematic treatment of Orthodox spiritual theology in a single volume. Staniloae can be technical, but he is also practical and clearly spoken, not beyond the patient reader.]

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The Experience of God: Orthodox Dogmatic Theology. Volume One, Revelation and Knowledge of the Triune God by Dumitru Staniloae
trans. and ed. by Ioan Ionita and Robert Barringer

The marks of true and living theology, according to Archpriest Staniloae, are "fidelity to the revelation of Christ given in holy Scripture and Tradition . . . responsibility for the faithful who are contemporary with the theology as it is being done, openness to the eschatological future." Fr. Dumitru treats the patristic writers as "living witnesses whose testimony requires on our side a continual self-examination and rethinking with present-day concerns in view." Yet his work is also creative and bridge-building—a theology of meeting and response, love and personal communion. He contends all knowing comes through communion with ourselves, one another, and with God as the supreme structure of interpersonal love. Staniloae stresses apophatic knowledge and in so doing emphasizes the saving dialectic of the "otherness yet nearness of God." In his forward-facing theology, Fr. Staniloae conveys a strong vision of cosmic transformation, making his theology essentially aesthetic, full of beauty and joy, and ultimately, great hope.

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Watchfulness means to be completely present to where we are just as a mother has an attentive ear to the least sound of her baby in the crib even as she talks on the phone or vacuums the rug.

– Anthony Coniaris
TREATISE ON
THE DIVINE IMAGES

St. John of Damascus

OF OLD, GOD THE incorporeal and formless was never depicted, but now that God has been seen in the flesh and has associated with human kind, I depict what I have seen of God. I do not venerate matter, I venerate the fashioner of matter, who became matter for my sake and accepted to dwell in matter and through matter worked my salvation, and I will not cease from reverencing matter, through which my salvation was worked. I do not reverence it as God – far from it; how can that which has come to be from nothing be God? [. . .] Therefore I reverence the rest of matter and hold in respect that through which my salvation came, because it is filled with divine energy and grace. Is not the thrice-precious and thrice-blessed wood of the cross matter? Is not the holy and august mountain, the place of the skull, matter? Is not the life-giving and life-bearing rock, the holy tomb, the source of the resurrection, matter? Is not the ink and the all-holy book of the Gospels matter? Is not the life-bearing table, which offers to us the bread of life, matter? Is not the gold and silver matter, out of which crosses and tablets and bowls are fashioned? And, before all these things, is not the body and blood of my Lord matter? Either do away with reverence and veneration for all these or submit to the tradition of the Church and allow the veneration of images of God and friends of God, sanctified by name and therefore overshadowed by the grace of the divine Spirit. [. . .]

[. . .] The image is a memorial. What the book does for those who understand letters, the image does for the illiterate; the word appeals to hearing, the image appeals to sight; it conveys understanding. Therefore God ordered that the ark should be made of acacia wood and gilded within and without, and that the tablets, the rod, the golden jar containing manna should be placed in it as a memorial of what had happened and to prefigure what was to come. And who will say that these images are not loudly sounding heralds? And these were not placed at the side of the tabernacle, but right in front of the people, so that those who saw them might offer veneration and worship to God who had worked through them. It is clear that they were not worshipping them, but being led by them to recall the wonders that they were offering veneration to God who had worked marvels. For images were set up as memorials, and were honored, not as gods, but as leading to a recollection of divine activities.

And God ordered twelve stones to be taken from the Jordan, and he gave the reason; for he said, “so that, when your son asks you, what are these stones? You shall relate how the water of the Jordan failed at the divine command, and the ark of the Lord and all the people passed over” (cf. Joshua 4.6-7). How therefore shall we not depict in images what Christ our God endured for our salvation and his miracles, so that, when my son asks me, what is this? I shall say that God the Word became human and through him not only did Israel cross over the Jordan, but our whole nature was restored to ancient blessedness, through which that nature has ascended from the lowest parts of the earth beyond every principality and is seated on the very throne.
of the Father.

But then they say, Make an image of Christ and of his Mother who gave birth to God, and let that suffice. What an absurdity! You confess clearly that you are an enemy of the saints! For if you make an image of Christ, but in no wise of the saints, it is clear that you do not prohibit the image, but rather the honor due to the saints, something that no one has ever dared to do or undertake with such brazenness. For to make an image of Christ as glorified and yet spurn the image of the saints as without glory is to endeavor to show that the truth is false. “For I live,” says the Lord, “and I shall glorify those who glorify me” (1 Kings 2.30), and the divine apostle, “So you are no longer a slave, but a son, and if a son, an heir of God through Christ” (Gal. 4.7), and “if we suffer together [with him], so that we are glorified together” (Rom. 8.17). You are not waging a war against images, but against the saints. John the theologian, who leant on Christ’s breast, therefore says, that “we shall be like him” (1 John 3.2). For just as iron plunged in fire does not become fire by nature, but by union and burning and participation, so what is deified does not become God by nature, but by participation. . . . Because by deification the saints are gods, it is said that “God stands in the company of gods, in the midst he discriminates the gods” (Ps. 81.1), [. . .]

[. . .] I venerate the image of Christ, as God incarnate; of the mistress of all, the Mother of God, as the mother of the Son of God; of the saints, as the friends of God, who, struggling against sin to the point of blood, have both imitated Christ by shedding their blood for him, who shed his own blood for them, and lived a life following his footsteps.

I set down in a record their brave feats and their suffering, as ones who have been sanctified through them and as a stimulus to zealous imitation. And I do these things out of respect and veneration. “For the honor given to the image passes to the archetype,” says the divine Basil (On the Holy Spirit, 18.45). If you raise temples to the saints of God, then put up trophies to them as well. Of old a temple was not erected in the name of human beings, nor was the death of just ones celebrated, but they were buried, and anyone who touched a corpse was reckoned unclean, even Moses himself. Now the memorials of the saints are celebrated. The corpse of Jacob was buried, but that of Stephen is celebrated. Either, therefore, give up the festal memorials of the saints, which are contrary to the old law, or accept the images, which, you say, are contrary to the law. But it is impossible not to celebrate the memorials of the saints, for the choir of the holy apostles and the god-bearing fathers enjoins that these should take place. For from the time when God the Word became flesh, and was made like us in every respect save sin, and was united without confusion with what is ours, and unchangeingly deified the flesh through the unconfused co-inherence of his divinity and his flesh one with another, we have been truly sanctified. And from the time when the Son of God and God, being free from suffering in his divinity, suffered in what he had assumed and paid our debt by pouring out a worthy and admirable ransom (for the Son’s blood was appealing to the Father and worthy of respect), we have truly been set free. And from the time when he descended into Hades and preached forgiveness to the souls, who had been bound as captives there for all eternity, like sight to the blind, and, having bound the strong one by his excess of power, rose again and gave incorruption to the flesh that he had assumed from us, we have been made truly incorruptible. From the time when we were born of water and the Spirit, we have truly been adopted as sons and become heirs of God. Henceforth Paul calls the faithful holy. Henceforth we do not mourn for the saints but we celebrate their death. Henceforth, “we are not under the law, but under grace,” (Rom. 6.14), “having been justified through faith” (Rom. 5.1), and knowing the only true God – “for the law is not laid down

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for the just” (1 Tim 1.9) – we are no longer enslaved by the elements of the law as children, but being restored to perfect manhood we are nourished with solid food, no longer prone to idolatry. For the law is good, like a lamp shining in a squalid place, but only until the day dawns. For already the morning star has risen in our hearts and the living water of the knowledge of God has covered the seas of the nations and all have come to know the Lord. “The old things have passed away, and behold everything is new” (2 Cor. 5.17). The divine apostle therefore said to Peter, the supreme chief of the apostles, “If you, though a Jew, live like a Gentile and not like a Jew, how can you compel the Gentiles to live like Jews” (Gal. 2.14)? And to the Galatians he wrote, “I testify to everyone who receives circumcision that he is bound to keep the whole law” (Gal. 5.3).

Of old, therefore, those who did not know God were enslaved by those who by nature were not gods, but now, knowing God or rather known by God, how shall we turn again to the weak and beggarly elements (Gal. 4.8-9)? I have seen the human form of God, “and my soul has been saved” (Gen 32.31 LXX). I see the image of God, as Jacob saw it, if in another way. For he saw an immaterial image, proclaiming beforehand what was to come to the immaterial eye of the intellect, while I have seen the image of one seen in the flesh, that enkindles the memory. The shadow of the apostles (Acts 5.15), their handkerchiefs and aprons (Acts 19.12), drove away diseases, and put demons to flight; how shall the shadow and image of the saints not be glorified? Either abolish the veneration of everything material, or do not innovate, “neither remove the ancient boundaries, set in place by your fathers” (Prov. 22.28).

ON WATCHFULNESS

St. Hesychios

WATCHFULNESS is a spiritual method which, if sedulously practiced over a long period, completely frees us with God’s help from impassioned thoughts, impassioned words and evil actions. It leads, in so far as this is possible, to a sure knowledge of the inapprehensible God, and helps us to penetrate the divine and hidden mysteries. It enables us to fulfil every divine commandment in the Old and New Testaments and bestows upon us every blessing of the age to come. It is, in the true sense, purity of heart, a state blessed by Christ when He says: “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God” (Matt. 5:8); and one which, because of its spiritual nobility and beauty – or, rather, because of our negligence – is now extremely rare among monks. Because this is its nature, watchfulness is to be bought only at a great price. But once established in us, it guides us to a true and holy way of life. It teaches us how to activate the three aspects of our soul correctly, and how to keep a firm guard over the senses. It promotes the daily growth of the four principal virtues, and is the basis of our contemplation.

2. The great lawgiver Moses – or, rather, the Holy Spirit – indicates the pure, comprehensive and

Henceforth we do not mourn for the saints but we celebrate their death.

– St. John of Damascus
ennobling character of this virtue, and teaches us how to acquire and perfect it, when he says: “Be attentive to yourself, lest there arise in your heart a secret thing which is an iniquity” (Deut. 15:9, LXX). Here the phrase “a secret thing” refers to the first appearance of an evil thought. This the Fathers call a provocation introduced into the heart by the devil. As soon as this thought appears in our intellect, our own thoughts chase after it and enter into impassioned intercourse with it.

3. Watchfulness is a way embracing every virtue, every commandment. It is the heart’s stillness and, when free from mental images, it is the guarding of the intellect.

4. Just as a man blind from birth does not see the sun’s light, so one who fails to pursue watchfulness does not see the rich radiance of divine grace. He cannot free himself from evil thoughts, words and actions, and because of these thoughts and actions he will not be able freely to pass the lords of hell when he dies.

5. Attentiveness is the heart’s stillness, unbroken by any thought. In this stillness the heart breathes and invokes, endlessly and without ceasing, only Jesus Christ who is the Son of God and Himself God. It confesses Him who alone has power to forgive our sins, and with His aid it courageously faces its enemies. Through this invocation enfolded continually in Christ, who secretly divines all hearts, the soul does everything it can to keep its sweetness and its inner struggle hidden from men, so that the devil, coming upon it surreptitiously, does not lead it into evil and destroy its precious work.

6. Watchfulness is a continual fixing and halting of thoughts at the entrance to the heart. In this way predatory and murderous thoughts are marked down as they approach and what they say and do is noted; and we can see in what specious and delusive form the demons are trying to deceive the intellect. If we are conscientious in this, we can gain much experience and knowledge of spiritual warfare.

7. In one who is attempting to dam up the source of evil thoughts and actions, continuity of watchful attention in the intellect is produced by fear of hell and fear of God, by God’s withdrawals from the soul, and by the advent of trials which chasten and instruct. For these withdrawals and unexpected trials help us to correct our life, especially when, having once experienced the tranquility of watchfulness, we neglect it. Continuity of attention produces inner stability; inner stability produces a natural intensification of watchfulness; and this

Three Treatises on the Divine Images
by St. John of Damascus, translated by Andrew Louth

Perhaps no name is more synonymous with the subject of early Christian art than the eighth-century monk, John of Damascus. Renowned in both East and West for his profound yet clearly-expressed theology, St. John remains our most accessible defender of Christ glorified in His Church, and this desire is foundational to each of the treatises presented here. He is careful to explain what is meant by “image” and “worship,” and he makes a distinction between different forms of veneration. Without St. John’s contribution, the political and social concerns of the late Byzantine empire could have eclipsed the humble beauty and proper use of art in Christian life. Christian iconography is not idolatrous, says St. John, but biblical and an integral part of our apostolic heritage. (A new translation, by the leading scholar of the Damascene monk in the English-speaking world.)

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Examine yourself daily in the sight of God... Be attentive to your heart and watch your enemies, for they are cunning in their malice... Be attentive to yourself, so that nothing destructive can separate you from the love of God. — St. Isaiah the Solitary
intensification gradually and in due measure gives contemplative insight into spiritual warfare. This in its turn is succeeded by persistence in the Jesus Prayer and by the state that Jesus confers, in which the intellect, free from all images, enjoys complete quietude.

8. When the mind, taking refuge in Christ and calling upon Him, stands firm and repels its unseen enemies, like a wild beast facing a pack of hounds from a good position of defence, then it inwardly anticipates their inner ambushes well in advance. Through continually invoking Jesus the peacemaker against them, it remains invulnerable.

9. If you are an adept, initiated into the mysteries and standing before God at dawn (cf. Ps. 5:3), you will divine the meaning of my words. Otherwise be watchful and you will discover it.

10. Much water makes up the sea. But extreme watchfulness and the Prayer of Jesus Christ, undistracted by thoughts, are the necessary basis for inner vigilance and unfathomable stillness of soul, for the deeps of secret and regular contemplation, for the humility that knows and assesses, for rectitude and love. This watchfulness and this Prayer must be intense, concentrated and unremitting.

11. It is written: “Not everyone who says to Me: ‘Lord, Lord’ shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that does the will of My Father” (Matt. 7:21). The will of the Father is indicated in the words: “You who love the Lord, hate evil” (Ps. 97:10). Hence we should both pray the Prayer of Jesus Christ and hate our evil thoughts. In this way we do God’s will.

12. Through His incarnation God gave us the model for a holy life and recalled us from our ancient fall. In addition to many other things, He taught us, feeble as we are, that we should fight against the demons with humility, fasting, prayer and watchfulness. For when, after His baptism, He went into the desert and the devil came up to Him as though He were merely a man, He began His spiritual warfare by fasting and won the battle by this means — though, being God, and God of gods, He had no need of any such means at all.

13. I shall now tell you in plain, straightforward language what I consider to be the types of watchfulness which gradually cleanse the intellect from impassioned thoughts. In these times of spiritual warfare I have no wish to conceal beneath words whatever in this treatise may be of use, especially to more simple people. As St Paul puts it: “Pay attention, my child Timothy, to what you read” (cf. 1 Tim. 4:13).

14. One type of watchfulness consists in closely scrutinizing every mental image or provocation; for only by means of a mental image can Satan fabricate an evil thought and insinuate this into the intellect in order to lead it astray.

15. A second type of watchfulness consists in freeing the heart from all thoughts, keeping it profoundly silent and still, and in praying.

16. A third type consists in continually and humbly calling upon the Lord Jesus Christ for help.

17. A fourth type is always to have the thought of death in one’s mind.

18. These types of watchfulness, my child, act like doorkeepers and bar entry to evil thoughts. Elsewhere, if God gives me words, I shall deal more fully with a further type which, along with the others, is also effective: this is to fix one’s gaze on heaven and to pay no attention to anything material.

Through His incarnation God gave us the model for a holy life and recalled us from our ancient fall. — St. Hesychios
St. John of Damascus: Writings (Fathers of the Church, Vol. 37) translated by Frederic H. Chase, Jr.

The importance of these texts in the history of Christian theology cannot be overestimated. Here in one volume (the only translation in its entirety in English) is St. John’s monumental Fount of Knowledge, comprised of Philosophical Chapters, On Heresies, and An Exact Exposition of The Orthodox Faith. This last section is a synthesis of the whole Eastern Christian tradition, a unique summa of the mind and heart of the early Greek Fathers. Aside from a wholehearted recommendation of this book, two points commend themselves to us as imperative to pass on to you. First, of the 103 heresies exposited in On Heresies, the 101st is that of “the Ishmaelites,” making it therefore one of the first recorded Christian responses to Islam. (Remember that St. John was living and working in Muslim lands, experiencing Islam in its infancy.) Second, the introduction, written originally in 1958, refers to the Fount of Knowledge as “the last work of any theological importance to appear in the East.” To remedy this gross statement, we could refer to any works of Photius, Symeon the New Theologian, Theodore the Studite, Gregory Palamas, Alexei Khomiakov, and a host of twentieth-century worthies. We boldly insist that St. John did not “close” the Patristic Age. He laid a solid foundation for defending the Faith in the following generations.

426 pp. paper $39.95

Divine Eros: Hymns of St. Symeon the New Theologian translated and introduced by Daniel K. Griggs

Unable to see or look upon your unbearable vision, I am deprived of your beauty so I wail, my God, unable to bear separation from you... When I weep and wail You shine all around me... and I am struck with astonishment. — Hymn 14

Astonishment and wonder are the warp threads running through the verses penned by this tenth-century mystic. Symeon experienced his first luminous vision at twenty while pursuing a career as a Byzantine courtier; seven years later, a second vision confirmed his destiny as a monk. By thirty-four he was a controversial abbot (all thirty of his monks rebelled) and he spent his final years in exile. Symeon unsettled his contemporaries by insisting that the experience of God’s light was the ultimate goal, indeed the true hallmark, of the Christian life. Although he wrote hymns, their function is neither liturgical nor didactic; Symeon speaks directly to the heart, his voice overflowing with awe and disbelief that God bestows such inexpressible grace. It was his profound experience in prayer that earned him the rare title of “theologian,” so do not expect concepts and doctrines here. Symeon’s text is layered with references to Scripture, but his voice remains intensely personal, immediate, real: our fingers touch the raw edges of his vision, we plumb the depths of his humility and ascend on his wings to the heights.

419 pp. paper $28.00

It is this war of attention and prayer on which both life and death of the soul depend.
— St. Symeon the New Theologian
EIGHTH DAY WEEKS eight days of liturgy and learning
As we begin moving toward the fulfillment of our initial and ultimate goal of a gap-year program (see description of the Catechetical Academy below), we intend to develop a curriculum in blocks of weeks so that anybody can enroll in any given week. To put flesh on this idea, we are organizing our first Eighth Day Week as a prototype. The week will begin on a Sunday evening with an opening lecture and reception. Monday through Saturday will open with morning prayer, followed by various morning and afternoon workshops and seminars (e.g. iconography, great conversations, agrarianism, drama, calligraphy). The hours of prayer will be integrated throughout the day and each evening will conclude with a lecture and evening prayer. Eighth Day Weeks will be scheduled around a liturgical feast that will serve as a recurring theme throughout the week. The week will conclude with a Saturday evening celebration of the feast and a Sunday morning celebration of the Eighth Day Resurrection. Our first Eighth Day Week will focus on the Transfiguration, Aug 1 - 9, 2015.

CATECHETICAL ACADEMY forming body, mind & soul
The initial impulse for Eighth Day Institute, long before its initial incorporation in 2008, was to establish a “Gap-Year Program” for high-school graduates. Although our body of developing work has thus far focused solely on adult education, we still fully intend to fulfill this initial vision. The name of our proposed program derives from two ancient institutions of learning: “The Academy” (founded in Athens by Plato, ca. 387 B.C.) and “The Catechetical School” (founded in Alexandria by St. Mark the Apostle and later directed by St. Clement of Alexandria). The course of study is influenced by Cassiodorus’ Institutions of Divine and Secular Learning, a medieval plan of studies for his monastery at Vivarium that offered a reading guide to the Bible, the Fathers, and the Classics. In conjunction with a rhythm of prayers throughout the day, our curriculum is both academic and catechetical. The academic component is divided into three categories of courses: 1) Western Civilization; 2) Church History, Theology & Spirituality; and 3) Bible, Fathers & Liturgy. The catechetical component will employ the liturgical year – or Christ, as the medieval saying puts it in the Latin phrase “Annus est Christus” (“the Liturgical Year is Christ”) – as both a cycle of fasting and feasting and as a source of instruction. The curriculum is crafted to prepare students for life and to build up their faith. The goal is to lead students to a life immersed in the wonders and mysteries of the Holy Trinity, in short, to a life of prayer. Like all of our endeavors, our ultimate goal is the revival of an authentic Christian culture.

HALL of MEN remembering the heroes of old
Gentlemen, please join us at The Ladder on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month to engage in a vigorous, non-“lowest-common-denominator” type of ecumenism among the three Great Christian Traditions. We aren’t afraid to put on our theological boxing gloves to spar for a minute, and to take them off for a shared pint the next. If you haven’t seen a Catholic listen to the life story of John Wesley; if you haven’t watched a Protestant learn about Evagrius Pontus; and if you haven’t seen Orthodox, Catholic, and Protestant men sit around a table together and talk theology until midnight . . . then you need to come to the Hall of Men. Doors at The Ladder open at 7 pm, food is served at 7:30, and the Eighth Day Convocation (Hymn, Nicene Creed, Patristic Reading, Scripture and Lord’s Prayer) starts at 8:30, followed by the lecture.

RETREATS restoring the harmony of body, mind and soul
Aristotle argues that humans work in order to “do leisure.” Two important implications can be drawn: first, leisure should be the centerpiece around which life revolves; and second, leisure is an activity. The Western tradition makes it clear what this activity is: an act of contemplation, beholding the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Our retreats seek to facilitate such leisure in a monastic environment with a regular rhythm of prayer, guided readings, and plenty of time for reflection. Previous retreats include: “God Spies: Awakening to the Presence of God,” “Thought Spies: John Cassian & the Seven Deadly Sins,” “The Art of the Commonplace: Wendell Berry & Agrarianism,” and “Sacred Time & Christian Prayer: Praying the Hours with Kansas Monks.”
EIGHTH DAY SYMPOSIUM a mere christian gathering

In 2011, we organized our first one-day conference on “Imagination & Soul: Harry Potter & Twilight.” The following year we doubled our attendance with “What’s Wrong with the World: An Inkling of a Response.” Based on the success of those first two years, we expanded the symposium in 2013 to two full days to investigate the great cardio-anthropologist: “Dostoevsky: The Divine & the Demonic.” We also added a banquet to celebrate the Feast Day of St. Gregory the Theologian and an iconography workshop to follow the conference. In 2014 we explored a theme central to our mission: “Constantinute, Christendom & Cultural Renewal.” The theme for our fifth annual symposium is “Whatever Happened to Wonder? The Recovery of Mystery in a Secular Age.” We intend to begin publishing symposium lectures in the near future.

FEASTS commemorating Christ & the Saints

“Annus est Christus.” This medieval saying means “The liturgical year is Christ.” We believe celebrating the life of Christ and commemorating the saints throughout the year is an important way to renew culture. Our feasts include poetry, prayer, music, and teaching, all geared to challenge us to grow from glory to glory into the likeness of Christ. We currently celebrate the Feast of the Ecclesial New Year, the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord & Savior, and the Feast Day of St Patrick. We also celebrate the feast of a different saint each year at our symposium and we intend to add other feasts in coming years (cf. Eighth Day Week of the Transfiguration).

SYNAXIS a periodical gathering of literature & book reviews

Motivated by our great love of books, this annual journal is intended to look, feel, and function like a book. The inaugural volume is thus dedicated to the physical book. The second volume, due out in 2015, will focus on poetry. Volume one is available for $15 or you can subscribe to receive volumes one and two for $26. Better yet, become an Eighth Day Member at practically any level and automatically receive a subscription. To subscribe or become an Eighth Day Member, visit our website or give us a call.

MICRO-SYNAXIS a small gathering of a newsletter

One of our latest publications is a miniature version of Synaxis. This time, however, it looks and feels like a magazine or catalog but functions as our newsletter. Following a form similar to Synaxis, it contains readings from the likes of St Maximus the Confessor, St Anthony the Great, Scott Cairns, Ralph Wood, Mary Oliver, Luigi Giussani, Romano Guardini, Warren Farha, et al. It also offers transcribed samples from or reflections on our work from the previous year. A one-year subscription is $8, a two-year subscription is $15, or auto-subscribe by becoming an Eighth Day Member at any level.

A WORD FROM THE FATHERS short texts from early christian fathers

Our newest publication includes short homilies, treatises, and hymns penned by the holy fathers of the undivided Church. We believe the early Christian fathers are foundational to the renewal of our culture. Our first two publications include a Commentary on an Eastern Hymn of St. Gregory Nazianzen by St. Dorotheos of Gaza and The Desert Sayings of St Anthony the Great. Our most recent publication is a fifth-century homily by St. Proclus of Constantinople that would become the most famous homily on the Virgin Mary in all of Christian history. Eighth Day Members will also automatically receive these treasures.

SOCIETY of SIMPLE SOULS a serious reading group for not-so-serious people

Join us at The Ladder on the first and third Thursdays of each month for a feast of food, drink, and oral reading and discussion of writings from the undivided Church, Orthodox/Catholic/Protestant classics, Chesterton and The Inklings, poetry, and sundry essays. Examples of previous readings include: Kenneth Graham’s The Wind and the Willow, The Apostolic Fathers, Paul Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress, and St. John Climacus’ Ladder of Divine Ascent. As usual, simplicity will prevail.

TABLE TALKS great conversations sparked by traditional lectures

Although we acknowledge technology has a legitimate role for education, we believe traditional formats are still the most effective: lectures and dialogue. So twice a year we gather around a table for a series of traditional lectures on a given topic and conclude each session with great conversations. Past Table Talks include “The Architecture of Poetics,” “The Poetics of Architecture,” “The Science of the Soul,” “The Science of Superheroes,” “Sex, Depression & the Good Life,” and “Food, God & Diets.”

LANGUAGES instruction in ancient languages

If you already know the Greek alphabet and have a minimal knowledge of Greek, you are welcome to join our Homeric Greek class on Tuesday evenings from 6 - 7 pm at The Ladder. Classes are $5/session. For those of you who have no knowledge of Greek, we periodically offer a four-week quick-greek course.
Eighth Day Institute is an educational 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation. Our mission is “renewing culture through faith and learning.” We believe properly crafted educational opportunities play a pivotal role in the fulfillment of this mission. Hence, all of our endeavors seek to be:

1) **CLASSICAL**, because timeless classics shed light on ultimate questions that help us better understand ourselves, our world, and God;

2) **LIBERAL** (in the classical sense of the term), because the liberal arts seek to liberate humans from the unexamined life, i.e., from sinful passions that hinder a fully human life;

3) **INTEGRATIVE**, because the whole person – body and soul – needs to be reintegrated as originally created by God;

4) **SMALL & LOCAL**, because we hope to provide a model that can be duplicated in other cities; and

5) **CHRISTIAN**, because we believe historic Christianity as revealed in its scriptures, confessed in its creeds, prayed in its liturgies, defended by its ecumenical councils, and interpreted by its “great cloud of witnesses” is the key to a vibrant culture.

Our work includes but is not limited to: **FEASTS** commemorating Christ & the saints **HALL of MEN** remembering the heroes of old **EIGHTH DAY SYMPOSIUM** a mere christian gathering **EIGHTH DAY WEEKS** eight days of liturgy & learning **CATECHETICAL ACADEMY** forming body, mind & soul **RETREATS** restoring the harmony of body & soul **SOCIETY of SIMPLE SOULS** reading great books & the fathers **LECTURE-&-FILM SERIES** engaging culture through films **LANGUAGES** instruction in ancient languages **TABLE TALKS** great conversations sparked by traditional lectures **WORKSHOPS** iconography, calligraphy, printing, et al. **SYNAXIS** a periodic gathering of literature & book reviews **MICRO-SYNAXIS** a small gathering, purported to be a newsletter **A WORD FROM the FATHERS** short texts from early christian fathers **EIGHTH DAY MEMBERSHIP** support our works & enjoy the perks!
## EIGHTH DAY MEMBERSHIP
Join a Community of Christians Renewing Culture

### Friend
- Access to The Digital Library
- *Logoi*: Monthly Words from the Director’s Desk
- *Podvig*: Monthly Challenge to Renew Soul & City
- *Word from the Fathers*: Quarterly Digital Subscription

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### Patron
- *Synaxis* with *Word from the Fathers*: Quarterly Print Subscription
- *Monthly Moot*: Digital Subscription
- Exclusive EDI Blogs: Florovsky Archive & New Moot
- 50% off Featured Events
- 10% off Eighth Day Books

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### Teacher
- Access to The Digital Library
- *Logoi*: Monthly Words from the Director’s Desk
- *Podvig*: Monthly Challenge to Renew Soul & City

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- Free Featured Events
- VIP Event Access
- EDI Handcrafted Coffee Mug
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- *Synaxis* with *Word from the Fathers*: Quarterly Print Subscription

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### Student
- Exclusive EDI Blogs: Florovsky Archive & New Moot
- 10% off Eighth Day Books
- Access to The Digital Library
- *Logoi*: Monthly Words from the Director’s Desk
- *Podvig*: Monthly Challenge to Renew Soul & City

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Through events & publications, Eighth Day Institute seeks to forge a new Christian culture based on the ancient Nicene Christianity of the one, holy, catholic & apostolic Church. With Christ, our prayer is that Christians would be one so that the world might believe.

Eighth Day Institute is a hidden gem. Like a metaphysical wardrobe in the heart of “flyover” country, EDI is a portal to another world—a place where remembrance is at the heart of cultural renewal. Their annual symposiums have become the stuff of legend. My experience in Wichita gave me hope for the future of faith.

~James K. A. Smith, Calvin College

This splendid community constitutes a vital alternative to the stale denominationalism that characterizes much of contemporary church life, as well as the flaccid secularism of the culture at large. The work of Eighth Day Institute is indispensable.

~Ralph Wood, Baylor University

Eighth Day Books and Eighth Day Institute are two of the happiest places on the planet. If you are feeling down and out and hopeless about our culture, go to Wichita, KS and see what this community on the prairie has accomplished.

~Rod Dreher, The American Conservative

YES, I want to help renew our culture by joining the Eighth Day Community!

☐ PILLAR - $75/month or $1,000
☐ PATRON - $35/month or $450
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More Info & Digital Content online at www.eighthdayinstitute.org
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ATHANASIUS
AGAINST the WORLD
FOR the LIFE of THE WORLD
A Liturgical Journey through the Life of St Athanasius
The Great & Holy Luminary of Egypt

2015 FESTAL BANQUET
Feast Day for the Veneration of the Apostle Peter's Precious Chains
Anno Domini 2015, January 16
7:00 P.M.
St. George Orthodox Christian Cathedral
Fellowship Hall

FEATURING
St. Petersburg String Quartet
St. George Cathedral Choir
Egyptian Menu

ON ATHANASIUS & CULTURAL RENEWAL
James K. A. Smith
Bishop James Conley
Rod Dreher

Thus by what seems His utter poverty and weakness on the cross He overturns the pomp and parade of idols, and quietly and hiddenly wins over the mockers and unbelievers to recognize Him as God. . . . He has been manifested in a human body for this reason only, out of the love and goodness of His Father, for the salvation of us men. -St Athanasius
fifth annual EIGHTH DAY SYMPOSIUM

n. A mere christian gathering for the renewal of culture through the stimulation of heart & mind.

JAN 15-17, 2015 ~ ST GEORGE ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN CATHEDRAL IN WICHITA, KS

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WONDER?

THE RECOVERY OF MYSTERY IN A SECULAR AGE

“We are not concerned with a technique for solving problems but with an art for discerning mystery.” - Fr. Andrew Louth

FEATURING JAMES K. A. SMITH, ROD DREHER, BISHOP JAMES CONLEY, JAMES KUSHNER & OTHERS

PLUS Thursday evening reception at Eighth Day Books
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See more of Justin’s work at boundstaffpress.blogspot.com.

Glory be
to the Father,
to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit
for all things.
Amen.
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