We dare not be scattered in silent meditation; and the form of silent worship appeals to many who cannot call themselves Friends or Quakers. So I was disturbed when you asked me to speak here for eight consecutive days, on the subject of our faith which centers around the Sabbath between the Crucifixion and Easter.

I am afraid it is not the mystery of thought centering around the Holy Saturday, a week from today, that today has today with silence.

On the Sabbath between Good Friday and Easter the Church falls silent. No bells must be rung, the daily sacrament of the Blood and wine is not imparted; the Creed is not spoken. The lights are extinguished. No joyous introitus accompanies the priest to the altar. The whole Church is silent. Her faith seems lost. As Edward Grey said in 1814, the lights were going out over Europe, so seventy two candles go out one after another on the previous days signifying the three days during which our faith was dead. No smell of incense, and shell is life, is permitted. The picture of Pilate's arrest makes his triumphant entry in Jerusalem, the闪电n is smoke. Then, the Resurrection is not the Messiah for all we can know. Christendom in our days passes through the Good Friday of its churches. They have no power, no unity, no joy, and especially they dread the future. On the Holy Saturday, the apostles were afraid that nothing good could any more happen to them, that history was at an end, for that at least, that any new event would only make things worse; the entry in Jerusalem seemed to have formed the climax, and the anticipation had gone.

Humanity passes through its anticlimax and of all the events in the history of the Church, no event is more fraught with analogy to our time than this one Saturday.
But there is a great, discouraging difference. When we sit here, our thoughts wander. And we can hardly assume that our silence is a common silence. Admitted that silence is a great form of worship, it still has to be a common, filled silence. Words may be empty by now. Creeds may divide us. Articulation may hurt our idomatic leanings. Yet, if we shall be cured, our silence would have to sink us into a common rhythm, and if you and I do not wish to speak or to listen, we at least should resound and vibrate in an exalted order well pleasing to God, when sound and light and incense and all tangible certainty have left us.

The bold and daring order of Easter Saturday contains unused treasures to rebuild the Church, after its Good Friday.

The meditations which I offer you, will be objectively construed around the office, the divine service as it was celebrated in East and West during the first thousand years of the Church. This may smack of antiquarianism. But if in our faith shall have any future, it must have the power to make the peoples again silent together. And so it is not unreasonable to think that an unconsecrated unbelieving, extinguished, fireless race will have to plant the banner of its faith on the day on which Jesus tested from his labors of recreating the world. We now have to re-create it. And to recreate the faith after a common Good Friday, is the prayer behind the meditations.

The Churches and the Church
The individual man and the makroanthropos
The history of man in prophecies
The consecration of water. The felix cuppa.
The crucifixion of the Cross.
On Good Friday we still are in the first son: On the Cross, alone, rejected by his God, Jesus is in the first son. A Good Friday to be loved is the day when the reversal takes place.

On Easter Sunday, the new son has arisen. He is risen.

On Easter Sunday's uncreated witness, the transformation itself is created: The highest feast day of the old son is professed. The scene before the cross of the priest. The tradition says: Christ the flock cries: O Happy guilt because he has meant to represent the women who first saw the risen Lord, first understood that Jesus' death was his real victory. The common men are the first to enter the kingdom of the new order than the dignitaries of the old, and the cross of Christianity, the cross, the sign of the old Israel, is the new glory of all Christians.

We today live the Good Friday of the Church. We, the fellowship of the outcast, live the exiled. So, it is fitting that we also represent the crucified, ourselves, in our witness to the Church outside. That we should arise from our own ashes: broken, scattered, ego-like helplessness.

These two pictures, when shown how the Crucifixion was treated at the end of the age of our tradition. On one side, we have the spiritual transcendence of the Middle Age: Christ, prophet, priest, king, is slight to the Cross and the Mother of all humanity. The Church itself, the Church of humility, of great mysticism, and tries to mediate the existence of this tradition. But it is the agony of all too passive and useless Christianity.

The other picture, well known to you all, is equally worthless: an unregenerate Christ, destroys a weak Cross adoring world. Goya's painting, strangely enough was asked for by H. G. Wells, in a book on God, twenty years ago. It is of world wide and epochal significance. XXXXX Yes the cross has to be cut down, in its in man's name idolaters of a mere ritual. It prevented us with a jerk when I found it was in a work by St. Augustine written in 470 of our era: saying:
Ye, the cross itself must be crucified. Here the Cross is not exactly crucified. But the Master over Life and death, certainly withdraws his support from his visible followers. He forbids them to quote him any longer for their own world as though it were a Christian world. And nobody can say that this Christ is not conceived in the most masterly and divine majesty.

Grozno, by closing a Byzantine expression, certainly convinces us of his belief in the Divinity of Christ. He only cancels his approval of our man-made routine crosses. But Christ's cross remains. As Augustine said: "Let us be that we cannot quote the ecclesiastical traditions, but even then it would be a crucifixion of this very tradition, and we would remain in the Christian stream of constant revaluations.

The courage to find the cross outside the Church, must be our courage. Then, the guilt of the Church and of the Christians may well be transformed into a happy guilt when we follow the example of the Dartmouth boy who wrote: "Help me to find myself as one who could perhaps seek in a measure of worldly triumph, yet who of his own free will renounces this, i.e., makes the shame of man his shame; makes the shame of man his shame.

Then, Grozno's accusation against the six Christians in the old year will be invalidated by a new one, a new Master.

Easter is only given to those who are neither spell bound by the death of Jesus nor by the resurrection of Christ, but who live through the darkness of the Great Saturday.

As a symbol of this, let me now tell you the last instance in which the Easter Sunday shows its perfection. The Church is silent. And the Creed is not spoken, and the Day has no introitus, no label. By now, you know all the details. However, in an anticipation, The Church moved one hour up to the second hour of the afternoon of today. O, earth, everything is still dead, despondent, ignorant. But the Service of the Day received a name. The incomplete service is called: The Gloria in excelsis service. For, the Gloria, not sung since Maundy Thursday, is sung today, in advance of Easter. The memory and the certainty of the incarnation may be lost. But in the heights we hear God's glory world without end.
That the city is the great cultural lag, is quite widely known, by now. On this picture, not one of the men present, is up to the occasion except the one who tries to prepare them. The readers are lagging far behind the events, which, on this picture, Leonardo was able to impress on us much more clearly. Truth is a growing power in our lives, and there must be some way of keeping us aware that the truth is waiting for us, truth known already but not yet discovered by you and me. All times must live together in the light of eternity. But how does Jesus stand His loneliness, His terrible solitude, in the midst of the twelve? Martha yesterday was more conscious of his real position in this world. He is alone. Is not this last supper a consecration since nobody understands what He was offering them?

If it was the last supper in the flesh, it also was too early to be the first one on seal in the spirit. Spiritually speaking, it was told before they could eat this bread and drink this wine with real understanding. Now is the world kept together when men understand so little, time and again.

Yes, how do people live together?

On the next Saturday, the Church concludes the usual service with the readings of twelve prophecies and twelve special prayers, following each prophecy.

Twelve times, the congregation is reminded of the fact that the world waited for its re-creation. Genesis One is read first. In Genesis One a prophet:

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx It is. We are all reconciled in Adam. We would not need any re-creation, if our Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx creature existence was fully appreciated by us. A human kind which could talk to water and fire and brother ox and see as creatures of the same creator and could function as innocently as the Lily or the sparrow, would be reddened. The second prophecy lists how in his reconciliation with God which was believed in the order of the cosmos, in eternal recurrence, Abraham follows. He leaves behind the Joeness in Babylon, and the fleshpots of Egypt, and
his faith in the promises made this man into a right man. His figure prophesies the liberty of those who have ears to hear even when they are old. The righteousness of those who are not the list of one race but the ancestors of a new race. One of you wrote this prayer, a few weeks ago:

"Help me, O Lord, to find myself as one who could perhaps conquer, and lead in a measure of worldly triumph, and a type of his own fame will proclaim, this later, to the charge of man's grace, that the deeper sense of life, and bear it well..."

The author of this prayer notes, like Abraham; he took the most inconspicuous job he could find, and left his routine environment: he believed in a promise and prophecy. This, the Church on Great Saturday feels, is the right prophecy for the event in which there eternally right acts of faith become out into the open, as the backbone, as the spine of our Oneness and Unity on earth. Moses exodus is the next set of faith, in the list. Eighteen prophecies fill the service. All equally near your and mine every day opportunities, and all saying that everything points to the act by which these acts will crystallize and become known as the life current that runs through all men, on their road to their own destiny, and the destiny of the human kind. Prophecy is the means which overcomes the lag of the mind. Where there is no promise, there can come no answer or fulfillment. Jesus would not have re-created the world, if the world had not waited for and pointed to him.

At this last supper, they see him in the Flesh. And the true spirit of the meal is hidden. But the spirit of the prophets takes the place here of the Holy Spirit of Easter. And this preliminary spirit allows Jesus to initiate them at all. The spirit of expectation must precede the spirit of fulfillment. And the twelve prophecies bind Christ stanch to the real history of all men, from the beginning of time. The Great Saturday can make us patient. Jesus believe more clearly than others. But the prophecy encompasses those also who now do not understand.
The Church loses her speech this week. She falls silent. Every other is thus.

This verse sums up the meaning of the holiday, often in its first word.


No such word is the great Saturday as the Holy Sabbath often is called. The Great Saturday restores the secret which we members of the Church tend to destroy. We slap God on the back, and call him an idea, we speak of religion as our personal business, we treat the Bible as a best seller, and we call the truth a dogma. The great interval is an interval to give us time so that we may forget what we think to know too well, and become open for quite another aspect of things. This interval of a filled silence, you and I would not sit here and reflect on our personal religion but find that the only person who speaketh and may enter this room through his creatures, or through people or through a fellowship, at any moment is the three in one. The Bible has neither a standard nor a revised edition but she revises our standards. Truth is a dogma only to those whom it has left dead behind. Pontius Pilate was through with truth and called it a dogma. We do not know God. We do not know the truth. But we do know that we have behaved like Pontius Pilate on this planet: extremely silly. Following no man, we have no standards of our own. We have assumed this and have measured the events around us as though we were the persons and the revisors, and the standardbearers. The Great interval makes sense only as a filled silence before an overpowering new insight waiting for us.

The Great Saturday is rammed into our commerce with the truth, as a big halt: our truth is not the truth which God is going to reveal.
The Church loses her speech on the Great Saturday. Every other fast day has an introitus which sums up the day: Christmas begins. A child, entecost begins. No such word is known about the Great Saturday as the day between Crucifixion and Resurrection was often called. The Great Saturday restores the secret of inarticulatedness and we do not know what to say but we feel that overpowering new insight is waiting for us. This aspect of truth is lost to us moderns. When we speak of the truth, we moralize that we must always speak the truth and nothing but the truth. This is very childish in the face of the Truth of God. We do not know God. We do not know the truth. Only when we worship the secret of the truth as something much bigger than ourselves shall we ever know anything. Hugo of St. Victor divided the period from Good Friday through Saturday to Easter Sunday into The day of fear, for the Crucifixion, the day of Truth for the Great Saturday, the day of Charity for Easter Sunday.

When we hold on this sequence: fear, truth, our neighbor, we are Christians. Whenever the Church tries to have charity without fear and truth, it becomes a social worker, instead of the Church. The Church is always under this temptation to have charity without fear and truth. And branch of the withered. When the truth is no secret and the Great Saturday is no longer an interval between an earthquake and a new creation, the Church loses its speech.
This awe-inspiring and overwhelming character of truth is lost to us moderns. When we hear the word truth, we immediately think morally of it. Of course, I must not tell a lie, always speak the truth, etc., etc. Nothing but the truth.

As though we knew the truth, as though it were in our power to speak the truth. Parrots are we, parrots of the last broadcast. And this we call truth.

When we begin again to worship Truth as something bigger than we ever know anything, Truth must appear to us as a secret before it will unfold itself to us openly. And that is the reason why the Great Saturday is without an introitus. It has no label, it is not preconceived. This Saturday is the barrier between the preconceptions of God, Man and World in our brains, and the truth.

Before God suffered from us, we were not open to the depth of this truth. Hugo of St. Victor said: of the three Easter Days: Good Friday is the day of fear, Saturday the day of truth, Sunday the day of Charity. And it is true, without the fear of the Lord first, and without his truth second, man loves like a monkey. We have lost sight of this sequence completely. Fear is abolished. Truth is in dictionaries and Charity is organised. When the church becomes a social worker, she ceases to be the church of the word. The rebirth of our speech comes only in this order: Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Otherwise we have nothing to speak about. And any church that died in any century as soon as she gave in to the temptation to be organise charity without the tremendous mystery of truth still ahead of her. Then she speaks of reconstruction instead of re-creation, then she deals with herself. These branches of churches do not remain in the vine. When Jesus said farewell, he foretold this end of every branch of the vine that would become fruitless. Because it would not remain in the vine. And he himself allowed us to see this, in his own branch life. As the vine he remained. But as the branch, he, too, came to an end of his truth. In this scene before Pilate, Jesus' first truth, the messianic kingdom in Israel came to an end. Now he rests and a new truth is expected. XXXXXXXXX without common darkness and expectation is not able to cooperate. Those who do not wish to endure the dark interval together, do not belong together. We have no common faith, but
This awe-inspiring aspect of truth is lost to us moderns. When we hear the truth, we immediately think of our duty to tell the truth. We blush at the idea of telling a lie. As though we knew the truth, as though it were in your power to speak the truth. Perverts are we. And this we call truth. Only when we begin again to worship truth as something much bigger than ourselves shall we ever know anything. Truth is a secret first before it can become known. And that is the reason why the great Saturday has no introtitus. Life is not preconceived. And the Saturday is the barrier between the truth and our concepts of God, Man, and World.

Hugo of St.-Victor divided the period from Good Friday to Easter Sunday in this manner: The first day is the Day of Fear, the second the Day of Truth, the last the Day of Charity. Before God suffered the loss and spoke to us we cannot know him.

Of this sequence, we have lost sight completely. We begin with charity, consult the encyclopedia Britannica on the truth, and have no official admission for fear. We say of no knowledge.

Wherever the Church tries to break away from this sequence of fear of the Lord, of awe before the truth, and charity for our neighbor, she becomes a social worker and ceases to be the Church of the Word. She has nothing to speak about. Any Church in any century has died when she gave in to the temptation to love without the great Saturday on which truth becomes our law, our law of all. As Jesus said, I am the vine; my father is the husbandman; you are the branches. And every branch that does not abide in the vine, is purged.

Jesus was silent on the Great Saturday, he, the vine, once for all reproved our backslapping of God. He gave himself as the fruit of his life to the vine. The fear of God, the awe of truth, the charity to the creature, follow each other in his life. In this scene before Pilate, the truth of his entrance into Jerusalem.

In common darkness, humanity must expect the truth. In common darkness, humanity must expect the truth. And to this dark interval, in every generation, this preceded all reconstruction.
The interval of the Great Saturday between our truth and God's truth can only happen after we have lost our speech, and then we wait for another. Only as an interval between old and new faith, can this day stand. mere silence is XXXXXXXX. As an interval in music, silence works wonders of beauty.

But our silence is not the XXXXXXXX of an interval between two inspirations. And then XXXXXXXXXX to me as silly as Pontius Pilate and mine more generations of Greek thinkers and Roman Gears in the face of the new truth.

We as Pontius Pilate are through with truth. I do not see anybody today waiting for the truth glowering. So, XXXXXXXX get it. God is XXXXXXXXXX, his book is a best seller, his truth is a dogma; religion is personal.

The Great Saturday restores the interval of awe by which it becomes known to us 1, that you and I are no persons but XXXXXXXX silly, that God is not an idea, XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXX. But three persons in one and one of them is going to rise at the next minute. The truth is not a dogma but a living, process which revi
The Bible is not a revised edition but revises our standards, and XXXXXXXXXX truth is a dogma only to those who hate truth/.

The Great interval proves that our faith makes history, moves, changes its aspects, is ploughing, sowing, weeding, reaping, one thing after another. XXXXXXXXXX All holidays have lost their meaning, the Sundays are abandoned. People work seven days a week for defense, We XXXXXXXX go to classes on Good Friday. XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXX. All positive religion is abolished. Alright let us then listen to the negative religion of the Great interval.

Let us fasten XXX become hungry for the truth, to become spacious, with
On the Great Saturday, a holy day, a festal day of God's first revelation becomes week day, for the new Church. Saturdays are week days for us; they were sacred before. The new master created a new Sunday, another Sabbath. The Church made things profane which were sacred before. But it made them profane after the spirit had left them.

The Day teaches the continuous profanation of dead branches by the living faith.

The branches of the Church have lost their holidays when they did not stay in the vine of fear and new truth. The oldest Church relished in the Eucharist. And they took the institution of the Last Supper and built it up into Corpus Christi Day.

And Luther saw that it was materialised, automated, and Corpus Christi day went. Luther centered the Churches of his Reformation around the Secrets of Good Friday. And we shall see on Good Friday the Crucifixion by Luther's Contemporary, Cranenwald in which the Crucifixion is thrown like a fiery ball and flung in the face of the Church of Maudy Thursday, as the New Secret of the Reformers.

Again, Luther's faith without works, became so destitute of works, that the Second Puritan Reform came and threw out the Good Friday worship. It put the emphasis of the Sabbath, 52 times God's word is preached, and not once more.

The Calendar of the Church with its mysteries of the Lord from Christmas to Pentecost in the first half of the year, and with the events in the life of the Church in the 23 weeks after Pentecost, the whole architecture of the ecclesiastical year disappeared and the 52 Sundays remained. The Puritans profaned the ecclesiastical festivals.

With the French Revolution, the civil and secular calendar penetrated into the Church and it became a New Year Church. You may recognize any branch of the Church by asking yourself which is the minimum which the most superficial member might
Look at this picture. It is the Lord's supper, full of tremendous secrets. And I cannot read John 14 to 17 without the awe and shudder of the abysses of truth still writing there for us. But it became from the Lord's supper the Last supper, then a communion supper, and today, it is more or less a community supper. It has lost its salt, its tremendousness. Whereas the Church of the Middle Ages circled around this sacrament nearly exclusively as the special day of Corpus Christi symbolized. Luther saw that and he concentrated in Good Friday. Roman Catholics recognize each other by Corpus Christi procession. Lutherans held Good Friday to be their highest day. Against this, the Puritans turned, did away with
O feli' culpa quae tales ac
tantum merita habe re dedegit,
ren. O certo necessarium quae
peccatum quod Christi morte
deleatur est.

Dacus
The greatest word on Easter Saturday
is not spoken by a priest. It is spoken
by the Deacon.

< holiday becomes weekday
< the world becomes God's temple
< the cross becomes man's honor
< theologically last supper becomes the
< recognition of man's first and foremost
< unit of mankind:
< breakfast
< the supposition he breaks his fasting away from God.
Dr. Eugen Rosenstock-Hüssy
Breslau 16
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I write this letter in great haste.
I have received your telegram and I am very grateful for your kind words.

Today, however, my mind is on other matters.
I have to deal with several urgent cases.

I hope to write to you in more detail soon.

Yours sincerely,
On the Great Saturday, Israel lost her secret. Where the truth contains no secret, it dies. Gethsemane is the new mystery of man. In Gethsemane, this man is outside the established religion of his people. The Jews are going to eat the Easter Lamb. But here is the Easter Lamb. The Jews are going to celebrate Easter on the Sabbath. But he will be in hell, on this same Sabbath, and so he will profane the Jewish Sabbath, and create a new Sabbath, the Sunday of Easter, a simple work and rest day. He creates a new mystery in the place of Christianity by conscripting the Jews to eat the Easter Lamb. But he will be in hell, on this same Sabbath, and so he will profane the Jewish Sabbath, and create a new Sabbath, the Sunday of Easter, a simple work and rest day. He creates a new mystery by converting the Jews into Christians, and consecrating the Gentiles, when the law of the Sabbath is still valid. On the Great Saturday, a feast day, the Sabbath is consecrated into a work day. Dead branches of the Church must be desecrated, made unholy, when they are dead. And new branches of the vine must be consecrated.

This spectacle is the constant process of life: desecration and consecration.

It is before us now Christians of the last century, before us Good Friday Christians of the preceding puritan tradition, before us Good Friday Christians of the Reformation, before us Roman Catholic Christians of the Corpus Christi Day, before us Orthodox Christians of Easter Sunday.

What do I mean by that? Every branch of the vine ceased to bear fruit when the special day in which it embodied its essence, lost its spirit.

The Ancient Church centered around Easter Sunday. It was an enthusiastic outburst of joy. The Roman Church saw too many pagan forms of spring creep in, eggs, and were led by spring paasies. And the purity was newly arrived at by creating the secrets of the Thursday before Easter into a special feast: Corpus Christi Day.
And a Roman Catholic is known by his marching in procession on Corpus Christi Day.

Then Luther came, and flung the Crucifixion into the face of the sacramentalists. He abhorred the material aspect of this holiday so much with all other Germans that you will see on "Kuenwald's altar, the darkness of the Crucifixion thrown like a protest into the overlight and sunshine festival of Corpus Christi.

But Luther was suppressed, too. The architecture of the ecclesiastical calendar with its sequence from Christmas over Easter to Whitsunday, with its many incisions became suspect to the Puritans, and they said: 22 Sundays shall be consecrated and they contain all the secrets of the word. But the rest of all these May poles and Christmas rites is desecrated, and they let it die.

And at the end, the secular life was taken more seriously than the inner life of the Church. And the civilian New Year Day became prominent. And there are people who will go to Church once a year, on New Year's Day, because this day is shared by Church and State, by believers and unbelievers.
beful willing to share.

Well, the Roman Catholic will go in procession on Corpus Christi Day, the Lutheran will be seen in Church on Good Friday. And the modern father of a family will indulge on going to Church at the Eve of the New Year because it is after all a holiday in the secular calendar, too.

The Great Saturday embodies a new and more radical change, from holiday to workday, from Sabbath to Saturday, and we all know that this is the chance in front of us, this is the chance in front of us.

The Great Saturday embodies man's creative power to sanctify another part of his creature-existence. On this day, the water and the fire, and the wax are consecrated. Now to consecrate means to make sacred together with the rest. The consecration of the Jewish Sabbath led to a consecration of a part of the profane world. That the rebirth of the Church always must come from the most despicable end, from the rejected sinners, is by now a common place. So, the century which stressed education for leisure, and exalted the mind will be spelled by a branch of Christendom which consecrated work and body. And its great example, this branch may find on the Great Saturday. Here, the priest consecrates the water. But not as you would think, condescendingly, asking God to bless this water. Not at all: the Christian as Francis did talks to the creature water. He thou theses her. He does not talk about this thing to God. But he talks to her of God. Any part of the created world which needs consecration, cannot be consecrated condescendingly. But only when we ourselves become part of it. With our sweating bodies, we can enter
the reality of the created world on the ground floor. The water is made into a creature liberata, into a free Creature. And more, we also cannot hope to achieve for ourselves. The week day Church will be a Church of creatures but creatures freed, liberated in their functioning within one undivided creation.
One who stands strong and lithe and glances casually yet piercingly at life,

Who speaks clearly and fears not the workings of his own mind,

Who reads and listens much, and gains from both the basic strains of truth,

Who, so to speak, dances well and fights better; loves equally symphony and sweat,

Oh Lord, I pray of you help me to become such a one...

Yet much more than these, help me to find myself as one who could perhaps conquer, and bask in a measure of worldly triumph, and yet who of his own free will renounces this,- makes the shame of man his shame, takes up the deeper sense of life,- and bears it well............