

The Christian Community

Perspectives

December 2012 to February 2013

*The
Heavenly
Hierarchies*



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If we take the poetry and stories of the ancient world seriously, it becomes clear that human beings shared a radically different form of consciousness from that of today. If we put aside labels such as superstitious and pagan, we can try to feel our way into this consciousness. Why did it feel worthwhile to make a libation to the gods before embarking on a journey, and why it was common sense to dedicate any achievement to the genius of the hunt, or to the art, or to the skill? Through such questions we may realise that human beings lived in communion with beings who were their constant companions, teaching, guiding, inspiring and sometimes vexing them. The moment when this consciousness changed can be precisely described. In the course of the Fourth Century, Christianity became the state religion of the Roman Empire. The Christianity that was 'victorious', as the old textbooks used to say, had a theology forged in the Council of Nicaea in 325, which placed God in a realm of utter transcendence, far away from human doing and knowing. The religion of the old gods was increasingly frowned upon and, from the 380s onwards, eradicated. The beautiful descriptions of the angelic hierarchies that were written down after this time were one-sided in so far as the heavenly hierarchies remained in heaven; they were not part of the evolution of the earth or the further destinies of human beings on it.

The wise guides of human evolution had good reasons for allowing this to happen. How could human beings have become truly free, if they had always seen their spiritual guides at their side? Seventeen centuries later, a different task beckons us. The Christian Community was founded on the conviction that the religious life can only be renewed through a new vision of reality, one which safeguards the freedom and integrity of man whilst opening itself for a new understanding of the angelic beings. Every time we celebrate the Act of Consecration of Man, we join in the sacrificial service of the angelic hosts. In the days between Christmas and Epiphany this reality shines out in the glorious prayer after the Offering, where the names of the hosts are spoken out, and we find our place as the Tenth Hierarchy, drawn into the flowing of the glory that unites heaven and earth.

TOM RAVETZ

The Spiritual Hierarchies and our Relationship to Them

Michael Kientzler

In the beginning of the 6th century the teachings about the angelic hierarchies were first published by the one now known as the pseudo-Dionysios Areopagita. 'Pseudo', because he was not the pupil of St. Paul, Dionysios Areopagita the initiate of the Eleusinian mysteries and the founder of the School of Esoteric Christianity in Athens. Modern theology does not see that this was not a name but a title (like the title King Arthur in the Britain of the Dark Ages). His book, *The Celestial Hierarchy*, contains the doctrine of the three ranks of three hierarchies. This teaching was embodied in religious art, particularly in baptisteries such as the one in Florence. This tradition comes to an end in the 15th century with the rise of protestantism.

In comes Anthroposophy at the beginning of the 20th century. The same aggressive atheism which we find in Britain today lived in Germany over a hundred years before. Its main representative was Ernst Haeckel, an evolutionary scientist and pupil of Darwin. Rudolf Steiner took him very seriously and even wrote a book about him. In his quest for the truth independent of personal feelings, Steiner felt the discrepancy between his own inner experience of the reality of a spiritual world and its beings and these mechanistic theories about the evolution of mankind. He presented these thoughts to the spiritual world offering them up and the answer was the contents of *Occult Science*, the evolution of the world originating in the sacrifice of the Thrones. Evolution could now be seen as the works of spiritual beings who themselves underwent a development through the creative process.

A whole new world view arose. The ranks of the hierarchies are differentiated, meaningful, accessible through thinking and reason; development and 'movement' are brought into that which had been more static and 'spatial' in the old pictures. This also brought the possibility of understanding the gods of other religions. Spiritual science gives us the possibility to comprehend these older siblings and parental beings in their dif-

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Daniel's vision of the four beasts from the sea, from the Beatus of Liebana, 10th century, Spanish

ferentiated roles and tasks in the universe, as well as in the formation of the human constitution and destiny. We can understand them as ranks between which a rising up and falling behind can take place. We can even comprehend them now as individual spiritual beings with their names and cosmic individualities.

To be able to get an inkling of the nature of these higher beings we should look at the 'stratum' of Man first. We will use humanity as the 'ocular' for the world of spirits—as the sense world with its kingdoms can be for the human being.

There are enormous differences in development of consciousness, ego-ness and selflessness, of ignorance, wisdom and creative power in humanity. Whether the average contemporary, be he

banker or dustman or Rudolf Steiner, whether a member of organized crime or the Gautama Buddha, whether Hitler or one of the 'Masters of Wisdom and Unity of Feelings' (sentients), all are human beings belonging to a particular rank of the hierarchies—although some have surpassed it already having developed the spirit self; the ability to do what they know, where knowing and doing are one, which is the state of consciousness of the angels.

But there are also numerous spiritual streams in humanity sometimes opposing each other or co-operating or crossing-over after the Christ Mystery. It is no less complex in the world of the angelic hierarchies.

The anthroposophic approach to the spiritual hierarchies has risen from the aspect of form to that of dynamic development (from the Exousiai

to the Dynameis). It also became much more complex with evolution and devolution, acceleration and retardation of beings. There is normal development, staying behind and moving ahead. In a way there is even death and resurrection of worlds. Some examples may help to understand this more concretely: In the Fifties it happened that there was a message on the notice board of an English public school that prefect so and so had been demoted to the status of fag, because he had had the bad luck to sit besides the maths teacher in a cinema to watch a film other than *The Ten Commandments*. Children often had to stay back a year and repeat a class or even two if they didn't pass their exams. So a strapping lad of 15 or 16 might be sitting with the juniors.

Something like this can happen in the spiritual world too (with apologies for the inadequacy of the comparison). An Archai, a Time Spirit may receive the task of an irregular Folk Spirit; a being much older, as it were, than the other Folk Spirits who all belong to the rank of Archangels. This can explain many a phenomenon of our time, such as the influence of certain superpowers.

But there are other qualities to be found in staying behind; sacrifice for instance. From the viewpoint of the highest Trinity, the goal cannot be achieved without retarding, opposing forces because there is no development without polarity. Beings are ordered, as it were, to stay behind, to keep something for themselves, closing something off instead of self-revelation and sharing; an expression of selfness. Light reveals – darkness hides. The flow has to be interrupted.

An example of the sacrificial staying behind is Jahveh, the Lord, the god of the Old Testament. He was one of the seven Elohim according to esoteric Judaism and to spiritual science. Whereas the other six choose the sun as their place of habitation with an enormous acceleration of development, Jahveh stays with the moon. The moon-god is a reflection of God the Father. Not the same being though, which explains the fact that he is connected with the people of Israel in this special way. A vengeful god; a god ordering his people to commit genocide to wipe out a whole nation (the Amalekites). A mighty spiritual being involved in the creation of man and the separation of the sexes, but a being of the rank of Exousiai, the lowest of the second hierarchy, whereas the Trinity is above and beyond the angelic hierarchies.

Now to the beings with an accelerated evolution. When a human being reaches the goal of earthly development the 'spirit self' (manas), then the angel (the genius in Latin or the daimonion in Greek), is freed from

his task and can take on higher responsibility. That was the case when the Boddhisatva became the Buddha; his angel reached archangel rank and became a folk spirit. The archangels whose names we know have also moved on to join the ranks of the archai, spirits of time reigning now over periods of 3–400 years: Michael, Oriphiel, Anael, Zachariel, Raphael, Samael, Gabriel (in the sequence of their reign in History).

Michael is the archangel of the sun, who was able to win victory over the dragon (Revelation 12), a being of mixed Satanic and Diabolic forces older than he and in a way stronger. Michael never looks at this being of the rank of the Archai in the iconography of old but still he is able to force this being out of the spiritual world onto the earth. Michael has surpassed himself in accelerated evolution through heightened selflessness. He was the countenance of Jahveh in the past and is the countenance of Christ now.—The countenance is the self-revelation of a being to the outside. In the case of Michael's relation to Christ, he identifies himself with Christ so intensely that he can express the inwardness of the one he serves. It is this selfless connection to Christ that gives him the power against the forces of evil which would otherwise be stronger.

We have used an anthropomorphic approach to the spiritual hierarchies. Now we must ask about the differences to the strata of humanity after all the comparison. The first difference is the unity among the ranks of normally evolved beings. It is what is so powerfully expressed in Genesis 1 in the combination of Elohim (plural) with 'bara' (the verb for 'created', singular). The seven Elohim created heaven and earth as if they were one being. Or in the 'let us create Man...' we see once again their cooperation in total unity and harmony. This selfless cooperation is what ultimately will be the criterion for the rank of human beings—the hierarchy of freedom—to move to the next level. Before that can happen, the next step will be the conscious inclusion and cooperation between man and the hierarchies.

As humanity has come of age, the angels of the individuals leave us free, many members of the higher hierarchies have in a way lost their interest in humanity. It can't be a one way traffic. If man is not interested in these higher beings they will lose interest in us. We have to take the first step now, otherwise their interest will express itself in purely destructive forces. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tsunamis, destructive weather phenomena, amongst other things, are already an expression of that: reactions of the earth and the spiritual forces and beings in and behind it.

From the Exousiai (Elohim) upwards we can speak of gods. Why is that so?

Because, at the beginning of our earth-evolution, these beings had already gone through their human stage in the sense of having an 'I'. They could directly engage their activity towards creating what was to become the hierarchy of freedom.

In this spiritual evolutionary process the adversary forces play an essential part. They were and are as necessary as those beings with a normal development. Not only are they instrumental in the forming of modern man's constitution and thereby also in the creation of all the other kingdoms on earth in their beauty and darkness, but they also play an important role in the forming of our destiny and karma of which we can become so painfully aware.



The woes of the second trumpet, from the Beatus of Liébana

Above, in and through the three hierarchies works the divine Trinity, forming the world plan. Through the first hierarchy (Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones) the divine Father works, through the second hierarchy (Kyriotetes, Dynameis and Exousiai) the Logos, the divine Son-being, and through the third hierarchy (Archai, Archangels and Angels) the Holy Spirit. The latter is most concerned with humanity. The second hierarchy is concerned with nature and our planetary system including the great changes of the earth, and also with processing our biographies after death. The first hierarchy is concerned with the overall ruling of both humanity and nature and with the weaving of human karma for the future; they are however revealed in meteorological phenomena such as lightning.

All this and much more is revealed by Rudolf Steiner in an accessible way from the beginnings of Spiritual Science.

To be a theologian and to know about the divine or the gospels doesn't necessarily mean to be religious, that is actively to connect with the divine on the level of our will. In the same way, a psychologist does not necessarily have good loving relationships with other people. So the question arises what do we do with this knowledge? Do we try to include it concretely in our lives and to establish a religious relationship to these angelic-divine beings, our older siblings and parental beings from the spiritual cosmos?

As humanity comes of age we are left free to a great extent. It depends on us now to build up the relationship because some of these beings have lost their interest in humanity; the reason being our lack of interest in them. If we enter the spiritual world at night filled with purely materialistic thoughts and feelings, having spoken not a single word with a spiritual significance during the day we will be 'unknown' there, never 'seen' before. How do we become 'visible' again? How do we learn to interact with and include these beings in our lives and culture even?

We can connect with our genius or angel through the way we prepare for sleep, anticipating to meet this higher guide of our life. We can connect with the archangels if we speak some spirit-filled words during the day and try to grasp the true task of our folk spirit in the time of a Michael age.

The time spirit of our time is Michael. A German expression has now been adopted into the English language: 'Zeitgeist'. Zeitgeist means in reality 'Time Spirit'. However, the colloquial meaning is the shadow of this; it is the false ruler of this world and time. What can we do to connect with the true ruler of our time, Michael?

Do I connect with the true zeitgeist by trying to rise from the level of the merely national to the universal? Do I understand the primacy of the individual over everything that is generic in our time? Do I try to develop the courage to recognize and face the steam roller like advance of the adversary forces in our declining culture, 'thinking things right', thereby joining forces with the true time spirit, Michael? Do I sharpen the scalpel (not the sword any more) of discernment these days with the ultimate criterion of selflessness in regards to everything and everybody?

Because it is this selflessness, the power of self sacrifice even which is the driving force of spiritual development. This is how spiritual beings like Michael ascend through the ranks of the hierarchies.

This is the 'power of Christ'.

Guardian Angels

Cynthia Hindes

In artistic renderings of angels, three characteristics are frequently pictured. The first is of course that angels have wings. When we think of the earthly creatures that have wings, the birds, we realize that they inhabit a sphere above the earth, the airy regions. They live in a world of light and uplift not limited by earthly gravity. Picturing angels as having wings is an artistic way of saying that angels, too, are not bound to the earthly. They are limitless; they live in expanses. They live with the world of eternity at their backs.

Another characteristic is described in Ezekiel 10:12. It is a mighty description of great angelic beings covered in eyes. Therefore angels' wings are sometimes artistically rendered as having eyes on them, often by portraying their wings covered in peacock feathers. Eyes convey consciousness. Angels take things in, into a awareness that is broader, brighter, clearer, purer and more transparent than human consciousness. Eyes also shine forth: the gaze of an angel radiates love and recognition.

A third artistic motif used in picturing angels is to depict them as musicians. A good piece of music opens up heaven for us. In music, spiritual creative forces permeate space. Music tunes and harmonizes souls; it helps ensoul and spiritualize a community. Music helps tune souls to one another. These three motifs, wings, eyes and music, can help us to understand the relationship between the human and the angelic realms.

The lowest of the nine angelic choirs¹, the angels, are the ones closest to the human realm. Angels are intimately connected with *individual* human beings. We each have an angel assigned to us, a guardian angel, who accompanies us along our paths through



lifetimes. The following poem by Rose Auslander conveys something of the mood of our relationship to our angel:

*The angel in you
Rejoices over
Your light
Weeps over your darkness
Out of his wings whisper
Words of love
Poems, tender affection.
He watches over
Your path
Direct your step
Angelwards.* ²

Our angel's 'wings' give it the overview that it is not possible for us earth-bound human beings to have. The angel's 'eyes,' angelic consciousness, see, take in, and remember everything for us. Our angel can remember what we have been and who we want to be. Our angel is the carrier of our higher, future self. Angelic consciousness is, like that of a chess player, able to anticipate the results of our moves. Angels listen especially to our thoughts. To become aware of one's angel is to feel oneself to be heard and watched, seen and recognized. Our angel's eyes radiate toward us love and recognition of our true being. They encourage us, strengthen us, comfort us.

We could also call our guardian angel the musical director in our lives. Together with God and our angel, we have decided what our life, our piece of music shall be. Will it be a simple folk melody? Will it be a light-hearted piece? A tragic symphony? Our angel sees to it that the events and the people we are to meet—the instruments, so to speak, that we need to make our music—are presented at the proper time. Our angel helps orchestrate the events of our lives.

But our angel and the divine spiritual world have given all of us a particularly precious and important gift—our freedom. Nothing is determined.

Opportunities are presented to us. Angels may gently suggest through inspirations, thoughts, atmospheres, will impulses. But whether we respond or not, and how we respond, is entirely up to us. How we play our life's music is our choice.

To the guardian angels themselves, however, this connection with the human realm is not a matter of indifference; for the guardian angels have bound their destiny to ours. They have

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existentially connected themselves to us. They not only walk with us but they have connected themselves with our thoughts, our feelings, our will, at great danger and possibly great pain to themselves. They have devoted their being to ours. Our destiny is their destiny. Human truth, beauty and goodness, as well as human passion and darkness reach up into the spiritual world through our angel.

An Angel Speaks

*O if you knew how your countenance
is changed, when in the midst
of that pure gaze which can unite you with me
Your hold upon yourself is lost
And you turn away.*

*Just as a landscape in clear light
May suddenly cloud over, do you close
Yourself against me, and I have to wait
And wait in silence, often long.
And if I were like you a human being
The pain of disdained love would kill me.*

*But since the Father has given me unending patience
I wait for you unshaken
and expectant, whenever it may be you come.
And even this gentle reproach
Take not as reproach—only as a pure message.³*

How can we strengthen our connection with our own angel? How can we work in concert with our own guardian?

Our angels are particularly interested in our thoughts—not just those will-o-the-wisps that flit unbidden through the halls of our minds but especially the thoughts we are able to generate voluntarily. Following the eight-fold path that Buddha laid out is one step toward working with our angel. It requires that we stop and think and that we generate a right thought, from the right view. It helps us think of the right words, perform the right actions. It helps us choose a right livelihood, make the proper effort. It encourages the right sort of mindfulness and concentration. In short, this eightfold path requires that we exer-



cise thought in our everyday lives. This path is an exercise in thinking, in walking through the day with our angel. It is a way of 'directing our steps angelwards.' Behind these thoughts stands the following idea:

*Through my earth-days, watchful angel,
Thankfully I feel your presence
Knower of my destiny.
When I listen, you are helping.
When I move, your strength is with me:
Birth and death alike you show
Mighty doorways for my spirit—
Never lost, never forgotten
Held before your holy vision
Faithful, patient, hopeful angel.⁴*

We can also connect more easily with our angel when the realm of feeling is tranquil. Every quieting of feelings of irritation or anger or envy creates space for our angel's clarity of conscious and overview to enter our souls. The following calming thought might be of help, recalled at bedtime:

*I go to sleep.
Until I awaken my soul will be in the spiritual world.
There it will meet with the guiding power of my earthly life
That is there in the spiritual world
And which hovers round my head -
There my soul will meet my angel.
And when I awaken
I will have had the meeting with my angel;
My angel's wings will have touched my soul.⁵*

Another way to connect with one's angel is through prayer or meditation. Everything done in tranquil prayer or meditation, all religious practice, helps us to work with our angels. We can also broaden the effectiveness of our work with our angel in our prayers for others:

*Spirit of his soul, effective Guardian,
May your wings convey
My soul's petitioning love
To this human of earth
Entrusted to Thy care,
So that, united with Thy power,
My prayer may radiate helpfully
To the soul it seeks in love.⁶*

Or the following from Adam Bittleston:

*Thou angel who keepest watch
Over the destiny of...
Through waking and sleeping
And the long ages of time:
May my thoughts, filled with hope,
Reach to him/her through thee.
May s/he be strengthened
From the founts of will
Which bear us towards freedom.
May s/he be illumined
From the founts of wisdom
Which warm the inmost heart.
May s/he feel peace
From the founts of love
Which bless men's work.⁷*

Our angels are particularly connected to us in the sacraments. There is a heavenly altar and a heavenly cultus that is always ongoing.

Then I saw a Lamb, looking as if it had been slain, standing in the center of the throne... The four living creatures and the twenty-four elders fell down before the Lamb. Each one had a harp and they were holding golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints. REVELATION 5:8 ...*After this I looked and there before me was a great multitude that no one could count, from every nation, tribe, people and language, standing before the throne and in front of the Lamb. They were wearing white robes and were holding palm branches in their hands.* REVELATION 7:8–10 ...*Another angel, who had a golden censer, came and stood at the altar. He was given much incense to offer, with the prayers of all the saints, on the golden altar before the throne. The smoke of the incense, together with the prayers of the saints, went up before God from the angel's hand.* REVELATION 8:2–5

The Christ Lamb is continuously making His offering. From the being of Christ there issues forth a continuous and everlasting stream of love, devotion, and grace out into the world. This is His offering. Each of the nine angelic choirs, starting with the angels, continuously makes their own offering of love and devotion, which streams upward to join with those beings above them toward the Lamb. Multitudes of human beings in white robes also participate.

The earthly divine service is an image and imprint of the heavenly. The heavenly offering service plays out on the earth when human beings open themselves to it. This is what our angels are working toward—the weaving to-

gether of what streams forth from the Christ Lamb's offering, weaving it into the future of humankind. The angelic world created the heavenly cultus. The Act of Consecration of Man is an image of it; it is a vessel that human beings can dip into and draw out spiritual substance that can flow into the earthly.

The guardian angels of individual destinies draw closer during the Act of Consecration of Man because they are particularly interested in these moments of quiet prayer, of thoughtful contemplation, especially within the divine service. The result is that during the Act of Consecration of Man, human beings are strengthened by the approach of their angel. Furthermore, the individual's guardian angel itself becomes stronger, more radiant through what lives in the human being during the sacrament.

There are also angels who have grown into the larger task of being responsible not only for individuals but also for groups of people who come together, not out of national or family connections, but simply because they voluntarily want to. They are the angels of the communities.

These angels are a little higher, a little closer to the working of Christ. Christ holds the stars of the angels of the communities in his right hand. These radiant angels live in the Act of Consecration of Man and the sacraments and strengthen them. They lead hearts and thoughts to a higher unity, to something that can be more powerful than what any single individual can generate. The sum becomes greater than the parts. As individuals we can open not only to our own guardian angel but also to the angel of the community.

Our own guardian angel is our messenger from the heavenly realms. It brings us the message of unending love. It waits for us to open, to respond. They and all the angels hope that we will join in their offering song to the Christ Lamb.

Further Reading

Angels, several lectures by Rudolf Steiner, (Steinerbooks)

Guardian Angel, (Steinerbooks), Rudolf Steiner

Angels in the Light of Spiritual Science, self-published by Richard Lewis.

Our Spiritual Companions, by Adam Bittleston, (Floris Books),

Mensch und Engel (Man and Angel), by Hans Werner Schroeder (Urachhaus, not yet translated into English).

Angels in my Hair, Lorna Byrne, Three Rivers Press

Stairways to Heaven, Lorna Byrne, Coronet

A Message of Hope From the Angels, Lorna Byrne

1 From lowest to highest: Angels, Archangels, Archai, Revealers, World Powers, World Guides, Thrones, Cherubim, Seraphim; **2** Rose Ausländer (1901–1988), 'Der Engel in dir', from www.deutsche-liebeslyrik.de/die12/nov03_5.htm, translated by C.H.; **3** Christian Morgenstern, 'An Angel Speaks', translator unknown; **4** Adam Bittleston, 'Angel' in *A Window into Worlds*; **5** Rudolf Steiner, Bedtime Prayer; **6** Rudolf Steiner, To the Guardian Angel; **7** Adam Bittleston, in *Meditative Prayers for Today*

The Gospels in the works of Charles Dickens

Christopher Hudson

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times!

For those novelists who lived and worked through the, in many ways, dark years of the 19th century, the Gospels were a veritable 'light in the darkness'. Consider how, for example, in *The Brothers Karamazov*, the words from St. John constitute the novel's preface:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

It is as though the whole novel were an elucidation of just this one sentence from Scripture. Likewise in 'Crime and Punishment', the entire novel hinges on Raskolnikov's spiritual conversion, when Sonia reads to him the story of the raising of Lazarus. It is her faith, her unfeignable belief in the reality of the Gospels, that impresses Raskolnikov to the point where he becomes capable of perceiving that all his extraordinary intellectual power, is worthless by comparison.

Under his pillow lay the New Testament. He picked it up mechanically. The book belonged to her; it was the same book from which she had read the raising of Lazarus to him...He did not open it now...but one thought flashed through his mind: Is it possible that her convictions can be mine, too, now? Her feelings, her yearnings, at least?

Sonia has brought Raskolnikov, a terrible criminal, back to life through the genuineness of her selfless love, just as Christ (in Dostoevsky's interpretation) did Lazarus in the Gospel:

They wanted to speak, but could not; tears stood in their eyes. They were both pale and thin; but in those sick and pale faces the dawn of a new future, of a full resurrection to a new life, was already shining. It was love that brought them back to life; the heart of one held inexhaustible sources of life for the heart of the other.

Whereas in James Joyce's *Ulysses* or T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* the Gospels were merely one myth amongst many others, in these novels, they are their very theme. Tolstoy, time after time, would preface his short stories with direct

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quotations from the Gospels, which the story would then serve to illustrate in a memorable fashion. Likewise, if one looks at one of the central European novels of the 19th century, *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo, what if not the spirit of the New Testament breathes throughout its mighty course?

The bishop, seated at his side, laid a hand gently on his arm.

'You need have told me nothing. This house is not mine, but Christ's.

It does not ask a man his name, but whether he is in need. You are in trouble, you are hungry and thirsty, and so you are welcome.'

Just as Raskolnikov was redeemed by the immitigable truth of Sonia's faith, so the convict Jean Valjean's whole faith in humanity was restored by the Christ-like actions of the Bishop of Digne. Charles Dickens, whose bicentenary we celebrate this year, is very much of this company. Although some have argued that death occupies a very prominent position in Dickens' works, it is in truth only one aspect of his overriding theme of resurrection. If one text from the New Testament stands behind the novels of Charles Dickens, it is that from St. John, where Nicodemus comes to Jesus by night, and receives the sublime teaching:

Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Nicodemus saith unto him, 'How can a man be born when he is old?

Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?'

Jesus answered, 'Verily, verily I say unto thee Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.'

Who more vividly than Scrooge represents the figure of a man who is born anew when he is old? Likewise, those who are very familiar with Dickens' novels will recall the extraordinary scene in *Our Mutual Friend*, where John Harmon is physically 'born of water', going through a closely described near-death experience, into a new life as Mr. Rokesmith:

It was only after a downward slide through something like a tube, and then a great noise and a sparkling and crackling as of fires, that the consciousness came upon me, 'This is John Harmon drowning!' ...and then a heavy, horrid, unintelligible something vanished, and it was I who was struggling alone there in the water.

Our Mutual Friend, Dickens' last complete novel, is saturated with imagery of death and rebirth. Bella Wilfer is helped in giving up the devotion to Mammon towards which she had been sliding, by the novel's presiding genius of death and rebirth, Nicodemus (note the first name) Boffin. Similarly, Eugene Wrayburn, a man who is wasting his life in frippery, is pulled at point of death from a canal, and slowly restored to a fruitful existence. Many more examples exist within this novel alone.

Dickens generally places comic, or semi macabre resurrection-related counter plots as a foil to this central theme. Thus, in *Our Mutual Friend*, Lizzie Hexam and her father derive their living from pulling corpses out of the Thames. And in *Oliver Twist*, the 'Resurrection Men,' Jerry Cruncher and his son, steal newly buried corpses to sell to surgeons for dissection. In every case, however, the subplot is only a foil. The last chapter Dickens ever wrote was the reading of the gospel concerning the Resurrection and the Life in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. The same text, one that was clearly very important to Dickens, and which was read at his own funeral, forms the sublime climax to the other great novel of death and rebirth, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Sydney Carton, a lawyer much like Eugene Wrayburn in *Our Mutual Friend*, who has struggled to make any connection with his real being under the burden of a lifetime of meaningless subservience to red tape, finds it at last in selfless love for another. He volunteers to take the place of another at the guillotine, in order that the other may live. As a fitting echo to so great a human deed, the words of Christ are simply inserted, in Dostoyevsky-like fashion, into the novel at this point, with no self-consciousness, no need for explanation and with no need to bring us wittily down to earth, (as Joyce does, for example at the funeral of Willie Dignam in *Ulysses*):

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!

Carton knows that his deed of sacrifice is by far the most important action of his life. All around him, even among his fellows in the doomed queue for the guillotine, he bestows peace and healing of soul. Christ, indeed, begins to be 'in him.'

It is significant that Charles Dickens shares his bicentenary with Caspar Hauser (Dickens: 7/2/1812; Caspar Hauser 29/9/1812). Crimes against childhood are a matter of deep concern throughout the novels. One recalls the author's own labour from the age of 12 in Warren's bottle blacking factory just by what is now Hungerford Bridge, and knows that his deep sensitivity towards the plight of misused children came from within his own biography. Of course, Dickens did not know specifically of Caspar Hauser's plight, but there are many Hausers dotted throughout the novels if one has ears to hear them:

Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale, thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference... Be this as it may, it WAS his ninth birthday, and he was keeping it in the coal cellar.

Oliver Twist has been apprenticed to an undertaker, and in lieu of a healthy childhood, must live in a cellar surrounded by coffins. Dickens, no less than Blake, was aware that there are those who find no love in their hearts for the child. Barnaby Rudge is another Caspar Hauser-like figure, who finds himself unjustly imprisoned. A simpleton, he is blessed with a certain degree of clairvoyance, which enables him to extract the blessing even from the harshest experiences. Barnaby Rudge, who is so devoted to his mother, represents another strand of Dickens' creative reworking of themes from the Gospels: that of the Prodigal Son. Only in Dickens, it is generally inverted. As a young boy, Charles Dickens would visit his father in the debtors' prison to which he had been confined. Thus too, famously, Little Dorrit walks daily to the Marshalsea to visit and console her father who is in prison for debt. In Dickens, there are not prodigal sons (or daughters) who return at last to the embrace of their wise, compassionate father, but the inverse: prodigal parents, comforted by their children. In *Our Mutual Friend*, this (as so many other leading motifs in Dickens) is developed to an extraordinary degree. Jenny Wren, a crippled dollmaker, has to take complete charge of her middle aged father, who is an irredeemable alcoholic. She never refers to him as father, but always as her naughty child and care:

Oh, my child has been such a bad, bad child of late! It worries me nearly out of my wits. Not done a stroke of work these ten days!

One is apt to forget that one of the children most to be pitied in Dickens, is Ebenezer Scrooge. Scrooge has become a byword for meanness, miserliness, and selfish misanthropy. But to remember only *this* Scrooge is to have missed the whole point of *A Christmas Carol*. Let us rather hold in our memory the new Scrooge of the story's ending. Scrooge's Christmas Eve is no ordinary night. Three times, the clock strikes the midnight hour that bodes his awful awakening; three nights in succession, Scrooge is awakened by a different spirit; and yet when he awakens after the third night, only one night has passed, for the following day is still only Christmas Day. Dickens takes all possible pains to represent to us, that Scrooge has been born anew out of a three night mystery sleep. This hard-bitten old miser, top full of world weariness, has been reborn in pristine innocence:

'I don't know what day of the month it is!' said Scrooge. 'I don't know how long I've been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo there!'

Scrooge has indeed been born again, of the Spirit, and it is the kingdom of God, to which he now wishes to devote his every waking hour. He now

takes an enormous interest in every other human being he meets. The Scrooge of the end is a man filled with all that Christmas may mean for a human soul. He realises, in his transformation, the words of Angelus Silesius:

*If Christ were born in Bethlehem a thousand times and not in thee,
then art thou lost eternally.*

As the Spirit of Christmas Past shows Scrooge the record of all that has been in the spiritual world ('These are but shadows of the things that have been,' said the Ghost. 'They have no consciousness of us.'), we learn why Scrooge is to be given another chance. The soul injury he suffered in spending his childhood largely unloved had blighted his development as an adult. How piteous the glimpse of Scrooge when he was a little boy, all alone in the dreary school, with no family willing to receive him when all his classmates had gone home cheerfully for Christmas.

At the crucial moment of his redemption, or as the Spirit calls it, 'Reclamation', when Scrooge is being led by the Spirit of Christmas Future through the experience of death—his own, and that of another through his meanness—a voice (he does not know whose) sounds somewhere around him. It hints at the last great Gospel scene that stands behind work after work of Charles Dickens, and that stood, indeed, behind his whole approach to his fellow humanity:

And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them...

Straight after this, Scrooge exclaims the sentence that is, for Dickens, the definition of Christian conversion:

*Spirit, hear me! I am not the man I was, I will not be the man I must
have been!*

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Bonnie and Clyde

They will die together. It will be on a lovely sunny day in winter. He won't wake up from the dream. She would have loved to discover what he dreamt today. He will look in the sky and smile. Arrived. She closes her eyes and prays, 'What was united in heaven mustn't remain separate on earth.'

Soft snowflakes have laid themselves, like jewellery, on her shabby coat. Tango music sounds from the nearby café. She stands up and does two dance steps to the left and two to the right. She knows that it won't last much longer. That's why she bought him a heart at the market today, with the last in her pocket. She especially liked the rose-coloured lettering, 'My sweet angel!'

Last winter, when it had been so cold and she had already given up, he nicked an expensive perfume for her, right out of the shop by the cathedral. She had been proud of him. He hadn't done such tricks for a long time. He always concentrated on the most important things: bread and beer. But when she grew ill and she didn't want to get up any more, he came back with the little bottle. She had lived with the scent till the spring. She was often silent and when it seemed too long for him, he whispered in her ear, 'Let's rob a bank!' and pinched her cheek. She laughed heartily. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and grinned through the gaps in his teeth, 'Head up, titch! We're going to risk everything. Live dangerously and no-one will be able to stop us.'

If there is one thing in her life for which she is grateful then it's that the old goggle-eye was always on her side, from the moment when he saw her that day in the park, standing alone in the rain.

'What are you staring at?' she had said to him.

'Well, I am a goggle-eye. Do you want to rob a bank with me?'

It was so absurd she had to laugh. She didn't know anymore why she was standing there alone and she didn't want to know any more either. On the dark lake-water in the park two ducks moved like in old children's books.

They went through a dark alley. She carried a badly torn bag over her shoulder. He supported himself with a stick, a plastic bag with bottles in his hand.

He mumbled part of a song and she flapped with her wings. He loved her wings. People smiled at them when they wandered aimlessly around the place. The wings had been given to her by a joker last year, in the middle of the Christmas bustle. They were almost new and they sparkled in the sun. She seldom wore them. They fitted well to her grey hair and her tired blue eyes.

Christmas is particularly difficult. Coloured lights and candles flicker in every flat. Joyful children with roasted almonds hurry to the warm, decorated front rooms. No, she isn't envious or bitter that she has no home. She just waits for a miracle. Every year she waits anew. She has imagined it often enough: it's snowing, she sits as always in the corner, wrapped in the old blanket and suddenly, just as the cold is becoming almost unbearable, someone comes up to her and says, 'Excuse me, would you perhaps care to join my family and me to celebrate Christmas eve? We would be so pleased.'

The old man often said, 'The angels are also homeless. Or can you imagine an angel sitting on the sofa munching mince pies?'

No, that she couldn't. He was often right.

And now he is silent and she is worried. She lies down in the snow, wings outspread and the moon reflects in her face.

He asks himself, what has changed her so?

'My angel!' he whispers and something moist warms his cheek and drops into the empty beer bottle.

Yaroslava Black, Jan 2012

Translated by Malcolm Allsop

*Light in the Word
Still the Word with Lightened Warmth
Enlighten the dark-filled Word
With star-radiant Light
Shining with meaning and might.
Raise the lowered night
To gold Sun-Word bright
The love-studded Word
Through Christ bliss white
Christened-Bliss-White.*

* * *

With Hearing the Music of the Spheres

*Song with wordless sound
Fills the listening silence
The opened white throats of angelic choirs
The all-embracing Music of Spheres
Rushes like reeds
on a single thousand tones
To bring Eternity to light
In a second.*

VIRGINIA GILMER

International Youth Camp

Jana van Gent

*'Goodnight sweetheart well it's time to go!
Goodnight sweetheart well it's time to go!
I hate to leave you, but I really must say,
Good night sweetheart, goodnight!'*

The words of the song still ringing in my ears as we left for the station. It was the end! The end of the most brilliant two weeks. We came to the station, on to one train and then on to another, then a mad rush to the third but as I sat on the third train it hit me: it was over!

I began to reminisce:

BRING! BRING! BRING! My eyes slowly opened and I wondered where I was, why was I being woken up at such an unearthly hour? Then I remembered I was off to IYC, International Youth Camp, and a bolt of excitement shot through me. I had been waiting for so long and I had so many expectations which I knew would probably be far exceeded. I moved like a zombie that morning and next thing I knew we were going through security and then we were sitting on the plane from London to Stockholm, Sweden! We all travelled in a daze of excitement and over tiredness that day. Catching buses and trains getting off at wrong stops, meeting up with other campers and staff. After a long day of travel we were walking the last ten minutes to the campsite.

In front of us there was a vast field; in the distance stood a white marquee and an indistinct wooden structure with a plastic roof (later discovered to be the kitchen tent). As we came closer to the people we all began to run in a mad rush! We were greeted by lots of strange faces asking all sorts of questions and offering us food and drink which was welcomed gladly.

After we put up our tent and unpacked we went to explore. We found the lake which was beautiful (but our only wash-

ing spot!) After some people had a quick swim and there were some more arrivals, we had supper. After supper we all gathered together, divided into sopranos, altos, tenors and basses and we began to sing. As we sung I knew I would love this as much and indeed a lot more than any other Christian Community camp. It was the singing that made the atmosphere and created the feeling that we were all one, and above all the absolute enjoyment! There was such a feeling of joy as everyone let go of their inhibitions and sung their hearts out. In the evenings that followed I listened and sang, lost in the beauty and freedom I felt then!

Names: there were so many names and it felt as if before we had a chance to learn any of them we were sat in a circle and my name was called out with eight others I didn't yet know. We were off on a hike. We had no idea which route we would take, no idea where we would sleep. Our goal was to collect as many points we could and get to the second campsite! Our group was going quite well. We were getting where we wanted to be but then everything went downhill. We suddenly found we had lost any form of path and we were aimlessly wandering trying to find a way across the lake, mosquitos biting every patch of bare skin. Finally we found our way across and came to a house where they offered us beds and a sauna; it was brilliant and a wonderful reward after we had nearly given up. We had a lovely comfortable night and set off the next day to the second campsite. We arrived, with blisters in their full glory and mosquito bites that could find no rival! We were exhausted and welcomed the warm meal that night. We spent two days at that campsite and then walked back to 'base camp'.

The next week was filled with activities, singing, entertainment on the open stage, cold refreshing lake water, lovely food (eating four times the amount you even thought was possible. At camp you seem to be eating as if you were eating for five not just one!) We had a selection of activities to choose from and I chose self-reflection. We discussed our lives and became amazingly close to the people in our group, far closer than you would even think possible in such a short time.

One evening half way through the camp the staff told us that we were going to a modern art museum. Everyone was excited for the next day! We woke up early, walked to the station and got on the train. As we changed train and were going further away from the place we thought we were going the questions started. We're not really going to the modern art museum are we? Look there's a sign on the platform for Stockholm! We're not are we? You don't think—? Stockholm? That would be exciting! And sure enough half an hour later we ended up in Stockholm. We were given time to do what we wanted, so I went

with some friends to the old part of Stockholm with its beautiful old buildings and small streets, which make you feel like you are in another world. Then we went for an ice cream and visited the art museum. We had a brilliant day and at 5pm we met in the park with the rest of the camp. We sat in a circle around a tree and ate pasta salad off plates which some staff members had brought for us. We were being given strange looks from passers-by but no one cared everyone was just happy!

IYC is a place where you can forget about life in the outside world, you can forget who you are, what is expected of you and who you think you are. You can just lose yourself in being free and happy in this place where different nationalities and cultures meet. Different backgrounds let go of any prejudice they might have and welcome everyone with open arms. Everyone is welcomed with warmth and happiness!

'This is Arlanda Airport terminal 5'. The voice jolted me out of my day dream. The train had jolted to a stop. We were at the airport now! I checked in and as I sat at the gate waiting to board the plane I felt an emptiness inside me. The two weeks were now over and my life was to continue. I had left the camp a different person to the one I had come as. I wasn't sure how yet but I knew it was better and it had benefitted me. I had spent just two weeks shut off from the real world and it had seemed to open my eyes to what potential the world had, and what life could bring you. Two weeks which had been an amazing experience I had learnt at least one valuable lesson: Now is the Time! The theme we had discussed throughout the camp: don't wait for life to come and pick you up. Pick up life and lead it your own way!

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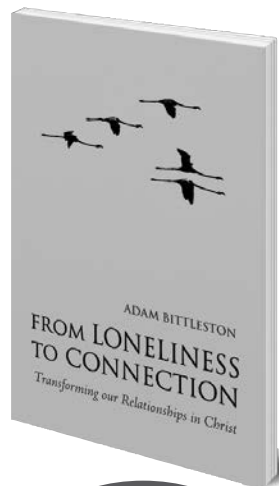
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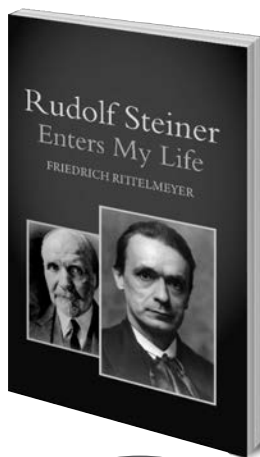
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Book Review

Taco Bay
His Life and Work
Deborah Ravetz

Floris, ISBN: 9780863159190

96 pages, £8.99

Reviewed by Vera Samuel

Reading this little gem of a book is a truly inspirational experience. From the arresting photograph on the front cover to the very last page, this remarkable human being is brought back to life. Not only is the book beautifully written but Floris have achieved a splendidly balanced layout of text and photographs, spoiled only by too many printing errors.

The Introduction tells of Taco Bay's undertaking of the huge task of succeeding Rudolf Frieling as Erzoberlenker, even though he was not a trained theologian. Frieling felt him to be the man for the job for various reasons. He could speak six languages; he had dual nationality, being born of a Swiss father and Dutch mother; and, most importantly, he had an amazing ability to engage in conversation with all whom he met. (I myself had but a brief encounter with him in Stourbridge a few years ago and realised what a truly whole person he was.)

The fact that The Act of Consecration of Man is now celebrated in more than twenty languages is in large part due to his leadership. He also brought about the sharing of responsibility between priests and members.

The contents of the book cover his whole remarkable life. It is a real page-turner.

After his funeral, his youngest granddaughter, aged six, was overheard talking to herself, saying,

'Granddad, it was actually very nice on earth, wasn't it? But now you can look down onto the earth through your star window.'

Indeed, he continues to be a shining light for us all.

Temple Lodge Club a quiet oasis in the middle of London

Temple Lodge—a Georgian Listed Building in the middle of Hammersmith—was once the home of the artist *Sir Frank Brangwyn*. Whilst his studio has been converted into a chapel with a **vegetarian restaurant** on its former mezzanine floor, the house itself is given over to accommodating bed and breakfast visitors. They come from four corners of the world to enjoy the *quietness and tranquillity* of the house. Many have described it as a really peaceful haven, despite being a stone's throw from the centre of Hammersmith and its busy traffic interchange. The absence of a television in the house and rooms *adds to this atmosphere*.

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SAINT PAUL

Challenges for Contemporary Thinkers

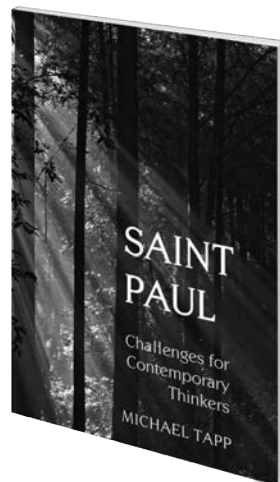
MICHAEL TAPP

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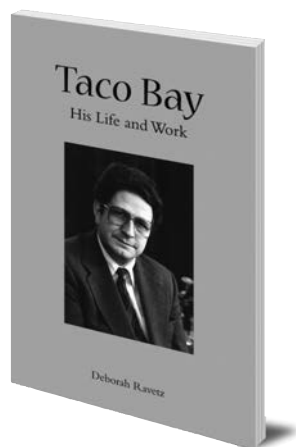
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He worked in Edinburgh for many years before becoming *lenker* of the Netherlands. In 1977 he moved to Stuttgart taking on many of Rudolf Frieling's tasks as *erzoberlenker*, leader of the whole movement, a role he took on fully after Frieling's death in 1986.

Taco always had a world-wide perspective, and during these years The Christian Community expanded to Australasia, Japan and eastern Europe. Breaking with the practice until then, he stepped down from his office, consciously handing it over during his life. He died in 2011.

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Gospel Readings 2012–2013

Advent

Sunday, December 2 Luke 21:25–36
Sunday, December 9 Luke 21:25–36
Sunday, December 16 Luke 21:25–36
Sunday, December 23 Luke 21:25–36

Christmas

Tuesday, December 25
Midnight Matthew 1:1–25
Dawn Luke 2:1–20
Morning John 21:15–25

Epiphany

Sunday, January 6 Matthew 2:1–12
Sunday, January 13 Luke 2:41–52
Sunday, January 20 John 2:1–11
Sunday, January 27 Matthew 8:5–13

Sunday, February 3 Matthew 20:1–16
Sunday, February 10 Luke 18:18–34
Sunday, February 17 Matthew 4:1–11
Sunday, February 24 Matt. 17:1–13

Passiontide

Sunday, March 3 Luke 11:14–36
Sunday, March 10 John 6:1–15
Sunday, March 17 John 8:1–12

Holy Week

Sunday, March 24 Matthew 21:1–11
Thursday, March 28 Luke 23:13–32
Friday, March 29 John 19:1–15
Saturday, March 30 John 19:16–42

Easter

Sunday, March 31 Mark 16:1–8
Sunday, April 7 John 20:19–31
Sunday, April 14 John 10:1–16
Sunday, April 21 John 15:1–27
Sunday, April 28 John 16:1–33
Sunday, May 5 John 14:1–31

Ascension

Thursday, May 9 John 16:24–33
Sunday, May 12 John 16:24–33

Whitsun

Sunday, May 19 John 14:23–31

Wednesday, May 22 Acts 4:23–31
Sunday, May 26 Acts 4:23–31
Sunday, June 2 2 Cor 3:5/6–18
Sunday, June 9 John 3:1–21
Sunday, June 16 John 4:1–26
Sunday, June 23 Luke 12:1–12

St. Johnstide

Monday, June 24 Luke 3:1–22
Sunday, June 30 Luke 3:1–22
Sunday, July 7 John 3:22–36
Sunday, July 14 Matthew 11:2–15
Sunday, July 21 Mark 8:27–39

Sunday, July 28 Matthew 7:1–14
Sunday, August 4 Luke 15:11–32
Sunday, August 11 Luke 9:1–17
Sunday, August 18 Luke 18:35–43
Sunday, August 25 Mark 7:31–37
Sunday, September 1 Luke 10:1–20
Sunday, September 8 Luke 17:5–24
Sunday, September 15 Matt. 6:19–34
Sunday, September 22 Luke 7:11–17

Michaelmas

Sunday, September 29 Matthew 22:1–14
Sunday, October 6 Revelation 12:1–12
Sunday, October 13 Revelation 19:11–21
Sunday, October 20 Ephesians 6:10–19

Sunday, October 27 Matt. 24:29–44
Sunday, November 3 Matt. 25:1–13
Sunday, November 10 Rev. 1:4–20
Sunday, November 17 Rev. 5:1–14
Sunday, November 24 Rev. 21:9–27

Advent

Sunday, December 1 Luke 21:25–36

There is a basic annual pattern within which there can be local variations.

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- A possibility to lead a holistic and inspirational life
- The chance to live in and create a home with adults at risk
- Work on the land, in craft workshops, homemaking, administration, producing plays, music, celebrating the Christian festivals, training opportunities

If any of this appeals to you as a short-term opportunity or a long term commitment and you would like to discuss your aspirations and our opportunities - please contact

Vibeke Sunddal - Sunddal@onetel.com

Further information about Newton Dee Camp Hill Community is available at newtondee.org.uk

Newton Dee is a Camp Hill Community living and working with adults at risk.

Centres of The Christian Community

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide (08) 8339 6466
3 Anzac Ridge Road (P.O.B.
216) Bridgewater, S.A. 5155
Canberra (02) 6295 3752
Civic Square P.O. Box 651,
ACT 2608

Melbourne (03) 9029 2769
and (03) 9029 7812

319 Auburn Road, Hawthorn 3122
Sydney (02) 9810 6690
PO Box 965, Rozelle, NSW 2039

CANADA

Toronto (905) 709 4544 901
Rutherford Road,
Maple, ON L6A 1S2

Vancouver (604) 415-0600
5050 Hastings Street,
Burnaby, BC V5B 1P6

NAMIBIA

Windhoek +264 (61) 225791
Uhland Street 3, (Box 11359)
Windhoek

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland (09) 525 2305
10 Rawhiti Road, Onehunga
Hawkes Bay (06) 878 4463
617 Heretaunga Street East,
Hastings

SOUTH AFRICA

Camp Hill Village
(021) 572 5922
PO Box 1451 Dassenberg 7350
Cape Town (021) 762 0793
39 Timour Hall Road, 7800
Plumstead

Johannesburg (011) 789 3083
46 Dover Street,
Randburg 2194
(Box 1065, Ferndale 2160)
KwaZulu Natal (031) 768 1665
148 Kangelani Way,
Assagay 3610

UNITED KINGDOM

Aberdeen (01224) 208 109
8 Spademill Road,
Aberdeen AB15 4XW

Bottom (01287) 661 312
Danby, Whitby, N. Yorkshire,
YO21 2NJ

Bristol (0117) 973 3760
20 St. John's Road, Clifton,
Bristol, BS8 2EX

Buckfastleigh (01364) 644 272
23 Chapel Street, Buckfastleigh,
Devon, TQ11 0AQ

Canterbury (01227) 765068
57, Wincheap or 730882
Canterbury, CT1 3RX

Edinburgh (0131) 229 4514
21 Napier Road,
Edinburgh, EH10 5AZ

Forest Row (01342) 323 205
Hartfield Road, Forest Row,
E. Sussex, RH18 5DZ

Holywood (028) 9042 4254
3 Stewarts Place, Holywood,
Co. Down, BT18 9DX

Ilkeston (0115) 932 8341
Malin House, St. Mary Street,
Ilkeston, Derbyshire, DE7 8AF

Kings Langley (01442) 216768
or (07949) 324349

The Priory, Kings Langley,
Herts. WD4 9HH

N. London (020) 8563 2758
34 Glenilla Road,
London, NW3 4AN

W. London (020) 8748 8388
51 Queen Caroline Street,
London W6 9QL

Malton/York (01653) 694 391
The Croft, Highfield Road,
Old Malton,

N. Yorkshire YO17 9DB

Mourne Grange (028) 4176 0110
Newry Road, Kilkeel, Newry,
Co. Down, BT34 4EX

Oaklands Park (01594) 516 658
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Stourbridge (01384) 377 190
22 Baylie Street,
Stourbridge

W. Midlands DY8 1AZ

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73 Cainscross Road,
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366 Washington Street,
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2180 South Madison Street,
Denver, CO 80210

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1320 Camden at Wanda,
Ferndale, MI 48220

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11030 La Maida Street,
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309 West 74th Street,
New York, NY 10023

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212 Old Lancaster Road,
Devon, PA 19333

Sacramento (916) 362 4330
3506 Eisenhower Drive,
Sacramento, CA 95826

San Francisco (415) 928 1715
906 Divisadero Street
San Francisco, CA 94115

Spring Valley (845) 426 3144
15 Margetts Road
Monsey, NY 10952

Taconic-Berkshire Region
(413) 274-6932

10 Green River Lane,
Hillsdale, NY 12529

Washington, D.C. Baltimore Area, also Chapel Hill, NC
(301) 935-2727

The Parish House
4221 Metzgerott Road
College Park, MD 20740

OTHER CENTRES IN: Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Czech Republic, Netherlands, Belgium, France, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Estonia, Brazil, Argentina, Peru, Japan

December 2012 — February 2013

