

Friday, Saturday, Sunday

Nicholas Lash

*The Aquinas Lecture given at Blackfriars, Cambridge on
29 January 1990.*

1. *Telling the time*

By current standards, St Thomas Aquinas did not have very much to say about time, and even less to say about Friday, Saturday, or Sunday. When discussing the commandments, however, he did say something rather interesting about the Sabbath. Human beings, he tells us, owe a threefold duty to the head of their community: a duty of faithfulness or single-hearted loyalty, of reverence, and of service.¹ This threefold duty is, according to St Thomas, the subject-matter of the commands to worship only God, to refrain from taking his name in vain, and to keep the sabbath holy. It is, he says, the servant's duty to repay through service the good things received from his lord. But what we have received from *this* Lord, the Creator, is—everything. Hence the command to sanctify the sabbath in grateful remembrance of the creation of the world: 'sanctifica(re) sabbat(um) in memoriam creationis rerum'.² In due course, I shall return to this suggestion that it is in keeping our very createdness in mind that we keep the Sabbath holy. But, first, I want to reflect on what is entailed in learning how to pray.

But surely, you may say, we know how to pray? Jesus taught us how to pray: he taught us to say 'Our Father ...'.

But do we really know how to say 'Our Father' here and now, in this place, at this time?

Why on earth, you may say in reply to that, should time and place make any difference? Is it not our Christian duty in all times and in every place to make the same unchanging prayer?

Yes, indeed. Nevertheless, I want to suggest that, while it is undoubtedly the same prayer that all Christians, in all circumstances, are required and permitted to make, yet *learning how* in each place and time and circumstance appropriately to make it is an arduous and continual and ever-changing task.

I said that my theme was learning to pray. But I could just as well have said that it was 'learning to tell the time'—not, of course, by looking at a clock or calendar but (to use the phrase made fashionable by John XXIII) by reading 'the signs of the times'. The point is that learning to pray, and learning to tell what time it is, and learning to keep createdness in mind, are simply different descriptions of one thing: the business of being a Christian.

What time is it, then? Is it Friday, or Saturday, or Sunday? In a few moments, I shall turn to the text which prompted me to my title: namely, the last page of George Steiner's book *Real Presences*. Before doing so, however, I want briefly and impressionistically to make a few more remarks about *tempo*, about the different moods and rhythms, times and seasons, of our experience.

Each day has its rhythm, and the rhythms vary: loneliness and boredom take much more time than joy, and what we call a 'full' day passes quickly. The week has rhythms, of work and rest. Or should have. Night follows day, whatever people do, but the week is a human construct, and is therefore more vulnerable to mechanisms of greed and inhumanity.

At least for those of us who live in temperate zones, the rhythm of the year is set by seasons, each with its own associated cluster of memories and moods, some directly given in the nature of things (the association, for instance, of spring with birth and possibility), some derived, at least in part, from communal or individual memory and narrative (easy examples would be birthdays and other anniversaries). Which prompts me to make two comments on what we call the liturgical year.

In the first place, how do you celebrate Christmas where there is no winter, no dark point to the turning year, or Easter in a country where it is never spring? And if someone were to say that it simply does not matter, that Christian truth and celebration are unaffected by their natural context, I should suspect that person of having a most impoverished and dissociated sense of what it is we seek to celebrate, at Christmas and at Easter.

In the second place, there is (in my opinion) something unreal and artificial in the suggestion that the Church's year 'begins' at the first Sunday in Advent, and runs, like a train, passing a number of greater and lesser festive stations on the way, straight through to terminate in November with the feast of Christ the King. There is an older and doctrinally much richer view which, since Vatican II, we have gone some way towards recovering. For over half the year, the rhythms of our celebration are weekly, rather than annual. For practical purposes, such as the organisation of lectionaries, we number the weeks of what we now sensibly refer to as 'ordinary time', but there is no special pattern to their ordering. This weekly rhythm, ordinary time, is, however, punctuated by two great clusters of significance, two concentrations of faith, and hope, and celebration. There is, for each of them, a period of preparation and, afterwards, we give ourselves time, as it were, to digest the feast.

Both at Christmas and at Easter it is the Christian mystery in its entirety, and not some part of it, which finds focus in our celebration. We do not, at Christmas, simply celebrate the birth of Jesus, nor only, at Easter, his death and resurrection. On each occasion (as, indeed, in every celebration of the Eucharist) it is the single mystery of God's self-gift, God's presence and promise, God's coming to us for our homecoming, that we celebrate. If, at Easter, the images focus on new life sprung from ground thought dead whereas, at Christmas, the accent is on the dawning of a light

which darkness may not overcome, yet, on both occasions, we wonder at the vulnerability in human flesh of God's unconquerable grace.

To return to the more general issues. The dominant sense of time, at any given moment—of time as living space or harbinger of dread, as rich with possibility or vehicle of fate—depends not only upon individual mood and temperament and circumstance but also upon much broader cultural and social issues: upon the kind of 'times' in which we live, and on our place within them. Later, historians may find it easy to talk of the 'dawn' of an age or the 'twilight' of an empire but, *at* the time, interpreting the time—construing its mood and message—is always darkly difficult. Nor is the difficulty of the task due merely to the complexity and undecidedness of the facts; it also arises from our apparently endless capacity for self-deception, for seeing things as we would have them be.

For this reason, a large part of our Christian responsibility, in trying to read the 'signs of the times', is to help each other distinguish the *Zeitgeist*, the mood of the moment, the way the wind is blowing, from the attitude or temper appropriate, in such times, to discipleship of the crucified. And if Christians have often found it far too easy to go against the grain, to act and speak 'counter culturally', it is nonetheless the case that fidelity to the Gospel is never a matter of simply following the fashions of the age.

Thus, for example, a central strand in the defining mood of the 'modern' age (from the late seventeenth century almost to the present day) has been belief in the irreversible and, in principle, virtually unbounded progress wrought by human energy and intelligence. And if one component of this mood, inherited from ancient Greece, was confidence in human reason, another, undoubtedly, was the distinctively Christian insistence, inherited and developed from Judaism, on the irreversibility of time.³

Now, although the myth of 'Progress' remembers reason it is, unfortunately, forgetful of *hubris*, the self-destructiveness of human egotism, and of the extent to which that which we call 'pure reason' is never as pure as we suppose. Similarly, on the Christian side, 'Progress' remembers that time is irreversible, that each occurrence is, like every person, unique and non-repeatable, but it forgets that distance from or proximity to God is no more a function of time than it is of space. There are, in other words, no warrants whatsoever for the belief that, with the passage of time, the human race makes progress in holiness or virtue.

All worlds, all times and cultures, like all individuals, come into being, have their day, and die. The seasonal aspect of our human and Christian experience of time thus serves to keep us sober; it restrains our propensity to inflate acknowledgement of irreversibility into the worship of 'Progress'.

But, in our own day, which we are already beginning to speak of as 'postmodern', the myth of progress is, if not dead, then very sickly. We see ourselves less as Titans and conquerors, and more as fragile 'agents in the void',⁴ victims or playthings of cosmic, biological and economic forces beyond our control or even comprehension. That void, that emptiness, threatens not from outside, but within: right across from Auschwitz to

Hiroshima to Kampuchea, and to the less dramatic but no less destructive fallout from the structure set by the rich and powerful to the world's economy, we have sensed the satanic at the heart of our capacity for thought and action. *Our* temptation, then, is less to optimism than to despair, less to the illusion that the sunlight of the new Jerusalem is, at last, about to burst upon mankind, than to the belief that blackness beyond alleviation seeps through the veins and sinews of the world; that we are terminally cancered. In these circumstances, our Christian responsibility now goes the other way, consists in sustaining the habits of patience, the possibility of joy, the sense of expectation so central to every line of the Lord's Prayer.

2. Friday, Saturday, Sunday

George Steiner's *Real Presences* is a characteristically rich and energetic book, crammed with allusion and pugnacity. At one level, it is a refreshingly unfashionable and combative contribution to current debates in aesthetics, in literary criticism and in philosophy, concerning the lost stability, reliability, constraining *given-ness*, of sense, and truth, and beauty.

At this level, it laments the degeneration of conversation into cacophony, the decline of art and culture into a free market of arbitrary and ephemeral private preferences. We have, he says, broken the contract between word and world, language and reality (hence the title of the second of the book's three parts: 'The Broken Contract').⁵ The third part, entitled 'Presences', urges us, in all we do as poets and playwrights, composers, companions and conversationalists, as human fashioners of our human world, to find another way, a way in which 'morality, courtesy, perceptive trust can be seen to be nothing more than the concentration of common sense';⁶ a way along which we might find, in the end, that we could affirmatively answer the question given as the sub-title of the book: 'Is there anything *in* what we say?'

At another level, however, the work stands firmly in the great tradition of Jewish and Christian prophecy. Beneath the fireworks and peacock displays of daunting erudition, the reader is being challenged to 'repentance', to turning, *teshuvah*, to the remaking of the broken contract, covenant betrayed, to re-cognition of our circumstance, which is on holy ground, in the presence and before the face of the hiddenness of God.⁷

Says Steiner on the first page of the book:

Vacant metaphors, eroded figures of speech, inhabit our vocabulary and grammar ... rattle about like old rags or ghosts in the attic. This is the reason why rational men and women ... still refer to 'God' ... Where God clings to our culture, to our routines of discourse, He is ... a fossil embedded in the childhood of rational speech ... This essay argues the reverse. It proposes that any coherent understanding of what language is and how language performs ... is, in the final analysis, underwritten by the assumption of God's presence.⁸

That is how the book begins, but this beginning may mislead in giving

the impression that the argument is more academic, more purely theoretical, than it is. From the passage just quoted it would not, I think, be easy to see what all this has to do with telling the time and learning how to pray. It is, however, for the book's conclusion that I have brought it into my lecture. I will, if I may, now quote the last page to you in full:

There is one particular day in Western history about which neither historical record nor myth nor Scripture make report. It is a Saturday. And it has become the longest of days. We know of that Good Friday which Christianity holds to have been that of the Cross. But the non-Christian, the atheist, knows of it as well. This is to say that he knows of the injustice, of the interminable suffering, of the waste, of the brute enigma of ending, which so largely make up not only the historical dimension of the human condition, but the everyday fabric of our personal lives. We know, ineluctably, of the pain, of the failure of love, of the solitude which are our history and private fate. We know also about Sunday. To the Christian, that day signifies an intimation, both assured and precarious, both evident and beyond comprehension, of resurrection, of a justice and a love that have conquered death. If we are non-Christians or non-believers, we know of that Sunday in precisely analogous terms. We conceive of it as the day of liberation from inhumanity and servitude. We look to resolutions, be they therapeutic or political, be they social or messianic. The lineaments of that Sunday carry the name of hope (there is no word less deconstructible).

But ours is the long day's journey of the Saturday. Between suffering, aloneness, unutterable waste on the one hand and the dream of liberation, of rebirth on the other. In the face of the torture of a child, of the death of love which is Friday, even the greatest art and poetry are almost helpless. In the Utopia of the Sunday, the aesthetic will, presumably, no longer have logic or necessity. The apprehensions and figurations in the play of metaphysical imagining, in the poem and the music, which tell of pain and of hope, of the flesh which is said to taste of ash and of the spirit which is said to have the savour of fire, are always Sabbatarian. They have risen out of an immensity of waiting which is that of man. Without them, how could we be patient?⁹

Let that passage serve as agenda for most of the things I want to say during the remainder of this lecture. I do not therefore need immediately to tease it out in any detail. I will simply highlight what I take to be the focus of its argument, and then say a few words about three quite important *tensions* in the text.

The third part of Steiner's book begins with the statement that 'There is language, there is art, because there is "the other"'.¹⁰ The effort, the discipline, the singlemindedness, required of all human creativity—the

striving to make sense, give shape and form, to sounds, and words, and tones, and surfaces—all this absorbing effort and expenditure is, in the last analysis, only sustainable on the assumption that all we make is matter of *response*: is answering, is saying ‘Yes’, attentively, responsibly, to facts and possibilities, to each other—and thus to God. All human creativity is, at its heart, construct in prayerfulness, in ‘remembrance of creation’.

What that last page of *Real Presences* brings out, however, is the extent to which it is the Saturdayness, the ‘Sabbatarian’ character of our condition, which makes this so. If it were already Sunday, if that ‘immensity of waiting’ were already ended, there would be no need for figurative or interpretative striving, no need to try to say or show what sense and possibility lies hid in things, no need for poems and pictures, for parables—and prayers. If, on the other hand, the truest thing to say were that it is Friday, and that’s an end to it, then, in despair, we would be silenced. There would be no place, then, for sonnet, or story, or sonata, because there would, quite literally, be nothing left to say. On Sunday nothing need be said, on Friday nothing can. We live in Saturday.

That, I think, is the main thrust of the argument. Next, a word about what I have called three ‘tensions’ in the text. In the first place, there is that between particular happening and general sense. On the one hand, ‘There is one particular day in Western history’, a day like any other, twenty-four hours long, a mark on the calendar, a small white space in Pilate’s diary. On the other hand, ‘ours is the long day’s journey of the Saturday’: Saturday is all those days through which we live or suffer, strive to make something of ourselves or just hang on, endure, from Friday towards Sunday. Saturday, in other words, is every day in every place, all times and seasons of our human hope and patience.

It might be tempting, but would be a great mistake, to think that Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, are ‘history’ for Christians and merely ‘myth’ or ‘symbol’ for everybody else (those to whom Steiner variously refers as non-Christians, atheists, and non-believers). It is, of course, quite true that the memory of these things happening to one man, in one particular time and place, is a defining feature of *Christian* hope; hence the inclusion, in our confession of faith, of the words: ‘Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried’. Others who use this imagery of Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and Easter Sunday, which Christianity has given to the culture, use it (as Steiner says) ‘analogously’, without direct or necessary reference to one man and what happened to him on three particular days in Western history.

Nevertheless, Christians, in reading the events of those three days as bearing the full weight of God’s appearance in our world, thereby ascribe to them something much more than mere ‘historical’ significance. Moreover, if the symbols are not to degenerate into platitudes mouthed abstractly over the surface of other people’s suffering, then their proper use—on the part of Christian and non-Christian alike—calls for accurate, informed, and concrete reference to the full range of actual and particular circumstances

which we seek, with their aid, to illuminate: from private griefs to public celebrations, from the breakdown of a marriage or the birth of a child to the state of the economy and the plight of the rain forests, from the sense we each have of our own mortality to recent happenings in Berlin, Prague, and Tiananmen Square.

Between Friday and Sunday there is Saturday, that 'long day's journey' for which we are given guidance, it seems, neither by Scripture nor by history.¹¹ At the end of the passage, however, Steiner refers to the creative energies and efforts of our strenuous patience, the bitter-sweetness of our expectation, as 'always Sabbatarian'. The second tension that I have in mind, therefore, is that between Saturday and Sabbath.

It might at first seem as if the contrast between them is both stark and evident, rooted in irreconcilable differences between Christianity and Judaism. In the Christian scheme of things, Sunday, celebrated from the beginning as the day of Christ's resurrection, has also been, in what was once called Christendom, since Constantine a public holiday. The previous day, Saturday, is a dark and empty day, tomb-time, without direction, that day concerning which neither history nor Scripture make report. But Christendom's Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath, a day not of emptiness, but filled with rest.

In a recent essay, Jürgen Moltmann has suggested that it may be helpful to 'look back at the Jewish Sabbath through the Christian Sunday'. If we do so, we see in the seventh day, the Sabbath, 'the feast of creation on which the beauties of existence are to be celebrated' (St Thomas surely knew how the ancient tradition was in which he stood).¹² It is a day, not for doing anything, but for resting in work done. And, by his rest, God blesses this last and seventh day; blesses his creation by letting it *be* what it now is, completed, in his presence. The Sabbath, says Moltmann, is God's eternity in time.¹³

I hope to make the sense of 'sabbath' seem *paschal*, sound like that fresh fullness of creation, completed reign of God, whose first stirrings Christians celebrate at Easter. The focus of Christian feasting, as of Jewish, is the celebration of creation, the sharing in God's rest at the completion of his work. We celebrate in expectation, because both of us know that creation's ending has not yet occurred, that it is matter for work, and prayer, and hope, and patience. The memory of Easter, however, gives to the Christian sense of things also an element of 'already', of happenedness, which the Jew does not share. The Christian, in Martin Buber's words, supposes the world's redemption to be in some sense a 'fact', whereas the Jew takes it to be 'pure prospect'.¹⁴

Friday, Saturday, Sunday: this is the Christian patterning of time. And Saturday is 'Sabbatarian', not as already rest, achieved completion but, as Steiner says, in that 'immensity of waiting', that laborious patience, which, for Christian and Jew alike, is the enduring character of present time.

The third and final paradox or tension is that between God's presence and our recognition. Earlier in *Real Presences*, Steiner speaks of 'the

strangeness of evil' and 'the deeper strangeness of grace'. And he mentions, in this connection, the encounter on the road to Emmaus¹⁵. We need to ponder why it is that emphasis is firmly laid, in all the Easter stories, on the difficulty which was experienced in *recognising* the risen Christ.

Steiner speaks of 'the modulation, where ... possible, of stranger into guest'. The keywords here are 'tact' and 'courtesy',¹⁶ that attentiveness to people and to things, respect for fact and texture, occasion and possibility, which are the hallmarks of all human creativity, from art through science to politics, of all human *making*, that is to say, which does not contain within itself the destructive seeds of *hubris* and Promethean pride.

Making the world habitable, making sense of things, making a home for others and making others at home; all these are aspects of our unending labour. We still have not probed deep enough, however, because we may be tempted (according to circumstance and temperament) either simply to give way beneath the weight of such responsibility, or to suppose ourselves the defining centres of a world we take to be our home or private property—into which other persons, objects and ideas are merely admitted at our pleasure and on our terms. We need, therefore, to read again the story of the road to Emmaus and the last chapter of the Fourth Gospel, and to ask ourselves: who, at supper in that house and at breakfast by the lakeside, were in *fact* the strangers modulated into guests, and who the host?

3. Remembering Creation

Learning to tell the time, learning to pray, and learning to keep createdness in mind, are three descriptions of the single business of discipleship, of being a Christian. All human labour, human creativity, is (I said earlier) construct in prayerfulness, in 'remembrance of creation'.

'Remember to pick up some sausages', we might say to someone as they leave the house. Remembering is recalling, calling to mind. And 'creation' is not the name of something once done, and finished, in the distant past. Creation, God's making of a world, a place in which his people are at home, with him, is faith's description of the course of everything, across unpictureable vastness of space and time, from first explosion through every darkness and delight to its eventual peace.

According to Scripture, when the work is done, God rests. The work, however, is not yet done, and God does not yet rest. Nor therefore can we. The command to keep the sabbath holy, in remembrance of creation, is a command to set aside some time from labour to taste our future rest in gratitude for all we have received, in trustful acceptance of present circumstance, and in renewal of hopefulness, of expectation for the future. This is why the *proper* prayer to make, in remembrance of creation, is: 'Thy kingdom come'.

Remembering creation, being mindful of createdness, is, I said earlier, also a matter of discovering ourselves not to be the centre of the world. It is a matter of strangers and exiles, expatriates of no fixed abode, learning to be guests. The Scriptures, of course, go further. They tell us that what we have

to learn is not merely that we are, in all times and circumstances, guests, and welcome guests, that we are 'friends' of God, but that we are God's children. Nothing, I think, could be more difficult to learn, for most of us, in the majority of situations, than that the proper form of our address to the silent mystery of God is 'Father'. Only the saints know how to say 'Our Father', for only the saints have some right sense of how it possibly can be that Jesus' circumstances in Gethsemane are properly described as 'filial'.

Learning to tell the time, we might say, is a matter of learning how, in each particular set of circumstances, appropriately to say 'Our Father'. Thus, for example, there are Friday prayers, the prayers of Job at the beginning, impatient pleas, complaints and cries and accusations of injustice, the angry outpouring of our agony to God. Such prayers are dangerous, of course, when offered first upon our own behalf: they are then likely to be petulant expressions of self-pity rather than recognition of createdness. The best use, usually, of Friday prayers is against injustice done to others, is an aspect of our solidarity with poverty and suffering.

But then, the strange thing is that, in such solidarity, we learn from others the gleam of joyfulness in pain, of patient courage, which we lacked.¹⁷ Thus we discover that it is not Friday, after all, but Saturday.

If we come at it from the other end, it is not difficult to recognise the times for Sunday prayer, spontaneous expression of joy and celebration. 'This is the day the Lord has made': remembrance of creation seems natural here, and 'Alleluia' all the language that we need. Unlike the prayers of Friday, Sunday prayer is safely offered on our own behalf. But only on condition that the instinct to share the celebration leads us immediately, once again, to solidarity with those whose different circumstances stifle song. It is not Sunday, after all, but Saturday; not yet time to rest, there is much work to do.

4. Patience and the Pain of God

On Friday, as I said just now, it seems most difficult, well-nigh impossible, to say 'Our Father'. How can we find fatherhood in the bleak unmeaning of the world, in apathy, betrayal and isolation, in the wastelands of injustice and inertia, the cancellation of our future through carelessness, incompetence, and greed? Where is there woven, in this dark tapestry, anything discernible as parental care? If even Jesus found forsakenness here, is it surprising that others should often find — nothing?

It is dangerous to talk of darkness, for all such talk is hedged around with snares of self-indulgence. I propose, nevertheless, briefly to draw your attention to a remarkable essay by the German theologian, Dorothee Sölle, entitled 'God's Pain and our Pain'.¹⁸ She writes:

Late one evening, I was walking down an isolated street in Manhattan. A beggar was squatting on a pile of rags, and I was afraid of the old black man. As I gave him some money, he looked at me and said, clearly and with great dignity, 'God bless you'. I was moved, but I was not quite sure why. Today I would

say that God's pain was visible in the old man's pain. Insofar as I took part in it, my own pain was transformed: my fear left me. My rage returned.

That move from fear to anger is, surely, the beginning of Job-shaped Friday prayer, properly articulated on another's behalf. But the move was *given* to her by another, came from the old man's pain, in which she saw the pain of God. I am, she writes later,

no longer alone with my grief: God's pain surrounds my pain ... I do not believe it is possible to transform 'worldly grief' into joy. That would be too much to ask, as though we could simply 'rearrange' a grief deep as an abyss. It would also be too little to ask, because it would only replace 'worldly grief' with worldly joy, which is essentially the joy of having, possessing, using, consuming. I think our task is to transform 'worldly grief' into the pain of God, and with God's pain I have experienced something unusual. Without soothing, dulling, or lying about the pain, I have been brought into a deep joy. It is as though I had touched the power of life that is also in pain, the pain that, after all, is biologically life's protest against illness and death ... I do not want to look for (God's) power outside pain, for that would mean to separate myself from God and to betray God's pain. 'The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; those who dwelt in a land of deep darkness, on them has light shined' (Isa. 9:2). Where does such a sentence come from, if not out of the pain of God? How can we see darkness and light together, if not in the one who embraces both?¹⁹

What Dorothee Sölle has to say about the pain of God, and its relationship to our pain, comes close, it seems to me, to that remarkable last sentence of Steiner's *Real Presences*. All great art and poetry, all durable creation, have, said Steiner, 'risen out of an immensity of waiting which is that of man. Without them, how could we be patient?' To be patient, we now see more clearly, is both to wait, to hold on, to refuse surrender, to continue to expect, and also to suffer, to be victim, to undergo. This is the true mystery of suffering: that it contains within itself the seeds of expectation, of future possibility, being, as it is, some sharing in the suffering of God.

Learning to pray, to keep createdness in mind, is a matter of learning to read the times in which we live and, in those times to apply the correctives which discipleship requires. Temperaments and times, predicaments and circumstances, vary very widely. But, in all of them, 'the long day's journey of the Saturday' requires of us the tempering of both anger and celebration into solidarity, protecting us from the illusion of supposing either that Sunday is, already, simply here, or that the darkness of Friday has now forever entombed us.

My colleague Stephen Sykes recently set his seminar to spend a term discussing a book of mine called *Easter in Ordinary*. As they talked about it,

one member of the seminar (I am told) suggested that any future edition should be retitled 'Easter on Saturday'. I think that is rather a good idea! But best of all, perhaps, would be to call it 'Easter Vigil', in order to indicate the sense in which all prayer and expectation, all keeping of createdness in mind, occur on Saturday, in darkness illuminated from the pain of God, in watchfulness for the rising of the sun, in patience.

- 1 I am tempted to immediate distraction by the thought that, in celebrating St Thomas and his Order, we are also celebrating the fact that the Dominicans, from the outset and of set purpose, established patterns of social relationship subversive of just such feudal structures of dependence!
- 2 *Summa Theologiae*, Ia IIae, 100.5.c.
- 3 See Jean-Pierre Jossua, *La Foi en Questions* (Paris, Flammarion, 1989), p. 134; Anthony Giddens, *A Contemporary Critique of Historical Materialism. I. Power, Property and the State* (London, Macmillan, 1981), p. 133.
- 4 See Edward Craig, *The Mind of God and the Works of Man* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1987), pp. 282ff.
- 5 George Steiner, *Real Presences. Is there anything in what we say?* (London, Faber and Faber, 1989), pp. 51–134.
- 6 *Ibid.*, p. 148.
- 7 See *ibid.*, pp. 133–134.
- 8 *Ibid.*, p. 3.
- 9 *Ibid.*, pp. 231–232.
- 10 *Ibid.*, p. 137.
- 11 In view of the extensive ancient and medieval literature and iconography on 'the harrowing of hell' it was, perhaps, imprudent of Steiner to say that 'neither historical record *nor myth* nor Scripture make report' (*ibid.*, p. 231, emphasis added) concerning this Saturday.
- 12 Jürgen Moltmann, *Creating a Just Future* (London, SCM Press, 1989), p. 81.
- 13 See *ibid.*, p. 85.
- 14 See my discussion of these things, with Buber's help, in *Easter in Ordinary* (London, SCM Press, 1988), pp. 210–212.
- 15 *Real Presences*, p. 147.
- 16 *Ibid.*, pp. 176, 147–148.
- 17 This is beautifully brought out by Gustavo Gutierrez, in *On Job. God-Talk and the Suffering of the Innocent*, tr. Matthew J. O'Connell (New York, Orbis Books, 1987).
- 18 Dorothee Sölle, 'God's Pain and our Pain', in *The Future of Liberation Theology, Essays in Honor of Gustavo Gutierrez*, ed. Marc H. Ellis and Otto Maduro (New York, Orbis Books, 1989), pp. 326–333.
- 19 *Ibid.*, p. 330.