

Volker Schunck

Jesus

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About me



I am Volker Schunck and live in Dresden, Germany. First I was a merchant, then I studied theology for a few years. Through my engagement with Zen I became aware of the Christian mysticism. Meanwhile I go my own way. Faith is for me not only a world-view but a mode of being.

My Christian faith and my experiences in meditation influence my everyday life, in which I try to be attentive. My books arise from this spirit too.

Introduction

I ask “Who are you, Jesus?” That is at least just as difficult to answer like “Who are you, Volker?” or “Who are you, Paul?” or “Who are you, dear reader?” “... dear Abigail, dear Olivia, dear Victoria, dear Ralf, dear Jack, dear Bill - or whatsoever is your name?”

I was born and grown up in a pretty pietistic area (Siegerland). If I asked someone after the service of an evangelical church “Who is Jesus?”, they would give me the answer: “That is yet written in the Bible!” Certainly. At that time I wouldn’t be able to give another answer. But you have to look closer.

The bible is not a constitution or statute of a fishing or a camping club. Indeed Jesus sent

his disciples as “fishers of men”, indeed Paul’s main occupation was tentmaker, but for both it was about something superior than fishing and tents. Of course! For both it was about God. And the bible developed over centuries by vocally passed on stories and collected traditions and letters and not like a statute of a club written by a handful guys at the weekend in the club home.

I guess nearly everybody knows that the bible didn’t come out of the blue but is originated by different handwritings which were stored as papyri in clay jugs or were duplicated and passed on. Let’s assume the only clay jug with stored every letters of Paul, with the important Romans and Galatians, were suddenly lost in the 2nd century before their content could be duplicated. I know this thought is absurd but just simply take part in these thought

experiment. Also two other vessels, one with the “ur”-Hebrew (not written by Paul), the other one with the gospel of John were lost. We “only” would have the synoptic gospels Matthew, Mark, Luke. What does that mean concretely? We would have as “original” words of Jesus the Sermon on the Mount, parables of Jesus, the discussions with the pharisees and the few last words on the cross and after the resurrection.

You haven't necessarily to be a theologian to be able to understand the “Sermon on the Mount” of Jesus' parables. Trivial stories for simple people, migrant workers, tax collectors, prostitutes. For the righteous and the sinners.

We can't witness the miracles first hand, but the stories by Jesus are simple and

understandable for those who listen to them with open hearts. Unfortunately we have to miss the charisma of the storyteller Jesus. I only can imagine how he betokened with shining eyes and a burning heart, with wide arm movements, the greatness of God's love and mercy, how he sat to the feet of the poorest, and how he draw with his fingers pictures in the sand to make his stories more vivid.

When we don't understand his stories today anymore, or when we mean, that we still haven't understood them, may be the reason, that the truth in this stories is too easy, too trivial: The realm of heaven is like a treasure in the acre. "So?" - Stories, which we know by heart, which are more boring for us as the fifth repetition of a thriller in TV.

Can't you already imagine, because you are sitting the whole day at your desk, as it is to dig over a stony acre for hours and days, who isn't at all your own but you have to pay for it a high rent? As it is, when you can feel the accusing and red-cried eyes of your wife in your neck, without looking, because you know her, your wife, who hungry is nursing the baby, and you are still not through with the acre, because every fibre of your worn out body hurts and your breaks always are becoming longer, because you are done? As it is than, when your shovel suddenly is striking something hard, you haven't still looked exactly, because you are so tired, but it sounds somehow different, hollowly. You are so in extasy, that you are now on your knees and with breaking fingernails, no... that can't be... oh God...

The people at the time of Jesus probably understood such a story much deeper as we can today. Such precious is the realm of heaven, like a treasure in an acre! When we read the parables and sermons of Jesus in the New Testament, we will be surprised.

What does Jesus do in his sermons? Or what is his intention in his sermons? You can read for yourself in your own bible in the synoptic gospels. What I noticed is this: Jesus proclaims the realm of God, which arises just now among the humans and request the humans to change. And what is very important: He has the power to forgive sins. Who has permitted it to him officially? Nobody. And that is naturally a surprise in a society, which religious upperclass has become fat through a complicated repentance and sacrifice business on the back of the poorest.

Jesus simply comes along, a wandering preacher with dusty feet and unwashed hands and forgives sins. That he does with God's power. And everything what he is doing becomes to a sign as God means it with his humans. Jesus sees the essential, because he knows God's heart. The dirty hands during the meal don't make the human impure, but what comes out of his mouth, bad words out of a bad heart, they make the human impure. The commandments are for the humans not against them. Therefore he heals at the Sabbath and picks with his disciples grain from the field. The theologians haven't the last word, but let the little children come to me, for they understand God's realm.

With Jesus everything suddenly becomes quite simple. Love God and your Next like your Self. That's it. Even a faith as small as a

mustard seed can set mountains. Don't worry about tomorrow, but trust in God. The human does not live by having many goods.

Jesus you dreamer! Wake up finally! Reality is something else. The lilies of the field don't still my hunger, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. First comes a full stomach, then comes ethics. Jesus, where are you living? Life is no bowl of cherries.

But at the end of the day we know that he is right. Maybe "right" is the false expression. On a normal human level we still experience for ourselves that money alone doesn't make you happy, the rich billionaire sits alone in his luxurious villa because he can't trust nobody, because everyone is only after his money, or he is believing this. We know how overworked CEOs die at the vacation of heart attacks

because they can't relax anymore. How hard is it for a rich man to go to heaven!

And so many stories take place in the daily milieu of the small people; the poor widow, who gives more as the rich, who gives a multiple. For God's standards are other than material. He sees the heart of the human. The poor Lazarus goes to heaven, the stingy rich goes to hell. That are stories of the Jewish daily piety, which Jesus heard by the folk or which he has thought of by himself. To start from such a story a discussion about whether there is a hell or not, completely passes the story. Jesus wasn't a socialist, a dreamer or an idealist but a realist of faith. He himself was deeply anchored in the Jewish piety. He knew God as a son knows his father.

What did I notice in comparison to the in the 2nd century “lost scriptures”? These uber important and central synoptic gospels with authentic words of Jesus (*ipsissima vox*) don’t content statements about the doctrine of justification! Wouldn’t one expected just here statements about Jesus or by himself, which interpret his death in a salvific way? Bible passages like in the Gospel of John, e.g. John 3:16 “For God so loved the world, that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish, but have eternal life.” (Roman 5:8) (Roman 8:32) (1 John 4:9) or the popular verse John 10:11: “I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep.” Or also the elaborated doctrine of justification of the Jewish pharisee and scribe in the Epistle to the Romans. Here a first grade theologian is at work, who tried by his interpretation of Christ’s death the balance act between the Jewish religion and

Christ*, but who also made out of a small group, which was originally seen as a small sect inside the Jewish religion, a world religion.

(* keywords Law and Gospel; the theology of today knows how problematic (up to false) the partition between OT (old covenant) = law and NT (new covenant) = grace is.)

Without wanting to play off Jesus against Paulus, for both never met each other personally, but if both discussed in a talkshow with each other, would they even understand each other? (I know, such a weird question only comes into the mind of a theologian.) Or would they talk at cross purposes? Jesus, the carpenter and mystic, the man of the small people, yes, the Son of God, wouldn't he recognize in the argumentations and thoughts

of the Romans still too much Paul the pharisee and teacher of the law but the redeemed follower of Christ? Aren't Paul and Jesus much closer together in the 1 Cor 13 ("If I don't have love, I have become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.") as in the Epistel to the Romans? Jesus, who has God in his heart and who sum up the highest commandment with "Love God and your Next..."?

Let me summarize: the bible isn't originated monolithic like a modern club constitution or appeared as a "Holy Book" from nowhere. Therefore we take it too easy, when we answer the question: "Who is Jesus?" with "That is yet written in the Bible!" It stands out that we have seen and understood Jesus over the centuries rather from a point of view of a jewish-christian interpretation (keywords: antique sacrifice idea, atonement, revenge,

rage, blood price, an eye for an eye, doctrine of justification), than from the sermons of Jesus in the synoptics.

The one human

The one human is being born. He breezes in, he breezes out, he is awake, he sleeps, he eats, drinks, he digests and he excretes. He laughs and cries, he is patient and angry.

Then the consciousness awakes in him: I am one with God. That's something new. That is scandalous and inappropriate. At least there and then, when and where he lives. For Jewish ears and hearts at his time, at any time, this is insolent and blasphemous. And at least unintelligible for non-Jewish. God and humans – as different as heaven and earth.

Or finally it's fulfilled what had been a long time known, what then was forgotten, what was believed and what was not understood:

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him. (Gen 1:27: NIV)

The name of the one human is not Adam but Jesus. Being one with God. That is the true Nature of human. We have forgotten this. We have forgotten God, and we have forgotten ourselves. The one human: Jesus Christ. Heaven stands open. And Jesus of whom John the Babtist says: But one more powerful than I will come and he will baptise you with the Holy Spirit and with fire (Lk 3:16), this Jesus himself becomes fulfilled with the Holy Spirit. (look Joh 1:32-34) That testifies John the Baptist.

Is that a proof? That is no proof. Do you need proofs?

The modern Sisyphos carries heavily at the stone, who once was thrown into the sea of world-history. At the peak of knowledge it runs like sand through the fingers of the mind, rolls itself away of every having. And then? A new try.

From distance Sisyphos looks like a man who is carrying a cross.

How long? A lifetime.

God willing his mind breaks in pieces and his heart starts to understand:

The being human of Christ is my true nature.

I am called to be one with God.

Only this way my life finds its fulfillment.

In other words: “He must increase, but I must decrease.”((Joh 3:30) KJV) Or: “... I no longer live, but Christ lives in me.” ((Gal 2:20) NIV)

At the peak of knowledge YOU run like sand through the fingers of my mind, you roll yourself away of every having.

Christmas (Colossians 1:15-23)

15 He is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation.

16 For by him all things were created, in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or rulers or authorities—all things were created through him and for him.

17 And he is before all things, and in him all things hold together.

18 And he is the head of the body, the church. He is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead, that in everything he might be preeminent.

19 For in him all the fullness of God was pleased to dwell,

20 and through him to reconcile to himself all things, whether on earth or in heaven, making peace by the blood of his cross.

21 And you, who once were alienated and hostile in mind, doing evil deeds,

22 he has now reconciled in his body of flesh by his death, in order to present you holy and blameless and above reproach before him,

23 if indeed you continue in the faith, stable and steadfast, not shifting from the hope of the gospel that you heard, which has been proclaimed in all creation under heaven, and of which I, Paul, became a minister.

The tender infant in a rough environment. It smells like wood, straw and dung. Here a child has been born in extreme poverty. Mary and Joseph – simple people. They have not picked

out their fate. Poverty and simplicity aren't a lifestyle for them. They don't think – like us – if we only could live more simple. “Simplify your life” and “back to the basics” in style of a Thoreau are totally strange to them. They have quiet different sorrows. Eating, drinking, a warm refuge for mother and child – only for this night. What will be tomorrow is in God's hands.

Living in this moment. Speechless luck. Does Mary sense who she just is suckling? Can she understand his universal meaning like the writer of the epistle to the Colossians does? Probably not. To Mary Jesus always would be her little boy. We know how she later is looking for the twelve years old. My mother and I know that it is similar to other, told me when I was already 30 years old, that I still

have to comb. Mothers are like that. Good, if mothers are like that.

Change of scene. It is as we would be in another dimension, when we read the Colossians. That beats me! Yes indeed. But life does not happen only on a material level, not only in the cycle of birth, eating and drinking, living, growing old and dying. Since Jesus we know: The separation between the visible material world and the invisible spiritual world has been set aside. Both is merged in him.

Jesus is for the faith more than a religious miracle worker, more than a good human. God becomes visible, sensible and material in and by him. In spite of all God remains incomprehensible to us. The mystic can only

as in Colossians talk of God in Christ.
Ebullient, extatic, like drunken by love.

He experienced reconciliation. He experienced that his heart broke open and surrendered in front of God's omnipresent love, which has taken shape in Christ. There is no before-after. Time dissolves. Beginning and ending are one in Christ.

It seems impossible for the mystic to determine the birth of Christ as a temporal birthday. It is impossible for him to “think” himself as seperated of Christ. That's the point, he doesn't think or believe to be one with Christ, but he experiences himself as one with God and Christ.

God's presence shortly enlightens the darkness of our grey daily routine like a flash. But it is not nothing. Even if we can't constantly be in a state in which we experience our oneness with God, we cannot endure ecstasy, peak experiences with God in the long run, they change us to the depths of our personality.

God dwells with his fullness in Christ.

The Temptation of Jesus (Mt 4)

1 Then Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil.

2 And after fasting forty days and forty nights, he was hungry.

3 And the tempter came and said to him, “If you are the Son of God, command these stones to become loaves of bread.”

4 But he answered, “It is written, “‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God.’”

5 Then the devil took him to the holy city and set him on the pinnacle of the temple

6 and said to him, “If you are the Son of God, throw yourself down, for it is written, “‘He will command his angels concerning you,’ and

“On their hands they will bear you up, lest you strike your foot against a stone.”

7 Jesus said to him, “Again it is written, ‘You shall not put the Lord your God to the test.’”

8 Again, the devil took him to a very high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory.

9 And he said to him, “All these I will give you, if you will fall down and worship me.”

10 Then Jesus said to him, “Be gone, Satan! For it is written, “‘You shall worship the Lord your God and him only shall you serve.’”

11 Then the devil left him, and behold, angels came and were ministering to him. (ESV)

Jesus. A human alone in the desert. The question why we at all can know something

about these desert experiences is secondary. For me it is obvious that Jesus told his disciples how he was led into temptation. But nothing starts on its own or is directed by the devil. Behind all or better said above all stands God, who let us not be attempted over our powers. “And lead us not into temptation” we pray with Jesus in the “Lord's Prayer”. The devil is only a background actor and is only God's "ape" (Luther).

Have I to “believe” in a devil – how terrible – to understand that story? Does the whole story become implausible because of the figure of the devil and has to be banished into the realm of fairy tales and myths, because one cannot believe in a devil with tail and horns? But don't underestimate fairy tales and myths! Since ancient times they have told us about the fight between good and evil and make

visible in a figurative language, what is going on internally in our psyche. And so it is here with Jesus. It's not about appearance or material, which can be touched but about inner mental states.

Jesus struggles at the beginning of his public action in the desert for his own identity – between self-doubts and omnipotence fantasies – and experiences these doubts as temptations of the devil.

Who am I? Am I really the Son of God? Why don't I take it easy and turn these stones into bread? Than I wouldn't be hungry any longer. If I am really the Son of God, God will take care about me, when I jump down into the abyss. His fantasies of fasting are mirroring to him like in a Fata Morgana the realms of this

world and what is in them. Everything what the heart desires: Power, success, eating and drinking, sex. The glory of this world consumed in measureless contortion becomes to a devil's work.

As a critical human of the postmodernism I'd like to ask a question, which actually is beside the point. Had Jesus as Son of God really could turn the stones into bread? What is it here really all about? Presumed Jesus had attempted to turn the stones into bread, aside the figure of the devil, because he was hungry, and it didn't work? The stones would have remained stones. Does it depend on miracles and magic and that Jesus can walk across water and can calm a storm whether Jesus is God's Son? Was the actual temptation for Jesus, that he was tempted in a moment of weakness and doubts at the end of his long

fasting to have to prove to himself to be the Son of God?

What is Jesus for you? A kind of a supernatural Superman who can fly? A Neo, who isn't subject to the conditions of the Matrix? Jesus doesn't succumb the temptation of the devil to have to prove himself as Son of God. Just in this his relation to the Father is shown. It is so naturally, that there are just can't be any proofs in the material world. This causality, so if you are the Son of God, then... totally fails to describe the relation between Jesus and his father.

The devil tries to encircle Jesus from two sides, by demanding on the one hand a proof of Jesus, that he is the Son of God, on the other hand by wanting to provoke an interference of

God that shall confirm Jesus' Sonship. But the relation between Jesus and God is and always will be a mystery. What will come of it, we see in the next three years. To those who have eyes to see and hearts which are alive, the love between Father and Son is unfolded into this world. The others murder him.

What does the physical hunger already mean to Jesus! There is a hunger which no bread can satiate, which all the glory of the whole world itself can't still. Who is searching for salvation in the material world fails and runs astray. Jesus, who knows God like nobody else - "Father" - experienced just through the time of loneliness in the desert the quality of God's presence. How can there bread or the whole glory of the world be fulfillment to him? How can bread still our psychic hunger for God? How can the glory of the whole world, which

mirrors God's glory, be a substitute for God?
Now we understand why Jesus was led by God
into the desert. Now we also understand why
we are led into “the desert”. That we look
through the world of things and recognize God.

Parable of the Lost Son

penalty

repent

in hair shirt

penitent hearts

petitionary prayer

petitioner

bitter

penitence

penitent sinner

eating humble pie

going to Canossa

slipping on the knees

mea culpa

coming to your senses

with open arms

genuflection in the dirt of the street

longing for the lost

God makes worthy and dignified

welcomes him

as though nothing has happened

Love is... (God's Realm is...)

Love is...

like a mustard seed which becomes a tree in which birds live.

Love is... first little and weak then great and gracious.

Love is...

like a little amount of leaven who makes a huge tun of flour into leaven.

Love is... not to underestimate and contagious.

Love is...

like treasure in a field for whom a man sells his whole possession.

Love is... unbelievable precious.

Love is...

like a merchant, who finds a fine pearl for whom he sells his whole possession.

Love... forgets itself and gives itself totally.

Love is...

like foolish and wise virgins waiting for their beloved.

Love is... not always wise.

Love is...

a window to heaven.

Love is...

an empire without power.

Love is...

a king without kingdom.

Love is...

a realm without real estate.

Love is...

God without throne.

Love is...

God in humans.

Love is...

humans in God.

Your kingdom come!

King of Hearts

What a spectacle. The crowd is not to control, shouting, screaming. People throw their clothes on the dust of the road, "Hosanna, blessed be he who comes in the name of the Lord!"

They make way for the one who sits on a colt and enters Jerusalem. What a symbolic staging! Jesus lets himself bring a colt of a donkey by the disciples and rides like a king to Jerusalem, as it is described in the prophet Zechariah 9:9:

Rejoice greatly, Daughter Zion! Shout, Daughter Jerusalem! See, your king comes to you, righteous and victorious, lowly and riding on a donkey, on a colt, the foal of a donkey.

But what kind of a king? A king without war horse, a king without crown, a king with no

clothes, a king without a castle. What must that be for a kingdom? A king on a donkey, a king with a crown of thorns, a naked king, a king with a castle in the air.

We remember that the especial task for Jesus was to proclaim the dawning kingdom of God. Be it by words or deeds. "The time has come," he said. "The kingdom of God has come near. Repent and believe the good news!" (Mk 1:15)

Jesus' entry into Jerusalem, his appearance in front of the people has something of a performance. He speaks most likely from the kingdom of God in riddles: "so that people do not understand him" (Mt 13:10-17), his disciples understand him anyway, that is what Jesus assumes, when he speaks of God's kingdom, or of heaven on earth.

If you want to see God's kingdom, you have to stop thinking like adults with the head, but

you have to think like a child with your heart.
Then you even recognize God.

Don't you see how simple all is? God is in your
midst. You yourselves are heaven on earth.

The simplest, the obvious is too complicated
for the "big" and "smart" adults who have
settled in the world. Because they have money
and power they cannot realize God.

Listen, the kingdom of God is not a historical
factor, nothing what you see on a map,
nothing that has to do with power, rather with
powerlessness, nothing that you can define in
words, rather a being than a talking.

Look, God's kingdom is within you. (Luke
17:21)

God in Christ

Because I believe in Christ, I can again believe in the humans. I can again believe in the humans, although I know myself. My weaknesses, my selfishness, my doubt, my unbelief. Sometimes I walk through my life like through dense fog, 'm hopeless where I should have to believe. But I have not to believe if I cannot. For since Christ I know that God is different from us humans. Around here: do something for me, then I do something for you. Stick to the religious precepts and commandments, than God loves you. But with this idea of God Jesus makes once and for all an end. Because Jesus knew: God is like a father to the humans, because he is our Creator, and he loves us unconditionally. Like Christ lived in the consciousness: I am one with the eternal God, so we are originally intended to be one with God. But we are just

not aware of it. We are like the prodigal son in the parable of the same name, who equipped with a great heritage, leaves his father and goes out into the colorful, enticing glittering world. Selfishly we live greedy our lives at the costs of others and at the costs of creation, hold for life what is impermanent and dead and take us our lives. What a crazy confusion: We take what we can get: money, power, success and sex, because we take having for being and thereby we mulct us of the real life that we can only live in unity with God.

Christ frees us to real life, in which he not only exemplifies this life to us, but is this life himself in his unity with God. Christ is selflessly empty for the fullness of God, and is thus only a real human, really himself, because God can be anything in him. He finds his identity in the fact that God is identical

with him. At, in and through Jesus we learn who and what God is like.

To believe in Christ means to follow in his footsteps to freedom. One says: “The longest journey begins with a single step” and “the journey is the destination”. Once we have gone off the essential is already done. We remember: the Father’s heart loves us just as we are. Therefore, any ambitious or fearful effort, any attempt to please God in any way or to make it right for him, is not only pointless, but only makes obvious that we have not yet understood how God means it with us.

A human like Christ, who knows God like no other is perceived by most in this world as a spinner and troublemaker. Even the most pious believe him to be a blasphemer, because

he leaves the worn out path of the Jewish religion and questions the existing laws and regulations. If people listen to his sermons and begin to believe him, someone like Jesus is dangerous for the existing system.

But his sermons are the least what the powerful have to fear. Those who are in power only perceive the apparent and hear only what they are able to hear. They think only in power categories and cling dried out to the religious status quo.

The ordinary people who have powerlessly nothing to lose look deeper. There is one who is different. One who is not crazy different, but one who is different in a good way. We notice this, because he does not only talk differently, but because he deals with us differently.

Suddenly the whore experiences attention, the merciless tax collector grace, which is leprosy becomes a Who and is healed by the love of Christ.

Christ, who not only preaches a new time, the newly dawning Kingdom of God, but also embodies himself, exemplifies God's righteousness to the humans in flesh and blood. God's justice always consists of love and not formally to adhere to laws. It's God always all about the hearts of humans, but they misunderstood him. "Those who love God keep his commandments." they have turned into "Who keeps the commandments loves God." But you can formally hold even externally with a cold heart the commandments without that God means anything to you, to have a religious reputation among the people. And that seems to have

been the case at the time of Jesus in the religious elite. Such a religious system that has a similiar hunger for power than the Roman occupying power, even if the religious leaders pretend to be pious, can only be described as darkness. How unbearable and threatening for the powerful must have been the occurrence of Christ.

Who makes his political deals in the darkness of dark backrooms for a long time, do not notice how much his life space decreases with the subtle progressive fossilization of his heart. He even believes the achieved status quo to be the will of God.

But who joins himself open and trusting with Jesus like his disciples, to whom Jesus is light in darkness. The traditionalists, however, try

to preserve the original for life and death, because they cannot realize that the new, what is dawning in Jesus is precisely that what they are actually looking to preserve. With a good conscience and a right-believing heart they do not recognize the one who revealed God's heart to them, but for fear of him, who is threatening their Orthodox identity that only turns around themselves, they beat the savior Christ to the cross to hang on their false image of God, because their false identities are still all what is left.

Therefore it is tragic that they just kill the one, who actually represents their salvation, because he exemplifies with his life how God means it to them. They should be able to jump over their own shadows. Because of fear they take the last possibility, wash their hands clean in the stream of misunderstood tradition,

and murder the one who opens the door for them to God.

Naturally Christ's death was a big catastrophe for his friends. Those, who hoped to be freed by Jesus of the Roman occupying power, probably left him earlier, because they recognized, that that what Jesus meant with his speech of the new realm of God just was about something else than pagan power. But his real friends...

Actually, one has to marvel how it came to be that Christ after his only three years lasting public activity was not filed by the world's history after his death, because there were still other messiahs at the time of Jesus of which we know nothing anymore. You may marvel how it comes that a small group of simple no-

names has developed into a world-church that tries to go in the footsteps of the carpenter.

And indeed, something happens that probably the fewest have expected, even they knew Jesus and his deeds and words. There, something wonderful happens. The human God brings Jesus, the human, out of death. He let him rise from the dead. This seemingly unbelievable cannot be proved. But for those who know Christ and those who know him, know God, it is almost a natural matter of course, that God doesn't leave in death the human he loves, but raise him into the dimension of eternity.

It is told how the disciples have personal contact with Jesus after they found the grave empty, talk to him, even touch his wounds

with their own hands, and how Jesus breaks the bread for the disciples who go to Emmaus, like before his death, who don't recognize him and that he suddenly disappears in front of them. What really has happened, if some story is only a clarification of what the disciples experienced inwardly after the death of Jesus, we do not know.

Anyway, that what has happened after Jesus' death, made of despondent and desperate people, those who have not only brought happily the name of Christ into the world, who even fearless let themselves killed for this name, but such who have completely been changed by God's Spirit – like Paul, who was a persecutor of Christians and became a follower of Christ. That the matter of Jesus continues, is in God's hands. Even after Jesus'

death God has not changed and remains faithfully to his humans.

Christ, who has gone up to heaven after his raising, now sits at the right hand of God, which means that he also can stand up as human for the humans by God after his death. On the other hand this means that the humanity of God is not only a three-year episode in world history that has passed after the death of Jesus, but God remains as Jesus has exemplified him to us.

Thereby it does little to the point, how the ancient imagery express real space. The ancient mythological idea “God in heaven above – the human on the earth below” is so deeply rooted in our hearts that even the Copernican turn is barely able to reach the

deep layers of our psychic imagery. So both may coexist: our knowledge of the astronomical facts, and our feeling that God is up there somewhere invisible in heaven.

What happened next? The disciples of Jesus concluded from the statements of Jesus that he would come back to earth again in their lifetime in order to take them to heaven. That are ideas which we hardly can understand today. But the Parousia of Christ did not happen and they had to settle down in the world as Christians, as such they were perceived and named by the world.

The grave of Jesus

When recently the newly renovated Church of the Holy Sepulchre over the tomb of Jesus was made accessible to the public again, the German journalist Petra Gerster states in the news program “heute” (“today”): “... the tradition assumes that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is above the grave with Jesus corpse.”

But “the tradition” also assumes that the grave of Jesus is empty. Therefore because the biblical testimonies report that Jesus bodily rose from the dead.

Do we have to be afraid now that some archaeologists will still find the body of Jesus?

I myself was not yet in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and don't know anything definite about whether the supposed grave of Jesus was ever opened, or if this was prevented by the Christian churches.

I should know it or could inform myself, but it never interested me. Just as little I am interested in the shroud of Jesus. I don't understand the efforts which were taken, why they did waste so much money to proof its originality. Maybe I am too much Protestant. The Holy Grail, splinter of Jesus' cross, cloth of Jesus' garment circulated in the Middle Ages in large quantities and were sold for much money, because they were supposed to have magic powers.

What kind of faith is that, which clings to material things, which believes to have captured something of Jesus' holiness or presence there in this splinter of wood?

That is superstition, nothing else. Imagine how millions of people worship a shroud, that perhaps has nothing to do with Jesus. That it shows the sweat imprint of a nameless, who suffered the crucifixion, the cruel death penalty of the Romans.

Even if it is really the shroud of Jesus, its worship is just as well to reject. We do not worship a patch of cloth or an image of Jesus, but the one who was enshrouded in this linen, if he really was it. We adore and pray to Jesus Christ who is alive, because God raised him from the dead.

As Christians we need not to be afraid of science, for it only records what you can see and measure. Would it have been so obvious and provable during Jesus' lifetime that Jesus was the Christ and the Son of God, would not all have followed him, would not all have "believed" in him? But the point is, multiplication of the loaves and stilling of the storm, healing of the sick and expelling of demons, are ultimately no proof of who Jesus was – or is. Just as little the beauty of creation is a proof of God's existence.

If, therefore, one should find the corpse of Jesus, whose ribs are broken by the lance which the soldiers stuck in his body, and whose legs are not broken against the usual torture, would that not shock my faith or yours.

Such as the living body of Christ was no proof for who Jesus really was, would be the dead body no proof that Christ is not risen. For the dimension of faith has nothing to do with the visible but the invisible. The reality of faith is a matter of heart and is not constituted by facts.

I'm talking as simple about the "heart", as if you could localize the faith there. Thereby for the medicine for a long time the heart is only an organ that pumps blood. Instead I could talk of "soul" or "identity" of the human, as place where faith arises or dwells. But all these terms are only auxiliary means to be able to pass on own experiences, to let participate other humans in own experiences of God and to "incite" them to believe. To say: The human is more than food and drink, more than skin and bones, flesh and blood. To say: The

human is put in a bigger context than the material world.

Why do I believe that? I simply could say: I don't know, for ultimately it is a miracle, when a human starts to believe in God. But it has something to do with the scriptures of the bible, and with own experiences of God's presence, which I have made. I let myself touch by the reports of the New Testament about Jesus, his life, his sermons, his death and resurrection. Not because everything is plausible or provable. The spark of faith has sparked itself in me and have changed my life completely. But ultimately, I can not explain why a person begins to believe in God who has shown us in and through Christ "his heart".

That the sparkle of faith “inflames” the whole human did not only the disciples experienced on Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit came like a fire over them. God is present with his Spirit today too and wants to inflame our “hearts” with love to him and the risen Christ.

Jesus hangs on the cross

Jesus hangs on the cross. Unthinkable!

He was accused to be a glutton and a drunkard, because of his joy of life, a friend of tax collectors and prostitutes. No ascetic like John, who lived more badly of honey and locusts in the desert. For many of his contemporaries Jesus was – as we would say today – a punk, who took it easy. And now this! The feast is over. The young, full of life man is betrayed and sold.

What are already 30 years? So it should not have come. A human who wouldn't even harm a fly and who feels attracted to whom, who are the bottom of society. "Being religious is

something else,” so thought the establishment. And “Birds of a feather, flock together”.

But Jesus does not care about his reputation. He does not look at the bad image of a human, but he looks deeper. He knows the humans, see their inner turmoil and their being driven by lust and money, “Listen yet, so you’re not. I see you as God sees you. Turn back from your wrong way. Just as you live you are alienated from yourself and God. No, I don’t condemn you. Do return, God meant you different. “Jesus lives with the outcasts, touches the untouchables and makes them healthy in body and soul.

Jesus, who is one of us, and yet quite different than we are. He is magnanimous, where we are small minded, he is free from himself,

because God is his only drive, where we are captured, because drive and money dominate our lives. Jesus, the real human in which God becomes reality, while we have only an inkling, hardly hope, that we are actually quite different than how we live.

But the time of Jesus comes to an end. It was almost too good to be true. Jesus, a foretaste of “heaven on earth”, a moment of the “dawning kingdom of God” is obtained from the practical constraints of society. In the end, the bureaucrats of religion triumph and agitate the mob against Jesus. The mass is manipulable. First they praised the miracle worker Jesus, as he is shown to them by Pilate – no, this way no hero looks – the “Hosanna” quickly becomes to “Crucify him.” Another one is released: Barabbas, a rebel and

a murderer – a real man, a winner – so one is wanted by the mob. But Jesus ...

Jesus experiences all facets of human life. In Gethsemane he struggles in tears with God, abandoned by his friends, who prefer to sleep. He begs them to stay awake. But it does not help, they do not know what hour has come. They fall asleep again, while their Messiah suffers fear of death. How bitter. His friends leave him alone.

After the tortures of arrest and questioning, he carries the beam of his cross to the place of execution – spat upon, mocked, betrayed and sold out of all. How lonely can a human be?

There is nothing anymore in him, not a glimmer of hope, no faith. “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?” Even God who was everything for Jesus, seems to have turned away from him. Why God? Why don’t you act? Why don’t you send your angels and take this one human, your son, from the cross? But Jesus does not get any extra treatment. He must taste the bitterness of life to the dregs. Being afraid, to feel abandoned by God, cry, lose face, suffer. On the cross. A human who is at the end. For has he all forgotten what he preached? If even his faith is dieing down? They don’t understand him. They kill him.

But God...

Jesus is risen!

Jesus is dead. They killed him on the cross. Him, the one human. The women who want to anoint Jesus to pay him the last honour, were only busy with one thing on their way to the tomb: How do we get rolled away the great stone which closes the tomb? Worries. As they get closer they are surprised, the stone is already rolled away.

“5 As they entered the tomb, they saw a young man dressed in a white robe sitting on the right side, and they were alarmed.

6 “Don’t be alarmed,” he said. “You are looking for Jesus the Nazarene, who was crucified. He has risen! He is not here. See the place where they laid him.

7 But go, tell his disciples and Peter, 'He is going ahead of you into Galilee. There you will see him, just as he told you.' ”

8 Trembling and bewildered, the women went out and fled from the tomb. They said nothing to anyone, because they were afraid.” (Mark 16:5-8)

The women experience the unbelievable to the gooseflesh. The people wanted to put an end to Jesus, but God puts an end to death and arouses Jesus from the dead. Since Jesus' resurrection we can know by faith that the human is more than flesh and blood. Death cannot harm our real identity anymore, for Christ is risen.

Originally the Gospel of Mark ended with “because they were afraid. “But that’s not a nice ending” thought the editors of the Gospel in the 2nd century and they added still other reports of the Risen from the other Gospels. But we just cannot prove the resurrection of Jesus, because it goes beyond our sensory perception. Our hands cannot grasp, our eyes cannot believe what there is happening, for God’s reality shatters our everyday world of experience.

Here Mark is silent, where the other Evangelists seem still want to prove the resurrection of Jesus with many words. Mark is silent and keeps the mystery of Christ.

In view of the resurrection he is like Moses approaching the burning bush, and to whom God speaks:

“Do not come near; take your sandals off your feet, for the place on which you are standing is holy ground.” And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look at God. (Ex 3)

When God’s reality breaks into our little everyday lives, when God’s eternity lets the time stand still, fear and trembling enter us – but also great joy.

That's it! (Ascension Day)

That's it!

To this conclusion came many who had seen the man with the crown of thorns on the way to the scaffold. Then, when there on the Skull Mountain the hammer blows resound in the dark night, so as if you nail up a coffin, the fate of God's Servant seems to be sealed permanently and irrevocably.

Why, already again, must the just man suffer? Already again meritocracy victimizes one of their best. Already again an artist is misunderstood. - A human, no, the Human is executed. The society was not yet ripe for Jesus.

Is it today? Never ever! The visible world comes apart at the seams, seldom it has a clue of the invisible God. One makes excuses and blames God in whom one anymore believes.

But the end of Jesus is just the beginning. Jesus, who had at the end even doubts about the presence of God - my God, my God, why has you forsaken me - has gone his way to the bitter end. He didn't run away to hide in some cave, he also didn't back down and revoke.

No, as one lift a white flag, he struggled to the end with sweat and blood and tears in Gethsemane for: God is good, just and true. And God, whom we cannot understand in his depths, awakened his suffering servant, his son, against all expectations, from death to life.

We celebrate on Ascension Day, that Jesus is back where he belongs. A man of flesh and blood, with heavenly roots, God's Son, God's Daughter, God's Human, is at the goal.

"Hear you people, repent, God is near. Change your hearts and make them far like the horizon and deep like the ocean, for only a loving heart can recognize God."

That's it - not for a long time yet! (Pentecost)

Here they now are, the girlfriends and friends of Jesus. The encounters of the women with the empty grave, the Risen One bodily in the circle of the disciples, travel and meal of the disciples of Emmaus with the Risen One, and much more what transcends thinking and understanding, lay behind them. Troubled times.

The view of Jesus' girlfriends and friends on reality has changed by their experiences with Jesus. Through Jesus they learned, God is not dusty past and religious routine, but God is there where Jesus is. God is present in him.

And now? It must appear to the disciples, as if God had Jesus taken away from them. God, who indeed raised Jesus from death in the dimension of eternity, leaves them back alone. Just as it may appear to everyone who loses a loved one. But Jesus is not out of the world.

I don't write "Jesus was not out of the world", as if I'm talking about something in the past. No, I write "Jesus is not out of the world", because I belong to it today, like everybody else, who follows Jesus, and I' am standing in the midst between the disciples then.

Jesus is so real and present that you can tell about him only in the present. Therefore, namely because Jesus is in eternity, so to speak from the highest level ("at the right hand of God"), from heaven, with his disciples.

But this heaven is not only "up in the sky", but this Heaven is there where Jesus is. There where humans open their hearts to God's Spirit and to his liberating love, he moves in with joy.

He planted love, joy, peace, freedom, kindness, patience, non-violence, kindness and loyalty like seeds in the hearts of the humans, who believe in him. We are not alone, Jesus is in our midst.

And Jesus is there, where humans are humans for each other. Where humans look beyond their own noses, because love has expanded their horizons. What we do for the poorest, we do for Jesus. What we do to the poorest, we do to Jesus (Matthew 25:40).

[...]

above all

get to know yourself and God in silence

you are like your next

who still don't know God

care about the poor

receive the persecuted

aren't you yourself refugees

in consumption society

fight for all

who cannot fight for themselves

love all

who cannot love themselves

live like children in the moment

be grateful for every day
but do know
time is short
the task is noble and difficult
it requires
utmost effort and surrender
and cannot be achieved
but be of good cheer and rejoice
God is near
and now I will leave you
to be always in your midst

God and the humans – a parable

Still again a view decades of eternity were passing by and God was bored.

Where are the good old days when I created the whole cosmos with planets, plants, animal and... oh yes, humans. The human, what a disappointment. I wanted to create a counterpart for me, according to my image, to whom I can chat and chum up. Instead he doesn't care about me at all. And those who say they would love me slaughter animals, for they think, I would like blood. The poor animals.

The human, he gives me a lot of trouble. And somehow I simply don't understand him. I meant it well and now this: the humans forgot me, love money, power and Eros, this I didn't expect.

And God stands up from his throne, one hand on his back, because he has been sitting in his almightiness there such a long time and his back aches a little. He looks at the calendar and then in his wardrobe. Now he has everything what he needs and God hits the road. Now he is just a little bit nervous. Who cares, what can happen to me, he thinks.

God has taken off his almightiness and has put it on his throne, somehow the whole earth must continue to rotate, and there where he wants to go, it would only disturb him.

And God does something, what only God can do. The humans indeed pretend that they also can do and pretend to be God, but of course everybody knows, that this is pure nonsense. But Got can change his identity. Just so. He becomes a human.

He learns a proper trade, how it befits, goes to the Synagogue to the services and has forgotten himself as God. He left his almightiness, I'm repeating myself, because of equal opportunity, but his main characteristic traits, his goodness, his inner freedom and boundless love, of them he thought, maybe it is not bad, when I take them with me to earth, maybe I can remind through them the humans on something. Let's see.

And at the beginning it's going quite well. He talks of God and what the basic in life is: love. And not only this, he exemplifies how you can live as human a fulfilling life. And that only works in harmony with God and your fellow human.

But the lovely fellow human...

Indeed the simple people ran after him, but the better society was not so enthused of him. The religious establishment, which of course knows God better than he knows himself, doesn't like his gospel at all. At the end God has backup against the wall. The crowd which first hyped him, drops him like a hot potato.

To the cross with you, you good human. We feel bad, when we see you. We are quite satisfied with our mediocrity. We prefer to be in a rut and would like to be left alone.

And God's love is kicked in the mud of the road. But some humans with a childlike heart don't let him down. Still they can't avoid the worst: God is nailed as a human to the cross.

Everything seems to be lost, at least according to human standards. Here, everything is completely different. And it seems, humanly speaking, that even God would have learned something: How it is to be a human.

Jesus Christ

Jesus was free from himself

and gave up his identity

for God's sake

real human

empty for the fullness of God

that humans

who were open for God

were able to see God's love

shining out of him

for others he was a revolutionary

not a liberator

when he disappointed them by his

non-violent love

because they
unfree of themselves
held tight onto their preconceived image
of him
they went to them
who put justice before grace
who is freer than we
needed to be bound
who is alive must die
after his death
the fistful of his friends recognizes
who is so extraordinary united with God
like Jesus
whose life isn't extinguished by death

but is recreated by the alive God
who is so extraordinary united with God
isn't just a human
no
but the Son of God
without beginning without ending
like God
his friends experienced so clearly
this concentration of God in Jesus
that they concentrated their experience of God
in the human Jesus in a new name for him
Jesus Christ
the word became flesh and made his dwelling
among us

we have seen his glory

the glory of the one and only

who came from the father full of grace and
truth

who is without beginning and without ending

is present

God

enlighten our hearts

that we can recognize

you are present in Christ

for us

Apocalypse Now

I have always been talking in my books and my blog about God who shows us his human face. Through his Son Jesus Christ, his love, goodness and mercy come near to us. God wants reconciliation, neither death nor ruin of the individual human but his / her salvation. What I talked about seldomly is that Jesus was an apocalypticist. What does that mean? Jesus was someone who knew the gravity of the situation. “God is near. The realm of God has begun... Therefore turn back.” At that time the reaction of the bulk was: “We are still religious, so what do you want?” Today the reactions reach from “I also don’t believe in the easter bunny, why should I believe in God?” to “Faith is a private matter.” The times of a popular piety are over. Something like a Christian “groundwater level” which gives vitality and comfort in times of drought hardly exists.

We live in a society of shameless egoists, which are unable to sympathize with other humans. What a shame!, thousands of refugees are drowning because Europe cannot come to an agreement. How come that the rich always get richer and the poor always get poorer? A tax evader gets an amnesty, while welfare recipient always must be afraid that the government makes deduction of his / her small income because he / she misses an appointment with the labor bureau. But the super rich get tax reliefs by politics, because it is afraid that they could dislocate their production site into another country. Who wants to be honest today have to be willing to accept pauperization. The saying “honesty doesn’t pay” again makes sense. Of course you can’t all lump together, but unfortunately these generalizations are mostly right.

Jesus was an apocalypticist. His appearance has something of a shot across the bow, or when the father or the mother counts to three and at three it gets serious. Or when you startle because you have forgotten the appointment is today and you didn't tidy up your apartment and the doorbell is ringing. Beside God's goodness and love the message "God is near" not only means joyfulness but also comes along with fright and consternation. The holy God is near. Therefore turn back! Already Dietrich Bonhoeffer spoke about "cheap grace" ("billige Gnade"). Human, it's about your soul! God doesn't simply say: "No hard feelings!" "IS-Terrorist, it doesn't matter how many people you dismembered and killed – no hard feelings!" "Adolf Hitler, it doesn't matter how many Jews you killed – no hard feelings!" "You child abusers, murderers, egoists and tax evaders – no hard feelings!"

NO! There is a higher justice. You cannot live as if it was all about you and spurn the dignity of other humans. You cannot live as if there was no God. At the end you have to bear responsibility for your deeds. I don't know what that exactly means for the individual human. If the human facing God can come to his senses and can convert, or if there is a kind of purgatory where he / she gets cleaned and than is able to open his / her heart for God, I can't say. But however I don't believe in an eternal hell. But I also can't believe in an automatism of salvation (final reconciliation), which treats all humans equal – no matter if offender or victim. That would really too cheap. The evil or the devil has no place in heaven and becomes annihilated (Annihilatio). But all these last things are hidden for us and lay beyond our earthly lives.

As well the future of our planet is hidden. Physics assumes that the universe itself expands since the big bang like a balloon who is blown up and than, so in a few billion years, completely contracts again.

I'm not so optimistic, that our earth still exists such long. When I look at the world's problems (aging, overpopulation, pollution, climate change, poverty, hunger), the increasing God Loss of the people and the decline of any values in the last twenty years – the people's obsession by the hunger of power, the addiction to consumption and to sexuality are obvious – it seems to me as if we were at the end of the end time.

I don't want to aggrandize myself and I'm either not a prophet who can look into the

future, but I don't believe that we as mankind have such as much time. What is, if it only were hundred years, in which the earth turns around its axis? I can err like a doctor who make a wrong prediction to someone who has cancer: "You still have three month!" and the patient still live now, twenty years later.

It's high time! Turn back, believe in God and live like Christ.

Thoughts to praying

If somebody asked me “What would you make different in your life, if you could start from scratch?” I would answer: “I would pray more and would trust in God more.”

“Praying”, the trustful conversation with God is so naturally for the Christians like the air we need to breathe. That is easy said. Is it clear to us, that our faith dwarfs to an ideology, when we don't pray anymore?

Our faith lives by the prayer. Praying is the breathing of the faith.

And nevertheless: often we don't know how we should pray. Even the disciples of Jesus, which come from a rich Jewish praying tradition, don't know exactly what they should say in the prayer.

Actually astonishing, they yet knew the Psalms, the prayer book of the Jews. “How shall we pray?” they ask Jesus. His answer is the “Our Father”. He himself often retreats into silence and solitude of the night to be alone with God. He doesn’t pray in public to show his piety, but his heart looks for communion with God in silence.

Prayer is far more than a recited “Our Father”, Prayer is a being. A being yourself in being in front of God - in silence. Preferred in silence.

But there is also an inner awareness across the day, as we although we notice everything with our senses, are in addition to that attentive on another level for God.

As when we are attentive to our breath, what is hard enough and needs practice.

As we practice in meditation to become present in everyday life, the time in silence in prayer in front of God has influence on how much we are aware of God in our everyday life in school, university or our occupations. We are not alone, God is present!

And when we talk to God, what shall we say then? What shall one say to this? That there are thanksgiving prayers, prayers of penitence, petitionary prayers for oneself and others, that you can praise and worship God? Yes, that's all so right, but in this listing to static, to formal, to lifeless. That is like defining in an advisor for relationships, about what the partners have to speak that there relationship

stays vital. Do we recognize how unnatural that is to speak in such way about prayer?

But indeed: Praying is very similar to the communion, silence and talk of the beloved. In prayer I can be myself and can say God everything what depresses me. In prayer I can marvel about God's holiness. About that God wants to have something to do with me. That he sees me and knows who I am. He let me be a human and changes me through his presence.

I learn to pray by praying. Learning by doing. We can read a lot of inspiring books about praying but to learn to pray we have to drop into God's presence like swimmers into water.

Than we recognize at the time: Oh, for that I don't pray (e.g. Luxury goods). Or this friend needs my prayer. God changes us during the time of praying. When we are praying we are moving in the realm of eternity. Our little, gray and daily lives are standing still for a little eternity.

A looking on our watches to check when the planed praying time is off misses the point and spoils everything. A fulfilling, deep prayer forgets time, because it submerges into eternity.

The more and the longer we pray, the more a consciousness of God's presence in our daily lives becomes constituted. There are times in which we are overfilled with words, because there's so much we want to tell God. Then there are times that is not so. Then a short

“Our Father” or with an open heart prayed Psalm is enough.

When we pray, we needn't to be afraid that God has any claims to form and wording of our prayers. It is better to say a child's prayer with an honest heart, than to make nice words with a cold heart. God is looking at our hearts and - fortunately - God often doesn't take us by our words, because he knows what we really need. It's a mystery: even if we don't know what we shall pray, the Holy Spirit represents us in front of God with unpronounceable sigh.

Own Prayers

The Prayer (inspired by Mt 6:9-13)

Our Father, who you are in Christ!

You are holy.

Your Spirit may come in our hearts. Your will
may happen as in Christ in us.

Satisfy our hunger with your bread.

Forgive us that we learn to forgive.

Lead us on light ways that we don't walk in
darkness.

For you showed your eternal love and glory in
Christ.

Amen

Prayer

I don't grasp you

your holiness

exceeds my mind

your love

explores my darkest deepness

lightens what is doubtful

for you

and yet

your forgiveness

in Christ

Evening prayer

and now

in the evening

the day resounds

in my tired body

I lay it back

in your hands

that was the best

I could do

and tomorrow

I don't know

but you are always

present

yesterday today and tomorrow

are in front of you
like a whiff of your eternity
the silent of this moment
I feel protected by your tender power
humbly I bow down
to your humanity
grateful for your helping heart
in dark times

I am

I am the dust under your feet
I am a bird who sings for you
I am a star in dark night
I am your face in this world

Jesus!

They have torn out your thoughts with a sharp barbwire. Your beautiful, red mouth, which only can say love, freedom, goodness and God, they have beaten mute.

Oh Jesus, my hero, so no hero looks like!

You let yourself lead mute to the slaughter house, human among humans. HUMANS? Is who acts in this way still a human? Has the human beast, that tortures and is pleased, that kills and triumphs, not lost any right to the human-name?

In your eyes I see all the humans slaughtered in public, abused and broken in dark back rooms, skinned and strung to the drums of the mighty.

Had you broken away to India! But you cannot help it. You cannot be a human without drinking fully the bitterness of life.

You Son of God, you exhaled your life in us. What do I understand of my, what of God's real being without you? Eye and ear cannot know God.

The spirit of the time is ego, drive and money. Your spirit is love, freedom and goodness. Your spirit is the Spirit of God.

Where are you, Jesus? What is your Christ-name against your being?

At the right hand of God? Yes!

Risen in your humans? Yes!

And every leaf in the wind bears your name,
every last breath is yours. I can hear your
voice in every cry of the tortured creature.

Enlighten us, Lord, that we realize with every
fiber of our being our destiny: being you,
being a human – God’s image.

God !!!

too much God

the children

who cry incredibly to you unanswered

because they are hungry
the victim
who victimizes his children
the people who lose their personality
because they are addicted to drugs
and they who kill others in your name
and throw away their lives of hatred
and you God
don't you listen
don't you see
is your heart hardened
or is your power broken in front of the world

do listen

my child

and don't sin against me

now I tell you something

what you can't understand

and even if

only your head and not your heart would
understand

the world lives in my heart

nobody can fall out of it

and the humans who hate me and others

and themselves most

let me worry about that

I know

you would like to send them all to hell

but the sufferers

do you think I would suffer less than you

with the humans

they are my humans

don't forget that

I don't want to promise you yam tomorrow

but did you really get it

what it means

that I will wipe away every tear

is it really clear to you

what it means

to be healed by me

I know what suffering means

I lost my son

and you

open your fists against me again

go into the world

heal sooth comfort

that's the ideal way

which only is gone

with tender hands

Longing for the invisible

I look up to you

my longing is bigger than my doubts

the sky is empty

and there is no proof

but my heart cries out

loud to you

oh my God

all my suffering

I am crucified by your invisibility

but the pains of my longing

can something visible

be more convincingly

that I can live in this tension

in this life

how else could you come closer to me

Followers

You let Yourself strike twice.

You give away Your last shirt.

You run after the lost.

Your crown is not of gold.

Your throne is the gutter.

Your hands and Your heart are broken.

So how can we live different as like sheep
among wolves?

How Jesus could have prayed

Holy Thursday: Gethsemane

Oh God

my hours

are numbered

I'm looking for

your face

see only darkness

I pined

Your fire

My God

over You

I gave up

gave

beyond my power

at the end

Your presence

where God

are You

they are

like predators

after my blood

have You le me

my frie

are sleeping

have no clue

it's time

to wake

until the hangmen come
haven't understood
Father
Your realm
is not of this world
You are close
to those who fear You
because they love You
don't hide Your face from me
the bitter cup
love grows
like light in
secret
for me

Your will
be done
forgiveness
for those
who hate you
anoint my head with oil
the last hour
Your face
let me see in eternity
Amen

Good Friday: Golgotha

At the end
why Father

Your face
hidden from me
forgive all humans
they know nothing
not You
have nothing anymore
in hands
my bleeding feet
the path
at the target
have You le me
I can't believe
that
paradise is open

in Your hands

am thirsty

it's done

Blessing

Don't be afraid!

God who is strong like a lion

and tender like a feather

keeps us safe

God who loves us madly

shelters us

so that nobody can harm our souls

God who is like no one else

spreads his hands like the wings of an eagle

above us

look

there is nothing

what we have to fear

On eagle's wings

the king of eagles may carry you on his wings

through the storms of life

the sun may lay you a smile in your heart

in a little boat across the stormy sea

on your ways

he may firm your step and make you glad-
mooded

so you may be sheltered

by the old God

God bless you!

God lay the sky under your feet

so that your problems are like clouds

God fill your heart with sun
so that darkness becomes light

God anoint your hands
so that they become gentle

God bless you
so that you find your fulfillment