

Brother David: *This is somewhat disconnected, but i found it among the pages i transcribed so long ago. Maybe you could refine it and use it.*

HOPE

There is a beautiful poem in German by Eichendorff, in which the poet says to God, I "You are the One that breaks up above us those roofs that we so firmly build. So that we may see the heavens. And therefore I will not despair"

And there's this, when I mentioned the desert wandering, as the expression of hope. And there are the little Bau-sheds, the little booths that our Jewish brothers and sisters still build on the Feast of Tabernacle every year. To remember the time when they lived purely on hope. Relying purely on God. Surprise day after day. They went out, and there was manna on the ground. They had nothing else to live on but manna. They lived on surprise, so to say. They knew what it was. Unimaginable surprise! And so they build these Bau-sheds and live in them for a whole week and celebrate. And the instructions for the Bau-shed -- which is the house of hope. The surprise! This house of hope!

And that's how we should build as pilgrims. And the instructions for building it are: "Build the walls so lightly that you are still aware that you have neighbors. And build the roofs so lightly that you can look through and see the stars." God doesn't have to break that up. That kind of roof God does not have to break. And if we build like that, and if we build our life in that form, we are people of hope. If we build any more firmly, and sure enough, most of our religious institutions have build a lot more firmly, we should expect that God shatters it all, to make room for the unimaginable. So that we will see the stars.